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cally hopeless. Every Conservative, as well as every Liberal, knows that a Land Bill of some kind is under the circumstances a necessity, and the enormous majority of Liberals have given Mr. GLADSTONE a power of attorney to dispose as he likes of their understandings, their consciences, and above all their votes. That the House of Lords would be fully justified in throwing out the Bill, and thus demanding that the sense of the country should be taken on it is indeed undeniable, or can only be denied by persons equally ignorant of history and of the Constitution. That it would be wise for them to do so, or even to stickle for any considerable alteration in the landlords' interest, does not by any means follow. The flicker of independence which showed itself in the Lower House last month has burnt itself out. The thermometer, or the Birmingham National Federation, or both combined, have cowed the spirits of the Ministerialists, and the Opposition are powerless alone. There is little reason to believe that the Bill will go up to the Lords with that record of dwindling majorities against it which even Mr. FAWCETT pronounces to be sufficient to justify rejection. Nor, although its provisions are in many cases eminently unwise, and in some demonstrably unjust, can it be said that there is, on the whole, such a great political principle involved that it is worth while for the Peers to throw away the scabbard. Although the arguments used to support it are directly inconsistent with those used to support the Act of 1870, it is, in a sense, a development and consequence of that Act. Moreover, unlike measures which make one clear, definite, and unmistakable change, its provisions are of so minute a nature, and their effect depends so much on conditions which it is impossible to estimate, that the responsibility of it may fairly be left to the party and the Ministry which have produced it. As it stands at present, although a few of its worst details have been removed, it is not open to any one to say, as has been said of the Act of 1870, that it has been mutilated and spoiled. The harm and the good of it both will be harm and good wholly and solely chargeable to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, and to his present Parliamentary majority. In the direction of limiting the range of its operation something might be done; but minute amendment would probably prove as futile as it would be unwise.

#### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DIFFICULTY.

THE inadmissible claims of French authorities to the sovereignty of a part of the coast of Newfoundland will, perhaps, be withdrawn or modified in deference to the remonstrances which the English Government has probably by this time preferred. The troublesome activity of a French official may possibly have been stimulated by the promotion of M. ROUSTAN. The author of the quarrel with the Bey of TUNIS has been rewarded by advancement to the rank of Resident Minister, and by the virtual administration of sovereign power. It is not surprising that civil and military servants of the Republic should be tempted to emulate an activity which has been so greatly profitable. They may also have contrasted the turbulent energy which they attribute to their own superiors with the avowed policy of the English Government. The retreat from Candahar, though it may have been in itself advisable, has, in combination with the rapid progress of Russian conquest, been open to misinterpretation. The surrender of the Transvaal after defeat has confirmed the impression that the frontiers of the English Empire will be withdrawn wherever they are threatened; and in Newfoundland itself the payment of damages to the United States, in the absence of any corresponding concession on the other side, may have misled French functionaries into the belief that the English Government was on all occasions prepared to yield to sufficient pressure. It is in the highest degree improbable that the French Government should deliberately provoke a rupture with England; and the best mode of maintaining friendly relations is to insist peremptorily and firmly on the recognition of indisputable rights. The French Republic ought not to imitate the restless policy which indeed was during the Second Empire, from the failure of the Mexican enterprise to the beginning of the German war, confined to words. Within a few weeks the Government has contrived to alienate the good will of Italy and of Spain, and to render possible a collision with Turkey. English feeling has not

been conciliated either by the events of Tunis or by the difficulties which threaten the negotiation of a commercial treaty. Encroachments on the territory of Newfoundland would produce serious resentment.

The present dispute furnishes an historical illustration of the occasional dangers which may result from excessive desire of conciliation. It was natural that Newfoundland, situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, of which both shores belonged to France, should be claimed by the Power which owned Acadia, notwithstanding the occupation of the island in the name of Queen ELIZABETH. By the Treaty of Utrecht Louis XIV., then reduced to the lowest stage of depression, abandoned his pretensions to the sovereignty of Newfoundland; and in all the subsequent renewals of the treaty the same territorial arrangement has been continued. Unluckily HARLEY and ST. JOHN were in as great a hurry to come to terms with a defeated enemy as if they had been Manchester or Birmingham politicians of the present day. They consequently allowed the French to retain a right of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, with certain easements on the shore for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish. It may be said in excuse of the English plenipotentiaries that the island was at that time thinly inhabited, and that the fishery was probably in the hands of French Canadians from the mainland. The inconvenience of conferring on foreigners limited rights which they will always try to extend has been once more shown in the results of the Treaty of Washington, which was concluded in the same spirit as was the Treaty of Utrecht. Fifty years later an opportunity occurred of rectifying the error which had been committed. By the conquest and subsequent cession of Canada, the fishermen whose rights had been reserved at Utrecht became subjects of the English Crown, and therefore no longer needed special privileges in Newfoundland. Shortly before the close of the war attention had been called to the question by the insolent demands of the Spanish Government, which had recently concluded the Family Compact with France. In addition to other propitious claims advanced for the express purpose of provoking a quarrel, Spain insisted on a right to share in the Newfoundland fisheries. PITT replied, as might have been expected, that he would as soon admit the Spaniards to the Tower of London. As he had determined to retain Canada, he had no occasion to consider the French rights which had been appended to the possession of the colony. One of the most lamentable transactions in English history caused, among other results, the present Newfoundland difficulty. In concert with GEORGE III., Lord BUTE was already intriguing against PITT, who resigned his office on the refusal of the Council to declare war with Spain. On his retirement, negotiations with France were immediately instituted, and they were conducted in the spirit which had prevailed half a century before at Utrecht, and which was still more conspicuously exhibited a century afterwards at Washington.

The Duke of BEDFORD, who was sent to Paris as chief Plenipotentiary, outdid the KING and Lord BUTE himself in humble complaisance. The Duke of CHOISEUL, then Prime Minister of France, proposed that the islands of Grand Miquelon, Petite Miquelon, and St. Pierre, on the coast of Newfoundland, should remain in possession of France, as stations from which French fishermen might pursue their industry in the neighbouring waters. Not only PITT, but any Englishman of ordinary spirit and patriotism, would have returned the same answer which had already been given to Spain. There had been a show of equity in reserving the rights of Canadian fishermen. The cession or restitution of the islands naturally belonging to Newfoundland gratuitously conferred on the French a new territorial basis. The Duke of BEDFORD understood so well the audacity of CHOISEUL'S unreasonable demand that he long affected or felt reluctance to the cession. At last he quoted the servile phrase of a French courtier, who was at least flattering his own sovereign, to the effect that his head was at stake, but he would risk his head to serve the King. From his own KING, who wanted peace at any price, the DUKE was, as he well knew, in no danger of even verbal disapproval. From that time to the present the French have occupied settlements off the coast of the island, from which they now seek to extend their sovereignty to a part of Newfoundland itself. No change was effected in their position by the Treaty of Paris in 1783. At the Peace of Amiens England was not in a position to claim any portion of territory which had

belonged to France before the revolutionary war. The Peace of Paris, concluded in 1814 on the fall of NAPOLEON, was founded on the principle that the restored French monarchy was to be replaced in the territorial condition which it had occupied in 1792. Lord CASTLEREAGH, though he was neither a ST. JOHN nor a BUTE, leaned to the side of moderation; and perhaps it was not to be expected that he should make an exception to the general rule of national self-abnegation in the case of Miquelon and St. Pierre. If any English statesman of the time remembered the Newfoundland arrangement, he may have reflected that, in case of war, the naval superiority of England, which was then undisputed, would ensure the easy conquest of a petty French settlement.

It is well that the rights of both parties are defined by written documents which have been, on the conclusion of every fresh treaty, reconsidered and re-enacted. The title of France to Miquelon and the other islands is as little disputed as the right of the United States to the penalty which was iniquitously assessed at Geneva. The words of the treaty of 1863 are perfectly plain, and so is the text of the Treaty of Utrecht, which recognizes as belonging to the English Crown the undivided sovereignty of Newfoundland. No encroachments of French fishermen or settlers can have extended rights which depend wholly on treaty. If it is true that a French naval officer has prevented the collection of customs duties in a part of Newfoundland, he has struck at the root of the English sovereignty. It was assuredly not intended by the negotiators of the Treaty of Utrecht, or of either of the Treaties of Paris, that the Colonial Government should be compelled to constitute an inland frontier for purposes of taxation, while foreigners held the coast and a strip of adjacent territory in full possession. There is no reason to suppose that English subjects of French descent and language sympathize with the intruders who usurp their rights as well as those of their English neighbours. The defence of the colony is one of the most urgent duties of the Imperial Government. Well-known circumstances have produced an impression that colonial interests are not adequately valued or systematically protected by the Government at home. Neglect of the rights of Newfoundland would be felt in larger dependencies, and especially in the Dominion of Canada. It is not forgotten that the American claim to rights of fishing which would constitute a monopoly in the hands of foreigners has not been abandoned. A submission to the encroachments of French fishermen and naval officers would disturb the loyalty of more than one colony.

#### LORD GRANVILLE ON TUNIS.

EVERY day makes it clearer that there are two kinds of difficulties which France is creating for itself by its inconsiderate Tunis adventure. There are the difficulties inside Tunis and the difficulties outside Tunis; the difficulties of governing an alien and hostile race through a puppet, and the difficulties of maintaining friendly relations with the Powers which in one way or other the French occupation of Tunis affects—that is, Turkey and England in the first line, and Italy and Spain in the second. What has recently taken place in Tunis shows how very serious is the task which France has chosen to take on itself. Sfax has been bombarded and the Arabs have been driven out of it. But it has not been occupied, partly from a fear of pestilence and partly because the town has been so destroyed by its late tenants that scarcely any of it remains to occupy. That the Arabs should have forced the French to bombard a town in the country which the French came to beautify and enrich is, however, a very secondary feature of the rising. What constitutes its primary importance is that the rising is not only against the French but the Bey. The country rejects as its ruler the chief who handed it over to the foreigner. The soldiers of the Bey are leaving his standard, his officials are no longer recognized as having authority, marauders rob and plunder almost to the walls of his palace. There is really no Government of any sort in a large portion of Tunis. In the eyes of those who were lately his loyal, and, after an Arab standard, his peaceful and orderly subjects, the Bey has been dethroned; and the foreigners, although they have made the Bey their creature, have not set up any Government to replace that which they have destroyed. The

result of the French expedition is to have introduced a reign of anarchy. It is out of the question that France should endure this. At any cost it must set up a new Government in Tunis, and the only Government that it can set up is that of France itself. If it pleases, it may keep a Bey shut up in a palace in whose name it issues orders; but the only instruments by which the execution of these orders can be secured are the soldiers of France. There is a profound difference between governing Tunis through the Bey and governing it in his name. The French Government calculated that it would be able to govern Tunis through the Bey. In this calculation it has been entirely disappointed. The Bey has no hold on Tunis of which France can quietly take advantage. It must therefore itself govern; and to the Tunisians it will be a matter of profound indifference whether to the edicts which France issues the name of a discredited French prisoner is appended or not.

The difficulties which the expedition has created in the relations of France with friendly foreign Powers are only gradually revealing themselves. It was not the expedition itself that was the cause of offence; for there was a tacit understanding that, if France chose to go to Tunis, she must be allowed to go. It is the indirect consequences, some of them seemingly very small, that are raising diplomatic problems which are by no means easy to solve. With all the good-will in the world to France and the French Government, there are points in the action taken by France which an English Government must subject to adverse criticism. Nothing can be more courteous, amiable, and patient than the attitude assumed by Lord GRANVILLE in the despatches relating to Tunis recently published; but, at the same time, nothing can be more explicit than his warnings that there have been mistakes made which it is incumbent on France to rectify. The union in the person of M. ROUSTAN of the two qualities of French Consul and Tunisian Minister created embarrassments which, as Lord GRANVILLE suggests, may be easily removed by some one else being appointed Consul. This is not a matter of much importance, for the French Government will be easily persuaded to find a new Consul; and the annexation of Tunis, which is to all appearance inevitable, will necessarily put diplomatic representatives in Tunis on a new footing. But it is a much graver matter when a point arises which touches the relations of France and England in Egypt. The French, in accordance with their treaty with the BEY, proposed to place all Tunisians in Egypt under direct French protection. Lord GRANVILLE uses the softest language that a long diplomatic training can suggest to him, but he gives it plainly to be understood that England will not permit this. That France should take some of the SULTAN's subjects in Egypt under her special consular protection would destroy that balance of authority in Egypt on which the Joint Protectorate is founded; and the KHEDEVE, being sure of the support of England, has announced that he will not recognize the assumed jurisdiction of France over Tunisians. Here, again, France will probably give way. It has only got to do nothing and harmony will be restored. But, although this difficulty may be surmounted by France letting the Tunisians in Egypt go on as they have gone on hitherto, the remoter consequences of the Tunis expedition must tell on the future of the Protectorate. This expedition has broken up the concert of Europe and the subsisting agreement between France and England as to the mode in which Turkey is to be treated. The divergence may not be very great, but no one can say that the attitude of the Western Powers to the Porte is the same that it was at the beginning of the year; and the Joint Protectorate in Egypt depends in a great measure on the protectors having views substantially the same as to their relations to the SULTAN.

How this Joint Protectorate was built up, what it means, and how it works, has been admirably described in the volume on Egypt which Mr. DICKEY has just published. No Englishman has written on the recent history of Egypt with anything approaching to the intimate personal knowledge, the strong sense, and the graphic power which Mr. DICKEY displays; and if his telling portraits of the ex-Khedive and NUHAR PASHA are more exciting, and if his description of the Egyptian rural population gives the best key to the permanent prospects of Egyptian prosperity, he is at once most true and most new when he traces the stages by which one of the most curious, the most successful, and perhaps the most fragile

creations of modern diplomacy, the Joint Protectorate of England and France, was called into life. The basis of the whole arrangement was the desire of the late English Ministry to conciliate France, to avoid anything like taking an advantage of the temporary depression which France was undergoing, and to undertake, so far as possible, nothing in the East alone. The occupation of Cyprus was, perhaps, a departure from this policy, but it was a solitary departure. In Egypt, at any rate, nothing could have been less aggressive, more prudent, and more conciliatory than the policy of the English Government. No English statesman can for a moment think of relaxing the hold of England on Egypt, or of suffering Egypt to fall under the exclusive control of any Continental Power; but we may be willing to share what we cannot forego. All that is necessary is that, while we share it, we should make it as clear as daylight that we do not intend to be ousted of our share; and what Lord GRANVILLE has done is, on the first occasion that arose, to give a gentle hint of our purpose. The French, we believe, attach quite as high a value to the Joint Protectorate as we do, and M. WADDINGTON thought it the great triumph of his Ministry to have secured for France in Egypt a better position than it had any reason to hope for or any very good ground for claiming. There is no change of view apparent in either Government. Lord GRANVILLE and M. ST.-HILAIRE are as much inclined to work together amicably in all that concerns Egypt as any of their predecessors were. But the force of circumstances is sometimes stronger than the force of good intentions, and it will tax the forbearance, the prudence, and the ingenuity of the best intentioned of diplomatists to surmount all the obstacles to a harmonious co-operation in Egypt which, as time goes on, the Tunis expedition will be seen to have created.

#### RAILWAY RATES.

THE Select Committee on railway rates will not complete its inquiry during the present Session, and it would be inconvenient to anticipate its conclusions. The subject was sufficiently important to justify detailed and elaborate investigation; but there is always, and especially in recent times, some danger in opening a conflict between vested rights and alleged expediency. Many of the witnesses, not without exhibitions of sympathy by some members of the Committee, have avowed their hope of adjusting railway rates with exclusive regard to the real or supposed interests of trade. The result of such a policy might be to confiscate or greatly reduce in value property to the amount of several hundred millions held in accordance with contract, under a Parliamentary title, by a vast body of large and small shareholders. Mr. TENNANT, General Manager of the North-Eastern Railway, told the Committee that the reduction in rates demanded by some of the witnesses would deprive ordinary shareholders of the whole of their income, which amounts to only seventeen per cent. of the gross receipts. Traders and travellers have received the benefit for which, through the agency of Parliament, they stipulated, by the construction of the railways, which have multiplied many times over the wealth of the commercial and industrial community; yet freighters at Liverpool and elsewhere are not ashamed to demand that railway rates should be fixed, not by Parliamentary tariffs, but on a calculation of the cheapest mode in which the transit of goods could now be effected. The capital invested in railways would never have been forthcoming but for the unhesitating reliance which was placed on Parliamentary bargains. It is true that the State offered no guarantee of remuneration, even in the form of monopoly. Almost every considerable town in Great Britain is served by two or more competing railways; and the readiness of Parliament to authorize the construction of new lines has of late years greatly increased. By the Act of 1853 undue preference is prohibited, even when it might be profitable to Railway Companies; and for the enforcement of the law a tribunal has since been instituted which, however unsatisfactory in all other respects, habitually leans against railway interests. Railway shareholders, if any of them have joined in agitation against landowners, may now learn the imprudence of tampering with proprietary right, even when it is vested in a small and aristocratic minority. Communism, or the arbitrary transfer of property from one holder to

another, is the same in principle whether it applies to shares, to debentures, or to land.

Nothing can be fairer than that any excess of charge should be strictly examined and effectually repressed. It is possible that such cases may have been proved to the satisfaction of the Committee which may, for the correction of abuses, exercise functions rather judicial than legislative, but it may be doubted whether, even if they have exceeded their legal powers, the Companies have not acted in good faith on erroneous interpretations of a doubtful law. Their customers cannot but have known of the overcharge, which they could not have been compelled to pay. In default of the success of remonstrance, freighters might have tried the question, as plaintiffs or defendants at their choice, in the ordinary courts, and in most instances they might have invoked the eager intervention of the Railway Commissioners, who welcome every interruption of their chronic leisure. It will probably be found that almost all disputed questions on alleged overcharge resolve themselves into the standing controversy on terminals. It is believed that the Committee is satisfied that the rates for transit on railway lines are exclusive of payments for loading, unloading, and similar services when they are performed by the Company. It may be expected that the Report will suggest more definite means of ascertaining the legitimate amount of terminals. Improvements might also be introduced into the classification of goods, though it will be difficult in meddling with the subject to deal with conflicts of interest, not between the Companies and their customers, but among different classes of traders. A general reduction would be grossly unjust. Even if wealth were, as some political sects appear to hold, a legitimate excuse for spoliation, the Railway Companies are not extravagantly prosperous. Only two or three small undertakings in special circumstances pay ten per cent. on their outlay. The average is from four to five per cent., and present purchasers have to content themselves with a smaller return.

Members of the Committee who were not previously familiar with railway economy may perhaps have been surprised to learn that the most complicated difficulties in the adjustment of rates arise from the competition, not of railways, but of ports, markets, and producing districts. One inexhaustible ground of dispute is furnished by the competing claims of longer or shorter distances. The nearest towns to a great commercial centre wish to retain the advantage of their geographical position against rivals who are enabled under existing rates to compete with them on equal terms. The most acrimonious assailants of the Companies were the Liverpool witnesses, some of whom committed themselves to the paradoxical proposition that their city had derived more harm than good from the introduction of railways. As Liverpool has within fifty years doubled its population, and increased its wealth in a much larger proportion, it might seem superfluous to criticise an absurd statement if it had not an intelligible meaning. Mr. FINDLAY, Manager of the London and North-Western Railway, furnished in a few words a sufficient explanation. Liverpool is, as he said, the nearest port to the richest industrial district in the kingdom, containing from four to five millions of inhabitants. The establishment of mileage rates, which were urgently demanded by the agitators, would give Liverpool a monopoly of the import and export trade of Lancashire, which is now distributed among all the Northern ports. It is unnecessary to observe that the enforcement on the railways of uniformity of charge in proportion to distance would enable Liverpool merchants and shippers to appropriate to themselves a large portion of the profit which would be withdrawn from their competitors. It is in this sense that they consider themselves losers by the construction of railways. It would be impossible for other ports to compete for the Lancashire trade, if the inland carriage were confined to roads or canals. A similar contention has for many years been urged against the rates on the North-Eastern Railway system. The Company, which has had a virtual monopoly of the district, has charged equal rates to Hull, to Hartlepool, and to Sunderland, in spite of remonstrances from the places which were nearest to the heart of the West Riding. There can be little doubt that the elasticity of the actual practice is more conducive to general prosperity than a rigid system of mileage rates.

The present condition of agriculture may serve as an excuse to the farmers for urging a grievance of their own

on the attention of the Commission. They complain that in certain instances foreign produce is carried at lower rates than domestic corn and cattle. The same apparent preference applies to some other classes of foreign goods, or of goods destined for shipment; and it is not surprising that it should be resented by traders with an adverse interest as an anomaly. The differential rates are, of course, explained by competition with sea-borne freights. If a ship arrives at Liverpool with goods destined for London, the railway can only convey them by reducing its charges to nearly the rate at which the cargo could be despatched by sea. The consignee gets the benefit of quick delivery, but his domestic competitor incurs little or no loss by the difference in the rates. The only effect of prohibiting the alleged preference of foreign goods would be that ships would be chartered to London rather than to Liverpool. To that extent the proposed legislation would perhaps operate as a protective duty. The discretion which is still left to the Companies in this and in other controverted matters is, on a balance of results, at least as beneficial to the community as to themselves. The Railway Commissioners have done their utmost to restrain the freedom of trade; and it is to be hoped that the Committee will not sanction their narrow policy. It may also be expedient to investigate the working of a most unsatisfactory tribunal. It is understood that the only lawyer on the Commission is habitually overruled by his colleagues, who assuredly possess no special aptitude for their duties. As the Commission is not trusted by the litigants who have the power of setting it in motion it finds but little occupation. At a cost of 10,000*l.* a year business is transacted which would perhaps occupy a single Judge or a Divisional Court for three weeks. The lay majority of the Commission refuses, if possible, all appeal to the superior Courts; and, consequently, its decisions are commonly impeached in the form of writs of prohibition. The jurisdiction might, with unmixed advantage, be transferred to one professional Judge, who would, in the intervals of his special employment, be available for general purposes as a Judge of the High Court. It is true that his railway functions would be less of a sinecure than at present, because he would command the confidence of the Companies and of other litigants.

#### FRANCE AND SPAIN.

THE expulsion of Don CARLOS from France has awakened no indignation, or even interest, in the French public. If the Government likes to send away a Spanish Prince, it is quite at liberty to do so. By a law passed in 1849, the French Government is authorized to give notice to any foreigner to leave France in twenty-four hours; and, if the order is not obeyed, the foreigner is arrested, imprisoned, and then conducted to the frontier. This very summary authority is used much more frequently in private than in political cases. Foreign swindlers of the highest class, against whom the police has suspicions which it thinks certainties, but not sufficient proofs, are frequently told that France has had enough of them, and they quietly disappear. This is, it must be owned, a serious limitation of French hospitality; but it is a limitation which is perfectly well known, and all French Governments cut short the residence of foreign guests when they think proper. Don CARLOS has been sent away once before from France; and on that occasion he was expelled by Marshal MACMAHON. Why the French Government should now think it worth while to expel him is a different matter. It is certainly not for reasons of domestic policy. Don CARLOS naturally associates when in France with the extreme French Legitimists, whose cause is his own. But the Republican Government treats the most extreme of Legitimist citizens with a profound and contemptuous indifference. They have lately been having a little fête of their own, as a set-off to the national fête of the taking of the Bastille. They met in their tens, drank the health of the King, and assured each other, and that tiny portion of France which listens to them, that the heart of France is palpitating for the return of its beloved monarch. The Government lets them drink and speak, and go to memorial masses, with no more thought or anxiety about them than if they were protesting their devotion to the Emperor of China. That Don CARLOS should join their company is no gain to them and no harm to the French Government.

It is the Spanish Government, and not the French, that dislikes the goings on of Don CARLOS at Paris. The King of SPAIN has a curious, if not very formidable, antagonist at Paris, in the person of his own mother. She and Don CARLOS have lately fallen into each other's arms, and this new alliance is naturally disliked at Madrid. A new-  
Carlist war is out of the question for the present; but the Carlist leaders are said to have arranged that at the coming Spanish elections there shall be small disturbances in the districts favourable to them, which will at least serve to annoy the Government, and may possibly discredit and render it unpopular, by forcing it to use means of repression. The French Government is ready to discountenance the manoeuvres of a party which, if it could succeed, would be the bitter enemy of Republican France, and which, in its fallen state, uses France as the safe centre of its intrigues. To send away Don CARLOS is to show that the French Government is alive to what is going on, and does not at all approve of it; and it is, at the same time, to do a friendly turn to the Spanish Government at a moment when the relations of the two Governments have been slightly strained by the unfortunate occurrences which have taken place in Algeria.

Everything the French Government does or does not do is naturally censured by its habitual antagonists, and the critics of the Opposition thought for a moment that a little capital might be made out of the expulsion of Don CARLOS. But the quivering flame of criticism was at once extinguished when a letter was published in which Don CARLOS bade farewell to France. It was impossible to espouse the grievances of a person who could write so foolish a letter. He began with saying that he was a BOURBON, and he did his best to prove it by showing that he inherited the family turn for always saying the wrong thing. He was expelled, he said, not by the French nation, but by the French Government; and this was a Government that had just distinguished itself by allowing Spaniards to be massacred, robbed, and ruined in Algeria. The French nation is not at all inclined to separate itself from its Government in anything that relates to Algeria, and a BOURBON who thinks more of the Spaniards in Algeria than of the French seems a poor kind of Frenchman. The French Government and the French people equally regret that Spaniards should have been the chief sufferers in the recent Arab raid; and, when a claim for indemnity was made by the Spanish Government, the French Government at once offered to take it into serious and friendly consideration. The ruined Spanish colonists have possibly a good title to be indemnified; and, as there was much popular excitement in Spain, and some mattering of hostility to France, it may have been prudent on the part of France to have turned a ready ear to the appeal that was made to it. It is by no means easy to say when an indemnity can properly be claimed in cases where foreigners suffer from disturbance or war. The French Government has had standing for some time a host of claims for compensation made by French citizens who suffered losses through the last Carlist war. If France is to pay for Spanish losses in Algeria, why should not Spain pay for French losses in Spain? There is no definite rule of international law on the subject; and all that can be said is that claims for compensation are seldom pressed, and still more rarely recognized. Englishmen would be very slow to admit that, if a troop of German emigrants went to the limits of civilization in the backwoods of Canada, and were cut off by a tribe of Indians, England could be asked to pay an indemnity to Germany. Prudence may suggest that it is worth while to spend a little money to soothe Spanish feeling; but there is no real ground for the indignation supposed to be felt by the Spaniards against France. The Spanish colonists were not worse treated than Frenchmen in Algeria. They had just as much protection, and that this protection was very insufficient at a particular place and time was true, but was a consequence of the general mode in which the French govern Algeria. The Spaniards were murdered and ruined, not because they were Spaniards, but because they had chosen to go to a spot in a French dependency which was exposed to a raid, the outbreak and direction of which no one could have foreseen. The French cannot make persons absolutely safe who go to the edge of cultivation far away from places where bodies of troops are concentrated. They can only give the security which springs from the terror of their name, and from the



certainty that sooner or later troops will come to punish wrongdoers if they can catch them.

The new-born hostility of Spain to France, so far as it exists at all, would therefore in any case soon die away. It will die away, perhaps, all the sooner because France is willing to please the Spanish people by discussing an indemnity and to please the Spanish Court by expelling Don CARLOS. But the notion that France, which sees with alarm and regret that it has to spend more money and more men in the interminable task of putting down an Algerian insurrection, has done any special wrong to Spain, because Spaniards who chose to go to one part in Algeria have suffered as Frenchmen would have suffered in their place, is too unsubstantial to colour national feeling for any length of time. Nations are only guided, except in moments of feverish excitement, by considerations of their permanent interests. No doubt the Spanish Government must have asked itself how the Tunis expedition affects the permanent interests of Spain, and the conclusion to which it appears to have come, and which was the only conclusion to which it could have come, was that the interests of Spain were not much affected at present, but that they might be affected in a not remote future. If Tripoli is on one side of the new French territory of Algeria and Tunis, Morocco is on the other; and France will find the same difficulty in allowing Morocco as in allowing Tunis to be permanently possessed by a Mahomedan Power. For a time France may hold its hand. It may be content with putting down the Arab rising in Algeria, and with occupying Tunis with a force sufficient to make it really a French territory. But sooner or later it will try to rid itself of the inconvenience of having its disaffected Arab population shut in between two Mahomedan States. What a Spanish statesman with a reasonable amount of foresight has to ask himself is whether it would promote the permanent interests of Spain that she should occupy Morocco even if she were invited and stimulated by France to do so; and it may be observed that it will not be semi-hostile relations, but very friendly and cordial relations, between France and Spain that will bring Spain to the critical point of having to make a decision. So far as foreigners can judge, Spain would be making a fatal mistake if it fell into the trap of a grand Morocco expedition. It would have to spend much money which it could ill afford to gain a territory which would bring in nothing. It would have to go on year after year subduing refractory Moors. It would make itself answerable to France for the suppression of border raids; and, above all, it would be creating a new Cuba at its doors whence a popular general would be always likely to come to demand a change of Ministry, and the advancement of himself and his followers. These are, it is true, speculations as to a future which may be far off; but one effect of the Tunis expedition has been to set the European world thinking, and Spaniards must be supposed, like other people, to think sometimes of matters that seriously concern them.

#### THE PARIS POLICE.

THE resignation of the Prefect of the Paris Police is an incident of something more than local interest. It is the last scene in a little play which has displayed in a very curious light the relations of the French Government with the Radicals of the capital. The origin of the quarrel between M. ANDRIEU and the Paris Municipal Council is not now of any moment. The Council have for some time been of opinion that the police have abused their powers, and that they have been supported in doing so by M. ANDRIEU. Under these circumstances there were two steps which the Council might properly have taken. They might have asked the Prefect to reprimand or dismiss his erring agents, and in the event of his refusing their request they might have asked the Minister of the Interior to reprimand or dismiss his erring subordinate. This method of action did not commend itself to the Municipal Council. The police of Paris are paid by the City and controlled by the State, but the Municipal Council consider that the control as well as the payment ought to be in the hands of the citizens, and after the manner of their sect they regard the thing that ought to be as the thing that is. In the complaints urged against the police they saw—perhaps they had created—the occasion they wanted. An

“interpellation” was brought forward at one of their meetings, and the Council passed a vote of want of confidence in the Prefect just as the Chamber of Deputies might have done in the case of an unpopular Minister. M. ANDRIEU very properly took no account of this vote, and it was finally annulled by the Government as exceeding the powers of the Council. Thereupon the question was raised in the Chamber by a member of the Extreme Left. In the debate that followed the Government said, fairly enough, that they thought the police arrangements of Paris unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the payment and control of the force were not vested in the same hands, and that they intended to bring in a Bill transferring the police estimates from the municipal to the State Budget. At this point it seemed that the whole affair had come to an end. The Chamber was perfectly satisfied with the Ministerial announcement; and any injustice that might be involved in making Paris pay for a police which is not under the orders of the Municipality would be removed by the promised Bill. Ever since that time, however, the controversy has been kept up in the newspapers. The organs of the Extreme Left at once set to work to denounce a proposal which they described as designed to make the present degradation of Paris permanent instead of temporary. Why, they asked, should the capital be placed at a disadvantage which is not shared by smaller towns? The measure to which the Government had committed themselves was a direct blow at the principle of local self-government. If the independence of Paris could be destroyed, why should the independence of a single commune in France be respected? The answer to this indignant inquiry was obvious. The independence of Paris needs to be restrained lest the independence of every other commune should be destroyed. The resemblance between the two cases is purely superficial. The reasons which make it inexpedient to give Paris the control of its own police apply to no other town. The reasons which make it safe to give other towns the control of their own police do not apply to Paris.

It was not, however, the arguments employed that gave the question its importance. The controversy was too one-sided to be interesting. What was really significant was the timid attitude taken up by the Republican party on the question. Where the Government were plainly in the right, the natural thing would have been to support them frankly. Instead of this the subject was approached with as much hesitation as though it had been surrounded with doubt and difficulty. The point chiefly insisted on by the Republican journals was the necessity of devising a *modus vivendi* between the Government and the Municipal Council. Unless some compromise could be discovered the Government would have to meet the electors with a quarrel with the City of Paris upon their consciences. To outsiders it rather seemed that in such a cause as this the Cabinet could not do better than have their consciences thus burdened. Their best title to the confidence of France would be the fact that they had quarrelled with Paris. The motive which underlies the claim of the citizens of the capital to be masters in their own house can be readily divined; in point of fact, the Municipal Council have been at no pains to conceal it. They represent the party which either boldly professes or weakly acquiesces in the demand originally put forward on behalf of the Commune. They do not acknowledge that the peculiar relations which must always exist between the capital and the Government have any bearing on the question. As no Government which is at issue with the people of Paris can have any right to exist, there can be no reason why the Government should be protected against the people of Paris. The logical result of this contention would be that the police of the City, and, in time of peace, such military force as may happen to be stationed in the City, should be under the control of the Municipal Council. For the present, however, it is useless to put forward more than the smaller half of this claim. Even among the Extreme Left, a proposal to make the Military Governor of Paris responsible to the Municipal Council might find but few supporters. In what direction then was this *modus vivendi* between the Government and the Municipal Council to be sought? The answer given to this question even by journals like the *République Française* deserves to be remembered. The compromise suggested was that the Government should get rid of the obnoxious Prefect of Police. A personal sacrifice might disguise the impossibility of abandoning the principle. In

their joy at having driven M. ANDRIEU from office the Municipal Council might forget that the new Prefect would be no more their servant than his predecessor. Whatever might be the ideal distribution of power between the Municipal Council and the Minister of the Interior, the Prefect of Police ought to make the best of the existing distribution. The fact that he was on bad terms with the Municipal Council carried its condemnation with it. It proved that M. ANDRIEU had not learned how to serve two masters, and consequently that he was unfit to hold office in which it was at all events necessary for him to make believe that he had two masters.

If this advice had been disregarded, it would still have merited some notice by reason of the position of those who offered it. But it becomes immeasurably more significant when it has been taken. The Government have not formally dismissed M. ANDRIEU, but they have accepted his resignation. Whatever may have been his disqualifications for the difficult office he held, more treacherous counsel could not have been given to a Cabinet, nor could a Cabinet have been guilty of a greater blunder than to follow it. M. ANDRIEU's resignation would not have been offered if he had not known or suspected that he could not count on the support of his superiors; and the acceptance of it is an intimation to the country that, as a matter of fact, he did not receive the support of his superiors. What is this but an admission on the part of the Cabinet that, as things stand, the Prefect of Police is not independent of the Municipal Council, and that M. ANDRIEU was to blame for acting as though he was independent of it? Some other meaning, no doubt, will be put upon the act by the supporters of the Government; but this is the meaning which the Municipal Council will put on it, and which the Radical party throughout France will put on it. What is perhaps of even more moment is the meaning which M. ANDRIEU's successor will put upon it. The new Prefect of Police will realize keenly that if he wishes to retain the favour of the Government he must, before all things, take care to retain the favour of the Municipal Council. Nor will he find the Municipal Council an easy taskmaster. The majority of its members very well know what they want, and they will not be content in the end without trying to get what they want. They will not eventually succeed in getting it, because France, now that she has learnt that if she is so minded she can put down Paris, will not again submit to the dictation of Paris. But, for all that, France may have to pay a very heavy price for the weakness of her rulers. The elements which went to make up the Commune are still to be found in Paris. There is the old poverty, the old passionate hatred of the well-to-do classes, the old devotion to impossible political ideals, the old determination not to believe that these ideals are incapable of realization. A city whose temper can be thus described is not likely to omit to take the ell when once the inch has been given it. It has set itself to overthrow M. ANDRIEU; and, though the probabilities were all the other way, it has succeeded in overthrowing him. Victory will certainly not teach it moderation; and if, as the event has proved, the Cabinet were afraid to meet the electors with M. ANDRIEU as their Prefect of Police, they will hardly shrink from further concessions if they should be found necessary to the end they have in view—that of presenting France and Paris in the character of brethren who dwell together in unity.

#### THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

IT is required of a benevolent fund that it be found solvent. When such a fund has been created by a great public enthusiasm and is administered by very eminent persons it is all the more important that this humble but necessary condition should be fulfilled. The evil of the example given has to be taken into account as well as the disappointment inflicted on those who have vainly counted on the benefits which the fund was to confer on them. We are sorry to say that the Nineteenth Report of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund reads like a penitential statement from a well-meaning but blundering village club. It is true that the Patriotic Fund is not kept up by the subscription of those who look forward to benefiting by its grants. But when the administrators of a public fund undertake to make certain payments for the lives of certain persons or for the bene-

fit of a specific class, and do actually make them for a number of years, those who receive these payments naturally expect to go on receiving them. The reason, according to the Registrar, why a Friendly Society ought to take stock of its engagements, and of the means it has for meeting them, is that without doing so "a Society cannot tell whether it can afford to go on paying the benefits "it has promised, or whether it is on the way sooner or "later to break up, and leave its members helpless." This is precisely what for many years the Patriotic Fund did not do. Considering the semi-public character of the Fund, and the illustrious, noble, and distinguished names which appear among the Royal Commissioners, the omission to do it must be regarded as strangely unfortunate.

The first serious notice of this state of things was taken by the War Office in August last. The SECRETARY of STATE had had his attention specially called to an actuarial estimate which had appeared in the previous Report of the Commissioners. On looking into it he thought the matter so serious that he sent for the Chairman and Secretary of the Executive and Finance Committee, and requested that an estimate might be prepared of the aggregate assets and liabilities of the Fund. On August 19 General LEFROY, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mr. HAMILTON, the Accountant-General of the Navy, who had undertaken the suggested inquiry, presented their Report. The figures, as given in the last preceding official valuation, had shown the estimated liabilities of the Fund to be 431,050*l.*, and the assets to be 443,637*l.*, leaving a surplus capital of 12,587*l.* The first observation the referees had to make upon this calculation is that it left out of account a school—the boys' school at Wandsworth—for which, though it was intended to be permanent, no permanent endowment had been provided. They calculated that to complete this endowment 60,000*l.* ought to be subtracted from the assets. The only entry connected with the school on the liabilities side being one of 7,892*l.*, the ultimate result of this withdrawal was to convert the surplus of 12,587*l.* into a deficit of 39,521*l.* Apparently this was not the only case in which the intentions of the Commissioners had been more permanent than the means devised for carrying them out. The referees estimated that to meet the prospective charge of advanced age allowances 32,000*l.*, and to meet the education of the sons of Roman Catholic soldiers 30,647*l.*, would have to be provided over and above the demands covered by the assets. The deficit is thus brought up to 102,168*l.* The referees then turned their minds to the expenses of management; and, as these amounted to 4,000*l.* a year, they were not long in coming to the conclusion that the sum required to meet these expenses for the future "must largely exceed the sum of "29,125*l.* inserted in respect of this liability in the official "valuation." A fresh valuation was, therefore, made, when it turned out that, even on the assumption that the present staff is reduced by not filling up vacancies, and that only a small staff is permanently retained, the deficit to be allowed for under this head would be 26,365*l.* The total deficit is thus brought in round numbers to 128,000*l.* Even this sum, however, does not comprise the whole of the possible shortcoming. Of late years, the referees say, the maintenance of the sanitary establishment for girls at Margate has cost the General Fund from 800*l.* to 900*l.* annually, while the girls' school at Margate owes the General Fund about 2,500*l.* If these liabilities are to be taken as continuing, a further sum of from 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* must be set aside to meet them. The referees, however, are of opinion that "means might "be found which, coupled with careful and economical "management," might not only render the girls' school self-supporting, but enable it in addition to bear the cost of the sanitary establishment. They have not, therefore, included this item in their own calculation of the deficit. The SECRETARY of STATE was less sanguine on this head—perhaps distrusting the success of the Royal Commissioners in the direction of economical management—and in the letter to the Secretary of the Patriotic Fund, enclosing the Report of the referees, he describes the liabilities of the Royal Commissioners as, "at a reasonable estimate," exceeding their assets by about 150,000*l.*

This is the state of affairs with which the Commissioners had to deal when preparing their Nineteenth Report. It cannot be said that their treatment of the question is in any sense satisfactory. They propose, of course, certain reductions in the expenditure of the Fund.

But then the need of making such reductions is precisely the thing against which precautions ought to have been taken. The widows and orphans of English soldiers and sailors have been taught to expect certain benefits; and to withdraw these benefits after they have been virtually, if not formally, promised will have an ugly likeness to a breach of public faith. If the impossibility of keeping the promises made by the Commissioners had been due to accident, it would have been unfortunate and nothing more. But in this instance it is due to what it would be over-politeness to call an accident. It can hardly be a thing of chance that the last official valuation was wrong by 150,000*l.* The Actuary's Report, made after the Report of the referees, reduces this deficit to about 117,000*l.*; but in this estimate no account is taken of the expenses of the girls' school at Margate. Whichever of these sums may be taken as most accurately conveying the excess of the Commissioners' liabilities over their assets, the undetected existence of so large a deficit calls for an explanation which, oddly enough, neither the Commissioners, nor the Executive and Finance Committee who have made a Special Report on the subject, seem to think it within their province to furnish. The Commissioners say, no doubt with perfect truth, that it has been their earnest desire to make the benefits granted from the Fund as comprehensive as possible. In 1867 they opened the Fund to orphans, who, by the then existing rules, were excluded from it. In 1870 they made a similar concession to children left orphans by wars subsequent to the Russian war. "The cost of the education of these additional cases, and all grants to the children of officers on this extended basis, became a charge upon the estimated surplus." As long ago as 1874 the Commissioners found that the new demand on the Fund thus created "would be overwhelming"; and, before they could stop further applications, they were committed to a sum much exceeding that which they had originally contemplated. Another contingency for which no proper provision had been made was the deaths of second husbands, and the consequent return of widows to their full allowance from the Fund. In one year the Actuary found it necessary to increase the estimated liability under this head alone by 22,533*l.* Then the expenses of the boys' school at Wandsworth were based on a calculation that each boy would cost 17*l.* 10*s.*, whereas the real cost has varied from 24*l.* to 30*l.* No doubt these errors fully account for the deficit, but at present no explanation has been given of the errors themselves. How did it happen that the Royal Commissioners were either supplied with such imperfect information, or made such an imperfect use of the perfect information supplied to them, that they made these blunders as to the extent of their own ability as trustees of the Fund to meet the demands made on it? The lives of the second husbands of soldiers' and sailors' widows can hardly defy actuarial calculation, and a pretty close guess could surely have been made at the cost of maintaining a boy at a charity school. The melancholy result of the Commissioners' extraordinary inaccuracy is that they have had to give directions for closing the school before the end of the year. We are not prepared to contest the soundness of this conclusion; but, if no further explanation of the reasons which have made it unavoidable is forthcoming, the penitence of the Commissioners ought to be very much more public and exemplary than they have yet thought fit to make it.

#### THE FUNERAL OF PIUS IX.

IT is some time since an Italian Ministry has shown any marked political capacity. To some extent perhaps this want is due to the consciousness that they represent no certain force in the country. The Italian electorate is a very limited one, and a considerable portion even of this limited electorate take no part in the elections. If under the English suffrage of 1832 no Conservative had voted, the Parliamentary strength of the Radical party would have been very much in excess of its real hold upon the nation, and there may be a similar flaw in the present distribution of parties in Italy. The Roman Catholic voters do not go to the poll, the larger part of the population have no votes, and the consequence is that, among those whose votes determine the result of the elections and the composition of the Chamber of Deputies, the Radicals command a strong majority. This seems to be the explanation of what

would otherwise be the unaccountable shortsightedness of the Italian Government in presence of the insults offered to the funeral procession of the late Pope. The vast and orderly crowd of spectators has been estimated as amounting to one hundred thousand persons, and an unprejudiced eye-witness puts the number of the assailants of the procession in the first instance at fifty or sixty. It would seem to follow from this that it would be the interest of the Ministry to identify themselves heartily with the orderly spectators. Had the procession been carrying the body of a private citizen to the grave, the Government would have been bound to protect those who took part in the ceremony from any unseemly interruption; while, if by any mischance they had failed to do this, they ought, at all events, to have offered a prompt and straightforward apology for the omission. But PIUS IX. was not a private citizen. He was a sovereign prince, recognized as such by the Italian Executive and the Italian Legislature, and having, therefore, certain well-defined rights to public honours. It is a complaint of long standing with the Italian Government that the Pope takes no notice of the Law of Guarantees, and shuts himself up in the Vatican as though he could not safely come out into the city. The reception given to PIUS IX.'s body on its journey from St. Peter's to San Lorenzo was likely, therefore, to be taken as an earnest of the reception which would await LEO XIII. if he once more trusted himself in the streets or in the great basilicas. This is the light in which it is said to have been regarded by the Pope himself. An apparently well-informed Correspondent of the *Times* declares that he has sufficient grounds for believing that, had all gone quietly, LEO XIII. would have taken the occasion he desires for terminating the "imprisonment." What "A Resident in Rome" has the means of knowing could scarcely have been a secret to the Italian Government. One of two things, therefore, must be believed of them. Either they did not wish LEO XIII. to come out of the Vatican, and so were not anxious that all should go quietly; or, while wishing him to do so, they thought it either unnecessary or imprudent to take any precautions against disturbance. In the first case they must be credited with a very imperfect appreciation of Italian politics. The relations between the Pope and the Government have been the great difficulty of successive Italian Ministries, and a Cabinet which did not welcome any approach to a better state of things would stand condemned of preferring the gratification of some small ends of its own to a great national advantage. In the second case they must either be very ignorant of the people they have to govern or very much enslaved to their extreme supporters in the Chamber. In every great capital there is a minority of ill-disposed persons who are always searching for opportunities of riot and outrage, and a funeral associated with such bitter religious antagonisms as that of PIUS IX. would be sure to suggest itself to this faction as precisely the occasion they were on the look-out for. It seems incredible that this probability should not have presented itself to the Government; and the only remaining explanation is that any intervention on their part to prevent disturbance would make them unpopular with the Radicals, and so possibly expose them to the risk of being left in a minority on some critical division.

The plea that they were taken by surprise seems incompatible with the action of the Government since. An insult of the grossest kind had been offered to the Pope; and, if the omission of the Government to prevent this had been purely accidental, they would naturally have been eager to repair it. Instead of this, they seemed anxious to make it appear that the riot had been provoked by the Catholics, and that the blame was pretty equally distributed between those who took part in the procession and those who insulted it. It seems not unlikely that the motive of some of those who accompanied the coffin to San Lorenzo was to excite the very riot which actually took place. "The torch-bearing procession," says the same Correspondent of the *Times*, "was organized by the old zealots in distinct opposition to the representations of the CARDINAL VICAR, in the hope of provoking what, in fact, happened, and so effectually to prevent the Pope from passing the doors of the Vatican." This fact does not, however, in the smallest degree excuse the course taken by the Government. They knew beforehand that the body of PIUS IX. was to be removed on a certain night, and they ought consequently to have either refused

the authorization for the removal, or to have made certain stipulations as to the character of the procession, or to have taken adequate precautions to insure that it should be unmolested. They were naturally unwilling to take the first course, which would have been tantamount to an admission that they could not keep order in the city; or the second, which would have made them appear as forbidding religious funerals, while allowing funerals of a political character; and the reason why they shrank from taking the third course has been already suggested. In any circumstances, however, they might have been expected to try and repair their error after it had been committed. Instead of this, they did their best to make it worse. On every Sunday during this summer there are jubilee pilgrimages to the various Roman basilicas, and on the Sunday following the removal of Pius IX.'s body to San Lorenzo these accustomed pilgrimages were forbidden. With full warning that the Catholic population of Rome were threatened with molestation in the performance of their customary religious observances, the Government thought proper, not to prevent the molestation, but to forbid the religious observance. A somewhat parallel case would be if Mr. BRADLAUGH's friends should take it into their heads to break up the procession at Dean STANLEY's funeral next Monday, and thereupon the HOME SECRETARY should close Westminster Abbey to-morrow week. The Italian Government have shown similar weakness in dealing with certain low papers which have published some brutal abuse of the late Pope. Ordinarily speaking it may be wiser to let outrages of this kind pass unnoticed; but, when they come at the tail of similar outrages in fact, and at a moment when a commonly prudent Government would be seeking for means of offering some reparation to the living Pope for the insults offered to the dead, a prosecution of these journals for violation of the Law of Guarantees would have been a matter of obvious good policy. The incompetence of the Cabinet comes out all the more clearly because the PRIME MINISTER is also the Minister of the Interior. He had therefore no colleagues to consult. The responsibility which devolved upon him was one that concerned his special department, and there was no superior over his head to whom he might have to justify his action. It is greatly to be regretted that this incident should have happened, because it makes it impossible, at all events for the time, that LEO XIII. should make any further advance in the direction of living in peace, if not in amity, with the Italian Government. He may even think that his appearance outside the Vatican would be a signal for the same kind of manifestation as that which greeted the coffin of Pius IX., and that the Government are apparently unwilling or unable to give effect to their own law by according to the Pope either the honour due to a sovereign or the protection due to a subject.

#### THE LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

THE death of the Dean of Westminster last Monday night after only a few days' illness, at no very advanced age and in the full vigour of his powers, removes with startling abruptness a conspicuous figure from the scene. There are very few persons not occupying a still higher position, in Church or State, who have attracted so much of public attention, or whose death would call forth so universal a chorus of lamentation, comment, and eulogy. And if we are not, as our readers will readily conceive—for the acts and writings of the late Dean have very frequently challenged notice in our columns—able to join unreservedly in the effusive laudations so copiously showered on his memory, one thing at least is attested by the very prominence of the place he had made for himself in the world's estimation from the first. For it may fairly be said that from the day when Stanley and Vaughan, then Dr. Arnold's two most promising and devoted pupils, were "bracketed even," as Bishop Wordsworth, who examined them, has just reminded us, in the Sixth Form examination at Rugby, he always held his own. The fact is that he had in a remarkable measure what we are often told the conditions of modern society are making less and less possible, the gift of individuality, or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, "distinction." In his whole character, attitude, and tone of mind, as in his person, there was an unmistakable idiosyncrasy. You could generally be pretty sure beforehand what line he would take on any given subject, and that it would be like himself and unlike everybody else. One of his panegyrists has observed that the Dean "never twaddled, or declaimed, or repeated himself." Certainly he did not twaddle, nor was declamation much in his line, for that implies real or simulated passion, and he was not a religious enthusiast, still less an actor, but as to his never repeating himself, it would be more accurate to say that he repeated himself in every volume or

article he published, almost in every sermon he preached. We do not, of course, mean to say that he repeated himself in the way, for instance, that Dr. Cumming did, but that one leading idea, which was apt to become somewhat tedious from constant iteration, formed the keynote of his teaching as of his life. He was always harping on one string, and whether history, or theology, or ecclesiastical discipline was the professed subject of discussion, the supreme excellence of liberalism or "latitudinarianism"—the term in his mouth was one not of reproach but of honour—would invariably turn out to be the moral of the tale. This has indeed been made by his admirers their special theme of commendation, but neither in an intellectual nor a moral sense can the praise be accepted without reserve. In one respect, however, it is pleasant to be able to put on record the unanimous agreement of all, however widely differing in principle, who came into contact with him. In his personal conduct and demeanour his liberality was alike graceful and genuine, and knew no distinctions of opinion, school, or creed; after the fiercest wranglings in the Jerusalem Chamber the Dean and Archdeacon Denison, who the other day paid a warm tribute to his memory in Convocation, might be seen seated side by side in friendly converse in the hospitable refuge of the Deanery drawing-room. He was, in short, a thoroughly amiable, kind-hearted, and generous man in all the relations of private life, and the various positions he successively occupied, especially during his later years at Westminster, gave him abundant opportunities of exhibiting those estimable qualities, of which he was never slow to avail himself. It has been said, probably with truth, that he never had a personal enemy; and to this kindness of heart was added the rare charm of social graces and powers which made his presence an acquisition to every company he entered. We are the more anxious to render this just tribute, because, as will presently appear, we cannot unreservedly endorse all the commendation bestowed on the impartial breadth of his liberality in a wider sphere. But that inquiry runs up into a general estimate of his position as a writer, a theologian, and a dignified and influential Churchman.

Lord Beaconsfield exemplified his wonted felicity of phrase when he selected "picturesque sensibility" as the special characteristic of Dean Stanley's mind. He was not a deep or philosophical thinker, and therefore was never likely to wield such influence as e.g. Cardinal Newman has exercised on one side, or, to name divines more nearly allied to him, Professor Jowett or the late Mr. Maurice on the other. The marvellous effect attributed to Dr. Newman's sermons at Oxford, which has been lately described with thrilling force by a very unsympathetic hearer, could never be produced by any discourse of Dean Stanley's, who was a graceful and picturesque rather than a touching or eloquent preacher. For theology properly so called, that is for the abstract discussion of doctrine, he had a positive incapacity and distaste, though he was constantly writing about it. It was not so much that he disliked this or that particular tenet, as that he disliked and failed to grasp the idea of doctrine or dogma altogether, and his liberality on its intellectual side was largely based on his inability to appreciate distinctions which to him were empty forms. He had an instinctive aversion to definite statements on abstract subjects, not because they were false, but because they were definite, and one could as little conceive his being martyred for a specific heresy as for an article of the Creed. Had he lived in the fourth century, he would have fully shared Gibbon's unphilosophical contempt for a Christendom divided about "the difference of a single diphthong," and would have been as little willing to subscribe or to condemn the Arian confessions as the Nicene Creed. One could almost imagine his sharing the fate of the unhappy victim of Turkish red-tapism, who is said to have been executed at Constantinople, not for being a Mahometan or a Christian—for he was free to profess either religion—but because he could not decide, or at least could not intelligibly explain, to which of the rival creeds he adhered. In a lecture to working men some years ago Dean Stanley ridiculed the notion of psychology or theology being at all concerned in the problems raised by the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. He told the students of St. Andrew's, on another occasion, that "the faith of each successive epoch of Christendom has varied enormously from the faith of its predecessors"—which only shows his strange incapacity for distinguishing fixed doctrines from passing phases of opinion—and that "the true faith" has been to no one more largely indebted than to "the excommunicated Spinoza," who is usually regarded as having been either an Atheist or a Pantheist, but to whom, the Dean thought, "was vouchsafed the clearest glimpse into the nature of the Deity." In a paper on the three Creeds, published only last year, while dismissing as no better than "algebraic symbols" and "arithmetical enigmas" the doctrines they are commonly supposed to contain, he seeks to elicit from them some broader and loftier, but scarcely intelligible, conception of "Christianity, as it has appeared to Voltaire, Rousseau, Göthe, Mill, Renan." He would not have said in so many words, with Strauss in the *Leben Jesu*, that "the moral contents of Christianity" are alone valuable; but from first to last, whenever he spoke—as in his latest and not least typical work on *Christian Institutions*, and in the highly characteristic posthumous paper "On the Revised Version of the New Testament" published in last Wednesday's *Times*—of "the great doctrines which all Christians alike hold," he invariably and exclusively referred to the moral, as distinct from the doctrinal, teaching of the Gospel. It is difficult to understand how such vague and colourless exhortations can, as Archbishop Tait declared the other day in Convocation, have "con-



firmed in the faith vast numbers whose temptations lay entirely in the direction of scepticism"; for, if anything beyond faith in moral goodness is intended, the question must at once arise, in what faith were they to be confirmed?

To say with one of his critics that the Dean was less a theologian than an ecclesiastical historian is greatly to understate the case. He was not and never could have become a theologian at all, and unfortunately his theological or anti-theological peculiarities, combined with the inveterate passion for paradox which grew out of them, materially affected his character as an historian also. The same vagueness of mind which led him rather to adumbrate than to define his theological views reappeared in his treatment both of Jewish and Christian history. As a writer he was versatile rather than accurate, brilliant rather than profound, and was always happier in illustrating his subject than in explaining it. And to our mind those works, like *Sinai and Palestine*, and the interesting *Memorials of Canterbury and of Westminster*, which gave the amplest scope for pictorial illustration and the least for theological or ecclesiastical disquisition, were at once the most pleasing and most instructive of his writings; the *Life of Dr. Arnold*, which first brought him into public notice, stands in a category by itself, from the peculiar charm as well of the subject as of the treatment. In his *Lectures on the Eastern Church* his description of the Council of Nice throws far greater light on the details of the national costume and temperament of the assembled prelates than on the momentous question they met together to decide for all future ages of the Church; while elsewhere he dismisses the whole series of General Councils as of no practical value, because they failed to accomplish what of course they never attempted or from the nature of the case could possibly have achieved, and did not create the art, the science, the literature, the poetry, the philanthropy, or even the theology of Christendom. It did not occur to him that the same line of argument would prove the English Parliament to be useless. All competent judges again will agree with Mr. Lecky that Christianity has created three things generally recognized as special types and expressions of its religious sentiment, "the church bell, the organ, and the Gothic Cathedral." But Dean Stanley's paradoxical temper led him to argue in *Good Words*, in defiance of all historical evidence, that there is nothing distinctively Christian, still less distinctively Catholic, in Gothic architecture, and that, in fact, it has closer affinities with Protestantism than with Catholicism. But we need not go further into detail, the more so as the subject has often before been brought under the notice of our readers. Those who are familiar with his writings will be aware that Dr. Stanley was hardly more reliable as an historian than as a divine; and it was a peculiarity of his mind that, while he was constantly making mistakes, which were at once detected and exposed by his critics, he was never able to recognize them himself.

It remains to say something of the Dean's career as a Churchman, "the successor," as he was fond of styling himself, "of the Abbots of Westminster." And considering the singularity of his own views and policy in Church matters there was a curious, though probably accidental, fitness in his occupying the one post of eminence in the English Church independent of all episcopal control. The mitred Abbots of Westminster were exempt from all superior jurisdiction save that of the Roman Pontiff, and when the Abbey was suppressed by Henry VIII. the same immunity passed on to the Dean, subject only to the supreme authority of the new Head of the Church, which for centuries past has meant that for practical purposes they can do as they please. This exceptional immunity of the Abbey Church enabled Dean Stanley to try experiments there which could have been tried nowhere else. On one occasion he induced a layman to preach in the nave, and more than once he invited suspended clergymen or Nonconformist ministers to occupy the pulpit—an offer they had what most people considered the good taste to decline. That however was only one illustration of the ecclesiastical liberalism which shaped the Dean's peculiar view of the relations of Church and State. He is credited with being fearless and impartial in the breadth of his toleration and always ready to defend the unpopular side. In one sense this is true, but not in another. It need hardly be said that in the present day the liberal or latitudinarian is really the popular side, and few men enjoyed a wider popularity in the outer world than the Dean of Westminster. But it is true that he braved, one might almost say scorned, ecclesiastical public opinion, and among his own order and in the Church generally he was an object of suspicion. But for a man holding a dignified and independent position, with a powerful public opinion and very high authorities both civil and ecclesiastical at his back, it did not perhaps require any very exceptional courage to face a clerical opposition which at worst could only denounce him, and which, with all his personal forbearance to individual opponents, he never hesitated to denounce and satirize, not without some asperity, in return. On the other hand his liberality, however wide, was most readily and freely extended to the left wing of his own party. We have never heard for instance that his voice was lifted against the worrying Ritualist prosecutions or the harsh penalties which in some cases followed them. Yet, even assuming all the Privy Council judgments to be sound in law, and the Ritualist contention in every respect mistaken—which is a strong assumption—the victims had surely as much claim for toleration as Mr. Gorham, or Dr. Colenso, or the *Essays and Reviews* writers—of whom it was said at the time that "they escaped by the skin of their teeth"—or Mr. Voysey, who did not escape, or Mr. Stopford Brooke, who did not indeed incur legal censure, but felt bound in

honour to retire from an untenable position; and for all these Dr. Stanley manifested an active sympathy. It may be replied that every one, however comprehensive his toleration, is most keenly alive to the wrongs of his own party, and, of course, that is perfectly true; only something must in fairness be discounted from the impartial largeness of a toleration which is chiefly exhibited towards partisans whose extreme opinions incline to the extremity most nearly in harmony with one's own. And the public protests twice raised against himself by Churchmen of markedly moderate and conservative temper—one by Bishop Wordsworth, then Canon of Westminster, against his installation in the Deanery, the next some few years later by the Dean of Norwich against his appointment as Select Preacher at Oxford—suffice to prove that Dr. Stanley needed for himself a full measure of the toleration he claimed for others. It was characteristic of his one-sided liberalism in historical questions that, while he fiercely denounced "the atrocious Act of 1662," which imposed subscription to the Prayer-Book and led to the ejection of two thousand Nonconformist ministers from their livings, he had no word of censure for the far more sweeping ejection of episcopal clergy under the Commonwealth, into whose places they had been thrust. In practical matters, his eagerness to secure for the Abbey the remains of the author of *Puckwick*, at the cost of forcing the hand of his family and contravening his own express directions, contrasted oddly with the omission to offer a resting-place in the same hallowed precincts to the author of the *Christian Year*.

This reminds us to say a word in conclusion on the peculiar theory of the relations of Church and State which held a prominent place in the Dean's entire teaching and policy. He never, of course, precisely defined it, any more than he defined his theological views, but it would not probably have differed very widely in substance from the scheme propounded by his old master, Dr. Arnold, that all sects except Jews and Roman Catholics should be united, by Act of Parliament, in one national communion. Their differences of belief or worship would have appeared to him of infinitesimal importance, or, rather, one main advantage of a Church Establishment was to hold such differences in check. At a great meeting convened in St. James's Hall to protest against the disestablishment of the Irish Church he commenced a speech, which the frantic howls of his fervently Tory audience would not allow him to finish, by declaring that he was "a Whig of the Whigs and a Liberal of the Liberals," and intended to support the motion on Liberal principles. He would no doubt have explained at length, had he been suffered to proceed, what he took occasion to set forth in print more fully elsewhere, that the essence of an Established Church is "to be under the supremacy of the Crown—that is, of the law," and that Joseph II. of Austria was his model of a liberal monarch. He was careful to add that the possession of endowments, and still more of any exclusive system of doctrine or polity, or any separate clerical order, is not of the essence of the Church; that it should be made as comprehensive as the nation, all theological tests being abolished, "except, perhaps, the Apostles' Creed"—this doubtful exception disappears from some later writings on the subject—and that "every man capable of rendering good service to the community be recognized as a minister." The advantages of this arrangement are further explained to be that it secures to the Church the supremacy of just and good laws—though one hardly sees why all Church laws should be necessarily bad and all State laws necessarily good—that it gives scope for the growth of various diversities of opinion; and that it protects "humble and devout souls from being borne down by the current of local and transitory clamour," which was supposed to refer to Bishop Colenso, whose quarrel with the South African bishops was then at its height. In a lecture delivered some years afterwards in Scotland the Dean pronounced a still more emphatic eulogium on "the principle of a national Establishment;" not indeed that the State gains anything from union with the Church, but, on the contrary, "the Church is elevated and enlarged by contact, however slight, with so magnificent and divine an ordinance as the national Commonwealth." It was in strict accordance with these views that when in Scotland the Dean habitually worshipped and preached in the Established Presbyterian Kirk, and held aloof entirely from the unestablished Episcopal Communion. The simple fact of establishment was to him a far more fundamental "note of the Church" than any speciality of doctrine, discipline, or ritual. We need not stay to discuss here whether such an establishment as he adumbrated and desired could ever become a practical reality, or how far, if *per impossibile* it came to be realized, it would differ from what Mr. Goldwin Smith once called "an established chaos." It is sufficient to have indicated the true nature of the ideal of "toleration, charity, and comprehensiveness"—as an ardent panegyrist has worded it—which Dean Stanley made it the aim of his life to promote, and which he appears to the last to have expected or hoped might some day be translated into fact. Its very vagueness and impracticability give a sort of grandeur to the ideal, but it is not wonderful that the man who desperately clung to it, and never tired of preaching it, in season and out of season, as the last word of religious truth and wisdom, should have found himself out of harmony with almost every section of his clerical brethren. It is a curious coincidence that within the same week there should have passed away another representative dignity, differing widely in many ways from Dean Stanley—an old-fashioned high-churchman, a Conservative, a man of shy and retiring nature, and a bookworm, but also a man of deep learning, great kindness of disposition, and munificent liberality, to whom more than to any other individual

is owing the splendid restoration of Exeter Cathedral; we mean Chancellor Harington, who was loved by all who knew him, and revered, one might almost say, throughout the West of England. Mr. Stanley's departure leaves a vacancy which in one sense is not likely to be filled. But it may be hoped that Mr. Gladstone, who has already had to appoint a Dean of St. Paul's, may be able to find an occupant for the second London deanery, if not in all respects like his predecessor, at least equally unselfish and generous, and qualified to do justice to the capabilities of a position of unique historical, ecclesiastical, and national interest.

#### THE POLITICAL CYNIC'S HOLIDAY.

THE political cynic is a person who is in the present day exceedingly well abused. He is accused of regarding the universe through the windows of clubs, of disregarding the authority of the national conscience, of having no convictions, of being shallow, superficial, ill informed, an alarmist, a reactionary, a bad man in his private and a worse in his public character. The age, however, makes him amends—probably ample amends in his own opinion—by providing him with abundant game of the kind which he specially affects. Whether the folly of one period exceeds the folly of another is a problem which it would take a remarkably wide and accurate knowledge of history and a balancing apparatus of peculiar delicacy to solve. But that the folly of the present age is peculiarly suited for the peculiar kind of student in folly here considered there can be no doubt. A great deal more happens now than used to happen, and a great deal more of what does happen is known. The daily newspaper has its revilers, but it must be confessed that it has enormously increased the opportunities at command for the pursuit and discovery of that grand object of Mr. Carlyle's imagination, the foolishest man living. Almost every morning there is a fresh candidate for the honour, and it rarely happens that he is not an improvement. Just as the practised biologist makes endless progress in his investigations, and, after finding it possible to write an octavo about the leg of a fowl, finds it possible to write a folio on the drumstick of a lark; just as the earnest athlete is able, by practice, to beat his own achievements and those of others, so is it with the student of political folly.

A single instance will suffice to illustrate the proposition that the much-reviled nineteenth century is the political cynic's paradise. There have been we hardly know how many dozen or how many score debates on the Irish Land Bill, and scarcely one of them has failed to produce its text for the political Democritus to improve. Take, for instance, the other night's discussion on the names of the proposed Commissioners. The subject was not especially promising; yet Mr. Shaw and Mr. T. P. O'Connor managed to produce two gems of the purest water from their interior mines. "There was nothing more wanted in Ireland than money," said the member for the county of Cork; and the House of Commons, which, to do it justice, is not slow at a jest, greeted the statement with a torrent of laughter and cheers. But a few minutes afterwards Mr. O'Connor capped the confession by remarking that "what was wanted in Ireland was not law"; and again the obvious truth of the assertion was duly honoured. Now, of course, Mr. Shaw and Mr. O'Connor meant something very different from the meanings which the House laughed at and cheered. But, if they had put their heads together, and agreed to put in for a share in the reputation of the great witticism-makers of the world, they could not have been more fortunate in their description of the Bill itself, or have pronounced words of happier augury as to its success. If what Ireland wants is money, and what it does not want is law, then the wants of Ireland ought to be at least satisfied by Mr. Gladstone's measure. For that measure gives Irishmen a great deal of money; and, if it gives them plenty of litigation, that litigation is to be conducted on principles about as different from what has generally been regarded as law as anything that can well be imagined. Again, the House of Commons itself, the cheerful legislative institution, which is quite aware of all this, which laughs and cheers so as to clear itself from the charge of dulness, and yet votes as "straight" in accordance with Mr. Gladstone's will as if it did not see at all—this, too, is a pleasant spectacle. A hundred years ago the House might or might not have laughed; but, if it had its laugh, that laugh would have been somehow reflected in its vote. We have changed all that, just as we have changed the duties and conduct of Ministers. On the same day on which the two Irish members achieved their commendable description of the Land Bill and the wants of Ireland, Mr. Childers was exhibiting machine guns and other weapons of a war to a distinguished company. With his own Secretarial hand (at least so says the *Daily News*, which ought to know) Mr. Childers showed how easy the new howitzer was to work to a distinguished company of generals, colonels, attachés of foreign ambassadors, &c. It is some years since Mr. Childers amused the town by taking the command of the Channel Fleet. He has now completed his experiences of practical work in the defence of his sovereign and his country by acting as a gunner. Some foreign critics have been contemptuous of the Windsor Review; but this new proof of the efficiency of the English services ought, surely, to strike terror into them. It will be a bold man who ventures to invade England when he knows that the Secretary for War himself may pick him off with a machine gun. This illustrates, of

course, the thoroughness with which the present Ministry performs its work in all departments. Rude Irishmen have decorated Mr. Forster with an uncomely prefix to his name, but it would seem that "Howitzer" Childers is an even more appropriate conjunction than "Buckshot" Forster. The incident will at least assist the author of *The Happy Land* when he judges it proper to produce a second part of that popular drama.

On the whole, however, the speech of Mr. Goschen at Ripon is the most satisfactory study for a student of the kind we have in view that the present week has produced. Everybody respects Mr. Goschen, and most people are prepared to allow that he has done a very difficult piece of work much better than might have been expected. A speech to constituents, however, is always a trying matter, and Mr. Goschen has hardly come scathless through the ordeal, while his late colleagues and his party are wofully huddled. He is still, it must be remembered, unmuzzled; for his late duties were not definitely party employments, and he can say the thing he will. The thing he willed to say, about his private affairs and late employment, had its comic side. Mr. Goschen indulged in an almost sentimental reverie as to the last time he heard the clock strike in the Ripon Drill-hall. It was during the election, and Mr. Goschen "had plenty of fun and excitement." During the weary moments at Stamboul he has thought, he tells his constituents, of the blue posters of his opponent and of his own orange rosettes. We can conceive no possible reason why Mr. Goschen should not indulge in these chromatic reminiscences, though it seems unnecessary to mention them to an admiring audience. But a good deal must be allowed for the effects of sentiment at moments when the heart is stirred. Least, however, the men of Ripon should think that his recollection of the blue posters had been brought about by a fit of blue devils. Mr. Goschen hastened to assure them that the life of an ambassador has its pleasures as well as its drawbacks. The Plenipotentiaries at Constantinople seem to have been nearly as jolly as the members of that celebrated Congress of Cambray, where, as Voltaire remarked from ocular inspection, the Ministers of Germany appeared to have nothing to do but to drink the health of the Emperor, the Spanish Ambassador spent his time in directing a theatrical troupe, and the English envoys sent a great many couriers to Champagne, but very few to London. This last part of the comparison would be unfair to Mr. Goschen; for, according to his own account, he telegraphed to Lord Granville, and Lord Granville to him, with extraordinary volubility. But life was not all telegrams or ambassadorial discussion. Mr. Goschen and his colleagues played lawn tennis together, rode together, joked together—for some of them were men of wit—and they always dined together. A small ambassadorial dinner in the midst of a crisis is, it appears, Mr. Goschen's idea of the height of enjoyment; and, indeed, an ambassador crowned with roses and anointed with Burgundy while he is waiting for a telegram with orders to give the word for a general European war is a figure with much of the exciting and picturesque about him. Mr. Goschen, however, in these intimate confidences was not nearly so amusing as Mr. Goschen when he came to criticize what his colleagues, or employers, or whatever they are to be called, have been doing in his absence. Whether he was quite aware of the extreme candour of his own remarks we cannot say. The fact apparently is that these ambassadors get into such outspoken straightforward habits that, even when they cease to lie abroad for the good of their country, they cannot for the life of them practise what is unjustly called diplomatic reserve. Mr. Goschen's eulogies of the Irish Land Bill are qualified with the most energetic repudiation of any such doings in England. "We do not want," says he, and most Englishmen will heartily agree with him, "courts of law to decide between business men." "We do not wish to see the State interfering at every turn with our occupations." Moreover, the Land Bill is a measure "due to successful agitation"; and it is "a dangerous thing in the history of a country when agitation is successful." The Liberal party will have "to buckle to and work on the old lines, forgetting this exceptional legislation." Whether the Liberal party will be able to forget it, or will be allowed to forget it, is a point which apparently Mr. Goschen leaves out of consideration. But it would be difficult to find an odder spectacle in recent political history than this criticism of a distinguished Liberal politician on the home policy of a Liberal Government. They have been busily interfering with business, and he energetically protests that Englishmen do not wish their business to be interfered with. They have been deferring to agitation, and he tells them that successful agitation is a very dangerous thing in the history of a country; and that the best thing they can do is to forget all about it, and buckle to work on the old and very different lines. It is really to be feared that Mr. Goschen's former colleagues will come to the conclusion that he is a much nicer person when he is playing lawn-tennis and dining at Constantinople than when he is making speeches at Ripon.

This talk is, of course, the cackle, and these views the squint, of the wicked political cynic, to be duly reprobated and dismissed as such. The worst of it is that the political cynic has a horrid faculty of turning out to be a true prophet. It was the cynic who pointed out that the amiable Italomania of England in 1859 was simply disorganizing and upsetting the whole Continent; the cynic who suggested that the Reform Bill of 1867 would probably render the House of Commons useless as a legislative machine, and certainly lower the standard of the individual ability and respectability of members of Parliament; the cynic who laughed at the notion of the Irish Church Bill or the Land Bill of 1870 pacifying

or contenting Ireland. The wisdom of England went its way, in spite of the cynic, and still ignores altogether the remarkable fact that things have come about exactly as he said they would. The political cynic, however, is as a rule a very easy-going Cassandra. His prophecies of evil, when they are made, liberate his own soul, and if the majority choose to demonstrate the truth of a celebrated estimate of them, that is no business of his. There are times of course when such an attitude is immoral, and when it is the duty of man to die in the last ditch. But these times do not often come, and for the most part the modern Cassandra is perfectly justified in pointing out the pitfalls which men are digging for themselves, and then in sitting on the edge thereof, and deriving such amusement as may be from the general absurdity of their behaviour, first in the digging and then in the falling in.

#### CABMEN AS JOURNALISTS.

THE ancient Centaur was a fabulous animal—"heathen," Mr. Pecksniff would have been "sorry to say"—which haunted the mountains and watercourses of Thessaly. Further information about the ancient Centaur and agreeable pictures of him from authentic sources may be found in a learned article by Professor Colvin in the *Journal of the Hellenic Society*. But the *Centaur* about whom we propose to say a few words is not to be found in any such highly-cultivated periodical, being more conversant with public-houses and cabmen's shelters than with the mountain-ashes and waterfalls of Mount Pelion. The *Centaur*, in fact, is the name of the weekly organ of the cabdrivers, and an extremely respectable periodical it is, containing much information not elsewhere to be acquired. The world sees but one aspect of the cabman—the side of his character which he exhibits in the great struggle for life. There is a conventional theory which regards the cabman as scarcely more scrupulous or courteous than the ordinary land-lounger in Parliament. He is accused of bullying old ladies, and of refusing, with oaths, all offers of his lawful fare. No doubt there are cabmen of this sort, but, as a rule, they appear to be hardworking men, who have a decidedly rough life in the dust, rain, East wind, and violent heat of London springs, summers, and winters. It is rumoured that drivers of hansoms are a haughty race, and that though they do not disdain to meet drivers of four-wheelers at the club, the wives of those gentlemen never visit each other. Little light is thrown on this delicate question by the *Centaur*, which is now in its one hundred and twenty-second number. On the other hand, we detect a certain air of scorn when "shoufuls" are mentioned, and a "shouful" as some of our readers may be aware, is the technical name for a hansom. Omnibuses are certainly spoken of without much esteem. The want of ventilation in omnibuses, "which in a peculiar sense are distributors of disease," is censured with much severity, and the *Centaur* agrees with the *Lancet*, which "advises the delicate or susceptible to avoid these conveyances." The "susceptible" should certainly take this counsel, as the maidens who travel in omnibuses are fairer far than ordinary maidens are.

Perhaps the most interesting columns of the *Centaur* are those headed (we cannot guess why) "Carraway Seeds." "Carraway Seeds" are short paragraphs of gossip, written in the first person, like the paragraphs in the "Society Journals." Like the same productions, they are wonderfully original in grammar, though we have found nothing quite so remarkable in the *Centaur* as this extract from a journal of higher pretension:—"I fear that greatly as the surroundings of Goodwood has deteriorated of late years from its former comparative quiet, it has much lower depths in prospect." There is also in "Carraway Seeds" the familiar air of knowingness, and the rich acquaintance with the "gossip of the Clubs," which every one envies and admires. We quote, with a brief omission, a good example of the smart anecdote of the author of "Carraway Seeds":—

I was going to set down at the "Traveller's Club" the other day when I saw a person dressed like a gentleman get out of a four-wheel cab, walk up to a shouful driver who was sitting on his cab, outside the Reform Club, and demand his ticket. The driver said he had done nothing wrong and was getting rather warm. I told him to keep cool, told the person dressed like a gentleman that he could not legally demand the driver's ticket as he was not his fare, and was driving away when the driver said to me, "Do you know who that was, Gardner?" I said, "I can't call him to mind; his features are familiar though." "Why that's old ———" And so it was, too!

Next we have the affecting story of a footman, who, "feeling a great desire to have more freedom, set his mind on driving a hansom." The point of the joke is that the ambitious footman received a "four-wheeler bill," not a "hansom bill," from the police in Scotland Yard. Like many social narratives, the legend will only amuse those who happen to move in a somewhat exclusive circle. The style of another "Carraway Seed" is so neat, its wit so terse, that one cannot but hope the contributor will be asked to take even a higher seat than the perch of a hansom cab, and to become one of the young men who describe in the weekly press the entertainments of the nobility and gentry:—

Taking tea at Poland-street the other evening the most novel way of paying a cab fare I ever heard of was recounted; two miles paid for in the following coin—two threepenny pieces, one fourpenny piece with two holes in it resembling a shirt button, one penny, two half-pennies, two farthings, and good-day, cabman. What a nice party. A fit companion, I hold, to Mother Prodiges.

It has always been supposed that cab-drivers are not indifferent

to sport, and that they have a certain acquaintance with the good things of the Turf. But it may be less generally known that cabmen are "wet bobs," and maintain an annual regatta. The "Carraway Seed" about the regatta entirely puzzles us, partly because the anecdotalist, like so many of his species, does not write the ordinary English of mere literature, and partly because the allusions are delightfully mysterious and demand a knowledge of the best cab-driving society.

I understand the meeting at the draw for the 8th annual Pimlico Cabdrivers' Regatta. Father Townshend once said cab horse race was a success, and certainly from the appearance of the crews a first rate afternoon's recreation will be provided. I shall try to go out of my depth and spot the winner for my regular readers one of these days. I am glad to be able to record this eighth annual affair. I certainly was for years envious of the Lupus-street activity, but there can be no doubt in one's mind now that they really are responsible, and should receive credit for the present athletic revival; and I therefore do my best to give honour where it is due. I do trust that all who attend on the 22nd of August on the Embankment will do their very best to avoid any complaints of disorderly conduct by being as quiet as they can under the exciting circumstances that are sure to exist. Be sure and be present.

Here the isolated mention of Father Townshend at once allures and puzzles the uninitiated. Perhaps the "regular readers" know all about it, and understand why it is necessary for a writer to "try to go out of his depth" before attempting "to spot the winner." The best way for the curious to solve all these problems is doubtless to "attend on the 22nd of August on the Embankment," where, perhaps, Father Townshend himself will ride the winner in a cab-horse race. The circumstances, in that case, will be indeed exciting. As we learn, from another paragraph, that "the rowing club have arranged for their sports during the last week in August," while "we are not informed if rowing is to take place this year," the nature of the athletic diversions of cabmen seem, at first, extremely obscure. But there is yet another paragraph which clears the business up to a certain extent. From this we gather that the cabmen are swift of foot as athletes, but not fond of a long distance. There is to be a hundred and fifty yards handicap, open to all cabdrivers, which should bring together a large field. There is also a two miles walking race for all cabmen, an open mile race, and the entertainment is to close with a pig hunt, a diversion not yet introduced into the sports of the Universities at Lillie Bridge.

Turning from social gossip and from mere amusement, we are at once interested by a letter on the future of the four-wheeled cab. The author of this letter, though obviously a practical man, who has thought over four-wheelers in all their bearings, has a rather obscure style, reminding one now of Thucydides, and again of Tertullian. He begins with a statement sufficiently clear—"A fact that is experienced is that improvements are, in most instances, talked about for a very long time before the attempt is made." He goes on, as Mr. Paley says in his translation of Pindar, to "propose a subject for discussion." The question is, "What would be a suitable four-wheeled cab to meet the wants of the times?" "The want of genius is not lacking among drivers," he says; and, indeed, we are inclined to agree with him that drivers have a most plentiful lack of genius. But we do not look for constructive talent among them, and it is really for the coach-builder to secure immortal fame and a great deal of money by inventing a light, comfortable, and silent four-wheeled cab. The writer in the *Centaur* says:—"My idea of the cabs of the future may be wrapped in the word 'assimilation.'" That is, to make them as much alike as possible, to serve that purpose which is often inconveniently felt by the cry of "Where are the Hansoms," when there are dozens of four-wheelers at hand, and *vice versa*. This is not very intelligible. The writer seems to think that, if all cabs were made alike, each cab would serve all purposes, like the celebrated Delphic knife. Thus if a man wanted a fast cab to take him to a party for which he was late, he would have to drive in the same sort of cab as that which carries a large family, with luggage, to a railway-station. We gather that the writer in the *Centaur* expects small omnibuses to carry all luggage. He speaks fondly of "the dear little American twopenny," which is a vehicle (if indeed it be a vehicle) that we know not, at least by this caressing diminutive. "Whatever cab may be introduced, it must be well borne in mind, that its charm will be broken unless it is drawn by good horses." And unluckily its charm is not the only thing likely to be broken, if the cab be not carefully driven. The *Centaur* contains a harrowing account of the pinning of a four-wheeler between two tramcars. "The wheels were broken off, the iron twisted, and the body much splintered."

Though "by some it may be implied that the hansom is all in all," we agree with the *Centaur* that "a light, easy, silent, four-wheeled vehicle, suitable for cold, warm, wet, or dry weather," is a thing which the public has a right to demand; but the public has a right to demand a great many things which it is not likely soon to obtain. Meanwhile cabmen are interested, and their business, perhaps, is imperilled, by the "one-horse omnibuses" of the Railway Companies. Though these vehicles may interfere with the profits of cabmen, it is not easy to see what measure they can take to protect their interests. The *Centaur* keeps a very sharp eye on policemen, magistrates, and tramcars. About magistrates this journal speaks, we venture to think, without sufficient reverence. It is flippant to call a worthy beak "an irritable old gentleman." Cabmen should remember that, if the London magistrates were to publish a journal of their own, they, too, might say sarcastic things about the drivers of four-

wheelers and even of bansoms. It is a pity that the differences of private life should be introduced into journalism. With this exception, and though we must regret that the style of certain passages is not purer, we think the cabdrivers have every reason to be satisfied with their organ. It does not stimulate party feeling in politics, it avoids risky stories with scrupulous care, it gives instruction in the mild art of gardening, it publishes a novel, and comments on the fatal duel in which M. de Saint-Victor was slain. We confess that we miss a poet's corner. What is life without song, and is it possible that the poets of the rank are less musical than they whose notes resound in some weekly columns?

#### MR. JUSTICE CAVE'S SENSE OF SERIOUSNESS.

SOME years ago—how many we do not care to calculate—we were one fine summer's day bowling in a cricket-match. We sent a ball which ought to have been severely punished. But it chanced to light on a lump in the turf, suddenly rose, and, instead of being hit away, gave the luckless batsman a black eye. As he was withdrawing to the tent, the umpire remarked to us, with almost an air of enthusiasm, "After all, Sir, what gives the game its greatest charm is its glorious uncertainty." It is not only cricket, we have often thought since that, that can boast of its glorious uncertainty. There is, moreover, the glorious uncertainty of the law. We are not at the present moment thinking of the uncertainty which, owing to the infirmity of human intellect, naturally attaches to all cases where a conclusion has to be drawn from premises which are necessarily imperfect. Nor are we even thinking of the uncertainty that is so constantly introduced by the infinite variety in the characters and understandings of jurymen. We have solely in view the confusion that may arise from the appointment of a new judge. The uncertainty that one of these grave men now and then causes is sometimes glorious from the point of view of the criminal, and sometimes glorious from the point of view of the criminal's victims. In either case, the interest of the mere spectator, who is never better pleased than when he is surprised, is greatly increased. If he is by nature of a meditative turn of mind, he soon finds himself agreeably occupied in trying to trace the principle on which the judge has acted. Respect for the Bench has led him, of course, to assume that there is a principle, and to refuse to allow that it can with any reason be whispered of any of their Lordships, as of the stars, that in their circuit "they blindly run." It could be wished, however, that every new judge should be required to publish a statement of the principles on which he intends to administer the criminal law. This he should do with all convenient speed after his appointment, though it would be only proper that a suitable time should be allowed him to learn his own mind. When once he had issued his proclamation as it were, then the Circuits that he was to go should be laid down at least some two or three years in advance. For if, as Bentham and those who follow him maintain, the certainty of punishment is far more efficacious in restraining crime than the severity of punishment, surely those who are likely to be tempted into crime ought to be informed, before they take the first step, of the penalty that awaits them. The profligate are by their nature hopeful, and great bo-liers in their own luck. The first aim of society should, therefore, be to raise in them the habit of prudence, and to convince them that the various forms of crime will be invariably followed by fixed penalties. Now prudence is not a habit that can be taught all at once. It will be something if our criminals are converted and raised from imprudent into prudent criminals. It will be something, for instance, if a man who has a strong and ardent desire to jump on his wife and to throw her into a canal, or to stick a shoemaker's knife into a lady and to knock her teeth out, can be taught to restrain himself for six months till the time has arrived for a lenient judge to hold the assize. In a court of law least of all places should a man as he is sentenced have good reason to curse his luck and his Lordship at the same time. In that solemn temple of justice no ruffian should know that the part of his crime that is most severely punished is the fact that he was either a week too early or a week too late in half murdering his victim. It seems scarcely fair even to the philosophic mind, while it must seem grossly unfair to the mind of Bill Sikes and his friends, that a man should be far more severely punished for his judge, as it were, than for his offence. Yet we might well conceive how two convicts, when they came in prison to talk over their fortunes, and found that their crimes were the same, but their punishments so unequal, might be at a loss to discover anywhere but in their judges the explanation of the inequality of the suffering that had come upon them. "We both," one might say, "went as near the gallows as we dared. It was more our luck than our merit that we did not each of us murder a woman outright. How comes it, then, that my back is all scarred, and that I have ten or twenty years of penal servitude before me, while you have never had even one stroke of the cat, and in a short twelve months will be a free man and ready to half murder, or, for the matter of that, wholly murder, any one whom you please?" "It is all along of the judges," his friend would surely have to answer. "If a man has any luck in his judge, he need not trouble himself about one or two kicks more with a heavy boot in any one's stomach, be it man, woman, or child."

Into such a train of thought have we been led by some sentences that have just been passed by Mr. Justice Cave at the Staffordshire

Summer Assize. To thoroughly enter into the humour of these sentences we must contrast a few of them. Thomas Harper pleaded guilty to feloniously stealing a bushel of malt. He was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment with hard labour. Likely enough the punishment was not a whit too severe, for the man may have been an old offender. Nevertheless, from Harper's point of view, it is a great pity that he had not last 3rd July left the malt alone, and spent his time in assaulting his wife. In that case, in less than a month from now he would be out of prison, in the full enjoyment of his liberty as a man, and his rights as a husband, while he would be strengthened and refreshed for a second assault on his better half. As he reflects that for a whole year and a quarter he and malt must be parted, he must surely regard with envy and admiration his fellow-prisoner, Frederick Goldsmith. This man, who, so far from having to steal malt, was a maltster himself, was indicted at the same Assize for attempting to murder his wife. "On the evening of May 2," according to the report of the trial as given in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, "the prisoner and his wife and daughter were walking on the canal side, when the prisoner was seen by two boys to push his wife into the water and, then jump upon her. She was assisted out of the water by two young men, and she said, 'It is my own husband; he's tried to drown me.' Evidence was also given as to a quarrel occurring between the parties a few days previously. The prisoner's wife, however, on being called, declared that she fell into the canal and her husband pulled her out. He was then indicted for an unlawful assault on his wife, and found guilty. Prisoner was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour."

If the report of the trial is trustworthy, it is impossible to understand the leniency of its sentence. The evidence of a wife in such a case is, as every one knows, worthless. In any case, whether Goldsmith tried to murder his wife or not, it is clear that the assault was of an aggravated nature, and not one that requires to be multiplied by fifteen before it is raised to the enormity of the theft of a whole bushel of malt.

If Goldsmith has good reason to bless his stars and his judge, no less grateful should be one Albert Lowe, a hawker, who was tried before the same judge on the previous day. This ruffian was indicted for feloniously assaulting and robbing the wife of a medical man. He had attacked her when she was walking in some fields at Edgbaston. He had seized her by her throat, struck her many blows in her face, knocked out one tooth, and injured other teeth, stabbed her twice in the arm with a shoemaker's knife, and thrown her into a hedge. He had stolen from her her purse, containing nearly four pounds. At his trial he could make no defence, and he, therefore, pleaded guilty. "His Lordship," so the newspaper report runs, "said the prisoner had been guilty of a most violent assault on a lady, causing her much injury, and he should mark his sense of the seriousness of the case by sentencing the prisoner to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour." It must surely be the case that Mr. Justice Cave is, as yet, so unfamiliar with his powers that he does not bring home to himself how far they extend. We call to mind the story of a sailor who had suddenly come into a large fortune. He was supplied with a cheque-book, and told how to draw on his account at his bank. After a few days' hesitation he boldly drew a cheque for five pounds. "There's a sweater for them," he exclaimed, as he printed his signature. "There's a sweater for you, my man," no doubt thought to himself the worthy judge as he gave this murderous ruffian a whole year's imprisonment. But, then, how about Thomas Harper and his fifteen months for his bushel of malt, and how about one Ernest Warren who on the same day was sentenced to eighteen months for obtaining money by false pretences? Was Mr. Justice Cave marking his sense of the seriousness of each of their cases, or was he merely showing his want of sense by following in the steps of those judges who attach a greater sanctity to property than to life? No doubt he is a tender-hearted man, and does not willingly inflict pain. Likely enough, as he rated the ruffian and enlarged on the enormity of his guilt, his indignation melted away, and he began to doubt whether he had not already been too severe. We have heard of a magistrate who would begin by storming against a prisoner as the most guilty wretch he had ever had brought before him, and one whom he was determined to punish with the utmost severity, and who would end by fining him one shilling. Such men should, to use Fielding's words, learn to restrain the impetuosity of their benevolence, and should carefully select the objects of their passion. They should remember that a single weak sentence, as well as "a single pardon granted *ex mera gratia et favore*," is a link broken in the chain of justice, and takes away the concatenation and strength of the whole." By such sentences as those just passed at Stafford the chain of justice is indeed strained—ruffians have confidence given them, and honest folk are struck with timidity. It is but a very slight source of comfort in the midst of such a state of affairs that Mr. Justice Cave's sense of seriousness is clearly marked.

#### TROPICAL LONDON.

A SENTENCE from one of Theodore Hook's novels was extensively used during last year. Speaking of Scotland, he said the summer there had "set in with unusual severity." The severity of the season was not mitigated by the recollection that the summer before was even worse. Some people averred last year that they could remember two or three days in London



without any rain, but nobody could say even so much for the summer of 1879. This year the fine weather, which we should have so much preferred in instalments, has come upon us in the lump. The summers of three years were boiled—perhaps it would be more correct to say roasted—into one; and the question stated every morning in the daily papers is not "Have we had tropical weather?" but "Have the tropics ever such weather as ours?" According to Mr. Symonds, who has kept a register since 1857, not only has the heat been greater than at any previous period in his experience, but it has been greater than during the whole summer of 1880 in the Gaboon on the West Coast of Africa. St. Swithin's Day, in fact, was signalized by a thermometer which rose in some places to within four-tenths of a degree of 95° in the shade. So far back as 1847, on the eve of St. Swithin, 98° was registered at Uckfield, in Sussex; but it may be fairly contended that thirty-four years ago the thermometer was not precisely the same implement that it is now. Perhaps the most curious, and certainly to many people the most important, part of the case is the failure of the Weather Office to foresee the long continued and excessive heat. It was evident, day after day as the Meteorological Report came out, that the "Clerk of the Weather" regarded, not the face of the sky, but his own instruments. "I can always tell," said a shrewd country farmer—"I can always tell by the weather what my barometer is going to do." People with a very moderate amount of weather wisdom were able to predict with great certainty the heat and sunshine of several days of which Mr. Robert H. Scott wrote his prognostication very doubtfully. Thus, on Tuesday the 12th, we were told to expect "perhaps thunder and rain"; the wind was backing, and the afternoon was to be "less settled." This cautious prophecy included almost every possible chance except one. Had it rained, had it stormed, had it hailed, or thundered, or lightened, the prediction would not have been wholly falsified. In the result, the only contingency for which Mr. Scott had not provided actually occurred. The day was cloudless, settled, and very sunshiny and hot. On Friday, again, the hottest day of all, the forecast was very similar to that of Tuesday, but more decisive as to probable thunder. On Saturday, seeing the heat of the previous day had not been exceeded in the memory of a whole generation, the forecaster, with every probability in his favour, ventured to promise it would not be so warm:—"Cloudy, thundery, showery, cooler than to-day." This latter part only of the whole forecast turned out correct. Monday was to be very unsettled. It was to be much cooler, wet, and perhaps thundery. A lovelier day than Monday turned out it would be impossible to conceive, though the heat continued excessive and the thermometer reached 88°. It is impossible not to commiserate Mr. Scott in weather which persistently refused to do as it ought, and, so to speak, went on "continuing fine." He had the weight on his mind of having prophesied falsely, and he had the excessive sultriness to endure like the rest of us. On him, in short, must have fallen in an eminent degree the burden and heat of the day.

Even more disappointing than the Clerk of the Weather has been the conduct of the Water Companies. When to the heat of the Gaboon was added the dust of Sahara, Piccadilly became indeed unfit for human habitation. It is difficult to find any mitigating circumstance in favour of a monopoly which is willing and ready to water the streets in wet weather, but fails to water them in dry. Last summer and the summer before any one who went to the trouble of providing a cistern and filter had excellent rain water and to spare. This year the cistern is dry, and it is just at such a conjuncture that the Companies fail us. It should be clearly understood that the failure is not due to want of water. It is due to the neglect of the Company to use sufficient pumping power. The water is there in abundance. There is no sign as yet of drought in the Thames. That may come later. Simultaneously with the report of Lord Powerscourt's complaint in the House of Lords, a gentleman, who has seemingly peculiar views as to the duties of the Water Companies, writes from the House of Commons to the morning papers, urging "the inhabitants of this great metropolis to make more sparing use of the water now supplied to them." The grounds on which this extraordinary request is made are that "the resources of the Water Companies are now taxed to the utmost." We are begged to consider the feelings of the poor dear Water Companies. Their resources are taxed. It is indeed sad. Of course some inconsiderate but cleanly water consumer may be found who has no sympathy for the Water Companies. "If their resources are insufficient why don't they increase them?" is his heedless question. But even Water Companies are our fellow-creatures. Though we remember that but for the constant exertions of the sanitary authorities, they would poison us all to-morrow morning, and that they pay a handsome dividend on their monopolies, still, in such weather as this, even a Water Company may be forgiven for feeling a little languid. Had the M.P. put it to us for the sake of our neighbours to abstain from excessive ablutions his appeal might have had more weight with people who think "Boards have no bowels." The remedy against a Water Company which fails in keeping its contract with the public is fully set forth in a speech by Lord Carrington, who said that the Local Government Board could take cognizance of complaints of short supply for domestic use upon a memorial signed by "not less than twenty inhabitant householders paying rents for, and supplied with, water by the Company." It is not easy to make sense of this extract, but the drift of it is plain enough. Every possible

obstruction is placed in the way of obtaining any remedy against a Water Company. But it does not appear, at least Lord Carrington did not explain, how the twenty householders could complain of not being supplied, when the Act, as quoted, states that every one of the score must be a person who is supplied. If he is supplied why should he complain? This ingenious enactment for the protection of Water Companies must have been made when the House was very full of members who shared the benevolent feelings of the writer of the letter in Wednesday's papers.

The general aspect of London during the hot weather has been interesting and unusual, if not picturesque. In the park, ladies and gentlemen in pith helmets watched from on horseback the distant gambols of the bathing boys, while the police took upon themselves to forbid the Serpentine to bathing girls. Here, but for the weather, would be a charming grievance for the advocates of women's rights. But even men find it hard to make unusual exertions, and though the philosophers may find heat a mode of motion, it supplies in its recent form a still greater motive for repose. The Land Bill hangs limp and flaccid from the hands of perspiring legislators. Curiously compounded drinks are everywhere advertised. We must spare what the Water Companies supply, but we need not spare mineral waters. As it was when the people clamoured for bread and the little princess offered them cake, so now, we are permitted without interference to patronize the Apollinaris Company or the St. Galmier Company, as if we did not buy and pay for the water brought to London by the Grand Junction or any other of the monopolizers of our supply. The cavalry charges at every horse-trough add a new terror to our streets. Railway porters and potboys go about with Japanese fans. Drivers protect their heads with green cabbage-leaves. Young ladies wear lovely pink gowns, and the muslin shops have exhausted their summer stock. For four years past "prints" have scarcely been seen in the streets, but this year every second woman displays in her dress one of Mr. William Morris's latest scrolls. Washerwomen are coining, but fishmongers are in despair; were it not for the ice trade, they might close their shutters. Every one complains, "yet who would live past years again?" People who have nothing to do have no excuse if they cannot enjoy the pleasures of a season in which rain has marred no picnic or flower show, postponed no review or coach parade. On the other hand, people who have to work display an unusual irritability of temper. Libel cases are frequent. The quarrels of authors, and still more the quarrels of authors and publishers, are everywhere heard. The farmers, too, will have cause to grumble in all probability, however the weather may turn out now; for the fineness of the past few weeks has kept their crops from growing, and rain will prevent them from reaping even what they have. But the exceptional weather has been strictly local. In the North there has been little of it. It is only London and its suburbs, in fact, which have become so unexpectedly tropical.

#### NAVAL ENGINEERS.

AS is well known, the engineers of the Royal Navy have long been discontented; and it is to be feared that they are now more discontented than ever. A statement of their grievances made in a somewhat irregular form has recently appeared, as a collection of speeches and newspaper articles setting forth and discussing their complaints has been published at Plymouth. It is much to be regretted that the engineers have not adopted some better means of making the evils they suffer from known to their fellow-countrymen. A fair and temperate statement of their case, drawn up by a writer acquainted with the subject, would have been far more likely to attract attention and carry weight than a series of articles for the most part from provincial newspapers, and marked in some cases by vehemence and exaggeration which can hardly fail to injure what, on the whole, appears to be a good cause. Not a few of the articles which the injudicious compiler has inserted might well have been left out, and information which is wanting might well have been supplied; for in the indictment which in this peculiar fashion is laid against the Admiralty there are faults of omission as well as of commission. One of the first inquiries which suggests itself with regard to this question is whether the engineers, who complain so bitterly of their lot, are worse off than the engineers in other services, and whether they claim no more than is conceded to the officers who in foreign navies are charged with duties similar to theirs. No such comparison as might be expected is, however, to be found in their ill-compiled pamphlet; and it is weakened by another omission which is almost equally remarkable. First amongst their grievances is the smallness of their pay, and they would go far towards proving their case if they could show that they are worse off than their brethren in the merchant service; but here again the pamphlet is silent. If the engineers are in as good a position as those of the American, French, and German navies, and if their pay is as high as that of the engineers of the Cunard, the Royal Mail, and the P. and O. Companies, the inference against the justice of their complaint is strong. If, on the other hand, they are not treated as well as the officers in other services, and have lower pay than officers in our own merchant service, it is clear that they have been very hardly used; and it is certainly equally clear that there has been great negligence in not laying these facts before the public.

Putting this portion of the question aside, however, and turning to such information as is contained in the pamphlet, it must be said that, badly arranged and incomplete as it is, it still gives good reasons for assuming that the engineers have real ground for complaint. In the debate on the Navy Estimates this year Sir T. Brassey and Mr. Trevelyan alleged that a great deal had been done for engineer officers of late years. No one can for an instant suppose that either of these gentlemen would state what he did not believe to be perfectly true; but in this matter they must have been misled, as, unless there is gross and monstrous perversion of facts in the pamphlet, very little has been done for engineers except in the way of removing temptation from their path by reducing their scanty pay. In order to show how they have been treated in this and other respects, it is necessary to state briefly what the course pursued with regard to their claims has been. In 1875, in consequence of complaints of long standing respecting the position and pay of engineers, a Committee was appointed to consider the question. At this body some sneers as puerile as they are vulgar are levelled by one of the writers whom the engineers quote. The feeble sarcasm is quite out of place, as there seems to be every reason for assuming that the Committee was an excellent one, and that its members were animated by a sincere desire to make such concessions as were compatible with due regard for the public interests. In their Report, which was made in January 1876, they stated that, in their opinion, the amount of pay the engineer officers received and their prospects of promotion were insufficient, and recommended, of course, that there should be higher pay and quicker promotion, and also that the engineers' separate mess should be abolished, that a cabin should be provided for the two senior men when practicable, and that engineer officers should be classed with the military or executive branch. In 1877 effect was seemingly given to the first two of these recommendations, as the pay of the engineers was, according to the Admiralty statement, raised, and their rate of promotion quickened. This, no doubt, constitutes what Sir T. Brassey and Mr. Trevelyan call "a great deal"; but the concession appears to have been purely nominal, as, if the facts are correctly set forth by the advocates of the engineers, these unfortunate officers are practically worse off now than they were before the Committee was appointed. We take the following comparison from the *Western Daily Mercury*, a paper which has supported the engineers' cause with needless effusion of rhetoric, but is doubtless quite correct with regard to figures:—

In 1863, an Assistant Engineer on entry received 6s. per day; in 1881, the pay is the same. In 1863, with an average service of eleven years, an Engineer Officer received 10s. 6d. per day; in 1881, with the same, he receives 10s. per day. In 1863, with seventeen years' service, 13s. per day; in 1881, 11s. In 1863, twenty-two years' service, 15s. 6d. per day; in 1881, from 13s. to 14s. In 1863, twenty-six years' service, 18s. per day; in 1881, 14s. to 16s. In 1863, thirty years' service, 20s. per day; in 1881, not all, but very many, serving on under the present regulations until they complete that number of years' service, will receive only 16s. or 17s. per day. If figures are of any value, we have now conclusively proved that the "great deal" which "has been done for the Engineer Officers of late years" has only resulted in leaving them actually worse off in 1881 than they were eighteen years before.

Certainly the writer seems to succeed in proving that the last state of the engineers is worse than the first, and it is to be observed that what he alleges is in part confirmed by another statement given in the compilation, and by the significant fact that the sum asked for the engineering branch in the present financial year is less by 72,700*l.* than it was fourteen years ago. With regard to promotion, the engineers appear to be better off than they were at one time, as in 1877 the chief engineers who were appointed had for the most part served twenty-two years. The period of service has since dropped to sixteen years and a half, and now stands at eighteen and a half; but it seems that there are reasons for fearing that the period of twenty-two years will soon be reached again, and even surpassed, unless some necessary changes are made; and it is not unlikely that, if things remain as they are, the average age at which the rank of chief engineer will be attained will be forty years. Then the peculiar method in counting years of service which is followed appears to bear most hardly on engineer officers. The result of this is partly shown by the rates of pay set out above; but it is well to quote the description of this extraordinary system which the Plymouth paper gives, as, if accurate, it proves conclusively how shabbily engineers are treated. An engineer, it is assumed, enters the service at the age of twenty-one years and a half, and, after nineteen years' work, becomes a chief engineer at the age of forty years and a half. Then his service is counted in the following manner:—

As soon as an Engineer is promoted to the rank of Chief Engineer, he is allowed to count two years of his junior service towards the first increase of pay—the first increase being given after five years' service; consequently he has to serve three years after promotion, before he gets any increase of pay. That is to say—if promoted at 40½ years—his first increment of pay as Chief Engineer comes to him after twenty-two years' actual service, at 43½ years of age. The increase of pay then given is 1s. per day, or 18*l.* 5s. per annum. He now serves on for a further period of two years, when, having completed five years' active service as Chief Engineer, he is permitted to count the other two years of his long junior service, and gets another shilling a day at 45½ years of age. And so, by small increments, he goes on counting another year or two of his junior service. But it is not until he has completed eleven years' active service as a Chief Engineer that he is allowed to count all his junior service. In other words, until he reaches the age of 51½ years, and has completed a total service of thirty years, he is deprived of all benefits of his junior service, save the very inconsiderable period of six years. The remaining thirteen years are of no value to him until he is 51½ years of age. In citing this case, we have supposed the officer in question to be serving on continuously without any

half-pay time; which is, of course, impossible. But if we add only the very moderate period of eighteen months' half-pay time to the above, it brings this officer's age up to 53 years, or just two years before he will be compelled to retire. Now, as he will only then have attained to the maximum pay of his rank, it follows that he will only enjoy it for two years, since he must retire at 55.

This system is so unjust and at the same time so elaborately ridiculous that it can only be regarded as an official device for keeping down the pay of engineer officers, and it appears to be a device as clumsy as it is contemptible.

With regard to pay, then, the engineers have a very real grievance unless it can be conclusively shown that, whatever the objections to the system followed may be, its practical result is to give these officers better emolument than they would receive in foreign navies, or in our own merchant service. With respect to promotion also the engineers have some ground of complaint, and it appears certain that the two principal recommendations of the Committee of 1875 have not really been complied with, and that the word of promise has only been kept to the ear. With the other grievances of the engineers, however, it is more difficult to sympathize, albeit they are pronounced legitimate by the Committee. One of their demands is that they should be classed with what is rather absurdly called the military branch of the profession, and not as at present with the civil branch, though they admit that they should belong to the category of officers who cannot under any circumstances take the command. This demand seems not altogether unreasonable; but nevertheless, if granted, it must be granted with careful conditions, as otherwise engineers, though precluded from command, may claim to give orders to junior officers, and it would be insufferable for an officer of the executive branch to receive commands from an engineer. The demand made for cabins for the senior engineers appears to be a just one; but unfortunately those who make it overlook the fact that neither the Admiralty nor any Committee can alter the size of existing war ships, and that, if there are no cabins for engineers, engineers must needs do without cabins, excellent and deserving officers though they may be. With regard to another demand of the engineers it is difficult to feel strongly, although it has been the subject of much rhetoric, and has now, we believe, been silently granted. They have complained very bitterly of being obliged to have a separate mess, and of their exclusion from the mess of the other officers. It is with the greatest reluctance that we touch on any question of "social status," but in this case it cannot be avoided. It must be remembered that the manners and habits of those with whom a man associates daily very greatly affect his comfort, and that there is no intimacy so close as that of a naval mess. Naval officers are not given to nonsense, and on board ship there has never been affectation and silliness such as have occasionally been shown in the messes of fashionable regiments. In all probability, therefore, if naval officers object to the society of engineers, they have good reasons for doing so. Why should the latter so much dislike living together? At present their contention appears to be that they have a strong objection to associating with each other, and, therefore, ought to be allowed to associate with other people.

Their demand has, however, been made with great persistency, and has enlisted a certain amount of popular prejudice, so it is not wonderful that the Admiralty should have given in. Their other two principal demands are, as we have endeavoured to show, based to all appearance on justice, and it is greatly to be hoped that they may receive serious attention, as it is most painful to think that meritorious and hard-working officers are inadequately paid and too slowly promoted. If, however, these just complaints do not receive attention, and if the engineers desire to keep their case before the public, they must endeavour to get that case better stated. They have excellent advocates in Parliament, and outside they ought to find some one who can do more than string together newspaper articles containing no small amount of nonsense.

#### WALKS IN ENGLAND.

UNDER the above title the current number of the *Quarterly Review* has a short paper intended doubtless, and not ill calculated, to lighten the mass of its more solid articles. According to the odd *Quarterly* fashion, a rather heterogeneous list of texts is accumulated, including work as old and as well known as that of Mr. George Borrow and of the late William Howitt; but the immediate subject of discourse is Mr. Jennings' recent and pleasant volumes. Walks in England, however, is itself a more inviting subject than anything that a *Quarterly* reviewer—the lightning wit of the reader may add, or a weekly one—can say concerning it. Some one or other is always taking up his parable about it and urging his countrymen to make themselves acquainted with their country, and yet the advice is apparently very slow to be taken. Most men of ordinary vigour have (generally, perhaps, in their undergraduate state) undergone a pedestrian fit of a more or less acute character; but it soon passes, and even while it lasts the range of exploration is for the most part limited and conventional. The Lakes, North Wales, the Isle of Wight, Cornwall, Devonshire, and Derbyshire almost exhaust it. The walker, too, is apt to be too much cumbered about his "record" and much too rigid in the observance of the programme which he may have set himself. At nineteen it seems base to acquiesce in twenty miles when an average of thirty has been planned, or to sleep at

Penzance when "the first and last inn in England" is down for the night's resting-place. At this time, too, walking tours are apt to be taken in company, which is a very decided mistake, if only for one simple reason. Although it is probably the most harmless stimulant known, walking is a distinct stimulant, and he who uses it goes through all the variations produced by other "intoxicants." He is hilarious, contemplative, melancholy, all by turns. Now it is impossible to ensure the coincidence of these states in any two or more individuals, and the want of coincidence is too often fatal to harmony.

The wiser mind then, when it has outgrown its salad days, does not cease to walk, but alters the conditions of walking. The knapsack remains something of a necessity, but it is only an occasional necessity, and the mature pedestrian will almost certainly supplement it with a portmanteau, accessible by help of railways and cloak-rooms. He will also, as has been hinted, be absolutely destitute of shame in the matter of miles accomplished and contemptuous of pedestrianism as to the observation of routes and stages. If the whim takes him he will walk forty miles on end, and if the whim takes him he will not walk four. In the choice of routes, too, there is a great difference between youth and age. Crack scenery and famous sights are not a chief object with what a recent writer has beautifully called the "wise adult conscience." The wise adult knows by experience that Lord Dalling's memorable saying about love is applicable to landscape. If you put a warm plaster on your body it grows colder and colder, till it gives you a mortal chill; if you put a cold one, it warms to your own temperature, and strengthens and refreshes you alike. The peculiar exhilaration or intoxication of walking is stimulated too much by a long day's walk of varied beauty, and the reaction is proportionately great. But, on the other hand, the average scenery of an English county is precisely that which suits the walker who is in or who approaches the silver age. We have walked (not in the ghostly sense) more or less in every one of the forty counties of England, with perhaps some four or five exceptions, and, putting the Fen district out of question, we hardly know a single one in which there is not to be found space for wanderings full of delight and capable of being made to last from a week to a month, according to circumstances. Absolute flatness is the only fatal quality, from the pedestrian point of view, because of the monotony it entails; and absolute flatness is almost unknown in England, save in the one district just mentioned. Elsewhere, it occurs only in patches easily passed over by the help of the railway, and bordered on all sides by the broken ground which the walker loves. For instance, let us take almost at random on the map three counties, neither of which has any particular reputation for the picturesque—Northamptonshire, Norfolk, Dorset. None of these can be said to be among the English show counties, yet the least remarkable of them—Northamptonshire—will give any one walking ground of the pleasantest for a good fortnight, in the Nene Valley, the most characteristic, perhaps, of the smaller English straths, in the great parks and woodlands of the old district of Rockingham, in the high rolling downs which stretch between Naseby and Towcester. As to Dorsetshire, it is, perhaps, in a small compass the most representative of southern English counties. Between Lyme and Sherborne scenery of the kind popularly associated with the name of Devonshire occurs such as Devonshire itself can only provide on a greater scale; while the downs of the east are equally characteristic, and the coast-line presents at Lyme, Portland, and Purbeck, curiously independent beauties. As for Norfolk, it boasts not without reason of its variety. The Broad district is a thing unique and without parallel, at least in this island. No one who has seen it at the end of May or in the beginning of June, with the rivers and broads one mass of water-lilies, the marshy ground ablaze with yellow iris, the broken wooded uplands that rise between the various chains of lakes festooned with dog-roses, and the black sails of the wherries floating in misty sunlight (their hulls invisible) across the fields, is likely to deny its beauty. But the rest of the county, even without its extraordinary wealth of architectural interest, would be admirable walking ground, and with that wealth is still more admirable. Few people think of reckoning among the sights of England the walk from Castle Rising to Castle Acre, with its wonderful prologue and epilogue of Norman architecture; or the *détour* from Aylsham to Cromer, with four of the most interesting private houses which, putting the great show places aside, England can show, Blickling, Mannington, Barningham, and Felbrigg, or the journey from Thrapston down the Nene through Dryden's country to Fotheringay, or that from Yeovil through Sherborne and Blandford to Wimborne, with two great minsters and an unsurpassed panorama of English scenery on the way. Yet they are all easy day's walks, all within a hundred miles or a little more of London, and can all be supplemented almost indefinitely, according to ability and inclination, by other walks in the same neighbourhood.

These are merely examples, but it may be said generally that any one who makes up his mind to take a single English county yearly (four or five at the outside being excepted), and to walk about it for any time, from a week to six weeks, in the manner we have here in view, has, the gods being propitious, his soul's and his body's health secured for a pleasant vista of five or six and thirty years. Yet it must be acknowledged that it does not happen to every one to be such a walker. The capacity of enduring and enjoying solitude is perhaps not an absolute necessity, but it is very nearly a necessity. The walker must not be cumbered overmuch about meat and

drink. Fortunately, however, a certain drinkable ordinary claret ("the very best claret," as an ingenuous waiting-maid not long ago replied to inquiries about its nature) can generally be obtained now as well as plain meats, infinitely better than the pretentious and badly-cooked *table-d'hôte* food of the tourist routes. It will often be found, too, that fifteen or twenty miles a day restore in a marvellous fashion the capacity of consuming beer, bread and cheese, eggs and bacon, and other things impossible to the sedentary liver. The leisurely manner of travelling recommended, which hurries not to get up early in the morning, and scorns not to take rest early at night, will not leave much time hanging on the hands. The infantine state of fallowness in which the general regimen leaves the brain causes it to eschew severe food, and to rejoice in the advertisement sheets of country newspapers, in old *Gazettes*, and in copies of G. P. R. James presented to the landlady thirty years ago. Yet we have known a good deal of solid reading done in leisurely journeys of the kind, with the aid of the accompanying portmanteau. If the walker be a person accustomed to literary work, he will, as he walks, find himself composing poems, essays, and other works of remarkable brilliancy, which, if he be wise, he will allow to vanish utterly from his memory. The brain amuses itself with these things, and resents their being solemnly recorded. But for real enjoyment he will depend on the past. He will have read up his county as thoroughly as he can; and, if he be the sort of person we suppose him to be, hundreds and thousands of memories will associate themselves with the things he sees. No one who lacks these associations can properly enjoy occupation of the kind proposed to him. The woods of Rushton are commonplace trees to him who does not remember how "the lady of the spotted muff" talked to her milk-white companion, if all tales are true, for the first time in their shade. North Walsham ceases to be a very ordinary and sleepy little market town when one thinks of Bishop Spencer first discomfiting his rebel antagonist with a very great slaughter, and then hanging him out of hand, but duly accompanying him to the scaffold out of respect for his misfortunes and Christian care for his soul. We have not the least idea in what part of Dorsetshire Berry Hill was situated, but there are plenty of villages which are pleasanter to look at or to pass through for the thought of Evelina and her dreadfully prosy guardian. What with poems of places and prose about places there are very few days' walks in broad England which have not historical or fictitious associations in plenty, if only the traveller be ware of them.

Such walking as that now discoursed of may be said to deserve far better than the catching of fishes the title of the contemplative man's recreation. That it is possible to a great many people who do not attempt it, and who might attempt it with immense advantage, is certain. It is not in the least needful to be able to do forty, or thirty, or even twenty miles a day; ten or fifteen for a thoroughly hard-worked person of sedentary habits is perhaps the best allowance, at any rate at first, though it is astonishing how old faculties revive. As for guides, Murray is still hard to beat; and for the pocket nothing can be better than the series of county guides which Mr. Stanford has for some time been publishing. Of the maps attainable the less said the better; but, as successive Ministers have proved that England is too poor to get herself decently surveyed in any time not long enough to allow the first part of the survey to become obsolete, there is no use expostulating on that matter. Fortunately, too, in all the Southern and Midland counties, and in some of the Northern, a civil and direct answer to a civil and direct request for guidance can be depended upon, and the wanderer will seldom undergo the painful experiences of a traveller in the Highlands, where nobody will give a direct answer at all, or in Ireland, where the answer probably has not the remotest connexion with the facts of this prosaic universe.

#### LONDONERS AT THE SEA.

THOUGH London, with its noise, smoke, and bustle, is the biggest agglomeration of houses on the globe, its citizens have reason to congratulate themselves on its situation as well as on its prosperity. For it is the only one of the great Western European capitals which is within easy reach of bracing sea air. The inhabitants of Madrid and Berlin are simply so many prisoners at large, condemned through the dog-days, and for many sweltering weeks before and after, to the *peine forte et dure*, with but slight temporary relief. The plateau of Madrid is as hot in summer as it is cold in winter, which is saying a very great deal; while Berlin stands encircled by sandy wastes, enlivened here and there by scrubby fir-woods. Should you seek to escape from Rome to Civita Vecchia or Ostia, it is merely a change from the frying-pan into the fire, and the Roman sea-coast in many places is a trifle more malarial than the Campagna. Paris and Vienna are charmingly situated, no doubt; and there are enchanting sylvan retreats in the picturesque valleys that lie among the well-wooded spurs of the Austrian hills. Yet it may be questioned whether the overworked constitution is greatly refreshed by sipping wine on the sunny *côteaux* overhanging the Seine, or by draining glass after glass of beer in the still warmth of the woods of Moding or Baden. Besides in Paris, as in Vienna and most of the great Continental cities, there is one very considerable drawback to the easy enjoyment of flying holiday-makers. Almost all of the railway Companies have

their stations on the outskirts of the towns, and not the least fatiguing part of the day's work is the establishing communications with the point of departure. We may abuse our London Boards of Direction, but we must own that we have cause to be grateful to their enterprise or public spirit. Cannon Street or London Bridge is but a step or so from the heart of the City, while Broad Street, Fenchurch Street, and subsidiary stations serve as outlets for the population in the regions of the Far East. And the rival lines can hold out competing attractions, some of which must be very accessible to some section of the metropolis. Spirited open-air scene-painters have done their utmost on boardings and gigantic advertising boards to reproduce, in a blaze of colouring, the seductions of marine paradises. There are the white cliffs and the blue sea, the shining sands and the magnificent promenades, with the hotels and the less pretentious houses of entertainment that throw open their hospitable doors to all comers. Generally a gentle breeze is depicted as just dimpling the smiling surface of the ocean and swelling the sails of the gay pleasure craft to a point that gives pace without risk of seasickness. It is possible that the artist may have slightly exaggerated, that the cliffs may have been made somewhat too grandiose and imposing, and that the sands may be less satisfactory than they seem as represented. It is certain that our English skies are not always sunny, nor are the seas invariably serene, even in July. But the holiday-maker makes allowances as he gazes on the placards; and, in any case, he is sure not to be greatly disappointed, especially in so fine a season as the present.

Considering the ample variety of choice, it is difficult to understand the popularity of some places for which nature has done comparatively little. We presume it is due partly to proximity of the trippers to the lines which lead to these, and very much to the fact that working folks, with many middle-class Britons as well, think more of sands than of scenery. As they either work hard when at home, or have not the habit of exercise, they do not care to go climbing hills or scrambling along a broken beach. The midday meal is the great feature in the day's entertainments; and in that, though we should differ as to the dinner-hour, we are strongly disposed to sympathize with them. Now when a party is burdened with capacious baskets, to say nothing of being encumbered by children of assorted sizes, down to the lakes in arms or going about by pairs in perambulators, ambitious locomotion is out of the question. So tickets are taken for one of the Essex watering-places, or one of those others on the Kentish coast between the Thames and the North Foreland. And the surroundings are of comparatively little consequence, the sea and the sea air being everything. We fancy that people who have been accustomed to move about pretty much as the spirit moved them, at all events since they came to years of discretion, can scarcely realize the sensations of a change so complete to those who have been born and brought up in the City alleys. Each familiar object that appears commonplace to us is to them a marvel or a new revelation. If they have souls for the natural beauties of the creation, although their perceptions must necessarily have been imperfectly developed, and their admiration may be more instinctive than intelligent, it is enough to gaze their fill on the expanse of the ocean, with the ships and steamers going up and down upon it; or to turn on their backs with their heads on their hands, and for once to look up through an atmosphere undefiled, at heavens unclouded by the odoriferous smoke that hangs over the innumerable chimneys of a city. In the immediate foreground there are objects of interest of all kinds, from the gaily dressed people making holiday like themselves to the sea-creatures and the beautiful seaweeds in the pools that have been left by the tide. We are inclined to pity them because their pleasures must be so brief; because the isolated holiday must be drawing to an end before it seems to have well begun. However invigorating the air, they can hardly have breathed enough of it to do them any permanent good. And yet we are not by any means sure that our pity may not be misplaced. At least, they have had no time to experience any sense of boredom; and if the actual tonic of the ozone has been transitory in its effects, they have, nevertheless, carried away recollections which may cheer and inspirit them for weeks to come. There will be roughs in any crowd, of course, who run upon the public-houses, and excite themselves with excessive indulgence in strong drink to fonder and more blasphemous talk than usual. But, as a rule, the mixed multitudes of excursionists are very well behaved. It is a sad heart that never rejoices; and it should be a pleasure to think that, with the monotonous lives they lead, they have nevertheless managed to keep good spirits at call.

We confess we are not inclined to be so tolerant to a class of sea-trippers who are better to do in the world; who take first-class railway tickets and patronize expensive lodgings or hotels, and who seeming, in fact, to go in the first place for the sake of spending money, have succeeded in raising the prices of everything. Cockneys of the Cockneys, ostentatious and pretentious, they are loud in their voices, and even louder in their dress. Ready as they are to ape "the aristocracy," it has always surprised us that they do not lay themselves out to take some profitable hints from the habits of the gentry. We suppose it is impossible for any one to the manner born to get rid of the practice of dropping the *A*. But we should have fancied that it must have been made obvious by observation to our Cockney friends that gentlemen, when in the country or by the sad sea waves, do not, as a rule, wear purple and fine linen; that they discard frock-coats for the easier shooting-coats, and exchange broadcloths for simple

tweeds; that matrons out for a drive along the cliffs, when the thermometer is marking 90° in the shade, do not button themselves up in many-piled velvets; and that maidens, even in these days of fashionable monstrosities, do still, under certain circumstances, affect some simplicity in their dress. It is the worst of some watering-places—Hastings, for example—that there is show scenery in the neighbourhood, either pretty or even romantic in itself, which is utterly spoiled by the company which throngs to it. We like to meet the working-man, with his coat off, near "the Lovers' Seat," either giving his arm to his "missus," or passing it round the waist of his "young woman," as he drags one or the other up a stiff bit of ascent. But we should gladly dispense with the curled and scented groups, displaying the airs and graces of Olapham or Islington, whose overpowering odours of exploded scents come so offensively between the wind and our nostrils. Tobacco must always be tolerated or tolerable, though the most inveterate smoker may scruple to light a cigar on a sea cliff; but we detest having the fresh breezes off the Channel tainted by millefleurs or frangipani. Considering the splendid costumes in which these brilliant visitors are attired, it is but natural that they should take the least possible amount of exercise. Besides, they are so sadly out of condition that the slightest exertion takes the stiffening out of collars or frills; while they seem to fear that the breeze which is fanning their fevered cheeks may indiscreetly ruffle their ambrosial curls. They have crawled up to the heights by the circuitous driving road, cruelly overweighting the unhappy fly-horses; and after their adventurous expedition to those storm-beaten heights and savage gorges, they go home to recruit exhausted nature. Against a good dinner by the seaside or anywhere else, as we observed before, we have nothing to say. But as we sit at our little table in the hotel, over the modest repast that has been earned by hard work, we cannot help feeling censorious towards our neighbours who are stuffing on the strength of having done nothing at all. They apparently ignore altogether the heavy lunch which came so quickly on the heels of a most sufficient breakfast; and should they stave off apoplexies for a time, they can hardly escape instant retribution in the shape of nightmares. Those are the good people who inoculate coffee-room waiters with the notion that hotel guests must be always in a chronic state of famine; while, by the gusto with which they swallow any kind of sparkling wine so long as the charges vouch for the quality, they make hotel-keepers and managers careless of their cellars. It is possible that, in spite of appearances, their sojourn by the sea may have been a pleasure to them; but it is certain that it can hardly be of benefit to anybody but their chemists and physicians.

You cannot choose your company in marine hotels; but it is easy enough in some cases to get away from it if you do not like it. All places are not like Hastings, with a chief show-place which everybody makes a point of visiting. And, indeed, a regular show-expedition may be sometimes rather useful than otherwise, diverting the popular rush as a lightning-conductor attracts electricity. Thus Brighton is tolerably full of visitors in a season which lasts all the year, and the drive to the Devil's Dyke is greatly in favour. Of a fine afternoon that grand point of view is mobbed like a country fair; while you may walk any day across the breezy downs to Lowes, or follow the line of the commanding cliffs to Newhaven, without stumbling upon a soul in the whole course of your rambles. And it is still easier to find seclusion, starting from Eastbourne, in some of the most pleasing scenes of their kind in Southern England. Climbing the range of the downs behind Beachy Head, you have left "society" and excursionists far beneath you, while the strains of the bands on the promenades are still borne faintly to your ears. And in two or three miles more you are dropping down among out-of-the-way villages, with primitive aspects that carry you back to the days when Brighthelmston was nothing but an insignificant fishing town, and when "old" Eastbourne clustered inland round the parish church. So the London excursionist may please himself, and either enjoy the humours of the place or indulge in solitary communings with nature.

#### THE SCOTCH BANKS.

THE announcement that at a meeting of the directors of the seven unlimited Scotch banks it has been decided to adopt the limited liability of shareholders assures the complete success of Sir S. Northcote's Act. That Act has been law for two years, and until now not a single Scotch bank has shown a disposition to register under it. It has appeared uncertain, therefore, whether the Act would meet all the circumstances for which it is intended to provide. To thoughtful persons, of course, there never was a doubt, since the London and Westminster, the London and County, and the National Provincial banks decided to register under the Act, that all the other banks of the country must in the long run do the same; but it must be admitted that the delay has been very considerable, and the persistence of the Scotch banks in refusing to take advantage of its provisions has been specially disappointing. It was the failure of a Scotch bank which gave occasion for the passing of the Act. The widespread ruin caused by that failure to innocent families, and the distress that followed, induced Parliament to pass a measure enabling all banks to become limited, and yet the Scotch banks have refused hitherto to avail



themselves of the permission. For a long time, too, they were positive in asserting that they would not register, and that Parliament must make an alteration in the law before they could become limited. But the change of Government and the firmness of the new Ministry in adhering to the decision of their predecessors have brought home to the Scotch banks the necessity of yielding to the inevitable. The grounds on which the Scotch banks based their opposition are plausible, though we do not think them sound, and the banks now admit that they do not themselves believe in their soundness. They are, that the principle of limited liability is unknown in Scotch banking; that the competition between the banks is so intense that no bank or group of banks can afford to do anything which would make the security it or they offer appear less than that of their competitors; that the three old Scotch banks—the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank of Scotland, and the British Linen Company—though limited by their charters, are not required to write the word “limited” after their names, and, in fact, are not generally believed to be limited; that Sir S. Northcote’s Act requires of the banks registering under it to take the word “limited,” and that, therefore, the present unlimited banks by registering would label themselves in a manner which would proclaim to all the world that the security they offer is less than it formerly had been, and consequently it would seem that the old banks, which are not obliged to call themselves limited, would have an advantage over them.

The good sense of the Scotch people, and the terrible experience they have had of unlimited liability where a bank fails, have compelled the directors to change their tone and agree to register under the Act. In the case of the Glasgow Bank it was seen that a shareholder holding but a single share might risk the whole of his property; that a wealthy family, for the sake of a small income, not materially adding to their income from other sources, might bring themselves to absolute bankruptcy; indeed, among the shareholders of the Glasgow Bank the number who were able to pay all the calls made upon them was very small. The rest have been obliged to surrender their whole fortunes, and compound with the liquidators; and, what is most grievous, those who have thus been absolutely ruined are deburred from partaking in the assets of the bank when realized, which now promise to be very considerable. Worse still, a trustee deriving no personal benefit of any kind from his trust, on the contrary, incurring great responsibility, labour, and anxiety, risked his whole fortune by merely consenting to act as trustee to persons who owned bank shares. After this experience it was quite clear that trustees would never again continue to hold the shares of unlimited banks. They would either refuse altogether to act as trustees, or they would insist upon selling the shares within a year after the death of the person under whose will they acted. But a property which thus cannot be placed in trust practically becomes a property unfit for investment. If a man intending to provide for his wife, his daughters, and his young children, cannot leave shares in trust—must either agree that they are to be sold on his death, no matter how depressed the market may be, or must sell them during his lifetime—those shares necessarily cease to be fit for investment. A man may speculate in them, intending to sell out during his own lifetime. But practically as a permanent investment he cannot put his money in them. The shares of unlimited banks thus would cease to be fit property for investment. They would thereby become depreciated in value, and the whole class of bank proprietors would deteriorate. The shares would pass into the hands either of reckless people, or of poor people who risked little or nothing but the shares themselves in case of a failure. Moreover, all stockbrokers would, as a matter of course, advise their clients against investing in the shares. They would point out the risk involved, and would show that much safer investments which yield nearly as good an income could be found, and ought to be preferred. As we have said, the first result would be a great depreciation in bank shares, and this depreciation would inform all the world of the deterioration in the banking proprietary. Thus the real security offered by unlimited banks would become much less than of limited banks, and the management would tend to be more reckless. The poorer and more imprudent the proprietary became, the more anxious they would be for large dividends. They would therefore constantly clamour for a mode of business which would be more profitable, which is only another way of saying would be more risky. All this could not fail to impress itself upon a thoughtful and prudent people like the Scotch, and it is quite clear that the representations of the shareholders have at length become so strong that the Directors have not been able to resist any longer.

The unlimited Scotch banks have not yet stated the terms on which they will register under the Act. But of course they will follow the precedent set here in England. As the Act requires, a portion of the capital will be paid up; another portion can be called up in case the business should require a larger capital or in case a part of the capital should be lost; a third portion will be held in reserve, to be called up only in the event of the winding-up of the Company. The whole question as to whether the new arrangement or the old will be the safer depends upon the amount of the reserve capital provided. It is clearly right that the reserve should be large enough to cover all probable demands in case of the winding-up of the concern—a mere nominal reserve will not do. Besides it should be borne in mind, that the whole of the reserve will probably not be paid if called

up. People will invest in the new shares just as they invested in the unlimited shares, without fully calculating whether they are able to pay the whole amount that may be demanded from them if called upon. It would be necessary, therefore, to allow for a certain proportion of default in case the banks should be wound up. The problem before the Directors of unlimited banks in becoming limited, therefore, is how large a proportion of reserve they should provide, making allowance both for the probable amount to be provided if their bank should fail, and also for the probable inability of some of their shareholders to pay up the whole of the calls upon them. If this problem is solved satisfactorily, it is quite evident that the banks under the new system will be quite as safe and will offer quite as good security as the unlimited banks do; while neither trustees nor prudent capitalists will be deterred from investing in the new shares. A prudent investor will be able to calculate for himself how much he risks in the most unfavourable event, and, of course, he will not buy the shares of any bank of whose solvency and good management he is not satisfied. He will also be able, if he is an intelligent and active man, to exercise a certain amount of influence over the management. But the great point will be that a man in buying a new share will know the full amount of the risk he runs, whereas in buying an unlimited share he risks, for the chance of a very small profit, his whole fortune and more.

The decision of the unlimited banks to register under the Act of 1879 again brings up the question, What is to become of the three chartered banks? It will be recollected that at the beginning of this Session the three older banks applied to Parliament for powers to enlarge their capital without taking the word “limited” after their names. They pleaded that, being already limited, they could not register under Sir S. Northcote’s Act, and they added that their charters relieve them from the necessity of taking the word “limited.” In fact, their argument was that they desired to give greater security to their customers than they are now obliged to give, and that, in making their application to Parliament, they were seeking no favour for themselves, but were anxious to give greater security to the public. The Government, however, decided not to grant the legislation demanded, and doubtless this decision has gone a great way in inducing the unlimited banks to register under Sir S. Northcote’s Act. They will in future be able to give a greater security to their customers and to their noteholders than the older banks. To their ordinary creditors they will give the security, not only of all their working capital and investments of every kind, but of the reserve capital, which cannot be touched upon until winding-up; and, as far as the notes are concerned, they will still continue unlimited. But the three chartered banks have no reserve capital worth speaking of, and are limited in regard to their notes as well as to the rest of their debts. They are thus placed in a very awkward position. No doubt they are still at liberty not to add the obnoxious word “limited” to their names; but it is now advertised all over Scotland that they are, in fact, limited, and that they have no reserve. From Mr. Gladstone’s answer in the House of Commons this week it would seem that he really intends to legislate upon the note issue at an early date. His answer was cautious, of course, being in effect that a Minister cannot be expected to say what legislation he will propose until he is ready actually to propose that legislation. But, at the same time, he indicated pretty plainly that, if health is spared him and the Government lasts, he will deal with the note issue. It would seem probable, therefore, that he has no intention until he is able to change the law upon this point to pass an enabling Act as regards these older Scotch banks, and that they will have to continue in their present condition.

#### THE MEININGEN COMPANY AT DRURY LANE.

WITH *Wallenstein’s Lager* and *Der Eingebildete Kranke*, played for the first time on Tuesday night, the Meiningen company may be said to have brought their London season to an end. The few remaining nights of their stay have been devoted to repetitions of pieces already given, and particularly to *Julius Cæsar*, the most successful, though not, we think, the best, of their performances. Of the two, the *Lager*—a piece mostly spectacle—was far better adapted to the resources of the company than the French comedy. The *Wallenstein* trilogy, as a whole, is rather a dramatic poem, as Schiller himself called it, than a series of plays, and the first of its three parts is manifestly rather directed to the reader than the spectator. It is an attempt, and in the main a successful one, to realize the scene of the *Piccolomini* and of *Wallenstein’s Tod*. It aims less at giving a continuous action, than at describing and making lifelike the chorus of the following plays, that artificial military people which the Friedländer brought into existence almost literally by stamping his foot. There is no plot—only a definition of the body about to be acted on by some forces as yet unknown. One after another the military types—the soldier of fortune, the soldier for the love of adventure, and the soldier for the sake of religion, the children of the camp and their mothers, the disreputable persons Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty was going to describe to his Highland hostess—are brought forward and made to “pose”; and, when each has had his or her say, the piece ends. If plot is indeed indispensable, then such a piece might be called unfit for the stage. But a piece may have other attractions besides plot. There are deductions enough to be made from the applause given

before we can judge how much of it was due to Schiller. The mere brilliancy of the tableau goes for much. The audience were mainly Germans, and in these days any picture from the times before their armies had temporarily ceased to be the best in Europe is tolerably safe of their applause. Most of the Englishmen in the house may be credited with the acquaintance of the immortal Dalgaty, or even of Defoe's "Cavalier," and would naturally enjoy seeing them in their habit as they lived. But withal it was Schiller who made the spectacle possible, and we believe that a theatre-goer, and we dare say there were many such even in the stalls, who knew not whether Wallenstein was Catholic or Protestant, might bring away from the *Lager* a very vivid idea of the life that had been "posed" before him. If it has not a unity of story, it has unity of portraiture, and though there is nothing in the piece absolutely false to the time, Schiller has so skilfully drawn only the passions that are universal, that his characters are as intelligible now as they would have been in the camp before Pilsen. Its truth to life justifies and explains its theatrical effect.

We have already said enough to show that we consider the *Lager* to have been admirably put on the stage. None of the many spectacular effects given by the Meiningen company have been finer than this picture of the swarming camp with its superficial disorder and its real discipline. If a fault is to be found, it is in the too modern air given to Wallenstein's men. Not that the dresses were inaccurate, though we noticed that Holk's mounted Jägers had been deprived of the green dress Schiller was careful to give them. But we do not doubt that the uniforms and armour were carefully copied from contemporary drawings. The modern air was due to the fact that they were too new, too good. We imagine that the Imperial soldiers were rather what Defoe's "Cavalier" describes them, a mixture of rags and finery. Their clothes were ragged, though their arms were always bright, to use a phrase which an American military writer has borrowed from Defoe and applied to the army of Northern Virginia. Neither do we think it right that Tiefenbach's arquebusiers should be made to look like comic Puritans. But these are small defects in an admirable general artistic effect. Perhaps the finest tableau of the whole was the struggle of the Croats to keep the angry soldiers off the Capuchin. Among the supers in this scene was a cuirassier who helped the Croats and whose byplay was admirable. Indeed the byplay was excellent throughout, sometimes so good as to draw off attention from the speakers. This was particularly the case with Frl. Habelmann's acting of the sutler. Herr Nesper looked very imposing as the Pappenheimer, though he was a little too lachrymose when he describes the soldier's stormy life. Herr Teller's Capuchin delivered his burlesque sermon with admirable comic effect, but he might with advantage have been less conscious of his own fun.

Of the *Eingebildete Kranke* we must speak less favourably. There is, no doubt, a strong element of farce in the *Malade Imaginaire*, but it should be delicate, not, as rendered by the Germans, broad and exuberant. We do not mean that the acting, even taken as a whole, was without its good points. There were grace and good manners in Herr Heine's playing of M. de Bonnefoi's polished roguery. Yet, even in his case, his position as Belline's lover, only hinted at by Molière, was too broadly indicated. The two actors on whom the piece mainly depends—Herr Hassel as Argan and Frl. v. Moser-Sperner as Toinette—played with liveliness and force, Herr Hassel often with excellent senile fatuity, but both too noisily.

This, our farewell to the Saxe-Meiningen company, seems to invite a general review of their stay among us. In our successive notices of their performances, we have endeavoured to point out what was good or less good in the individual acting; but, until we could look back on their season as a whole, it has not been possible to judge how far they have justified their reputation. Their strength was believed to be in their stage management, and in their avoidance of the so-called "star-system." This would include every possible theatrical excellence if we were to accept it literally. A company "exceeding eighty persons," in which all were equally capable of playing important parts well, would be something almost above criticism. For, be it observed, the admirers of the company claimed as much for it, and used the phrase "star system" as if it meant the having in the company of one or two actors who were markedly superior in ability to their comrades, whether the inferior members were or were not good in their degree. The Meiningers were, according to some, a ship's company, all captains. Of these two claims, the first alone has been justified to the fullest extent. The drilling of the crowds, the byplay of the "chorus," the care taken in details of dress, furniture, and scenery, the artistic arrangement of the "picture," have all been worthy of the praise they have received. The Saxe-Meiningen company have shown us a series of splendid pictures realizing famous scenes in literature or history which we shall always remember with pleasure and artistic profit. But this part of scenic representation is liable to abuse. The true dramatic action of a play may be sacrificed to the setting, the human interest to the machine. And this, as we have before pointed out, has more than once been the case at Drury Lane. A very great actor dominates these things, but a merely good one is liable to be overpowered by them.

This immediately brings us to the question of the individual qualities of the actors. In its full extent the claim made for the company was incredible. To again employ our nautical simile, no ship is wholly manned by captains, nor is it desirable that it

should be. There is a very familiar proverb about the folly of using razors to cut blocks, and it is equally true that a great actor in a very small part is a waste of material. The number of great men in any profession is not so large that we can afford to treat them lightly, and their proper place is in command, not in the ranks. If Herr Barnay was on the stage among the "supers" on Tuesday night, we can only say we are very sorry for it. We should greatly have preferred to see him "as Der Kürassier von einem Wallonischen Regiment." But, as might have been expected, there is neither an equality of talent among "Die Meininger" nor an equality in the distribution of the parts. It is true that in some cases actors who have played important parts one night take on the following a character in which they have to appear comparatively seldom. But the importance of a part depends much less on the number of times an actor has to come on the stage than on the call made on his powers when he is there. We see far less of Mark Antony than of either Brutus or Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, but the great part of the play is Antony's. In *The Robbers*, again, the part of Roller is a small one, if we judge by the mere number of words he speaks, but in one scene he must play well, and we saw that the part was (very properly) given to Herr Teller. Those of the company who have a marked individuality of character, Herren Teller and Hassel, or Frl. v. Moser-Sperner, have only been cast for parts they were fitted to play. Frl. Haverland has appeared very seldom, and then in important parts. The company possesses a more than fair proportion of good actors, and, as a whole, is admirably drilled; but it shows the faults as well as the virtues of good drilling. The aim of drill is to make all as like as possible; and, according, we find that several of the Meiningers are monotonous in their elocution and mechanical in their gestures. The one really great actor among them towers as distinctly over them all as if no opposition to the star system had ever been heard of. Looking back on the series of the performances, we remember many brilliant spectacles, an almost perfect rendering of *Twelfth Night*, much good acting, some of it by players who have not uniformly pleased us, but only one thing that was great. And that was the acting of Herr Barnay.

## REVIEWS.

### POETRY OF BYRON.\*

IN his thoughtful and suggestive preface to this selection, Mr. Matthew Arnold expresses the opinion that Byron, like Wordsworth, will gain by the process of "disengaging his good work from the inferior work joined with it." He would probably not contend that such a distinction is equally definite or practicable in the case of the more popular poet. Wordsworth wrote some things which approach perfection, and many things which are more or less dull, tedious, and prosaic. Mr. Arnold, with excellent taste and judgment, collected nearly all the poems of high value, and published them apart from the heavy mass of didactic and descriptive commonplace. Students of Wordsworth had long before performed for their own benefit a similar operation when they instinctively passed over three-fourths of the poems, to recur with untiring pleasure to the spontaneous outbursts of the poet's youthful genius. Mr. Arnold has done much to justify and revive the enthusiasm of early admirers, and to bring Wordsworth to the knowledge of a younger generation. A similar presentation of Byron's more successful efforts was a harder task. Mr. Arnold quotes with approval a saying of Mr. Swinburne's that Byron rarely wrote anything either worthless or faultless; but he dissents from the not unnatural inference that "the greatest of his works was the whole work taken together." There can be no doubt that, as Mr. Arnold says, "there are portions far higher in worth and far more free from fault than others"; but it would not be impossible to select another volume of passages from Byron as good as the present selection. Such an attempt in the case of Wordsworth would result in ludicrous failure. Every passage in the later cantos of *Childe Harold* is like every other; and almost the only advantage of selection is that fragmentary reading disguises the impression that Byron deliberately versified his reminiscences of travel, much as Scott, according to the publisher in Moore's *Two-penny Post-bag*, started from the North for London, and, beginning with Rokeby, "meant to do all the gentlemen's seats by the way." Mr. Arnold's extracts from the tales in verse will perhaps surprise and disappoint readers who had not hitherto reconsidered or revised their youthful admiration of Byron. The combats of Hassan with the Giaour, and of Selim with the followers of Giafar, though fluent and spirited, are far inferior to the battles and single combats of Scott. The familiar opening of the *Corair*, with the lines—

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free—

and the passage which follows, is on a level with the prize poems of Milman, Praed, or Macaulay. The best excuse for the affected archaisms at the beginning of *Childe Harold* is that the poem was then in a tentative stage, from which it soon emerged to a higher

\* *Poetry of Byron*. Chosen and arranged by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

level. It was perhaps scarcely worth while to repeat the statement—

That now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee.  
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
But pride congealed the drop within his ee.

Some of the extracts from *Don Juan* are little better than doggerel; and, indeed, the finer parts of the poem are constantly marred by the flippancy and ostentatious carelessness of neighbouring passages. The satiric genius of Byron is not exhibited in the trifling rhymes addressed to Murray, for which Byron's savage attack on George IV. under the name of Vitellius might have been advantageously substituted. It might perhaps have been desirable to insert the whole of the powerful and humorous *Vision of Judgment*. The "Isles of Greece," the graceful "Farewell to Thomas Moore," the "Maid of Athens," the "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte," and other selected poems convey a juster impression of Byron's lyrical faculty. The dramatic section consists, as might be expected, of extracts from poems written in the form of dialogues. There is, properly speaking, nothing dramatic in *Mansfield* or *Cain*, and the Venetian dramas and *Sardanapalus* are artificial and tiresome. *Mansfield* is, to use a phrase not invented in Byron's time, a monogram of a moody misanthrope, decorated for stage effect with supernatural trappings. The last and best line—"Old man, 'tis not so difficult to die"—contradicts all the previous tenour of the poem. With the aid of a dozen capricious and monotonous Spirits, the hero constantly meditates or attempts suicide in vain, being reserved to die a natural death when his store of querulous blank verse is exhausted.

Mr. Arnold would probably admit that in all Byron's works there is not one perfect line; but he agrees with Mr. Swinburne in ascribing to the poet the high qualities of "sincerity and strength." Both attributes may be allowed to exist, although it would, perhaps, be necessary to frame a special definition of sincerity for the purpose. The constant affectation of melancholy and mystery must be remembered in conjunction with the genuine feelings which may entitle Byron to the praise of sincerity. As to his strength there is no room for controversy, though it was, perhaps, more conspicuously exhibited in his letters and in his life than in the poetry to which he owes his world-wide fame. Few men in any generation have been his superiors in wit, in vigour, and in general brilliancy. Some of his most popular works might have been written by the cleverest of men almost without the aid of poetical genius. There is probable no other instance of a poet who was so incapable of sound poetical criticism. His extravagant praises of Pope may, perhaps, be partly explained by his love of paradox, and by his wish to mortify contemporary rivals. With Shakespeare and Milton he had little sympathy; and it is difficult to believe that he could have cared for Dante. His high-flown eulogy on Goethe was not founded on any knowledge of the poet's works, for Byron was ignorant of German. It was to his credit that personal friendship enabled him to appreciate the wonderful genius of Shelley. It may be doubted whether Mr. Arnold is correct in his statement that Shelley "sincerely felt, and was right in feeling, that Byron was a greater poetical power than himself." He glorified his friend in lofty verse as

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame,  
Over his living head, like Heaven, is bent;

and he felt for him the exaggerated respect which conscious dreamers pay to accomplished men of the world; but in one of his letters Shelley remarks that his relations with Byron would be easier if he were not himself aware of his claim to intellectual equality. Shelley could not be ignorant that all their common friends esteemed him a poet of a higher order than Byron. Nevertheless, Mr. Arnold is right when he observes that "those who extol Shelley as the poet of clouds, the poet of sonnets, are only saying that he did not, in fact, lay hold upon the poet's right subject-matter." In felicity of musical diction Shelley is far superior to Byron. His most distinctive excellence is, as in the case of Wordsworth, unintelligible to foreigners who are necessarily unacquainted with the nicer peculiarities of the English language. The rapid flow of Byron's verse, with its easily understood passion and invective, has made him almost the sole representative on the Continent of the English poetry of the present century. He has the great merit of being never obscure; and he reflected, to the delight of England and of Europe, the newest version of a theory of discontent. Mr. Arnold perhaps takes Byron's language too seriously when he praises him for "waging against the Conservatism of the old impossible world so fiery battle." By accident he found himself on the Liberal side; and he expressed the opinions of the party with confident iteration. It was not "the cynical make-believe of his own aristocratic class which drove him to fury." Personal dissatisfaction had much more to do with his opinions and his declamations than any kind of doctrine. The theoretical opinions of a poet are of secondary importance, even where they place no impediment on the expression of his genius. Shelley ceased for the time to be a poet when he occupied himself with fantastic projects of reforming the world. Byron turned his rough political sympathies to better literary account. Perhaps the best proof of his title to enduring fame is the fact that his popularity has survived two generations. More than fifty years have passed since Mr. Mill fancied that he had ceased to be on friendly terms with Mr. Roebuck, because one of them preferred Byron and the other Wordsworth. It may be hoped that not even bookworms or metaphysicians are capable of similar per-

versity now; but the two parties still exist, and the weight of one may balance the numbers of the other. Mr. Arnold sympathizes with both, though, even as an editor of Byron, he retains his opinion of the superiority of Wordsworth. In the frequent intervals which separate in either case the happiest efforts of the poet, Byron often proves himself a brilliant rhetorician, while Wordsworth is prosy and dull; but epigrams have as little to do with poetry as platitudes. The true test of poetical art was symbolized by *Æschylus* and *Euripides* in Hades, when they alternately placed their most sonorous lines in the scales of *Dionysus*. One perfect verse outweighs whole volumes of spirited declamation. Mr. Arnold regards as a chief merit of Byron the wrath which prompted his denunciation of established creeds and institutions; but fierce indignation produces the verses of *Juvenal* and not of *Lucretius* or *Virgil*.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Arnold's too short preface consists of his discussion of earlier criticisms, and especially of some well-known remarks of Goethe, who said that Byron was "unquestionably the greatest talent of the century." Mr. Arnold thinks that "talent" was intentionally distinguished from genius; but probably the colloquial barbarism was used without any definite purpose. "The English may think of Byron what they please; but it is certain that they can point to no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from the rest, and in the main greater." Mr. Arnold shows much ingenuity in explaining away superlative praises which really show only that Goethe, like humbler men, was capable of hyperbolic language. On the same or another occasion Goethe said that Byron, "as soon as he begins to reflect, is a child." The various propositions are wholly irreconcilable, but the exaggerations on either side may be set off against one another. Goethe, with all his accomplishments, was not a master of the niceties of English style, nor was he otherwise infallible. Like an early commentator on Aristotle or on the Scriptures, Mr. Arnold deduces from his text the conclusions which have approved themselves, in the first instance independently, to his own judgment. It would be indecorous or profane to hint that his master was wrong, instead of undertaking with subtle refinements to explaining his meaning away. The justest and most sincere estimate of Byron which Goethe at any time pronounced is to be found in the fanciful character of *Euphron* in the Second Part of *Faust*. It is one of the most wonderful of Goethe's intellectual exploits to have conferred poetic substance and beauty on an allegory which in less masterly hands would have been tedious and frigid. Helen, fearing the resentment of Menelaus, is advised by *Mephistopheles*, in the disguise of *Phoreyas*, to take refuge in a castle which, during the absence of the Spartan king, has been occupied by a strange band of heroes from the North, whose king and leader is no other than *Faust*. The newcomers are the German and Scandinavian conquerors of a distant age, under eponymic chiefs or dukes, German, Norman, Saxon, and Frank. More fully to represent the spirit of mediæval chivalry, *Faust* woos Helen in magniloquent and almost euphuistic phrase; and the pair, representing the union of classic and modern imagination, retire alone into the halls of *Faust's* Gothic stronghold. Soon afterwards *Phoreyas* informs the chorus of captive Trojan maidens, who are also elemental spirits, of the birth of a wondrous child of *Faust* and Helen, who, like *Hermes* in the Homeric hymn, is active and daring from his birth. *Euphron*, who is in general modern art or poetry, and more specifically Byron, is supernaturally agile, but unable to fly. To the alarm of his parents, he rises by leaps and bounds to the top of otherwise inaccessible rocks, where in a cleft he finds a mantle and a harp, with which he assumes the semblance of *Apollo*. After a dialogue conducted in the graceful lyrics of which Goethe alone had the secret, *Euphron*, as he climbs higher, knows from the son around him that he is on the *Poloponnesus*, perhaps at *Missolonghi*, and his song passes into a warlike strain appropriate to the Greek enterprise of his famous prototype. He imagines that wings are sprouting from his shoulders, and he commits himself to the air. His garments bear him up for a while, and a flash of light follows his course; but, in the words of the stage direction, "A beautiful youth falls at the feet of his parents, and it is thought that in the dead a well-known form is recognized; but the bodily part at once disappears, the glory (*auréole*) shoots up to heaven like a comet, the dress, mantle, and lyre remain on the ground." The chorus laments him in a dirge which obviously relates to Byron:—

Born to all that earth could give thee,  
High forefathers, mighty power,  
Lost to thee, alas! too early  
Snatched away thy youth's fresh flower;  
Piercing glance the world to measure,  
Pity for all hearts that moan,  
Glowing love of noblest women,  
And a music all thine own.

The chorus then laments that he threw himself by his own choice into the inextricable net of destiny, and that he broke violently with custom and with law; but at last his lofty spirit gave the victory to a pure resolve, and he sought a noble object, but he could not succeed. As if to remind the careless reader that *Euphron* personifies modern poetry in its most popular writer, *Phoreyas* or *Mephistopheles* takes up the robe, the mantle, and the lyre for the behoof of Byron's successors and imitators. As Sir Theodore Martin has faithfully rendered the speech:—

Rare treasure prove is there to view;  
The flame has disappeared, 'tis true.

Yet is the world no whit the worse.  
Here is enough to consecrate  
A legion of the sons of verse.  
To scatter envy, malice, hate,  
Amongst the poetaster crew;  
And if to give them genius too  
Surpass my power, at least confess  
I can supply them with the dress.

From the whole episode it may be inferred that, in Goethe's judgment, the Muse of Byron was only half divine. The relics of Euphorion serve only for vulgar uses. On the other hand, the dress of Helen, or the study of classic art, who also vanishes after the loss of her child, bears Faust far away from the earth:—

Hold fast, I say—  
'Tis not indeed the goddess thou hast lost,  
Yet is the thing divine. Turn to account  
Its priceless virtue, and ascend in art;  
High o'er all common things 'twill bear thee on,  
Wafted on ether, long as thou canst fly.

The same judgment is indicated by the frequent reference to Byron's character and history as distinguished from his poetic genius. In Helen, the representative of Greek antiquity, there is nothing personal. Although an examination of the opinions of so considerable a critic as Goethe is interesting, and possibly instructive, the result, if it were certainly ascertained, is not decisive of the controversy on the merits of Byron. The natural and legitimate judges of the worth of the poet are those who speak his mother-tongue.

#### THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

GUIDE-BOOKS are regarded with very different feelings by the tourists who use them, by the hotel-keepers and shop-keepers of the countries they describe, and, lastly, by the natives of those countries who keep neither shops nor inns, and are annoyed, not benefitted, by invasion. The tourist, the modern nomad, regards his red-covered guide-book as one of his dearest treasures. He carries it about in his pocket, and consults it before he ventures to climb a hill or admire a picture. He wears it like the badge of all his race, with an air of pride which is almost unaccountable. The air of the tourist is that of a warrior in a conquered country. He generally seems, moreover, to think himself a meritorious explorer of districts hitherto scarcely known to any but the compiler of his monitor. The hotel-keeper and the shop-keeper welcome the appearance of guide-books, strapped up with rugs and plaids, as the poet welcomes the first swallow, or, if he be an æsthetic poet, the daffodils that came before the swallow dares. Guide-books are a sign of the sweet season when Cockneys must pay exorbitant prices for the privilege of passing sleepless nights in crowded coffee-rooms. But the less mercenary children of any country, especially of a beautiful and mountainous country like Scotland or the Lake district, look on guide-books as the mark of the Beast. These volumes attract ever-increasing bands of vagrom men and dowdy irrepressible women into regions of which quiet and solitude were the charms. Wordsworth used to feel this very much. We do not know that he ever wrote a sonnet against guide-books; but, if he did not, it was because he had expended his energy in attacks on railways. The natives of the Westmoreland and Cumberland hills and lakesides have a natural and undying antipathy to tourists. It is not pleasant if your fathers have left you a home by the silent shores of Windermere or on some fairy island of a lake to hear 'Arry howling his lyrical lamentations for "The Good Young Man who Died" under your windows, or enchanting the ear of night with a performance on the French horn. Boatfuls of 'Arries make the still moonlit nights hideous on the English lakes, and coaches laden with this variety of our species will soon be toiling over every road in the Highlands. Every little fishing-inn will be full of men in preposterous tweeds, who will flog the amber pools with every absurd fly and patent artificial minnow that can be found in the shops of the Strand. Only along the beautiful north-western coast there are few inns, and nature and the divine race of lairds have everything their own way. This is an arrangement disliked by Mr. Baddeley, the author of a clever, though flippant, Guide-book to the Highlands of Scotland which has just been published.

We cannot sympathize with Mr. Baddeley's purpose. We regard the Highlands as Clough did the beautiful pool—

I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourists  
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books.

Human nature is selfish enough to wish that tourists would be content to leave the Highlands unvisited. Mark Twain has regretted that Christopher Columbus ever discovered the New World, and it seems almost a pity that Walter Scott discovered Scotland. The peace and quiet of the hills is gone, and, what is still more provoking, all the waters are over-fished. But regrets are vain. In spite of the landlords of Scotch inns (who really have done their best to frighten visitors away), people will come, and climb, and fish, and sketch, and light fires, and leave buttery pieces of newspaper and empty eggshells by the side of every burn and in every green place and on every high hill. We must, we presume, take things as we find them, and admit that, if a new Guide-book to the Highlands was a necessity, Mr. Baddeley has done his work

efficiently well. It is not so minutely informed or elaborate as that best of all these works, *The Sportsman's Guide to Scotland*, which is the modern Caledonian *Polybion*. Mr. Baddeley leaves the fishing alone, and addresses people whose mild ambition is satisfied by Scotch climbing, or whose enviable simplicity leads them to suppose that "one of the chief objects of touring is a temporary relief from all care and worry."

There is some interest in Mr. Baddeley's general remarks on the subject of travelling in Scotland. Why is it so expensive? Not because the railways make heavy charges, and not, says our author, because the prices on board the steamers are exorbitant. For our own part we think one shilling and threepence for a glass of brandy and soda-water an almost prohibitive tariff. But Mr. Baddeley is satisfied with the Clyde and Western steamers. He finds what he calls the "bêe noire of Scotch touring" in the hotel charges, which are amazing. "He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar," says the Scotch proverb. He may be "charged 'bed and attendance' for the privilege of extending himself on three chairs in a coffee-room, without a shred of covering beyond that which he carried on his person, and of being woke up by the arrival of the mail at 3 P.M." But he will have been at Cupar, or wherever it may be, and for the rest of his life can repose on the consciousness of the feat. Next to exorbitant hotel people, Mr. Baddeley objects to "the landed proprietary of Scotland, which is often opposed to the extension of tourist facilities." This opposition of the landed proprietary is based upon the laws which may or may not prevail in the planet Saturn (that comes within the ken of Mr. Gladstone's astronomical economy), but which certainly regulate the distribution of human wealth. An old Highland chief in Scott's time used to say that a laird's importance once depended on the number of clansmen on his estate, next on the black cattle, next on the sheep; "and I suppose," said the old man, "that we shall come down to reckoning rats and mice." This prophecy has not been exactly fulfilled: but now a laird's pleasure and wealth depend on grouse and deer. It is not in nature that he should like to have tourist "stravaguing" through his forests and over his moors. Mr. Baddeley says innocently, "We think that the sport has very little to fear from the number of tourists who would avail themselves of a free pass over all the deer forests in Scotland, if it were granted to them." Does he not know that that proud animal, the stag, will not even endure a shepherd near the wastes where he wanders, and in late October makes love and war? It is often provoking to be prevented from crossing a particularly beautiful expanse of heath or skirting a loch side in Scotland, because the deer must not be disturbed. Perhaps stalking is a "culpable luxury," but it has not yet been abolished by any Scotch Land Act, and while landlords gain pleasure and profit from their forests, they will be "opposed to the extension of tourist facilities." After all they are no worse than Wordsworth, whose opposition to the extension of tourist facilities we have commented on already. Mr. Baddeley, correctly we think, finds the chief charm of Highland scenery in the glens and in the coasts. As for the mountains he declares that there are "far too many of them. Their multiplicity is wearisome. . . . Scotch mountains are not individually strong enough to bear the constant and close competition which they carry on with each other." That is an English, and even a Cockney, view of the matter. Mr. Baddeley also surprises us by saying that the "fall of the leaf is fatal to the beauty of the glens." We should have said that the glens were never so lovely as in the fall of the leaf, when the red clusters of the rowan vie with the golden tresses of the birds and the innumerable tints of the bracken. But Mr. Baddeley holds that bracken is scarce in Scotland. Has he ever seen the West Argyllshire coast, when the snow lies brilliantly white on the hills, while the seas and skies are as blue and the sun almost as brilliant as they are on the Mediterranean coasts? He makes an exception "in favour of real winter weather," and probably only means that wet winter days, when all the leaves have fallen, are not very attractive in the Highlands, a proposition which even the patriotism of Professor Blackie could scarcely dispute.

In one respect—namely, his treatment of historical associations—we think that Mr. Baddeley really deserves to be handed over to Professor Blackie's tender mercies. The Professor would probably smoke him to death in a cave, or keep him in a pit, plentifully supplied with cold salt beef and finnan haddocks, but deprived of any but sea water, till he died of thirst. It was in these and similar ways that the grand old Celts satisfied their magnificent passion for revenge. And does not Mr. Baddeley deserve some such treatment? He speaks of the past of the Highlands, when the soil was rich in men, not in red deer only, with undisguised contempt:—

In the following pages we have touched as lightly as possible on those sanguinary episodes of clan history with which many of the most favoured spots in the Highlands are unfortunately associated. Healthy appreciation of a beautiful scene can hardly be enhanced by the knowledge that some desperate deed of rapine or revenge has been perpetrated in it; and, sooth to say, such deeds, best fitted for record in the pages of a "penny dreadful," form the staple commodity of Highland tradition. The stories, as told, contain no redeeming feature of either heroism or generosity, and we are much mistaken if, by their constant repetition, the character of the old Highland clans is not greatly traduced.

Is Ossian no better than the compiler of a penny dreadful? It is by remarks like these that the sentiment of a picturesque people is lacerated, and Highland innkeepers are driven to the wild justice of extortion. Mr. Baddeley has annoying passages like this,



"Then in a few miles we pass an old burial-ground called Tutnartoch, 'the place of great slaughter,' so named from a terrible clan fight some five centuries ago, wherein 'Mac met Mac' with the usual sanguinary consequences." Many even of his tourist-readers might be glad to know more of the great clan fight, and the names, at least, of courageous men who dwelt where now is solitude. Indifferent, apparently, to William Drummond and Ben Jonson, Mr. Baddeley remarks that "haunted Hawthornden" is haunted by card-sharps. He chaffs Scott's famous description of the chase in the *Lady of the Lake*, and observes, without regret, that "the historian would have had to substitute for Coilantogle Ford" "the great sluice of the Glasgow Waterworks." These are blemishes in taste, and show that Mr. Baddeley has a limited and very modern interest in the country he describes. But his maps, lists of Gaelic names, and general information are clearly, and, we think, adequately, drawn and compiled, and the book is handy and sure to be useful. Its defects will not prevent it from being popular.

#### LUCK; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.\*

THE author of *Luck; and What Came of It* is less wily than the common sort of novelists. He button-holes his critics in an introduction, wherein he advertises his work in terms at once explicit and ingenuous. He warns "the gentlest of gentle readers" that they are not to expect "any unconscionable amount of what is erroneously called sensation" from him; that they will "hanker" in vain "after details of bigamy, seduction, or mysterious murder"; and that it will not be theirs "to sigh over the unmerited afflictions of a beautiful governess," or "admire the all-but-superhuman skill, ingenuity, and cunning of a detective police officer, with more brains in his head than Lord Thurlow, or any other Lord Chancellor who even looked wiser than it was possible for any legal luminary to be." What the gentlest of gentle readers have to look forward to is "a plain, unvarnished tale" of "the loves, the hopes, the fears, the joys, the sorrows, the fortunes, the misfortunes, the ups and downs, the reverses and the successes, of the sons and daughters of an ordinary English household, told in language that, if unpretending, aspires to be good English, with every word in its proper place, and no words too many." If any of Dr. Mackay's incidents seem extravagant, it is the fault, not of his invention, but of "his perhaps too literal adherence to a fact which he knew to be a fact"; always supposing, that is to say, that "he or anybody else" can be said to "know anything to be a real, indubitable fact." This, he reflects, with peculiar caution, "is far more than the author would like to assert of anything." He goes on to observe that "anyhow" he "has not written the book idly, but with as much conscientiousness as any archbishop ever put into a sermon." The honourable boldness of this assertion is not to be gainsaid. Dr. Mackay, however, is afraid of its effect on the gentlest of gentle readers; for he hastens to add that he does not "consider his novel to be a sermon, or anything like one," and does not "wish any reader, gentle or ungente," to do so either. "Perhaps," Dr. Mackay opines, "like the epistle of Robert Burns to his 'young friend,' one of the finest of his immortal poems, there may be more of song in it than of sermon, and more of a faithful portrayal of the virtues and the follies of human life in our day and society than of either." And, with a light and sparkling cry of "*Vogue la galère*," he dates his work as gallantly as Balzac himself might have done; and the gentlest of gentle readers are launched on the swift current of his history without more ado. It will be strange indeed if some of them do not refrain from the adventure. They have heard their author's opinion of what lies before them, and the opinion is not altogether encouraging. In the hearing, too, they have discovered that Dr. Mackay has some knowledge of metaphysics, has heard of Lord Thurlow, is capable of misquotation, regards his English with decent pride, thinks lightly of archbishops and their sermons, has peculiar ideas as to the superfluous in words, and has not been able to make up his mind if his novel is a song, or "a plain, unvarnished tale," or a "faithful portrayal of the virtues and the follies of human life in our day and society." And to the practised novel-monger information of this sort is the reverse of reassuring.

Dr. Mackay's story is one of lost heirs and strawberry marks. Its principal personages are the Hon. Archibald Haughton, miller and maltster, and manufacturer of agricultural instruments; his wife, Jennie, *née* Ruthersford of Knockshoggle, who speaks an "incurable Doric"; his son, Herbert, a young man with a turn for sculpture and original ideas on the subject of marriage with models; his nephew, Lancelot; and his two daughters, Euphemia and Ettie, the latter of whom expresses herself in a mixed dialect of English and slang, while the first—a being full of sentiment, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, and "literary aspirations"—delivers herself in the stately and sonorous language of her author himself. The hero is a certain Oscar Lebrun. Oscar, who is Mr. Haughton's foreman, is "a well-made man," with "an aristocratic air and bearing . . . the grace of a gentleman, who seems to have been born a gentleman, and to be maintained in that rank by his innate qualities and not by externals." He is a Frenchman and a Communist, but he "speaks English as well as any Englishman," being much given to the use of poly-

syllables, and to the employment of "like" as a conjunction. A child of the awful "Mary Ann," he plays the piano in his leisure hours, and nourishes a secret passion for the gifted Euphemia, which impels him to blush when he meets and doffs his hat to her. Euphemia is deeply touched by these manifestations of sentiment, and is not slow to entertain a secret tenderness for their author! The Haughtons are encountered first of all in Paris. There, "some five or six weeks before the close of the Parliamentary Session of 1869," in the reading-room of the Hôtel du Louvre, Mr. Haughton is seen in the act of "awaiting the dilatory proceedings" of Mrs. Haughton and the girls, to whom he is engaged for "a little dinner in the Palais-Royal," and of being recalled to England by telegram to contest the borough of Swinston in the Liberal interest. From Swinston, where the bells "ring a merry peal" for the Liberal victor, the Haughtons move to London, where the head of the house, after taking the oaths and his seat, and shaking hands with the Speaker and Mr. Glynn, "the urbane and accomplished whip," dines solemnly—"by invitation," indeed—with the speculator, John Rigglesby, M.P. for Kilmacnoise, Lord O'Monaghan, a needy Irish peer, and his own brother, Colonel Haughton, and he is pictured to us drinking Romance Conti, and bearing an active part in many pages of elaborate, but tedious, conversation. From London the family proceed to Oban, *via* Edinburgh, at which city they are found shopping in Princes Street, and putting up (for the sake of local colour) at "MacGregor's Royal Hotel." These exciting experiences over, they "take the train to Greenock, avoiding Glasgow, and between nine and ten in the forenoon find themselves snugly on board the steamship *Zoua*, amid a motley multitude of people bound for Ardrishnig and the west coast." At Oban they are joined by Rigglesby, who persuades Haughton *pire* to invest 20,000*l.* in one of his banks, and by the O'Monaghans, who determine to marry Ettie; and they indulge in intellectual talk to an extent unparalleled in fiction. Of course they steam to Staffa and Iona. It is a solemn and improving passage. "Euphemia Haughton had been a diligent reader of the poetry and romance of Sir Walter Scott, and these scenes, familiar to her imagination, burst upon her delighted eyes in all their physical reality, infusing her whole being with a sense of joy and of anticipation realized, with which she found no one to sympathize so completely as her brother. He, with an artist's eye," &c. They gaze with rapture on "the ancient castle of Duart" (the scene of an incident "commemorated by Thomas Campbell in his *Ballad of Glenara*, and by Joanna Baillie in her tragedy of *The Family Legend*"), and on Ardtornish, and Aros, "and many other castles celebrated in immortal verse" besides; and, as they gaze, Euphemia reads "from Anderson's *Guide to the Highlands*—a model of what a guide-book ought to be—a general description of those robber eyries, those picturesque remnants of times and manners long since passed away." Soon the steamer is found "breasting the wild waves of the Ardnamurchan shore," while Mr. Haughton plunges into conversation with a German professor. The talk gets more intellectual than ever, the Professor going so far as to quote the Gaelic root of "Staffa," and to say of Dr. Johnson, a writer of whom Dr. Mackay does not approve, "Er war ein dummer Feel." At Staffa "the ladies light up the whole scene with the brilliant colours of their costumes"; and Euphemia presses her brother's hand, and whispers, "This exceeds all I had ever imagined." Straightway "a venerable person, who looked like an English clergyman," proposes that "the whole party should join in the Doxology," and, "leading off in a deep sonorous voice," is "quickly joined by nearly all present," Euphemia especially distinguishing herself, and asserting her claim to the poetic temperament with great success. On the return journey the Professor comes brilliantly to the front again, bursting with valuable information and the profoundest reflections. A casual thunderstorm has no sort of effect on him, though Rigglesby well nigh dies with fright. He enjoys the "uproar of the elements" in an intellectual manner, and he discourses eloquently of literature. "How I envy England the possession of Shakespeare and Byron," says this un-German Teuton. "My country has no writer that can compare with either of them, and I am afraid it never will. We cannot even match Robert Burns, whose Tam O'Shanter rivals Shakespeare, and stands unsurpassed for its beautiful blending of the grand, the tender, the humorous, the grotesque, the awful, and the horrible, pervaded by a strong undercurrent of wit and common sense. But, look! how this flash has lighted up earth, and air, and sea! Beautiful—exceedingly!" The statement that it is the function of "undercurrents" to "pervade" is one, by the way, well calculated to produce a weird and disturbing effect on ordinary minds, even though it proceed from a German Professor in a thunderstorm. But the Haughtons are used to this sort of thing at home, and like it. The German Professor imparts some pages more of information, and then disappears into space. Perhaps he was no German Professor at all, but only the author in disguise. Be this as it may, the Haughtons treat him with great consideration, and return to Swinston much the better for their trip.

After this affairs get brisker, and Dr. Mackay's facts begin to come in in good earnest. Rigglesby runs away and covers his retreat with a pretended suicide. He dies in a thunderstorm years afterwards. It is discovered that he has spent his shareholders' millions in returning men to Parliament; a fact that reflects great credit on the acquisitiveness of the British Voter. The O'Monaghan borrows money of Mr. Haughton, and throws Ettie over for a rich widow; and for some time that maiden nurses in her gentle breast hope that her papa will be

\* *Luck; and What Came of It*. By Charles Mackay. 3 vols. London: Allen & Co.

able to put the "horrid man" in prison for debt. Meanwhile, an Inman steamer goes down in mid-ocean, and the head of the Haughtons is on the point of becoming Lord Ravelstone and of inheriting a hundred thousand pounds. Ere he does so, however, he requests that search be made for the issue of an elder brother of his, who had married and died in France. Search is made accordingly, and a rightful heir turns up in the person of Oscar Lebrun, whose ambitious English and aristocratic bearing are thus accounted for clearly enough. Oscar has already told his love in polysyllables, and in polysyllables has been informed that his feelings were reciprocated; but at the moment of his accession to the peerage he is in Paris, hard at work for the "Mary Ann," and helping on the ruin of the Bonaparte family. He scorns his new-found title, of course; but it occurs to him that, if he persists in Communism, he will have little or no chance of exchanging oratorical vows with his Euphemia. He at once resigns his post as a regenerator of society, and takes to carrying a sword-cane and a revolver; and soon afterwards he is shot down in Great Gerrard Street, Soho, and taken up for dead. All comes right in the end, however, and the correct Euphemia and the noble Oscar are duly made one. It is interesting to know that, in celebration of this auspicious event (as Dr. Mackay might say), "the bells of Swinburne ring merry peals" once more, and "largesses were given to all the local charities." It is cordially to be hoped that Lord and Lady Ravelstone are more entertaining to each other than Dr. Mackay has been able to make them to his readers, or they must certainly have found the state of marriage tedious.

In an underplot we are told of the loves of Lancelot Haughton and a farmer's daughter, Patty Tidy. Lancelot's story is more amusing than Oscar's, but it is not amusing enough, and even in the gentlest of gentle readers it will awaken nothing like enthusiasm. Doubtless Oscar was a meritorious young man, and thoroughly deserved his peerage and Euphemia; but, as nothing seems to have come of his "luck" but a very dull fiction, it seems almost a pity that he did not cling to the Commune, and get shot by some of Gallifet's troopers after the burning of Paris. As for Oscar's historian, it is evident that, write as he may, whether "idly" or with archiepiscopal "conscientiousness," he is far from entertaining as a novelist. He has done excellent work in his time, and it is matter for regret that he has been so ill-advised as to venture outside his peculiar province in letters, and to tempt fortune with a book so faulty and so uninteresting as *Luck; and What Came of It*. Dr. Mackay speaks with great scorn of Miss Braddon and Mr. Anthony Trollope. But most of those who read him will rate his claims to superiority very lightly indeed, and will feel inclined to wish, for their sake and his own, that he had done more to establish them than he has in the present publication.

#### MORSEHEAD'S HOUSE OF ATREUS.\*

MR. MORSEHEAD'S translation of the *Agamemnon* was noticed by us on its first publication, along with Mr. Browning's extraordinary "Transcript," which happened to appear at the same time. He has now completed the work by adding the two other plays of the Oresteian trilogy; and we may say with greater confidence, having the whole before us, what we said of the first instalment, that Mr. Morsehead has achieved one of the most successful of English verse translations from the Greek. He combines qualifications unhappily not always found together—scholarship up to the modern standard, poetical feeling, and a command of dramatic and natural English. The example of living English poets enables a translator at this day to extend his power by using archaisms and uncommon metrical forms with much more freedom than would have been practicable twenty years ago. Mr. Morsehead has wisely taken advantage of this. Much of his work in the choruses and lyric dialogue shows that he has studied Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris diligently, though not servilely; and, Mr. Swinburne being a devoted student and imitator of *Æschylus*, this was not only reasonable and natural, but specially appropriate. We do not profess to have minutely compared Mr. Morsehead's work with the half-dozen or more metrical versions of the Oresteia or of the *Agamemnon* which already exist, and of which two or three have great merit. But we know enough of them to feel justified in saying that Mr. Morsehead, while he yields to none of his predecessors in scholarship, has excelled them all in endowing his reproduction of *Æschylus* with the force and living spirit of English poetry. To attain this he has deliberately made some sacrifice of literalness. His English is never bald or tame. He will expand the sense of an important word rather than lose its power. In the choruses he has even renounced antistrophic correspondence, thus laying himself open to the charge of laxity at the hands of severe scholars. Our own opinion is, that in an ideal translation of *Æschylus*—the translation which Mr. Swinburne could give us if he would—the correspondence would be preserved. But, after all, the structure of a Greek chorus is a thing only half understood by scholars (for we have but a vague knowledge at best of the movements which the metrical systems accompanied, and which gave them their significance), and it is not understood at all by the English readers for whose

benefit translations are supposed to be made. Those who read Mr. Morsehead's verse without the Greek will never miss this feature. Those who do know the Greek will have it in the Greek, and will still find the translation acceptable as a companion to the original. It will not the less help them to grasp the poetical value of passages which, owing to textual and grammatical difficulties, it is difficult even for good scholars, reading them in the Greek, to appreciate as a whole with undisturbed enjoyment. This, we think, is by no means the least use of a good translation, and is particularly well supplied by Mr. Morsehead's.

We are dealing with a translator who can afford to be tested by difficult passages. Let us take one of Cassandra's speeches from the *Agamemnon* :—

ἐκ τῶνδε ποιικίς φημι βουλευέειν τινα  
λεόντ' ἀνάλκιν κ.τ.λ.—V. 1223.

Mr. Morsehead renders it thus :—

For this, for this, I say, there plots revenge  
A coward lion, crouching in the lair—  
Guarding the gate against my master's foot—  
My master—mine—I hear the slave's yoke now.  
And he, the lord of ships, who trod down Troy,  
Knows not the fawning treachery of tongue  
Of this thing false and dog-like—Low her speech  
Glozes and seeks her purpose, till she win,  
By ill fate's favour, the desired chance,  
Moving like Atë to a secret end.  
O aweless soul! the woman slays her lord—  
Woman? what loathsome monster of the earth  
Were in comparison? The double snake—  
Or Scylla, where she dwells, the seaman's bane,  
Girt round about with rocks? some bag of hell,  
Raving a treacherous curse upon her kin?  
Hark! for I hear her now, in aweless joy,  
Cry the stern cry that tells of battle turned!  
How fair, forsooth, to greet her chief restored!  
Nay then, believe me not: what skills belie,  
Or disbelieve? Fate works its will—and thou,  
Pitying, wilt say anon *Her tale was true*.

Any English reader can judge of the style and expression of this for himself; and those who will turn to the Greek will find that every point of the original is fairly made. Only one critical remark occurs to us, and that does not affect this passage standing by itself. The turning of an oblique into a direct construction in the last line of our extract is an artifice which Mr. Morsehead uses so constantly that, though perfectly fair in itself, it almost becomes a trick; and sometimes it is used on insufficient provocation, as in *Eum.* 691, where the words τὸ μὴ ἀδικεῖν are expanded into

Enjoining, *Thou shalt do no unjust thing.*

We are tempted to linger on various passages of the *Agamemnon*, such as Clytemnestra's speech over her husband's body, with its all but untranslatable note of triumph—

ἔσθηκα δ' ἐνθ' ἔπαυ' ἐν' ἐξερπασμένοις.

This is rendered by Mr. Morsehead—not without reminiscence of Mr. Browning in his happier moments—

All is avowed, and, as I smote, I stand  
With foot set firm upon a finished thing.

But we must pass on to the other plays of the trilogy. The *Choephore* is in one way somewhat easier for the translator than other Greek plays, for the very reason that makes it more troublesome to editors. Many of the lyric parts have come down to us, through the ignorance and blunders of successive generations of scribes, in such a state that we cannot say with anything like reasonable certainty what *Æschylus* wrote. There is reason to suspect that often the confusion has been worse confounded by rash attempts at emendation, and it is more than possible that the clue to the true sense and reading may be hopelessly defaced or lost. One process, not improbably commoner than we yet know, and a very destructive one, is the superseding of a rare word by an early gloss. The gloss itself is corrupted by clerical error, or is perceived by a later scribe to be inconsistent with the metre; in the latter case it is rudely emended without regard to context, or, it may be, the error is ascribed to a perfectly sound reading in the corresponding strophe, which is tampered with accordingly to the confusion of the whole passage. In this state of things all that can be expected of a translator is to give as best he can what he thinks on the whole the poet's general intention is most likely to have been; and this Mr. Morsehead has done with good judgment. We do not see that he has made use of an ingenious paper contributed last year to the *Journal of Philology* by Mr. A. W. Verrall, which contains in the first place a discussion of one of the most dislocated choruses in this play, and incidentally emendations of several other places in the Oresteia. Mr. Verrall's readings seldom fail to improve the poetical effect, and some of them are to our mind almost certainly right. Thus, in the *Choephore* Electra (or the Chorus?) describes Agamemnon's unhonoured burial :—

Aweless in hate, O mother, sternly brave!  
As in a foeman's grave  
Thou laid'st in earth a king, but to the bier  
No citizen drew near,—  
Thy husband, thine, yet for his obsequies  
Thou bad'st no wall arise!

Orestes replies with the bald and barely grammatical exclamation,

τὸ πᾶν δριμύς ἄλγας, οἶμοι,

which ought to mean, if it can, "Alas! it is our shame that thou dost speak" (Mr. Morsehead). Mr. Verrall, having amply shown

\* *The House of Atreus; being the Agamemnon, Libation-bearers, and Furies of Æschylus.* Translated into English Verse by E. D. A. Morsehead, M.A., &c. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

otherwise that *τὸ πᾶν* is a favourite corruption in the tragedians, and especially in this trilogy, conjectures

*ταφὴν ἀνιμῶν θεῶν, οἰμοί.*

*It was a felon's burial. Fie upon it!*

The reply becomes at once pertinent and pointed. Mr. Verrall's *τάφον* for *τὸ πᾶν* in v. 331 seems to us equally probable. His reconstruction of the choric ode aforesaid, at vv. 935-972, though too daring for an editor to adopt, contains material improvements of the sense which a translator might fairly profit by. However, Mr. Morhead could not be expected to go beyond the received text; and, indeed, his version may well have been written before Mr. Verrall's article appeared.

The chief difficulties in the *Choephore*, as we have said, are with the choruses. But Mr. Morhead does not relax his effort or miss his opportunities in the dialogue. Sometimes the ring of the best dramatic English is admirably caught, as when Orestes appeals to his countrymen as

Argive men,  
Minions of valour, who, with soul of fire,  
Did make of feneb'd Troy a ruinous heap.

So the short and stern exhortation of Pylades—

*ἀπαντας ἐχθροὺς τῶν θεῶν ἡγοῦ πλέον—*

is very happily given:—

Choose thou the hate of all men, not of Gods.

In the translation of the *Eumenides* the same excellence is maintained. The following extract from the last *stasimon* may be taken as a specimen:—

Know, that a throne there is that may not pass away.  
And one that sitteth on it—even Fear,  
Searching with steadfast eyes man's inner soul!  
Wisdom is child of pain, and born with many a tear;  
But who henceforth,  
What man of mortal men, what nation upon earth,  
That holdeth nought in awe nor in the light  
Of inner reverence, shall worship Right  
As in the older day?  
Praise not, O man, the life beyond control,  
Nor that which bows unto a tyrant's sway,  
Know, that the middle way  
Is dearest unto God, and they thereon who wend,  
They shall achieve the end;  
But they who wander or to left or right  
Are sinners in His sight.  
Take to thine heart this one—this soothfast word—  
Of wantonness, impiety is fire;  
Only from calm control and sanity unstirred  
Cometh true weal, the goal of every man's desire.

The translation, however, must be read as a whole to appreciate the fine perception with which the varying moods of the choric parts are realized, and the command of English verse with which they are expressed. It might have been an improvement to add a few notes calling the English reader's attention to the curiously technical character of the motive and argument running through the play. The dramatic subject is, in fact, the suit against Orestes for the slaying of his mother. It is taken up by the Erinyes as the supernatural avengers of blood, Orestes, who would have been one of the natural avengers, being himself the slayer. But otherwise the proceedings are strictly regular, and the ideas and practices of archaic criminal law are scrupulously observed. The saving "ballot of Athena," the casting vote which was never actually cast, is interesting as one of the earliest certain examples of a legal fiction. Probably this point of the Orestes legend was invented to furnish a precedent of indisputable authority for the humane practice of giving the accused the benefit of an equal division. The merely negative rule, that there could be no condemnation without a majority of condemning votes, did not satisfy the archaic legal mind. Something was wanted to turn the scale, and the *ψῆφος Ἀθηνᾶς* was opportunely discovered. The whole Oresteian trilogy, we need hardly add, is deeply interesting as an exposition of an order of religious and ceremonial ideas which was on the point of being broken up, or already breaking up, when Æschylus wrote.

#### MEMORIALS OF ROBERT SMITH CANDLISH, D.D.\*

THERE are perhaps many Scotch Freekirkers who will find it possible to read the whole of Dr. Wilson's bulky volume; other Scotchmen may read half of it; but we can scarcely conceive that an Englishman, unless he be a Calvinist and Presbyterian of the Scotch type, or unless it lie in the path of his duty as a reviewer, will be able to read even a quarter of it. Dr. Candlish deserved a biography, for with the exception of Dr. Chalmers he was the most prominent actor in the famous Disruption. The interval between the two men was certainly a wide one. There was something approaching to genius in Chalmers, which can hardly be said of Candlish; but he had a sufficiently distinctive character, and he did sufficiently notable work, to deserve a better biography than he has at length received, especially as he has waited longer for a biographer than some of his less eminent colleagues of the Disruption. The history of that epoch-making event in the ecclesiastical and religious life of modern Scotland has been related so often by Scotch historians and biographers, both from the

"Established" and the "Free" points of view, that we shall make no attempt to re-tell even the barest outline of it. In Free Kirk literature it is represented as the most magnificent, heroic, and self-sacrificing conflict of modern ecclesiastical history; in Established Kirk literature its heroes and saints are dwarfed into exceedingly cautious, canny, business-like, contriving Scots, who made very sure of their ground before they erected their new tents upon it. Its curious action upon England, or rather upon English Dissent, has never yet been fully traced out. The English Dissenting sects have been largely officered by Scotchmen, especially in the wealthy middle-class districts of London and the populous towns. The Scottish Disruption quickened their emulation, and the anti-State-Churchism, or so-called Liberationism, became, as it now remains, the prominent dogma—the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ* of the English Independents and Baptists, the successors of Owen and Tombes. The "Three Denominations," as the English Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists had hitherto been content to name themselves, suddenly discovered that their proper title was "The Free Churches," and a similar exchange of old titles for grandiloquent new ones was in time adopted by every subdivision of Wesleyan Methodism, if not by Quakers, Plymouth Brethren, Salvation Armies, and the various anti-clerical sects. Mr. Miall was a sort of spiritual child of Drs. Chalmers and Candlish, and his unEnglish dogma of Liberationism was grounded upon conceptions of the State and of the Church which were fundamentally Calvinistic and Scottish.

Dr. Wilson's method of writing biography is the worst possible. He has filled his book, as a dustman fills his cart, by heaping into it everything which he can collect, without spending thought and time upon a comparative probation of the materials. Long speeches, which any reader with a serious sense of the value of time would omit if he found them in a newspaper, are solemnly reproduced. He even prints the Doctor's letters describing Mrs. Candlish's tic, details of illnesses, small domestic nothings, state of the weather, drives and railway journeys, and the most ordinary household gossip. We began to count Dr. Candlish's weather reports, as reprinted by Dr. Wilson, but gave up the task—they are so numerous, and are not in the least descriptive; while many of the letters, and excerpts from letters, contain scarcely anything more solid. Amidst the broken saucepans, old bottles, and general heavy rubbish of Dr. Wilson's biographical cinder-heap, many valuable details lie hid, and the student of the "sociology" of sect-formation will here and there find something to reward him for the trouble of the search. Dr. Candlish's life falls naturally into three parts—first as a Conformist, secondly as a Nonconformist, lastly as a formal Dissenter or Separatist.

Robert Smith Candlish was born at Edinburgh in 1806. His father had been intended for the ministry, but found the Scotch Calvinist confession too narrow, and he was too clear and honest a man to "preach doctrines which," as he said, "I do not believe." He turned to medicine as his calling. He was a friend and correspondent of Burns. Indeed, the poet spoke of him to Hill the bookseller as "Candlish, the earliest friend, except my only brother, that I have on earth, and one of the worthiest fellows that ever any man called by the name of friend." He married Jane Smith, whom Burns included among his six Belles of Mauchlin:—"Miss Smith, she has wit." She was early left a widow, with two sons and two daughters, and with a very narrow income. Robert was her second son. He was never sent to a public school, but was educated by his mother, evidently a woman of fine character, "to whom he owed more," as Mr. Urquhart writes, "than to all his other teachers." She had other pupils, boys and girls. His elder brother, James, was cut off by typhus fever just as he was about to enter on his duties as professor of surgery; his contemporaries predicted a distinguished career for him both as physician and professor, and the mother used to say "Robert was naething thoct o' so long as James lived." Robert excelled as an athlete, and long retained his passion for swimming, running, climbing, and football; to these he added rowing, which he acquired at Eton, whither he went in 1826 as tutor to a young baronet, Sir Hugh Hume Campbell of Marchmont. He had entered the University of Glasgow in 1818 at the early age of thirteen; his name often appeared in the prize-lists; amongst the efforts by which he earned this distinction we find a vacation theme on the controversy between the Nominalists and Realists, and best essays on the Roman Dictatorship, Roman Censorship, and the poetical character of Aristophanes as displayed in the conception and execution of the *Clouds*. We imagine that the liberal and unpuritanical traditions of his father must have survived for some time in the family, for the two brothers were not only passionate lovers of the dramas and amateur actors, but whenever any celebrated actors visited Glasgow the youths were taken to the theatre. He entered the Divinity Hall in 1823, and left it in 1826. A letter to some of the professors asking them "to send the most able young man they could recommend to go to Eton as tutor" procured for Robert Candlish his early acquaintance with England. The young Scotchman's criticisms of English school life are fresh and entertaining. His stay at Eton confirmed his prejudices in favour of the Scotch system of education. "There is not much work done here," he wrote in May, 1837. "What with Saints' days (for in regarding Saints' days they are very orthodox), Founders' days, Bishops' days, &c., they have had one or two holidays, besides half-holidays, every week, in consequence

\* *Memorials of Robert Smith Candlish, D.D.* By William Wilson, D.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1880.

of which they get off half their verses as well as no small portion of their lessons. I do not see the benefit of their committing to memory so much as they do, more especially as they do not commit it perfectly. I think they read too many authors at the same time." He studied Barrow, whom he called his "model," read Bishop Horsley with warm admiration, and was very far from the Calvinism which he afterwards adopted. His letters from Eton to Scotland show his great anxiety that the Assembly of the National Kirk should break with some of its rigid traditions. "I hope for the credit of the Assembly," he wrote to Mr. Urquhart, "they will not be so selfish as to petition for the relief of Presbyterian Dissenters alone from the Test Act. Why not be consistent, and make the petition general? I wish they would add to it one for Catholic Emancipation. What a fine example of Christian charity and liberality would our Church then hold out to other Churches. But I fear we are still so bigoted as to wish only those of our own sect to enjoy perfect freedom and to be delivered from all civil disabilities." His language in later life was very different; he became one of the most frequent and acceptable of the public denouncers of "the Man of Sin," and Dr. Wilson gives long extracts from his fervid anti-Popery speeches. It is curious also to find that in early life he ventured to speak in defence of the patronage system. He held that it should not be altogether abolished, but that "the sale of it should be rendered illegal. I mean," he adds, "that it should be attached to the land, and, if possible, I should like to see some more effectual check than there is at present on the part of the people against its abuse." He left Eton for a short time in order to be examined by the Presbytery of Glasgow, but returned to fulfil his duties as tutor. His whole stay in England lasted nearly two years. In 1828 he was licensed as a preacher, and became assistant to Dr. Gavin Gibb, minister of St. Andrews, Glasgow, who was also Professor of Hebrew at the University. Dr. Gibb was evidently a "Moderate," and consequently obtains small notice from the biographer. Candlish himself was still far from being "Presbyterian True Blue," and probably still held the opinions he had expressed at Eton while reading *McOrie's Life of Andrew Melville*. "I cannot help smiling sometimes at McOrie's almost Quixotic admiration of the Reformers." He served next at Bonhill, as assistant to Mr. Gregor, a man of whom we should like to know more. Though he was "without much Evangelical fervour," as Dr. Wilson tells us, he had a rich fund of dry humour. After obtaining a curate, he refused to preach himself, to the loss of the people, as we should imagine. "What is the use," he asked, "of keeping a dog, and then barking yourself?" As a "Moderate," Mr. Gregor was a strict enforcer of morality, temperance, cleanliness, and other "deadly doing." One Sunday, after Candlish had preached, the old clergyman went up into the pulpit. The cholera was then about "first visiting this country," as Dr. Wilson says, and the aged pastor thought that he ought to give his flock a few useful hints about their self-preservation. His first point was cleanliness. "My friends," said he, "you may have heard of a substance that has been lately invented, called Mackintosh's patent cloth, which has the property of keeping out wet from the body. It has been found, however, that the wearing of this cloth is not very good for the health—while it keeps out the wet it has also the effect of keeping in the moisture of the body, and that is injurious. Now it stands to reason that a coating of dirt will have much the same effect as Mackintosh's patent cloth." His little sermon on temperance, which was aimed at the country gentlemen rather than at the poor, was equally pointed. "I used to think, my friends, that a glass of toddy after dinner was good for digestion. But I have come to have some doubt about it. You may have seen in the windows of apothecaries' shops various animal substances in glass jars, preserved in spirits. Now, if spirits have the effect of preserving animal substances, they can hardly be good for digestion. But you must not think it is only spirits about which you need be careful, for I can tell you that if you get drunk on port wine you will not be sober for a week." Candlish himself still had the dark reputation of being a "Moderate." When he was trying to obtain the Assistantship of St. George's, Edinburgh, "the vile report," as he himself wrote at this period, "the vile report of Moderation was revived." Perhaps his eagerness to purge himself of this eccentric calumny, which interfered with his advance in his profession, first moved him to turn his face in that direction which ended in formal Dissent. At his first entry upon his work as assistant-minister of an important church in the capital, he showed no trace of Nonconformity, still less of formal Dissent. He was loud in his praise of Dr. Chalmers for his "grand assertion of the great principle of a National Church." His view of Scottish ecclesiastical affairs was extremely pessimist. "The Church here," he wrote in February 1854, "is truly in danger. A Radical magistracy, and an infidel or semi-infidel population, urged on by our Political Dissenters—who seem to have merged their spiritual calling and their religious duties in the work of revolutionary agitation—these are formidable adversaries." By his passage out of the camp of the "Moderates" into the camp of the Evangelicals, Candlish himself soon became a revolutionary agitator. The stages of this change are not clearly defined by his biographer. It is evident that he fretted somewhat in his position as a mere curate. "These assistantships," he complained, "are not good. They give too much duty with too little weight. A man cannot tell what he is—he is neither fish nor flesh. He cannot assume the status of a minister, and yet he is in the situation of one." He had a call from the congregation of the Regent Square Presby-

terian Church in London, the pastorship of which "had become vacant by the removal of Edward Irving," and he showed his prudence by declining to succeed that brilliant but erratic giant. Thirty-four years later, in a funeral sermon on Dr. James Hamilton of Regent Square Chapel, Candlish said that he "narrowly escaped" being the pastor of the remnant of Irving's congregation; but the story as told by Dr. Wilson seems to show that his preference for Edinburgh was cool and deliberate. His assistantship did not last long. Young as he was, he soon obtained his coveted independence, and became incumbent of the important parish of St. George. Dr. Wilson gives him a high character as a parochial organizer; but it is evident that he soon began to regard the world, or at least Scotland, as his parish. He threw himself, heart and soul, with great physical strength, and with no ordinary powers as a casuist and debater, into the fight against patronage and the struggle for "Christ's Crown." We need scarcely say that he was inferior to his colleague Chalmers in pure eloquence. But the Free Kirk cause owes something to his early "worldly" culture and his boyish dramatic exercises; nature was against him, art and labour alone enabled him to overcome the screeching voice, the extravagant gesticulation, and the awkward manner which he at first exhibited in the pulpit. As a casuist, however, we are inclined to place him far before Chalmers. Both these eminent Disrupters had been passionate advocates for the nationality of the Church. When the logic of events forced them to become formal Dissenters from the very Church whose nationality they had hitherto asserted, they had to provide themselves and their fellow-separatists of the Free Kirk with a pseudo-nationality. The new Society which they had created had not merely to assert, like other sects, that it was the true Church of Christ; it had also to declare itself the genuine and ancient and historical Church of Scotland. To cut a branch off an oak, and then to prove that it is the original tree, and that the old trunk itself is a mere schismatical offshoot, is a hard task for the most facile of casuists. Dr. Candlish was a thoroughly honest man, but we find it difficult to understand how his quaint arguments could ever have satisfied himself and his fellow Freekirkers. In 1855, twelve years after the formation of the Free Church, during a propagandist campaign, Dr. Candlish solemnly made the following statement at a public meeting in Glasgow:—"The date of the existence of the present Established Church of Scotland is 1843. The date of our existence is 1560." The rationalistic free-handling of Holy Scripture in the Free Kirk of 1881, at which the doctrinal successors of Chalmers and Candlish are staggered and appalled, may possibly be the natural outcome of Dr. Candlish's rationalistic free-handling of chronology and history at the beginning of the movement. His free-and-easy elaboration of his amazing chronological hypothesis is simply a statement and not an argument. Each old Established parochial kirk was to be doubled by a new Free parochial kirk, and each old Established manse by a new Free manse; and the Scottish people were to be urged to extinguish the debts contracted by this wholesale and ubiquitous sectarian competition upon the plea that the new kirk was the old one, and that the old kirk was a new one. "We can trace our unbroken pedigree," said Dr. Candlish, "through many vicissitudes, trials, and persecutions, from that eventful year when first the General Assembly met in Scotland; by all the historical signs and marks which can possibly identify a national Church, we can certainly trace our descent, far more clearly than any bishop can trace back his to the apostles. That being our position, we are not, in the exercise of any false or spurious charity, to be found for a moment admitting that the Established Church as it now exists is a Church of older date than the last thirteen years." On these novel principles of destructive historical criticism, it is evident that if the Ritualists, or the Evangelicals, or the Latitudinarians were to take themselves out of the Church of England in 1881, and set up a new communion, the actual and ancient *Ecclesia Anglicana* of the great Charter and the Act of Uniformity would immediately enter upon the first year of its existence. There was a hard grain of logic in the midst of this egregious assumption of the Freekirkers that a runaway daughter is three hundred years older than her mother. After asserting that the wholesale excommunication of a tercentenarian Established Church by an infant Free Church was "entirely consistent with the purest and widest exercise of Christian charity," Dr. Candlish added the one only true remark in his apology for the Scottish schism: "but, be that as it may, they are the views which, in consistency, the Free Church must hold, maintain, and avow in the face of all the world." There can be no doubt of it, and the fact that such an hypothesis was demanded by their position is the severest possible condemnation of that position. The creation of the Free Kirk, which looked superficially like a gorgeous outward triumph of the Scottish-Calvinistic theory of the Church, synchronized with the internal breaking-up of Scottish Calvinism. Three years after the formation of the new Kirk, J. M. Campbell wrote to Thomas Erskine, "The Calvinism of Scotland is breaking up fast." We take leave to add that the break-up is significantly perceptible in that very community which was separated and organized with the very object of perpetuating the Calvinism of Scotland.



## RECENT POETRY.\*

IN reviewing Miss Robinson's *Handful of Honeysuckle*, three years ago, we drew attention at once to the singular promise of that remarkable little volume, and to the danger which its author ran in imitating the foibles and weaknesses of a mannered school. The original poems which follow the translation that heads our list prove unmistakably that the poetess has listened to the voice of her more sober critics, and has not been intoxicated by the chorus of praise which greeted her first book. Miss Robinson has yet much to learn and to gain before we can accept her as one of the recognized band of living English poets; but we may truthfully say that there are not many candidates for this honour, among the younger generation, whose work is more interesting and promising than hers. Perhaps the best sign about her new book is that she has completely broken away from the pretty affectations that gave her first book vogue with a certain class of readers, but which made others doubtful of her final success. That she has chosen to herald her new poems by a translation of one of the tragedies of Euripides is probably nothing more than a desire to emulate the poetesses of the generation immediately preceding her own, and to claim no less proficiency in Greek than has been proved by Mrs. Browning, Miss Anna Swanwick, and Mrs. Augusta Webster. The translation has been well carried out and carefully revised; in limpid style and general success of treatment it equals the performances of the ladies just mentioned, and presents, on the whole, a very creditable waste of energy, and a very uninteresting display of talent. But the "Red Clove," the first of the original poems, restores us at once to attention and vivacity. It is a versification into *ottava rima* of a strangely pathetic and ingenious story by the old novelist Giraldo Cinthio, and is in every way a remarkable piece of writing. The vigour of narrative style, the tenderness of touch, the feminine intensity and delicacy of passion, which inform this little romance of fifty stanzas give us a right to expect excellent work from Miss Robinson in the future. No recent poet, no verse-writer since Mr. Morris, has told a story so fluently, and her manner is entirely different from that of Mr. Morris. Among other narratives in verse we commend the suitably story of "The Gardener of Sinope" more than the ballad of "Captain Ortis' Booty," which is too much in Mr. Browning's manner. "The Lake of Charlemain" is a very striking piece, and in "Una Selva Oscura" we find a reverie of great beauty and solemnity. Some of the sonnets are of a very high merit. On the other hand, "On a Reed Pipe" seems to us weak and insincere, and the series of "London Studies" almost puerile. It is plain that, although Miss Robinson has made a great advance in her art, she is still not perfect in it, and in a purely lyrical sense we find nothing in the new volume quite so good as "And shall I weep that Love's no more?" But all readers of poetry should turn to the "Red Clove," one of the most charming contributions to poetic story that we have met with for a long while. We have space only to quote the closing stanza:—

For long she lay alone below the shade  
Of laurel trees that yet her memory keep;  
Since never again her husband came, nor made  
Atonement for a woe too grave and deep.  
She lay alone till mourning lovers laid  
Her true Antonio in her tomb to sleep;  
And they that buried him beside his love  
Found, on the shapeless dust, a blossoming clove.

In reviewing *Bible Tragedies* we pass, as Mr. Swinburne would say, from "the youngest to the oldest singer, that England bears." Mr. Horne has been before the public so many years, and has reaped so many honours, that he can hardly expect us to exercise our privilege of criticism upon his latest work with complete freedom of speech. That the octogenarian poet should still write at all is in itself a marvel; that he should write so well is singular indeed. There is no prefatory note to tell us that either of the three dramas here presented to us has been printed before, but all students of literature will be aware that the third, "Judas Iscariot; a Mystery," is a reprint of *Judas Iscariot; a Miracle Play*, published, with other poems, as long ago as 1848. This is recognized as containing some of Mr. Horne's finest passages of blank verse, although from the nature of the story, and the bondage which a Scripture theme inflicts upon a dramatist, not so many of his vigorous tragic situations. In comparing the text of 1881 with that of 1848 we do not find that many alterations have been made; what have been adopted refer mainly to the first act, and consist in concisions and a few slight additions. We are glad to see that the noble close of the tragedy, the dramatic agony of Judas, remains unaltered. Nothing that Mr. Horne has written surpasses this final soliloquy in grandeur and passion; nothing proves him to be so near in kindred to the great Elizabethans. We cannot say that the two new dramas equal *Judas Iscariot* in poetic fire. *John the Baptist* is too closely moulded upon the words of Scripture, which lose alike their dignity and their force by being dragged into the very body of blank verse. But it con-

tains some charming choral passages, as this, spoken after John's decease by his sorrowing disciples:—

We followed thee, like moens that turn  
Around a planet, and receive  
The orbit course wherein they live,—  
Pure fire in each transparent urn,  
Which glorifies, yet does not burn.

And this, which is full of Mr. Horne's peculiar manner of thinking and writing:—

The prickly-pear's bush clumps the shore,—  
Rich carmine movements fill its breast,—  
The mastic, cypress, sycamore  
Have inward currents without rest:  
The shell-fish, close-lock'd, graved in sand,  
Beneath the wave knows sea from land,  
While in deep darkness tremulous,—  
But nothing moves in John's dark house!

For "Rahman," an apocryphal book of Job's wife, written in chapter and verse, after the manner of the Authorized Version of the Bible, we have no sympathy. We regret that Mr. Horne should have allowed himself to be persuaded to publish what, in spite of the author's genius, is no more fit to be regarded as literature than the *Proverbial Philosophy* or the translation of the Book of Jasher.

Among those who take verse to be their friend, and not their mistress, and cultivate an elegant accomplishment rather than follow an irresistible impulse, Professor Nichol takes a high place. He has practised poetry, as the dates of the pieces in his present volume prove, from early youth, and he is almost too well equipped in all that forethought and scholarship can secure for him. His verses are severe, intellectual, and interesting; but they are rarely moving, and perhaps never charming. They move stiffly, without speed or fire; and the reader never turns back to a piece that he has passed to secure a repetition of a remembered pleasure. Yet it would be unjust to deny the great merit of such a sustained exercise in blank verse as *The Death of Themistocles*. Like the *Hannibal* of the same writer, it never sinks to poverty of expression, never soars into bombast; it is dignified, careful, conscientious work throughout. The smaller pieces are less to our taste; and a quotation from the "Epilogue," which is one of the cleverest of them, will give a not unfair idea of Professor Nichol's poetical manner at its best, as well as an indication of the causes of his general failure:—

Aphrodite wooed and won me, rising roseate from the sea,  
When the spring of life was flushing, and the fresh blood throbbing free;  
Swift-heeled Hermes, bright thoughts bringing, Phœbus, wars and  
wisdoms singing,  
Twining Nymphs and Graces lured me, ere my longing set on thee:  
Donna Vera, Donna Vera!  
Then the solemn gloom and glories of the dim transition days,  
Vestals chanting Roman anthems, Covenanters, Hebrew lays—  
Broken fragments of thy meaning, simple Faith's impatient gleaning—  
Held me in religious rapture, till thy Presence broke the maze,  
Donna Vera, Donna Vera!

This is all very well; but this is not the temperament of the poet. The poet remains a child in love, in faith, even in disregard, sometimes, of "Donna Vera." Professor Nichol is grown up, he is a disenchanted adult, and for this life at least he cannot take the poet's place, and "become as a little child." There are some heights unattainable even to the robust sceptic.

The four volumes that lie before us to-day are curiously distinct from one another in aim and quality, while alike in possessing merits that lift them far above the ordinary average of current verse. But the anonymous author of *Dorothy* has produced a poem that is so unique in form and matter that, in comparison with it, Miss Robinson seems to be a lyrist of the school of Professor Nichol, and *The Death of Themistocles* undistinguishable from *Judas Iscariot*. The story and the treatment alike are homely in the extreme, as homely as those employed by Clough in the *Bohio of Tober-na-Fuolich*, but they are sustained and illuminated by at least as much distinction of style. Dorothy is a maid of all work at White Rose Farm, where she was born of a mother as humble as herself, whose beauty had betrayed her to a young man of fashion staying for the shooting at the Castle hard by. The daughter has inherited the refinement of the father combined with the lovely features of the mother, and possesses a gravity and depth of character that is all her own. The head gamekeeper, Mr. Robert, falls in love with her and marries her, after her having successfully withstood the wiles of the nephew of her unknown father. The plot is very slight indeed; the merit of the poem consists in its accurate and incisive studies of country life, which reveal a new landscape poet, and in its exquisite use of dialect in familiar conversation. As long as the rustic characters are alone together there is not a fault in truth of tone, but the gentlefolks are more conventionally drawn. It is very difficult to quote with satisfaction from a poem that rests its claim to our attention not on workmanship, but on interest of narrative and sustained freshness and vigour. But this picturesque description of ploughing may perhaps be separated from its context with as little injury as any other:—

Oh, how delightful to see the exquisite sweep of the furrows  
Climbing in regular lines over the side of the hill!  
Stretching in beautiful curves, as it seems at a distance, but really  
Straight as the strings of a harp; ranged in great octaves, like them.  
For you shall see, in the sun, all purple and steely and shining,  
Ranges of long bright lines, all of them strictly alike;  
But at the end of each range, at equal intervals always,  
Comes a great deep base line, carved like a trench—as it is.

\* *The Crowned Hippolytus*. Translated from Euripides. With New Poems. By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

*Bible Tragedies*. By Richard Hengist Horne. London: Newman & Co.  
*The Death of Themistocles; and other Poems*. By John Nichol. Glasgow: J. Maclellan.

*Dorothy: a Country Story in Elegiac Verse*. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

*Poems*. By Oscar Wilde. London: David Bogue.

**Masterly art, in its way, and noble, the art of the ploughman!**

Well might our Dorothy feel proud of its glory and joy!  
For she was ploughing too; in the cool sweet air of October  
She too was out with the morn, scoring the slopes of the hill.  
Under a hedge by the wood stood her plough, with its yoke-tree of scarlet—  
Symbol of all good work—waiting till Dolly should come;  
Till she had harness'd the team, and with Billy the boy to attend her,  
Rode on the foremost horse, fresh for her labour of love.

The rural part of the poem would be almost perfect, if it was not for a certain slightly vulgar insistence on the horny palms of the heroine. We easily grant to the poet the hard hands of his Dorothy, but we do not like to have them thrust upon us on every occasion. Yet the poem is original and beautiful, and seems to us sure of retaining a place in the minor poetical literature of the age.

Mr. Wilde's verses belong to a class which is the special terror of reviewers, the poetry which is neither good nor bad, which calls for neither praise nor ridicule, and in which we search in vain for any personal touch of thought or music. The author possesses cleverness, astonishing fluency, a rich and full vocabulary, and nothing to say. Mr. Wilde has read Messrs. Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, and Rossetti with great pleasure, and he has paid them the compliment of copying their mannerisms very naively; indeed, it might be fairly said that his book is little more than a cento of reminiscences from these poets. The great fault of all such writing as this is the want of literary sincerity that it displays. For instance, Mr. Wilde brings in to his verse the names of innumerable birds and flowers, because he likes the sound of their names, not because he has made any observation of their habits. He thinks that the meadow-sweet and the wood-anemone bloom at the same time, that that shy and isolated flower the harebell "breaks across the woodland" in masses "like a sudden flash of sea," and that owls are commonly met with in mid-ocean. But worse than this profuse and careless imagery is the sensual and ignoble tone which informs a large proportion of the poems, and for which the plea of youth is scarcely sufficient excuse. So much talk about "grand cool flanks" and "crescent thighs" is decidedly offensive, and we have no wish to know that the writer ever "paddled with the polished throat" of his lady-love. The book is not without traces of cleverness, but is marred everywhere by imitation, insincerity, and bad taste.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES, 1640.\*

**MR. HAMILTON**, in his preface to this volume, has barely exceeded the two-score and ten pages to which he was limited by the official economy of the Master of the Rolls. But his elucidations, with the exception of a page or so on the not very novel topic of publishing the debates of the Houses, contain nothing that is superfluous. Among the many reflections which naturally suggest themselves as one turns over the records of such a time as the first two-thirds of the year 1640 were to England (for we are not here taken beyond the month of August), is the trite thought how well it is for men not to be able to see into the future awaiting them. People must eat and drink, and marry and give in marriage, and talk scandal about the Romish inclinations of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and nonsense about Platonic love, even though there is gloom in the heavens and a trembling, as of a coming storm, in the atmosphere around. But to keep a high heart and an unshaken spirit in the midst of signs and warnings crowding upon one another like the trees which marched against Macbeth—to insist, for instance, as Strafford did, upon the vigorous conduct of a war which he had deemed it impolitic to begin—this is impossible without a hopefulness which nothing but ignorance of the future can either explain or justify. For us, who are wise about the past by no merit of our own, there is of course a peculiar—what Thirlwall might have called an ironical—interest in becoming better acquainted with the hopes and the schemes, the passions and the delusions, of such a time; and, as these are successively recalled, many opportunities present themselves for indulging in that irresistible kind of historical speculation—an inquiry whether things might not have been better managed with a little more foresight, such as time has *ex post facto* vouchsafed to us.

It can hardly be denied that hitherto considerable obscurity has surrounded one of the most memorable episodes in our Parliamentary history—the dissolution, after a Session of three weeks, of the so-called Short Parliament. It is of course well known that the King's object in summoning that Parliament had been the obtaining of supplies for his projected renewal of the war against the Scots, and that this object was defeated by the refusal of the Commons to vote supplies until their grievances should have been debated and redressed. It is likewise well known that, in appealing to the Parliament for assistance "against the rebellion of his subjects of Scotland," King Charles and his counsellors hoped great things from the moral effect of the production of evidence bearing on what Olarendon calls the "activity" of the Scots "with foreign princes," and more especially of the famous letter purporting to be addressed by Scottish nobles *au roy*; but that the Commons received these revelations with the utmost indifference, and could not be persuaded to treat them as decisive elements in the situation. What, however, is now for the first time shown to be at least extremely probable is that the assembly summoned to make possible a war against the Scots very nearly

ended by blessing them altogether, and that a consequent desire to avert such a catastrophe prompted the King, *while the matter of the supplies was still undecided*, to dissolve the Parliament.

Though Charles I. saw more clearly than his English advisers the seriousness of the Scottish rebellion, he was as blind as they to the temper of the English constituencies, and therefore to the probable result of the elections. May and Olarendon are at one as to the sobriety and moderation displayed by the new House of Commons. To how great an extent it was composed of gentlemen of position is manifest from the fact that a serious difficulty was apprehended in carrying on the military preparation throughout the country during the absence at Westminster of so many deputy-lieutenants and justices of the peace. Grievances might accordingly be expected to be well represented, even if members were not always furnished with so direct a commission as the two representatives of Northamptonshire named in the following petition of the freeholders:—

That of late we have been unusually and insupportably charged, troubled and grieved in our consciences, persons, and estates by innovation in religion, exactions in Spiritual courts, molestations of our most Godly and learned ministers, ship money, monopolies, undue impositions, army money, waggon money, horse money, conduct money, and enlarging the forest beyond the ancient bounds, and the like, for not yielding to which things, or some of them, divers of us have been molested, distrained, and imprisoned. We have entrusted John Crewe, Esq., and Sir Gilbert Pickering, Knt. and Bart., chosen Knights for this country, to present these our grievances, desiring you to take them into your consideration, and that they may for the present be redressed. And that it may be so ordered that we may have a Parliament once a year, as by law we ought, 4 Edw. iii. stat. 4, 36 Edw. iii. stat. 10, for preventing the like inconveniences for the time to come.

None of the complaints so glibly enumerated in this document were likely to be forgotten by the majority of the new House of Commons and its eloquent leader—least of all the religious grievances, which in truth he placed in the forefront of the most famous speech of the Session. The Puritan sentiments of the majority, which might have furnished a sufficient index of the view likely to be taken by the House of the Scottish difficulty, can have been no secret; but the degree of importance attaching to them may have been still considered open to doubt. Indeed it may be that the Court party had not yet come to understand what Puritanism really signified as a positive force. The term was of course still a mere nickname, and, as a member of the Short Parliament told the House,

a word that must not be considered only as consisting of a few letters, but according to the manifold use the Devil makes of it; for this word in the mouth of a drunkard doth mean a sober man, in the mouth of an Armenian [*sic*] it means an orthodoxian, in the mouth of a Papist it means a Protestant, and so it speaks to shame a man out of all religion if a man will be ashamed to be saved, and if this name be once put upon a man, you may lay hands upon him as upon St. Paul, 40 stripes save one, yea it is well if he escape whole with his limbs and members.

In itself the idea was by no means ill conceived, to secure the support of an assembly containing such elements as these by boldly appealing to its patriotic sympathies, and to leave over till after the subsidies had been voted the question as to what grievances should be taken into consideration. As Mr. Hamilton observes, this method of procedure—so far as order of sequence was concerned—had been successfully adopted by Strafford in Ireland, where, however, the Crown possessed the sole right of initiating legislation. But in the present instance the fault of the deftly constructed edifice of hopes lay in the absence of a basis. Tractable as it might be or seem to be, this Parliament was not one to be either overawed or corrupted; and the appeal to its sympathies proved a mere *coup manqué*. When the Lord Keeper had produced the terrible letter to the French King, the Commons were obviously indisposed to take the worst view of it, and indeed were willing to accept some such innocent interpretation of its contents as Lord Loudoun had offered in the Tower, together with his plea of its being in any case covered by the Act of Oblivion. Even the hope which the "Cabinet Council" (or what was soon to be called so) based upon the seizure of the person who was to have been the intermediary between the Covenanters and King Louis broke down. In the first instance, the wrong person was arrested—James Colville instead of his brother William; and when by a stroke of luck (for the Earl of Leicester, our ambassador, had manifested a very pardonable slackness about moving in the matter) the right man was at last in hand, the time had long passed away for Parliamentary capital being made out of whatever disclosures might be elicited from him. The Crown, therefore, had to trust to ordinary means of action. When the great debate of the Session, carried on from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon, had concluded with a vote to the effect that a grant of supplies without at least a definite assurance of the redress of the principal grievances would be an example "dangerous to posterity," some amount of concession on the part of the Crown had manifestly become indispensable, unless an end was to be put to the present Parliament at once. And, in point of fact, after a very futile proposal to the Commons, and a singularly clumsy attempt suggested by Strafford to convert them with the help of a resolution of the Lords, a very considerable concession was actually offered. On condition of twelve subsidies being granted to him forthwith, to be paid within three years, the King promised not only to cease the levy of ship-money, but to consent to its utter abolition, besides undertaking to pay as much and as speedy attention as possible to grievances. It is quite clear that the House of Commons was unprepared to accept

\* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I., 1640.* Edited by W. D. Hamilton. 1880.

so restricted an offer; and it is very possible that Ministerial mismanagement, personally explicable or otherwise, failed to give effect to the wise proverb that, if a door is to be kept open at all, it ought to be kept open wide. At the same time, some special explanation seems necessary to account for the sudden dissolution, under circumstances betokening extraordinary haste, of the Parliament, before it had yet spoken its last word. Mr. Hamilton's papers, taken together with his comments, make it more than probable that the House of Commons had resolved upon recommending to the King a reconciliation with the Scots. It was, after all, the course which would have saved King Charles what he was destined afterwards to lose. But it was not in such self-humiliation as this that he gloried. He dissolved the Parliament with what one might almost be tempted to call an audacious grace, for (if Rosingham can be trusted) he

old both Houses he would command a free and a rich people, not denying his subjects either proprietary in their goods or liberty of their persons; and concerning their grievances, he believed there were some grievances in the Commonwealth, for his Majesty did not believe there could be any Government so perfect as to be without some grievances, which he would willingly relieve as well out of Parliament as in Parliament, which his people should find.

The comment of history upon the unfortunate King's blind self-confidence is not exhausted by the events of the summer and autumn of the year 1640. The raising of money was not to be the worst, as neither was it the most unaccustomed, of his difficulties; on the whole, the Aldermen of the City appear to have been as "dry and choky," and to have needed as much "pressing" ere they "yielded a great deal of fat oil" (to borrow Sir Kenelm Digby's irreverent expressions), before as after the dissolution. But how perilously to many of the King's truest friends the ground must have seemed to quake beneath their feet, when they gradually learnt with what soldiers the contest was to be waged in which the Parliament had refused to give material or moral support to the Crown. It appears that the total of the men in the trained-bands in England and Wales (with the exception of the Northern counties, which were, doubtless not without good reason, left out) amounted to little short of 80,000 men, out of whom 30,000 were to be taken for the King's army. If, however, the spirit in which the trained-bands in general responded to this proposal was that which appears in a petition sent up by those of two hundreds in Hertfordshire to the Deputy-Lieutenants, the levy itself must have been productive of bad blood. The excesses in which some of the pressed English soldiery indulged, as related by the vivacious pens of Sir Kenelm Digby and Edmund Rosingham, are all but incredible in their sanguinary violence; as Sir Kenelm very mildly puts it to Lord Conway, "Riillery apart, people are strangely disinclined and untoward, and you must wonderfully alter their dispositions to do anything of importance with them." Meanwhile, from across the border had come trustworthy "information written to the King," how that the Scots had "provided three for one they were the last time, besides their recruits they are preparing by daily training of men to that effect, so that they are minded to be 100,000 in all, besides their trained bands, which will be well armed and appointed ready to venture their lives in defence of their liberties, laws, religion, and families." No such enthusiasm could, from the nature of the case, be stirred up in the English soldiers, who suspected their very officers of being secret Papists. Perhaps Francis Windebank the younger (considering his family connexions) might have been so suspected with fair reason; but he at least was equal to the occasion, for he writes concerning his men that,

finding their humour, on their first day's march, I desired them all to kneel down and to sing psalms, and made one of my officers read prayers, which pleased them not a little; and, being very familiar with them at first, giving them drink, and stinking tobacco of 6d. a lb., I gained their love, so that they all swear they will never leave me—and indeed I have not had one man run away yet in this nine days' march; but other captains of our regiment, who marched a week before us, are so fearful of their soldiers they dare not march with them. I have all my men in so great obedience that all the country pray for me, saying they never met with such civil soldiers.

Mr. Hamilton, who has a particularly keen eye for characteristic details, has noted at the close of his preface several matters of interest incidentally occurring in this volume. The list might be increased; but we will content ourselves with referring to one or two passages connected with University history, of which one could hardly expect to hear much in such a year as 1640. But a tyrannical system of government is tyrannical in all directions; and nowhere were the encroachments of the Crown in the earlier as well as in the later Stuart reigns more bitterly resented than at the Universities. The Royal interference in the matter of appointments to fellowships is here illustrated in the case of Christ's College, Cambridge, whose scruples about obeying a Royal mandate moved the courtly anger of the Bishop of Ross. Elsewhere is a curious petition from the Principal, Fellows, and Scholars of Jesus College, Oxford, who, in accents which would go straight to the heart of Lord Aberdare's Commission, in the name of the principality of Wales ask to be allowed to annex a certain lane adjoining the College, which lane "at present is of no use but for beggars to nestle in who may be provided for elsewhere." Lastly, we have yet another petition, from the Mayor and Aldermen of Cambridge, for the restoration of Stourbridge fair (where in Skelton's day *Syllogisari* was drowned) to its home in Barnwell-fields, whence it had been banished for two years "because of the late plague in several parts of the Kingdom, especially London."

This was certainly vicarious penance, as in London itself (according to Collier) the prohibition of stage plays for the same reason had been taken off in the summer of 1638. Yet another year or two, and both London and Cambridge were to lose all thought of revels.

JAMES WOODFORD.\*

IT seems that Professor Seeley once made a request to Mr. Solly that he should write an historical sketch of the Chartist movement from his own personal recollections. This Mr. Solly, for what reason he does not state, "could not offer" the Professor; but he offers him instead this book. Professor Seeley was undoubtedly right in thinking that a history of Chartism by one of the few persons who, not being of the so-called working class, had something to do with it, would be a valuable contribution to historical literature. It is, indeed, not a little curious that no such history exists. There were, it is true, not many middle-class or upper-class sympathizers with the movement, which from the first identified itself with the blustering demagogism of Feargus O'Connor, the visionary republicanism of some of his more respectable associates, and the atrocious projects of the lower physical-force men. But there were some, and among them were men of intelligence and literary ability. Nor is the movement a thing of such a remote past that no survivors of these should be expected to be left. It did not begin much more than forty years ago; it is not much more than thirty since it ended. Probably the explanation of the fact is that the middle and upper class sympathizers with Chartism were almost of necessity either men of such weak judgment and small intellectual power that any such work was almost impossible to them, or else men of a sensitive and enthusiastic temperament, who were likely to be too disgusted by the miserable collapse of the movement to dare to take up in cold blood the history of their own disappointment and disillusion. However this may be, Mr. Solly produces a kind of *testamentum* from Lovett to his own connexion (as an outsider, it is true) with the movement as early as 1841, and says that a Lancashire mill-hand lately remarked, "Thao gentelfolk know nowt about us 'cept Solly; he do know summat." It is something, no doubt, to possess such a certificate of combined gentility and knowledge; but the fact hardly excuses Mr. Solly for giving Mr. Seeley the stone of a not very good fiction instead of the bread of a sober history.

The objections to which *James Woodford* is exposed are very serious ones. In the first place, it inevitably challenges comparison with *Alton Locke*, and as inevitably comes badly out of that comparison. The earlier book, with all its drawbacks, was the work, and in some respects the best work, of a writer who wanted but a little of being a great genius. Kingsley, with the artistic sense of a born man of letters, chose his hero so that he could make that hero speak and write as he would himself have spoken and written, without inconsistency. The book was written when the writer's sympathies with the subject and his powers of composition were both at their freshest, and it thus has an abiding interest which its sentimentalism, its characteristic inaccuracies of fact, and the collapse, only less memorable and remarkable than the collapse of Chartism itself, of the curious adaptation of Christianity, which the writer strove to establish, have not sensibly impaired even at this distance of time. *James Woodford*, on the other hand, purports to be the work of an illiterate carpenter, licked into shape by a beneficent editor. It is full of the cut-and-dried expressions which, in our own opinion (though we confess we cannot produce such testimonials to competence as Mr. Solly can), working-men use oftener in novels and on the stage than in real life. Its narrative, though not wholly devoid of interest, is clumsily managed; the characters are wooden and commonplace types, and, above all, the history and the fiction, Mr. James Woodford and Mr. Henry Solly are mingled in such a bewildering fashion that the reader, after trying for some time to separate them, is likely to throw away the book in a rage unless he has the conscience of a reviewer or an historical student, or, better still, of both together. The object—not a bad one in itself—appears to be to show the movement as it appeared to one of its cooler-headed and less enthusiastic partisans who had nothing special to complain of in his own condition, and was rather drawn in by the heat and passion of his associates than by any clearly understood convictions or plans of his own. This is a difficult situation to work out, and Mr. Solly has not overcome the difficulty. The drift of his book as it actually stands seems to be to show that the average Chartist, and by implication the average working-man, is, or, at any rate, was, such an utter fool that he can or would be made to join any senseless agitation which blatant speakers of his own class, and still more of a class above his own, instigate; that he is of so low a moral tone that jealousy of his equals invariably dislocates any combined movement for such agitation; and that he generally follows the loudest voice and the toughest lungs. It is true that James Woodford is of the Lovett faction rather than the O'Connor faction, that he utterly detests and abjures physical force, and so on. But what Mr. Solly has not made him show is that he had any reason to be a Chartist at all. Throughout the book there are vague allusions to tyranny; but it is not observable that Mr. Woodford suffered any. He

\* *James Woodford, Carpenter and Chartist*. By Henry Solly. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

was once wrongfully imprisoned. But this was the result of an abominable plot on the part of some of his own order who were jealous of him, and the hated aristocrats were in no way responsible for it. He was dismissed from some work because he was a Chartist; but he got plenty more at once, and seems to have been a tolerably prosperous person from his boyhood when he came to London as an apprentice to his middle age, when we leave him a builder with hundreds of workmen—let us hope not a jerry builder. If he has no wrongs, neither have his friends. *Alton Locke* did, indeed, indicate in the sufferings of the tailors a *vera causa* for disaffection. But, according to Mr. Woodford, all his own associates could always get plenty of work at fair wages whenever they chose to keep sober, which in very many instances they do not choose. The ravings and denunciations of Mr. David Roberts, Woodford's friend, and the violent Chartist of the book, as Woodford is the moderate, become, therefore, not merely unsympathetic, but unintelligible. The fury in the words is perceivable enough, but the words are meaningless. The few passages of actual historical sketch are by a curious irony much the best, and those of the Newport riot, the Kennington Common meeting, and the Orange Street conspiracy (the last is unfortunately mixed up with fictitious matters) show that, if Mr. Solly had condescended to do what he was asked, something of not inconsiderable value might have resulted. But the unwillingness of persons who take their pens in hand to comply with the beseeching demands of their critics, and in cases where they are not great writers to content themselves with telling what they know, is sufficiently notorious already.

There is, as has been hinted, very little to say about the story. James Woodford and David Roberts are natives of the same village, work at the same trade, and, as we have said, have the same political views, though the Chartist disease is taken by one in the mild form and by the other in the virulent. They are also both in love with the same girl, though Woodford, finding he has no chance, early draws off and acts the part of disinterested friend. The girl is a good girl with a bad temper; but there is a bad girl with a good temper, who attempts to ensnare David, and is a *causa malorum*. Unluckily, as all readers of an extraordinary book, which Mr. Solly published seven or eight years ago, are aware, the author considers himself to be not merely an authority about working men, but an authority about the relations of the sexes. He even goes so far as to make James Woodford in his introduction pay a special compliment to his friend the editor's polishing up of his work in regard to "all about the women." *James Woodford* does not give quite such remarkable evidences of Mr. Solly's notions about women and men and women as *Gerald and his Friend the Doctor*, but it exhibits him once more as one of the amiable and well-intentioned, but unsavoury, reformers who see all things in social evils.

The subject of the book prevents a very great indulgence in the treatment of this subject; but Mr. Solly has made the most of his opportunities. He has introduced what may, perhaps, be called with an excusable indulgence, in the language of burlesque, a fine old crucified seducer. Mr. Haughton of Oxford (Mr. Solly evidently shares the idea, consecrated by many ages of melodrama, that the Universities are nurseries of vice) makes a fruitless attempt upon Maggie Thatcher, the virtuous heroine; a too successful one upon Kitty Barber, her flighty young rival. The catastrophe of the book itself is of such an exquisite unreasonableness and improbability, that we really think it must have actually occurred. David Roberts, the physical-force Chartist, is but a weak young man. He has been present at the Orange Street headquarters in company with the respectable Mr. Ousley and the patriotic Mr. Fussell. He leaves that focus of conspiracy at a certain time unconscious that a policeman (whom he has offended) and a spy have detected the meeting, and that it is *cerné*. On the way home he meets Kitty Barber at or near the Oythra (the expression is Charles Lamb's, not ours), on Primrose Hill. That young woman is effusive, and prevailing on the weak David to embrace her, suggests that he should escort her to her respectable home. Thereon appears Mephistopheles Haughton and gibes, though David is proof against the last temptation. Meanwhile, the minions of the law have effected the capture of the friends of freedom in Orange Street, and though Roberts is not caught, the policeman swears that he was present at a certain time. He could clear himself by calling Kitty and Haughton to prove an *alibi*; but he will not, because this would excite his wife's suspicions as to his relations with Miss Barber, and would make her unhappy. Result, transportation. Things come right, as it happens, owing to the benevolence of Sir George Grey, who is fortunately alive to be gratified by Mr. Solly's high opinion of him. But the curious piece of perverted knight-errantry by which a working-man prefers to beggar and disgrace his wife and family rather than risk a jealous scene, in which he could clear himself, suggests, either that Mr. David Roberts was a very chivalrous person indeed, or, which is more probable, that he was horribly afraid of his wife, and not sorry that "seas between them braid should roll."

We have said enough of Mr. Solly's book. It is not too late for him even now to take Mr. Seeley's good advice, and to write a sober history of the Chartist movement, especially the curious incidents of its agony in '48, without any James Woodfords or David Robertses, and without any depressions tending to show his accurate knowledge of the peculiarities of the female sex, virtuous and unvirtuous. Such a book would, we repeat, have value; and the persons who, from their own knowledge, could write it are

becoming very few. Mr. Solly's judgment, indeed, and his political grasp are more than dubious. His acceptance of the ingenious theory that "Somerville the soldier" carried the Reform Bill will hardly be endorsed by those who have read Somerville's own book. His remark—put in the month, of course, of Mr. Woodford—that "I've learnt that there were noblemen, baronets, M.P.'s, great merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, who were ruined socially or politically, who were sent to prison or into the Gazette, or were driven out of the country because they stood up against the Tory tyrants of the day," shows a very remarkable power of looking at things through coloured spectacles. But apparently he knows the facts of Chartism, and he might tell them. In *James Woodford* he has attempted, not facts, but literature, and has failed.

#### FREEMAN'S HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.\*

HISTORICAL geography is among the subjects which Mr. Freeman has made peculiarly his own. No one has done so much as he in emancipating our minds from what he himself has somewhere called "bondage to the modern map." Even the most unenlightened Philistine, in whose ideas our historian is chiefly connected with an eccentric method of spelling the names of the "Saxon" kings, has also some hazy idea that Mr. Freeman is further characterized by an insuperable repugnance to call Gaul France, or France Gaul. And many doubtless have derived their first clear notion of what historical geography really is from a passage on the subject in Mr. Freeman's first volume of *Historical Essays*. In connexion with the present work we may not inaptly quote Mr. Freeman's own description of the way in which historical geography was ordinarily taught, or rather not taught, about twenty years ago:—"People are set to read the history of the world with two sets of maps. One is to serve from Adam to Theodoric or to Charles the Fifth—we are not quite sure which; the other, from Theodoric or Charles the Fifth to the year 1860. They sit down to read about John and Philip Augustus either with a map of Roman Gaul or with a map of Napoleonic France." (*Historical Essays*, p. 163). It is in great measure owing to the labours of Mr. Freeman himself that we have improved upon this state of things, and that historical maps of some kind or other have come to be considered necessary adjuncts of a history. Still there was ample room remaining for such a work as the present one, which will supply wants which have long been felt. Mr. Freeman is careful to disclaim any attempt to enter into competition "either with such an elaborate collection as that of Spruner-Menke, or even with collections much less elaborate than that"; and he almost regrets that it has been found necessary to bind his maps in a volume by themselves, "because this looks as if they made some pretensions to the character of an historical atlas." From the point of view of practical convenience, however, there can, we think, be no doubt that his publishers have judged rightly; and, indeed, Mr. Freeman here seems to be unnecessarily modest. The maps are not large, their utmost extent being that of a double page of an octavo volume; and they cannot, therefore, do more than, as their author says, "illustrate changes of boundary in a general way." But within their assigned limits they form a complete and elaborate historical atlas, from the days of Homeric Greece to those of the Treaty of Berlin. Like English maps in general, they strike us as somewhat rough and inferior in execution to foreign, or at least to German, work; but this is a matter for which the author is not responsible.

That the text is full of concentrated learning we need hardly say. To speak of Mr. Freeman's wide range of knowledge, his thoroughness, his accuracy, his care for every detail, seems superfluous. We need not repeat how valuable the work will be alike to students and to politicians; but we may say that we trust it may help some people towards a better understanding of Mr. Freeman's previous labours. Those who have once grasped the difference between historical and physical geography, and between political and geographical nomenclature, will also grasp the true meaning of much in Mr. Freeman's works which the ignorant or the superficially educated condemn as pedantic trifling. Even those " quaint little peculiarities of spelling and nomenclature," which, we have lately been told, "mean so much to Mr. Freeman and so little to the rest of the world," may come to be rightly appreciated. To the accurately trained mind some of them at least mean as much as they do to Mr. Freeman.

In his first paragraph the author defines what historical geography is:—

The work which we have now before us is to trace out the extent of territory which the different states and nations of Europe and the neighbouring lands have held at different times in the world's history, to mark the different boundaries which the same country has had, and the different meanings in which the same name has been used. It is of great importance carefully to make these distinctions, because great mistakes as to the facts of history are often caused through men thinking and speaking as if the names of different countries, say for instance England, France, Burgundy, Austria, have always meant exactly the same extent of territory. Historical geography, in this sense, differs from physical geography which regards the natural features of the earth's surface. It differs also from studies like ethnology and comparative philology, which have to do directly with the differences between one nation and another, with their movements from one part of the world to another, and with the relations to be found

\* *The Historical Geography of Europe*. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.



among the languages spoken by them. But, though it is distinct from these studies, it makes much use of them. For the physical geography of a country always has a great effect upon its political history, and the dispersions and movements of different nations are exactly those parts of history which have most to do with fixing the names and the boundaries of different countries at different times.

For eloquence and picturesqueness there is, of course, hardly room or opportunity in a work of this technical kind, and one which, though it cannot be described as a small book, has, by reason of the magnitude of the subject, to be written with the utmost compression. Clearness, decision, precision, are the qualities which we look for and find here. Yet here and there the author is able to rise into eloquence, as in the concluding summary, which, though too long to quote in its entirety, is a good specimen of Mr. Freeman's more ambitious style. The theme is one with which he has made us familiar—the undying power of Rome and of Christianity, “the two influences which, mingling into one, have made Europe all that it has been.”

The whole of European history is embodied in the formula which couples together the “rule of Christ and Caesar”; and that joint rule still goes on, in the shape of moral influence, wherever the tongues and the culture of Europe win new realms for themselves in the continents of the western or in the islands of the southern Ocean.

The chapters relating to our own island are sure to be read with interest, even though the historical geographer has here no large field to work in. Britain “being an island, was secured against the constant fluctuations of its external boundary to which Continental states lie open”; and, at any rate from the eleventh century onwards, there has been singularly little change within it:—

The boundaries of England towards Scotland and Wales changed much less than might have been looked for during ages of such endless warfare. Even the lesser divisions within the English kingdom have been singularly lasting. The land, as a whole, has never been mapped out afresh since the tenth century. While a map of France or Germany in the eleventh century, or even in the eighteenth, is useless for immediate practical objects, a map of England in the days of Domesday practically differs not at all from a map of England now.

But the sections relating to the formation of the kingdom of Scotland—a matter upon which people in general are, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, still very hazy—and that upon the formation of the modern English shires, are of great value and interest, trifling though our small fluctuations of boundaries may appear when compared to the changes in Continental States. We observe that in a note on the Principality of Wales, Mr. Freeman says, “The first English prince, afterwards Edward the Second, was not his father's eldest son at the time of his creation.” This seems a literal acceptance of the famous tradition preserved by Stow. The date usually assigned for the formal creation, and accepted by Canon Stubbs, and by the careful and trustworthy compiler of the *Annals of England*, is 1301, when Edward of Caernarvon had for some years been heir-apparent.

Besides these English sections, the chapters bearing on the Eastern question cannot fail to find students at the present moment. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the expression of strong partisan views on questions of contemporary politics should be allowed a place in a work intended for students. But to the casual reader there will be some interest in noting the passages in which Mr. Freeman more or less openly reveals his own feelings, as in the attack on the “anachronism” of the Austrian power, or in his implied regret at the disappearance of the name of Sicily from the European map—“The island of Hieron and Roger has sunk to form seven provinces of a prince who has not deigned to take the crown or the title of that illustrious realm.” Then we have the expressive division of Bulgaria into “free,” “half-free,” and “enslaved”; the sneer at “the diplomatic name of *Eastern Roumelia*”—which is “northern Roumelia, according to the compass”—and at “administrative autonomy,” a half-way house, it would seem, between bondage and freedom”; the cry of sorrow over “the old Macedonian land,” where Greek and Bulgarian alike are handed over “to the uncovenanted mercies of the Turk.”

We need not say that the heroism of the Montenegrins and their wrongs at the hands of “Western diplomacy” are prominently set forth. Of three havens won by Montenegro in the war, “Austria has been allowed to filch Spizza, as she had before filched Ragusa and Cattaro”; and, though Antivari has been left to those who had won it, it is “under such restrictions as armed wrong knows how to impose on the weaker power of right.” It is of course impossible to keep pace with the rapid progress of political change in those regions. In the text Mr. Freeman speaks of the first of his three havens, Dulcigno, as “given back to the Turk”; in his final “Additions and Corrections” he has to note its restoration to Montenegro. Of all Christian States Austria is throughout the one which comes in for the hardest treatment at the hands of Mr. Freeman, who has both public and private grievances against her—for any possible deficiencies in his maps of Dalmatia are laid to the charge of “the Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic post-office,” which, it seems, lost or confiscated a set of manuscript maps sent to Mr. Arthur Evans for his suggestions. “If, therefore,” observes Mr. Freeman, “the revolutions of Dalmatian geography are less accurately marked in this book than they should be, the fault is not mine.” On another point—the proper system of spelling Slavonic names—Mr. Freeman seems to have suffered from a multitude of advisers. “I consulted,” he says with grave humour, “several Slavonic scholars. Each gave me advice, and each supported his own advice by argu-

ments which I should have thought unanswerable, if I had not seen the arguments in support of the wholly different advice given me by the others.” We take this quotation from the preface, in which the author admits the reader to his confidence, avowing, what might perhaps have been discovered from internal evidence, that the book is not “the result of one continuous effort,” and that the early part of it was printed some years ago. The completion has been “delayed by a crowd of causes, by a temporary loss of strength, by enforced absence from England, by other occupations and interruptions of various kinds.” It is inevitable that, as a work of art, the book should thereby have sustained some injury. But, for practical purposes, the author's care in supplying additional notes and corrections, and in calling attention to the places where “later lights have led to some changes of view or expression,” render the defect of but little importance. It is impossible not to admire the frankness with which he observes upon one passage, “When I wrote this, I had not taken in the true history of the Rouman people.” In a second edition we shall trust to see these “later lights” incorporated in the text. But altogether this long-promised and long-expected work is worthy of its author, and will be welcomed by all students of history and politics.

#### SPORT AND MILITARY LIFE IN WESTERN INDIA.\*

IT is not very clear why, if this journal was to be published at all, it was not published by the author during his lifetime. He lived in England more than twenty years after his retirement from active service, and must have had plenty of opportunities for recasting and expanding his notes. Yet, if the thing had to be done, we are not disposed to find much fault with Colonel Malleon for the way in which he has done it. Colonel Fraser came of a good Scotch family, of which an account is given in the preface by the editor. There is in one passage some unaccountable muddle in dates, for an ancestor of the subject of the memoir is said to have had a grandson born in 1777, and to have been born himself in 1810. We may charitably suppose that 1710 was intended. The subject of the present memoir is the son of the George Fraser born in 1777. He seems to have been active, healthy, and strong; an ardent sportsman, ready to turn out for the pursuit of any game from the quail and the snipe to the tiger and the bison; and capable of doing good service to the State, not perhaps in high diplomatic situations, but in recruiting, organizing levies, and transporting men and horses for duty in the Crimea. One tiresome feature in the journal is the almost invariable use of asterisks which serve no purpose but to irritate. A moderate acquaintance with the history of events in the Bombay Presidency has enabled us to supply several of the real names of men and places. Colonel W., mentioned in connection with the disturbances in Kolapore and Sawantwarri in 1844-45, is Colonel Wallace. Messrs. R. and W., alluded to very needlessly in a foolish story about *Khutput* at Baroda, are Mr. Lestock Reid and the late Sir J. P. Willoughby. Mr. B., of Khandesh, is Mr. Boyd, the Collector of that district, who afterwards died as Resident at Baroda. M. is evidently intended for the station of Mulligam; and we could multiply instances of what appear to us needless scruples about events that occurred more than a quarter of a century ago.

A great deal of the journal is made up of life in cantonments, stories at mess, exposure to heat and rain, and mishaps to companions and subordinates. This excellent colonel's experiences are occasionally more full of force and significance than of grammar. His education at Harrow, though cut short prematurely, might have taught him that *ferre nature* is not the Latin equivalent for a wild beast, and generally his diction reminds us of one of Thackeray's Henries. But the style is free from humbug and affectation; none of the stories are incredible; and there are some odd revelations about life in cadet's quarters thirty or forty years ago, which remind us either that promising careers were cut short by drink and duelling, or else that men of weak constitutions and weaker principles speedily succumbed to climate and excesses. Some of the anecdotes about the early exploits of Outram confirm the opinion of that gallant officer held by his contemporaries and given in his elaborate biography. But why could they not have been imparted to Sir F. Goldsmid when he was writing Outram's life? His determination to succeed, and refusal to be beaten by any obstacles, his fiery and impetuous but chivalrous and candid nature, are illustrated by one or two anecdotes worth remembering. Colonel Fraser and his companions had toiled all day over rough ground, cut up by ravines and covered with jungle, after a tiger, and had given it up as a bad job. Outram persevered and brought home the animal late in the evening. A companion, who is set down as T., got mauled by a she-bear which he had attempted, in defiance of scriptural warning, to rob of her cubs. The others were afraid to use their guns, but Outram threw himself on the enraged animal and despatched her with a long hunting knife. A favourite *Shikari* of Outram's was terribly injured by a tiger and died the same evening. Outram taxed a brother officer with having caused the catastrophe by neglect of orders and desertion of his post; words rose high, defiance was exchanged, and we were relieved

\* *Records of Sport and Military Life in Western India.* By the late Lieutenant-Colonel T. G. Fraser, 1st Bombay Fusiliers, and on the Staff of the Indian Army. With an Introduction by Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1881.

to find that the only other victim on the expedition was the tiger itself. In connexion with this event we are informed that female elephants are hardly ever used for this sport in Bombay. Colonel Fraser was astonished at the docility of the Bengali females that had joined his party from the large station of Mhow or Mio as it is now spelt. Females have no tusks, but they use their legs and trunks with telling effect, and their docility and gentleness are on a par with their bravery. One of the best elephants we ever rode, equally able to withstand a roaring tiger or a charging buffalo, was a female, the property of a planter, and seventy years old. As a contrast to a fierce tiger that charged the line repeatedly till he fell dead, we have an odd story of a large and almost inoffensive beast of the same kind, that was slain close to a dung-heap at the back of a hut; the villagers, for some mysterious reason, denying to the last all knowledge of its existence. Readers must be, however, warned against believing that this animal, or any other tiger, ever measured in life twelve feet two inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The skin, it is well known, stretches after it is taken off by the *chamars*. Captain Baldwin, in his capital account of the Large and Small Game of Bengal, distinctly tells us that he had never seen an "authentic account" of a tiger that "measured more than ten feet and two or three inches." This measurement is confirmed by Dr. Jerdon, who wholly disbelieves in tigers of eleven or twelve feet in length.

A fever caught while snipe shooting in a malarious locality sent our Colonel home at once. After a two years' furlough he returned with a wife. But he prudently does not intrude his domestic affairs on the public; and we are bound to say that, though his married life appears to have been a happy one, his fondness for tents, tigers, and elephants never abated. He shot a panther inside a *pan* garden, which somewhat resembles a bed of raspberry bushes, if they were only covered with matting at the sides and the top. This exploit was by no means unattended with danger. It is significant of the state of public feeling forty years ago that as much space is given to the above incident as to the account of a duel which is told by the survivor of the principals to a party of officers assembled in a bungalow after morning parade. Of course there was a lady in the case; and it is some consolation to know that though the principals and seconds were tried and acquitted by an irreproachable British jury in the old Supreme Court of Bombay, the deceased officer was the offender and did his best to shoot the man whom he had insulted. Still, we are hardly prepared to assent to Colonel Fraser's sweeping maxim that the "abolition" of duelling is a "blunder." Equally belonging to the past is, we should hope, a very rude remark made by an old sea captain to a party of French naval officers on board their own frigate *L'Artemise*. Luckily the meaning of the words and the action was misinterpreted by M. Le Commandant, and we agree with Colonel Fraser in terming the remark a cowardly insult. But this happened before the Crimean war, and the renewed good understanding and time of which the contemporary poet wrote:—

O! battle friends! O! brothers  
Across the chalky strait,  
O! never more between us  
Be spoken word of hate:  
By treaties and fair promise  
The States are now allied;  
But this, the nation's compact,  
At Inkerman was tried!

The author was present at the bombardment and capture of Aden in 1839. This was effected by a frigate and a gun-brig of the Royal navy, aided by a schooner and a sloop of war of the Indian navy. A one-sided account is given in this book of our previous relations with the Sultan of Lahej, who is called the Sultan of Aden, and our Political Agent is represented as getting up a collision with the natives. The truth is, that Captain Haines—for it is absurd to pretend that the letter H. conceals anything—had been instructed to negotiate the purchase of the station. Wrecked crews had been plundered and barbarously treated, and the Sultan had engaged to cede Aden as a coaling depot, receiving an annual payment of 8,700 crowns. While negotiations were still proceeding, the Sultan refused delivery of some plundered property, and actually got up a plot to seize our Agent. After the capture of the place the British Government was inclined to behave most liberally to the Sultan and other chiefs. And to this day, after violations of the agreement and fruitless attempts to retake from us the rock and harbour, considerable sums are still paid annually to the Sultan and to all sorts of chiefs, Foodhees, Abdalees, Akrahees, Hooshabees, and Yafasees. An editor of the ample knowledge and resources of Colonel Malletson should not have allowed the hasty remarks of a sporting colonel to pass without addition and correction. To say the truth, Colonel Fraser's political sagacity hardly seems on a par with his woodsmanship. He makes out that what most statesmen and writers have agreed to call a Sepoy mutiny was nothing else than the rising of a suffering people against oppression and the "writings of a subdued race." A brief and sufficient answer to this random remark is that, if many Hindus and Mohammedans had really risen against us with a clod in each hand in aid of the Sepoys, we should, as a native gentleman long ago remarked to an Indian official, have been left buried under a huge mound of earth. Colonel Fraser showed much more tact and administrative power when, as second in command of the well-known Poonah Horse, he quelled what might have been an ugly mutiny of the troopers. These men complained of the treatment they had experienced in

the first Afghan campaign, and refused to proceed to Aden. But a short speech from the author settled the matter.

The author served in Scinde during the first Sikh campaign, and we can quite confirm his statements as to the feverish expectation aroused in that province, and, indeed, all over India, after the severe actions of Moodki and Ferozshah. There really was a brief time in which it was thought not impossible that old Sir C. Napier, with some 22,000 men, might have had to abandon Scinde and come to the aid of Lord Gough and Lord Hardinge. Happily Soobraon put an end to all doubt on the subject. The climate of Scinde is not a pleasant one, though the author admits that the sea breezes mitigate the heat about Kurachee and Tatta. There are, however, splendid crops in the valley of the Indus, and of late years the rainfall has considerably increased. The author does not appear to have suffered from that distressing malady, the Scinde boils. How Colonel Fraser set a native's fractured leg with splints, and found the patient perfectly well six months afterwards, is a proof of his own aptitude and of the extreme docility of a Hindu or Mussulman under suffering. The famous tank called Maggar Pir—not Maggurpur, as in the text—has been often described. Huge alligators here are considered sacred and come to be fed at the call of Faquirs and others. A woman with a beard, at the same place, the wife of a goatherd, was a novelty, and reminds us of the hairy woman seen in Burmah after our first campaign there, in 1826. But this is nothing to the account of an indigenous lithotomist, who performed his operations successfully with a sixpenny knife and carried the extracted stones about in a bag. We see no reason whatever to doubt the truth of this story, which was confirmed at the time by the medical officer of the station. An American trip pleasantly varies the Indian experiences. The author avoided Delmonico's and took up his quarters at a respectable hotel, where his linen, to his astonishment, was washed, dried, and ironed for him in the space of a couple of hours. He also saw several specimens—favourable and unfavourable—of our American cousins, was tossed about on Lake Erie, and nearly drowned on his return voyage to England. The author only expresses a feeling shared by many Anglo-Indians at the time of the Crimean war when he says that "to us in India the idea of an army sick and starving, within six miles of shipping filled with every kind of supplies, for want of a road, seemed simply incomprehensible." There were several officers, civil and military, who would have been quite prepared to make the communication by importing labour from Constantinople, housing the workmen on board a large ship in Balacava Harbour, and starting from that place every day to lay down the road, for which there was plenty of rough material. But that they were not thought of is no wonder, seeing that Colonel Fraser himself offered to supply any amount of grain and forage from Egypt, and waited three months before he got a stereotyped answer. Indeed, these notices of public events, honestly recorded at the time, are more valuable than stories of man-eating tigers and deer that went several hundred yards with a bullet lodged in the thorax or the heart.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## AYUB KHAN'S VICTORY.

THE battle of Kareez-i-Atta was described by Mr. GLADSTONE as an important engagement as far as the Candahar country was concerned. The description may, perhaps, be best defined as a polemical limitation. Until fuller news is received of the details and results of the battle, it will be impossible exactly to estimate its effect on Afghanistan, on India, and on England. But at present, and so far as the news yet received goes, the case is as follows. AYUB, having already beaten the English, has now beaten the nominee of England who was supported by English money and material of war. At Kareez-i-Atta, as at Maiwand, he has displayed, or his advisers have enabled him to display, capacity and courage of a very high order. The Candahar troops, as was always expected, have deserted to him; and not only this, but a Kelat regiment has followed the example. That is to say, not merely the Durandees, but the great Ghilzai tribe, may be expected to embrace his cause, which in that case must prove successful. The theory of the present Government is that his success or his ill-success matters nothing to us. It is a matter of great importance to the Candahar country, in the neighbourhood of which, as Mr. GLADSTONE proceeded to explain, with some vagueness of geography, there is a large Anglo-Indian force. That force will therefore be able to look on, and the native tribes will behold it looking on, while the conqueror of Maiwand, the unpunished murderer of Lieutenant MACLEAN, the prince to further whose expulsion from Herat our troops handed over Candahar to ABDURRAHMAN, occupies Candahar itself and marches on Cabul. Such, at least, is the probable course of events. At present there is no need to comment any further on it than by saying that the first fruits of the evacuation of Candahar have ripened with remarkable rapidity, and that an abundant crop may be expected.

## ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

MR. COWEN with some reason deprecated, in the interest of MIDHAT PASHA, a prolongation of a debate on the judicial proceedings at Constantinople. The less cautious friends of the prisoners ought to have been satisfied with Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that Lord DUFFERIN had been instructed to use in their favour such influence as he might find it possible to exercise. No diplomatist may be more implicitly trusted in a matter where humanity and tact are equally required. It would be injudicious to inquire, whether the Ministers believe in the innocence of MIDHAT or in the suicide of ABDUL AZIZ. Their interference in any legitimate form was justified by the undoubted fact that the accused persons, whether or not they are guilty, had not a fair trial. The case against them is not strengthened by the later reports of confessions supposed to have been made by some of their number. Those who are suspected of having devised the whole story of the murder for purposes of conspiracy may also be supposed to have forged admissions for which, if they were genuine, there seems to have been no adequate motive. According to one story MIDHAT PASHA after his conviction attempted to open his veins with a pair of scissors, partly because he was weary of life, and chiefly to prove that ABDUL AZIZ might have committed suicide with a similar instrument. The SULTAN is said to have remonstrated

against the hasty proceeding of an alleged criminal whom his judges, possibly at his own instigation, have condemned to death for murder. The whole story may possibly be true; but it has not the advantage of being credible. If the SULTAN was really solicitous for the preservation of MIDHAT's life, members of the House of Commons had no need to trouble themselves about his safety. It was at least possible that they might injure their client by officious interference. It may also have been desirable to remember that Mr. GLADSTONE has formerly made a violent attack on MIDHAT's character, though he may perhaps not believe him to be guilty of murder. The Minister who dethroned a Sultan because he had become abjectly subservient to Russia, and who was chiefly responsible for the subsequent war, was naturally obnoxious to the author of the bag and baggage policy; but Mr. GLADSTONE is incapable of wishing that a political adversary should be unjustly punished as an assassin and regicide.

The SULTAN was said to have been surprised and irritated by the report of the feeling which the late State trial had produced in England; but he seems afterwards to have reconsidered his first impression. He may perhaps have been incapable of understanding the Western prejudice against interference with judges during a trial and against suspected subornation of perjury. According to more than one newspaper correspondent, the public opinion of his own subjects is favourable to the SULTAN. Orthodox Turks, it is said, hold that the dethronement of ABDUL AZIZ, which was undoubtedly effected by MIDHAT and his associates, was a graver crime than the murder of which they are accused. Punishment on a fictitious charge of guilt, incurred by an act which might not furnish a convenient ground of accusation, would perhaps not be repugnant to an Oriental sense of justice. Three hundred years ago English judges were often consulted by the Crown in the earlier stages of a prosecution, though few of them would have consented to receive instructions during the course of a trial. In the present instance the SULTAN was the real as well as the nominal prosecutor, and an acquittal would have been universally regarded as a defeat. Three or four of his most formidable subjects have received a stigma, which will henceforth exclude them from official employment, although heavier punishment is remitted. If any of the humbler prisoners are eventually executed, the SULTAN's severity will probably have been caused by apprehension of personal violence to himself. Notwithstanding many precedents to the contrary in Ottoman history, ABDUL HAMID may, perhaps, hope to create an impression that the person even of a dethroned sovereign is inviolable. After his active and successful efforts to secure a conviction, he can scarcely account for the lenity which has been practised by professing to be satisfied of the innocence of the prisoners. Lord DUFFERIN must have needed all his practised skill to intercede to good purpose for the life of MIDHAT. It would scarcely have been prudent to argue that he has been unjustly condemned, when the verdict was given in deference to the wishes and instructions of the sovereign. It was also impossible to contend that the murder of the SULTAN's kinsman and predecessor was a venial offence. The English Government would not have been justified in interfering except on the ground that the accused may perhaps be innocent; and yet a direct imputation of injustice was calculated to defeat its purpose. The Turks may, perhaps, not insist on the logical dilemma. A European Government would object to pardon a great criminal on the

application of a foreign Power; but the SULTAN has thought it expedient to oblige a Government with which he has complicated relations. The banishment of all the prisoners of high rank indicates either the deference of the SULTAN to the representatives of the English Government, or perhaps his disbelief in the guilt of the accused.

It is uncertain whether Lord DUFFERIN is thus far in a position to confirm Mr. GOSCHEN's statement that the English Government, after all the events of the last five or six years, still possesses greater influence in Turkey than any of its competitors or allies. Perhaps Montenegro and Dulcigno have been forgotten; and indeed a judicious Turkish statesman would recognize the advantage which his country has derived from the application of European pressure. If, nevertheless, the Naval Demonstration has increased the influence of England at Constantinople, the result must be ascribed rather to fear than to love. The services which were rendered by the united Powers to both parties in the Greek controversy may perhaps be more readily appreciated. It was equally for the interest of Greece and of Turkey that the settlement of the frontier should be taken out of the hands of the parties to the dispute, and that it should be settled by self-appointed arbitrators. Gratitude may be due to the collective body of Ambassadors and to the Governments which they represent; but it is not at first sight obvious why England, which inclined throughout to favour the Greek claims, should be preferred to France, which had suddenly abandoned the Greek cause, or to Germany, which took the lead in the negotiations. Since that time the French Government has wantonly assumed an attitude of hostility to Turkey; and it is supposed that a special Envoy has been despatched from St. Petersburg to Paris to arrange joint action between France and Russia. It is understood that the relations of Germany and Austria with the SULTAN are at present friendly.

Mr. GLADSTONE has stated in the House of Commons that Lord DUFFERIN's earliest duty will be to promote the long-promised and long-delayed improvements in the administration of Armenia. In this enterprise the European Concert will be of no avail. The English Ambassador will be compelled to rely on arguments which may not be so practically effective as they will be logically conclusive. It is difficult to understand how the most persuasive of diplomatists can produce a conviction which the state of affairs has not long since suggested. In the greater part of Armenia and Asia Minor there is no adequate security for life and property; and in some districts the peaceable inhabitants are exposed without defence to the violence of marauders. Almost all the predatory tribes are Mahometan, though many of their victims belong to the same religion. Notwithstanding a long succession of disasters caused by misgovernment, corrupt Ministers at Constantinople are still in league with local Governors, who plunder their provinces for the benefit of themselves and their patrons. It cannot be asserted that foreign emissaries have lately been especially busy in Armenia; but civil and military officials seem to be occupied in preparing the way for their intrigues. It is satisfactory to know that in all parts of the country the oppressed classes have long regarded the English consular agents as their protectors, or, in the absence of power to aid them, as their zealous advocates. It would seem that the correction of the prevailing anarchy is not impossible, as the Government and its subjects have a common interest in the general prosperity; but the long delay of promised improvement has not been caused by failure of remonstrance. Lord DUFFERIN, like his predecessors, will encounter the difficulty of providing a fulcrum for his diplomatic lever. He will have no European concert at his back; nor can he point, as in the case of Greece, to an army prepared to invade Turkish territory. If Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE can succeed as well in Armenia as in Greece, they will have attained a great political triumph.

#### THE LIVERPOOL MESSAGE OF PEACE.

THE peculiar vivacity with which Mr. GLADSTONE last week rebuked Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's reference to the dubious effect of messages of peace to Ireland may possibly have been quickened by the knowledge of the return message which was then lying at Liverpool. It is part of the PRIME MINISTER's idiosyncrasy to be never so confident in his own theories as when something has happened to

discredit and disturb them. The devoted supporters of the Government have, however, been a little troubled by the Liverpool discovery. It does not interfere with their general principle as to Irish affairs, which is, that when Ireland is tranquil it is a proof of the efficacy of messages of peace, and that, when it is disturbed, it is a proof of the necessity of more such messages. But it is, from their point of view, still an incident which has its inconveniences. It shows how impossible it is to reconcile the irreconcilable, and it is a very curious comment on the policy of conciliation. That policy has now been pursued unceasingly for more than half a century, and the result is that Irishmen both at home and abroad are more bitterly prejudiced against England and English government than they were on the very morrow of the Byken Treaty and under the severest pressure of the penal laws. The exiled Irishman of the type of SANSFIELD produced by one method of government, and the exiled Irishman of the type of O'DONOVAN ROSSA produced by another, make a very curious parallel study, and would supply a remarkable subject for that series of imaginary conversations dealing with the last half of the nineteenth century which some one may some day be inspired to write.

The hypothesis of a hoax of some kind or other has, as a matter of course, been once more set up. Such hypotheses are in their nature safe from refutation. The probabilities, however, are in this case entirely against the idea. For the purpose of a hoax, or for the purposes of an advertisement, one infernal machine would have answered as well as a dozen. The things are expensive, troublesome, and dangerous to make and to export, and the unnecessary number would greatly increase the expense, the trouble, and the danger, while the chance of detection would certainly not be diminished. The assertions or denials of O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his friends are of next to no value in the matter. But when direct incitements to an act have been published for weeks in American papers, and when the act itself is subsequently committed, it seems a superfluous effort of ingenuity to cast about for any other explanation than the obvious and natural one. "Dynamite" for England, "dynamite as a science," "a little dynamite heroically applied," "give me the sword and dynamite," "dynamite will free Ireland"—these, and a hundred such propositions in prose and verse have flooded the Irish-American prints for weeks and months. Even if the dynamite hypothesis in the matter of the *Doterel* be an invention, it was an invention certain to raise the spirits and encourage the hopes of those who were scoundrels enough to contemplate such a method of irregular warfare. To enlarge upon the particular heinousness of this scoundrelism is, of course, perfectly superfluous. It has been argued with amusing seriousness that the senders of these messages of peace were after all not such bad men as to contemplate the possible destruction of the *Malta* and the *Bavarian*, seeing that they packed their clocks very carefully indeed. The only inference from this is that the machines were pretty certainly not manufactured with any purpose like THOMASSEN's. Whoever sent them naturally desired that they should not go off before doing their work. But that the careful packing of the clocks came from a moral scruple or a sentimental tenderness for the passengers of the *Bavarian* or the *Malta* is a charitable supposition which need hardly be considered seriously, however seriously it may have been put forward. The fact remains that the crews and passengers of these two steamers had as narrow an escape of a sudden dismissal from this world as usually falls to the lot of any one, and a much narrower one than most people would care for.

There seems to be no good reason for finding fault with the secretiveness of the authorities as to the matter. There are cases, of course, where publicity has the advantage of engaging the public on the side of the law and of their own safety. But the public has absolutely no means of controlling the shipments on board vessels which cross the Atlantic, and the only chance of detecting the criminals concerned may have been reasonably thought to lie in silence and in the institution of what, in the police-slang of the *ancien régime*, used to be called a "mouse-trap." The consignees of the infernal machines in this case did not choose to play the part of mice, and it is very probable that they received early warning that their schemes were detected. Indeed, considering the number of fanciful hypotheses which have been started in reference to the subject, it is rather surprising that



some one has not suggested the probability of the matter having leaked out through the agency of the guilty parties themselves. Having missed their chance of an explosion they would thus secure the certainty of an advertisement, while they could not put the authorities more on the alert than they were already. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's statement was only open to the charge, not of exaggerating the gravity of the situation, but of somewhat exaggerating the tone in which it should have been treated. Like many other persons who have accustomed themselves to the lighter style, the present HOME SECRETARY is not invariably happy when he attempts the graver. His main position, however, that great part of these crimes are due to the culpable laxity which is permitted across the Atlantic to the Irish press is incontestable. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the line which separates undue restrictions on the liberty of the press from restrictions which are absolutely necessary to ordinary good government, there can be no doubt whatever that that line has been overstepped in the case of the Irish newspapers already alluded to. It is a simple fact that the language which, under the benevolent operation of English law, brought MOST into trouble was mild and vague compared to that which these organs of murder and outrage spread among the most excitable, the most ignorant, and the most unreasoning population in the world. The assurances of American papers that no respectable person reads the lucubrations of Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his friends is not particularly comforting, because it is not from respectable persons that any danger need be apprehended. This last outrage, however, seems to have disturbed the equanimity even of the American press; and almost all the more prominent organs have expressed, not merely their regret, but their opinion that something should be done. It would be somewhat unwise to count much on that something. Political considerations of the party kind, as well as the general theory of government prevailing in the country, will probably prevent Congress from doing anything very definite to discourage or silence the poets and orators of the *Sunday Democrat* and the *Irish World*. It would, however, be rather a bad day with England if she depended on the complaisance of the United States to save her "compact, inflammable cities" from dynamite and petroleum. The protection must come from ourselves, with such due assistance as by international comity the police and public officers of one nation usually lend to each other. The elaborate Customs system which has made smuggling a thing of the past must have lost much of its efficiency if it is not able to provide a fair measure of protection. Nor is there any reason to believe that, unless great mismanagement on the part of the authorities discourages friends, the same means of information which were effectual in this case would be effectual in others. Associations of scoundrels, and particularly of Irish scoundrels, always include faint-hearted or venal persons who, if they know that there is something to be certainly gained by turning informers, will inform. There is another thing which should by no means be forgotten, though in the present temper of too many politicians it is but too likely to be—the absurd lenity which has often been shown to criminals of O'DONOVAN ROSSA's type of late years is a positive bribe to the perpetration of the crimes. While these men pursue their machinations in Ireland, they have the chance of a seat in Parliament; when they are caught they are sure of a merely nominal punishment, of wide popularity and sympathy, and of the notoriety which is perhaps dearest of all to them. When they are released they can go to America, and, besides turning an honest or dishonest penny by aid of their past acts, can carry on the war, as they themselves phrase it, with entire impunity in the future. There are certain enemies of man who, when caught, should always be crushed, and at least one kind of Irish treason-felon is eminently of this class.

#### THE TRANSVAAL.

THE division on Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's motion had little or nothing to do with the merits of the Transvaal controversy. It was well known that the Government had a steady majority of more than a hundred; and a majority, if it is good for anything, may be relied upon to reject a vote of censure. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he may have had no such intention,

facilitated the discharge of their duty by his faithful followers when he postponed the discussion until the first impression of annoyance had with lapse of time become fainter, and when he pressed it on before the result of the pending negotiations was known. It was hardly worth his while to deny that he had insisted on Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH proceeding with the motion. He had offered him the alternative of making room for Mr. RATHBONE or Sir WILFRID LAWSON to initiate the debate in more favourable circumstances. It was probably right that the Opposition should give expression to the general feeling of dissatisfaction and shame; but a vote of censure which is certain to be rejected has little practical importance. It is admitted on all hands that the decision of the Government is irrevocable, though it may, perhaps, prove not to be final. The Boers will retain all that has been conceded to their demands; and perhaps they will insist, not without effect, on obtaining something more. Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that the English Government is to retain a veto on legislation affecting the native inhabitants of the Transvaal has excited some surprise. No equally definite declaration to the same purport is contained in Lord KIMBERLEY's instructions; and it is more than doubtful whether the Boers will consent to so serious a restriction of their independence. The announcement that, for the purposes of the Convention, natives living beyond the border of the Transvaal are to be regarded as foreigners is not less remarkable. It had been supposed that the reservation to the English Government of foreign affairs related only to European or civilized States. It has never been customary to extend diplomatic recognition to communities which had not a regularly organized Government. Control over intercourse with neighbouring tribes will, even if it is conceded by the Boers, involve a responsibility which ought not to be undertaken without due consideration. If the Republic of the Transvaal is to be prohibited from making war on the Swazies or Zulus without the permission of the Suzerain, a corresponding claim to the maintenance of peace among the natives by English authority could scarcely be rejected. It will perhaps be necessary for Mr. GLADSTONE hereafter to explain, with characteristic facility, that a veto accorded to the Crown on domestic legislation and an exclusive supervision of external relations means that both matters should be remitted to the absolute discretion of the Boers.

The debate practically reduced itself to a single issue. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN maintained that the offer of terms of peace was made before the series of defeats; and it appears that Lord KIMBERLEY's despatch to Mr. BRAND was forwarded on the day before the first of Sir G. COLLEY's disasters. By that document the Government held out the hope of a satisfactory settlement of the dispute if the Boers desisted from armed opposition. The armistice which preceded the peace was concluded when the English force had been thrice repulsed with a loss of more than seven hundred men killed and wounded. The withdrawal of armed opposition was on the other side. Sir EVELYN WOOD, in spite of his remonstrances, was ordered to agree to terms of which one was that the QUEEN's troops stationed in her undisputed territory should not advance to the pass of Lang's Nek, which is also in the colony of Natal. A more humiliating arrangement has seldom been concluded even after a serious defeat; and the possible consequences of the surrender are not yet approximately known. The same settlement would, if, according to Sir EVELYN WOOD's advice, it had followed a successful advance of his troops, have had an entirely different significance and result. The attempts of the Government and its apologists to reconcile the successive phases of the Ministerial policy were wholly abortive. The rebellion had begun, and the armed Boers already occupied Lang's Nek, when the Ministers declared that the suppression of resistance must precede the concessions which might be afterwards offered; and Sir F. ROBERTS was despatched to the seat of war with large reinforcements, which could have no other object than to compel submission. The blunders of Sir G. COLLEY's strategy were his own; but in prosecuting military operations he was strictly obeying his orders. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, while they were still engaged in suppressing the revolt by force, well knew that peace might at any moment be obtained by the concession of the demands of the Boer leaders. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, not having yet attained Mr. GLADSTONE's skill in harmonizing contradictions, seemed to admit that the Government had com-



mitted errors, though it afterwards recognized, and as far as possible applied a remedy to the results.

It was natural that the debate should be in some degree retrospective; but, on the merits of the policy which had preceded the Transvaal revolt, there is no real difference of opinion. The annexation, even if it were justifiable as regarded the Boers, was the grossest of blunders. If the measure were expedient, it might have been adopted within a short time on the application of the very community which has since denounced it as usurpation. Another grievous mistake was the unprovoked attack on the Zulus, with the result of relieving the Boers of the Transvaal from all apprehension of invasion and from need of a protectorate. The policy of the late Government is nevertheless not well adapted to purposes of reclamation. Lord KIMBERLEY at the time agreed with Lord CARNARVON; Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, who had been Under Secretary of the Colonies in the Liberal Government, without protest from his superiors cordially approved of the measure; Mr. GLADSTONE himself was silent, and there is no reason to suppose that he at that time differed from his colleagues. It is probable, though the truth cannot be positively ascertained, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Midlothian speeches were among the causes of the Transvaal rebellion. When he afterwards announced that the annexation was irrevocable, the malcontent Boers had abundant cause for disappointment. It is not improbable that his latest speech will tend to revive irritation. When he asserted two or three weeks ago that the independence now conceded was equivalent to the local self-government which had been formerly promised, it might be supposed that he was, after his usual fashion, playing with words for the purpose of establishing an imaginary or fictitious consistency. The declaration that the English Government is to retain a veto on legislation for the natives will produce a more serious impression. The Boers may, perhaps, not pause to consider that such a power, if it were nominally established, could not be practically exercised. A veto on the part of an English Resident, who would have no military force at his back, would be summarily and safely disregarded.

The fragments of news which are forwarded from the Transvaal are much more interesting than the foregone conclusions of the majority of the House of Commons. All Englishmen, with the exception of unscrupulous partisans, wish that the negotiations should result in an equitable and lasting arrangement. Judicious politicians, though they must regret the manner in which peace was concluded, are not disposed to render it precarious by imposing on the Boers unpalatable conditions. They would, for similar reasons, gladly recognize an honourable and conciliatory disposition on the part of the representatives of the Transvaal. It cannot be said that the latest reports are in any way reassuring. It appears that the Commissioners have, for good reasons, objected to an addition which the Boer delegates have lately made to their number. The person with whom the Commissioners refuse to hold intercourse was concerned in the treacherous occupation of Potchefstroom, and he is accused of having treated the garrison and inhabitants with insolence and cruelty. It is added that the Boers have refused their assent to several articles of the draft Convention. The acquittal by a jury of Boers of the men who were accused of the murder of Captain ELLIOT is still more disquieting. The crime was in the highest degree atrocious, and there can be little doubt that the Boer leaders had sufficient reasons for charging the prisoners with the guilt. It will be remembered that Captain ELLIOT and another officer were taken by an escort of Boers to the bank of a river which they had no means of crossing except by swimming. They were then set at liberty, but the escort fired upon them as they swam, and Captain ELLIOT was killed. It would be unjust to suspect the sincerity of the Boer delegates who professed to regret the crime; but there is too much reason to believe that the verdict of the jury indicates a feeling of hostility to the English. If the negotiations after all fail, it is difficult to anticipate the consequences. There is still an English army within reach, but the present Government will be loth to employ force; nor, indeed, would the objects of a renewed war be definite or intelligible. It will be impossible wholly to abandon the defence of the claims of loyal residents, although Liberal journalists, with questionable taste and feeling, habitually denounce them as unscrupulous adventurers. The natives will in any event have to take care of themselves. In abdicating its

sovereignty, the English Government virtually renounced the right or possibility of protecting those who had for a short time been its subjects. As Bishop COLLENSO says, the natives, if they have reason to complain, will probably migrate into the neighbouring English colony.

#### THE SHETLAND WRECKS.

ABOUT a calamity such as that which has befallen the Shetland Isles there is, after all, very little to be said. When kings and princes fall victims to crime or accident the minutest details of what has happened are known and recorded. The sufferers are watched by observant eyes down to the very moment of the disaster, and among the survivors are sure to be some who have taken note of every particular in the great man's bearing under the trial. It is not so when the victims are obscure fishermen, little skilled in the observation either of themselves or of others. We can faintly picture to ourselves the fine fishing weather of Wednesday week—weather which sent every available boat to sea, and promised to bring them back with heavy takes and full purses; the clouds that gathered as the night drew on, to burst with a suddenness which left the crews with their boats now far out at sea and their nets and lines set; and the dread with which the wives and children of the fishermen watched the waves from daybreak on the Thursday, a dread which only went on increasing as the hours during which return was possible passed too quickly away. But beyond these generalities of misfortune there is nothing to be known. The lost boats will yield no survivors, and the seas of Shetland are loth to give up their dead. Nowhere is the break-up of family life so sudden and so unrelieved as in the wrecks of these northern waters. In a thousand different ways women may be widowed, children left orphans, and parents deprived of the sons who are their only support. But usually the dead are brought back and there is a little interval of silence and mourning, which serves to divide the life which the survivors have led hitherto from the life which they must lead for the future. The families of these lost fishermen know no such pause. Their dead are doubly lost to them, since they are not even recovered for last looks and reverent burial. It is only their failure to return when others return that establishes the fact that they have died.

But if imagination refuses to reproduce in its fulness the disaster which has just swept away some seventy Shetlanders, it may at least bring before us to some purpose the condition of those who were dependent on them. In Shetland, we are told, it is customary for the men of whole families to fish together in the same boat. In a single crew there will be father and sons, uncles and cousins. Consequently the wreck of a boat may mean the loss of all the protectors to whom a woman and her children had to look. Her husband has gone, and with him have gone sons and brothers and more distant relations still. In islands where fishing is almost the only industry women and children can do but little to support themselves. They live indirectly by the boats, as the men live by them directly. Now that boats and crews are alike gone, they have nothing to look to but the charity of their neighbours. But in the Shetlands there is little or none of that abundance out of which charity springs most easily, if not most willingly. Where all are poor in their degree, contributions must be small and the payments spread over a considerable time. In the present case, however, the need is great and immediate. Some three hundred people have been left destitute in a night. They have to be maintained for the moment and to be cared for hereafter. There is no fear that the Shetlanders will not do their utmost, but even their utmost will not go very far. In some ways, strange as it may seem, we are more separated from these islanders of our own coast than from the sufferers under similar disasters in foreign countries. For the most part we are not helped to realize what has happened by local knowledge, and, in the absence of local knowledge, it needs an unusual effort to bring the disaster home to us. If we had heard of the loss of sixty or seventy men on some coast with which we were familiar, which we had visited in holidays or coasting along in yachts, the impression made on us would be vivid and persistent. The contrast between our own past pleasure and the present misery of the survivors would

recur to us again and again. When the scene is the Shetland Islands we are apt to forget how near to us it is in point of distance, how close to us in point of relationship. In theory they are our fellow-countrymen, and consequently have a paramount claim on our generosity. In fact, they are more strange to us by a great deal than if they were so many Frenchmen or Italians.

It is this that seems to make it expedient to say something more in the way of suggesting contributions than is ordinarily needful. The first mention of a disaster of this kind in the newspapers commonly brings offers of money from all sides. In such circumstances as these the only advice that has to be given is not to allow the customary objects of charity to be forgotten in the more showy and interesting pensioners who have suddenly been thrown upon our hands. Liberality suggested by excitement of this kind is apt to be a little impulsive. It forgets that if A. withdraws his help from B. in order to be generous to C., it is B., not A., that is the real benefactor. There are no signs that any such caution is required now. On the contrary, there is some reason to fear that, unless people are reminded that these islands, so remote from us and yet so closely connected with us, contain many families made destitute by an overwhelming and unforeseen disaster, they will not think of the one way in which it can be of any avail that they should think of it. Already, as we learn from the letter sent to the *Times* on Thursday last by the Accountant-General of the Navy, a small Committee has been formed in London, and will act in concert with the Committee established at Lerwick. This Committee will know, what we in London cannot know, the nature, the extent, and the duration of the destitution so suddenly created, and the most appropriate means of effectually and permanently relieving it. Their only difficulty will be to find the money with which it is to be relieved, and that is precisely the difficulty which can at once be removed by a prompt and judicious exercise of English liberality.

#### TUNIS AND TRIPOLI.

THE criticisms passed by the Duke DE BROGLIE in the French Senate on the African policy of M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE were couched in serious and dignified language, and were searching and impressive. The Duke knew he had a strong case, and made the most of it. But it was not so much the case of a political adversary as the case of a diplomatist and ex-Foreign Minister. The speaker knew thoroughly the past history of French diplomacy, and could signalize precisely where M. ST.-HILAIRE had made a new departure and point out its probable consequences. The independence of Tunis, in the sense that Tunis is not, and has not been for nearly two hundred years, a part of the Ottoman Empire, is quite as much a part of the diplomatic creed of the Duke DE BROGLIE as it can be a part of that of M. ST.-HILAIRE. It was the Duke, indeed, who, as Ambassador to England, had to submit to Lord GRANVILLE, in 1871, the strong protest of M. THIERS against the effort then made by the Porte to get its sovereignty over Tunis recognized. Nor did the Duke in any way deny that Tunis needs to be watched in the interests of Algeria, or that occasions might arise when it would not only be permissible, but necessary, that pressure shall be put on Tunis to prevent it becoming a focus of disaffection among the Algerian Arabs. What he insisted on was that it had always been the object of France to have an independent Tunis on which it could put pressure, but the existence of which it would uphold. The very reason why an independent Tunis was valuable to France was that it prevented France coming into direct contact with Turkey. Not to have Turkey for a neighbour, not to have constant quarrels, or occasions of discussion with a Power which is in such a position that the slightest quarrel with it may light up an European war, was the permanent aim of French statesmen of every party, and under every form of Government. From this policy M. ST.-HILAIRE seems to every one but himself to have openly and wantonly departed. He has destroyed the independence of Tunis; he has made France the neighbour of Turkey; he has gone to the verge of a quarrel with the Porte; he has forced England to appear on the scene, and to say what it will or will not tolerate. A French speaker naturally added that it was humiliating to France that it should have had to seek the

countenance and favour of the only Power which is interested in seeing it waste its strength in African expeditions, and that the clause of the Constitution which forbids war to be made without the sanction of Parliament was rendered nugatory if the Government might, on its own authority, bombard the forts and kill the subjects of a foreign sovereign.

To all this M. ST.-HILAIRE made the astonishing answer that he was thoroughly at one with the Duke DE BROGLIE as to the importance of having an independent Tunis, of avoiding contact with Turkey, and of sedulously avoiding the complications, to which any attack on a province of Turkey would give rise. He did, indeed, give up the Kroumirs. Those slippery people had not been conquered because they could not be found. Even if they had been found, they needed not an army, but a few gendarmes, to suppress them. But M. ST.-HILAIRE sticks to his independent BEY. Nothing has been done to diminish the BEY's independence or to bring France in contact with Turkey. It was all very well for an outsider like the Duke DE BROGLIE to talk of the BEY's forts having been bombarded, of points on the coast in the immediate vicinity of Tripoli having been seized, of a treaty having been extorted from the BEY. These proceedings might seem odd to an uninstructed critic, but that was only because he was uninstructed. It is only those who are blessed with the inner vision given by access to the Foreign Office who can see these things in their true light. People like the Duke DE BROGLIE must learn to be patient, and then they too will have a power of right perception bestowed on them. All that is taking place now is part of a process. France is working by very subtle means, but its method is very safe and very sure. It is engaged in the delicate task of making the BEY independent, and it has to use the means which it finds at its disposal, although they may not at first sight seem exactly such as it would be natural to use. M. ST.-HILAIRE is as confident as ever that the day will come when all the world will see that, by having his forts occupied, his towns destroyed, his subjects driven into insurrection, a French Consul made his Chief Minister, and by being himself shut up in his palace under a guard of French soldiers, the BEY has been put on the high road to independence, dignity, and uncontested sovereignty. The BEY was, in the eyes of M. ST.-HILAIRE, a drowning man. M. ST.-HILAIRE has plunged into the stream and is saving him; but, of course, he has to seize the drowning man's hair in a rough and rather unpleasant manner in order to bring him to shore.

It is probable that M. ST.-HILAIRE wishes so very much to believe what he says that he really does believe it. He longs to persuade others as well as himself that he has done nothing more than take indispensable steps to prevent Tunis being hostile to France. He is possessed by an unfeigned horror at the possible consequences of what he has done. Above all, he recoils from anything like an attack on Tripoli. No one, he emphatically declared in the Senate, but an enemy of France could suggest that France should provoke the enormous dangers which an attack on Tripoli would involve. To Lord GRANVILLE he has been equally explicit. Englishmen will read with keen satisfaction the extremely plain language which Lord GRANVILLE has used on this point. England will not allow its position in Egypt to be in any way, however indirectly, to be menaced. It will not have the French in Tripoli as the neighbours of the country it protects. M. ST.-HILAIRE says, and says truly, that it could do no good to France to occupy a barren coast lying a desert that stretches over seventeen degrees of longitude. That is a very sensible way of regarding the matter, but it is not exactly the English way. A French occupation of Tripoli might do no good to France, but it might do much harm to England. Therefore it must not be if England can prevent it; and Lord GRANVILLE has rightly judged that the surest way of preventing it is to make it clearly known before any design of the sort is seriously contemplated that England would rather go to war than suffer it to be carried out. M. ST.-HILAIRE has shown both tact and good sense in his manner of meeting this declaration on the part of England. He takes no offence, he gives no half answer, he does not seek refuge in a conditional promise. He recognizes the right of England to retain its position in Egypt unchallenged; he states absolutely that France will keep its hands off Tripoli; he undertakes that, if France has to take measures against agitation fomented in Tripoli, it will remain wholly on the defensive. Lord GRANVILLE could not

but be satisfied with these solemn assurances: A positive and indisputable engagement has been made, and there is an end of the matter satisfactory to England, and as M. ST.-HILAIRE thinks, equally satisfactory to France. If no one else had to be thought of, the matter might have ended there. But it was obvious that this engagement might be only too satisfactory to Turkey. The Turks are accustomed to be protected, but they are equally accustomed to think that they are indispensable to their protectors, and may do what they please under the shelter which good fortune has provided for them. It was necessary, therefore, to warn the Porte that England does not mean that, if Tripoli is used as a centre of agitation against the French in Tunis, England will intervene to shield Turkey from the consequences she would have justly deserved. The day may come when very grave questions may arise between France and Turkey in regard to Tripoli. But for the present the discussion in the French Senate and the action taken by England have very much lessened the probability of any European complication arising out of the Tunis expedition. The very difficulties, too, which the French have now to encounter in Tunis will make them less exposed to any harm that the Arabs of Tripoli, whether instigated by the SULTAN or not, can do to them. The French have to conquer Tunis. They have to deal with an insurrection so serious that the insurgents now show themselves just outside the capital, and hold every inch of ground on which a French soldier is not treading. At the cost of much money and many lives, France will put down this insurrection; but it will have to take measures so strong, so effectual, and on so large a scale, and the Arabs will have suffered so severely, that the enfeebled and disheartened remnant of the subjects of this independent BEY will not for a long time be ready to listen to the voices of the agitators of Tripoli.

#### MR. GOSCHEN AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE City Liberal Club and its guests, while they bestowed merited applause on Mr. GOSCHEN, may perhaps have felt a nervous apprehension lest there should be a disclosure of the differences which in some degree separate him from the leaders and the bulk of the party; but when all persons concerned are equally anxious to avoid an unpleasant topic, reticence is easily secured. If Lord GRANVILLE had been able to take the chair, the avoidance of dangerous subjects would have only required a moderate exercise of his habitual tact. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is also a judicious speaker, and he is not a violent partisan. Mr. GOSCHEN himself was equal to the occasion. From the beginning of his speech to the end he scarcely referred to the political doctrines which the Liberal Club was established to support. The misfortunes and dangers of the Turkish Empire, which are but accidentally connected with party politics, furnished ample material for an interesting speech. Although much has been said of the peremptory character of Mr. GOSCHEN's diplomacy at Constantinople, he had evidently sympathized with the troubles which he had endeavoured to alleviate; and he even showed appreciation of the military spirit which, among the Turks, seems to be independent of political aptitude. In the harshest threats and remonstrances which it was his duty to address to the SULTAN and his Ministers, Mr. GOSCHEN personally felt that he was performing a friendly service to a Government surrounded by perils. As he said, the urgency of the Montenegrin and Greek questions consisted in the fact that obstinate resistance might not improbably have caused the dissolution of the Empire. Some recent events seem to indicate a discovery on the part of the Ottoman Government that its ancient ally is still its best and wisest friend. That the opposite opinion long prevailed was more the fault of Mr. GLADSTONE than of the SULTAN or his advisers. They may naturally have been excited by the animosity to their race and religion, caused by political and ecclesiastical motives, which Mr. GLADSTONE had repeatedly expressed in unmeasured language. Few other statesmen have thought it justifiable to profess themselves the enemies of any Power with which it may be their duty to maintain amicable relations.

Neither Mr. GOSCHEN nor the City Liberal Club can have forgotten that, only the day before, he had voted with the minority in the most important division which has taken place during the long discussion of the Irish Land Bill. There is no doubt that the Government would have been

defeated if Liberal members in general had ventured to act with equal independence. On no previous occasion has Mr. GLADSTONE been so little able to answer the arguments of his opponents; nor has he been compelled to approach so nearly to the communistic doctrine which would repudiate freedom of contract. His supporters are perhaps not to be blamed for preferring their party and their leader to their opinions, for a defeat of the Government might have produced serious complications; but the avowed secession of twenty Liberal members, and the significant absence of a much larger number, prove that the former doctrines of the party have not been unanimously renounced. Mr. GOSCHEN's speech at Ripon, and his subsequent vote, designate him as the future leader of those Liberals who still adhere to the principles of political economy. He has already been threatened by the organs of the intolerant faction which has usurped the name of Liberal. While Mr. GOSCHEN acquiesces in the flagrant anomalies embodied in the Irish Land Bill, he is not prepared to extend the practice of legislative interference with private affairs. His scruples will not have been removed by the language which Mr. GLADSTONE used on the day of the City dinner. An expression of sympathy with Mr. PARNELL's proposal for the punishment of absentees was the more remarkable at the time when Mr. PARNELL's lieutenants in Ireland publicly declare their purpose of abolishing landlords altogether. In the same speech Mr. GLADSTONE remarked that the moment was not convenient for the discussion of Home Rule, which is therefore admitted to be in some sense an open question. Sir W. HARCOURT may perhaps not have been too enthusiastic in his praise of Mr. GLADSTONE's abounding energy, but in the later stages of the Bill his language has become more and more revolutionary.

In differing on some vital points from the official doctrines of his party Mr. GOSCHEN may claim the credit of sincerity and consistency. It is certain that he is, as far as his convictions will allow, a loyal adherent of Mr. GLADSTONE; but his political temperament indisposes him to a policy of sentiment and impulse. It was on this ground that he declined to concur in the sudden conversion to universal household suffrage which Lord HARTINGTON, in an unhappy moment, imposed on the party. Other opponents to the change in the county franchise have objected to an unnecessary and dangerous increase of democratic power. Mr. GOSCHEN took alarm at the well-known indifference of the working classes to sound principles of political economy. He knows that the maintenance of Free-trade and of freedom of contract depends on the influence of the educated and intelligent classes, and he foresees that the unqualified supremacy of artisans and labourers will encourage a system of legislative meddling for the supposed benefit of the only section of the community which will be practically represented in Parliament. In the same spirit Mr. GOSCHEN protested at Ripon against the application of the principles of the Irish Land Bill to England and Scotland, and he has since voted for the proposal that even in Ireland substantial tenant-farmers should be left to take care of themselves. It may be added that, in confining his remarks to the affairs of Turkey, Mr. GOSCHEN intelligibly hinted that he had nothing to say about English politics which would have been acceptable to the City Liberal Club. The company present probably concurred in the hope expressed by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK that Mr. GOSCHEN might again become member for the City of London. He would, perhaps, be well content to represent his present constituency, but it is impossible to know whether he will be able to secure his return for the electoral division in which Ripon may soon be merged. The City of London never chose a fitter member than a scholar and an able economic writer, who had at an early age established a reputation as a man of business before he abandoned commerce for the occupation of a statesman. Unluckily large constituencies almost necessarily adhere to one or other of the great parties; and the suspicion and dislike with which the Liberals were regarded affected even the ablest and most independent of their leaders. In the last Parliament Mr. GOSCHEN came in at the bottom of the poll, and in 1880 he judged that it would be useless to offer himself as a candidate. He may perhaps, nevertheless, not agree with Mr. GLADSTONE that the wealth of the City deprives its electorate of all claim to respect, as, indeed, Westminster is similarly disqualified by the high social position of some of its inhabitants.

While some of the speakers at the dinner expatiated on the merits of the best of all possible Governments, and on the felicity of the country under its rule, Mr. GOSCHEN, perhaps unconsciously, consoled less sanguine politicians by the description of a community which is in a much worse condition; yet even the remark of an intelligent Pasha, that Turkey had within itself twenty Irelands, may have suggested the reflection that one Ireland is bad enough. As Mr. GOSCHEN said, the SULTAN had lately at one end of his dominions an Albanian League which threatened to assert its independence by arms; and it was necessary to send an army under DERVISH PASHA to reduce the insurgents to obedience. At the same time a Kurdish chief invaded Persia on his own account; and, if he had not been defeated, he might, perhaps, like similar adventurers in former times, have established a new Oriental dynasty. The unhappy SULTAN was, in a sense, responsible for the misdeeds of a vassal who was at the same time rebelling against himself; and, as one of Mr. GOSCHEN's informants truly observed, OBEIDULLAH KHAN is not a person whom you can take by the ear and lead to Constantinople, though he has now voluntarily waited on the SULTAN. A second army was, therefore, required in the East; and, in other quarters, there are malcontent Arabs to coerce, and hostile neighbours in the wholly or partially emancipated European provinces to watch. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke highly of the powerful force which had been collected to oppose a Greek invasion if the frontier question had not been settled by the efforts of European diplomacy. It seems as if, though they have neither money nor credit, the Turks can always find soldiers; and yet Mr. GOSCHEN believes that of the hundreds of thousands who were loyally in Asia for the Russian war only a third or a fourth part have returned to their homes. It was on the eve of Mr. GOSCHEN's departure from Constantinople that the Turkish Government had to face the new and unexpected complications arising from the French annexation or occupation of Tunis. The efficient assistance which they have received from Lord GRANVILLE may perhaps in some degree explain Sir CHARLES DILKE's statement that the Armenian reforms are in a hopeful state.

#### THE LAND BILL.

ALTHOUGH the third reading of the Land Bill has been unexpectedly delayed, the progress of the measure on the Report was, on the whole, satisfactory. With the exception of one very important division and one disastrous amendment, the history of the Bill in the last week of its passage through the Lower House has been uneventful. It is not very easy perhaps to appreciate the reasons which determined the Whig members of the House of Commons to make one of the few stands they have yet made against the neglect by the Government of their most cherished principles on the occasion of the amendment moved by Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE. That amendment, exempting from the operation of the Bill holdings rented at more than 100*l.*, had indeed the dubious advantage of in some degree limiting the harm which the Bill may do. But the defenders of the measure were able to retort with some semblance of reason that, granting the principle of the Bill itself, the amendment was rather mischievous than otherwise. Of all the sentimental ideas of the Irish peasant about the land—sentimental ideas which it is the business of this Bill to crystallize into legal rights—the most vivid, perhaps, is his objection to the consolidation of holdings. That the consolidation of holdings is of obvious benefit to Ireland, and consequently to Irishmen, is another matter. The object of the present Bill is to give Irishmen, not what is good for them, but what they desire, and they do not desire consolidation. Now that Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE's amendment would have been a strong inducement to landlords to effect this consolidation, as rapidly as might be consistent with the restrictions imposed by the Bill, is clear. To unprejudiced observers it appears that Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE and his friends might have been much better employed in supporting the amendments which Sir JOHN RAMSDEN did not and which Sir WALTER BARTHELOT did move. Nevertheless, the division, like that on Mr. HENEAGE's amendment, was a remarkable one, and full of warning to the Government. As before, only the support of the Home Rulers saved them from actual defeat. It was perhaps out of gratitude for this support that the

amendment which Mr. PARNELL sprung upon the House on Thursday, and which virtually re-enacts the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, was accepted by the Ministry. Nothing has been done in the direction of mitigating the rigour of the measure towards the landlords during the last seven days. Indeed, besides the concession to Mr. PARNELL just mentioned, the bonus conferred on leaseholders at the eleventh hour in Committee was an additional and serious infringement of the landlords' rights, and the refusal to recognize the cases in which landlords have themselves bought up the tenant-right without increasing the rent—cases which are known to exist in a respectable number—further demonstrated the spirit of the measure.

That spirit as it is represented in the Bill now on the threshold of the House of Lords is but little altered since its first appearance before the House of Commons. Slight but not unimportant alterations, removing to some extent the glaring onesidedness of the plan, have, indeed, been introduced in the first, the third, and the seventh clauses; but three months' discussion has hardly produced any other modifications of real value. The hostile description of the Bill at its first appearance remains, to all intents and purposes, correct—that it is an attempt to give the tenants of Ireland a new start at the expense of their landlords. The provisions for this purpose are immensely complicated, and in many cases it is difficult to say how they may work. But, if the Bill has the effect which its promoters wish it to have, the description just given will be tolerably well made out. It is far too late either to discuss the abstract justice or the practical expediency of such a proceeding; that has been done enough already. There are, perhaps, a few persons who, by dint of constant iteration, have persuaded themselves of the truth of the doctrine which three or four months ago came upon them as a startling novelty, and which is still an unhistorical invention to better instructed persons—the doctrine that the Irish peasant is a disinherited victim to whom his inheritance is now being restored by solemn process of law. With the exception of this little knot of docile partisans, one view of the Bill is probably entertained by its opponents and its supporters alike. It is a message of peace to the tenants of Ireland in the form of a cheque which is drawn on their landlords by Parliament, and which Parliament is able to insist that the landlords shall honour. This abnormal operation is regarded by some persons as a splendid act of justice and generosity, by others as a disagreeable and perilous necessity, by others as a dubious political experiment, by others as a great social and economical blunder, by others as a scandalous act of high-handed confiscation. But the simple matter of fact remains the same.

The interest which has been felt in the question, What will the Lords do with it? has been considerably abated by the understanding that the House of Lords will by no means assume an irreconcilable attitude, and that it is even dubious whether any very extensive attempt will be made to modify the measure in that House. There are certain points which have been sufficiently indicated already, notably the exemption of English-managed estates and holdings where the tenant-right has been bought up, and the fixing of a limit to the operation of the Bill—as to which something may be tried. The latest of Mr. PARNELL's amendments will also probably be heard of again. To insist on the redemption by Government of the estates of landlords who wish to sell is scarcely within the province of the Upper House. The Peers have, moreover, been relieved of great part of their responsibility by the vacillating and uncertain conduct of the moderate Liberals in the Lower House. It is no part of the duty of the House of Lords to endeavour to balance the preponderance of a particular party in the Commons, and the vacillation just referred to has made the divisions on the Irish Land Bill almost entirely party matters. Among those divisions there were many in which the weight of the moderate Liberals might have been thrown against the Government quite as legitimately as on the occasions of the amendments of Mr. HENEAGE and of Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE. It was not so thrown, and the consequence is that the Bill goes up to the Peers with a record, broken on only two occasions, of very considerable majorities in its favour. It has, moreover, as has been repeatedly pointed out, something more in its favour than the number and the figures of the muster-rolls on which the majority of Mr. GLADSTONE has obediently answered "present" at the demand of its chief. The dominant party, to use a homely comparison but too familiar to the



ordinary householder, has acted like the worldly-wise tradesman who is called in to inspect the mechanism of a house. There may have been nothing that required his services, but he speedily contrives to make them indispensable. The leaky cistern or the smoky chimney becomes in his hands an indubitable fact, and the householder is more or less at his mercy. All practical politicians recognise that the rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords (which is indeed unlikely enough), or even a persistence on the part of the Peers in amendments directed against its spirit, would be in the highest degree unwise. Nothing, it is true, can be much more deplorable than that spirit. Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks in the discussion on the Report as to absentee landlords are among the most remarkable that have come from the mouth of any English statesman during this century. The PRIME MINISTER is reported to have said in effect that he sympathized with Mr. PARNELL'S wish to deprive absentees of the benefit of the law, but that this was not the time for discussing the manner of their outlawry. It is probable that we may therefore look forward, if Mr. GLADSTONE is spared sufficiently long, to a measure enjoining so many months' residence on landlords, or directing, in the language of advertisements, that they shall devote their whole time to the duties of their office. Crazy folly of this kind is, of course, sufficiently far from Mr. GLADSTONE'S actual thoughts; yet it would be a perfectly legitimate inference from his words, and a sufficiently logical extension of the principle of the Irish Land Bill. Yet it should not be forgotten that another chance speech of the PRIME MINISTER'S compromised him almost as far on the other side. In the discussion on Sir WALTER BARTHELOT'S amendment, he is reported to have stated his willingness to consider in the future proved cases of depreciation of a landlord's property by the working of the Bill. These two utterances indicate sufficiently well the strange region into which the Land Bill introduces English politics and politicians. Had the attitude of the House of Commons been different, the Peers would have been amply justified in barring the gate of this region for the present. But the House of Lords is only bound to help those who help themselves. Neither in the country nor in Parliament has any definite sign of resipiscence manifested itself; and the Lords will be justified, to say nothing more, in allowing Parliament and country to be filled with the fruit of their own and Mr. GLADSTONE'S devices.

#### THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE home politics of France have suddenly become interesting. Every one has long ceased to care how the existing Chamber employs itself; and until Tuesday no certain information was to be had as to when the new Chamber would be elected. At the end of last week a rumour suddenly got abroad that Ministers intended to hold the elections on the 21st of August, so that candidates and constituents were separated from the decisive day by less than a month. The indignation of all shades of the Opposition was great. They would have only four weeks in which to get up their case against the Ministry. Considering the state of habitual horror at the sins of the Cabinet in which the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left are agreed to live, it may not seem that this is an insufficient interval. Upon almost any day in the year there is enough abuse directed against Ministers in reactionary and Radical journals to furnish an ample brief for any number of candidates. Still, a good case on which candidates may insist is not everything. The candidates themselves must be forthcoming; and, though to provide them may not take long when the money is ready, to provide the money may not be so easy. Probably there was never a general election in which the defeated party did not believe that, if it had only had a little more time to prepare for the contest, it would have made a very much better fight. On this occasion the pill was made still more bitter by two other considerations. The Opposition had really been led to believe that a later day would be chosen. The MINISTER of WAR had announced that the Reserve would be called out in two divisions, the first between the 18th of August and the 14th of September, and the second between the 4th and the 29th of October. Consequently the latter half of September seemed obviously intended for the elections; and it was a genuine

disappointment after this to be told that the Government meant to hold them on the 21st of August. The second consideration was that August is seldom a month in which very much happens, so that there was every chance that, if the elections were thus hurried on, there would not be time for any new misfortune to overtake the country and to supply an additional text against the Cabinet. In ordinary years this would not have much mattered, because there would then have been no reason to suppose that the chapter of accidents was likely to contain any specially unpleasant reading for September. But this year there was good ground to hope that it might contain something of the kind. With the business in North Africa on hand everything is possible, and an election held in the midst either of defeat or of a call for additional troops might be turned to excellent account. By Tuesday the anxiety of the Opposition had become uncontrollable, and M. CLÉMENTEAU plainly taxed the Government with their change of purpose. M. FERRY declined to admit that there had been a change of purpose. To fix the date of the elections was the proper business of the Executive, and in determining to take the 21st of August the Government had only consulted the interests of the Republic. Unfortunately M. FERRY did not stop here. He went on in effect to say that the best way of consulting the interests of the Republic was to prevent Republicans from talking too much. The Government, he said, had decided that the electioneering period ought not to be a long one, inasmuch as, with the present freedom of speech and writing, the electioneering period never came to an end. On this theory a Government might give notice on Saturday of its intention to hold the elections on the Sunday, since, as the electors are always in perfect readiness for the contest, they can consequently dispense with any special preparation for it. According to M. FERRY, a French elector should always be in a position to make his choice between rival candidates, even though he may have had no intimation that his vote would be asked for until he came within sight of the polling-booth.

It is not unlikely that this speech of M. FERRY'S lost him several votes in the division which shortly followed. Even a respite of three weeks is something when an election is in prospect; and, if the Deputies had been consulted before the Government came to a decision, most of them would probably have voted for the middle of September. M. FERRY made the question one of confidence, and called upon the Chamber, if it thought that it was dealing with a Ministry of surprises, to vote for M. CLÉMENTEAU'S motion of censure, and to put an end to the situation in which the incessant attacks of the Extreme Left had placed the Cabinet. It was a handsome challenge, and it was within a very little of being handsomely taken up. Only 214 Deputies voted with Ministers, while 201 voted against them. There were 73 Deputies who did not vote at all, and it is among these that the ill effects of M. FERRY'S speech must probably be looked for. If he had been able to assign any special reason for hurrying on the elections, some of them might have supported him; but, with perverse ingenuity, he had contrived to give the impression that the Government were really anxious to cut short the discussions of their policy which will shortly begin in every constituency.

If the *Times'* Correspondent is well informed, the reason for hurrying on the elections is not so much that the Government wish to cut short discussion as that they wish there shall be nothing particular to discuss. According to this view, the Government had not, in the first instance, any intention of holding the elections before the 14th of September. The Circular from the MINISTER of WAR was intended to convey the meaning which M. CLÉMENTEAU attributed to it. Several small inconveniences, such as the postponement of the sittings of the Departmental Councils, would have been avoided, and no colour would have been given to the charge of wishing to steal a march upon the Opposition. But, within forty-eight hours from the issue of General FARRÉ'S Circular, the commander of the army in Algeria informed the Cabinet that, though no outbreak was to be expected until after August, he looked forward in September to a formidable insurrection which would require a great effort to put it down. M. FERRY had consequently to take his choice between hurrying on the elections after the Government had indirectly pledged themselves not to hold them before the 14th of September, and holding them at a time which might coincide with serious events in Africa. In these circumstances he pre-



ferred a course which would, at all events, prevent the new Chamber from being coloured in the very moment of its creation by the unpopularity consequent on the discovery that the African policy of the Government had proved more costly and troublesome than they had painted it. Whether this is a correct account of M. FERRY's motives it is impossible to say. The *Times'* Correspondent says that he has his information from a source of authority, and the probabilities certainly point to the existence of some powerful reason for anticipating the date of the elections. The constituencies will not be particularly pleased with a Minister who declares that he does not wish to give them too long an interval in which to study his merits. The more eager a man is to induce another to pronounce in his favour, the more careful he commonly is to avoid all appearance of wishing to hurry the decision. If M. FERRY has to be fitted with a motive for substituting the 21st of August for the 14th of September, the motive suggested by the *Times'* Correspondent is certainly plausible. The fact that it has such weight with M. FERRY suggests, however, a curious reflection. When Tunis was occupied, it was said that the Government wished to do something striking abroad in order to go to the country in the odour of popularity. In that case the desire of the French people for aggrandizement abroad must be exceedingly short-lived. What was intended to please them in May is treated as certain to annoy them in September. Otherwise the Government would not see in the possible coincidence between a fresh African expedition and the elections a source of Parliamentary danger which must be averted at any cost.

#### THE ARMY.

THE Extraordinary Gazette of Tuesday is a new Baptist Register for the British army. In it the regiments of the line are called for the first time by their local names, while half the officers receive a new personal title. Retirements, promotions, and a strange terminology combine to make the Gazette memorable. The names of generals whose connexion with the service thus becomes historical necessarily fill a large space. In one sense, at all events, the English army has long been the best-generalled army in Europe. It is certainly an advantage that the list of generals should bear some relation to the list from which selection would be made for service in the field. The objections to compulsory retirement only apply to the other end of the scale, and even there they have as yet hardly come into force. At the dignified, if not venerable, age to which the retired generals have attained, they must themselves have a half suspicion that younger men may be more useful in a campaign. But a man who has to leave the army at forty may fairly feel that, though he is too old to look out for a new career, he is at his best as regards the career which is being taken from him. It is inevitable that a measure of this kind when it comes to be fully applied should give occasion to many heartburnings. The best thing that can be urged in its defence is that, as it must be exceedingly unpleasant to the SECRETARY OF STATE to have to introduce compulsory retirement, it must be assumed that he saw no other way out of the difficulty which the block in promotions had created.

Even so much as this cannot be said of the change in the names of the regiments. As the eye travels along the Gazette even the civilian is conscious of a certain shock when the familiar numbers which are retained for the household Cavalry, the Dragoons, the Hussars, and the Lancers, suddenly give place to the local titles by which the infantry of the line will in future be known. If it is true that upon the day when the warrants came into force the officers of many regiments sat down to mess with crape upon their arms it cannot be pretended that the change is not very keenly disliked. That is not of course in itself a reason for leaving it unmade. The actual members of a service are often very ill-disposed to welcome necessary reforms. But it is a reason for not making it unless it was indispensable to the success of the general scheme of reorganization of which it forms a part, and no adequate evidence has been given that it was thus indispensable. The essential feature of that scheme was the localization of the army, the association of every regiment with some specific district from which its recruits should be drawn and in which its dépôt should be stationed. The value of this provision may be taken

for granted, but the regiments appropriated to each district might equally well have continued to bear their old numbers. The substance of localization would have been secured; the difference would have been that the 30th and the 59th would have made up the East Lancashire regiment, and not, as is the case now, have been transformed into the East Lancashire regiment. In this way the past history of the army would not have been wiped out. Each regiment would have retained before men, as well as in its own consciousness, the recollections associated with the Peninsula, with the Crimea, or with India; while it would have added to this whatever advantage there is in permanent association with particular districts. This has actually been done in the case of special titles. If the Somersetshire regiment may still be called Prince Albert's Light Infantry, or the West Yorkshire regiment the Prince of Wales's Own, it is hard to see why a similar relaxation of the rule should not have been permitted in cases where the regimental numbers were equally distinctive and at least equally honourable.

On two other days within the last week military affairs have had their share of public attention. On Saturday the LORD MAYOR entertained a large number of Volunteer commanding officers at the Mansion House, and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE took the opportunity to speak in very high terms of the behaviour of the Volunteers at Windsor, and to say, very justly, that his praise would not have been valuable now if it had not been withheld in the days when it was less deserved. It is quite true that "if faults had not been honestly, fearlessly, and frankly stated," the Volunteers would never have arrived at the position they now occupy. Indeed, if there is any charge to be made against the military authorities in connexion with the Volunteers, it is rather that they were slow to discover how anxious the Volunteers were to be found fault with. The Volunteers had made a military standard for themselves long before the War Office thought it worth while to make a standard for them. If they had been contented to take advantage of all the allowances of which they were offered the benefit, they would have remained at best showy inefficient. It was by insisting that more should be demanded of them that they by degrees induced the military authorities to believe that it might be worth while to give them what they asked. As Lord ELCHO pointed out, the present value of the Volunteers is not to be measured by the actual number enrolled. Now that a certain minimum of efficiency is exacted from every Volunteer, a man who is no longer able to attend drill has to leave the force. The result of this is that, in the event of an invasion, we should command the services of a large number of men whom a very short period of training would make as efficient as any actual Volunteer. Lord ELCHO reckons that there are 800,000 men forming this unrecognized Volunteer Reserve, which, with the numbers actually enrolled, would give us close upon a million of men who have received the rudiments of military training, and the majority of whom would be willing to give their services for home defence. The next demand that the Volunteers ought to make upon the War Office has only an indirect reference to themselves. They cannot do much to improve their present qualifications unless some mode can be discovered of giving them the assistance and co-operation of cavalry and artillery. At present they possess, and to all appearance are likely to possess, neither. How the deficiency is to be made good we cannot pretend to say, but the question is one that has a genuine claim on the attention of the Government. The Volunteers will not be raised to the full development of which they are capable until the defence of the country may be entirely trusted to them should it suddenly become desirable to send every available battalion of the regular army abroad. It may not be possible to bring the force to this pitch of perfection, but it certainly cannot be expedient to rest content when we have not made a single step towards its attainment.

On Monday the Duke of CAMBRIDGE presented their commissions to the Woolwich Cadets who have successfully passed their examinations for the Artillery and the Engineers. On this occasion the DUKE showed that his power of distributing blame was fully equal to his power of distributing praise. The condition of the Royal Military Academy seems to call, however, for something more than speech. When the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has

occasion to tell the young men destined for the Scientific Corps that he is far from satisfied with the reports of their conduct; that their behaviour during the time to which those reports relate has been ungentlemanlike and unsoldierlike; that they cannot expect men to obey those who do not themselves understand obedience; and that discipline, if they will not yield to it of their own free will, must and shall be enforced—matters must have come to a serious pass. Nor have the Cadets made up by proficiency for what they want in conduct. The results of their study leave much, the Duke says, to deplore. They are careless about the subjects which it is most essential for an officer to know, and waste such attention as it suits them to give upon subjects which, though they bring marks, are of very secondary importance from a military point of view. If these uncomplimentary criticisms are well deserved, they reflect discredit not merely on the Cadets, but on the authorities who have the charge of them. The Governor is described in the newspaper reports as certifying that the conduct of those to whom commissions were presented had been marked during their stay at the Academy by the highest discipline and obedience to orders. Either, therefore, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has been misinformed or the Governor's commendations have ceased to bear any meaning. As regards the proficiency of the Cadets, if the study of extra and optional subjects is found to distract them from purely military subjects, why are prizes given in them? If, again, 18,000 marks are too low to entitle a man to a commission when, in the same examination, another Cadet gets 46,000, why is the margin allowed to be so large? The minimum ought to be fixed at a point which is evidence of sufficient preparation—not merely of such preparation as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE describes in his speech. The matter is one which certainly suggests further explanation.

#### AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL COMPETITION.

OF all the secrets of the future, there are few which it more concerns Englishmen of every class to guess rightly than the effect of American competition on English agriculture. Lively effort, therefore, made with any fair degree of intelligence and knowledge to read the riddle is to be welcomed, and the effort made by Mr. BLAKE in a recent pamphlet deserves serious consideration. Mr. BLAKE represents in Parliament the county of Waterford; he is a landowner, and has a substantial personal interest in arriving at a right conclusion, and he has taken the trouble to go to the produce-growing districts of the United States and see on the spot what American competition means. The most valuable part of his production is that in which he shows that American competition is as yet in its infancy. It will, he thinks, take five or six years to perfect the machinery by which England is to be inundated with American meat and American grain. Produce has first to be produced, and then brought to market, and producers and carriers are only as yet on the threshold of their respective enterprises. The stock of cattle in American cattle-growing districts may and will be doubled. The owners of cattle are setting themselves energetically to doubling it; but a stock of cattle cannot be doubled in a day or a year. What is certain is that, when the time has elapsed which is necessary to make it a physical possibility that the stock of American cattle should be doubled, it will be doubled. Any amount of corn can be grown in the western districts of the United States and Canada; but it is only where a railway runs that corn can be grown for any other purpose than that of feeding pigs, or rotting on the ground. Railways are being built, but they are not finished. As they go on, the land adjacent to the line is taken up, and brought into cultivation. Time is needed to build the line, to attract settlers, to enable the settlers to get over their first difficulties, and, lastly, to grow a marketable surplus. Here, again, as in the case of cattle, a process is going on the fruits of which are not visible as yet, but must show themselves before long. At the same time, improvements are continually going on which make production easier or make produce of a better quality. New machinery is constantly being devised to save labour, and such articles as bacon, which in America is relatively bad, because the pigs are fed carelessly, is being made better by more attention being given to the feeding of the ani-

mals. Very great improvements, too, are being introduced into the carrying business. Powerful and large vessels are being built expressly adapted for the reception of live cattle; ingenuity is busily at work to reduce the cost of keeping dead meat fresh; and what is at present the great obstacle to the importation of American dead meat—the defectiveness of the arrangements for treating and distributing it on the English side—is sure to be remedied. Here, again, time is necessary to direct English capital and energy into a new direction; but the time found necessary is not likely to be very long. Mr. BLAKE's estimate of five years appears to be ample; and there seems to be no reason for doubting that in five years' time American agricultural competition will tell on English cultivation with a force very much greater than that which it now exercises.

There is also, we think, much justice in the observations which Mr. BLAKE makes on the objections which are usually made by those who try to make light of American competition. The cost of carriage and freight is necessarily a drawback to the American competition; but experience shows that, in spite of carriage and freight, American produce can be landed here at a profit-yielding price which is very considerably below what the farmers of the United Kingdom have been in the habit of receiving, and the cost of carriage and freight is much more likely to go down than to go up. There is not the slightest prospect of American land becoming exhausted. The soil of the great Canada wheat district, a thousand miles long by three hundred wide, is said to be of such a nature that it fertilizes itself, and this very peculiar soil stretches a considerable distance into the United States. This is what Mr. BLAKE states, on the authority of local experts; but, even if the statement is an exaggeration, there can be no question of American soil being exhausted within the period when American competition will begin to tell with its full force on English production; and there is no limit to the American territories in which cattle can be produced in illimitable quantities and produced for ever. An adequate supply of labour will be provided by the vast stream of European, and especially of German, immigration; and, although this stream may some day fall off, yet it happens that the stream is stronger than it has ever been known to be at the very moment when additional labour is needed to fulfil the prophecy that in five years' time the full effects of American competition will be felt. Some day, perhaps, a larger portion of English land and of the capital and energy of English farmers will be devoted to the rearing of poultry and to the cultivation of vegetables. But, although these are very valuable adjuncts to a good system of general agriculture, they can never replace such a system. If we lose the business of supplying our own population with bread and meat, we cannot make good the loss by developing the business of supplying the masses with eggs and French beans. Lastly, Mr. BLAKE, as an Irish member, finds it natural to notice the sanguine views of those who dream that the Land Bill will enable the Irish farmer to compete successfully with his American rival. The Irish Land Bill at the very best will only enable the actual cultivator of twenty acres of wet poor land to make as much out of them as a needy ignorant laborious person can make out of them. The utmost efforts of such a man will only make him a little less of a struggling pauper than he has hitherto been, but can have no possible bearing on the general effects of American competition.

When we come to Mr. BLAKE's estimate of the probable consequences of American competition, we feel ourselves on ground much less firm and sure. He tells us that he had studied the calculations of Mr. ATKINSON, of Boston, who had prophesied that English rents would be wiped out altogether; that, on arriving in the States, he had a long conference with the prophet; and that the final result of the discussion, and of all his own observation, was to convince him that Mr. ATKINSON was quite wrong—that things would not be half so bad for landowners like himself, and that it was safe to put down the permanent reduction of rents at one-third. No figures are given to show why this point of reduction is taken rather than any other; and, of all the data with which Mr. BLAKE could have provided us, these are the figures that would have been most interesting. Let us, however, for the moment assume that Mr. BLAKE is right. If, then, one-third is taken off rents, the British producer will be able to

compete with the American. He will sell at a fair profit all he can produce. He cannot produce enough for the needs of the English population; but, as he will sell whatever he produces, all that the American competitor can send will be that quantity by which the English demand exceeds the English supply. There is no other great country to which he can send his surplus, for every great country besides England will guard its own agriculture by protective duties. This solitary opening, the supply of what one great country cannot produce for itself, seems a remarkably small one in comparison with the enormous increase of American production which we are told is going to take place. What is to become of all the cattle and corn which is to be produced in America? It will be confessedly in excess, and very largely in excess, of what the American population needs for its own consumption. It will also be enormously in excess of anything that England will take on Mr. BLAKE's supposition that, if they get a third of the rent taken off, English farmers will produce as much as they do now, and sell it at a profit, while the rest of the Old World will decline to take it unless the local harvest happens to be so deficient that import duties can be paid and yet a profit be left to the importer. It seems obvious that, if Mr. BLAKE is right, the Americans are going into over-production on a gigantic and ruinous scale. Even if Mr. ATKINSON were right in his gloomy prophecies, and English rent disappeared, the English farmer, if allowed to cultivate the land, would still produce as much as he does now, and the opening for American produce would not be increased. There would still be nothing to supply except what is represented by the margin between English production and English consumption, and this is really a mere fleabite as compared with what the Americans propose to produce. There are, no doubt, many other things to be taken into account; but, as Mr. BLAKE puts his case, it would appear that, when his five years are up, the American producer would be quite as much in danger of ruin as either the English farmer or the English landlord.

#### THE UNIVERSITIES COMMISSION.

THOSE who have watched with a mixture of perplexity and disappointment the action of the University Commissions instituted five years ago amid such sanguine expectations, will probably acquiesce gladly enough in the measure which Lord SPENCER has brought into the House of Lords. The powers of the Commissions expire this year; and it is proposed to transfer them to that Committee of the Privy Council which, according to the original plan, was to serve as a tribunal of reference after the Commissions had terminated their labours. Those labours have unfortunately resulted in some cases in suggestions which are almost equally disapproved by the most opposite parties in either University. The proposed Committee, composed as it will be almost exclusively of high official personages, is likely to exercise a much soberer judgment, and to be a much less convenient tool in the hands of crotcheters. The Chancellors of the two Universities, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, and other persons of the same standing may be fairly trusted to decide questions of reform much more in accordance with common sense and the general needs of the University and the country than in accordance with the views of this or that advocate of ingenious schemes for the redistribution of funds and studies.

#### METHODISM.

IT may be doubted whether many Anglican prelates or clergymen, or for that matter Wesleyan ministers either, would be disposed to endorse the assurance proffered the other day by Bishop Ryle to the President of the Wesleyan Conference, that their respective communions are simply "different regiments" in the same general army of "the Church of Christ in England." But there can be no doubt that the large proportions Methodism has assumed in England and America make it a phenomenon of considerable importance, and fully suffice to explain the elaborate disquisition on its history and organization which occupies the first place in the *Edinburgh Review* for July. The writer computes the English Methodists at five millions and the Americans at fourteen millions, while he rates their ecclesiastical property in Great Britain at eleven and in America at eighteen millions sterling. *Whitaker's Almanac* for 1881 gives 14,500,000 as the total figure

of "Methodists of all descriptions throughout the English-speaking world." Possibly the truth may lie somewhere between the two, but even at the lowest computation be adopted, it is sufficiently large. It should be remarked, however, that five sects or schisms have broken off from the parent stock, and besides the Wesleyans or Methodists proper, with whom alone the *Edinburgh* writer concerns himself, we have the New Connexion formed in 1797; Primitive Methodists in 1810, who, according to *Whitaker*, number in this country nearly half as many adherents as the original body; Bible Christians founded in 1815; United Methodist Free Churches, who separated in 1834—demanding, like the New Connexion, larger powers for the laity—and who come next in number to the Primitive Methodists, having about a third as many members; lastly, the Wesleyan Reform Union, who seceded from the Free Churches in 1849, but have only some 7,000 members and 18 ministers in Great Britain. There is scarcely a shade of doctrinal difference between these various communities, their dispute with the main body of Wesleyans and with each other turning on points of ecclesiastical discipline, to which reference will be made presently. With the broad facts of John Wesley's career and the circumstances which led to his gradual alienation from the English Church and very unwilling creation of an independent sect, which has proved in the sequel far the largest and most influential, though not the bitterest, of her rivals—we will not say of her foes—the reader may be presumed to be familiar. The Wesleyans indeed profess themselves "the friends of all, the enemies of none," and we have heard of a worthy Methodist elder assuring his Vicar that they are "the pillars of the Church"; but the claim can hardly be admitted, even in the restricted sense applied to the churchmanship of Lord Eldon, for they not only never enter the church themselves, but have not discharged the office of external buttresses with any very marked success. The famous passage where Macaulay suggests how a wiser policy in the ecclesiastical rulers of the last century might have made John Wesley to the Church of England what Ignatius Loyola was to the Church of Rome, has been read with a smile or a sigh by many successors, both of his and of theirs, in our own day; but it is too late now to repair a fatal mistake. Whether anything can still be done to arrest its further consequences is another matter. The first step, at all events, towards any such undertaking must be to gain clear appreciation of the facts. And there can be no doubt that Methodism differs widely both in its origin and its characteristic features from the ordinary forms of Dissent, though it may be questioned whether the spread of Liberationist principles has not tended of late years to obliterate or modify the difference. Wesley himself was so far from having any quarrel with the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England, as such, that to the last he considered it far the nearest approach to Apostolic Christianity in the world; he strictly forbade his preachers to hold services during the hours of worship at the parish church, or to presume in any case to administer sacraments; and it was only under pressure of what he believed to be necessity, and after the Bishop of London (Lowth) had refused to act, that he at length essayed in union with two other Anglican clergymen to ordain a Methodist "bishop" for America, where an episcopal form of government is still retained among his followers. It was the spectacle of the "soul-damning clergymen" of his day which troubled him; and Methodism arose, not, like other sects, to reform an erroneous system of ecclesiastical polity, but to promote personal holiness.

The line of demarcation between Dissent and Methodism has been well defined from the beginning. Methodism sprang from a sense of personal guilt before God; Dissent arose from the conviction that Episcopacy was wrong. The quarrel of the former was with incision, of the latter with prelacy. Dissent discussed theories of Church government as though the salvation of the world depended upon the adoption of some particular scheme. Methodists declared that their prime purpose was "to reform the nation, more particularly the Church, and to spread Scriptural holiness over the land." "Dissenters," said Wesley, "began everywhere with showing their hearers how fallen the Church and ministers are; we begin everywhere with showing our hearers how fallen they are themselves." Dissent magnified the congregation and made it honourable; Methodism originated the "United Societies" which were to have close connexion with one another, and always to act in unison. Dissent boldly separated from the Church; the Methodist leaders declared that they "obeyed the bishops in all things indifferent, and observed the canons as far as they could with a safe conscience." Their separation was gradual; it continued through many years, it was accompanied with fond regrets, and it has tinged, though with gradually fading tints, the intercourse of the Church and Methodism.

It is quite consistent with the origin and practical purpose of the movement that, as the Reviewer says, Methodism should be "built upon the class meeting as its germ cell." This meeting consists of some fifteen or a dozen persons, of either sex, who assemble weekly, under direction generally of a layman, for spiritual converse and instruction, and for something very like what is elsewhere practised under the name of confession. It is said to provide a powerful means for checking immorality, as well as for impressing the true Methodist stamp on members of the body, while at the same time it has—in common with the various Roman Catholic guilds, brotherhoods, and the like—one great indirect advantage in providing an occupation and outlet for the religious energies of laymen, which, at the time of the Wesleyan movement, were very much left to run to seed in the Church of England. It is also, like Catholic confession, part of the prescribed preparation for Communion. And, inasmuch as "in Methodism finance is always allied with religion"—for John Wesley had a

shrewd talent for the exigencies of government—the weekly contributions collected at these class meetings form the principal support of the ministry. But the class meeting is also part of a wider scheme of spiritual organization, or, as some would say, spiritual despotism. Not only is every member watched carefully by the leader of his class, but once a quarter the regular minister comes to inspect both class and leader, when tickets are given to approved members, while peccant members are censured, and may, after appealing to a regularly graduated series of courts, be finally excommunicated, the sentence being always reserved to the ministry. There is a division of “circuits”—roughly corresponding to dioceses—each under its own “superintendent,” who controls the ordained and lay preachers within his district. Another Methodist institution—less important, however, than the class meeting—is the “love feast,” or *agape*, which Wesley introduced as a revival of primitive practice, and another is the “watch-night,” professedly modelled on the vigils of the early Church. No such ancient precedent can be claimed for “the renewal of the Covenant,” which takes place on the first Sunday of the year, though it bears some analogy to the renewal of baptismal vows usual at the close of a modern Roman Catholic mission. It may be observed in passing that the buildings used for Methodist worship, at first of the very plainest, not to say ugliest, construction, are now apt to be as ecclesiastical as an architect chosen after open competition can make them, and indeed a very little modification, as the reviewer observes, would render many of them “perfect for the celebration of the most advanced ritual.” The services conducted in them fall into two distinct types, liturgical and non-liturgical, the former following very closely the order of the English Prayer-book, only that the minister is forbidden to wear any distinctive dress, not even “gowns or bands.” We have heard reports, however, of functions in some of the larger Wesleyan chapels on solemn occasions, where the Anglican service, or something indistinguishable from it to a casual observer, was chanted by surpliced choristers. A Wesleyan writer says there are some of his coreligionists “whose passionate love for the Liturgy can find no fainter expression than this; ‘I find no fault in it at all.’” The Wesleyan hymn-book has become less of a distinctive badge since hymnology has been so largely introduced into the services of the English Church; but it had *inter alia* a directly doctrinal import, as may be seen from the following couplet, omitted, it seems, at the last revision:—

The Unitarian fiend expe,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell.

And now it is time to say something of the crucial question of the organization of the Methodist ministry, which in spite of all disclaimers of “the notion of a succession of bishops conveying by digital contact from age to age the whole volume of divine grace”—a snare perhaps prompted by the consciousness that the succession had been deliberately broken—must be allowed to be framed on a strictly “sacerdotal” principle. In Wesley’s time, as we have seen, his preachers were interdicted from performing any sacramental acts, but with the definite separation from the Church which at once followed on his death this prohibition necessarily fell through. There is still, however, a distinction preserved of clerical and “local” preachers, the latter being mere laymen and restricted to lay functions. Women, like “Dinah Morris,” were at one time to be found among the lay preachers, but this innovation provoked severe censure, and was soon suppressed by authority. The preacher of a funeral sermon had already significantly remarked that “Bulham was converted by the braying of an ass, Peter by the crowing of a cock, and our lamented brother by the preaching of a woman.” All appointments of preachers are in the hands of the Conference, not of the lay Trustees of Chapels, who did indeed long contest the exclusive claims of the clerical hierarchy, but were gradually and completely defeated, so carefully had the deeds been drawn under Wesley’s eye. In 1835 a case came on appeal before Lord Lyndhurst, as Lord Chancellor, which settled the legal bearings of the question in favour of the ministry, who did not hesitate thereupon to recognize his lordship as “in his official capacity a minister of God for good.” We have said already that chapels are grouped into “circuits” under their respective “superintendents”—in America he has the title of “bishop”—but all these circuits are under the supreme control of the Conference, which is “heir to Wesley’s spiritual despotism and irresponsible power.” For eighty years a war was waged to procure the admission of the lay element—as it has come to be called in our day—into Conference, but in vain; “Wesleyanism stood firm by its bolted doors.” An attempt was once made to starve the Conference into submission, and 100,000 members seceded, but it did not yield. It is true that in 1877 a mixed or representative Conference, comprising equal numbers of ministers and laymen, 240 of each order, was established for purely temporal matters, but “the Legal Conference,” of 100 ministers, established by Wesley himself, which is alone suffered to deal with spiritual matters, and whose confirmation is required for the temporal acts of the representative Conference, remains intact. And thus “the keys are still in the hands of the ministers; like Thomas à Becket, they will only permit clerics to try clerics, and to admit into the church and expel from it.” It must certainly be allowed that this “nondescript presbytery,” which disclaims all “succession by digital touch,” manages to “write its priest very large.” The Conference distinctly asserts that it is composed of “ministers and pastors empowered not only to preach the Gospel, but to administer the Sacraments of our holy religion,

and charged with all the responsibilities of the Christian pastorate.” Nor is this a mere empty profession, but the assertion of a right which is jealously maintained. When challenged to admit lay delegates, the Conference summarily refused to entertain “any proposal which would go to transfer, altogether or in part, the responsibility of the sentence in disciplinary cases from the pastorate to the lay officers. To adopt such a course of procedure would be to give up a principle which, in the judgment of the Conference, is essentially inherent in the pastoral office.” The extreme “sacerdotalist” could not say much more. And not only is it maintained that “our Lord left the keys—the general government of the Church, and special binding and loosing of its members—to the Church itself, as represented by the men whom the Spirit would raise up to represent its authority”—namely, the ministers, but both the Conference and its district Committees claim the “undoubted right” of what is called “friendly examination,” but which would ordinarily be termed inquisitorial investigation into “the moral, Christian, or ministerial conduct of the preachers,” even though no formal or regular accusation has been preferred against them. The following account of the proceedings of Congress will be read with interest, perhaps with envy, by some who may regret the more limited powers of the assembly with which it is here contrasted:—

The Wesleyan Conference meets annually in some large and generally antique chapel, the doors of which are jealously guarded. No layman, no representative of the public press, no unaccredited minister can enter; but the Conference will, through its official “minutes” and through privileged ministers, furnish such accounts of its proceedings as it thinks fit to the public. The floor of the chapel is occupied by non-official members, the galleries are the haunt of very young ministers, and a platform supports the president, ex-presidents, secretaries, and a few officials. The atmosphere of the assembly is unique. The business is transacted with the precision of a merchant’s office under the religious sanctions of a synod. Accounts of moneys paid and received are examined, while pastoral addresses to various foreign conferences are read, and priestly benedictions roll over the clinking of the coins on the money-changers’ tables. A Church congress talks in hopes that some grains of wheat may be fanned from the chaff; the Wesleyan Conference talks that it may legislate. Convocation debates with a haunting and irritating remembrance of past power; the Wesleyan Conference argues and decides with an increasing confidence in the acclamations that will meet its decisions. Representatives find their way into the Methodist assembly from affiliated and derived communities in France, Canada, the United States, and Australia, and the preacher from an obscure country circuit, seeing them in the flesh, grows proud of a community on which the sun never sets. In the ordinary course of things, the subjects of debate are mere matters of routine, and only interest the Connection; but occasionally matters of more general importance are discussed—such as an *excommunication* from a zealous Churchman, which is sure to awaken the old controversies; the attitude of the Wesleyan denomination towards education; or the imperilling of the unity of the ministry by the over ardent action of some ecclesiastico-political preacher who contends that his absorption in the Wesleyan system does not militate against his taking part in some momentous question of a national character.

We have not left ourselves much room to speak in detail of the social, political, or theological aspects of Methodism. The two last are no doubt partly dependent on the first. If there be any force in the taunt sometimes aimed at recent conversions to Rome, that “there are plenty of Scotch duchesses, but no English grocers,” the precise opposite holds good of the triumphs of Methodism. It has never attracted the upper classes, and it retained no paramount influence over the poor. “The prosperous mechanic, the well-to-do tradesman, the manufacturer, for one or two generations, are its chief supporters.” It has ever been what Mr. Arnold would call a Philistine religion. It has not, indeed, as we have already intimated, coalesced with the general line of political Dissent. At one period a leading Wesleyan was expelled for joining the Liberation Society of his day, but no such sentence would have any chance of passing now. In the educational contest of ten years ago the Wesleyans were somewhat divided, but they generally acquiesced in the compromise proffered by Mr. Forster, which was really far more favourable to Dissent than to the Church, for the alternative of Bible teaching in Board schools, without any “denominational formulas”—which they do not possess or value—gave them all they wanted. The *raison d’être* of Methodism, as the reviewer justly observes, does not lie in its tenets, but in its peculiar organization and adaptation to practical ends. It has a tolerably marked and somewhat narrow type of theology, but no Confession of Faith. Dr. Pope insists that it is materially, if not formally, bound by the three Catholic Creeds and the Articles of the Church of England, but he adds that this assertion “must be taken broadly,” as the Connection has never made itself responsible for any of these formularies. He more summarily defines Methodist doctrine as “what is generally termed Arminian,” and as laying great stress on personal assurance. And his statement altogether applies only to the Methodists proper and not to the minor offshoots from the parent stem. But within these limits it is true enough that a remarkable unity of doctrine has been preserved among the ministers, and that any semblance of heterodoxy or novelty among them would be steadily repressed. It is said that a mere suspicion of his leaning to the theory of evolution has debarred the only one of them who ever achieved the least scientific distinction from the Feruley lectureship, a kind of Methodist “Bampton.” And the rigid constitution of the sect secures to it a far more effective control over diversities of teaching than can be found in the more lax and tolerant rule of the Anglican Church. And hence among the English middle classes it is a strong bulwark of Protestant orthodoxy, as opposed to broad Church tendencies on the one hand or “Romanizing” on the other. How long it will continue to hold its own against



the opposite assaults of the *Zeitgeist*, secular and religious, is a question more easily asked than answered. As yet four quarterlies and some 150 periodicals attest the literary energies of Methodism in its various branches throughout the world.

#### A KISS FOR A BLOW.

THE monopoly of all excellence which is well known to belong to the present Ministry and their partisans could hardly have been better shown than by the dinner which the City Liberal Club gave on Wednesday night to Mr. Goschen. Their possession of the heathen virtues of courage and justice has been sufficiently vindicated by the Transvaal arrangement and the Irish Land Bill. Intellect is an inheritance of the Radical rather than the Liberal party, which is disputed only by those who have no intellect to boast of. But the specially Christian excellences of humility and forgiveness of injuries have not hitherto been displayed in any striking measure by Mr. Bradlaugh's friends. An opportunity presented itself in Mr. Goschen's return, and it was promptly embraced. The City Liberal Club invited Mr. Goschen to dinner, and did not cancel the invitation, despite the notoriously bad conduct of the guest. Set free from the bondage of dinners and tennis at Constantinople, Mr. Goschen has apparently taken pleasure in treading on the most cherished corns of his Radical friends ever since his return. He described their home policy at Ripon in terms which might grace the mouth of the most rabid Tory. He entirely ignored the occasion which presented itself on Monday of protesting against a policy of blood-guiltiness and asserting the immeasurable moral supremacy of the man who yields to kicks what he has refused to yield to argument. Worse than all this, he actually on Tuesday voted against Mr. Gladstone, and rubbed shoulders in the division lobby with atrocious abettors of *l'infamie*—which is suggested to modern Radicals as a very convenient and summary expression for everything that Mr. Gladstone does not happen to like. Even Sir William Harcourt had to confess at the dinner itself that the last place in which Mr. Goschen's friends could hope to meet him was the division lobby of the House of Commons. He has since the banquet been lectured more in sorrow than in anger by the *Daily News* for his deficiency in moral sympathy and his false conception of national honour—his deficiency, that is to say, in sympathy with the designs of Irish tenants on the pockets of their landlords, and his invincible blindness in failing to appreciate the decoration of the Boot. But the City Liberal Club, though they knew all this but too well, forgave it. They gave Mr. Goschen his dinner, and the speakers availed themselves of the occasion to compliment each other in a more literally liberal fashion than we remember to have noticed in the speeches of any similar entertainment. The method of proceeding was, indeed, borrowed from that of the celebrated Irish regiment which solved the difficulties of existence by means of a perfected circle of accommodation bills. Sir John Lubbock praised Lord Granville (but this was a bye, for Lord Granville was unfortunately absent); then the business began, and he praised Mr. Goschen. Mr. Goschen, in turn, praised Sir John Lubbock. Sir William Harcourt praised everybody. Mr. Grant Duff praised Sir Charles Dilke, and Sir Charles Dilke praised Mr. Grant Duff. "Every fellow likes a hand," as a great authority has it, and on this occasion every fellow certainly got it.

On Mr. Goschen's own speech there is little to say. His reasons for dissembling his love of the Liberal party were given with as much frankness as became the occasion. That occasion, as has been pointed out, was rather a melancholy one. It must have occurred to everybody, "Where is the Duke of Argyll?" A banquet to the Duke of Argyll seems to be a necessary corollary or sequel to the banquet to Mr. Goschen. Enthusiastic Liberals themselves tell us that Mr. Goschen is their ablest man in the House of Commons, putting Mr. Gladstone out of the question, and that the Duke of Argyll is their ablest man in the House of Lords. If this be so (and it would be impertinent for the outsider who pretends to no knowledge of party secrets to gainsay it), their case is certainly hard. However, fortunately Mr. Goschen still has his Continental and Constantinopolitan experiences to talk about, and he described with much facetiousness the state of Turkey. When he remarked that Abeddin Pasha had said to him "You find Ireland a trouble; in Asia Minor we have fifteen Irelands," the City Liberals laughed consumedly. Possibly a patriotic Turk might find it a little hard to appreciate the joke, and might be disposed to add to Mr. Goschen's list of "plague of Albanians," "plague of Armenians," "plague of locusts," &c., the item plague of ambassadors, as a not inconsiderable article in the catalogue of Turkey's ills. However, of a man who is having a dinner given to him, especially under such very peculiar circumstances, too much must not be expected. Mr. Goschen was not ridiculous, and for a person in a very difficult situation that is always a great deal. The interlude of Mr. Samuel Morley, with his friend who had just been giving his own view of the Irish Land Bill to several Irishmen in order to prevent them learning a one-sided account of the matter, and his happy oblivion of Mr. Bradlaugh for the moment in his anxiety about bankruptcy and water, let in the Home Secretary, who was the star of the night. We use the expression not in the least ironically, for, putting the guest out of the question, Sir William Harcourt was certainly surrounded by very *minores ignes*. Mr. Browning has spoken of "my star that darts the red and the blue." Sir William Harcourt was equal to this variety of chromatic effort.

After trying his powers on Sir John Lubbock, he proceeded to eulogize Mr. Gladstone in a strain of the most exalted eloquence. "In the malaria which oppresses the marshes of mediocrity," it appears the Home Secretary thinks "there is something that refreshes the spirit in the contemplation of the high landscape and lofty outlines of these elevated minds." From a careful study of reports, it seems that some ill-conditioned person—an official in Sir William's own line, Mr. Nupkins, of Ipswich, had experience of a similar one—mistook the malaria of the marshes of mediocrity for a joke, and laughed at it as such. This mistake was to the last degree excusable. But it would follow—and the consequence is too horrible to be pursued much further—that, if it was a joke, Sir William was poking fun at the moral outline of his revered chief. As this is evidently impossible—especially in the face of the City Liberal Club, elevated, in Sir William's own words, if only with wine, and ready to take the most terrible vengeance on a profaner of the shrine—it can only be supposed that the Home Secretary, who used to possess a sense of humour, has immolated it at that identical *sacellum*. The same conclusion may be inferred from other passages of this remarkable oration. "He was good enough," said Sir William, speaking of the guest of the evening, "to inaugurate me in public life upon a platform at the Cannon Street Hotel." The particulars of this outrage, it will be seen, are given with a precision very creditable to the head of the judicial and legal departments of the Executive. It was on a platform at the Cannon Street Hotel that Sir William was inaugurated. "Is it," said Major Pendenis—"is it done in public—the plucking?" The inauguration was evidently done in public, though we are not informed what the flight of birds was which Mr. Goschen consulted or what they said about the future Home Secretary. Considering all things, it would seem that it was rather Sir William Harcourt's place to consult the omens about Mr. Goschen. It is a melancholy tale they would have had to tell. For it was in this very speech that the bitter cry already alluded to broke from Sir William. "We should be very happy to meet him in the lobby." But that is exactly where his quondam friends do not meet Mr. Goschen. "He has more wit than to be there." To persons of superficial and limited understanding it seems that in the fact there are included numerous minor facts upon which the City Liberals would do well to meditate.

After the Home Secretary, the lesser people naturally had their turn. Mr. Grant Duff is able to declare on his honour and conscience that in all the six Parliaments in which he has sat there has never been such a collection of able Liberals as in this one. Nor was the new Governor of Madras content to rely on the safe argument of the Yorkshireman who contended that, as Yorkshire was the biggest county of England, it was necessarily the best. The present Liberal majority being bigger than any in which Mr. Grant Duff has served, it ought obviously to contain more able men as well as more—but it is unnecessary to continue the sentence. Mr. Grant Duff's assertion, however, is positive. But he was good enough to take notice of the fact that this ability has been remarkably little *en evidence*—so remarkably little, indeed, that if Mr. Grant Duff did not vouch for it, it might possibly be doubted by the careful student of debates. The reason is, that the able persons have "sat with a patience and self-abnegation which were remarkable." It is obvious that if you do nothing but sit with patience and self-abnegation (we should have gone further than Mr. Grant Duff, and said that the Liberal majority had also voted with a patience and self-abnegation which were more remarkable still) you cannot display any shining personal merits. There was one person whose merits, however, were in evidence, and that was Sir Charles Dilke. It is only a pity that Mr. Grant Duff did not continue to expatiate a little on the merits of the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. A detailed panegyric on them would have been decidedly interesting. The intrepidity with which Sir Charles Dilke intervened just at the right moment in the Candahar debate, and announced intentions on the part of the Czar of which, as has since been shown, that monarch was totally guiltless, would have been a capital subject for a glowing passage. His ignorance of the very existence of Herr Most, who was well known to most students of foreign politics as a leader of the Socialist party in Germany, would have been a capital illustration of the "great knowledge" which Mr. Grant Duff attributed to him. Of the "consummate Parliamentary tact" simultaneously attributed, it is doubtful whether the Candahar manoeuvre just referred to, or the admirable explanation in reference to communications with Meshed which has since been achieved, would have been the most crucial instance. A statesman who is able to explain that, when he said that Her Majesty's Government had no means of communicating telegraphically with a certain place, he meant that their agent at that place was a Persian gentleman, ought to go far. The astonishment of those who read or heard Sir Charles Dilke's first answer, mindful of the many private despatches from Meshed which they had themselves seen, was, no doubt, quieted by the Under Secretary's reply to Mr. Stanhope in the most complete manner; and it is probably from their number that the warmest acknowledgments of his Parliamentary tact would come. It is true that but a year or two ago examples of tact of a similar nature would have met with the severest reprehension from the speakers at Wednesday's banquet. But we have changed all that, and the great conscience of the nation is at rest.

There is unhappily no means of knowing what Mr. Goschen felt



when he was accused of inaugurating Sir William Harcourt, or while Mr. Grant Duff and Sir Charles Dilke were exchanging amœboan strains of mutual admiration and esteem. These things are not reported. Perhaps he sighed for the cigarettes and lawn tennis of Constantinople, perhaps for the blue posters and orange rosettes of Ripon. At the precise passage of Sir William Harcourt's speech which related to the lobby it might be possible to formulate his thoughts. But the formula would be of so familiar, not to say vulgar, a nature that we shall not attempt to defile the paper with it.

#### MR. PALEY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

MR. PALEY has given evidence of a singular, if not unique, literary taste in his prose translations of the Greek classics, especially of Pindar and Æschylus. Many a time have his somewhat prosaic versions of famous passages lightened the labour of study and brought a smile to the lips of the fatigued student. It is Mr. Paley who made Prometheus, speaking like an Alpine Club man, "keep a miserable watch on the topmost rocks of this crevasse." He, too, made the Chorus in the *Suppliants* wish that the Herald "had perished, with your imperious insolence, and your peg-fastened ship besides." Several such examples of his taste led us to expect edification from Mr. Paley's essay on the latest school of English poetry, which is printed as a preface to a selection from the poetry of Lord Byron (George Bell and Sons). By the latest school of English poetry we expected Mr. Paley to mean the followers of Mr. Rossetti, or Mr. Swinburne, or Mr. Morris, or even M. Théodore de Banville. But Mr. Paley's "latest school" appears mainly to consist of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Longfellow, and Mr. Browning, three writers who scarcely seem to belong to the same "school" at all, and who might safely disclaim any connexion with the manner and method of Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Rossetti. On the whole, Mr. Paley dislikes his latest school very much. With Mr. Tennyson especially he seems to have no sympathy at all. Though he carefully "hedges" and disclaims any idea of being disrespectful, it is plain enough that he suspects Mr. Tennyson of being intentionally obscure, the public of buying Mr. Tennyson's poems for the purpose of securing "intellectual," and the reviewers of praising these works because they don't like to be out of the fashion. Now we have no intention of posing as defenders of Mr. Tennyson. There are certainly passages in *In Memoriam* which are deficient in clearness of expression. They are "unclear," as Mr. Paley says, and few can see their meaning at a glance. But we imagine that very few people are like Mr. Paley, who often cannot see the meaning at all.

Mr. Paley is a severe critic. In Scott, who is certainly clear enough, he finds scarcely anything higher than "an accomplished versifier, alike happy in his descriptions of natural scenery and in the narration of stirring events." Mr. Paley might as well describe the "cook" who "edited" the Homeric poems, or the genius who constructed them (he appears to hold both theories at once), as "an accomplished versifier, alike happy in his descriptions of natural scenery and in the narration of stirring events." These merits, combined with Scott's and Homer's power of drawing character and of suggesting reflection, will seem, to more lenient critics, to deserve praise greater than can be assigned either to "cooks," "editors," or "accomplished versifiers."

Mr. Paley finds in Wordsworth the founder of "a new school, not always very lucid in expression, yet full of the deeper thought." His judgment of Lord Byron is interesting, especially when we compare it with the recently published criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold. "Certainly, Lord Byron has every claim to be taken as the representative of the highest class of English poets for clear thought and expression, harmony of numbers, intensity of pathos, the high polish of his language, and, withal, that perfect *naturalness* which is as far as possible removed from pedantry, affectation, quaintness, mysticism, and from those commonplaces, or even vulgarisms, which we not seldom see thinly disguised under the veil of uncommon diction." Compare Mr. Arnold on "the slovenliness and tunelessness of much of Byron's productions"; on his style, "often so slipshod, slovenly, infelicitous"; on "his most crying faults as a man, his vulgarity, his affectation," which are "akin to the faults of commonness, of want of art, in his workmanship as a poet." What Mr. Paley quotes as "exquisite verses indeed," Mr. Arnold speaks of as "a famous passage beginning

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,

with those trailing relatives, that crying grammatical solecism, that inextricable anacolouthon!" Now, "exquisite" as Mr. Paley finds these lines of Byron's, we venture to think that, if Mr. Tennyson had written them, he would with great difficulty discover their meaning. It is certainly more obscure than most of the obscurest passages of *In Memoriam*. First we have "He who hath bent him o'er the dead." Then we have eighteen lines, in which we vainly look for some more information about him who hath bent him o'er the dead. Then, at length, we learn that the person spoken of "still might doubt the tyrant's power." The anacolouthon is all but inextricable, and this chosen specimen is quite inconsistent with Byron's boasted clearness. It is as "unclear" as it can be. Yet here Mr. Paley finds exquisite art. "The frequent alliterations, like the *ris vidua venti* of the older Latin poets, cannot be the result of mere chance, and, if not, they show a study and finish which is marvellous. Thus we have Day of

Death, Marked the Mild Angelic Air, Rapture of Repose, Tender Traits," and so forth. These are tender traits, indeed. But Mr. Paley, if he thinks of it, must allow that the latest school of English poetry can alliterate with quite as much "study and finish" as Byron. What study and finish, for example, in

Thy skin changes country and colour,  
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.  
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,  
We know it, the flames and the flakes.  
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,  
Round skies where a star is a stain;  
And the leaves with thy litanies written,  
Our Lady of Pain.

Here, we may say, like Mr. Paley, here in the lines of the latest school of English poetry the frequent alliteration cannot be the result of mere chance, and, if not, they show a study and finish which is marvellous. Thus we have Country and Colour, Shrivels or Swells to a Snake, Brightens and Bloats, Flames and Flakes, Skies where a Star is a Stain, and here we have no trailing relatives and inextricable anaconda like anacolouthon. If alliteration be a mark of study and finish, the latest school of English poetry can give Byron thirty and a bisque.

As a strong contrast to the new poets whom Mr. Paley cannot understand, he selects this lovely passage:—

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll,  
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.

What an invitation! Then Mr. Paley turns for "true melody" to the Pastorals of Pope:—

I know thee, Love, on foreign mountains bred,  
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed,  
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,  
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.

"Beautiful," says Mr. Paley, "as is the original of this passage in Theocritus, the art of the imitator has perhaps even improved on it." We venture to say that this is a crucial example of Mr. Paley's taste. That fine additional touch about Love being born in Ætna's "burning entrails,"

Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born,

is precisely an example of the forced and puerile manner of Pope's boyhood, and might be selected as a typical instance of the way in which the classics ought not to be imitated.

In his numerous writings on the Homeric question, Mr. Paley has advanced, as a proof that an early written Iliad is inconceivable, the fact that the readers of *Macmillan's Magazine* are unable to decipher archaic Greek writing. These marks, these characters in the early inscriptions, are clumsy and difficult—this is part of his argument—and therefore could not have been employed in a long written composition. To this it has been replied that characters much more clumsy and difficult are, in point of fact, used in long written compositions. But Mr. Paley is apt to make his own limitations of knowledge the standard of the intelligible. If he finds a character difficult, the people to whom it was familiar must have found it no less perplexing. This mode of reasoning he carries into his discussion of poetry. He takes such a passage as this:—

Likewise the imaginative woe  
That loved to handle spiritual strife  
Inflused the shock through all my life,  
But in the present broke the blow.

"What possible meaning to an ordinary reader can verses like the following convey?" he asks. "We do not pretend to be extraordinary readers, but the meaning is perfectly clear to what De Quincey's brother called 'the most excruciatingly feeble mind.'" The poet means that his habit of reflecting on metaphysical topics, like the immortality of the soul, occupied his mind at the time of his loss, and thus partly deadened the blow, while his grief, associating itself with his habit of speculation, became "diffused through all his life" and a part of his existence. A "woe" that "handles strife" is a clumsy expression, but not particularly obscure. But Mr. Paley determines that because he finds it difficult to understand Mr. Tennyson, therefore "most probably the real object of the author's in composing thousands of verses of this unclear kind was deliberately not to present to the reader any obvious sense, but to set him, as it were, a-thinking, so that he should satisfy himself by thought, and from the very effort and difficulty he experienced in attaining to it, that some very profound truth lies at the bottom of words which only require to be rightly interpreted in order to convey it." Here we find Mr. Paley's prose much more difficult than the Laureate's verse. But it is evident that he is, as usual, raising his own intellectual limitations into a universal standard. And this process leads him to very cynical results. For here, he says in effect, is a poet pretending to be vastly sorry for the death of his friend. But, in reality, this poet is only like Bunthorne in *Patience*. He is only setting himself deliberately to write obscure and imposing nonsense, that the public may say,

If this young man can understand things  
That are certainly not clear enough to me,  
Why what an uncommonly deep young man  
This deep young man must be.

Mr. Paley seems satisfied with this critical theory of the origin of *In Memoriam*. Then why is *In Memoriam* a poem so widely read, and by many persons regarded almost as a sacred treasure of consoling music? Mr. Paley's theory of that, too, is a little cynical. "Shall we say," he observes, speaking in general of the

poetry which he cannot understand—"shall we say that very many who have no real heartfelt love for poetry like to be thought clever, and so prefer sentiments which lie a little way or a long way below the surface?" Then he asks, with real and touching perplexity, "How can Love be the 'strong son of God'?" And he admits that, as he passed through life asking this question, "More than once I have received a reply not very far removed from the retort, 'You must be very stupid.'" And, if Mr. Paley cannot understand that love may be strong to harm, as the shepherd knew who was thrown a fall "ἔρως ἵπ' ἀργαλίῳ, or strong to save, he certainly must be credited with no remarkable clearness of critical vision.

To be brief, Mr. Paley may assure himself that Mr. Tennyson is read, not because of his faults, but in spite of them; not because his expression is occasionally confused, nor because people "like to be thought intellectual," but because his verse is full of beauty and charm, which Mr. Paley is unfortunate enough to be incapable of appreciating. He may content himself with admiring

See my lips tremble and my eyelids roll,  
Suck my last breath and catch my flying soul.

There is plenty of poetry like that, plenty of poetry for all tastes; and, as Mr. Paley says, the greatest rubbish ever penned will not want eulogy if it bears on its title-page a well-known name. Bad grammar and bombast will please at least one critic, if recommended by names like those of Byron and Pope.

#### THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT BEDFORD.

AN Archæological Congress used to differ, if not ostensibly yet really, from an ordinary antiquarian meeting at home in the fact, tacitly but effectually acknowledged, that the gathering was intended to unite picnics and science. Naturally these picnics were sometimes of a very elaborate character. You did not sit with a plate on your knee and your tumbler in your pocket. One noble president actually roofed over the great hall of a castle unroofed by Cromwell, and another carpeted a cloister which had not boasted of even a pavement since the days of Cromwell's great-grand-uncle, and all to give archæologists a single feast. No doubt such meetings, in fine weather, were extremely pleasant, except for people who looked upon them as waste of time, and considered the feasts an obtaining of hospitality under false pretences. We cannot undertake to answer for other Societies, but a spirit of austerity has crept over the Royal Institute. During the last annual meeting some members even complained that, while their minds were being informed, their bodies suffered extremities of hunger; and it was credibly reported that the managers of excursions recommended the votaries of ancient lore to carry biscuits with their note-books, as luncheon might be hurried or even omitted, and nothing would be provided but the bare necessities of life. A new resolution was even framed and promulgated by the Council, in which it was laid down as contrary to the rules of the Society to accept any hospitality but that offered on opening days by corporations or presidents at the chief place of meeting. And if we glance at the very full programme of the proceedings for the Bedford Congress now being held, we shall see that this stern regulation is very strictly enforced. If Mr. Hartshorne does not find a serious diminution in the attendance of that section of the Society's supporters who used to be looked upon to pay the expenses by the number of their temporary tickets, he must be congratulated on the result of his policy. Good work is being done, and will be done, even though only ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is allowed for the midday rest and refreshment. To take a single day from the present programme, we find that the Institute proposes on Monday next to leave Bedford at ten for Elstow Church and Moot Hall, arriving at a quarter-past; thence at eleven for Loughton Conquest Church, arriving at half-past, and leaving again at noon for a twenty minutes' drive to the ruins, and thence to Ampthill, which will be reached in time for luncheon at the inn at half-past one, an hour only being allowed for delay, during which refreshment must be combined with the sights of the place. At half-past two a start is to be made for the drive to Cainhoe Castle; and the return, by Wurst Park to Bedford, will occupy the remainder of the afternoon. This is by no means the hardest day's work mapped out, and the evening concludes with a meeting in the Bedford Rooms, the headquarters of the Institute. Several of the previous days have been equally laborious. As an example we may select Wednesday, when the Dunstable excursion took place.

A more pleasant day, both as to weather and as to sights, than Wednesday it would be difficult to imagine. It was not too hot. There was no dust and only one shower. Great clouds swept in shadows across the brown bare Chilterns, bringing out the features of the landscape as they passed. The view from the heights between Eddlesborough and Dunstable was especially fine; the great "borough," with the square-towered church on its summit, appearing now brilliantly lighted against a deep blue background, stretching away to a horizon of hedgerows, and now dark and frowning against an endless view of smiling cornfields and sunny pastures. But the archæologists were not allowed at Eddlesborough or elsewhere to waste time in admiring the beauties of nature. A mere enumeration of the places visited will show that nothing but careful organization and an unflinching but good-humoured despotism enable Mr. Hartshorne to conduct his party

safely to Luton to catch a train in time for dinner and "sections" at Bedford. Arriving at Leighton Beaudebert, or "Buzzard," soon after ten, they inspected the church, which forms so conspicuous an object with its tall spire from the London and North-Western line. Here the fine sedilia in the choir, the noble proportions of the whole building within, and the delicate "entasis" of the central spire without, having, with some quaint tablets and epitaphs, been duly admired, the party started for a long drive up hill and down dale to Stewkley, which lies nearly due north from Leighton, across the border of Buckinghamshire. It is rare to see a church so wholly Norman as that of Stewkley, with its vaulted chancel, its flat-roofed nave, its plastered walls, and the many features which induce Mr. Hartshorne in his *Notes* to compare it with Ilfley, both being churches given to Kenilworth Priory in 1170. From Stewkley over the hills to Wing was half an hour's delightful drive through a densely populated district of straw-plaiters, living, in great part, in half-timbered houses of remarkable beauty. Wing has, in many respects, the most interesting church in Buckinghamshire. A considerable part of it presents a good example of an ordinary Perpendicular parish church; but the chancel, which rises by several steps, is, at first sight, a semicircular apse. On examination, however, particularly of the exterior, it proves to be polygonal, and of a type anterior to what we generally reckon as Norman. Even the nave, in its foundations at least, is of similarly early work; and, though "we have here none of the usually acknowledged distinctive Anglo-Saxon features," yet, from the character of the nave piers, the rude style of the crypt on which the chancel is elevated, and other points too numerous to mention in a summary notice, it is plain that, old as the chancel is, a still older church stood here—a church so old that one competent authority does not hesitate to ascribe it to the time of Alfred, the chancel being assigned to Canute. Be this as it may, Wing Church, apart from the interesting monuments it contains, might well have delayed the party all day instead of three-quarters of an hour. These monuments are chiefly of the Dormer family, from whom their heir, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, derived his second name. There are two sumptuous tombs in the chancel, of the best type of the Elizabethan renaissance, and one in the north aisle which, for well-contrasted simplicity and ornament, and a certain dignity and what artists term "largeness," is a wonderful work to bear such a date as 1552. The archæologists paid perhaps undue attention to a little brass dated 1648, in the south aisle, which commemorates an obscure worthy as follows:

Honest old Thomas Cotes that sometime was  
Porter at Ascott Hall, hath now (alas)  
Left his key, lodg, fyre, friends, and all to have  
A room in Heaven. This is that good man's grave.  
Reader, prepare for thine, for none can tell  
But that you two may meete to-night. Farewell.

From Wing, after a lovely drive, first past numerous barrows on an open down, and then by roads which skirted the park of the palatial Montmore, the party arrived at Eddlesborough, where a plain luncheon was served in an inn parlour, long and low. The church, chiefly remarkable for its situation, and an ancient barn, seemingly of endless length, occupied the party for half an hour, during which a heavy shower fell; and then the archæologists descended to Eaton Bray, where the church, although in a semi-ruinous condition, and actually under repair, is of the highest interest as a complete example of the Early English period. The beautiful capitals of the columns in the nave, and the curious and rare arrangement in the side aisle of "strainers and counter-strainers"; the beautiful, but simple, old stone reredos, which still exists in the Lady Chapel; and, above all, the magnificent ironwork of the south door, so like the work of the local artist John of Leighton, whose *chef-d'œuvre* is in Westminster Abbey—all these things, and many more, were seen and duly admired; and then, crossing an elevated ridge of the chalk hills, the party reached Dunstable.

Here a somewhat longer delay was arranged for on account of the importance of the place in history, and because the architectural remains of the famous priory church are so remarkable and so little visited. Founded by Henry I. towards the end of his reign, the priory—locally, of course, called the Abbey—presents a very perfect example of the best period of the Norman style, without the crudeness of the earlier or the excessive ornament of the later examples. Mr. Hartshorne, in his excellent *Notes*, expresses his opinion that the Church of Dunstable dates before 1150 but after 1131, the date of the charter. As originally constructed, it seems to have been cruciform. The nave, which is all that remains, has undergone extensive reparation at the hands of Mr. Somers Clarke, who has contrived to prop up and strengthen a falling building without the sacrifice of its appearance of antiquity. The monuments, some of which are very curious, have been left in their places, and even the pulpit cloth, "given by two sisters, named Carte and Ashton," in 1730, has been carefully preserved, "a good example of a bad style." The same faults of construction or, perhaps, of material which rendered Mr. Clarke's reparation necessary, seem to have existed from the first. This is apparent from the view of the west front as we approach it from the town. A tower is attached to the north-west angle, and a similar tower stood at the opposite side, with a kind of screen between them. Both towers fell down in 1221, according to the Chronicle of Dunstable, one upon the Prior's hall,

crushing the greater part of it; "altern vero cecidit super ecclesiam et locum in quo cecidit conquassavit." The squashed place, to translate literally, was probably the north aisle, from which traces of Norman work are almost absent. There are many other notices in the Chronicle of the buildings, their fall and reparation. The Totternhoe stone employed seems to have been chiefly responsible for these accidents. At present the western front, though by no means large, forms one of the most picturesque groups of the kind in England. Britton and Brayley noticed this as early as the beginning of the present century. The west front, they say, "has been considered as 'one of our great national curiosities,' from its singular intermixture of circular and pointed arches, and the curious manner in which its ornaments are arranged." The Royal founder gave the manor to the Priory, and perhaps on this account part of the church belonged to the parish. To this fact the preservation of the nave may be attributed. The last prior was Gervase Markham, who had taken an active part with Cranmer against Katharine of Arragon. Here, in the Lady Chapel, the sentence of divorce was pronounced by the Archbishop in 1533; and at the dissolution the complaisant Prior had his reward in a pension of sixty pounds a year for life. The usual disagreements between the town and the lord of the manor, of which we hear so much at Bury St. Edmunds and St. Albans, were not less frequent here, and on one occasion the whole unfortunate population of overtaxed burgesses threatened to desert in a body and build themselves another town without the borders of the Prior's estate. This was in 1229; but shortly a compromise was arranged, through the intervention of the Archdeacon of Bedford, and the Prior renounced his rights to tollage in consideration of a large sum of money. There was, besides the church, a fragment of the conventual buildings to be seen. It is situated at some distance, abutting upon the street, the intervening space, now a garden, having been covered by the Prior's house and other domestic features common to such monasteries. The surviving fragment consists of a low groined hall of five bays, over which a modern house has been built. To this circumstance it owes its preservation. It can never have formed a very important part of the Priory, having probably been the *hospitium*, and the tradition is certainly wrong which asserts that the body of Queen Eleanor rested in it on the way to Westminster. The church would, of course, be selected for the purpose, though the procession may have passed through this building on its way. From Dunstable Church to the railway station is but a step, and so ended a memorable day in the annals of the Institute.

#### BRIGANDS.

DR. JOHNSON'S definition of a brigand as "a robber, one that belongs to a band of robbers," scarcely covers the whole of the ground according to the modern conception. The term brigand is now restricted to those who capture persons of presumed wealth and influence and hold them to ransom. The practice is a very ancient one, and has not always been regarded with the aversion with which it inspires most people in the present day; indeed, it was looked upon in former times as rather an honourable profession than otherwise, and was an especially favourite one with kings, feudal lords, and knights-errant in the middle ages. The captivity of our own King Richard in Austria cost him so heavy a ransom that, as *Davies on Ireland* tells us, he was thereby "hindered to pursue" the conquest of that country, which probably saved him a great deal of trouble. The Turkomans are perhaps the most incorrigible brigands in existence, for with them man-stealing is not merely the vocation of a few bolder spirits, it is the national industry of the race. But Greeks, Turks, Spaniards, and Italians produce the most systematic and well-organized bands, the members of which, instead of "fooling around" after stray travellers, or making raids into neighbouring districts, make things all comfortable in their own neighbourhood, and content themselves with an occasional captive, of whose ability to pay they have previously convinced themselves. The Greek brigands enjoy exceptional advantages. They generally work on or near the frontiers, so that the Greek and the Turkish Governments can mutually and with virtuous indignation repudiate responsibility in their acts; at the same time they are always on good terms at or near headquarters in both countries; for the pet nationality and the pet abomination of the Liberal party both possess people in their service who are more than suspected of bearing "an itching palm," and neither Athens nor Constantinople is too Arcadian in the point of official simplicity and honesty. It may be an exaggeration to suggest, as M. Edmond About does in his inimitable *Roi des Montagnes*, that joint-stock companies are formed for "exploiting" the brigand capabilities of the country, with agents and directors amongst the higher classes in the capital; but it is certain that the brigands receive both information and aid from thence, and are able at times to make excellent *coups*. The case of Colonel Synges is fresh in our readers' memory; and the manner in which his capture and the negotiations for his release were effected is highly creditable to all concerned.

Great tact and judgment are required both in effecting a raid or capture, and in arranging for payment of the ransom. The brigands should by no means be too hasty in forwarding ears, noses, or other portions of their captives, even when the inevitable bargaining about terms drags rather slowly on. They should also remember that a deceased captive is worth absolutely nothing at all, and

that shooting or hanging is only to be used as a last resort. On the other hand, the friends of the captive must neither be unduly anxious to come to terms, nor too dilatory in making an offer; and, above all, they must be very careful to keep the military and civil authorities from interfering in the matter. Neglect of these simple precautions often leads to deplorable results for both sides. The terrible massacre of an English and an Italian Secretary of Legation, and of two English gentlemen besides, by the band of brigands headed by the brothers Arvanitaki was a case in point. The brigands had received notice of the intended arrival of a large party of Cook's tourists on the field of Marathon at a certain day, but fate threw the party from the Legation into their hands instead. Lord Muncaster, one of the captives, was allowed to depart, in order to arrange for payment of the ransom, but owing to the bungling of the Greek authorities, and notably of a Colonel Theagenes, the soldiers followed the brigands, who at once stopped and shot Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lloyd, while Mr. Vyner and Count Boyl were taken on to Skimetri, and put to death. The soldiers, becoming infuriated, attacked the brigands, killing six, and taking two alive. Most of the rest were afterwards caught, tried, and executed at Athens, on which occasion so much popular feeling was exhibited, that the severed heads of the criminals were seized by the mob, and kicked about the market-place. The greatest indignation was expressed by the English Government, not only at the political corruption which made the brigandage possible, but at the blundering manner in which the affair had been conducted by the Greek authorities, which had led to such tragic results. The brigand trade is very brisk just now. On June 23 a Greek captain, owner of a brig anchored off Mount Olympus, went on shore about a mile from a landing-place where there is a guard of soldiers, and was carried off by a band of brigands. They ask 2,000*l.* as ransom, which we are incidentally told he cannot pay. A Turkish official was also captured some fifteen miles higher up the Gulf, and no news has been heard of him since. An Englishman in Spain, Mr. Lester, who was also taken prisoner, was more fortunate, for being left alone for a short time he actually gnawed his bonds asunder, and made good his escape.

But, even when all is satisfactorily settled, the brigands have by no means so much the best of it as might be supposed. According to the old plan, when a British subject was captured, his friends paid the money, or, if they had not the means, the Home Government advanced it for them, and the bill was sent in to the Greek or Turkish Government as the case might be. This again was cheerily paid; and the little outlay was recovered from the district in which the outrage took place. Here there seems to be some injustice. Some people have a theory that, if the inhabitants of a district choose to make it too hot to hold brigands, there would be no brigands there at all. Now your ordinary Greek, Turkish, Spanish, or Italian peasant does not trouble himself about his neighbour's business, and if the said neighbour spends his money freely, and is a good fellow and a good shot into the bargain, it is obviously not to his interest to interfere with such a neighbour's avocations. What does it matter to him that the Government has had to pay some few thousand *lire*? So much the better for trade if it has found its way into his district. But when he begins to discover that the Government is bent upon recovering these *lire* from himself, an unwilling agriculturist, and that every *coup* which his gallant friend makes costs him personally a large sum of money, he gradually awakes to the fact that it is, after all, he himself who is robbed, and he makes his neighbour's life such a burden to him that he is glad to seek for more propitious fields of enterprise. Now this is hard upon the brigand who has been promised an amnesty and the peaceable enjoyment of his spoil, but finds himself hunted down by a worse foe than his natural ones the gendarmerie. He has obviously been unjustly treated, and he has no redress. That is to say, he has hitherto had none; but the present British Government have just promulgated a measure which will remove the injustice, at any rate in the case of any of our fellow-subjects who may come within the operations of the brigand industry.

Lord Granville has this week addressed a circular to Her Majesty's diplomatic and consular agents abroad, informing them of the decision of Her Majesty's Government to make no pecuniary advances in future to ransom British subjects when in no public character in the event of their being captured by brigands. In this he informs all whom it may concern that the "Two recent cases of brigandage in European Turkey, which led to the capture of Colonel Synges and Mr. Suter, and their subsequent release on payment to the brigands of heavy ransoms advanced by Her Majesty's Government, have forced Her Majesty's Government to consider the principles which should govern their conduct in similar cases in future, and they have come to the conclusion that where British subjects are captured by brigands, when in no public character, but in pursuit of their own pleasure or business, no advance whatever for the purposes of ransom should, under any circumstances, be made from the British Exchequer." Henceforth "British subjects who may be residing, or who may hereafter take up their abode, in any of the provinces of Turkey where brigandage prevails, do so at their own risk, and the Government not only will not undertake to make pecuniary advances to ransom them from the hands of brigands in the event of their being captured, but will not take any measures to relieve them from the dangers they may incur from a residence in Turkish territory. It is also expressly stated that the principle thus laid down applies to British subjects not only in the Ottoman Empire but in other countries.

This is as it should be; the brigand now knows that he has a fair field and no favour so far as British subjects are concerned, and will, if he is wise, be careful to ascertain the nationality of his intended captures before proceeding to extremities, for it would be awkward for him if he lit upon a subject of Germany and France or any other Power which does "undertake to relieve its subjects from the dangers they may incur from residence in the Turkish territory."

The additional clause which includes other countries as well as the Ottoman Empire in the edict, though obviously an afterthought, is very properly inserted. It would have been against the principles of the Government to sanction a kind of foreign bounty on Greek brigandage alone; but, by according the same privilege to the marauding interests in other countries, a sort of free-trade right is extended to the latter. No doubt, also, the resolution was a wise one to come to from financial reasons, since a possible advance for the purpose of rescuing an Englishman from captivity or death would most likely have to appear on the Liberal Government's Budget, whereas the reimbursements by the foreign Government might very likely figure on that of their successors; and we know that the frugal economy of the Liberal party is one of its greatest claims upon the love and admiration of the people. What British subjects in the Ottoman Empire and elsewhere will think of a Government which, recognizing the existence of a great danger, and having in its hands a powerful means of averting it, deliberately abandons them to it without hope of aid or redress, rather than advance a few thousand pounds, we do not pretend to say.

The Consular service is sufficiently costly, but it is well organized, and the Consuls are for the most part efficient and experienced men, able and willing to afford advice and protection to their fellow-subjects. Why they should be officially told not to relieve travellers and others from the dangers incident to residence in Turkish or other territory it is difficult to see, unless, indeed, it be that they are to devote their time and attention exclusively to commercial interests, for which, no doubt, the wealthy manufacturers will show their gratitude in the event of another general election. We have been accustomed to abrupt changes in our foreign policy, and we are growing used to the lowering of English prestige, especially in the East; but to leave Englishmen at the mercy of marauding and murderous scoundrels, and to tell them that they must expect no help at all, if they are so imprudent as to reside or travel abroad "for their own business or pleasure," is a new departure for which, we must confess, we were not prepared. The insertion of the passage last quoted is, of course, a concession to the old prejudice that ambassadorial persons are to be considered sacred; but we do not know how soon even this relic of international political superstition may not be swept away. In the meantime, let us be thankful that we have not fallen into the hands of brigands.

#### WOLVES IN FRANCE.

ONE of the few remaining institutions of the *ancien régime* is, in all probability, about to disappear from the soil of France. Ever since the establishment of the Republic there have been increasing complaints of the inefficiency with which the *louveteurs* discharge their nominal duty of extirpating the wolves, and the immense extension of private property has made their interference with the rights of individuals seem unconstitutional and intolerable. A Commission appointed by the Chamber to inquire into the whole question has just presented its Report, which either incorporates or supercedes reports presented by previous Commissions, and we may expect to see a law brought in in accordance with the recommendations it has laid down. The Report calculates the number of wolves actually contained within the French frontiers at five thousand, and the amount of damage inflicted by them on the farming class at no less than forty or fifty millions of francs per annum. These numbers are not, of course, to be compared to those of the middle ages, or even to those of a century ago. In 1798 no less than 6,487 wolves were killed in the twelvemonth, and a memorial of one Arnould du Buisson, presented in 1779, estimates the number of sheep annually devoured by wolves at a million at least, without reckoning the cows, horses, mules, asses, and goats which they had likewise disposed of. It must be remembered, however, that at present the wolves are in the main concentrated in a few districts, especially in Lorraine, Dauphiné, and the Pyrenees, so that the mischief done by them is not spread over the whole of France. Their ravages in both French and German Lorraine were very serious in the past severe winter, and the German authorities were obliged to lay a heavy price on their heads in order to abate the evil. The principle of these *primes* is, indeed, the obvious one for dealing with the matter. It rid us of the wolves in England; it was adopted by the revolutionary Government in 1793 (though its efficiency was considerably marred by the fact that the high sums promised were paid in depreciated assignats), and it will doubtless clear them out of France in the course of a generation. With the adoption of this system will go the total abolition of *louveterie*, and this is an institution which has so curious a record, and one in several respects so instructive to the historical student, that we make no apology for going into the matter a little more fully.

To begin at the beginning, when Charlemagne organized the

Empire, he left to each "intendant" his preserves, with the condition that they should appoint two *louveteurs* in each district. With the disappearance of the Empire these, too, disappeared, and we do not again meet with the institution of *louveterie* till the reign of Charles VI. This does not mean that it was not in existence again before this reign, for the ordinance of Charles VI. referring to it not only proves its existence, but shows that it was strong enough at the time to be exceedingly mischievous. The King wanted money for his daughter's dowry, and by way of conciliating his faithful Commons issued an edict in 1395 to put a stop to all commissions given for the taking and slaying of wolves. It was the practice of the *louveteurs* to quarter themselves upon the unfortunate villagers, whose lives and property they were supposed to be protecting against the wolves, without going through the formality of paying either for the lodging or the eating and drinking of themselves and their numerous retainers. A bitter complaint of the "Etats" in 1560 shows how ineffectual had been Charles's ordinance. In this curious document the forced entertainment of the *louveteurs* is described as an intolerable grievance. The chase of wolves as of other animals was in fact absolutely forbidden to any but the nobles; Charles VI. himself issued a stringent ordinance to this effect in 1396, and after his reign the title of *louveteur* was regularly sold, of course only to members of the nobility—an arrangement which naturally did not lighten the burden, as the buyers took very good care to recoup themselves out of the pockets of the peasantry. By an ordinance of 1538 the *prime* to be paid to the *louveteur* for every wolf was fixed at two "deniers Parisis" for every hearth within a radius of two leagues from the spot where the wolf was killed. After the Twenty Years' War the ravages committed by the wolves were incredibly extensive. Human beings, even armed men, were frequently attacked, and it was no uncommon sight to see a half-eaten body on a country road. Henry III., in 1583, without absolutely abolishing *louveterie*, called upon the *grands maîtres* and their lieutenants to organize battues against the wolves. In 1601 he further invited the great proprietors to do the same on their own lands. The only consequence was a conflict of authority between *louveteurs*, *grands maîtres*, and proprietors, the chief sufferers from which were of course not the wolves, but the country people. The *louveteurs* were, however, still extremely unpopular, partly from their exactions for lodging and entertainment, partly from the high *primes* they demanded, and partly from the arbitrary manner in which they forced the peasants to join them, without payment, in a battue. A decree of 1608 fixed the *prime* to be paid, and another of 1677 forbade them to requisition any one for a battue without the consent of two gentlemen, to be named by the intendant of the province. These interferences discouraged the *louveteurs*, and at the end of the seventeenth century several provinces had the good fortune to be altogether without them. Where they existed during the eighteenth century, there was an almost perpetual conflict of authority between them and the *grands maîtres*, in which they were now supported, now abandoned, according as the *grand louveteur*, a magnificent Court functionary who came into being under Francis I., was in favour or otherwise with the King. In 1775 Louis XVI. determined to put an end to the conflict. He restored to the *louveteurs* their monopoly of wolf-hunting, but at the same time abolished the system of *primes*, which had been so abused, and compensated them by the concession of several valuable immunities. The advent of the Revolution put an end to *louveterie* for the time being. Every proprietor was allowed the right of the chase on his own land, and the wolves would have been speedily exterminated if the forests belonging to the State had not been exempted from the operation of the law. Wolf-hunting was further encouraged by very liberal *primes*, as much as 300 francs being offered for a she-wolf with young, 200 francs for a male, and 100 for a cub. These payments were, however, made in depreciated assignats, and, as a Message of the Directory in the year 1797 very naively acknowledges, were actually worth not more than 24, 16, and 8 francs respectively. The Message opens thus, in a passage which, while indicating the ravages of the wolves, is a curious example of the pomposity of style which characterized the most ordinary official documents issued by the Revolutionary Government:—

The warfare carried on by the French Republic against the enemies who threaten her freedom has not been directed against the most formidable enemy of her domestic animals, the wolf, which has not only had full liberty to increase and multiply, but has even been driven into the interior of the country. The ravages committed by this animal have been such that all local bodies have been complaining to Government. It is not against sheep alone, that species whose increase it is so important to encourage, that the wolf wages war; calves, foals, mules, cows, even bulls, have fallen victims to it; and a disastrous experience has taught us that even the human species, especially women and children, have become its prey, and that in fact their flesh, once tasted, is even preferred by the wolf to every other.

The message goes on to substitute *primes* of 60, 40, and 20 francs, to be paid in cash, for the extravagant but illusory offers already mentioned. On one point all the real Revolutionary Governments were staunch—they would not permit the reintroduction of *louveterie*. Several applications to the Government from country gentlemen for the post of *louveteur* are on record, and to all is appended a categorical refusal. Napoleon, however, whose object was to have a Court which should eclipse the glories of the old *régime*, naturally revived the institution of *louveterie*, and a decree was issued organizing it with great splendour and elaboration in 1805. It was maintained under the Restoration, and has lasted down to our own days in a more or less mutilated and fragmentary con-



dition. Of late years the *louveter*, however, has approximated more and more to the ordinary English fox-hunter. The object has been to hunt the wolves, not to exterminate them; and it is whispered that by ardent sportsmen the wolves are regularly preserved, and that no true *louveter* would think of killing a she-wolf with young. But when the institution is simply kept up for the sake of the sport and the fine uniform which the *louveter*s have the right to wear, it is obvious that it ceases to justify its existence in a democratic country like France. The Commission urges its entire abolition, and their recommendations will doubtless be carried out.

The arrangements proposed by the Commission to take the place of *louveterie* may be briefly dismissed. In the first place, every proprietor of woods is responsible for damage done to his neighbours' crops by animals coming off his land. He can, however, "disengage his responsibility" by promising either to take any measures himself against wolves and boars which may be ordered by the local authorities, or by allowing them to enter his woods and conduct a battue on their own account. Both proprietors and others are to be encouraged to kill the wolves by *primes* of 150 francs for a she-wolf with young, 100 francs for a male, 40 francs for a cub, and 250 francs for any wolf that can be proved to have attacked human beings. Those sums are to be paid by Government. In very exceptional circumstances, as when a wolf has been seen in the act of devastation, and it is necessary to pursue him at once, the village mayor can organize a battue, and requisition trackers if he has not a sufficient number of volunteers. But he must only requisition those whose land is in the neighbourhood of the spot where the wolf was seen, and who are, therefore, directly interested in its destruction, and, if the wolf is caught, they must be paid a day's wages out of the *prime*. The wolves have a bad time before them, and in another generation we shall probably hear of the last wolf killed on French soil, an animal which will doubtless become as traditional as the last wolf killed in Scotland by Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel towards the end of the seventeenth century has already done.

#### THE FALL ON THE LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGES.

THE past few weeks have witnessed a heavy fall on the Stock Exchanges of London, Paris, and New York. The fall has been less serious and less general in London than in the other two cities; indeed, most purely British securities—as, for example, Home Railways, Consols, Indian and Colonial Government Securities—have risen rather than fallen, the reason being, no doubt, that the depression here in London is rather the reflex action of the fall in Paris and New York than the result of purely London causes. But to some extent the causes of the fall are operating in all three cities, though they are most active in Paris and New York. These causes are overwrought speculation, political anxieties, and the approach of the holiday season. At the setting in of the holiday season it is usual to have a slackening of business, more particularly on the Stock Exchange. People who are about to take a holiday do not wish to go away while engagements are open which may be rendered disastrous by accidents over which they have no control. They usually, therefore, close their transactions, and the closing of bargains, in other words general selling, leads to a fall of prices. In the present year this selling has been more general and on a larger scale than usual, and it has begun earlier because speculators on the Stock Exchange have made a great deal of money during the past twelve months, and, the weather being so very fine, have desired to enjoy themselves in foreign travel. But the mere setting-in of the holidays, though it would have caused a slackness of business, would not have brought about the fall in prices which we witness, were it not assisted by other and more serious causes. These, as we have said, are political anxieties and over-speculation.

The great revival of prosperity in the United States has been attended by an extraordinary speculation. The growth of population and the revival of trade have made railways prosperous which for years before had never paid a dividend, and have enabled the dividend-paying lines to declare much larger dividends than they had previously declared. In consequence there has been a great rise of prices, which to a very large extent has been fully justified. But, as always happens in such cases, the rise has not been confined to the railways and other industrial enterprises whose success at least partially warrants it; it has extended to lines which have never earned their expenses, and are not likely soon to do so. As a matter of course inflated prices and the wild speculation which originated them created a great demand for loans and brought about high rates of interest. Speculators, many of whom had not the means, and none of whom had the intention, of paying for the stock they bought, were enabled to carry on their operations only by means of credit. Gradually, therefore, the interest charged for actual loans and for postponing payment for the stocks purchased rose until it became so large as to eat away the expected profit of the transaction. The speculators grew anxious as those high rates continued, and were prepared to sell should any adverse circumstance occur. It was clear to them, in fact, that they could realize the profits they hoped for only by an extraordinary combination of favourable circumstances which they could hardly hope for, and were unfavourable circumstances to occur, their chance of profit would disappear. When the holiday season approached,

they grew still more anxious, and the declaration of the dividends of many of the lines has proved less satisfactory than they had anticipated. During the first three months of the year the weather had been exceptionally severe in the North and North-West of the United States. Traffic had in some cases been entirely suspended for weeks together, and in other places was carried on only under the most adverse conditions. The earnings, therefore, fell off, while the expenses were enormously increased, and the bad weather continued so long that the canals were able to compete with the railways for the carriage of grain when the floods and storms abated. During the second quarter of the year the traffic was large, the weather beautiful, and trade most prosperous. The earnings of the lines then grew very much, and in some districts of the country enormously exceeded the earnings of last year; but, as we have said, in large and important districts, the expenses had been so great in the first three months as to eat away the larger part of the profits. The unsatisfactory dividends, therefore, acted adversely to the speculators, and their influence was exaggerated by the competition which the canals carried on against the railways for the carriage of grain. The great trunk lines, which unite the Atlantic ports with Chicago and St. Louis, are able to charge remunerative rates for grain only by an arrangement among themselves, in accordance with which a Commissioner appointed by them fixes the rates which all the lines are bound to charge. During the winter, when the canals are frozen over, the railways have the whole trade in their hands, and the rates so fixed are usually well observed; but when the fine weather sets in and the frost disappears the competition of the lakes with some of the lines becomes very severe, and these very often, to attract traffic to themselves, agree privately to take grain at rates below those fixed by the Commissioner. This is what was done this year, and in consequence the Commissioner has had to reduce the rates from 30 cents per 100 lbs. first to 25 cents and then to 20 cents—a reduction of fully 33 per cent. It is said that some of the lines are now carrying at still lower figures. As soon as it became known that "cutting" of rates was going on, the prices of railway shares fell heavily, and something like a panic occurred in certain stocks. While the market was under the influence of these various adverse causes came the attempt upon the life of the President, superadding political anxieties, and the fall immediately became more severe, nor has the market yet recovered.

In France the causes were somewhat different. There the speculation had been wilder and less warrantable than in New York. In the United States, as we have said, there was real prosperity to justify high prices; whereas in France trade is not good, and agriculture is depressed. The country, in fact, is suffering from phylloxera, bad harvests, and two out of four bad beet-root and silk crops. Yet the rise of prices there has been, if possible, even greater than in New York, and in consequence the rates charged for money upon the Stock Exchange have been heavier—6, 8, 10, and even 12 per cent. having become common rates of interest, rendering it impossible for the speculators to hope for a successful issue from their speculations, except under some marvellously favourable combination of circumstances. At last bankers would seem to have become alarmed at the magnitude of the speculation which they had so long supported, and they are understood to have applied pressure to compel the weaker speculators to close their accounts. While the market was thus sensitive the French Government embarked on the unwise Tunisian expedition, and instantly Paris was filled with apprehensions as to what might occur. Italy was alienated, England was offended, and Spain made suspicious; while there were fears that Prince Bismarck might be at the bottom of the whole business, and might be preparing a trap in which to catch France. Prudent people began to think that it would be wise to close their engagements while it was yet time; and, when they began to sell, prices of course fell. Others grew alarmed, and rushed in to dispose of their stocks while they could yet get rid of them without ruinous losses. The mistake committed in withdrawing the troops from Tunis before order was established there increased apprehensions, and further unsettled the market. The uneasiness has still further been added to by the Italian Loan. The Messrs. Rothschild have hitherto brought out all the Italian Loans, and to the Messrs. Rothschild, in the first place, the Italian Government applied to launch their new loan. But the Messrs. Rothschild were aware that an Italian Loan could not possibly be placed in Paris while the relations between France and Italy were so strained as they are at present, and they recommended that the loan should be postponed until the autumn. The Italian Government, anxious to prove to the world that they are financially independent of France, refused; and they made an arrangement with a syndicate of which Messrs. Baring and Hambro' are the head. But the great financial houses of Paris were as little willing to allow it to be proved that Italy is independent of the Paris money market as the Italian Government was anxious to prove to the world that it is so; and the measures taken in Paris to defeat the Italian loan have still further added to the depression on the Stock Exchange.

Here in London political apprehensions have had less influence than abroad, and speculation has not been so much overdone. Still, there has been over-speculation, and especially in June the rates charged to speculators were very heavy. But the chief cause of the fall here has been the fall in Paris and New York, and the desire of speculators to close their accounts before taking their holidays. In reality, the London market is firm, notwith-



standing appearances to the contrary. It is depressed mainly by the depression of Paris and New York. Were either of these to recover, it would soon again become animated. The speculation here, though considerable, has never been really dangerous, and the rates charged have to a large extent been factitious. There have consequently been no heavy losses, except in a few instances, and speculators are ready to renew the speculation the instant it can be seen that Paris and New York are prepared to second them. It would seem, therefore, from what we have said, that the fall in prices we are now witnessing is a mere check in the speculative movement which has been going on for the past two years. The fall that has occurred has compelled weak speculators to sell out, and has put stocks into the hands of capitalists who are strong enough to hold them until a further rise comes, and whose interest, therefore, it is that the rise should come. The political apprehensions in America will certainly pass away. Even in the worst event a change of Government will introduce no serious change of policy, and things in a few weeks will go on just as they went before. In Paris, too, the political apprehensions will pass away if peace is preserved, and the financial difficulties would seem also to be in process of arrangement. The weaker speculators are being rapidly weeded out, and when they are gone it will be in the interest of those who have bought at the lower prices to see the stocks again raised, so as to sell with a profit. We expect, therefore, to see, as soon as the holiday season is over, a renewal of the speculation which has been going on for the past two years. The prosperity of the United States is too great at present to allow of any permanent stoppage of the speculation, and here in Europe we seem at last to have a fair prospect of good harvests and better trade. With these there will be larger profits for the railways and for all industrial enterprises, and with larger profits, and consequently larger dividends, there will be a justification for higher prices. Money, too, is exceedingly cheap, and promises to remain so for some time; and with cheap money speculation is an inevitable concomitant where credit is as good as it is at present.

## REVIEWS.

### SULLY ON ILLUSIONS.\*

IT is by a somewhat liberal extension of the category of science that the subject taken in hand by Mr. James Sully may be thought entitled to admission into the "International Scientific Series." From the common-sense point of view, at all events, illusion would seem to be something too abnormal for reduction to scientific rule, or, at best, to fall under the domain of the alienist or mental pathologist, being as distinct from the philosophy of mind as the study of morbid anatomy or of specific bodily disease is from the science of physiology. So far, however, from this being an exact or exhaustive view of the nature or the claims of illusion, illusion is, Mr. Sully pleads, too common a phenomenon of ordinary or normal life to be excluded from the ken of the scientific biologist, still less to be handed over to those concerned with the mentally insane. There are few men who are not at times subject to illusion. Hardly anybody is at all times consistently sober and rational in his perceptions and beliefs. "A momentary fatigue of the nerves, a little mental excitement, a relaxation of the attention by which we continually take our bearings with respect to the real world about us, will produce just the same kind of confusion of reality and phantasm which we observe in the insane." And, if thus illusion has its roots in ordinary mental life, the study of it must belong to the physiology as much as to the pathology of mind. Our author would even go further, and say that in the analysis and exploration of illusion the psychologist may be expected to do more than the physician. If to the latter the phenomena present themselves in their highest intensity, the former has the advantage of familiarity with the normal intellectual process which all illusion simulates or caricatures. While the physician is naturally disposed to look at illusion mainly, if not exclusively, on its practical side, as a concomitant and symptom of cerebral disease, the psychologist feels more concerned with the mental antecedents of illusion and its relation to accurate and normal perception and belief. The fair conclusion is that the phenomena of illusion form a region common to the psychologist and the mental pathologist, and that the complete elucidation of the subject calls for the co-operation of investigators of either class.

It is Mr. Sully's object to work out, in the main, the psychological branch of the subject, viewing illusions of all kinds in their relation to the process of just and accurate perception. Occasional reference has to be made to the illusions of the insane, if for no other reason, because the two groups of phenomena are so similar and pass by such imperceptible gradations into one another that it is impossible to discuss wholly apart the normal and the abnormal conditions of mental action. What, indeed, is the strict definition of illusion? False or illusory perceptions, deceptive states of the senses, is the generally received reply. But much greater precision is obviously needed for the purposes of a scientific inquiry, and Mr. Sully devotes his opening chapters to an analysis and classification

of the modes in which illusory action of the mind presents itself in antithesis to real knowledge. Defining it provisionally as any species of error which counterfeits the form of immediate self-evident or intuitive knowledge, whether as sense-perception or otherwise, as distinct from errors of inference or misguided opinion, he lays down as the most obvious principle of classification the variety of the kinds of knowledge which each illusion simulates. All knowledge which has any appearance of being directly reached, immediate or self-evident—that is to say, of not being inferred from other knowledge—may be brought under four principal heads, internal perception or introspection of the mind's own feelings, external perception, memory, and belief, in so far as belief simulates the form of direct knowledge, such as prevision of an impending event. Without placing these four forms of cognition on the same logical level, or saying that they are to be kept apart in practice—memory, for instance, running like a thread through every process of the mental mechanism—he claims for this scheme of division that it will be found to answer closely to actual phenomena, and to cover every variety of illusion. By some writers who have made a special study of abnormal sense-perceptions, a fundamental distinction has been taken between illusion and hallucination, the former always having its starting-point in some actual impression, whereas the latter has no such basis. Thus it is an illusion when a man under the action of terror takes a stump of a tree, whitened by the moon's rays, for a ghost. It is a hallucination when an imaginative person so vividly pictures to himself the form of some absent friend, that for the moment he fancies himself actually beholding him. Illusion is thus a partial displacement of external fact by a fiction of the imagination, while hallucination is a total displacement. This distinction, first drawn out by Arnold (1806) and fixed by Esquirol in his *Maladies Mentales* (1838), as recorded at length by Brierre de Boismont in his work on Illusions, though of value in itself, is thought by Mr. Sully too narrow or unreal to be taken as the basis of classification. In the greatest number of hallucinations it is impossible to prove that there is no modicum of external agency co-operating in the production of the effect. The madman who projects his internal thoughts outwards in the shape of external voices may be prompted, for aught we know, by impressions, however faint, coming from the ear. That illusion shades off into hallucination by degrees which science fails to mark, has been recognized by writers on the pathology of the subject, such as Griesinger, Baillarger, and Wundt. The conviction is, in truth, forced upon us at every stage of psychological study that hard-and-fast lines of demarcation are utterly out of the question in dealing with mental phenomena. Nowhere is this conclusion more emphatically forced upon us than when our author takes up in detail the analysis of the first of his four classes of illusions—those of simple perception by the senses. There is absolutely no such thing known to us as a direct or primary impression of a special sense, distinct from repeated experimental action of that sense correlated with the impressions gained through other senses. The sense of distance, for instance, which is involved in every visual impression of an object—instantaneous, automatic, and unconscious, as it appears—is the result of innumerable complex acts of experience. To an infant, or to a man for the first time enabled by an operation to see, there is no such thing as distance. As Mr. Sully well puts it, the material of sensation is acted on by the mind, which embodies in its present attitude all the results of its past growth. A process of synthesis takes place, resulting in what was once termed an "image" in the mind, but now an "idea," the object seen having certain definite space properties, and holding a certain relation to other objects, and more especially to our own body in space. Next, the object is recognized as one of a class of things, an orange, for example, having certain special qualities, as a particular colour and taste. In the gradual process of filling up the image, there is a consciousness of likeness amid unlikeness, the recognition of which held a great and important share in the old philosophy of the association of ideas. As no person bathes twice in the same river, so it is no paradox to say, with our author, that strictly speaking no object ever appears exactly the same to us on two occasions. Apart from changes in the object itself, there are, especially in the case of living beings, varying effects of illumination, of position in relation to the eye, of distance, and so on, which may distinctly affect the visual impression at different times. Hence the introduction of conscious comparison and judgment, or the transition from common perception to individual recognition. A further distinction established by Dr. J. Hughlings Jackson is brought in by our author, marking off a passive and an active stage in the process, the latter being called perception proper, the former "preperception," a word employed by Mr. G. H. Lewes to denote the effect of previous perception, whereby an artist is enabled to see details where to other eyes there is a vague or confused mass, or a naturalist to see an animal where the ordinary eye only sees a form. The more frequently a similar process of perception has been performed in the past, the more ready will the mind be to fall without effort into the particular way of interpreting the impression. Without adopting Dr. Jackson's theory of the passive stage answering to the action of the right hemisphere of the brain, and the active stage to a subsequent action of the left hemisphere, we may agree with Mr. Sully in tracing in the expediting of the preperceptive process, where it has been often before performed, an illustration of the organic law that every function is improved by exercise.

This brief psychological analysis will suffice to show the difficulty of classifying the sources or modes of illusion even in the sim-

\* *Illusions: a Psychological Study.* By James Sully, Author of "Sensation and Intuition," "Familiarity," &c. London: U. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

plest stage of sense perception. We cannot say that our author arrives at any very definite scheme of classification, though he is able to mark off certain fairly definite groups. There are certain passive illusions, determined by the organism, whether from limits of sensibility, such as short sight, defective hearing, numbness of touch, and the like, or determined by the environment, as when light or sound is refracted; tricks of what is called natural magic, the impressions of the stereoscope, or the illusive imitations of solidity in light by art, being instances in point. Mere inattention is a common cause of passive illusion. Of active illusions, some are classed as voluntary, as when looking out of the window of a railway carriage in motion we picture at will to our mind the trees or telegraph posts as moving objects, or when we interpret the geometrical drawings of crystals, or other bodies, as being in relief or recessed. Imagination shows us faces in the fire, animals or warring hosts in the clouds. Among involuntary causes may be numbered vivid expectation or pre-imagination, whereby the audience greatly aid the success of a conjuror's tricks, or work themselves up to realize a presence or a levitation at a Spiritualist séance. Our author enlivens this part of his subject with amusing illustrations allied to the common experience of the sight of food making the mouth water, that of the appearance of a surgical instrument producing a nascent sensation of pain, or knocking at a dentist's door curing a toothache. A threatening gesture giving a vivid anticipation of tickling will beget the same effect as the tickling itself. A case is quoted from Dr. Carpenter of an officer who had to attend the exhuming of a coffin declaring he already detected the odour of decomposition, though the coffin when opened proved to be empty. M. Taine vouches for the fact of one of the most exact and lucid of modern novelists, whilst working up in his imagination the poisoning of one of his fictitious characters, having so vivid a gustatory sensation of arsenic that he was attacked by a violent fit of indigestion. We are reminded of the musical enthusiast in whom the scent of the hay-fields was so vividly conjured up by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony as to bring on an acute attack of hay-fever.

In such cases Mr. Sully may well find it difficult to draw the line between illusion and hallucination. The voices of Joan of Arc, Dr. Johnson hearing himself called by his mother, Malebranche hearing the voice of God, and Mr. Francis Galton's interesting illustrations of the power of visualizing come under this category of mental phenomena. A further range brings us to the illusions of madness, or *délirium tremens*, complicated by the element of disease. The case of dreams, which is treated with much sense and judgment by our author, who has discussed the matter more fully in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, turns mainly upon reflex cerebral action, subject at the same time to stimuli of the nervous centres, either from internal processes, such as those of digestion or respiration, or external influences, such as sound, pressure, or irritation. It may interest our more romantic readers to hear, on Scherer's authority, of a youth who was permitted to whisper his name into the ear of his obdurate mistress, with the effect that she contracted a habit of dreaming of him, the consequences being of the happiest kind. Not a few excellent ghost stories resolve themselves into the *débris* of dreams, as in the case of Spinoza's "scurvy Brazilian," cited by our author, with apposite illustrations, from Mr. Pollock's recent Life of the philosopher.

The same method of treatment is applied by Mr. Sully to the other three classes of illusion which he has distinguished as those of introspection, memory, and belief. The first of these he would define roughly as an error involved in the apprehension of the contents of the mind at any moment, including the confusion of internal and external experience and the misreading or mal-observance of internal feelings. There are petty instances of self-deceit, such as a man's coming to think he is enjoying himself in society from the effort to seem as if he did; and one more to the point in Garrick's feeling himself to be a villain when he was acting Richard III. Of higher importance is the common belief in the freedom of the will, which, if we rightly understand our author's language, he himself, with a considerable set of our philosophic thinkers, assumes to be an illusion. People differ so widely in matters of taste or æsthetic enjoyment that some must perforce be held to live under "æsthetic illusion," it may be of a chronic kind; and the same thing may be said of the glamour which such and such writers or poets cast over their readers, or the spell which certain aspects of nature exert upon spectators or tourists. To the lover of mountains there is infinite illusion in the beauty of Dutch levels or American prairies. And how much illusion must there not be in the popular enjoyment of the works of sundry of our Academicians whom we need not name? Tricks of memory are too familiar to us all in their variety and their mischief to raise a complaint at the length and fullness into which Mr. Sully has been led whilst analysing and estimating them. The most puzzling of such strange deceits is, perhaps, the class known as false mnemonic images, when, on seeing or hearing something for the first time, the mind has a vivid impression of having seen or heard the same thing before. That our dreams may, to a large extent, be answerable for this sense of familiarity with novel objects we fully agree with Mr. Sully. Impressions of fancy, or fragments saved from a lost past, may chance to simulate the form of definite memory. A man may tell a fictitious story till he believes it, or may be convinced he has been at such and such a place from vivid descriptions or graphic pictures of it. In illusions of belief or of the imagination, which have the whole future and the unseen universe before them, there is absolutely no

limit to be sought for. Mr. Sully's analysis of his whole subject leaves us at the close impressed, on the one hand, with the ability of the writer's treatment; on the other, with the force of his practical conclusion that our intuitions or perceptions of things are more relatively than absolutely true, and that, after all the subtleties of speculation, the true standard of reality, as opposed to illusion, is a stable consensus of general belief.

#### POPULAR TALES.\*

THE collectors of popular tales are working, as M. Legrand says about the Greek investigators, *avec une sorte d'acharnement*. People are finding fairy stories where none were supposed to exist. Indeed, it is the experience of collectors that tales are often said by the peasants themselves to have disappeared in places where a little care and tact find them in quantities. M. Paul Sébillot has recently published two or three volumes of stories from French-speaking Brittany, and has given an instructive account of the best means of getting the people to tell their legends. An investigator should know the *patois* of the people; this at once opens their hearts to him. Mr. Andrews has found his knowledge of the Mentonese and other dialects of the Riviera invaluable in this research. School children and old or young women produce very curious local variants of all our familiar Northern tales; for example, into the story of "Whippley Story," or "Kumpelstiltzkin," the Mentonese peasants introduce not one, but three, witches, with difficult names. The best way to make the country people open their wallet of folklore is for the collector to tell one or two stories himself. This proves to the peasants that he has the same tastes as themselves, and they cease to be shy and to fear that they are being made the butt of his "educated insolence." It seems scarcely credible, in spite of the dull and half-starved life of an English labourer, that all the old English variants of popular stories are extinct. This is a field to which collectors should turn their attention. An amusing little book, *A Month among the Mere Irish*, lately published, shows that, at least before the famine, the Irish rustics retained abundance of extremely humorous stories. These, too, should be sought after by persons who have the opportunity.

Though there is still plenty of room for the labours of the collector, the time has come for a more scientific sort of work. It has long been plain enough that popular stories contain but a very limited number of incidents and situations. These are capable of an infinite number of combinations, like the pieces of coloured glass in the kaleidoscope, or the cards in a pack. Some student who has the leisure should make a digest of popular tales. The incidents should be tabulated after the manner of Von Hahn's tables, or of those drawn up by Mr. Alfred Nutt. Then the incidents of all known Märchen, African, Red Indian, Hindoo, Romaic, Australian, and so forth, should be arranged under their proper heads. It would then become sufficiently manifest that all races possess the scattered incidents, while the combinations become more elaborate, interesting, and artistic in proportion to the degree of intelligence and fancy of the people by whom they are narrated.

The two volumes of popular tales which we propose to notice to-day come from Southern Europe. The *Roumanian Fairy Tales* are translated, we imagine, from originals which have passed through the hands of the literary adapter. The anonymous translator is not a very skilled writer, and suffers from the delusion that "whomsoever" is a nominative case. In spite of these drawbacks, the little book, which makes no scientific pretensions, is very readable, and will be extremely interesting to English children. The first story, "The Slippers of the Twelve Princesses," is pretty well known already in its German form. This is not one of the tales for which a great antiquity or worldwide distribution can be claimed. The chief situation is the discovery by a gardener's lad of the fact that twelve princesses wear out their slippers by dancing all through the night with enchanted princes, in a fairyland where the trees are of gold and diamonds. Yet, modern as the form of the legend is, the situation is actually found in the mythology of the South Sea Islands, where the story is told to explain the origin of dancing. In the Roumanian and German story the boy manages to make himself invisible, follows the princesses, and, as a proof that he has been with them, brings back from the enchanted country sprays of gold, silver, and diamond trees. In Mangaia it is a boy named Koro, who notices his father's nocturnal disappearances, and observes that he brings back fresh necklaces of pandanus seeds, yellow and red. He lies awake one night, follows his father, imitates certain magical actions, and sees all the fishes of the deep come at his father's call and join him in the dance. "Tinirao exultingly joined his merry subjects in their favourite employment of dancing by moonlight." The end of the story simply is that Koro "instructed the inhabitants of Mangaia in the mysteries of dancing." In the Roumanian story, the gardener's lad who had followed the princesses naturally ended by marrying the prettiest of them, Lina. The tale is prettily told, though in a literary, not a popular, manner, and there are some details of local manners which give it a certain interest.

The second Roumanian story, "The Ungrateful Wood-Cutter," is

\* *Roumanian Fairy Tales*. London: Lewis. 1881.  
*Recueil de Contes Populaires Grecs*. Traduits sur les textes originaux.  
 Par Emile Legrand. Paris: Leroux. 1881.

of the moral sort. A mysterious being, strangely named Merlin, confers magical benefits on a wood-cutter, and withdraws them when the man becomes insolent and ungrateful. In the "Hermit's Foundling" we have the adventures of a baby who was brought up on roots and similar hard fare by an eremite. A lion protects the boy and furnishes him with everything he wants. "Put your hand in my right ear, and draw out what you will find," says the lion. In the Scotch story of "The Black Bull o' Norrway" the lassie is instructed that she will find all the food she needs in the bull's right ear. The frugal Scotch animal remarks, "Put back your leavings," a piece of thrift unknown to the Roumanian lion. The boy receives from the fairies a dress "embroidered with the sun on the chest, the moon on the back, the morning and evening star on the sleeves." This is like the robe of Xylomarie, or Marie à l'habit de bois, the Katey Woodencloak of Romaic folklore. She has three beautiful dresses, the first representing the heaven, with its stars; the second the fields, with their flowers; the last the sea, with its fishes. In the Roumanian story the hermit's ward succeeds in marrying a princess whose father he has cured of blindness. The Roumanian Daughter of the Rose is a fairy girl, who dwelt within the bark of a rose-tree, a prettier sort of hamadryad. She gives her love to a young prince, who deserts her; but, as in so many tales and songs of all countries, recognizes her on his wedding night, discards his bride, and returns to his old love. It is an original feature in the Roumanian legend that the Rose Maiden makes her way to the prince in the disguise of a monk. In the "Twelve-Headed Griffin" the true hero is personated by a villainous Tzigan or Gipsy, as in the Zulu nursery tale a strange beast takes the place of the lost heroine. The hero is restored to life by a good-natured fairy bull, and the Tzigan is torn to pieces by two horses, one a native of the plains, the other of the mountains. In "Vasilica the Brave" there is a delightful fight and transformation scene. Vasilica, the hero, becomes a wheel of green fire, and his wicked opponent a wheel of red fire, which dash against each other furiously, till the wheel of red fire is defeated, resumes its original shape of a dragon, and falls lifeless. The best of all these supernatural combats for two is that fought between the Princess and the Magician in the *Arabian Nights*. The poor Princess died, worn out by her exertions, but Vasilica the Brave was more fortunate. After destroying three dragons he had to subdue their mother, a lady whose daughters were of unusual beauty. For this purpose he took the shape of a kitten, and made friends with one of the girls. The she-dragon, when she came home, "sniffed to right and left, and exclaimed, 'There's the smell of man's flesh here from the other world.'" This remark is our old friend—

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

The Eumenides in *Æschylus* "smell man's flesh" when they detect the presence of Orestes. In the Namaqua legend (South African) about the woman who married an elephant, the elephant "smells the smell of man" when he enters his house, where the woman's brother is concealed. This incident, then, of the arrival of a man in the dominion of supernatural or monstrous beings, and of his being detected, is sufficiently ancient and widely distributed. The Roumanian story ends very prettily. The she-dragon puts Vasilica, in his disguise as a kitten, to various trials, and in all he escapes by his natural and kitten-like demeanour. He thus induces the dragon's daughter to follow him into the woods, and carries her off. Thus Vasilica gained a hostage from the she-dragon, who was obliged to leave him and his bride in peace. Among the other Roumanian tales are variants of "Hop o' my Thumb" and of "The Grateful Beasts."

If the Roumanian stories are somewhat too literary in form, the Greek tales translated by M. Legrand have a ferocity and impurity of character which make them quite unfit for a nursery audience. They are translated from two Romaic collections, the *Analektes Néo Helléniques* and the *Cypriaca* of M. Sakellarios. M. Legrand himself has collected more than three hundred legends, which are still unpublished. His most notable stories deserve a few words of notice. The first is "Le Seigneur du Monde Souterrain." This is the most repulsive shape of the "Cupid and Psyche" formula with which we have met. An old wood-gatherer one day evokes a mysterious negro by exclaiming, "Oh! Ah! Hélas." This was the name of the negro, who demanded the old man's three daughters as wives of the Lord of the Under World. He subjects them to trials of the most disgusting description. Only the youngest girl passes, and she becomes the bride of the Lord of the Under World. She never sees him by day; by night she is thrown into a deep sleep by an opiate. Her sisters, like Psyche's sisters, envy her wonderful palace. They advise her to throw away the soporific, to watch, and to turn a key in the body of her husband when he is asleep. This she does, and the moment the key is turned she sees all the kingdoms of the world. Her attention is caught by an old woman who is washing clothes in a river. The current carries away some of the clothes, the girl shrieks out to warn her and wakens her husband. He deserts her in anger, and she wanders, like Psyche, through the world. She becomes the servant of a King, the Queen falls in love with her, and, being rejected, accuses her, as Phædra accuses Hippolytus. She is on the point of being hanged, when her husband, the Lord of the Under World, rides up, rescues and marries her. The story is a singular example of the combination of incidents usually met with in very different compositions. The story of "Le Seigneur et ses trois filles" again is a singularly exact adaptation of the incidents in the story of Psyche. "La Vierge par nature" is

simply the story of the Master Thief which Herodotus was told by the Egyptians. One or two new incidents are introduced; but we know no popular form of the legend which comes so close to the version of Herodotus. "Xylomarie," of which we have already spoken, is a variant of Cinderella, and of "Ruhin Coatie," following the version which makes the girl's father anxious to marry her, because he has vowed to wed none but the woman who can wear the clothes of his deceased wife. The peculiarity of the Greek, as of the Servian Märchen, is this crudeness, this preference for incidents which have been softened down in the stories of France, Scotland, Germany, and Scandinavia. We might not expect this character among descendants of the Hellenes; but it seems probable that a tinge of Slavonic ferocity has been introduced into the legends of modern Greece.

#### EVELINA.\*

WE should indeed be well pleased were we to learn that this reprint of *Evelina* had met with the sale that it deserves. The publishers have brought it out in a clear type, a convenient form, and at a low price; while the editor, if she has now and then blundered, at all events has spared neither time nor trouble. In her Introduction she shows that she has carefully studied her subject. She does not, indeed, bring to it that intimate knowledge of the period of which she treats which secures a writer against falling now and then into some bad error. Nevertheless, she makes far fewer mistakes than many a more pretentious author who claims to be an authority on all matters that concern the literature of the last century. At times her style is not so clear as we could wish. In tracing the origin of the Burney family, for instance, she is certainly likely to leave her readers in a state of confusion. She has, of course, gone for her information in this part of her subject to Mme. d'Arblay's *Memoirs* of Dr. Burney. In spite of the high praise that she bestows on "the skill that may be observed in" that work, we shall still continue to look upon it as the most unskilful book that was ever written by a practised writer. We can never consult it without falling into a rage, and without forgetting for a time, in our indignation at Mme. d'Arblay's absence of method and her Frenchified English, all that we owe to Fanny Burney. Had Mrs. Ellis taken the trouble to draw up a family-tree of the Burney family, she would have saved herself and her readers some trouble. It would have been well also had she always given her references. It is not easy to follow them, as, though she gives the name of the author, she generally omits the page. No small part of her Introduction and of her Epilogue—as she strangely enough calls an addition to her Introduction which immediately precedes the story—is given to a defence of Miss Burney against the attacks of Croker. Surely Croker and his malevolence might have been suffered to rest forgotten. Miss Burney's character as unconsciously drawn by herself in her charming *Diary* needs no defender. He who after reading it could doubt the purity, the simplicity, and the uprightness of her heart will not be convinced though a second Macaulay should arise to fall upon a second Croker. At the same time, while we despise the slanders of the Tory reviewer, we must not pass over in silence the unjust abuse of his great Whig opponent. Mrs. Ellis quotes that part of Macaulay's violent attack on Croker's edition of Boswell in which he says that his readers have doubtless seen some of its sheets round parcels of better books. Great—monstrous we might well say—as were the faults of that famous edition, yet it had its great merits too, as has been more than once pointed out. In writing that its sheets were doubtless used for wrappers Macaulay was, we are confident, drawing, not on his knowledge, but his wishes. At all events, it was reprinted, certainly in a modified form and with its worst faults omitted, within four years; and it has formed the basis of the most popular editions down to the present time.

Mrs. Ellis, as we have said, does not show that general and accurate knowledge of the literature of the latter half of last century which, though we scarcely ought to expect, we might still desire in the editor of such a work as the one before us. For instance, using a somewhat fine term, she talks of Miss Burney's peers. Among these she includes Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Montagu. Mrs. Carter was, indeed, a woman of ability and learning; but even she was not fit to hold a candle to Frances Burney. Mrs. Chapone was doubtless "admirable"—at least every one called her so—but we do not know that she was anything else, while Mrs. Montagu was little better than a literary impostor. She was a grand lady, kept open house for men of letters, and patronized Shakspeare. We have read her essay on that poet, and so we can with a good conscience treat her with contempt. In another passage Mrs. Ellis writes of Mr. (sic) Inchbald's vigorous and pathetic *Simple Story*. Mr. Inchbald had been many years dead by the time the story was written. In warning her readers against charging Miss Burney with egotism, she writes, "Not you did Soame Jenyns sue to meet, and at seventy-eight put on a court-suit of apricot-coloured silk, lined with white satin, that he might be presented to you in a worthy manner; while the Thralls and Mrs. Montagu, the Garricks and Miss More, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Chapone, rose and stood to listen to his compliments." Now

\* *Evelina*; or, the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney. With an Introduction and Notes by Annie Raine Ellis, Author of "Elyvestra," &c. London: George Bell & Sons.

here we believe Mrs. Ellis has not only made an error in her facts, but has drawn on her imagination. Mr. Soame Jenyns was certainly dressed in the suit that she describes, but though we have carefully examined both Mme. d'Arblay's Memoirs of Dr. Burney and her Diary, we cannot find a word to show that he had altered his dress to do honour to Miss Burney. Be that as it may, the Garricks were not there, as poor Garrick had been lying for the last four years in Westminster Abbey. It was nearly two years, moreover, since Johnson had recorded on the death of Mr. Thrale, "I looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect or benignity." Mrs. Ellis may reply that by the Thrales she meant Mrs. Thrale and her daughter, a young lady not yet of age. But in the rising of a girl there would have been no honour done. Moreover, whoever mentions the Thrales at once brings before us not only the lively but "more flippant" wife, but also the husband, who, according to Johnson, had ten times her learning, and who, if he but held up a finger in his family, was obeyed. There are one or two other errors, which we need not notice. On the whole, Mrs. Ellis has done her part of the work well, and we must not therefore scan too strictly her failures. We, at all events, ought to bear her nothing but goodwill; for she has set us to read an old favourite once more, and she has been the cause that we have passed a few hours in a very pleasant manner.

If anything could check the rashness of those who so confidently maintain that the works of this and that writer of our time must live for ever, it should surely be the fate of *Evelina*. What popularity, for instance, has George Eliot enjoyed which was not enjoyed a hundred years ago by Frances Burney? The uncertainty of human life was not more strongly brought home to the learned and pensive Roman by his survey of the ruins of renowned cities than is the uncertainty of the fame of writers brought home to the student of literature by the darkness which has fallen upon some of the brightest names. If Miss Burney were to take her place by the greatness of her admirers, we know of no female writer of our country to whom she would yield. Her Diary, no doubt, is still read and still enjoyed; but even the best of her tales is comparatively unknown. How many in any company would know what a Branghton is, and if reproached with being one, would not ask with Boswell whether it was some animal hereabouts? Yet *Evelina* has qualities which would still, we might well believe, find it a host of readers. The character of the heroine is charmingly drawn. It is the picture of the author, not as she was, but as she might have been, had nature added a rare beauty to her other qualities, and made her romantic by reason of the mystery that was attached to her birth. When, leaving the gross heroines that are so common in the school of novelists that is now in fashion we read of *Evelina*, we seem to pass at once into the pure air of the breezy downs from an atmosphere that is tainted with the burnings of flaring chandeliers and with the breath of crowds that throng a town-house on the night of a dance. The plot of the story, though it is as improbable as most plots are, is nevertheless ingenious and interesting. Moreover, as it is not forced into the foreground, we are the less struck with whatever in it there may be that is extravagant. There is certainly no part in which the story is suffered to drag, but events succeed events with a rapidity that must satisfy even the most eager reader. Seldom surely did a young lady, in six or seven months at most, secure an equal number of lovers. But the great merit of *Evelina* lies not in its plot, or its love scenes, or its incidents, not even in the character of its heroine. It is as a picture of manners that it must claim to hold its ground. It abounds in portraits of every kind. Keen, indeed, must have been the eye and retentive the memory of the shy and quiet young woman who year after year had seen character after character pass before her in her father's house, and in the great world outside it. As has been before pointed out, she most fails, as might be expected, in those characters which she had never seen in the life. Her Lord Orville is sketched from Sir Charles Grandison, who, in his turn, most certainly was not drawn from the life. It is, therefore, the copy of a copy, or at best the copy of a mere fanciful portrait, and is, therefore, as stiff as it is untrue. This ardent lover, we notice, never goes beyond respectfully kissing the heroine's hand, even after his marriage with her had been fixed for the very next Thursday. The profligate baronet, as a piece of portrait-painting, is little better, perhaps, than the virtuous lord. But it is in the fops, above all in the fops of the City, and in vulgar life that the author shows her chief power. Her Branghtons, her Mr. Smith, and her Mr. Lovel are admirably described, while Mme. Duval is, in her way, almost unsurpassed. The rollicking humour of the Sea Captain keeps the reader constantly on the laugh, at the same time that it excites his astonishment at the grossness of an officer in the navy. Miss Burney, however, maintained that she was not guilty of exaggeration; for, as Mrs. Ellis appropriately quotes in a note, she wrote in her Diary, "I have this to comfort me—that the more I see of sea-captains, the less reason I have to be ashamed of Captain Mirvan; for they have all so irresistible a propensity to wanton mischief, to roasting beaux, and detesting old women, that I quite rejoice I showed the book to no one ere printed, lest I should have been prevailed upon to soften his character." She had a good opportunity of studying the manners of these heroes of the sea, for her eldest brother was a distinguished naval officer. In Mme. Duval, the vulgar old woman, and in her beau, poor M. Du Bois, the Captain finds people admirably well fitted

for even all his outrageous love of wanton mischief. His tricks are indeed carried too far, and the reader is not sorry to lose sight of him for a long time.

It is useless in the short space of a review to attempt to bring before the reader the liveliness of the scenes and the variety of characters of this story, which once was so famous, but which now only lives as it were in an echo. It may be the case that a book which raised in the men of a hundred years ago the heartiest laughter, and drew from the women at the same time many a tear, will now be voted unreadable. We wish, however, that those who call for their new novel almost as regularly as for their fresh rolls would for once make trial of an old favourite, and see whether a summer's day cannot be passed more pleasantly—it certainly can be passed more innocently—by laying aside the last fashionable story, and by following the fortunes of the gentle *Evelina*.

#### WEBER AND SCHUBERT.\*

THE demand for biographies of great artists in every line is very large, and under its influence a collection of little books has sprung into existence, to which some of the ablest men of the time in their respective lines have made contributions. Poets have dealt with the masters of their own craft, and philosophers with the great teachers of mankind; and now musicians, notwithstanding the doubts sometimes expressed as to their literary abilities, are telling us something about the peculiar race of men to whom their affections are most naturally attracted. Among these two whose biographies have lately appeared were men of just that peculiar spontaneity in art which makes the study of their characteristics specially interesting. Weber and Schubert are the two German types of the highest grade to which pure nationalism in music has ever attained, and their lives are most interesting to compare because of the singularly diverse conditions in which they were passed. This can very well be realized from the study of the little works by Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. H. F. Frost respectively. Weber stands before the world as the first who carried through successfully the arduous attempt to establish the national idea of opera, and Schubert as the first who set the German *Lied* on a firm basis by absorbing the greater part of the finest German lyrical poetry, and reproducing it in real German music. To understand fully the position which they occupy in art, it is necessary to realize, that as long as definite national characteristics exist in music, it is an absurdity to set a genuine poem or lyric of one distinct national type to music of a different complexion. At a certain point in national development the successful achievements of other nations, in departments in which the home country has not yet found its bearings, lead to the adoption of external forms both of government and morality and art, and even sometimes of religion. But these have in the end to be remoulded to the peculiar genius and character of the nation who has adopted them from without. Thus in Germany some important departments of music, such as opera and song, were long almost entirely swamped by Italianism. The effort to shake off this alien incubus was lengthened and laborious, and the nation waited for some incarnation of genuineness to produce the national musical counterpart of the dramatic and lyrical aspirations of the German race, and these things it fell to Weber and Schubert to achieve. But the manner in which it was achieved and the reception accorded to the victors was singularly different. Weber's work was done before the world as a public man, greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, and enjoying some of the greatest triumphs ever given to a composer; but Schubert met with little more encouragement than the love and faith of a small group of friends; he was thoroughly a private man, and the work he did was of a corresponding character—that is, more intimate than Weber's, though in the end possibly appealing to as great numbers in the privacy of their own homes. To the general reader it is possible that this point will be of some interest. For though Weber was often triumphant in his lifetime, the vein of sadness in his story is visible throughout; whereas the unsuccessful Schubert presents a picture of buoyancy and cheerful humour which makes what we know of him far more comforting to contemplate, notwithstanding an occasional outbreak of depression. Weber's very success seems to have been cruelly exacting, and destructive of serenity; and the small lasting comfort it can have been to him is well expressed by a remarkable sentence in a letter to Ignaz Susann, which is quoted in the biography. "A great success weighs like a heavy debt upon the soul of an honest artist, and he can never pay it as he earnestly desires." A few noble men besides him may have felt the same, but scarcely any could have expressed it in such a manner. Schubert was fairly relieved of such responsibility, and he had the more freedom to enjoy that which probably makes a man happiest in defiance of all circumstances—namely, the gift to do thoroughly well and with ease that which his nature clearly points to as his special function in life.

The treasures with which Schubert enriched the world are for the most part new discoveries; and, it may be added, some of the happiest discoveries of the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is not many years since musical people were occasionally surprised on making acquaintance with a sonata here or a pianoforte piece there to find that he had written something besides songs

\* *The Great Musicians.—Weber.* By Sir Julius Benedict. *Schubert.* By Mr. H. F. Frost. Edited by Francis Hueffer. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.



which was worth taking notice of. The writer of the biography says, that after his death in 1828 the publication of his works "proceeded steadily for five or six years, but after 1830 the stream consisted chiefly of songs and other vocal works, and then it almost dried up. The *Lieder* penetrated to France, where they became exceedingly popular, and from thence a few examples made their way to England. There seemed now a probability that Schubert's fame would rest entirely upon his songs." The world had, in fact, to wait for the insight of Schumann and the sympathy of Mendelssohn to be made to understand things which appear now to be of the simplest and most natural beauty conceivable. Schumann found out the great Symphony in C at Vienna in 1838, and Mendelssohn had it performed at Leipzig in the following year. There alone at first it met with due appreciation; for at Vienna it was coldly received, and when Mendelssohn took it with him to England, in 1844, the writer says:—"At the rehearsal the members of the band made such wry faces, and the few listeners expressed such unfavourable opinions that Mendelssohn withdrew it angrily." The unfinished Symphony in B minor, which to amateurs is probably even more familiar in these days, and possibly even more delightful, though presented to a Musikverein at Gratz by the composer, is said to have been never heard till 1865, about thirty-seven years after his death and forty-three after its composition. It was much the same with most of the other of his larger works, especially with such as people now take most delight in. It follows that his manner and sentiment, especially in instrumental music, is to the present generation almost as vivid and moving as if the work was just fresh from his hand. It has not been worn by use into familiar obviousness, but can be taken to men's hearts as lovingly as if it were the latest born of the divine offspring of art. In fact, the realization of Schubert's finest music is one of the special art enthusiasms of the present time, and it has an advantage over some other similar outbreaks in being genuine, and based upon something about which it is fit to be enthusiastic. This will make the more grateful the manner of treatment adopted by his present biographer. As he truly says, "Unhappily the biographer of Schubert is unable to give the reader the privilege of intimate communion with his hero, except to a very limited extent." The privacy and simplicity of his life would preclude any brilliant success in an attempt at Boswellian character-drawing; the records are too scanty and too little pregnant of inference; there only remains to do as the writer has done—to take the production of his works as the chief features of his history, and to throw some interest round them by criticism and accounts of their various but rarely prosperous fortunes. Musicians are often inquisitive about the ways in which great masters go through the process which is called composing. In the case of Schubert there is, of course, not much actual information; but there is plenty of obvious inference to be drawn from the condition in which some of his manuscripts are found; and these are properly detailed in the biography. It is also told that when the composer and the poet Mayrhofer were living together, "Mayrhofer would sit at his desk and write some stanzas, and then toss them over to Schubert, who would immediately commence to set them, without the slightest hesitation." The marvel, of course, is not that he could do it, but that the result should be in general so satisfactory. Plenty of composers can sit down and write at any moment; but, unless they have given some consideration to the subject, the chance is that what comes is not worth setting down. Schubert, however, was not one of those who had to meditate and ponder over things like Beethoven, nor would he willingly alter and prune afterwards as Bach seems to have done. He had the gift of spiritual beauty in an astounding measure, and music was so much his proper and peculiar mode of utterance that want of time or paper was almost the only hindrance he was likely to be troubled with. In songs he seems almost at first to have laid hold of his own distinctive mode of expression, for the "Für König" and the "Wanderer" were written before he was twenty. In instrumental music there seems to have been distinct development, as the writer indicates. The early Symphonies have but little traces of his manner, and even the matter is often singularly like passages of Mozart or Haydn, and sometimes of Beethoven in his early days. Occasional glimpses of his promise are seen, and indications of such features as he perfected at last in the last movement of the great Symphony in C; but, as a rule, they are curious proofs of the certainty that even the most original-minded men must begin to build upon something familiar. The writer gives less prominence to discussion and criticism of the *Lieder* with design, because "the extent and value of his larger works is yet imperfectly recognized"; and also, probably, for the inevitable reason that, if accounts and criticisms of the songs were once begun, it would hardly be possible to stop short of a few thick volumes; nevertheless he says rightly that "it is as monarch of the *Lied* that Schubert's greatness and individuality shine forth most conspicuously." His instrumental works are full of beauties as divine as anything in music; but the works taken on the whole have not the qualities which made Beethoven supreme. Even the best of them are hardly models of the highest qualities of balance and proportion. They are not concentrated, and they are not always consistent or carefully and closely developed; but the writer is near the mark when he says "an exquisite fancy, a noble imagination, and a lofty poetical spirit" were never possessed in richer profusion than by Franz Schubert.

The life of Weber is treated by Sir Julius Benedict on a different principle, for the best of all possible reasons. The writer was himself the intimate friend and pupil of the great composer; and

the account he gives as an eye-witness of his ways and his works, his troubles and his triumphs, are sufficient to make it interesting to a high degree, while the work is done in a manner which disgression for the purpose of detailed art criticism would certainly mar. A classical position is so soon reached in music, that it seems almost as strange to one's feelings to find a contemporary writing his personal recollections of Weber and Beethoven as if he wrote in the same manner of Titian or Leonardo, or of Virgil or Horace. But here is the fact, and it is one to thank the grudging fates for sparing us. Weber's life was, in most respects, a very strong contrast to Schubert's. His erratic and Bohemian father dragged him about from place to place even in his childhood, cramming him with various and ill-regulated information, and trying, at all hazards, to make a great star of him with all the speed possible. The result was that Weber was for the most part unfortunate in his masters, cruelly tried in health, and subjected to influences which for a time certainly led him in an evil direction; but his genius, combined with the force of public circumstances in a time of peculiar political importance to the Fatherland, overcame much of the harm done by the first and last causes, and led him finally to some of the greatest achievements in musical art. He was brought before a large public from his very boyhood; and the enthusiasm of that crisis in the nation's existence seemed to have laid hold of him, and to have made him at times the very mouth-piece of some of the finest qualities of popular emotion. To this fact may reasonably be traced his extraordinary successes with the people; and to that also in turn the prejudice of many able contemporary critics against him. Zelter's sublimely preposterous criticism of *Der Freischütz* which he wrote to Goethe that "out of a small nothing the composer had created a colossal nothing," and the remarks of Tieck, that "it was the most unmusical uproar ever heard upon the stage," and many more such, have touches of humour in them which would be quite exhilarating if one did not feel how bitterly they must have caused the sensitive Weber to suffer.

When the writer of the biography first went to him, Weber was occupied with the pianoforte arrangement of *Der Freischütz*, and he describes his first impressions of the man and the circumstances in which he found him vividly, and, it may be hoped, notwithstanding the length of time that has intervened, faithfully. Shortly after was the first performance of the great work, at which he was present, and he makes admirable use of the opportunities which the excitements of such an occasion offer to any one who can wield a pen. On the very morning of the performance Weber, who appeared to be the only person free from anxiety, played to him and Frau von Weber the celebrated Concertstück in F minor which he had just finished, giving at the same time a curious account of its purport, which has a remarkable bearing on the modern theory of programme music. He was with him afterwards through various experiences of clique intrigue, aristocratic stupidity and bad taste, and the many vicissitudes to which a popular artist is subjected; and he rightly gives particular attention to the story of the composition and production of *Euryanthe*, which has even more points of human interest about it than the story of the supreme success of *Der Freischütz*. But a yet more interesting passage is that which describes his actual experiences of sight and hearing with Beethoven himself. It is well known that Weber was in early days a decided disbeliever in that mightiest of musicians; and had made himself conspicuous by a yet well-known squib upon a performance of one of the Symphonies. As he grew older he grew wiser. He played the Sonatas especially well, and made great efforts to obtain a worthy performance of *Fidelio*, and succeeded, except with the public; of whom he said in a letter to Günsbacher, "It is enough to make one frantic—Punch and Judy would suit them better." And so it came to pass that Beethoven, seeing the pupil one day at a publisher's, asked him why Weber did not go to see him; and then master and pupil went together, and the yet living eye-witness of that extraordinary meeting gives a worthy account of the occasion. Weber himself wrote of it afterwards:—"We dined together in the happiest mood. The stern, rough man paid me as much attention as if I were a lady he was courting, and served me at table with most delicate care. How proud I felt to receive all this attention from the great master-spirit." This appears to have been in 1823, and later in the same year the pupil parted sadly from his master. But his affection evidently did not wane, and so the interest of the story does not wane either. The few remaining years are of the keenest and saddest interest, comprising the story of his rapid breakdown in health from overwork and constant worry, the ups and downs of titful fortune, the tragic story of the composition and performance of *Oberon*, and the fatal termination of that episode in England. There is so much in all this that it does not admit of condensation. The self-sacrifice and devotion of the man come out in the strongest colours, and people who have not known what he was before have now an admirable opportunity of being wiser.

Criticism of his works is reserved for a separate catalogue, with the exception of some general remarks on his treatment of overtures, with special reference to the works to which they belong, and to his position in relation to what is called the romantic school. Many of these works are now taken so much as a matter of course that little that is fresh can be said about them; and for the rest there is no denying that he was an unequal composer. He had, like Schubert, the eminent gift of saying something definite. He had ideas, and these frequently very impressive and genuine ones; but neither his training nor his disposition made him certain of

hand or head in dealing with pure instrumental works. He wrote both popularly and finely, but rarely in that department with consistent musical excellence throughout. His great achievement was, as Sir Julius Benedict says, "the most national lyrical drama of the German stage"; and it is this nationalism which draws him and Schubert together in the history of art, though it failed utterly to bring them into personal amity. Their manners of musical speech are conspicuously diverse. Schubert appeals most powerfully to later generations; Weber appealed most strongly to his own. Nevertheless, the pedestals they occupy are of similar cast; and these two biographies will no doubt help to a clearer appreciation of their work and position, and the generally interesting contrasts and affinities which are worth noting in their circumstances and characters.

J. F. MILLET.\*

TO write the life of an original artist is a task which demands a full comprehension of the artistic temperament, and which necessitates a great deal of ungrateful labour at the hands of the man who undertakes it. M. Alfred Sensier was undoubtedly well fitted to write the life of Millet. He had lived for thirty years on terms of great intimacy with him, and was one of the first to appreciate the peculiar excellences of his works. But death cut him short in the midst of his uncompleted labours, and his manuscript, left in an unsatisfactory condition, had to rely for completion upon other hands. This fact detracts from the value of the book as it stands in the original, and it is of course impossible that its shortcomings should be in any way removed by the process of translation. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, the book before us is in many ways valuable. It will do away for ever with the idea that Millet was a rude untaught peasant, and will destroy many other fallacies concerning him which have hitherto been prevalent.

Jean François Millet was born on October 4, 1814, at Gruchy, in the department of the Manche. What is known concerning his family is very remarkable. They were no common peasants. His great-uncle, who had much to do with his early training, was an exceptional man. Half priest, half paysan, he would say mass betimes, and then donning his "soutane," he would betake himself to the labour of the fields. The walls which he built unaided, to support a piece of falling ground, still stand, and bear witness to his Herculean strength. He taught reading, and even Latin, to the village children, whereby he greatly scandalized his neighbours, who vainly petitioned the Bishop against his strange ways. When he died, the boy Millet was entrusted to the care of Jean Lebris-seux, the young vicar of Gréville, who taught him to love the Bible and Virgil. With him Millet had a touching meeting later in life. After a hard day's work he went into the church of Gruchy, where he found his early instructor, grown old, praying at the altar. After the first words of greeting the Abbé asked him if he still remembered the Bible and the Psalms:—

"They are my breviary," said Millet. "I get from them all that I do."

"These are rare words to hear nowadays, but you will be rewarded. You used to love Virgil."

"I love him still."

Millet never saw his old friend again, but the good priest's influence over him lasted through all his life. Luckily for him his father had something of an artist's soul, and, seeing the merit of his first attempts, advised him to adopt art as a profession. After studying for a short time at Cherbourg, he went to Paris. His first impression of the town was miserable enough, and it was long before he plucked up sufficient courage to enter the studio of Paul Delaroche. It would be difficult to imagine a more uncongenial atmosphere for him. Delaroche, deeply imbued with the theatrical claptrap of his day, relying for success upon an adroit choice of subjects and a vulgar flashy execution, must have secretly disgusted him from the first. The other pupils for the most part followed blindly in their master's footsteps, Couture and Hébert making brilliant exceptions to the prevailing rule of stupid plagiarism. Millet was not happy as a student. His bold work irritated his comrades, who declared it to be "insolently natural." He did not remain long under his uncongenial master, who ended by utterly disgusting him by the shuffling and favouritism he displayed concerning the "Prix de Rome," for which Millet competed. He accordingly took a studio in the Rue de l'Est, and began his battle with the world. It was a hard fight. Nobody cared for the rustic life he delighted to portray, nobody had eyes to see the noble blinding of high poetic thought and uncompromising realism which made itself felt in his work. But, like a true man, he set his face like a flint to the task of bread-winning. Nothing came amiss to him; portraits at ten, and even five, francs a head; signboards and pastels *à la mode* succeeded one another with rapidity; and, through it all, he managed to find time for serious study. To make matters still worse, he married, losing his wife in two years. He had children, and his life became a fearful struggle to support them and their mother. He says of himself, speaking of this time, "I felt that I was nailed to a rock and condemned to endless labour; but I should have forgotten all if I had only been able once in a while to see again my native place." At last, in the

year 1849, he met with some little success, and settled at Barbizon, which has since become identified with his name. It is curious and perhaps profitable for Englishmen of to-day to consider the pass to which academic rule had brought the French art of this period. Through all these years of struggle the doors of the Salon had been closed against Millet. Théodore Rousseau had, in despair, given up attempting to exhibit; half Delacroix's pictures were refused, and Jules Dupré, utterly disgusted with the taste of the authorities, declined to exhibit.

So far the book before us has proved interesting. The facts concerning Millet's Paris life have not been widely known hitherto and cannot fail to command attention. But with the years that he spent at Barbizon it is otherwise. Here the public had nothing new to learn about any of the events of his life that concerned it; but it might have been expected that much delightful matter would be furnished by a man who had such frequent access to him as M. Sensier enjoyed. This, however, is hardly the case. Millet's biographer appears to us to have shared the lot of the miserable person with the two stools, who has been ceaselessly hounded with citations from one generation to another. He had neither the heart to write a book strictly with a view of pleasing the casual reader, nor to write one which should be of permanent value to the students of Millet's works. Consequently, this most interesting phase of Millet's life when he first came in contact with the plains surrounding Fontainebleau Forest and the peasants who cultivate them is most inadequately dealt with. Who can care to know that he and Rousseau, who became fast friends and helped one another nobly, looked upon each other for a short time with mutual distrust? And to whom shall it profit to be pedantically informed that Corot had no keen sympathy with Millet's art? The fact must have long been apparent to any one not hopelessly afflicted with imbecility, who had ever compared any two examples of the artists' works. Page after page is taken up with what seems to us to be a most sacrilegious laying bare of the private life of a great man. It was well known that Millet was very poor all his life, that he was often in the direst straits for want of money; but surely this was no reason for publishing confidential letters about his private affairs, or for writing sentimental commentaries on them which are often in the worst possible taste. The first important work produced by him at Barbizon was his magnificent picture of the Sower, which has been disgracefully thieved from ever since people have come to the conclusion that it was worth stealing. A curious anecdote was published a little while ago about a sketch which Millet made at this time of Ruth and Boaz. He was expressing his dissatisfaction to a friend at the state of art criticisms, and ended by saying that the "premier venu" knew more about pictures than Théophile Gautier. At this moment a villager entered his studio and began laughing very heartily. "What are you laughing at?" said Millet. "At your picture," replied the man, pointing to the sketch. "It is so true to nature that rural policeman arresting the girl for stealing in the fields." From this time till the day of his death Millet's pictures were given out to the world in glorious succession. We shall not attempt to give our readers any list of them here, but refer them to the work before us. We may quote, however, what he wrote of his picture of the Shepherd in the Fold at Night, which is now almost as widely known as it deserves to be. He says:—"Oh, how I wish I could make those who see my work feel the splendours and terrors of the night! One ought to be able to make people hear the songs, the silences, and murmurings of the air. They should feel the infinite. Is there not something terrible in thinking of these lights which rise and disappear, century after century, without varying?"

After many years of intense suffering Millet was enabled to live almost at ease for a short period by making a contract in March, 1860, with a picture dealer, by which he engaged to part with all the pictures he might be able to paint for the three following years for a salary of 480*l.* a year. This arrangement enabled him to produce some of his finest works, and procured him some instances of comparative comfort. A conversation in which he took part at about this time shows how true an insight he had into the souls of the poor among whom he lived. "Do you not hear," he asked, "the Witches' Sabbath over there at the end of the Bas-Bréau—the cries of strangling children, and the laugh of convicts? Yet it is nothing but the song of night birds, and the last cry of the crows. Everything frightens when night, the unknown, succeeds light." In the midst of a raging storm of criticisms, of absurd blame, and ridiculous praise, the painter worked steadily on. It is touching to find his friend Rousseau purchasing some of his pictures under the pretence of having made a bargain with a rich American who of course had no existence anywhere but in Rousseau's own brain. In 1868 Millet was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and the reading out of his name was followed by tumultuous applause. The last years of his life brought comparative peace with them in spite of failing health. He lived to see his pictures fetch great prices, although the money did not in any way benefit him. He died on the 20th of January, 1875. That his loss should have been keenly felt is not astonishing. But it is strange to note how few were those who foresaw how great his posthumous fame would be. Of the book before us it is by no means easy to form a just estimate. The work has been very inadequately done, but we may be thankful that it should have been done at all although we cannot help regretting that stronger hands were not found to do it. The author seems to have been everlastingly conscious that a great many people might disagree with him in his estimate of the great man, and

\* *Jean-François Millet, Peasant and Painter.* Translated by Helena de Tray from the French of Alfred Sensier. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

the result of this is naturally enough felt in a certain half-heartedness of expression throughout the volume. It is besides most painful to find valuable information about such a man bolstered up with commonplace sentimentalities written to catch the attention of vulgar readers. Of the miserable renderings of Millet's work offered to us we cannot speak too disparagingly. All the solidity and vitality of the painter's handling have been smudged and blurred away; the "Woman carding wool" (page 155) is the only plate that in any way recalls Millet's touch. Of the translation we can only say that it is so literal that it frequently ceases to be English, and as in addition to this it is bristling with Americanisms, it is no light reading.

#### NEW CODE READING BOOKS.\*

WE have before noticed the very marked improvement which within the last few years has taken place in the quality of elementary school books. Not only is the information which they contain more accurate, but it is presented in a more attractive form. This is especially noticeable in English histories. Indeed so many good and pleasant little books on that subject have lately made their appearance, that one would think the demand for that class of literature must have been already more than satisfied. A fresh crop of them, however, has sprung up this season with even more luxuriance than the customary yearly growth. At first a reader might be puzzled to account for this startling increase in the supply of a class of books the production of which, though a steady source of revenue to publishers, is a most unprofitable and much detested task-work to authors of any repute. But on examination the *raison d'être* of their existence is found set forth in the prefaces of the several series to which they belong. In the Education Code for 1880 it has been decreed that the reading lessons of children of all standards in the public elementary schools are to be turned to account for the teaching of history and certain other subjects which are to be "taught throughout the year through reading lessons, according to a graduated scheme which the Inspector reports to be well adapted to the capacity of the children." The heads of the Education Department have intimated that for the carrying out of the scheme some new text-books were much to be desired, sufficiently attractive in form to please the children, and yet solid enough in the substance of the information given to serve the teacher as a foundation for oral teaching. The books required are to be written in a pleasant easy style, and to treat of subjects supposed to be the most interesting to children. Thus the so-called histories are to dwell chiefly on biography, and to give the children a notion of the social life of the people by describing the manners and customs of the several grades of society at the different periods of their country's history. All this knowledge is to be conveyed in forty to sixty lessons, of length proportionate to the time allotted to the English reading lesson in the school-work. It is calculated that two such lessons should be given weekly, and it is proposed to have a progressive series of books suited to the several standards, each containing a year's instruction. Now it will be seen at once by any one who has had any experience either in the use or in the production of school-books that to write a book of the dimensions and on the subjects prescribed that shall at once be scientific enough to teach the teachers and amusing enough to attract the children, that shall contain enough of the fibre of fact to entitle it to bear the name of history and yet have that fibre overlaid with enough prattle about the houses, dress, way of feeding, and so on of Scots and Picts and early English to give a lively picture of their social state, is a task well nigh as impossible as the spinning straw into gold of the fairy tale. Difficult as it seems, however, it has been attempted by authors of all degrees of reputation and of views the most opposite.

Of the various series which this new Education Code of 1880 has called forth, that issued by the Messrs. Longman, under the title of "English History Reading Books," merits our first attention. To this series Mr. S. R. Gardiner contributes two volumes. The first contains an outline of the history of Britain from the coming of the Romans to the accession of James I. The second carries it on in the same style down to the year 1880. Mr. Gardiner's reputation as an historian is a sufficient guarantee for the entire trustworthiness of the matter which these little books contain. The style in which they are written is simple and clear without being childish. Dates are eschewed altogether, except as headings to the chapters, and the pages are kept as clear of names of either places or persons as is compatible with the production of a book that can in any sense be called history. Mr. Gardiner treats history from the Liberal point of view, and brings into due prominence the events which, as having had an influence on the development of the national life, deserve a foremost place in the history of the nation. Thus, the setting up of the first printing-press and the translation of the Bible are treated as matters of much more moment than the gaining or losing of a battle on foreign soil, or the transfer of the Crown from one family to another. To set forth the constitutional changes, the progress of religious and poli-

tical opinions, the revolutions wrought by the advance of science in agriculture and manufactures which characterize his second period in a manner that should be intelligible to the children for whom his book is intended, is an undertaking of no small difficulty. He has, however, succeeded in making his pages, if not exactly entertaining, at least clear and readable. Mr. Gardiner never fails to give due force to the moral lessons that history teaches where it is rightly understood; and concludes with a well-worded and earnest exhortation to his readers to remember that the greatness of a country is increased or diminished by the character of each unit of its population. We must not omit to mention that Mr. Gardiner's text is embellished with numerous maps and illustrations of costumes, civil and military accoutrements, portraits of distinguished persons and such like.

Belonging also to the same series, but probably designed for an earlier standard, are the Lives of Richard I. and Edward I. by Mrs. Armitage, and of Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror by Mr. Powell. These little books are clearly written to suit the views of those who maintain that children can only be interested in history by reading a somewhat detailed biography of one of the leading characters in any given period. There is, no doubt, a great deal to be said in favour of this view, though it seems questionable whether, if children are incapable of taking in history as a connected whole, the knowledge of a few detached shreds of it can do them any possible good. It is usually taken for granted that in one series of books, more especially school-books, the writers shall hold pretty much the same opinions. Now Mr. Gardiner points out that, of all the kings of England, Richard I. is the one who most thoroughly neglected the duties of a king, and who has therefore least claim to be remembered by the English people. It is, therefore, certainly most inconsistent to make him in the same series of books the subject of a special biography of a length to occupy quite six months of the reading lessons of the school year. Mrs. Armitage, no doubt, points out that all his exploits were of little use to the world, and of still less to England, and contrasts Richard and Edward I., greatly to the dispraise of the former and to the credit of the latter; but, if Richard I.'s actions be not worth remembering, surely it is a mistake to bring them under the notice of children, who are apt to prefer a free-fighter and a doughty dealer of blows to a wary legislator and unprejudiced administrator of justice, however wise and beneficent the latter may be.

Mr. Powell's Life of Alfred begins with an account of Alfred's christening, in which an attempt is made to present to the children a minute and elaborate picture of the appearance of the country and of the details of domestic life in the England of those days. Let us hope it is more true to life than the ideal Rome which Mr. Powell supposes the child Alfred to have seen. When we read that in that city amongst its beautiful buildings "huge cathedrals" were conspicuous, we only wish Mr. Powell would explain how many of these same cathedrals are still left, and which they may be of the Low existing churches in Rome.

Another series of English History Reading Books has also been submitted to us for criticism. It is published by the "National Society," and declares itself "adapted to the requirements of the New Code of 1880." Of this the second and third parts, intended for the use of the Third and Fourth Standards, are by Miss Yonge, and contain an outline of the history of Britain from the year B.C. 54 to the battle of Bosworth. The style and language are exceedingly simple, showing that the writer has had practical experience of the difficulty that is found in getting children in elementary schools to take in a lesson unless it is conveyed in the words and expressions that they are accustomed to hear in daily use around them. But in these little books, as in her other historical works, Miss Yonge treats all historical events as too much on an equality. She cannot see the difference between an event perhaps little noted at the time, but from which sprang much good or ill for later times, and an event which perhaps filled men's minds much at the time when it happened, but which, as unproductive of results, deserves only to be forgotten. Still there is less of pageantry and elaborate detail of costume and chivalry than we should have expected from the author of the *Cameos*. Perhaps rather too much space is given to the crusading exploits of Richard and Edward I., which, after all, had nothing whatever to do with English history. In the same way the amount of pages which are occupied by the account of the Hundred Years' War and the Wars of the Roses would lead children to suppose that they were of more importance in the history of the country than they really were. Nor can we see that it can in any way benefit the children in elementary schools to read a description of all the ceremonies and swearings that "went" to the making of a knight or learn that all the Danes were massacred on "St. Brice's night," when they cannot possibly know who St. Brice was, or why or when his day was kept. Miss Yonge's text also is enlivened with illustrations designed to aid the children in realizing more vividly the scenes and subjects to which the letter-press introduces them. Opening the first part at random, we light upon "Croyland Abbey, burnt by the Danes"; but it seems to represent something much more like the ruins of the Abbey as they stand now than they could have been either as the Danes found them or left them. Now, pictures that are intended for instruction ought at least to be faithful delineations of the object at the time stated, and such a mistake as this is quite enough to give children quite hopelessly confused notions about early English architecture. In this series of readers the difficult words in

\* Outline of English History. S. R. Gardiner. *Richard I. and Edward I.* R. S. Armitage. *Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror.* F. York Powell, M.A.—*English History Reading Books.* London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1882.

*English History Reading Books.* Miss Yonge.

each lesson, of which happily there are very few, have been written out at the end of the lesson, the better to impress the spelling of them on the children's minds. This is an excellent plan; but the footnotes that are added here and there, with instructions as to the proper pronunciation of certain foreign names, will lead to some very strange utterances both from those taught and their teachers. Thus, Rouen is to be "pronounced Roo—and the *en* spoken through the nose"; but to say *en* through the nose will never bring any one to anything the least resembling the French nasal sound. The old-fashioned *ahng* of the self-teaching dictionary comes much more near it. The same objection must be urged against the direction "In Anjou the *an* must be spoken through the nose"; and, again, "In Angers pronounce the *g* as *j*, and do not sound the *e*," will only result in the final syllable being called "jer," not "jay," as was intended. Pieces of poetry are given between the lessons, by no means so simple in language as the lessons themselves, but commemorative of the subject taught; and genealogical tables and easy questions for examination are affixed to each part. Such questions are of very great use, both as preparing the children for formal examination and as assisting them to put the knowledge gained in each lesson into a definite and orderly form. Above all, they are much to be commended as aids in the very hard task of getting children to answer a question directly—a triumph, if Inspectors may be credited, which is hardly ever attained in elementary schools.

#### CAPE'S STOICISM.\*

WE are glad to welcome from Mr. Capes a volume dealing systematically with a subject which he handled incidentally in his contribution to the series of "Epics of Ancient History." In his volume on the *Earlier Empire* the reign of Nero made it necessary to say something not only of Seneca but of his philosophy. The chapter on the Age of the Antonines brought before us some pictures of stoicism as it appeared in the person of the master of the Roman world. The portraits were only in outline; but the outlines were carefully drawn, and those who examined them could not fail to see their truthfulness and their force. It would, indeed, be difficult for Mr. Capes to treat of past conditions of thought and of society without instructing as well as delighting his readers, while these in their turn could scarcely turn over a page without seeing that they were following a writer who regarded the mode of telling a story as matter worthy of all pains. For Mr. Capes the past is alive, and its records are the records of living men, and all that he has to say about them is said in a style of singularly careful rhythm. Of many a passage we are tempted to say that it is flawless; and, in truth, if they are not perfect, it is because he has not reached that highest stage of art in which the art is hidden. In other words, Mr. Capes sometimes lays himself open to charges of mannerism; and his books have given us so much enjoyment that we cannot help regretting that these charges would not be in all instances without foundation. It is from no love of finding fault, but rather from a sincere wish to see good work improved, that we venture to point out a few of the imperfections arising from the use of forms which must, we fear, be set down as tricks of language.

Among the most prominent of these devices is the employment of a comparatively small number of favourite metaphors and metaphorical words, the prefixing of an epithet to almost every name, and the too frequent reappearance of the same epithet with the same name. Before he became emperor, Nerva had written some verses; Mr. Capes gives us this fact by saying that "he had dallied with the Muses and courted poetry in early years." Nerva cared little for show; and we are told that "he had few expensive tastes and little love for grand parades, refusing commonly the proffered statues and gaudy trappings of official rank." These sentences come from the opening paragraph of the "Age of the Antonines"; we find their fellows scattered plentifully over the pages of the chapters on Stoicism. In a style so carefully balanced our ears are slightly jarred by displacements of the negative, as when we are told that Thrasea was considerate in the utterance of his judgments "lest he should seem not to hate the evils only, but the evildoers"; or, again, when we read of zealous Stoic philosophers, attending deathbeds that "they were not there to shrive the penitent and offer absolution, but to strengthen the tones of manly resignation" (p. 111). The strengthening of tones of resignation is a phrase not unlike that which speaks of the Senate meeting only to register their master's whims (p. 100). We have to face again and again the "parade" which Nerva disliked, and that curious phraseology of attitude and gesture which seems to have for Mr. Capes an irresistible charm. It is applied to things as well as to men. Thus, in Cicero's *De Officiis*, "Stoicism," we are told, "poses as a philosophy of common sense, dropping all its airs of paradox" (p. 72). So, too, "the Empire posed as the defender of the faith" (p. 92). So Thrasea "flaunts his republican ideal" (p. 104). If women talk together, they prattle; if a philosopher unbends to his pupils, he chats with them at his bedroom door (p. 109). Messalina "flaunts her orgies of extravagance in the sight of the people" (p. 121). The wide sympathies of Marcus Aurelius are shown by language in which there is "no arrogance of paradox, no lofty airs of scorn for the

weakness and the suffering which cannot freely breathe in those serene heights" (p. 213). The braggart "parades his glib phrases," and the cynic vagrants "in their coarse effrontery dragged high professions through the mud" (p. 125).

If we have dwelt too long on slight imperfections of manner, it is only because a good English style is too precious a thing to be lightly dealt with. Mr. Capes can write with vigour as well as with good taste; but his temptation distinctly is to artificial niceties of language, and he will do well to be carefully on his guard against it. When, from the manner we turn to the matter, the room for fault-finding is small indeed. Mr. Capes might have given us a more lifelike picture of Zenon, and in this respect his work is scarcely equal to the more carefully drawn portraiture which Mr. Wallace in the same series has given us of Epicurus. But, on the other hand, we have in these chapters on the Stoic systems a series of judgments which cannot, like some of those in Mr. Wallace's volume, be charged with indistinctness. After a careful examination of these systems, he comes to the conclusion that even a man like Seneca had no consciousness of a personal God, and no clear expectation of a continued existence after death; and he tells us so plainly. There is no attempt here to pass off vague talk about deities who lurk in the chinks and crevices of the universe as a legitimate belief in God, or to regard statements as fundamental on which nothing whatever is based. But complete consistency is no easy task; and Mr. Capes, we are inclined to think, has run himself into something like contradiction in his pleadings on behalf of Seneca against the good-humoured sarcasms of Macaulay. When Macaulay speaks of the Stoical philosopher as declaiming in praise of poverty with two millions sterling out at usury, and celebrating the divine beauty of virtue with the same pen which had just before written a defence of the murder of a mother by a son, Mr. Capes can see in the criticism little more than a reproduction of "the invectives of a rancorous opponent, uttered in the crisis of a personal struggle." When Seneca received from the Emperor the message which compelled him to die, he asked, "Who knew not Nero's cruelty?" adding, that "after a mother's and a brother's murder nothing remains but to add the destruction of a guardian and tutor." If he said these words, the forgetfulness of the philosopher is more amazing than his serenity; and no one could exhibit the nature of the forgotten fact more clearly than Mr. Capes. He is perfectly well aware that preachments of poverty come, to say the least, with an ill grace from a man in the position of Seneca; he is also aware that in the matter of Agrippina's death he was simply an accomplice in murder, and he does not hesitate to say so:—

Many a looker-on [he tells us] would have swept away such pleas as hypocritical trifling, and sneeringly contrasted the high professions of austere philosophy with the growing wealth of the great minister, whose broad lands and mansions might be, and were, regarded as the price of blood. It was hard enough before to find an answer to such taunts, but it became almost impossible when he had penned the famous message to the Senate from the throne, which did not scruple to imply that the murdered mother had failed in a plot against the Emperor's life and then died by her own hands in despair. It went on further to trample meanly on the memory of the fallen Queen, ascribing to her all the worst atrocities of the last reign, as well as criminal ambition in the present. This is a blot upon the character of Seneca which no apology can wipe away.—P. 138.

No statement of fact could well be more emphatic than this. Why, then, should Mr. Capes put it afterwards in a hypothetical form, by saying that, "If he penned the message of Nero to the Senate, with its attack on the memory of the murdered Agrippina, nothing can justify his conduct"? He has already shut out any doubts on the subject; and, if after such a crime the philosopher "gains in dignity and moral courage," we can but say that the process of recovery is both rapid and easy. Macaulay, then, is substantially right in his graver charges; Mr. Capes's admissions seem to show that he is not wholly wrong in his lighter accusations which relate to the practical uselessness of the Stoic philosophy. To be sure, Macaulay's remarks apply not more to the Epicurean than to other philosophical systems of the ancient world. It was not necessary that Epicurus or Zenon, Seneca or Lucretius, should be inventors of electric telegraphy or of steam-engines. The point of Macaulay's charge is that, so far as they had any influence, they diverted men's minds into a channel which made useful discoveries impossible, and forcibly kept them in that channel. Mr. Capes fully admits the truth of this charge when he says that they threw contempt on the conditions and motives which alone lead to improvements in human life and its surroundings. The vast difference between the England of Queen Victoria and the England even of George III. has been brought about wholly by a sense of dissatisfaction, or restlessness, or discontent, by a sense of want or craving, and an impatience to satisfy it—in plain English, by a dislike of certain conditions, as imperfect or evil, and therefore unsatisfactory. But, according to the Stoics, and not the Stoics only, those evils were not matters calling for, or justifying, any such feelings; on the contrary, such feelings were wrong and criminal. In Mr. Capes's words, "the paradox that pain and losses are not evils not only outraged common sense, but wrecked the motive force which was most needed for a movement of reform" (p. 176). It would be still nearer to the truth to say that no improvement whatever could be made except by bidding defiance virtually to the spirit of all these philosophical systems, which professed to impart peace to those who could crush their passions, or deaden their affections, or chill their intellects, or cast aside all thought of a creative and guiding Mind as the maker and preserver of all things.

\* *Stoicism*. By the Rev. W. W. Capes. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1880.



It is no small merit in Mr. Capes's method of dealing with his subject that its less attractive or more repulsive features are seldom kept unduly in the background. It is of the first importance that the reader should see clearly wherein these old philosophies failed and went hopelessly astray; and Mr. Capes has done good service by showing that the graces and virtues of the system of Seneca are really very different things from the Christian qualities which bear the same names. We hear much of Stoic humility and meekness; but he may well ask what humility must be in a system which asserted that God surpasses the good man in this only—that He is longer good, and that the good man can excel God in the patience with which he bears the trials of his mortal lot. But almost more instructive than his chapters on Seneca are his pages on Epictetus, the philosopher, not of the palace, but of the cottage. Here, again, we have a frank admission of the ingrained selfishness of the system, in spite of the seeming sympathy and tenderness which on one side can throw a certain gloss or varnish over it. His leading tenets, Mr. Capes is careful to tell us, do violence to all that we regard as noble or generous in human nature.

But there is [he adds] no trace of arrogance or affectation in himself; throughout there is a ring of genuine conviction in his words. It may move our spleen sometimes to hear a Seneca declaim in praise of poverty while surrounded by all the signs of luxury and wealth; his moral attitude at times might well discredit the fine theories about the calm of Stoic self-control. But Epictetus practised what he preached; the lame old man, for whom fortune seemed to do so little, limited his wants to the barest rudiments of food and shelter, and actually rose by strength of will and cheerful piety into a state of happiness, unclouded by the cares and anxieties of common life.—*l.* 196.

He insists indeed that there was nothing gloomy or fanatical in the ascetic practice of Epictetus, and that he did not court discomfort for its own sake. It is by comparison a small matter that his austerity, such as it was, helped to make his system unprofitable and useless for the great bulk of mankind; but for those of his readers who have not already some acquaintance with his system it would have been well if Mr. Capes had given the illustrations adduced by Epictetus for his method of attaining what he calls his imperturbability of soul. It would be no exaggeration if we spoke of them as the most heartlessly and desperately selfish of all utterances in any philosophic system, whether of the ancient or the modern world.

#### A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI.\*

THE English language possesses, we believe, fewer translations than any other in Western Europe of this world-famous book. This is not very surprising when it is remembered that, what with finishing off the "Hundred Years' War" and settling their own domestic differences, Englishmen had during fifty years or so after its first appearance (supposing its usually accepted age to be correct) little chance of following the precepts of the contemplative life. Somewhere about the year 1500, indeed, one Atkinson appears to have produced, and the enterprising Wynkyn de Worde to have published, a translation; but the general direction of theological thought in this country during the sixteenth century would hardly be favourable to the popularity of a work written by a Roman Catholic divine. Before long the Bible was in everybody's hands; and without disparaging the undoubted beauty of many passages in the *De Imitatione*, or the knowledge which the author obviously possessed of many recesses in the human heart, we must concede a greater measure of both to those writers from whom, after all, he mainly drew his inspiration. *The Imitation of Christ*, moreover, would have borne a different meaning, it may be imagined, even in the mouth of either Hooker or Bunyan, from that in which it was understood by the monk of Zwolle. The most tranquil student in England could hardly appreciate, still less attain to, the depth of *recueillement* encouraged by the mediæval Roman Church. Among the host of quotations from every imaginable author, sacred and profane, which adorn Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*, we find one, and one only, from a source whence it might have been expected that he would borrow largely. It will be found in the section on "Humility," and is taken from the Second Chapter of the First Book of the *De Imitatione*. One is tempted to think that the good Bishop's study of the work had not at this time progressed very far, though in the *Golden Grove*, published a little later, he uses it somewhat more freely. It may be noticed, by the way, that he follows the opinion which ascribes the authorship to Gerson. Very probably he used an Italian or French edition.

In 1706 an English translation appeared, of which we know nothing but that it exists; and, to come nearer to our own times, there is a luxuriously edited version, by (of all people in the world) the bibliomaniac Dr. Dibdin, and one more adapted for use by John Payne. Until the appearance of the translation now before us, this last was the one probably most in demand among people who could not read the original, though there have been several others. It is, however, incomplete, the Fourth Book being entirely omitted; and, in point of rendering, leaves a good deal to desire, rather perhaps with regard to style and "get-up" than accuracy. It is, indeed, a remarkable testimony

to the author's catholicity of mind, that this version, though made for the benefit mainly of Evangelical readers, should adhere as closely as it does to the sense of the original. At the same time, it was obvious that a new translation was not un-called for. The taste of each generation in these matters differs from that of its predecessor; and it would have been especially strange if, in this age of translations, such a famous book had escaped the homage which is every day rendered to others of less note. Fortunately the work has been undertaken by a competent hand, and the thanks of readers are due no less to the translator for the substance of the book than to the publisher for its form. Hallam's remark of course still holds good, for those who are able to receive it, that "there seems to be an inimitable expression in the concise and energetic, though barbarous, Latin of the original"; but the structure of the sentences has for the most part been wonderfully well preserved. The principal point on which we should be inclined to suggest an alteration is in certain passages where allusion to Biblical expressions or quotation from the Bible is made. In these places, as it seems to us, the English version might have been adhered to more closely, with advantage to the English reader. Thus, in Book 1, chap. i., "Stude ergo cor tuum ab amore visibilibus abstrahere, et ad invisibilia te transferre," which is evidently suggested by 2 Cor. iv. 15, we should have been inclined to keep "things which are seen," and "things which are not seen," instead of "visible" and "invisible things." Again, in Book 2, chap. ix., we find "Hence, one said, at a time when grace was with him: In my abundance I said, I shall never be moved." Here, no doubt, the original, following the Vulgate, reads *abundantia*; but the English ear, accustomed to the rhythm of "In my prosperity I said, I shall never be removed," stumbles a little over the slight alteration in the words.

Though there can be little doubt that the author of the book was a dweller in a cloister, and that most of his precepts and meditations are suited to a secluded life, he was evidently a shrewd observer of human nature. There is, if it be not irreverent to say so, almost a touch of humour in the following passage:—

When one who often anxiously wavered between hope and fear was one day consumed with sadness, he prostrated himself in prayer in the church before a certain altar, and revolved these things: within himself, saying, Oh, if I did but know that I should persevere on and on! All at once he heard within himself the divine answer: And what wouldst thou do if thou knewest this? Do now what then thou wouldst resolve to do, and thou wilt be safe enough.

And presently, being comforted and strengthened, he committed himself to the divine will, and his anxious wavering ceased.

So true to nature is this, that it has been held, at least by one editor, to refer to one of the author's own experiences. Here is another touch, which may well have been suggested by some incident of cloister gossip, though its truth is often enough discovered in the life of the outer world:—

"Be wary," saith one, "be wary, keep to thyself what I tell thee." And whilst I hold my peace, and believe the matter to be secret, he himself cannot keep the secret which he desires me to keep, but presently betrays both me and himself, and goes his way.

For the benefit of those who may wish for a specimen to enable them to judge for themselves how the present translator has executed his work, both absolutely and in comparison with one of his predecessors in the task, we will give the last-quoted passage as it stands in the original and in the version, above mentioned, of John Payne:—

Cautus esto, ait quidam, cautus esto, serva apud te quod dico. Et dum ego sileo, et absconditum credo, nec ille silere potest quod silendum petit, sed statim prodit me et se, et abiit.

With the most solemn injunctions to secrecy, one says to me, "Be wary, be faithful; and let what I tell thee be securely locked up in thy own breast"; and while I hold my peace, and believe the secret inviolate, this man, unable to keep the secret he had imposed, to the next person he meets betrays both himself and me, and goes his way to repeat the same folly.

It will be observed that Payne sins rather by the introduction of original matter than by any want of fidelity in rendering the words of his author. Fortunately, however, a diffuse style is less in demand now than it was in the last generation.

The translator has followed common English usage in retaining the name of Thomas à Kempis on his title-page. There is an English claimant, Walter Hilton by name, a Carthusian who flourished in the fourteenth-fifteenth century, and who, long forgotten, has lately been recalled to recollection in the columns of *Notes and Queries*; but Englishmen have less patriotic interest in the debate than Frenchmen; and besides, those who interest themselves in such matters have always Junius to fight over. The only contribution which we feel inclined to make to the controversy is the remark that one at least of the reasons urged against Thomas, and in favour of Gerson—namely, the frequent occurrence of Gallicisms—is not of much weight. The book is written in mediæval Latin—i.e. a form of that Low Latin from which French itself is modified—and if we find "sufferentia" in the sense of French "souffrance," it is interesting as evidence of a stage in the history of the word, but can no more be taken as an argument for the French origin of the writer than the use of (say) the word "miscine" in the mouth of a French sailor proves that he was born in England. Italianisms, again, have been discovered by the partisans of Gerson of Vercelli. As, on the other hand, Dr. Hirsche professes to have discovered abundant Teutonicisms and a system of rhythmical arrangement almost peculiar to the works of Thomas, Kempis may perhaps cock its beaver again. By the way, last year or this should be, according to the usually

\* Of the *Imitation of Chr. A.* By Thomas à Kempis. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

received dates, the "quingentenary," or whatever the word is, of Thomas's birth. "Quæ tibi fama perit," what a chance of distinction the Kempeners have missed! But, on the whole, perhaps it is just as well that the author (or even reputed author) of the *De Imitatione Christi* has escaped becoming the theme of the Special Correspondent.

#### STRONBUY.\*

THE author and publishers of *Stronbuy* have been wise in their generation, bringing out the book on the eve of the grouse-shooting season and when the heart of many a tourist is setting towards the Highlands. And *Stronbuy* may be recommended to tourists and sportsmen, though the hanks of Highland yarn are somewhat tangled. The author has crowded his pages with a great variety of characters, so it is out of the question that he should dispense even-handed justice among them. Originals, eccentrics, and oddities predominate, as may be gathered from a glance at the illustrations, some of which are decidedly clever. Incidents by flood and fell, comic or pathetic, social, theological, and political, there are in abundance; and, with many excellent descriptions of Highland scenery, we are introduced to life in the Highlands in all its aspects. The heroes of what is rather a string of sketches than a regular story are a pair of clerks in a Government Office, who, according to the time-honoured conception of these establishments, pass their easy working hours in trifling with the *Times*. Mr. Gunter, who professes to write their experiences, and his friend, the Hon. Ted O'Halloran, are fortunate in a Highland acquaintance of generous instincts, and in a pleasant chief who is liberal of leave when propitiated by correspondence and boxes of game. As the Laird of Stronbuy happens to be going abroad, he places his mountain seat at their disposal in place of letting it. To be sure, Stronbuy might not have commanded a high rent, especially on short notice. For, though the shooting is fair, it is not extensive, and the house is an excessively modest residence, even for the lord of a barren Highland heritage. It consisted only of what is called, in Scottish phrase, "a but and a ben"—that is to say, there was a parlour at one end, with a double-bedded room at the other. Such as it was, however, it was sufficiently snug quarters for a couple of active Saxon gentlemen out for a summer holiday, and they were neither tempted to give themselves airs on the strength of their position, nor isolated from the society about them by an unlimited extent of shooting-ground. On the contrary, hanging, like Mahomet's coffin half-way between earth and heaven—between local aristocrats on the one hand and tenants and tacksmen on the other—they made friendships right and left among both. Gentlemen with deer to stalk, salmon to catch, and houses to fill were glad to welcome the agreeable Englishmen; while the Englishmen, who had few literary resources, were happy to have their nearest neighbours at Stronbuy dropping in without ceremony over a social glass. These neighbours were fairly representative Highlandmen. There were Ballachantui, Toons, and the "squatter"; the two former gentlemen taking their title from their farms; while the third, having made some money in the colonies, had hurried back to the Highlands to live upon it or to lose it. Ballachantui was big, boisterous, and sententious; often having something to say that was worth hearing, and always emphasizing his speech with expressive action. Mr. McGilp of Toons, a parish elder and a formalist, was small and commonplace, but always bringing by way of his social contribution the latest gossip current in the vicinity. The "squatter," being well educated, well read, and intelligent, plays a very prominent part in the conversations, which the author reports with considerable prolixity. As to the Factor, although dignified with that title, he was in reality a shepherd who had been advanced to the post; he was housed in a cabin standing in a "kail-yard," and was by no means above carrying the game-bags. One quality these gentlemen had in common with all the Highlanders to whom we are introduced. That was their conviviality. They were invariably ready for a dram, and could always find some fair excuse for swallowing it; and when they closed round the fire of an evening over their toddy-tumblers, they were willing enough to sit into the small hours. The "drouthy" Factor, in particular, never refused a fair offer; and his excellent wife sympathized with her husband's amiable weakness. "Ay," said the lady, "Peter likes the good dram and the strong dram. I mind Stronbuy himself getting a bottle of foreshot for the rheumatism, and he gave Peter a dram of it. 'Isn't that the best whisky, you never tasted any more, Peter?' says the laird. 'Deed is it,' says Peter, 'I feel it to be a kind of company all day wambling in my inside.' The laird, he laughed that loud, that you would have heard him on the other side of the burn." Possibly some people may think that the laird was easily amused, but we have quoted the little anecdote as illustrating the average merit of those that are scattered broadcast over the pages. For the anonymous author must be what some of his comic Celts would have called "a ferry jokey man"; and as he goes through his chapters at a handgallop, he throws off jokes to right and left, being by no means over-fastidious as to their originality. We are far from bearing him malice for that, as his uproarious merriment is often entertaining. But we are bound to remark, as conscientious

critics, that we have seldom met with more shameless plagiarizing from Joe Miller. By way of substantiating this assertion, we quote a pair of facetiæ, which are extracted from a single page in the account of a Presbytery dinner. One of the jovial company had compared the Scotch clergy to Christy Gilchrist's fleas. A much-worried traveller had expostulated with Mrs. Gilchrist on the sufferings he had gone through in the course of the night. "There's no a single flea in this house," the lady answered indignantly. "Deed I pelieve you," says he, "they are all married and have large families." The moderator, when asked whether he knew the story, had answered in the negative more politely than truthfully. And as it had been received with applause and apparently without recognition, another of the gentlemen makes even a bolder venture for a laugh. "They're telling me that's a grand sermon you hev on the prodigal," remarked a venerable doctor to a conceited young brother in the ministry. "Ay," said McTory; "I'm told he is ferry grand upon the prodigal whatever; he says he wouldn't wonder though the father kept that calf for years waiting his return." We complain the less, however, of a somewhat miscellaneous profusion of jokes, because they serve to lighten those heavier conversations to which we have referred, and which embrace a remarkable range of subjects in science, religion, and political economy. For the author aims at instruction as well as amusement, discussing, *inter alia*, the theories of evolution, the doctrines in dispute in the schools of the Scotch churches, with the arguments on the emigration that has depopulated the western glens, and on the system that has been converting sheep-walks into deer-forests.

But, although the heroes of *Stronbuy* are generally addicted to talk, they are pre-eminently men of action. And the author has very judiciously abstained from expatiating on the topics that, though they associate themselves naturally with the Highlands in autumn, have been worn somewhat threadbare by frequent descriptions. He merely touches casually, though with suitable enthusiasm, on long days devoted to the grouse, or to the play with trout, sea-trout, and salmon, afforded by loch and river. He goes at more length into the story of a day's stalking, and he tells it with considerable spirit—if the stalker had extraordinary luck for a novice—and he gives graphic pictures of the hardly less exciting sport that may be enjoyed on off-days, in favoured localities, with seal or otter. The adventure with the seals is as good a specimen of his manner of description as any other. The sportsmen, with the keepers in attendance, had walked down to a grassy bank that commanded a stretch of sea-shore and the rocks that were to be the scene of operations. "Huld on, Sandy! is no that one o' them making for the rock? Giv's them the gleeso. Ay! there's more nor one yonder. You'll see them bobbing about like the buoys that's on the herring-nets. In a quarter of an hour there'll be a good few of them on the rock." When the unsuspecting seals had settled on the rocks for a siesta, two of the men went to work at launching a boat, partly to be ready in case of need, partly with the idea of distracting the animals' attention. Then the sportsmen crawl forward over the shingle and soft mud to a rock on the beach, facing the reef in the water which is the playground of the seals; and as everything is conspiring even more decidedly in their favour than on the deer-stalking expedition, they have a quiet "pot-shot" at a couple of victims. One is killed stone-dead on the spot, the other rolls off the rock and disappears, dyeing deeply with his blood the circles made by the plunge. The Highlanders shake their heads over the chance of recovering the body; for seals, when mortally wounded, sink straight to the bottom, where they seem to wrap themselves up in the seaweed by way of shroud. But the enthusiast who fired the shot is not to be balked easily. He has learned diving from the natives on the Australian coast, and is happily as much at home in the water as the seals themselves. So down he goes, soon to come to the surface again, where he remains just long enough to provide himself with a rope. The dead animal is dragged up, and the party go home, exulting over their booty, as they well may; for shooting and securing a couple of seals simultaneously is a very rare occurrence. Independently of the shooting, fishing, and visiting, which are the normal features of the friends' life in the Highlands, they had no cause to complain of want of excitement. Their round of sports and gaieties was varied by a hotly-contested election and a grand public funeral. The late member for the county had died abroad, and his body had been sent home to be buried in state on his hereditary domains. Elections are much the same everywhere; although there are certain characteristic traits about them in the Highlands, where voters are scattered over leagues of wilderness, and have to be fetched to the polls from portentous distances in all manner of conveyances. But, if the veracity of these chronicles of Stronbuy may be trusted, a great Highland funeral must be a sight worth seeing; and its humours are set forth in an animated illustration. The procession is formed by a string of vehicles of all kinds, followed by a mixed mob of pedestrians. The piper of the departed, playing the lament, struts in advance of the bier in solemn dignity and swelling tartans; whilst a cart of provisions brings up the rear, lest any of the walking mourners should be weary or faint by the way. But there is one person who claims precedence even of the piper, and he is a mute, attired in all the gloomy pomp of rusty black, hat-scarf, and weepers. In one hand he bears a glass, in the other a bottle of whisky; and it is his function to request each person he meets to partake of the spirit as a mark of respect. We may be very sure it is a mark of

\* *Stronbuy*; or, *Hanks of Highland Yarn*. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1881.

respect which is punctiliously paid by most of the natives. It will be seen that the contents of the volume are most various; and sportsmen or tourists who are bound for the North may do worse than include these "hanks" in their baggage.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

**MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S** *England Without and Within* (1) is in pleasant contrast to various books which have been written by Englishmen about America as well as by Americans about England. We find, of course, here and there a few absurd mistakes. But they are mistakes; they are due to Republican prejudices and national imperfection of knowledge, not to spite or even to the wish to be humorous. Mr. White was received with that cordial hospitality which both Englishmen and Americans are prompt to show to one another. He had introductions to the best society of the mother-country; to see the lower or lower middle class—except in railways, on the roads, or on great public occasions—he had somewhat to go out of his way. The general result of his visit seems to be a somewhat enthusiastic admiration of the best characteristics of Englishmen and Englishwomen, both those they share with and those in which they differ from his "own folk." Naturally he thinks that there is more female beauty in America; but his general estimate of Englishwomen, even on that point, will, we think, satisfy them. That in voice, in carriage, and in what we should call manners, they are vastly superior to a very large proportion of his countrywomen he sometimes asserts, and more often distinctly implies. An Englishwoman, he says, is a woman in soul as well as body, in mind as in person. Her voice is almost always pleasant, her bearing and conduct almost always free from the ostentatious self-assertion of her Northern sister; Northern, we say, for Mr. White is a Yankee, and speaks of American men and women as if he knew little of any other type. We cannot say that, in our own opinion, a Virginian gentleman or gentlewoman is wanting in any of the finest characteristics he ascribes to the aristocracy of Great Britain. According to Mr. White, a thoroughbred English gentleman is about the finest possible type of cultivated humanity. Physically, he maintains, the American is, on the average, taller and scarcely less stalwart, though the tendency to excessive stoutness is very much more rare on the Western side of the Atlantic; and certain military statistics which were published shortly after the war bear out this view. But the Englishman, he says, whether soldier or civilian, has the advantage in carriage and manner. The Horse Guards may be inferior in stature to many a regiment from Maine or Vermont—as these, we know, were to the Kentuckians—but the slouch and slovenliness of American soldiers would not be tolerated in a three-months' recruit, and is scarcely to be seen among English civilians of the higher class. But the distinctive peculiarity of England which struck him most forcibly—more forcibly than even the universal bad dressing of the ladies—was one we hardly expected to find acknowledged by an American. England, he says, is the country of rights *par excellence*, not of equal rights for all, but of rights whereof every man and woman has his or her share, and which neither the greatest individual nor the most powerful corporation can violate with impunity. In America, the convenience, the comfort—what we should call the plain obvious rights of individuals and even of society at large—are constantly trampled upon. Manufacturers, Railway Companies, rich men and rich corporations, constantly inflict nuisances upon their neighbours which in England would not be tolerated for a moment. He ascribes this in great measure to the resolute self-respect and individualism of the English character, the determination with which each man asserts his legal right, however offensive it may seem, when it is rudely invaded; while he recognizes frankly the willingness to waive rights when once properly acknowledged, without which such self-assertion would become intolerable selfishness. Whether he recognizes that such individual self-dependence and resolve is distinctly aristocratic, is the fruit of example set for centuries by individuals strong enough to hold their own against numbers, is not quite so clear. On the whole the book conveys what, we believe, is the undoubted truth. America is a far better country for those who are bent on wealth and on physical comfort that they cannot easily attain at home. For those who have enough for their wants England is incomparably the pleasanter country to live in. With all its magnificent distances, all its abundance of room, all its glorious natural scenery, America is, as compared with England, an ugly country. And in American society men are much more constantly liable to have their toes trodden upon by pushing and crowding neighbours.

The most interesting part of the Twelfth Report of the Massachusetts Labour Bureau (2) is that which deals with the subject of strikes and arbitration in American trade. Our readers are probably aware that the former have been quite as rife in some of the principal American trades as in any of our own. The crimes of the Sheffield saw-grinders fall short of the atrocities committed not very long ago by the Molly Maguires and other bands of Irish and native scoundrels in the mining

districts of Massachusetts. In reading of these we might suppose ourselves to be studying a page of Trades-Unionist history in England some fifty years ago, or a chapter of current Irish news. But in one respect Pennsylvania was more fortunate than either England or Ireland. She had a Governor and a Legislature who had old-fashioned notions of duty, who had not unlearned the effete European monarchical idea that the first office of rulers is to govern, the first consideration, when once violence has been employed, the punishment of the violent. The Pennsylvanian Government and Legislature seem to have been unanimously of opinion that no concession should be made to criminals resisting the law, at least till their crimes had been amply punished. They fancied that it was their first duty to enforce the law and protect the lives and property of law-abiding citizens. Not only did they allow troops to fire when they were fired upon, not only did they employ the most stringent measures to protect property against popular violence, but they actually hanged no fewer than twenty of the leaders. The result has been thoroughly successful. The Trades-Unionists, even while they keep up the practice of strikes and refuse to submit to any arbitration, have foregone as completely as their English congeners all pretensions to enforce obedience to their commands by criminal threats or more criminal outrages. But arbitration has seldom found favour in the States. Throughout the discussion of the subject in the volume before us we trace the influence of Protection, we see the fixed belief of the working men that they can impose a minimum rate of wages, a belief that the market price can be regulated by the producer with little reference to the means of the consumer and without fear of effectual competition.

Dr. Mathews's essays (3) are not strikingly original or especially interesting. They are, in short, as commonplace as might be expected from the author of such manuals of general conduct as the writer has previously published. They have, however, one merit which did not belong to his *Getting On in the World* and one or two of its companions; they are generally readable—if there be no more attractive matter at hand, and if the reader be content, as he probably will, with one or two essays at a time. They contain a good deal of information—not exactly curious and certainly not especially well digested—but information which is not so generally diffused as is commonly supposed; a multitude of anecdotes and ana which everybody is supposed to know, but which as matter of fact most of us have either never known or naturally forgotten, and which no doubt Dr. Mathews's readers will forget again, but which, if not exactly worth remembering, are interesting enough for the moment.

Miss or Mrs. Harriet Mackenzie's work on Switzerland (4) is not what its title-page will probably suggest. Its cover, however, warns the reader to expect neither guide-book nor description, but a contribution to Messrs. Lothrop's *Library of Entertaining History*. The adjective, perhaps, is hardly in this case deserved; but the history of Switzerland is told in a simple readable style, and in language intelligible to the youngest readers, into whose hands it is likely to fall.

Dr. Beard's treatise on American Nervousness (5) contains a vast quantity of curious and valuable medical information—information possessing an interest, altogether outside of its scientific aspect, bearing on the future of a whole race, perhaps even on that of civilized humanity, and attractive to multitudes of readers whom the distinctly medical character of the work is not unlikely to repel. That character renders it somewhat difficult to enter into detail. We may observe, however, that that decline of the native American population which has been noticed, and we think, statistically demonstrated in the case of Massachusetts and some other North-Eastern States, is, according to the author, a consequence of causes operating over the whole of the North and West, if not equally in the South. There are physical reasons, it would seem, for that dread of child-bearing which has been generally attributed to social influences, and especially to the fact that the burden of a numerous family falls so much more heavily on American than on European women of the upper and middle classes. Without referring to Mr. Spencer, Dr. Beard confirms some of the most striking and most commonly questioned of his views, but implies what would have seemed matter of course to most students of physiology, that the supposed diminution in the fertility of civilized races is due distinctly to physical deterioration, is not a symptom of stronger, more healthfully developed brain, but of nervous excitability and exhaustion. Evidently the climate of America has much to do therewith; particular districts, especially on the dry and lofty plateau of Colorado and the surrounding territories, exercising a notable influence in this respect.

We have on our list two curious almanacs, both of a semi-political character, in other respects contrasting one another as widely as well could be. The one deals with perhaps the greatest, the other with one of the very smallest, of civilized or semi-civilized States; the one with the most thriving and rising of

(3) *Literary Style; and other Essays*. By W. Mathews, LL.D., Author of "Getting On in the World," &c. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(4) *Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History—Switzerland*. By Harriet D. S. Mackenzie. Illustrated. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(5) *American Nervousness; its Causes and Consequences*. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(1) *England Without and Within*. By Richard Grant White, Author of "Shakespeare's Scholar," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(2) *Twelfth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour*, January, 1881. Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

nations, the other with one that seems doomed, despite its exceptional assimilation of European civilization, slowly to decay and die out. The *American Almanac* for 1881 (6) is a sort of combination of *Whitaker's Almanack*, of *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*, and Martin's *Statesman's Year-Book*; in every individual point inferior to each, but on the whole affording such a compilation of American statistics and political information as is not to be obtained in any other volume of similar size. The *Hawaiian Directory* (7) is thrice as large, but is larded with advertisements, and full of a vast mass of detail interesting to no one outside of the little kingdom with which it deals, and, we should think, to very few of its inhabitants. All, however, that a directory can tell about so small a community it appears to tell; and its earlier pages contain some really valuable information, such as might possibly make it worth while to cut them out and stitch them in pamphlet form for convenient reference. The former almanac might, we think, by certain omissions, additions, and corrections, be rendered thoroughly satisfactory; might do for America all that the *British Almanac and Companion* does for a limited class of readers in this country, and *Whitaker's* for a very much larger and constantly increasing clientele.

The *Emerson Birthday Book* (8) gives an extract from that author's works for each day of the year; while on the opposite page is given a name connected with each date, from Pindar to Watt, and from Byron to Herrick. A *Lesson in Love* (9) belongs to the Round-Robin Series of American fictions published by Messrs. Osgood. Mr. McDermott's *Poems from an Editor's Table* (10) are sometimes fantastic, sometimes grotesque, and now and then, especially when the author attempts to be funny, read like absolute nonsense-velvet. The *Farm Festivals* (11) of Will Carleton is a handsome volume of a much higher quality; but we are not sure that even here the merit of the illustrations does not now and then surpass that of the text, which now and then, also, carries American humour to the point of what to English readers seems downright absurdity.

(6) *American Almanac and Treasury of Facts for the year 1881*. Edited by A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *The Hawaiian Kingdom: Statistical and Commercial Directory and Tourist's Guide, 1880-81*. Written and compiled by George Bowser. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(8) *The Emerson Birthday Book*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(9) *Round-Robin Series.—A Lesson in Love*. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *Poems from an Editor's Table*. By H. F. McDermott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(11) *Farm Festivals*. By Will Carleton, Author of "Farm Ballads," &c. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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**NEW ETCHING.—THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT,** by the celebrated Etcher, I. FLAMENG, after the picture by DE NEUVILLE. The Artist's proofs, price 10 guineas, are now ready for delivery; but few remain unsold. The Fine Art Society, 146 New Bond Street.

**CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.**—The NEXT TERM opens on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5. 1. Mechanical Course. 2. Civil Engineering Section. 3. Colonial Section—Preparation for Colonial Life, &c. Prospectus in the Office of the Crystal Palace Company's School of Art, Science, and Literature, in the Library, next Bazaar Court, Crystal Palace.  
F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

**GUILDHALL LIBRARY.—THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE** of the Corporation of the City of London hereby give notice that this LIBRARY will be CLOSED from Tuesday the 2nd until Tuesday the 9th August next, both days inclusive.  
Guildhall, E.C. July 27, 1881.  
MONCKTON.

**THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE.** Mid-end, E. The SESSION 1881-82 will commence on Saturday, October 1, 1881. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £40, £30, £20, and £10 will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 30 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Four House-Surgeons, and One Accoucheurship. Two Lecturers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.  
MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.** The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will begin on October 2. The SESSION of the FACULTIES of ARTS and LAWS, and of SCIENCE, will begin on October 4. Instruction is provided for Women in all subjects taught in the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science. Prospectuses, and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, &c. (value about £3,000), may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C. The Examinations for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 28 and 29. The SCHOOL for BOYS will RE-OPEN on September 27. The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.  
TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

**OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.** BISHOP FRASER SCHOLARSHIP. £40 per annum, tenable for two years. The first competition for this scholarship will take place about October 11 next. Candidates must not be more than Twenty years of age on October 1 preceding, and must have previously passed the Preliminary Examination of the Victoria University, or the Matriculation Examination of the University of London in June 1881. The Examination will be held in Classics and Ancient History. The Scholar will be required to enter on a Course of Study at Owens College with a view to a Degree in the Classical Honours School of the Victoria University. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar.  
J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

**OXFORD MILITARY COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.** SIX SCHOLARSHIPS, Two of £75 a year, Two of £50, and Two of £30, will be offered for Competition on September 6 and 7. Names to be sent before September 1 to the HEAD-MARTIN, Military College, Oxford, from whom particulars may be obtained.

**BRIGHTON COLLEGE.** Principal—Rev. T. HAYES BELCHER, M.A. Queen's College, Oxford. Vice-Principal—Rev. J. NEWTON, M.A. St. John's College, Cambridge. The NEXT TERM will commence on Tuesday, September 26.  
F. W. MADDEN, M.R.A.S., Secretary.

**BATH COLLEGE, BATH.**—The Next Term will commence on Saturday, September 17, 1881. Head-Master—T. W. BURN, Esq., M.A., late Fellow and Assistant-Tutor, St. Peter's College, and for ten years a Master of Clifton College.





THE

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## AFGHANISTAN.

THE victory of Kareez-i-Atta has been followed in the natural course of things by the occupation of Candahar, and AYUB KHAN is now master of the city and territory from which, at the cost of a great humiliation and of much blood and treasure, he was last year excluded by England. The experiences of that campaign would have taught a prince possessed of much less military capacity than AYUB has shown the value of time, and, whatever his ultimate object may be, it may be taken for granted that he will pursue it without delay. Whether or no he advances on Cabul will probably be decided by the attitude of the Ghalzais, as to which there is no authentic intelligence; but that Southern as well as Western Afghanistan is lost to the AMEER may be taken as much for granted as anything in the kaleidoscopic regions of the East can be. There is no difference of opinion as to the immediate necessities which this event imposes on England. After the conduct we have pursued to fight AYUB in the interest of ABDURRAHMAN would be simply ridiculous, and only one degree more out of the question than to fight ABDURRAHMAN in the interest of AYUB. The great present harm is that the nominee of the English Government is beaten and the enemy of the English Government triumphant. For the future two things appear possible, either that ABDURRAHMAN will willingly or unwillingly give up the game altogether (in which case every Afghan and most inhabitants of Hindustan will regard AYUB as having forced his way to the throne in defiance of England), or else that a partition will be effected. This partition means that there will always be at least one potentate in Afghanistan eager for foreign help and quite indifferent to the quarter from which that foreign help comes, and that the holder of the northern provinces will be practically as much a Russian vassal as the Khan of Bokhara. It is difficult to conceive how either of these consummations can be wished by any Englishman who is not either totally ignorant of the facts or blinded by prepossessions in favour of some particular theory.

The persistence with which all Afghan and Central Asian affairs are looked at, either from a party point of view or from the point of view of the prepossessions just alluded to, is a matter most profoundly to be regretted. The first impulse, for instance, of all the English Government journals on the arrival of the news of Kareez-i-Atta was one of childish self-defence. "It does not matter to us; it has nothing to do with the evacuation of Candahar; if it does matter and has something to do, it was your fault for ever beginning an Afghan war." There can be few things more lamentable than this way of looking at questions which involve grave national interests. As a matter of fact, nothing is easier than to show that the mistake—to grant that it was a mistake—of the quarrel with SHEER ALI has no more to do with the present situation than the original misconduct of ADAM or NOAH. Reasonable politicians have nothing to do with anything save immediately accomplished facts. The accomplished facts in this case are the disorganization of Afghanistan, the invasion of AYUB last year, the encroachments of Russia in Persia and Turkestan, the evacuation of Candahar. To go behind these may be very well worthy of a political philosopher or an historical student, but is altogether idle and absurd for a statesman. There are the facts with which we have to deal; the cir-

cumstances under which we have to act. Nor is it possible for all the audacity of partisanship, backed by all the ignorance of Eastern affairs, too common among English statesmen and journalists, to deny the two following propositions:—First, that the battle of Kareez-i-Atta is a bad thing in itself for England, and a worse thing in its probable consequences; secondly, that but for the evacuation of Candahar the battle of Kareez-i-Atta would never have happened. The second proposition even ignorance and audacity combined have not ventured to deny; the first has been sufficiently established by the remarks already made. No reasonable person advocates a fresh plunge at this moment into Afghan affairs; no one who is not possessed of a great deal of courage can assert that Afghan anarchy and Russian advances together make up a combination favourable to the future peace of India.

It is at least satisfactory, in the midst of many things that are not satisfactory at all, to take note of Lord HARTINGTON's observations as to the present state of Central Asian affairs. Lord HARTINGTON has, in some ways, disappointed observers of his political career, and it is by no means too certain that he possesses that knowledge of Asiatic affairs which his position demands. But he has plenty of common sense, and he is, on the whole, trustworthy. It is not forgotten that when Sir CHARLES DILKE made his famous and hopelessly delusive statement as to the intentions of Russia in the Candahar debate, Lord HARTINGTON poured cold water on his colleague's enthusiastic imagination, and went as near as politeness and expediency would permit to repudiating his words. The very frankness with which the Indian Secretary announced from the first that the Government did not care to hear or mean to hear reason about Candahar had something refreshingly straightforward about it. In replying to Mr. ASHMEAD BARNETT on Monday night, Lord HARTINGTON made a statement which was of some gravity. It has more than once been remarked how unlucky it is that public questions of great importance should fall into the hands of private members who, excellent as may be their intentions, fail somehow to convey to the House a sense of that importance. Mr. ASHMEAD BARNETT's speech on this occasion, whatever its merits may have been, contained a very great deal of matter which was well worth the attention of the House. The House, however, would not attend to it, and Lord HARTINGTON's task was easy. Had Sir CHARLES DILKE been the respondent, he would probably have confined himself to availing himself of this want of attention and fencing the question. Lord HARTINGTON, however, while making some fair personal and political points, spoke with unexpected gravity on the recent and threatened Russian encroachments on Persia and Afghanistan. The out-and-out asserters of the principle that nothing which happens in Central Asia concerns Great Britain must have been a little disconcerted at Lord HARTINGTON's plain statement that the Akhal annexation was not a matter of indifference to the Government; that the question of the integrity of Persia is still less indifferent; that an advance of Russia towards the borders of Afghanistan "might not be of advantage to the good relations of Russia and England"; and that the whole subject was under the consideration of the Government. This, translated out of Ministerial and party language, more than justifies what has been said by the Jingoes, the alarmists, the Mervous persons, at whom certain political partisans are never tired of sneering. It would be, of course, too

much to expect that Lord HASTINGTON should admit that at least some of the things the gravity of which he so fully admits are the obvious and direct consequence of the evacuation of Candahar. It would be still more unreasonable to expect that he should trace the new Afghan trouble to the same source. Nevertheless, that the evacuation was as much the direct cause of these events as the battle of Sedan and the siege of Metz were the immediate cause of the subsequent events of the Franco-German war is simply certain. It was because these results were clearly foreseen, and for no other reason, that the evacuation was objected to in these columns. It seems absolutely impossible for some persons to dissociate the question from abstract theories as to the best frontier of India, absolutely impossible for others to dissociate it from political prepossessions about the conduct of Lord NORTHBROOK or Lord LYTTON. Both these proceedings are merely examples of the apparently incurable habit of looking at anything rather than the facts. Those who did look at the facts can at any rate assert, without fear of contradiction, that everything has happened exactly as they predicted.

#### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

IT is uncertain whether the English and American Governments have entered into any correspondence on the subject of the murderous Fenian plots. The object would perhaps be more effectually attained by semi-official representations than by formal exchange of despatches. The discovery of the infernal machines which were landed at Liverpool a few weeks ago seems to have produced a considerable impression in the United States. Respectable journalists have ceased to sneer at the supposed suggestion that the Federal or State Governments should "do the police work of England." It is not the business, nor is it within the power, of the English police to deal with preparations for murder which may be made on American soil. It is possible that there may be no sufficient legal remedy, for it is only within a few years that the atrocious doctrines of Nihilists, Fenians, and other gangs of assassins have been openly professed or even suspected to exist. It assuredly is or ought to be a crime of the greatest magnitude to employ the resources of mechanical skill and chemical knowledge to the production of machines for the express purpose of destroying persons who are probably unknown to the artificer. The ruffian who lately boasted that his accomplices had blown up in the *Doterel* an unoffending ship's company, has since informed a newspaper writer, who was not ashamed to converse with him, that he would not think of causing an explosion in an Atlantic steam-packet which might have some of his own friends on board.

The efforts which have been made to trace the consignors or manufacturers of the clock machines seized at Liverpool have not been successful; for it is impossible to say whether the braggart statements of wretches who profess to be engaged in the manufacture of murderous implements have any foundation in fact. The inspection at the outports has probably become more minute. There was nothing in the appearance of the casks which contained the machines to excite suspicion; and it is probable that the merchandise was entered by the freighter under a fictitious name. The English authorities are not entitled to charge the American police with inefficiency. It seems to be impossible in England to keep secrets, even of the most vital importance. Newspaper agents pay high for intelligence, and some official of the humbler class appears always to be open to a bribe. There is something cynical in the uniform readiness of editors to publish news, even at the risk of thwarting the national policy or of preventing the discovery of crime. Three years ago a paper, friendly to the Government of the time, caused the Ministers the gravest embarrassment by printing a secret despatch which had been stolen by an occasional clerk from the Foreign Office. In time of war English generals have now, in addition to their other arduous duties, to keep watch over the Correspondents, who are always ready to disclose to the enemy through the press the most important information. It seems that the Government and the Liverpool magistrates were, with good reason, anxious to keep the secret of the importation of infernal machines as long as there was a hope of discovering the guilty consignee; but by some unknown channel the secret leaked out, and, as soon as the whole story appeared in the newspapers, all hope of a discovery was at an end. The HOME

SECRETARY was compelled to admit the truth of published statements which had already done all the mischief possible. While the matter was in the hands of the police, it is difficult to understand why the barrels were removed, instead of being left in the ordinary course of business to await the demand of the consignee. The inveterate sympathizers with revolution, who habitually vindicate or extenuate the outrages of the Land League, and who are consistently anxious to exonerate the closely allied Fenian conspirators, affect to believe that the infernal machines were made and sent for the purpose of producing alarm rather than of causing murderous explosions. A less skillfully constructed and less costly engine would have served the purpose. It is true that a main object of the conspiracy is to create terror; but one explosion would frighten timid politicians more than a dozen abortive attempts. By violence, or the apprehension of violence, the trustees of the Skirmishing Fund hope to bring the separation of Ireland from England within the range of practical politics. Their hopes will have been encouraged by Mr. GLADSTONE's recent declaration that a discussion on the concession of Home Rule was merely inopportune.

In the present temper of the American people, the police may be trusted to exercise reasonable vigilance for the prevention of shipments of explosive materials. There is, on the other hand, little reason to hope that the authorities will interfere with the incendiary publications which both aid in the collection of funds for the Land League and announce that the independence of Ireland will be best attained through the use of dynamite in England. A wholesome jealousy of interference with the free expression of opinion is combined in the United States with a national tendency to strong and inflated language. Public speakers who would not willingly be held responsible for the literal meaning of all their rhetorical flourishes read even the most violent language with a tolerance which is founded on a latent suspicion that it is insincere. Although Fenian exhortations to crime have again and again been followed by fresh outbursts of villany, American politicians are loth to connect the result with the cause. Some apologists for inaction remark with truth that the literature of assassination is not studied by respectable citizens, who, indeed, might read the *Irish World* without the smallest risk of their becoming accomplices in crime. The preachers of murder ought to be restrained, if only for the reason that they address actual or potential murderers. Although Fenians and Nihilists would not be admitted into respectable private society, they are personally regarded with a tolerance which seems to Englishmen strange. The would-be regicide HARTMANN, whom Mr. BIGGAR held up as a model to be imitated in England, seems to be openly agitating in the United States. O'DONOVAN ROSSA announces that he will wait on the PRESIDENT after his recovery, and that he will appeal to the sympathies of Congress. It is not forgotten that some years ago Fenian delegates were formally received by the House of Representatives.

The English Government has acquired a right to protest against unlimited license of publication by the remedy which was after the ORSINI attempt applied to a defect in the law. The prosecution and conviction of the incendiary MOST proved that it was legally possible to comply with the requirements of international comity; yet it is impossible to compel the Americans to provide security against incitements to murder. If Lord GRANVILLE has suggested to the SECRETARY of STATE remedial legislation, he must acquiesce in the refusal which will probably be given. Further pressure would only cause popular agitation; and dislike to the pretensions of England would in some cases take the form of sympathy with the promoters of assassination. English Governments have often in not dissimilar circumstances given offence to Continental rulers. A nation which never attempts to protect its own highest functionaries from vituperation and calumny is naturally indisposed to legislate for the benefit of foreigners. At the present time it is especially desirable to abstain from proceedings which might cause a reaction against a spontaneous movement in the right direction. The crime of GURTEAU has caused not only general reprobation of political murder, but a strong disposition to trace the outrage to its causes. Although GURTEAU is an isolated offender, and not the agent of any faction, a strong impression prevails that he might, perhaps, not have ventured on his enterprise but for the violent attacks which had been lately made on the Paris-

ment by a section of the Republican party. It matters little for the present purpose whether the conjecture is well founded. The existence of the suspicion proves that those who share it have learned to understand the connexion between inflammatory words and criminal acts. A Russian regicide could not have chosen a more inauspicious occasion for his visit to the United States than at the time when the PRESIDENT has not yet recovered from the wounds inflicted by an American HARTMANN. The distinction between Kings or Emperors and Republican Presidents has been obliterated by the hand of GUITEAU. The universal indignation which was felt in England on the perpetration of the crime may perhaps strengthen the growing disposition in America to discourage murderous conspiracies. A continuation of the outrages perpetrated and threatened would produce a feeling against Irish residents in England which might have serious consequences. The mere habit of blustering about crimes of the worst description is in a high degree demoralizing. For the distress and alarm which must necessarily be caused by even vague threats of assassination, the miscreants of the Fenian press and the Skirmishing Fund have no consideration.

#### THE LAND BILL.

IT would be interesting to know what were the real thoughts of the noisy partisans who have lately been threatening and abusing the House of Lords as they read the debates on the second reading of the Land Bill in the Upper House. The remarkable advantage in point of business-like aptitude, no less than of intellectual and oratorical ability, which the present House of Lords has over the present House of Commons could hardly have been better shown. In the protracted debates on the Bill in the Lower House a singular reluctance or a singular inability to display anything like a grasp of the measure has prevailed. On the Opposition side, Mr. GIBSON, Mr. SMITH, and, in a less degree, Mr. PLUNKET, fought the losing battle with remarkable ability and perseverance; but on the side of the Ministry there seemed to be a *mot d'ordre* that no one but Mr. GLADSTONE was to say anything of importance. Whether the principle was the same as that which precluded loyal subjects in old days from unmannerly interference with their sovereign's pleasure and prowess in the chase, or whether the silence resulted from that secret dislike to the measure which, as Mr. SMITH assures his constituents, prevails as much on one side of the House as on the other, it is impossible to say. But the fight was as languid as it was long. Great praise has been given to Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct of it, praise which is perhaps rather more generous than discriminating. That conduct brought to mind forcibly a rule of the game of whist, which will be sought in vain in the code of Messrs. CLAY and BALDWIN, but which is said to prevail in some Continental regiments. At each deal the colonel names trumps after looking at his own hand. Mr. GLADSTONE's enormous and obedient majority gave him a somewhat similar advantage in proposing, dropping, adding, and altering the provisions of the Bill exactly as might best suit his convenience or his wishes. The energy which enabled a man of his age, burdened with much other work, to go through such weeks of labour, can hardly be too much admired. But conduct and generalship were hardly needed. The House of Commons with which Mr. GLADSTONE had to deal would have passed the Koran or the Nautical Almanac as a Land Bill if he had bidden them to do so, and the knowledge of the fact naturally took all spirit out of the unreal fight.

It has been insinuated that the battle in the Lords was equally, if not still more, unreal, and that the brilliant speeches of Lords SALISBURY, LANSDOWNE, CAIRNS, and the Duke of ARGYLL were mere beatings of the air—elaborate arguments for rejection, winding up with a lame and impotent conclusion of acceptance. That nothing can be further from the truth is sufficiently obvious. The Peers are statesmen, if their critics are not, and they have to consider the consequences of their action. The proved unwillingness or incapacity of the Government to deal with Irish anarchy throws a frightful responsibility on those who give them the occasion of once more displaying that unwillingness or that incapacity. It would be the duty of the Peers not to shrink even from that responsibility, if there were the slightest chance of pending matters.

There can hardly be said to be that chance. The state of terror in which the Whig members of the House of Commons are held has been sufficiently proved, and the general attitude of the country toward the Bill is one of sullen and unfriendly acquiescence. The commonplaces of demagogues have such a mischievous charm in them, that, in case of a general election being held to decide between the Lords and Mr. GLADSTONE, it is by no means sure that unintelligent resentment at the interference of the Peers might not confirm the tottering allegiance of the majority of the constituencies to the present PREMIER. The possibility of a dangerous agitation in England as well as in Ireland is therefore involved, and unfortunately the proof that there are persons of the highest position ready to avail themselves of any such agitation is recent and unmistakable. There is, therefore, nothing to do but to shorten sail and wait for better weather. For it must be remembered that, unlike most so-called reforms, the Land Bill is in its nature a step backwards, not a step forwards, and as such is retrievable. In the very possible contingency of its landing Ireland in a deadlock of litigation, rack-rent, and economical entanglement, a return to the Saturnian principles of free contract and common sense may be as ardently desired by the next generation of tenants as a departure from those principles is desired by the present. Every successive change in social and commercial relationships which has ever been permanent has been in one direction; and there is no reason for believing that Mr. GLADSTONE will be any more able to mop back the ocean than any one of his illustrious predecessors in the attempt.

This being the case, it may be hoped that the wisdom which has already furnished a clear and exhaustive criticism of the measure as it stands will leave it to work weal or woe unhampered and un mutilated. All that needs to be done is to redress the most obvious and definite injustices and inexpediencies. There is no need to go the cynical length of advocating the retention of the worst parts of the Bill in order that it may do as much harm as possible. Some amendments are not merely legitimate but necessary. The propositions of Lord SALISBURY, of Lord CAIRNS, of the Duke of ARGYLL, and, in a somewhat less degree, of Lord LANSDOWNE, show a complete comprehension of the situation, and would go far towards making the measure an economical experiment rather than a simple carrying out of the motto "Stand and deliver." Lord CAIRNS's amendments, in particular, show that knowledge of the facts of Irish land-holding which is not denied even by the most hostile critics, and which in the Lower House was notoriously not possessed by a single influential member on the Government side. Lord SALISBURY's deal rather with such defects as are obvious on the face of the Bill. The Duke of ARGYLL's are the most drastic of all; and it is perhaps not superfluous to point out that the Opposition cannot be fairly charged with any difficulty that may arise from them. But the Duke of ARGYLL's improved form of Mr. HENEAGE's proposal, and of the proposal for protecting those landlords who have bought up the tenant-right; Lord CAIRNS's check on collusive sale; and Lord SALISBURY's removal of the present limitation on the landlord's right to go into court—a limitation as contrary to public policy as to justice—are all of the class of amendments which the Lords may justly insist on. Hardly as much can be said of the omission of the words specifying the two interests in Clause 7, for those words, objectionable as they are, are of the essence of the Bill. On the other hand, the Opposition were wise in refusing to introduce the comparatively unimportant, and probably vexatious, restriction for which Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE had stood sponsor in the Lower House. There are some minor points, moreover, in which the known business ability of the Upper House may fairly set straight things left crooked and tangled by the complication of amendments of insertion and omission which takes place in Committee of the House of Commons. That there is room for such improvement even in the opinion of the Government, is evident from the numerous amendments which stand in the name of the LORD PRIVY SEAL. But it seems of vital importance that the alterations made should be kept down as much as possible. To speak the plain truth, it is the principle of the measure, and not its details, which is objectionable and dangerous. If it is necessary, as it certainly is necessary, in the public interest to swallow

the camel of the three F's, it is idle to strain at gnats in the shape of years and pounds, rights of turbary, and rights of digging for minerals. In the same way it may be argued that the hands of the Court should be left as free as possible. No conditions which can be inserted in the Bill as it stands will prevent the Commissioners, if they are prejudiced, from giving effect to their prejudice, and none are necessary if they are not so prejudiced. On the whole, it would be impossible to define the difference between wise and unwise amendments better than was done by Lord CAIRNS at the conclusion of his admirable speech. This is not a case where it is wise to ask for more than the asker is prepared to take. The amendments which the Lords determine on introducing should be few, should be clear, should manifestly not run contrary to the general principles of the Bill, should be such as are obviously required by the plainest reasons of justice and expediency. That there is room for amendments of this kind is certain, and the Peers will be supported by public opinion in proposing them. Most of the alterations which have hitherto been carried seem to keep this principle in view very fairly. But to "potter" with the Bill is in every way undesirable. The sooner it is allowed to go its way, and the more thoroughly it is allowed to do its work, the greater will be the chance of the people of England opening their eyes to its real meaning. Nor should the renewed agitation in Ireland be left out of the question. "The Moors have heaven and me," says ALMANZOR. The Peers have the laws of the universe and Mr. PARNELL. At present the member for Cork is playing their game vigorously; it would be a thousand pities if they by any mistake should play his.

#### EUROPEAN COMBINATIONS.

EXPERIENCED observers of political affairs pay little attention to rumours of constantly shifting combinations supposed to be arranged among the Great Powers. When at long intervals alliances are made for purposes of aggression or defence, positive compacts sometimes modify the policy which would be in any case pursued; but, on the whole, it is the safest course to assume that every Government will be guided by considerations of its own special interest. Apparently authoritative statements which contravene the general rule almost always prove to be erroneous. A few months ago the determination of Greece to go to war with Turkey for the frontier defined by the Berlin Conference was affirmed by an overwhelming mass of respectable testimony; but the sceptics who declined to believe that so gross an act of folly would be perpetrated found their calculations justified by the result. The same test may be advantageously applied to the diplomatic activity of more important States. Governments which have for the time nothing to gain by an adventurous policy are not likely to entangle themselves in alliances for facilitating aggression. The League of the three EMPERORS which was at one time actually established was accepted by Germany for the purpose of preventing an understanding between Russia and France which might have become dangerous. Nevertheless, after the lapse of three or four years, the League was tacitly dissolved, notwithstanding the dynastic intimacy which united the Courts of Berlin and Petersburg. When Prince GORTCHAKOFF seemed disposed to resent the secession of Germany from the League, Prince BISMARCK at once formed a more natural, and apparently a more permanent, alliance with the Austrian Government. The close union of the two central Empires is the best guarantee for the peace of Europe; and consequently any change in the present arrangement would cause general uneasiness. There is no reason to fear that the allies will voluntarily engage in a war of conquest. It is strange, but true, that no other combination among Continental States would be deemed equally innocuous.

Alarmists, if the name may be applied to habitual prophets of evil who are not always mistaken, have lately discovered or suspected a meditated adhesion to the alliance of Austria and Germany on the part of France. Such a combination would undoubtedly justify the anxiety which a belief in the rumour would create. At present the story rests on no sufficient evidence; and it is in itself highly improbable. The origin of the report may probably be traced to the approval or indifference with which Prince BISMARCK is known to have regarded the French

attack upon Tunis. It may perhaps have been a mistake to have felt complacent satisfaction at the engagement of French forces in a remote enterprise which threatens no German or Austrian interest. To other politicians the temporary withdrawal from adventurous undertakings of the Power which has for centuries been the most turbulent in Europe had seemed a ground for unqualified satisfaction. That French vanity should once more have been aroused by a trivial conquest is not an insignificant fact; nor can the wisest statesman foresee the results of the complications in which the French Government is already involved. In the first instance, England, Italy, and incidentally Spain, have been the only adverse critics of the policy which M. ST-HILAIRE has alternately disavowed and defended. It is not Prince BISMARCK's habit to interfere with quixotic generosity for the protection of the interests of other States. A coldness between France on one side and England or Italy on the other would perhaps not be unwelcome to the German Government. It is not probable that any French Ministry would begin to extend the national territory in Africa, if it had any immediate purpose of attempting the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. There is a wide interval between acquiescence in the African aggrandizement of France, and complicity in projects for disturbing the peace of Europe.

A newspaper Correspondent has lately taken the simplest method of gratifying public curiosity by seeking interviews with Prince HOHENLOHE and M. GAMBETTA, and asking them whether a tripartite alliance has been formed or contemplated. Statesmen in modern times are not in the habit of expressing surprise at such inquiries; but they exercise their diplomatic skill in giving as little information as possible, except when publicity serves their own purpose. The interview with Prince HOHENLOHE led to the important statement that such an arrangement was possible, but that, if it had been made, it was still a secret. An indefinite answer was the best way of dealing with an impertinent question. M. GAMBETTA was so far more communicative that he repudiated any knowledge of the ruptured compact; but he was not less mysterious than the German Ambassador in giving his opinion as to the probability of an alliance. Even his disclaimer of knowledge of the fact was qualified by the statement that he seldom saw the FOREIGN MINISTER, though he admitted that the alleged transaction could scarcely have occurred without being brought under his notice. The journal which represents his opinions has since made a violent and scornful attack on M. BARTHÉLEMY ST-HILAIRE. Some of M. GAMBETTA's further remarks were not uninteresting, though they contained no special information. An alliance, as he justly remarked, would only be made for the furtherance of some policy in which the three Powers were jointly interested. A chronic or permanent alliance by which the independence of French policy would be limited seemed to M. GAMBETTA neither desirable nor probable. The sound distinction which he draws would account for the uneasiness which the rumour has caused to those who believe it to be true. A confederacy of Germany, Austria, and France will never be formed for peaceable or defensive purposes. The conclusion of such an alliance would imply a foregone determination to engage in some aggressive undertaking. On the whole, and as a general rule, M. GAMBETTA desired to retain for France entire freedom of action, with the contingent advantage of being ready to profit by any opportunity. His further expression of a belief that international policy would hereafter be regulated by the concert of Europe, seems, if it is correctly reported, to be incompatible with his system of political independence. Whenever the Great Powers, or some of them, fall out among themselves, the concert of Europe, which principally affects minor States, is for the time suspended.

The frequent complaint of the isolation of England represents, as far as it is well founded, the inevitable result of well-known circumstances. In the late Turkish negotiations all the Powers co-operated harmoniously with England. It is only when questions of territorial readjustment in the heart of the Continent occur that the wishes of England are likely to be left out of consideration. A Power which always desires peace is not a probable ally in the prosecution of ambitious designs, nor are the comparatively small military resources of England forgotten by potentates who dispose of gigantic armies. It is indeed not a little surprising that the Power which is both most unwilling to disturb



the peace and least capable of engaging in wars of conquest is treated with the deference which English Ministers still command. It is impossible to regard with satisfaction the unstable equilibrium of European peace. There was far more security against war during the forty years which followed the fall of NAPOLEON. In the early part of the time the half-fabulous Holy Alliance was too much disposed to interfere for the suppression of popular revolutions. The French invasion of Spain in 1823, and the previous occupation of Naples by Austrian troops, were in themselves wrongful acts, but they led to no serious disturbance of the general peace. It was understood that a majority of the Great Powers would combine against any one of their number who should disturb the existing settlement. In 1840 Lord PALMERSTON effectually checked the ambitious projects of France by uniting the other five Powers in opposition to M. THIERS's Eastern policy. The place of the old European concert is inadequately filled by temporary combinations which are at all times liable to be disturbed. The tribunal of the Great Powers has not ceased to exist, but its functions are changed, and it confines itself to such operations as the settlement of frontiers between Turkey and Montenegro or Greece. The principal security against war is now the enormous cost in men and money of military operations. The masters of colossal armaments are afraid to set them in motion.

#### EGYPT.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, in answer to a question put by Lord BECTIVE, stated that the English Government had received no application from the KHEDIVÉ for assistance in case of a revolt, and that, so far as was known in London, no such application had been made to the French Government. That there should have been any occasion to ask such a question would seem extraordinary to any one who had not followed the recent course of Egyptian history. To those who have followed it nothing could seem more natural than the question of Lord BECTIVE. There is some danger of a revolt in Egypt, and if the revolt broke out, it would be of a kind which it would need aid from without to suppress. The Egyptian army is in a very disorganized state; and, if its want of organization went a little further, it might cease to be organized at all, and become a band of disaffected insurgents. That an army should get out of hand, and be ready to turn against its nominal employers and chiefs, is a serious thing in any country. But in Egypt it would be a very serious thing indeed. For in Egypt there is not the smallest element of resistance to a disaffected army. There is the KHEDIVÉ, and a few foreign Pashas, and a population which would not stir a finger to protect itself, or its country, or its Sovereign. There is a sprinkling of foreign residents, all civilians, full of jealousies and suspicion as regards each other, and without any common centre, tie, or principle of action. There is nothing like an army within the army, a portion of the military force that can be set against the rest, faithful regiments ready to share the fate of their master, like the Russian regiments who saved the dynasty at the time of the accession of NICHOLAS. The KHEDIVÉ has no Janissaries, and it is doubtful whether he has even a bodyguard whom he can trust. If the army revolted, it would probably revolt in a body, and would do whatever its accepted chief or chiefs told it to do. It might in a few days make itself master of the whole country without a struggle. It only consists of about fifteen thousand men, and neither the private soldiers nor the officers have any knowledge of military matters or any experience of war. But fifteen thousand men, with arms in their hands, compose a powerful force when no one else is armed, and it does not require much military knowledge to threaten or shoot down people who do not and cannot resist. A military revolt in Egypt would have as certain a prospect of success as the instigators of such a revolt could wish for, if they had only Egypt itself to think of. But those who might be inclined to head such a revolt know that they have not only Egypt to think of. Punishment might come from London or Paris or Constantinople, but it would come from some quarter outside Egypt, and sooner or later they would themselves be shot, and, therefore, all things considered, they do not think it worth while to revolt.

But recent events have shown that there are at present grave reasons for regarding the Egyptian army with

anxiety. These reasons go back for some distance of time. The present KHEDIVÉ has now been just two years Khedive, and he was made Khedive because the protecting Powers got his father deposed, and ISMAIL was deposed because he set himself to shake off the Protectorate, and the beginning of his attempt to make himself independent was his getting rid of the NUBAR-WILSON Ministry by rousing his soldiers against them. The soldiers had something substantial to complain of, for they had received no pay for nearly two years; but they would have borne their hard lot with the habitual submissiveness of Orientals, had it not occurred to ISMAIL that they might be used to free him from a Minister who, in his eyes, was the symbol of foreign supremacy. It was suggested to the soldiers that it was NUBAR PASHA who was keeping them out of their pay, and giving to foreigners what was due to them. They mobbed this treacherous Minister, and then the KHEDIVÉ, instead of upholding the man whom he had entrusted with authority, coolly observed that the incident showed that NUBAR had not the confidence of the population, and that he, as the father of the country, could not keep in office a Minister whom the country wished to see dismissed. A vivid sketch will be found in Mr. DICER's volume of the long-suffering or meekness with which the protecting Powers accepted this deliberate challenge of their authority. Scene after scene succeeded, interesting enough, but mostly with an interest of a comic kind. At last the KHEDIVÉ was deposed, and accepted his deposition like a lamb. Even had he wished to resist, he could not have relied on his army. It is a peculiarity of the Egyptian army that it is never of any use to any one. It had just renewed its oath of fealty to him when he was deposed, and with perfect indifference it renewed its oath of fealty to his successor. Things got better in Egypt, and means being found to pay the army, everything went on pleasantly till the early part of this year, when the Egyptian officers thought that they would like to improve their position, and asked for the dismissal of some Turkish and Circassian officers, to whom, as they alleged, all the best things were given through the favouritism of the Court. Three of the ringleaders were arrested, and then the regiments with which they were connected marched to the prison where these officers were confined, released them, and, finding no one to oppose them, began to instruct the KHEDIVÉ as to what he had got to do to content them. They did not, however, begin with the KHEDIVÉ, but with the French Consul, M. DE RING, who, in a vein of effusive good-nature and lordly superiority, treated them as the best of injured men, threw over his English colleague and the KHEDIVÉ, and told them all the great things he, as representing their true friend France, would do or get done for them. For this monstrous piece of indiscretion he was subsequently recalled by his Government. Mr. MALET, the English Consul-General, behaved in these difficult circumstances with much firmness and discretion. He would do nothing apart from the KHEDIVÉ, but in conjunction with the KHEDIVÉ he got the men to make a nominal apology, and to say that they would trust the KHEDIVÉ to redress any grievance of which they justly complained. But they had tasted power, and could not get the taste out of their mouths. Since then the army has asked and obtained one concession after another. It asked that the Minister of War should be dismissed, and he was dismissed. It asked for higher pay, and got it. It then asked that it should be allowed to elect its own officers, and even this astonishing demand, which brought to an end anything like discipline and control, received a humble assent. It seems to have now taken into its head that it would like to recast the Civil Service, so as to place tame and numerous people in a proper degree of subordination to the gallant defenders of their country. The army is, in fact, within a point or two of governing Egypt. It has asked and got so much that it sees no limit to what it may get further by asking.

When an army gets into this state of anarchy, there is no effectual remedy except to disband it. Egypt has no occasion for an army at all. What it wants is a small, effective *gendarmérie*. Much money would be saved to Egypt, and a source of serious danger to the KHEDIVÉ and the country averted, if the army altogether ceased to exist; and, as there is probably not a soldier in the army who has not been made to serve by being torn away by force from his village, the men might be not unwilling to go

to their homes. But they are very unlikely to go quietly if they are made to go; they will probably follow their officers blindly, and the officers are very much interested in not allowing the army to be disbanded. How, then, is the disbanding of the army to be begun, and still more how is it to be finished? An army flushed with repeated triumphs, and having put the weakness of the Government to tests of increasing cogency, is not to be dispersed unless there is some one to say that it must go. In Egypt there is no one who can say this. The KHEDIVÉ cannot say it, the Ministers cannot say it, and the English and French Consuls-General cannot say it. An English or a French sergeant, with a dozen of his own men at his back, could say it, and the Egyptian army might melt away in a day. But there is no English or French sergeant in Egypt, and the KHEDIVÉ and the English and French Governments are equally reluctant to allow these forerunners of foreign armies to appear. If the KHEDIVÉ applied for military assistance to the protecting Powers, he would bid farewell to the possession of that fraction of independence which he retains, and to those hopes of a much larger measure of independence which he is known, or, at least, is commonly believed, to cherish. Neither the English nor the French Government would allow troops to be sent by the other without insisting that troops of its own should go too. A joint military occupation would lead to the most serious complications, and would strain, to a very dangerous extent, the relations, which are already somewhat precarious, between the two Governments. The resource of asking the Porte to intervene remains; but it has long been a maxim of both England and France that Turkey shall not be allowed to interfere in Egypt. It would be very difficult to get the Turks out if they once got in, and there would be a constant rivalry at Constantinople as to which Power should exercise the greater influence in determining what the Turkish troops in Egypt were to do. If there really was a military revolt in Egypt, the protecting Powers would probably find they had no choice, and must put it down. It is the perception that this must be the end of a revolt that for the present averts it. But the reluctance with which the Powers would interfere, and the still greater reluctance with which the KHEDIVÉ would see their interference, prevents any precautions against a revolt being taken and has prompted the acquiescence of all parties in concessions being made to the army, which, if followed by the still greater and more dangerous concessions which are demanded, or are sure to be demanded, must end in a revolt or in Egypt being subjected to a military despotism of a very vulgar and pernicious type.

#### LORD SHERBROOKE ON BANKRUPTCY LAW.

LORD SHERBROOKE has never been wanting in the courage which leads men to attack conventional ideas; and now that he is untrammelled by the thought either of office or constituents, this virtue has the freer course. The shield which he has last struck is Bankruptcy Law—bankruptcy law with no definite article prefixed to it and no limitation to this system or that, but bankruptcy law in the abstract. Lord SHERBROOKE cares nothing about refined distinctions between one bankruptcy law and another. They are all bad. Each in turn has had its special vices, but not one of them has developed any special virtue. The law which existed down to the beginning of the present reign was illogically hard upon men who were unable to pay their debts. It made an exception in favour of traders, and thus created the system which has since attained such tremendous proportions, but it rigidly shut out every one else from this solitary harbour of refuge. This distinction has long disappeared. To be made a bankrupt is now the right, under certain circumstances, of every subject of the QUEEN. Unfortunately the extension of this right, whatever it may have done for debtors, has done nothing at all for creditors. Two plans for distributing the bankrupt's estate have been tried in succession, and neither has answered the end which its framers had in view. In the first instance the property was handed over to officials. "The army of bankruptcy," says Lord SHERBROOKE, "was complete in all its parts, and 'the very model of a perfect and well-ordered department.'" Its single fault was one that "in no degree 'injured the symmetry of this splendid system.'" It was merely that "a great deal of money went into it, but very 'little came out.'" At length the creditors grew disgusted

with the poverty of the result, while the Government of the day were shocked at the dishonesty of the method employed to attain it. The bankrupt's estate was now handed over to the very persons who had most interest in making it yield the largest possible dividend. "It seemed as if the riddle had been at last read, and the 'working of a bankrupt estate was about to take its place 'among the exact sciences.'" The fault of this reasoning was that it treated the creditor as a man moved by only one set of considerations. It is true that he wants to save as much as he can from the wreck, but it is also true that he does not care to spend much time over a process which must at best be uncertain. More than this, he is a little ashamed at his own want of judgment in trusting a man who has failed. "He does not like to pose as an unsuccessful man, still 'less as a man who has been taken in,'" and the effect of his dislike is that he puts the whole business from him, and leaves the bankrupt's estate to be appropriated by any one who will relieve him of the trouble of getting it in and distributing it. The person most willing to bear this burden is usually the dishonest trader—acting of course by an agent. "The bankrupt flourishes, and the creditor 'loses his dividend, under the influence of a false psychology'."

The Government now seek to revive the system under which the bankrupt's estate was dealt with by a court. Lord SHERBROOKE makes some passing criticisms on the details of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill, but he naturally feels but a languid contempt for a measure which, from his point of view, has no right to exist. He has, indeed, a short way of dealing with bankruptcy, but it is not one that can be called a bankruptcy law, except in so far as that name can be given to a statute which would simply repeal all previous statutes and set up nothing in their place. Lord SHERBROOKE'S doctrine is that in bankruptcies the creditors are just as much in fault as the debtors. The debt could never have been incurred unless the credit had been first given. "As every man is free to keep his money in 'his pocket if he pleases, in judging of such transactions moral considerations are quite out of place, 'and no intervention of penal law is demanded.'" When the creditor comes to Parliament with a demand to be avenged of his debtor, Lord SHERBROOKE would have him told that it is his own fault that the relations of debtor and creditor ever grew up between them. The creditor was not compelled to lend the debtor money, or to trust him with goods. He did so because he thought that the transaction would yield him a profit. Among the elements which entered into his calculations was, or ought to have been, the probability that the debtor would repay the money or give him the value of the goods. It is as much the creditor's business to estimate the value of this probability as it is the debtor's business to estimate the chance that the money or the goods which he has had advanced to him can be laid out at a profit. Lord SHERBROOKE declines to see any difference between the two cases, or to recognize any right in the creditor to recover from the trader the loss which his own folly has brought upon him. To make this process legal is "to punish the 'borrower because you were so imprudent as to trust 'him.'" Consequently, he would repeal the existing bankruptcy law and enact no new one. He would shorten the period within which debts can be recovered, and during the continuance of that period he would leave creditors to enforce payment on the principle of first come first served.

If a commercial code were being drawn up for the first time there would be something to be said for Lord SHERBROOKE'S suggestion. The surest way to avoid bad debts is to have no debts at all; and, in proportion as the means of recovering a debt become fewer, the temptations to allow one to be contracted will become less. Probably, if there had been no machinery provided for the distribution of a bankrupt's estate, the great body of creditors would not have been appreciably poorer. The money has been effectually disposed of, but very little of it has come into the right hands. But creditors who have been brought up in the hereditary conviction that it is the business of the law to protect them against their own want of judgment in determining whom to trust cannot be expected, in the absence of conclusive experience, to display this sublime common sense. When the failure of a particular method has been demonstrated they may be willing to abandon it; and not a single voice has been raised in defence of the system which the Government propose to abolish whenever

they can find a spare Session for the purpose. The unfitness of the creditors to distribute a bankrupt's estate has been demonstrated; on that point, therefore, they retain no misleading hopes. But, as regards the unfitness of the Government for the same work, no such conclusive proof has been supplied. Why should it be impossible for lawyers and officials to administer a bankrupt's estate with as much honesty as they bring to bear upon an infant's estate? No one accuses the Court of Chancery of eating up the properties which it has to control, and there is nothing in the nature of things to make the Court of Bankruptcy less scrupulous. The failure of a single experiment is not enough to convince creditors that the end to which that experiment was directed is unattainable. If it is thought expedient in the interests of the commercial community to entrust the ministers of justice with the division of the debtor's estate, there may be some means within our reach of preventing those ministers from appropriating the lion's share of the property to themselves. If such means exist, there is a reason for not abandoning the search for them, of which Lord SHERBROOKE takes no notice. Even if the system which would abolish bankruptcy by abolishing debt is abstractedly the best, we may still be anxious that the Government should not at once plead guilty to the charge that it cannot ensure that its ministers shall be decently honest. There is another reason which should make us hesitate before taking Lord SHERBROOKE'S advice. He argues as though the one object of a bankruptcy law were to prevent bad debts from being contracted, and in order to do this he is willing to go the length of discouraging debt altogether. Is it to the interest of a mercantile community that he should have his way in this respect? So long as debt is the word employed, the answer to this question may appear extremely simple. So many commonplaces have been uttered as to the benefits of ready-money payments that we can hardly hope to get beyond their influence. But what if the word credit be substituted for the word debt? Here we at once come within the range of a set of rival commonplaces. If debt has been the object of unqualified blame, credit has been the object of equally unqualified praise. Yet the two terms refer but to one transaction. Credit cannot exist without debt; and if credit is the very life of trade, debt has an equal title to be so described. Lord SHERBROOKE claims for his plan the merit of making trade safer and therefore more profitable. He may not perhaps have given sufficient weight to the fact that the dimensions of trade as well as its security must be taken into account when calculating gains.

#### THE TRANSVAAL.

THE Convention which has been concluded between the Commission and the representatives of the Transvaal Boers is apparently reasonable; but the most satisfactory circumstance in the transaction is that it has been found possible to make any kind of settlement. The Triumvirate, if it had not been disposed to act in good faith, might have inferred, from the manner in which the war had been terminated, that the English Government would be disposed to abandon any of its demands in preference to the risk of another rupture. It is true that there is still a considerable English force in the neighbourhood of the Transvaal; but, except for purely defensive purposes, it would have been almost impossible to resume hostilities. There was a much better reason for fighting at the moment when the armistice was suddenly announced than there could be at any later time; and the Boers might have taken it for granted that obstinacy could expose them to no worse danger than that of postponing the final evacuation of their territory. For those reasons the late reports of dissensions between the Commissioners and the Boer leaders seemed not incredible. It was said that several articles of the proposed Convention had been rejected by the Boers; and a personal objection raised by the Commissioners to the intervention and presence of one of the Dutch negotiators seemed likely to create serious difficulty. The terms which have been now arranged fall far short of the conditions which were contained in Lord KIMBERLEY'S instructions; but it was not desirable to insert stipulations which would almost certainly have produced future dissension. If the summary which has been published is accurate, the Convention is a

to the natives within and without the Transvaal must have been by common consent passed over in silence. Only last week Mr. GLADSTONE was understood to state in the House of Commons that the English Government would exercise a protectorate over the Transvaal natives through the agency of the Resident. It was at the time pointed out that such a division of power would be wholly inconsistent with independence; nor, indeed, had Lord KIMBERLEY definitely suggested to the Commissioners so anomalous a scheme. Mr. GLADSTONE appears to have correctly anticipated the mode in which the Convention would deal with the natives beyond the frontier. The whole controversy seems, in the opinion of both parties, to have been finally exhausted, for it was believed that the territory of the Transvaal would be handed over to the Republican Government at the beginning of the present month. It is nevertheless agreed that the Convention shall not be valid until it is ratified by the Crown and by a Volksraad to be summoned for the purpose. The English ratification will be easily obtained; but grave complications might arise if the popular Assembly were to repudiate the arrangements of the Triumvirate. The contingency is happily the less probable because the English troops are not to evacuate the territory before ratification. It is also agreed that, if the Volksraad rejects the treaty, the English sovereignty is to revive.

The provision that all State property, except munitions of war, taken over at the time of annexation shall be transferred to the new Government is probably not of practical importance. The State Treasury at that time contained only a few shillings; but there may be a few modest public buildings properly belonging to the Government which may at any time be established. It is less easy to understand the declaration that the English Government will pay for damage caused by the troops and the Republic for damage caused by the Boers. Private claims, confined to cases of injury, are to be subject to the final award of three persons named in the Convention; and indirect claims, such as those which might be founded on depreciation of the value of property, are rightly excluded. The Boer Government is to assume liability for the debt to the estimated amount of 400,000*l.* It is not stated whether, in case of default, the creditors, who will not be gratified by the substitution of a new security, are to be indemnified by the English Government. Mr. GLADSTONE'S statement as to the relations of the Suzerain with the natives in the Transvaal may perhaps have referred to a body called the Native Location Commission, of which the English Resident is to be a member. As the President or Vice-President of the Republic and another representative of the Boers will always form the majority, the influence of the Resident will probably be nugatory. Native location seems to mean that the natives may hold land, but it is expressly declared that they can only acquire a title through the Commission. If the Boers choose to exclude the natives from the possession of land, the protests of the English member of the Commission will have but little effect, yet it is barely possible that the natives may derive some advantage from the advocacy of their claims by one of the Commission. The functions of the Resident are strangely defined as corresponding to those of a Consul-General. As it is of the essence of consular authority that it should be exercised in a foreign dominion, it seems strange that the powers of an officer who will represent the Suzerain should be compared to those of a functionary whose duties are confined to protection of the interests of his countrymen under an alien Government. It may be admitted that the objection is mainly theoretical. After the restoration of independence, it became impossible that an English Resident should possess, in ordinary circumstances, the political authority which is associated with the title in the native States of India. One important right is, nevertheless, reserved to the representative of the Suzerain. In time of actual or apprehended war between the Suzerain and any foreign State or native Power, the Resident will be entitled to move troops through the territory of the Transvaal. He is also to have exclusive control over external relations; and it is clear from other articles of the Convention that native tribes beyond the frontier of the Transvaal are included among foreign communities. It is expressly provided that the independence of the Swazies shall be recognized; SECOCOENI and his followers are to be liberated; and the boundaries of their location are to be defined. It was unnecessary, or perhaps useless, to refer to

the Zulus; but they are not unlikely to give trouble. A pretender to the succession of CETEWAYO has raised a considerable force; and JOHN DUNN had asked the permission of the English authorities to resist his attempts.

The rights and property of Englishmen settled in the Transvaal are protected, as far as verbal stipulations form a security. Those of them who have actively exhibited loyalty to the English Government will, if the terms of the Convention are observed, be guaranteed in the enjoyment of civil rights, including possession of property. English-speaking citizens of the Republic will have no technical claim on the good offices of the Resident; but, if they are unjustly treated, they will probably be able by his means to communicate with their former Government on which they have a strong moral claim. English subjects living in the Transvaal will be under the protection of the Resident in his consular capacity. It is not improbable that disputes will hereafter arise as to the allegiance of Englishmen whom the Republican Government may claim as citizens. A double or doubtful nationality is, in imperfectly civilized countries, not unfrequently a convenience. English subjects will be exempt from compulsory military service, and they are to bear no burdens beyond those which are imposed on the citizens of the Republic. The Boer Government may perhaps hereafter refuse to recognize the privileges of permanent settlers who may desire to retain their English allegiance; but it is useless to anticipate complications which can scarcely be anticipated in framing a diplomatic or legislative instrument. By a valuable article of the convention it is provided that no differential duties shall be imposed on English produce. The Volksraad might, if it thought fit, enact a protective tariff; but under the treaty it must accord to England the privileges of the most favoured nation. It is not likely that, at least for the present, the Republican Government will impose duties, except for purposes of revenue. The governing part of the community consists of rich freehold farmers, who will not be exposed to the competition of foreign agricultural produce; and they have no disposition to engage in manufacturing industry. Any industrial enterprise which may be attempted will probably be undertaken by adventurers from the English colonies, who will exercise no political power in the Transvaal. The guarantees against nominal or real slavery are, as far as words go, complete; and it is possible that a definite prohibition of all practices of the kind may be more or less operative. No other part of the Convention will have so strong an interest for a large and respectable class in England; and it is probable that the professed opponents of slavery will be but imperfectly satisfied. The alleged kidnapping of children, and the domestic servitude which is disguised under the name of apprenticeship, have been long maintained in defiance of domestic laws and of the treaty under which the independence of the Transvaal was recognized. The crimes which have been committed may perhaps have been exaggerated, but the existence of compulsory servitude has been fully proved. The Boers may perhaps have at last learned that none of their institutions or customs is so likely to cause future infringements on their independence.

#### COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

**T**HE system of substituting competitive examination for patronage is too firmly established, is too popular with the public, and too welcome to those who without it would have to bear the distasteful burden of patronage to permit any thought of its being abandoned. With all its drawbacks, it may also be said to do more good than harm to the general education of the country. For the most part the conduct of the system is in the hands of the Civil Service Commission, and it is impossible to overrate the zeal and intelligence with which the Commission sets itself to do justice, to bring out what is best in the best candidates, and to bring good sense to check the abuses to which the system is always exposed. But the system is becoming a very far-reaching one, and raises questions which are outside the particular mode in which the examinations are themselves conducted. One of these questions was started on Wednesday by Mr. GOSSET in a discussion on the selection of naval cadets. The last Government did away with the system of entrance by competition which it found in existence when it entered office, and had recourse to pure nomination, subject to the

nominees being able to pass a test examination. The object of this change was not to get more patronage, but to prevent more children being subjected to the strain of excessive and premature work. The present Government has returned to the kind of competitive examination which prevailed when Mr. GLADSTONE was previously in office. The competition is not open, for only those candidates can try who have received a nomination permitting them to compete. For each vacancy three or more little boys are allowed to compete. The object of the limitation is a purely social one. It is intended to prevent any lad becoming a naval officer whose parents are not in a position to have some means of getting at the First Lord. But this opens so wide a field that patronage properly so called is in abeyance. An influential parent does not think it worth while to use his influence merely to get his child the right of going into an examination in which he is sure to be beaten. One of the worst effects of the patronage system is also avoided. The patron is subject to such extreme pressure from influential people that he not only fills up vacancies in accordance with their wishes, but is very apt to invent vacancies in order not to disappoint them. It is to the artificial creation of vacancies in this way in past times that the present block of promotion in the navy is largely owing. Under the present system there is no pressure of this special kind. All that the First Lord is asked to do is to put a candidate on the list for examination when a vacancy happens in the natural order of things, and he and the candidates wait until a vacancy occurs.

But, for the very reason that the competition is wide enough to do away with the evils of patronage, it is also wide enough to carry with it all the evils of competition among children. What those evils are needs no explanation. It is a bad thing for the body and mind of even a clever little boy to be stimulated by the eagerness to obtain a prize, and to be taxed by the concentration of much work into a little time. Mr. TREVELYAN said, in reply, that it was quite possible so to conduct the examination that a candidate shall not succeed by what is generally called cramming. It may or may not be a popular delusion that there is a secret art possessed only by crammers which enables them to foresee what questions will be asked, and to teach stupid boys exactly how to answer them. Perhaps after all the house of a crammer is only a school where there is little or no play, and where individual attention is given to each boy. But no secret art, as Mr. TREVELYAN remarked, can enable a little boy to translate, with only the aid of a dictionary, a piece of Latin which he has never seen before. The evil of the competition of children is not that they are induced to learn badly and superficially what they ought to learn well and thoroughly, but that they learn twice as much as they ought to learn in a given time. What is to be said in favour of the naval competition is that it is only a drop in the ocean of general competition which is going on, whatever may be the system of appointing naval cadets. All the innumerable scholarships by which little boys are admitted to a privileged position at a public school are stimulants to overwork which throw the tiny stimulant of naval competition into the shade. Every year the number of these scholarships increases, because a school that has no scholarships cannot attract the amount of clever little boys which, for its own well-being and repute, it desires to have. Nor is it at all difficult to invent scholarships; for it is easy, under some faint disguise, to tax the stupid boys for the sake of the clever ones. A slight and unnoticed contribution from the many provides for the few. Nor is it easy for parents who are indifferent to the money to allow their boys, if clever, to keep out of the stream of premature competition. The master of the school for little boys naturally concentrates his attention on the boys who are going in for scholarships, and who will do him credit, and the boy who is not to be sent in for a scholarship thus misses the best teaching that the school can give him. The whole system of scholarships at public schools for children, of scholarships at the Universities for lads, and of prize fellowships for young men, hangs together, and influences the tone and character of modern English education much more powerfully than the substitution of competition for patronage.

The only question that remains open is the age up to which children shall be protected against competition. If parents liked it, there seems to be no reason why the masters of private schools should not generally institute



entrance scholarships into their admirably conducted homes. The parents of the stupid boys would be delighted to find the money if some little disguise, such as that of giving two eggs at breakfast instead of one, was adopted; a child of nine would win the great SMITH Scholarship, while a lesser child who had, perhaps, been prevented doing full justice to himself by a sudden flood of tears would occupy the tamer but still honourable position of Proxime Accessit. With what fond triumph would a doting mother explain to a lady friend that her JOHNNIE was within a pocket-handkerchief of being the SMITH boy of his year. Fortunately, early education is still to a large extent under the control of parents who do not need pecuniary assistance, and who shrink from seeing a promising boy blighted by early success. The chiefs of the navy, at any rate, can fix the age at which the children for whom they are responsible shall compete. Mr. GORST wished that the competition for the navy should be entirely open; but then he also wished that the age at which the competition took place should be postponed, and that cadets should have finished their schooling and be ready to go to sea when they were appointed, instead of, as now, being kept after their appointment on board the *Britannia*, which is really nothing more than a particular kind of school. The difference between limited and open competition for the army and navy is almost nominal, for as long as the necessary preparation is as expensive as it is now, few poor men can get their sons in, and as long as officers find it difficult to live on their pay, no sane poor men would wish to get their sons in. As to postponing the date of entrance, Mr. TREVELYAN was really in accord with Mr. GORST. But he urged that the system of beginning the naval education of cadets when they were little boys had always been the English system. The first navy in the world has always caught its future officers when they were just out of the nursery. It is a standing belief in the profession that it is because the officers were thus taken that they have played their part so admirably, and Mr. TREVELYAN will not take on himself to say that the belief is unfounded. He thinks, however, that the schooling they receive might be condensed into a much smaller space of time than is given to it at present; that in a year and a half it might be finished, and that then the boys might be sent to sea, and allowed to forget their books. From this the transition to accepting them when they have done their schooling seems not a very difficult one.

#### THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE sin of the French Government in taking the electors by surprise has already been forgotten. When an election is only three weeks distant there is no time for quarrelling over any question which is not important enough to affect the result. Even those who have said the strongest things against Ministers for anticipating the contest by a lunar month cannot affect to think the not so serious that the judgment of the country must be taken upon it. From that point of view it is so much surplusage, and as such it has been promptly put aside. The result has been to leave the field of controversy a little barren. There is no positive issue before the electors. The Extreme Left will look for one either in the abolition of the Senate or in the separation of Church and State; but there is no chance that either question will have an appreciable share in deciding the complexion of the next Chamber of Deputies. The Senate enjoys the great advantage of being elected by a very large constituency. It is true the process is an indirect one. But the election even of a delegate has its interest for those who take part in it; and every peasant in France would probably feel that he had lost a means of making his wants known if there were no longer a great Council of the communes in the return of which he might bear his part. It is a further difficulty in the way of a revision of the Constitution which should have for its object the abolition of the Second Chamber, that unless the process is to be effected by revolutionary methods the Senate must be consenting to its own death. It must vote for the convocation of the Congress in which the question is to be raised. There is no reason to suppose that the Senate is possessed by any such suicidal tendencies. Upon this proposal, at all events, the Conservative Senators might com-

mand a substantial majority. Nor is there anything to indicate that the country is disposed to adopt the violent courses which can alone make the consent of the Senate an unnecessary adjunct to a constitutional change. Whatever the electors may think of the institutions under which they are for the time living, they have apparently no wish to see them violently upset. As regards the separation of Church and State, the electors are equally well satisfied with things as they are. They have not been in the least offended by the measures already taken against the Church, for they have no love for monks, and no objection to see their neighbour's liberty restrained. But they seem equally without any desire to see the attack carried further, and they would probably dislike having the alternative presented to them of doing without religion altogether, and paying for its offices out of their own pockets. To all appearance, therefore, the character which the Extreme Left will try to give the elections will only be affixed to it in the large towns. The party will hold its own in the new Chamber, but it will not be appreciably strengthened.

No doubt this conclusion will have to be greatly modified if M. GAMBETTA should make either of these questions his own. After the utmost possible allowance has been made for the essential conservatism of the French peasantry, M. GAMBETTA's personal popularity remains a substantial fact, and his accession to any party must be an immense temporary gain to it. M. GAMBETTA's declaration in favour of the revision of the Constitution or the abolition of the Concordat would certainly secure the return of a much more Radical Chamber than the present Republic has yet seen. It is probable, however, that this result would be brought about rather by omissions to vote than by votes. The electors who felt that M. GAMBETTA had disappointed them would not support the candidates he recommended, and they would not have the time in which to make up their minds to support Opposition candidates. They would fall back, therefore, upon that constant weapon of French political discontent - abstention. The Chamber would be Radical, but it would be a Chamber representing only a minority of Frenchmen. There is no present reason, however, to suppose that M. GAMBETTA contemplates any such change of policy. Undoubtedly the rejection of the *Scrutin deliste* and the compromise with which the action of the Senate has been received by the country have placed him in a position of some difficulty. He has, in effect, offered himself as the leader of the Moderates; the Moderates have refused, not exactly to be led by him, but to be led by him on his own terms; and yet he cannot for ever remain poised, like MAHOMET'S coffin, between the Moderate and the Extreme Lefts. But there is reason to believe that M. GAMBETTA is too thoroughly convinced that the French people are at bottom anti-revolutionary, and that any politician who credits them with any different sentiment is certain, in the long run, to have his mistake brought home to him, to be tempted into further identifying himself with the Radical party. He will trim his sails to the last moment so as to catch their support; but, when the last moment comes, he will steer away on his separate course. Whether he will succeed in getting together a working majority without a more positive declaration of policy than he seems at all anxious to put out remains to be seen; but, so far as his plans can be divined from the *République Française*, he is hopeful on this head. The business of the electors, says this journal, is to create on the 21st of August a Governmental majority. They may do this by going backwards or by going forwards. They may strengthen either that section of the Moderate Left which approaches most nearly to the Left Centre or that section of the Advanced Left which approaches most nearly to the Moderate Left. Translated into practical language this is an exhortation to give the preference to candidates supported by the group which calls itself the Republican Union. If the electors follow this advice M. GAMBETTA will no doubt consent to take office whenever it is offered him, and as soon as this fact is understood it will probably not be long before M. FERRY is invited to efface himself as the pleasanter alternative to being effaced. If, on the other hand, the electors return a Chamber which is scarcely distinguishable from the actual Chamber, it is not easy to foretell the result. On the principle that like causes produce like effects France would be delivered over for another four years to the same succession of weak Ministries which she has seen for the past two years and a half. It seems scarcely possible, however, that M. GAMBETTA would run the risk of thus

overstaying his market, and he might be forced to formulate a policy and trust to its acceptance by the country to convince M. GRÉVY and the Senate of the need of a dissolution.

It is quite possible that the almost unnoticed existence of Prince NAPOLEON has had an important share in determining M. GAMBETTA to take office whenever the Republican majority can be brought into line. For a time it seemed doubtful whether he looked forward to being Prime Minister or to being President. In the latter case he would certainly have laboured for a revision of the clauses in the Constitution which make the President irresponsible, and vest his election in the two Chambers sitting as a National Assembly. M. GAMBETTA would hardly care for the form without the reality of power, and a President cannot have the reality of power unless his claim to call himself the representative of the nation is as good as that of the Legislature. A position similar to that enjoyed by a President of the United States is one that would have many attractions for an ambitious Frenchman, but if it is only to be gained by direct popular election the chances of successful rivalry must be taken into account. It can scarcely be doubted that if France had now to elect a President by universal suffrage, M. GAMBETTA would be returned either unopposed or by an enormous majority. But if M. GAMBETTA were to fail in the exercise of power, Prince NAPOLEON might be a formidable competitor at the next Presidential election. When a nation has to decide between one man and another, there is no room for the cross intrigues which give an element of uncertainty to the best arranged election of representatives. This at all events is the one end which Prince NAPOLEON thinks worth striving for. In his letter to the committee formed for keeping before the electors the paramount importance of restoring to the people its inalienable right of appointing the President of the Republic and the Senate, he declares that he accepts the duty imposed on the heir of the NAPOLEONS by so many popular votes—the duty of demanding that the French people shall elect their ruler. In the interests of the Republic M. GAMBETTA is probably wise in declining to make this demand his own; and the only alternative to doing so is to call upon the electors to make a strong Ministry possible.

#### THE LIVERPOOL FENIANS.

THE conviction of M'GRATH and M'KEVITT for attempting to blow up the Liverpool Town Hall may make it somewhat more difficult to find agents for the execution of the Fenian designs against England. The members of the Society which has passed sentence of death on Mr. GLADSTONE, and cherishes a peculiar hatred to English public buildings, profess to be altogether indifferent to what may befall them in their own persons. It is allowable, however, to doubt whether this impassive attitude will, in all cases, be maintained in presence of a possible sentence of penal servitude. Among the Russian Nihilists the case is different. They seem really to forego every chance of escape, and to be content to perish themselves, provided that they can ensure that their enemies shall perish with them. But the Russian Nihilists have had a very different measure of provocation dealt out to them. They live in a society which is rich in permitted abuses, where criticism even of the mildest kind has long been prohibited, and where the punishments awarded are proportioned rather to the temper of the Government at the moment than to any consideration of the nature of the crime. Here are all the elements which engender reckless violence, but there is not one of them which is present among the American Fenians. They cannot themselves be sufferers under the Irish land laws, for both the principals and the agents are ordinarily residents in the United States. They have not as yet been prosecuted for any of the incitements to murder which daily appear in their newspapers, and the two men convicted at Liverpool on Tuesday are the first who have tasted the useful severity of the English criminal law. There is some reason to hope therefore that in disabusing M'GRATH and M'KEVITT of the notion that a bomb can be placed against the wall of a public building without any risk to the amiable enthusiast who makes himself the instrument of his country's vengeance, Mr. Justice LORE and the Liverpool jury have done a real public service. Unfortunately, the trial led to no disclosure of the system upon which

these miscreants proceed. The case for the prosecution dealt chiefly with the pursuit of the men who had been seen by a constable in the act of placing the bag which contained the bomb against the wall of the Town Hall. For the purposes of conviction this was a point of the utmost moment; but its importance was at an end as soon as the conviction had been obtained. All that could be discovered as to the antecedents of the prisoners was that they had been living in Liverpool for two months, that they had made the bomb in their lodgings, and that one of them was the agent of a paper of O'DONOVAN ROSSA's, while the other had occasionally spoken of his connexion with the dynamite propaganda in America. There is nothing in all this to suggest any new precautions against similar outrages. Except in so far as the news of the sentences passed on M'GRATH and M'KEVITT may serve to warn off imitators, we are no more secure now than we were before they were tried.

The prospect is one that becomes more unpleasant the more steadily it is looked at. Probably, indeed, the intellect of O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his friends is not quite equal to their wickedness. And this consideration suggests a large percentage of failure to a small percentage of success. But even this small percentage of success may do us irreparable injury. The destruction of the Liverpool Town Hall or the Houses of Parliament would be only a question of money. But there is no certainty that the designs of these American Irish would be restrained by æsthetic and historic considerations. They would pull down Westminster Abbey or burn the National Gallery, and do so all the more readily if they had wit enough to realize that the injury they were inflicting was beyond reparation. They have not hitherto shown much skill in bringing their machines into position, but in this respect they may be learning wisdom from experience. At all events, it is not safe to assume that their blunders will be repeated as often as their crimes. It appears, too, that they are making great improvements in the construction of the machines which they employ; and it is obvious that increased perfection in this respect adds not only to the destructive force of the instrument, but to the security of the man who applies it. It is very much easier and safer to fix a bomb which will explode by clockwork six hours after it is wound up than to fix one which at once begins to smoke in a way that betrays what it is designed to do. No ordinary amount of watchfulness can ensure a public building against this kind of attack. There must be an absolute cordon drawn round it within which no unknown person is allowed to move about except where he can be watched by the police on duty. Even if buildings of extraordinary national value can be protected in this way, there is no reason to think that the ingenuity of their assailants would be exhausted. The destruction of human beings is as much an act of warfare as the destruction of so much brick and mortar; and a clockwork bomb, placed over-night in a market, might be set so as to explode with tremendous effect at the busiest moment of the morning. The loss of the *Dolera* shows how effectively these new machines may be employed if a member of the Society happens to be for a short time a seaman in the QUEEN'S service. He has only to desert or to get leave as soon as he has set his clockwork for a certain hour, and the catastrophe follows almost inevitably, while he himself apparently incurs no danger. It does not much matter whether any alternative explanation can be suggested in this particular case. The facts are quite consistent with the hypothesis of Fenianism; and, though O'DONOVAN ROSSA may be lying when he claims the deed as his own, there is nothing to show that he is not speaking the truth. When we read such ravings as those extracted by the *Standard* from O'DONOVAN ROSSA's journal, it may at first seem idle to treat them seriously. The description of the trial and sentence of Mr. GLADSTONE, with its interlarded capitals, resembles nothing so much as the proceedings of that famous society of which SIM TAPPERTIT was president. The slow rising of "one of the Directors—he holds an important position in a wholesale importing house in New York," the record in blood-red ink in the secret book, the calling up of the "GLADSTONE death motion" at a later meeting, the stern and determined looks, the deeply breathed "Ay," the low burning gas, are precisely the incidents which DICKENS would have borrowed as more humorously appropriate than anything he could possibly have invented to the dark designs of his spindle-shanked apprentice. Unfortunately there is another side to the business. The actors in

this scene may intellectually and morally be hardly higher than unusually mischievous monkeys; but science has armed them with extraordinary powers. One of the ghastliest murders in fiction was the work of a manlike ape who had accidentally got possession of a razor, and no limit can be set to the disasters that may conceivably be wrought by ape-like men who have got possession of dynamite.

What is to be done in such circumstances as these? It is proper, no doubt, to urge upon the United States Government the importance of making diligent search for the makers and exporters of these machines, and it is so completely their duty and their interest to comply with our representations that no doubt can be entertained of the result. But it is equally proper and more useful to bear in mind how very little any Government can do to prevent a crime which consists in the manufacture of machines, one element in which is in itself quite innocent, while the other admits of being conveyed in a hundred different ways. If dynamite could only be hidden in cement barrels, it would be easy enough to search every barrel before it was put on board. In that case, however, it would be easier still to examine every barrel before it was landed, and there would be no need to ask the United States Government to do the work of our own Customs-house officials. But dynamite need not be concealed at all. It may be imported in a thousand seemingly harmless shapes, and have its equally harmless little clockwork movement affixed to it after its arrival. It is eminently an affair in which we must help ourselves. If the enemy cannot be defeated in England, there is little chance of his being defeated on the other side of the Atlantic. How he is to be defeated here is a more difficult question, especially as the method which first suggests itself is one to which Englishmen have a great and natural distaste. It is the men who import these machines, not the machines themselves, that we must try to get at, because if these men could once be filled with a sense of constant insecurity, they would probably be less willing to offer their services to the Society which sits at home at ease in New York while they are risking their liberty, if not their lives, in England. If the Habeas Corpus Act were suspended in the case of all persons suspected of being mixed up with these dynamite enterprises, the Government would at least be armed with a power which would be useful, because it would be mysterious and uncertain.

#### COSMIC EMOTION.

AMONG other reasons for not getting rid of the Christian religion we do not remember that Swift mentions the difficulty of providing a cheap substitute. The innocent Freethinkers and scribbles of his time were likely to be more influenced by the fear of losing a standing butt of men of wit. But now the various sets of advanced people who agree on only one topic—namely, that Christianity is played out—are in reality rather an affecting quantity. They are by no means men of wit—indeed, they all resemble each other in a singular lack of the sense of humour. They are extremely respectable, their intentions are excellent, and they are persuaded that a cheap substitute for Christianity is what advertisements call “a felt want.” It is not the simplest thing in the world to start a new religion—a thing that has never yet been done without considerable discomfort and self-sacrifice on the part of the founder. Yet cheap substitutes are offered on every side. While these rarely seem satisfactory to the more Philistine, with his blind and bigoted attachment to exploded Dogmas, still less does each inexpensive substitute command the respect of the friends of some other mixture. Possibly the inventors of Hedozone and of Zoedone entertain no lofty opinion of the rival liquors, and the patentee of the last new thing in shoddy butter has probably a settled conviction that oleomargarine can never really satisfy human yearnings at breakfast.

An eloquent paper of Mr. Frederic Harrison's in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century* aptly illustrates these professional rivalries. Mr. Harrison is an agent for the Religion of Humanity, and a friendly periodical admits that he despises cosmic emotion and pantheism even more than he contemns the creed attributed to St. Athanasius. We confess that we know but little of cosmic emotion considered as a substitute for Christianity. It is very difficult for a plain man to keep up with the march of religious invention in this prolific age. The new religions succeed and do not resemble each other. A few years ago we had Miss Cobbe, determined to be creative and constructive, determined, as Emerson says, to brace us with affirmations, and not to leave us among barren negations. Miss Cobbe's religion, and that of other creative and constructive geniuses, was compared by Mr. Arnold to the British College of Health, “which does credit, perhaps, to the resources of Dr. Morrison and his disciples,

but falls a good deal short of one's idea of what a British College of Health ought to be.” In fact, the new churches were merely very tiny dissenting chapels, and certainly fell short of a high and perfect ideal.

To remedy this fault, it is probable that various new religions have been started, and have waned away like flowers that blush unseen. We confess that, if it had not been for Mr. Harrison's eloquent and destructive criticism, we should not have been aware of the existence of cosmic emotions—by the way, a recent poet spells cosmic with a K, which gives the thing more than ever the air of something patent you might buy at a speculative barber's. From what Mr. Harrison says, it is plain that cosmic emotion is one of the things that a certain set of people think it necessary to “get.” In serious coloured circles, in America, the one thing necessary is to “get religion.” In Boston, U.S., some people “get” dynamite; others addict themselves to “getting culture.” Cosmic emotion, at least in this country, is most readily got by going out on a fine night and viewing the starry firmament. “Then,” says Mr. Harrison, “the exhausted spirit feels almost on the threshold of immensity, and half believes that each instant the heavens are about to break open to their highest, and those human eyes are about to know the reality of the Unseen. We have all known that moment,” adds Mr. Harrison, perhaps too sweepingly, and he goes on to observe that “we have lain down with a delicious void in our hearts.” That void, if we are not mistaken, is cosmic emotion. But, as Mr. Harrison observes with force and truth, the sensation of a delicious void, and all the other sensations which precede and accompany it, are not religious. “Is it enough to guide lives, to curb passions, to give light to despair, unconquerable force to societies, nations, races?” Plainly a void, however delicious, cannot do that, and if only religions can do that, cosmic emotion is not a sufficient basis for religion. Here it may be observed that, if Mr. Max Müller's theory of the origin of tree and river and mountain worship is correct, these forms of religion had their source in cosmic emotion. Early man felt a sense of awe and mystery in the view of trees which were ever so much more high than he, and lived ten times as long. Rivers and hills impressed him in much the same way, so he took to worshipping these phenomena. If this theory were correct (and it must be remembered that Mr. Spencer's theory is quite different), cosmic emotionalists would be returning to the religious condition of the ancestors of the race.

Mr. Harrison brings various arguments against the disciples of the religion of cosmic emotion. That emotion is apt, it appears, to result in a kind of sentimental optimism, a vague general belief that “the All” is all right, “a very big thing,” as Mr. Harrison reverently says, and a conviction that things in general will “come round and be all square,” as some one says in *Black House*. Mr. Harrison points out that there is nothing in the aspect of the Cosmos which gives grounds for this opinion. “Waste, ruin, conflict, rot are about us everywhere.” They are, indeed. Beauty and harmony do not have it all their own way “in those regions of space where they tell us suns explode and disappear, annihilating whole solar systems at once.” Thus “the All,” though distinctly “a big thing,” as Mr. Harrison tells us, is certainly rather mixed. Rot is about us everywhere. And, even where the world is beautiful, it owes that beauty, Mr. Harrison says, chiefly to man. Poets have taught us to enjoy it. Practical agriculturists, landscape gardeners, and others have trimmed and adorned it. “The flowers, the forests, the plantations, the meadows, the uplands waving with corn and poppies, are the work of man.” Is all this quite scientifically correct? Some evolutionists aver that the credit of creating flowers is due to birds or butterflies; we are not certain which, but we incline to butterflies. The forests, again, are they the creation of man? Mr. Gladstone can fell a tree, but can he make one? Who planted out Australia? Certainly not the unconstructive race whom the first European voyagers found there. The Alps, the snow, the rainbow, too, are beautiful; but we do not understand the sense in which they can be called the works of man. Mr. Harrison has too dogmatically got rid of the old theory that “God made the country and man made the town.” But Mr. Harrison is craftily leading up to the doctrine which is to supersede cosmic emotion. “The earth was a grisly wilderness till man appeared,” and that is a gentle introduction to the recommendation of the Religion of Humanity.

The arguments against cosmic emotion have been stated. Nothing comes of it, it does not lead to anything, it cannot direct or inspire society, and it is based on the misconception that there is a good deal of beauty not created by man, and that beneficent law is present, and ultimately victorious in the universe. Mr. Harrison asks what good can come of “any of these sublimities” at moments when, in old days, religion was invoked? What do the fatherless and the widow care for sunsets? Will the debauchee be converted by the sweet influences of the Pleiades? When the enterprising burglar is not burgling, does he really care to hear the pleasant rivers run? When “the demon of anarchy is gnashing its fangs at the demon of despotic cruelty,” is he moved to sweet solemn thoughts by the contemplation of Orion? No more than the chambermaid, according to Mark Twain, is moved by the idea of a future. As cosmic emotion cannot do what it is the main business (according to Mr. Harrison) of religion to do, as it cannot improve daily life, where are we to look for a substitute? Why, to the Religion of Humanity.

Thus we find Mr. Harrison taking his stand on the old controversial ground of curates in conflict with sceptics, of Mr. Mallock

in controversy with Positivists. People will not be good unless they believe what I believe, say Mr. Harrison and the curates. What Mr. Harrison believes in is life for others. "Whilst one mother struggling to save one child were left on this mere flock of dust in the countless procession of the suns, the devotion of that poor creature to her offspring, the love and trust of her child for her protecting parent, have a deeper religious meaning than all the music of the spheres, or the mystery of the cosmic forces. There, where these two are cowering together in trust and love, there are still *life for others*, labour for others, endurance for the sake of something not our own, a sense of reverence and gratitude for protection, conquering pain and leaping over death. And if we are to seek the sources of religion, the ideal of religion, in the rushing firmament of suns, or in the withering waifs and strays of humanity, who are yielding up their last breath in mutual trust and love, we shall have to look for it in them [i.e. the withering waifs], for we can find it only in humanity, and in the world around us as the sphere and instrument of humanity."

Mr. Thackeray found it necessary to warn his childish readers, after some remarks of King Valoroso, that "blank verse, I need not say, is not argument." Nor is the eloquence of Mr. Harrison. According to that writer, the world was a grisly wilderness before the arrival of humanity. But the cave-bear, we believe, preceded the advent of humanity. And it is absolutely certain that a she-bear, if deprived of her cubs, displays all the emotions in which Mr. Harrison finds the sources, and apparently the sanctions, of religion. If all men and women were dead, and only a maternal Polar bear, her cub, and a wolf were left on this mere flock of dust in the countless procession of the suns, and if that wolf attacked that bear-cub, the devotion of the she-bear to her offspring, and the confidence of the offspring in the she-bear, would be as deeply religious as ever. Humanity has nothing to do with the business. Religion, on this showing, is as old as the maternal instinct in pterodactyls and rhyphlogons. Thus humanity is not so peculiarly worshipful as Mr. Harrison would have us suppose. And, even if we accepted his religion of humanity, where is its practical force? The demon of anarchy who gnashes his fangs, as Mr. Harrison says, at the demon of despotic cruelty, is very likely a believer in the religion of humanity. But he goes on gnashing his fangs all the same. Or, if you choose to try the debauches with the religion of humanity, will he be more moved than he was by the procession of the equinoxes? Not he. He will point out to Mr. Harrison that humanity is no more universally beautiful than the Cosmos at large, and, even when he finds beauty, he does not regard it in a religious and prayerful spirit. Humanity we have always with us, its influences are ceaseless throughout life, and it by no means interferes with the operations either of the demon of anarchy or of the glutton and the cheat. In fact, good people will be good, and bad people bad, and both will find irreligious excuses or religious sanctions for their conduct, while the world stands. The general idea of humanity influences, and will influence, perhaps even a smaller number of people than are morally affected by the conclusions they choose to draw from "cosmic emotion."

#### NORTHAMPTON'S PRIDE.

THE last reported words of Mr. Bradlaugh on the 4th of August, a day ever memorable in the annals of freedom, are reported to have been "at any rate Northampton should feel proud." It is not often that we find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Bradlaugh, but on this occasion we are disposed to think that he was quite right. Northampton by electing and re-electing him has shown distinctly the kind of man it wants, and the kind of performances it wants from him. The town of shoemakers must be very hard to please if it is dissatisfied with the performances of Wednesday last. "It is hard," the Northamptonites may fairly argue, "to secure a really distinguished representative; one who is obviously and eminently first in his own line. We have done this. We have got a member who is ready to present to the House of Commons identically the same appearance as that which an excited person of the opposite sex presents occasionally in the streets or at the door of a public-house. Like her, he screams and scratches, hustles and collars. As in her case, it takes a vast numerical superiority of force to overcome his gallant defence. Like her too, at least according to the authority of the revered Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he ends in a dead faint. Now it is not every member who is prepared to reduce himself to the level of a police-court virago, therefore let us be proud of having such a unique representative." Indeed, the only subject which might dash the pride of Northampton is the reflection that she might have had two representatives simultaneously hustling the police and collaring the messengers. A moment's thought, however, must show the men of Northampton that this is unjust to Mr. Labouchere. "He works his work, I mine," the sitting member for Northampton may say. Thackeray long ago pointed out that in the honourable profession of rooking there were diversities of operations. Only one man can actually win the money, others can look over the victim's hand, advise him to double the stakes, drive him down to the City to sell out, &c. So, too, even Mr. Bradlaugh requires a partner inside the House to argue the case, move resolutions, draw tears from the iron cheek of the senior member for Birmingham, and so forth. *Non omnia*, &c. The merit of Mr. Labouchere

may be less shining than that of Mr. Bradlaugh, the parts he plays may have less action and dramatic force about them. But Northampton is justified of both her members, and ought to be proud of both.

London and England and the world have been copiously invited by Radical newspapers to weep for Adonais, to bewail the solution of continuity which manifested itself in his coat, and to drop the frequent tear over his broken stylographic pen. It is to be feared—and a perusal of Mr. Gladstone's oracle, the provincial press, makes the fear still stronger—that the world has declined to weep. If it does not laugh very much, it is simply because the comedy is of an extremely low order. If one of the aforesaid viragoes began to brawl upon any gentleman's door-steps in ordinary life, he would send for the police, tell his servants to help them, and get her conveyed to her natural home—the police station—but he would not be much amused at the proceeding. That is what the Speaker did, except that, with politic or impolitic mercy, Mr. Bradlaugh was "left cooling" in a chair instead of being domiciled in Newgate. The House of Commons is, of course, to be sincerely commiserated in the matter. In public as in private life, it is always possible for a man or a woman who has little to lose to give a great deal of pains and annoyance to those who have much. It is certainly unpleasant for the House to know that Mr. Bradlaugh is prowling about with a tail of ragamuffins, and that at any moment there may be an unseemly squabble at its doors. The unpleasantness, however, is unavoidable so long as constituencies are sufficiently lacking in self-respect to send to the House candidates who have no business there. Mr. Bradlaugh's conduct is, of course, perfectly intelligible. He had lost his cause in the House of Commons, he had lost it in the courts of justice, he had lost it even before the very friendly tribunal of those Radical organs of opinion which were disgusted at his tergiversation in the matter of the oath. A bold stroke was necessary, and it has been very fairly successful. The remarkable intelligence of the before-mentioned organs has come to the conclusion that Mr. Bradlaugh's willingness to brawl and hustle at the door of the House is somehow a disgrace to the House itself. Mr. Bright—since Mr. Bradlaugh is not an Irish landlord—has felt his bowels of compassion moved over him; the seeds of a new agitation are sown, and the hand of the Government is once more forced. All this, of course, is exactly what Mr. Bradlaugh wishes. To persons of his stamp notoriety is in a good many senses the breath of life. Mr. Bradlaugh was losing this notoriety; he has regained it at the cost of a torn coat and a broken pen—no very high price to pay. The squabble of Wednesday has, it need hardly be said, absolutely nothing to do with the constitutional question at issue. The House of Commons, the courts of justice, and last, not least, Mr. Bradlaugh himself, have decided that at present no machinery exists whereby he can take his seat for voting purposes at the present time. If he can overthrow this decision by half throttling an usher and getting himself into an unseemly pickle, a new, short, and most efficient way to the House has certainly been pointed out.

To do the Government justice, their former conduct in the matter has rendered it almost impossible for them to do anything now without plunging themselves deeper in the mire. But they cannot be congratulated on their behaviour either *à propos* of Mr. Bradlaugh's Trafalgar Square meeting or *à propos* of the brawl in the Lobby. There was first the question of the Trafalgar Square meeting. That the Government were not within their discretion in refusing to prohibit that meeting we by no means intend to maintain. In the abstract there is no way of keeping the riffraff of a great city quiet more effectual than letting them "meet" just as they please. A few thousand roughs and *badauds* (the estimates of fifteen or twenty thousand which were made were, let us say in passing, a ludicrous exaggeration) might have jostled and howled, applauded Mr. Bradlaugh's windy platitudes, and cheered the mountebank garb of some of his influential supporters to their hearts' content anywhere else. But assemblages in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons for the purpose of intimidating the House of Commons are very properly forbidden by statute, and it was sheer absurdity on the part of the Home Secretary to pretend that this statute was not contravened on the occasion. "There is no ground," said Sir William Harcourt, "on which I can have authority to interfere with the meeting." There was every ground, as it happened, and as the event proved, the "distinct statements" on which Sir William relied, "that no one was to go to the House of Commons," turned out as valuable and effectual as might have been expected. No sooner was the meeting over than, what a friendly critic calls an "ugly rush," was made to the House, a rush which after all had to be driven back by force. On Wednesday the arrangements were effective enough, and it is probable that, if the "thousands of devoted men," as the same authority calls them, with their "passion-lit faces," and all the rest of it, had made their effort, they would have found the effectiveness to their cost. It is worth noticing, by the by, that Mr. Bradlaugh distinctly threatened violence. Whether he said that a force "within a million" was at hand to support him or a force "within a minute" does not in the least matter—the threat remains. There is, fortunately, not the least reason for believing that any attempt to carry out his threat would have any other result than the breaking of some heads which very well deserve to be broken, and the letting out of a little blood which is certainly not over pure. But if the Government (that is to say, the police) took efficient steps for the preservation of order outside, how was



it inside? They allowed one of their own number to offer a distinct encouragement to agitation for the purpose of overawing the House, to give a ludicrously inaccurate and coloured account of what had happened, and without disguise to take the part of perhaps the most flagrant offender against the privileges and dignity of Parliament who has ever been known in its annals of half a dozen centuries. It is certainly not too much to say that whatever good was done by Mr. Gladstone's not too enthusiastic maintenance of the Speaker's dignity, was undone by Mr. Bright's mischievous and reckless speech. As far as Mr. Bright was concerned, he was appropriately punished; to have laid oneself open to a well-deserved, unanswerable rebuke from Mr. O'Donnell is not an experience that any one can enjoy.

If it were not for the indecency of a bear-fight of this kind, and the mischievous use made of it by unscrupulous partisans, the whole thing would, of course, be absurd enough. Since the celebrated conflict on the Shannon shore, no tribune of the people has cut quite so sorry a figure as Mr. Bradlaugh. The comparison, too, does the Irish victim a good deal of injustice. Those who interrupted the muffins were, in his case, undoubtedly the aggressors, and they subjected the noble Smith O'Brien to unprovoked outrage. Nobody snote Mr. Bradlaugh on the nose on Wednesday, and his dilapidations were simply due to his own attempt to force the passage, and his struggles against the officials in the execution of their duty. A sympathizing reporter says that the victim of tyranny "instinctively selected the biggest man" to collar and throttle. It does not require much heroism to select the biggest man when you know that the biggest man has orders not to do you any bodily harm. The pathetic faint which so impressed Mr. Bright will scarcely produce an equal impression on those who have seen a naughty child in the "tautums." A person of excitable temperament, who finds himself completely powerless, naturally gets into a very great rage, and this rage has often a considerable effect on him; but as only very foolish nurses suppose that the naughty child will do itself a mischief by screaming or stiffening, so it is only very foolish Chancellors of the Duchy who suppose that Mr. Bradlaugh's faint was deadly, or anything like it. The police, as we have hinted, have considerable experience of this form of hysteria, and they seem to have treated it in the appropriate fashion. Whether water, brandy and water, or sherry and lemonade was the restorative employed is a very interesting point which the future historian will have to settle. But at last the farce came to an end. Mr. Bradlaugh held what even his admirers call a not very dignified parley with Inspector Denning, in which, however, he seems to have acted with a good deal more dignity than when he tried to throttle the messenger, he sat on his chair, drank his water, heard that some two hundred members of the House of Commons had voted against him and seven for him, got into a cab, and drove to ask for a summons against the police. So with the inevitable speeches at the Hall of Science, interviews, &c., ended a day which was certainly disgraceful enough to himself and to the persons who supported him in and out of Parliament, but which cannot be said to have been disgraceful to anybody else. Some day, perhaps, it may be the law of England that, if a brawling stranger thumps and swears long enough at the gate of a house, kicks the butler, throttles the footman, and threatens the housemaid, he shall be admitted and have right of lodging forthwith. At present, however, there is no law to that effect, and Mr. Bradlaugh is, in virtue of a resolution of the House, which is supreme in its own cause, nothing more than a brawling stranger until he makes due submission and resumes such privileges as his incapacity to take the oath leaves him.

#### DR. PLUMPTRE ON MODERN SCEPTICISM.

THERE are many points of view, hopeful or desponding, controversial or conciliatory, tolerant or fanatical, from which a Christian believer may regard the altered relations of modern thought to the great struggle between faith and unbelief which, in some shape or other, presents itself in every age, and is perhaps specially characteristic of our own. Between those who simply exult in the "increasing purpose" that runs through the ages—and which seems just now to be running very fast—and the mere *laudator temporis acti*, who contents himself with unpractical lamentations over the *pitias* and *prævia fides* of a bygone age, there are many intermediate gradations; and some who are willing to rejoice that "knowledge comes" may still be tempted to regret that, in many cases at least, "wisdom lingers." In a paper contributed to the July number of the *Contemporary Review* Dr. Plumtre, with characteristic absence of any *mauvaise honte*, has essayed, within the space of nine pages, to review the entire present condition of the "Fields of Conflict between Faith and Unbelief." He observes indeed that, in the limits he has assigned to himself, his treatment must be "somewhat superficial." But dogmatic utterances are wont to be succinct; and Dr. Plumtre's theological lucubrations—whether in the form of letters, sermons, or review articles—have usually something of the grand air of an ecumenical and *ex cathedra* pronouncement. It will not, therefore, surprise any one familiar with his writings that he should include in this brief allocution, originally delivered at Sion College—which he "ventures to compare" to Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*—a bird's-eye view of the "scientific, critical and historical, and ethical" aspects of the existing controversy between

faith and unbelief, together with an elaborate preamble on the "general character" of the conflict. He considers—so far rightly—that the method of conducting it has become more civilized and courteous, which, however, is mainly due to the more refined temper of the day; and he is obliged carefully to limit this admission, in a footnote, to the leaders of the Secularist army, inasmuch as "the papers largely circulated among our working classes show that the rank and file contains at least many who are so savage and brutal in their utterances that they represent what may be best described as 'Condorcet filtered through the dregs of Paine.'" With this important limitation, however, the following remarks may be allowed to be substantially correct:—

The combatants do not enter battle as in the war-paint and with the war-cries of barbaric tribes, but for the most part in the temper of those ancient knights who before and after they fought with lance or sword exchanged their salutations of mutual kindness and respect. We seldom now speak of those who are unable to accept the faith of Christendom as an infidel party. We use the term Theist rather than Deist, because the latter carries with it an offensive connotation from which the former is free. Though many men of science hold premises which logically lead to Atheism, no one, I suppose, except the junior member for Northampton, is called "an Atheist." We do not assume that all unbelief must spring from immorality of life, or look on doubters or assailants as consciously enemies of truth and goodness. We do not back up our arguments with anathemas. There has been, I need scarcely add, a corresponding change on the other side also. The religion of Christ is no longer treated, as in the coarser unbelief of Voltaire and Paine, as the work of priestcraft, and its preachers as impostors. For the most part, though there are some exceptions, we find the character of Christ regarded with reverential admiration, and the Christian Church treated as an important factor in the history of European culture.

As examples of this modified tone among the assailants or critics of Revelation are cited the names of Renan, J. S. Mill, Greg, Strauss, Matthew Arnold, and Tyndall. And, in spite of the obvious retort of those who say *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, the writer holds this change to be matter of rejoicing and thankfulness. Nobody of course will desire to recall the good old days when *putidissimus iste* was the mildest formula of reproach a Christian apologist could find for even his least hopelessly heterodox opponent, while a sceptic like Tom Paine was eager to inform the public how at the mature age of eight, after first hearing of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement, he "immediately went out into the verandah and revolted at it." But as regards the effect on the masses of this more civilized tone of sceptical literature, it is necessary to remember that the change does not penetrate far below the surface; and if, as Dr. Plumtre opines, no one but the junior member for Northampton is now called an Atheist, there are a good many more who do not shrink from the kind of language for which Mr. Bradlaugh has made himself unpleasantly notorious, and which we do not care to quote here. There is a further and very important deduction to be made from the religious value of the "fair words" proffered by sceptical assailants, which will be most conveniently noticed when we come to deal with the ethical aspects of the question.

Dr. Plumtre naturally begins with the scientific assault on the principle of "a supernatural Revelation attested by miracles." And here he is probably right in asserting that the "possibility of a miracle"—assuming of course the postulate of theism—is no longer generally denied; certainly Mill expressly admitted it. Nor is there any want of plausibility in the argument he repeats—and which has been forcibly dwelt upon by Cardinal Newman, though he does not say so—that, if there be a Deity, it is more likely that He would reveal Himself to His creatures than leave them uncared for and unguided. But there is no inconsistency between this line of argument and that pursued in the very able "Bampton Lectures" of the late Professor Mozley—noticed at the time in our columns—as to the real meaning of the uniformity of nature, which Dr. Plumtre goes out of his way to disparage. That mere conventional interpretations of the language of Scripture are not likely to be pressed in this day by Apologists, against the legitimate claims of science, may be inferred from the appearance in a recent number of the *Dublin Review* of a paper from the pen of a Roman Catholic bishop of unimpeached orthodoxy, and well known to be keenly interested in geological inquiries, which treats the first chapter of Genesis as a magnificent poem. We cannot enter here on the vexed question of prophetic inspiration further than to say that Dr. Plumtre does not contribute very much to its solution—though he seems to think he has settled it—by clenching a very cursory antithesis of the twin functions of the old Prophets, moral and predictive, with the "pregnant words" of Bacon—in which Dr. Cumming and Dr. Coleenso might have agreed—that "all prophecy hath springing and germinant accomplishments." As to the critical and historical difficulty, it is fairly enough summarized in the following passage:—

Sacred books have been examined with a microscopic minuteness. The external evidence has been weighed and declared wanting. Internal evidence has been thought to point to very different conclusions as to date and authorship from those which have been commonly accepted. "The Pentateuch," we are told, "was not written by Moses, but is a composite work, in which are embedded the fragments of many ages, from the traditions of the patriarchs to the Book of the Law, which was not found, but written, in the reign of Josiah. The historical books are in like manner anonymous compilations from many volumes of annals and genealogies. Ecclesiastes was written under the Persian or Alexandrian monarchy, and many of the Psalms belong to the age of the Maccabees. The later chapters of Isaiah were the work of a 'great unknown' in the time of Cyrus, and the earlier contain numerous interpolations of the same date. Other prophets have been edited after the same fashion. The first three Gospels have no title to the names they bear, and are not contemporary records. The fourth is the work of a pseudo-Johnes in the second century.

The Pastoral Epistles as a group, and the Second Epistle of St. Peter, are manifestly spurious. It may be questioned whether the same may not be said of the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians."

It is interesting to know that, in Dr. Plumptre's opinion, Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Westcott, Archdeacon Watkins, and Canon Sanday have satisfactorily answered these difficulties, though it does not follow that even all the members of the Christian Evidence Society, to whom his words were originally addressed, will be prepared to accept their conclusions on his *ipse dixit*. We agree with him, however, that each objection ought to be examined and decided on its own merits, and that, if it should be proved, e.g., that Deuteronomy was not written by Moses, nor Ecclesiastes by Solomon, all that would necessarily follow would be that personated authorship, apart from the intention to deceive, may be as legitimate within as without the sphere of inspired literature. Whether "it is acknowledged on all hands that"—putting aside records of supernatural events—"the history both of the Old and New Testament stands now on a firmer footing than it did a century ago," may be questioned. No doubt Assyrian, Babylonian, and classical inscriptions have thrown much new light both on Jewish and Christian history. But, on the other hand, modern science and criticism have forged many fresh weapons for the use of the sceptic of which Tom Paine, for instance, with the best possible will to be aggressive, had no inkling at all. It betrays again a happy innocence of popular currents of religious thought to say that "no one now dreams of suggesting"—what was freely proclaimed two or three centuries ago—"that a new translation [of the Bible] must, *ipso facto*, even if a better one, multiply doubts and throw men into a temper of uncertainty." Such doubts may be very unreasonable in themselves, and to allege them as an objection to undertaking the task of revision may be still more so; that is quite another question. But Dr. Plumptre must indeed be living in a fool's paradise, from which a very cursory glance at the religious newspapers of the day might have roused him, if he is unaware that such objections have been loudly urged in many quarters—from Convocation downwards—before the work was begun, and still more since the completion of the most critical portion of it, with its manifold omissions, displacements, and reconstructions of familiar texts. We do not say that such difficulties trouble the serene composure of those learned circles and leading minds with whom Dr. Plumptre affects to be so exclusively conversant that, as we gather from a note, he had written his paper before he became dimly conscious of the existence of a profane vulgar whether of believers or unbelievers. Yet he might have remembered that a conspicuous and influential, if not very discreet, leader in the religious world publicly prayed not very long ago—in reference, if our memory serves us, to this very matter of Biblical revision—to be "delivered from the tyranny of professors."

It is, however, in the last section of his inquiry, where he comes to deal with ethical objections to revealed truth, that Dr. Plumptre's self-complacent optimism reveals itself with the most porplexing *naïveté*. Here "the Apologist" breaks into an almost unbroken song of triumph.

The thoughts that widen with the years, the "survival of the fittest" in the history of dogma, the true development of Christian theology, have removed some of the dark imaginations which once clouded men's vision and views of the Truth of which they undertook to be the defenders. The dark shadow of Augustine and of Calvin no longer rests on our conceptions of the Fatherhood of God. The name of Athanasius is no longer identified with the Damatory Clauses. The dogma that all unbaptized children are excluded from the eternal hope, which made Augustine known as the "durus pater infantum," and which our own Prayer Book but narrowly escaped, has been banished to the limbo of extinct beliefs.

We have ventured to italicize some of the more questionable periods of this lyrical epinicion which seem to share the obscurity as well as the grandeur of a Greek chorus. Is the "dark shadow of Augustine and Calvin" the poetical synonym for the doctrine of predestination or of eternal punishment—both of which are not uncommonly identified with their names—or for what else? In either case the jubilation is a little premature. One of the first English divines of the day—the late Dr. Mozley—wrote an elaborate treatise in defence of the Augustinian theory of predestination, which is still widely held; and Dr. Plumptre can hardly be ignorant that the doctrine of eternal punishment, in spite of the efforts of himself and some of his friends to dislodge it, still retains its place in the creed of the immense majority of Christians. As to the name of Athanasius being no longer connected with the damatory clauses, it is still less clear what is meant. The clauses in question are just as much of course a part of the Creed as they ever were, and it is no modern discovery that the Creed was not actually composed by the father whose name it bears, while recent researches have rather served to establish than to shake its early origin. If Dr. Plumptre means that the Creed, or some particular clauses of it, do not fairly represent the mind of Athanasius, that is a point on which he will certainly find a great many divines fully his equals in learning to differ from him. And as to unbaptized children being "excluded from the eternal hope"—an enigmatic phrase which he has borrowed without explaining it from Dr. Farrar—here, too, there is much room for explanation. If he refers to the tenet that unchristened infants do not enter heaven, that certainly is not "banished to the limbo of extinct beliefs," for it is the received teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, and is, as he himself admits, implied or all but implied in the language of the English Prayer Book. If on the other hand he is thinking of the horrible decretum by which Calvin assigned them to eternal

fire, his language is singularly ill-chosen, and the notion in question has long since been abandoned at least by all theologians. We are told further down on the same page that "we no longer consider ourselves bound to hold a brief, defending the character of lawgiver, patriarch, king, or prophet, as free from infirmities or sins." Considering that grave infirmities or sins of all these personages—notably the sin and repentance of David—are expressly recorded in the Old Testament, it is not easy to see how any one anxious to maintain its divine inspiration should have ever felt bound, or authorized, "to hold a brief" for a view which directly contradicts its testimony. On the other hand, if Dr. Plumptre thinks that now, any more than before, it is open to any consistent apologist of Biblical inspiration to decline to vindicate, as a whole, the character of "the man after God's own heart"—who is also represented as a special type of Christ—and of other Old Testament heroes, from the fierce assaults which sceptical writers are sometimes fond of making upon them, he appears to us to be much mistaken.

But the last, as it is the most vital, so is it also the most vulnerable, point in this optimistic review of the conflict between faith and unbelief. It may be true in the main that "there is an ever-increasing consensus," even among sceptics, as to "the loftiness of Christian ethics and . . . the unapproachable ideal presented by the life of Christ Himself"; though even this would not be granted without very large qualifications by the Positivists, or by such writers as Professor F. Newman; still less, of course, would those who sympathize with the views of "the junior member for Northampton"—and we are afraid they are more numerous than Dr. Plumptre seems willing to admit—"consent" to anything of the kind. But that is not the point we were going to insist upon. If he means to imply that this acceptance, *valent quantum*, of what Strauss called "the moral contents of Christianity" is any sort of guarantee for the acceptance, or even favourable consideration, of Christian doctrines, we can only say that the "combatants" to whom he refers, by whatever name they may be designated, would one and all repudiate such an inference. The very essence of their contention is that the ethical may be, and ought to be, disjoined from the doctrinal contents of the Gospel, and for this reason Strauss, in his latest work, which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of frankness, started with the fundamental question, "Are we Christians?" and answered it in the negative. And if it be replied that the acceptance of this high ideal by leading Agnostics of the day at least appears good security for the permanent recognition of the Christian standard of ethics among their followers, that also is a most unwarranted assumption. In the first place, the leaders of every party are, as a rule, men of higher than average character and principle, which does not suggest even the faintest presumption that in this respect the bulk of their disciples will emulate their example. And in the next place, it must not be forgotten that nearly all the leading Agnostics of the day have been brought up in Christian belief, and although they may have since been led by scientific or other difficulties to renounce their early creed, they could not, even if they would, at once cast off with it all their ethical antecedents; men do not so easily creep out of their own skins. But supposing Agnostic principles to become more widespread and dominant, when a new generation had grown up who never knew anything of the Gospel, or knew only to reject it, the old conditions would be reversed. And there is no ground in experience for anticipating, what Christians, as such, would have less than no reason for assuming, that Evangelical ethics would survive the abandonment of Evangelical faith. One notable exception—and almost the only one—to what was said just now of the Christian antecedents of our leading Agnostics will occur at once to everybody. Mr. J. S. Mill, who displayed many indications of a noble and even Christian character, was studiously trained by his father in the principles of dogmatic atheism; but here again the exception seems to illustrate the rule. Not to dwell on the fact that Mr. Mill senior had himself received a very definitely Christian education, the moral influence of which he could not fail more or less to transmit to his son, and that J. S. Mill himself, though taught atheism from the cradle, was inevitably born and bred in the atmosphere of a Christian country, it is very remarkable that, just in proportion as his character developed, he appears to have gradually and instinctively recoiled from the negative teaching of his youth, and in his posthumous works has left on record his conviction that, in some sense, theism, and even revelation must be considered at least credible. We cannot recognize then in the teaching or example of the leading champions of unbelief any basis for even the faintest presumption that Christian ethics would continue to prevail in a society where Christian faith was defunct. In the closing words of his article, which are the least optimistic, Dr. Plumptre appears to us to touch most directly on the practical bearings of the question, when he insists that "the true difficulties of faith, the most formidable weapons in the artillery of unbelief, are found in the unreality of our lives, the bitterness and triviality of our controversies," and that there would be better hope of success "if to the force of individual example we could add that of example corporate and combined, as seen in an united Church, a re-united Christendom."

## STEAM-YACHT MATCHES.

IN a former article on steam-yacht racing we spoke of the rules by which Mr. Dixon Kemp proposes to regulate the time allowance for racing steamers, and stated that we should return to the subject. We now do so in order to discuss more fully Mr. Kemp's proposals and to see how far they meet the difficulties of the case.

Mr. Kemp's main proposal is, in fact, a formula by which he believes that yachts of very various sizes and powers may be fairly handicapped. His formula deduces from the displacement and horse-power of a steamer a normal or hypothetical speed. The time which one yacht is to allow another in any race is the difference of the times which would be occupied in steaming over the given course, supposing each vessel to steam at her hypothetical speed. Mr. Kemp also gives subsidiary rules by which the displacement and horse-power of a given steamer are to be estimated for the purpose of calculating the hypothetical speed.

The rule for calculating displacement was quoted in our former article, and we have nothing to add to the remarks there made upon it. The rule for estimating horse-power requires some further consideration. The proposal is to take two separate and independent methods of obtaining an approximate value for the horse-power from measurements which may be easily made, and to take the mean of the two results which are thus obtained for what we may call the registered horse-power of the engines—i.e. the number which is to be assumed to be the indicated horse-power for the purpose of calculating the time allowance. The first of these methods assumes the horse-power to be proportional to the sum of the areas of the pistons. This is equivalent to the assumption that the mean pressure of steam and the mean velocity of the pistons are the same in all the engines that are compared. The second method takes the horse-power as proportional to the area of fire-grate. This assumes that the quantity of coal burnt per hour is proportional to the area of the fire-grate, and that all the coal burnt is burnt to equally good purpose. It may be that either of these methods, when applied to a good modern marine engine of ordinary construction, will give a fairly good rough approximation to the indicated horse-power; and it seems not improbable that, when there is a considerable difference between the horse-power as given by the two formulae, the mean of the two results will usually give a better value than either of them separately; since, if the fire-grate area is unusually large compared with the area of the pistons, it is likely that, on the one hand, the fire-grate will not consume to good purpose its normal quantity of coal, and, on the other, that the steam pressure and the velocity of the piston will be above the average.

Still, even when applied to engines of ordinary construction, the results are only rather rough approximations. Mr. Kemp gives a table of the horse-power of thirteen men-of-war of different sizes as calculated by his rule and as actually measured. It appears from this table that the errors of calculation are respectively 32, 24, 10, 7, 6, 5, 3, 1·5 per cent. in excess, and 12, 6, 6, 1, 4 per cent. in defect, and it so happens that the largest errors are in the engines of from 100 to 500 horse-power. Now, considering that a difference of 32 per cent. in the horse-power implies, according to Mr. Kemp's rule, a difference of about 10 per cent., and a difference of 12 per cent. a difference of nearly 4 per cent., in the hypothetical speed, it will be seen that the rule is hardly calculated to give universal satisfaction. It must be remembered, too, that the case will become much worse if yachts are specially built to race under such a rule. It will probably not be difficult to design engines in which the steam pressure and velocity of the pistons are much above the average, and in which, by means of a steam blast or otherwise, the quantity of coal burnt on a given area of fire-grate may be considerably increased. These engines would most likely be very bad—i.e. extravagant—ones; but the racing owner will care very little how much coal he burns if he can only get his engines rated for racing purposes at half their real power.

It is much easier, however, to show that Mr. Kemp's rule for estimating engine-power is defective than to suggest a better one. The only satisfactory measure is the indicated horse-power; but how is this to be determined? Is it to be the power developed during a race? This would probably involve the presence on board each racing yacht of an inspecting engineer, which would, we should think, be thought intolerable, and the rule would also deprive the yachtman of any advantage to be gained by the judicious management of his engines. Or are we to take the power as indicated once for all on trial trips? This would perhaps be the least bad arrangement; but rival owners would probably be unwilling to accept the results of a trial made under the sole management of the owner or builder, whose interest it would be for racing purposes to get his engines rated as low as possible; yet it is more than doubtful whether builders or owners would be willing to hand over their yachts to be tested by a rival firm of engineers, and awkward questions of responsibility would arise in the not improbable event of boilers or engines being injured while under trial. Moreover, such a rule would put a premium on the construction of engines with strange devices which could not be properly worked by one who was not familiar with them; and this again, besides giving an advantage to badly planned engines, would add very appreciably to the risk of a catastrophe on the trial trip, while the attempt was being made to make the monster do its best in strange hands.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that these difficulties are got over, will Mr. Kemp's fundamental rule enable yachts of different powers to race on equal terms?

Mr. Kemp gets the hypothetical speed by taking the quotient of the registered horse-power by the two-thirds power of the displacement tonnage, multiplying this by a constant, and taking the cube root of the result. The most important assumption here is that the total resistance to motion varies as the square of the velocity, and consequently that the work done in propulsion per unit of time varies as the cube of the velocity. It seems, however, to be more than doubtful whether this holds for ordinary full-powered steam yachts. It is well known that for any vessel there is a certain speed which cannot be exceeded without producing an increase of resistance altogether disproportionate to that which is required to produce a corresponding increase of speed when the vessel is steaming slowly. This maximum speed is that at which the portion of the resistance due to wave-making increases rapidly, and seems to depend mainly upon the length of the entrance and run. For a vessel of given length at the water-line this maximum speed will be greatest for vessels in which the whole length is distributed between entrance and run, so as to leave no middle body of uniform cross-section. For such vessels an approximate rule for determining in knots their maximum speed is to multiply the square root of the length by 1·03. We thus find that the maximum speed for vessels of 150, 100, and 75 feet long on the load water-line would be respectively 12·6, 10·3, and 8·95 knots; and any yacht whose engines are powerful enough to give her a hypothetical speed exceeding the maximum corresponding to her length will necessarily meet with this additional resistance, so that her actual speed will fall short of her hypothetical speed, and she would be hopelessly beaten in a race under Mr. Kemp's rules. Moreover, the best experiments seem to show that at speeds very considerably short of this theoretical maximum the wave-making resistance becomes a very important part of the whole, and the resistance increases with the speed decidedly faster than the square of the velocity. It is probable, then, that in smooth and still water the yachts which would win by time allowance would be very slow indeed. No doubt, on a tideway the case would be different. Suppose the actual speed of two yachts to be the same as their hypothetical speed, and in one case ten knots, in the other eight, these would be equally matched in still water; but the slower yacht would win by 50 minutes over a hundred-mile course with a two-knot tide, and lose by 1 hour 40 minutes over a similar course against the same tide. If the same uniform tide were favourable for fifty miles and unfavourable for the other fifty the slow vessel would lose by 25 minutes. On an average course, wind and tide will probably be unfavourable for more than half the whole time of the race, and consequently the faster yachts would usually gain some advantage from wind and tide, so that the most successful prize winners might not improbably be vessels which nearly attained, but certainly could not be such as exceeded, the maximum speed depending upon the length which has been given above. We suspect that the owners of the smaller classes of steam yachts are not usually content with such speeds as can be economically obtained in a short vessel, but prefer engines which, when doing their best, will drive the hull through the water somewhat faster than it can be driven economically. It would be a paradoxical, but by no means an impossible, result of the adoption of Mr. Kemp's rules that the crack prize winners were yachts too slow for any purpose but racing.

The other assumptions made in Mr. Kemp's formula are that the same proportion of the indicated horse-power is always usefully employed in propelling the ship, and that the resistance is proportionate to the wetted surface of the hull. The first of them gives a perfectly reasonable advantage to improved propellers. The second gives an advantage to large vessels which might be important if yachts of very different sizes competed.

We have before us in the *Field* of March 5, 1881, the particulars of three modern steam yachts of the larger type. It may be interesting to apply Mr. Kemp's formula to them.

If we make use of the actual displacement and the indicated horse-power as observed on the trial trip, we shall get for the hypothetical speeds of the *Fair Geraldine*, *Queen of Palmyra*, and *Marchesa*, 11·2, 11·8, and 9·57 knots respectively; the measured speeds being 11·7, 10·75, and 10·5 respectively. It will be seen that the *Marchesa* wins easily from the *Fair Geraldine*, and the *Queen of Palmyra* is nowhere. If, however, we use Mr. Kemp's rule for estimating horse-power, the case is very different. The cylinder rule gives for the *Fair Geraldine* 405, and the fire-grate rule 660, the mean of these, or horse-power by Mr. Kemp's rule, is 532·5, as against 300 actually indicated. The fire-grate areas of the *Queen of Palmyra* and the *Marchesa* are not given in the *Field*, but the cylinder rule gives 208 and 444·25 respectively, as against 272 and 245 indicated. It is, however, said that the *Marchesa's* engines could easily work up to 300.

Taking 522·5, 208, and 444·25 as the horse-power for the purpose of calculation, the hypothetical speeds of the three yachts are 13·9, 10·8, and 11·7. With time allowance calculated on these speeds, the *Marchesa* still beats the *Fair Geraldine*; but the *Queen of Palmyra* wins the race by almost an hour in 100 miles, instead of losing it by about an hour and a half. These figures appear to be fatal, at any rate, to Mr. Kemp's rule for estimating engine-power. They also, as far as they go, confirm the supposition that the rule favours large yachts with small engines and very moderate speeds.

It may be said, Why not give a time allowance for size only, and take no more account of engine-power than we do of spread of sail in a sailing yacht? Some restrictions must be placed upon the engines, or our racing yachts would become exaggerated torpedo boats, carrying nothing but their engines and coal for a match; yet it is not easy to see what these restrictions are to be. Limiting the space occupied by the machinery would lead to engine-rooms inconveniently if not dangerously crowded. A penalty on burning more than a certain quantity of coal per hour in proportion to the size of the vessel would probably be the best method if it was practicable to obtain a return of the consumption of coal which was above suspicion—but the “if” is an all-important one.

On the whole, it is pretty clear that while no information could be obtained from a race under steam which could not be got just as well from a well-planned trial trip, yachts built for racing under any possible sailing rules would probably differ essentially in some direction or other from those built for any useful purpose, and the chance of any real improvements in the construction either of hulls or of engines arising out of experiments in steam yacht racing is remote indeed.

Fortunately there is little chance of much money or ingenuity being wasted in this direction. In a race under steam there can be nothing of the infinite variety and sustained interest of a good sailing match. When once the course is settled—and it will seldom differ much from a straight line between the marks—there is nothing to be done but to keep up the greatest possible head of steam by some refinement upon the old Mississippi device of sitting upon the safety-valve and throwing the cargo of “hog-products” into the furnaces. Fashion can do much, but it will hardly succeed in keeping up a permanent interest in races the result of which will ninety-nine times out of a hundred be a foregone conclusion, and which, in the exceptional cases in which there is a real race, will be lost or won in the stroke-hole.

GEORGE BORROW.

FEW men without having made a great reputation have exercised a more remarkable influence upon their contemporaries than George Borrow, whose death is just recorded at the age of seventy-eight. He was the son of an officer in the army, and began life as articled clerk to a solicitor in Norwich; but the law had little attractions for him, and his time was chiefly spent in frequenting the society of the gipsy wanderers who are still to be found in large numbers in the eastern counties. The contemplation of their wild life stimulated that propensity for roving and adventure which he displayed at an early age, and which subsequently led him into such a chequered and eventful career. In 1833 he embraced the opportunities for travel which the British and Foreign Bible Society offered to its agents abroad, and went to St. Petersburg in that capacity. Having a wonderful aptitude for acquiring languages, and an especial liking for the less known dialects, he was able while in Russia to edit the New Testament in Mantchu. He next removed to Spain, where the Zincahi or gipsies of that country attracted his attention; and, finding that great affinities existed between their *patos* and that of his Norfolk friends, he applied himself earnestly to the study of the dialect, collecting a large vocabulary of their words and a number of their popular songs and legends, as well as translating the Gospel of St. Luke into the dialect. Spain is not a pleasant working ground for a Protestant missionary or distributor of the Scriptures, and Borrow constantly found himself exposed to inconvenience, and even at times to imminent personal danger. He was twice put under arrest, and on one occasion was obliged to seek shelter in the woods in disguise from the fury of the fanatical populace. Returning to England, he published an account of his work and adventures under the title of *The Bible in Spain*, a book which attracted great attention, especially from the light which it threw upon the language and life of an interesting and hitherto almost unknown race. His next journey was to the South of Europe, where he devoted himself almost exclusively to the investigation of gipsy dialects and manners. On his return he published a book called *Lavengro*, “the Professor,” a romance for the incidents of which he has drawn largely upon his own personal adventures, especially among the Rommany chals, or “gipsy lads,” in whom he took so deep an interest. In this book Borrow unconsciously painted himself in colours which are absolutely true to nature; and, if he appears somewhat pedantic and vain, his manly qualities, his enthusiasm and intrepid courage, more than make up for these failings. *Lavengro* is eminently a romance of the roads—not of ordinary travel, or of coaching, or of railways, as the expression might imply, but of “the roads” in the technical sense given to them by the English “traveller,” or tramp, and describing the strange life of the folk who live, not beyond, but outside of the pale of conventional society.

Until Borrow wrote, the gipsies in England at least, were comparatively unknown. Their language was supposed to be mere cant or thieves' slang, and the constitution of their society was believed to be akin to, if not a survival of, the begging and thieving fraternities and “Alsatian” kingdoms, with which the older novelists have familiarised us, and which M. Victor Hugo has so picturesquely rehabilitated. Bamfylde Moore Carew, the gentleman vagabond, who dubbed himself “king of the gipsies,” was long

looked upon as the model of a gipsy hero, and the doings of his “tramps,” “mumpers,” “thieves,” “beggars,” and “Abraham's men,” were regarded as accurate accounts of gipsy habits. George Borrow's books at once dispelled all these false ideas; the gipsies as he painted them were perhaps hardly more respectable, when judged from the ordinary standpoint, than those of the popular conception, but they were shown to be a national community, with a real language, and not a mere motley horde of vagabonds, speaking the jargon of the prisons and the low haunts of towns.

The later researches of Potts, Miclosich, and others leave no doubt as to the Indian origin of the gipsies, although the exact tribe from which they sprung has not been as yet definitely ascertained. Many of the individual words, such as *páni*, water, are identical in Gipsy and Hindustani; but the grammar of the first-mentioned language, as shown in the mutilated form which remains in English Rommany and the more perfect system of the Turkish Tchingianés, is quite different from most of the modern vernaculars of India, and has but few points of contact with the older dialects. There are in India several tribes whose characteristic habits are very similar to those of the gipsies of England. The Jats, Nathas, and Brinjaris, for example, singularly resemble them; and a very good case has been made out in favour of the first-mentioned as the original gipsy stem. It is an historical fact that somewhere about the year 420 A.D. a number of strolling minstrels did find their way into Persia; they were called *Lûri*, and are described by Firdousi in terms which might equally well apply to a band of English Rommanies. The word “*Lûri*” is still used in Persia for strolling minstrels and vagabonds; while, under the form *Nûri*, it is the generic appellation of gipsies in Syria and Egypt. Arab historians speak of these people under the alternative name of Zutt, which is, with much reason, believed to be a corruption of Jât. The gipsies call themselves everywhere “Rom” or “Romany,” which would point to the “Dom” or “Rom” tribe as their original stock, the initial letter of the word being equivalent to either D or R. These people, who are principally found in Behar, are essentially a roving tribe. Amongst other things which distinguish them from other Hindoo castes is their indifference to ceremonial impurity, such as that which arises from touching a dead body, and their liking for swine-flesh. Now gipsies in Europe are very peculiar in their eating, and are, perhaps, the only race who will eat animals that have died a natural death. *Mullo baulo*, or “dead pig,” is their favourite delicacy; and one of the most typical and amusing of the Rommany ballads which Borrow has collected celebrates the trick formerly so common amongst them of poisoning a pig in order the next day to beg its carcase for food.

Borrow himself, though a skilful linguist, was no philologist, and though his conclusions with regard to the origin of the gipsy language and race are vastly in advance of his predecessors, they are antiquated and erroneous when compared with the researches of later scholars. Thus in his latest work, *Romano Lavo-Lit*, “Word-book of the Romany,” he gives among some correct etymologies others which are simply ridiculous; his collection of gipsy words, too, having been made years ago, cannot compare with the more recent ones of Messrs. Leland, Bath Smart, and others. Still it must be remembered that Borrow was the pioneer of English gipsy lore, and that of all the “Rommany Kyes” who have frequented the tents of the “Caulo chals,” and picked up scraps of that “wisdom of the Egyptians” of which they make such a mystery and parade, there is scarcely one but owes his first introduction to a gipsy tutor to the few words of Rommany which he learnt from Borrow's books. It was not that accurate information about gipsies was altogether wanting, for some few Continental scholars had already worked in the field with good results, but the knowledge of the subject was still in an unsatisfactory state; and in this country absolutely nothing had been done. The works of Crabb and others were written by persons who had never gained the sympathy of the people of whom they treated, and who could, therefore, never really understand them; Borrow, on the other hand, had shared their wandering life, and wrote about them as they lived, moved, and spoke. Of late years gipsy literature has assumed formidable proportions. In 1844, three years after the appearance of Borrow's *Zincahi*, or *Gypsies of Spain*, Dr. A. F. Pott, of Halle, issued a work entitled *Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*, which is a marvel of erudition and research. Later on Professor Miclosich, of Vienna, published in parts an exhaustive treatise, *Ueber die Mundarten und die Wanderungen der zigeuner Europas*; and in 1870 Dr. Paspatis published in French at Constantinople a magnificent monogram on the language and literature of the Turkish gipsies with the title, *Études sur les Tchingianés*. The Rommany language is spoken with the greatest purity by the gipsies of the Ottoman Empire, and, as Dr. Paspatis's work exhibits the language in its perfect grammatical form, it is, as it were, the touchstone for testing the other dialects. M. Paul Bataillard has also made a valuable contribution towards the ethnology and history of the Rommany race in his *L'apparition des Bohémiens en Europe* (1844). Of those who have followed Borrow in his investigations of the English gipsy dialect and traditions, the most noteworthy are Mr. Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann) and Dr. Bath Smart. *The English Gypsies and their Language*, by the former, is full of information and abounds in humour; while Dr. Smart's *Dialect of the English Gypsies* is a painstaking and most useful manual of the language. A deep insight into gipsy habits and modes of thought, combined with some amusement, may also be obtained from a volume of ballads in Rommany



and English, compiled jointly by Mr. Leland, Professor E. H. Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey.

It is perhaps no very great thing to have given the world a clearer idea of what the gipsy race really is; still, everything which tends to remove error is valuable, and we cannot say how useful the study of the most insignificant race may not prove to the cause of philology and ethnology, both of which sciences are, after all, the handmaids of progress and civilization. To Borrow, however, certainly belongs the honour of having first inspired an intelligent interest and incited to scientific research into the facts connected with the gipsy race at large. But his greatest claim upon the sympathy of the English reader is his translation into action and his autobiographical expression of that spirit of adventure and that restless desire for travel and new experience which is the chief characteristic of English youth. The feeling is a healthy one, and if now and then some stirring book of naval adventure sends one boy to sea, or a perusal of Borrow's works drives another to seek the disreputable but instructive society of gipsy vagabonds, no such great harm, after all, is done. At any rate, the career and works of George Borrow are well worthy of study; he may have been "a vagabond" by taste and habit, but he was eminently a Christian and a gentleman, and many men have earned greater name and fame without half his claims to the gratitude of society.

#### THE ABOLITION OF FOG.

THE meeting convened lately by the Smoke Abatement Committee shows that one of the worst nuisances of London life, the blighting and suffocating fog, is now exciting serious attention. Although the fogs of last year were less memorable both in intensity and duration than those of the preceding year, the Society which has undertaken the task of grappling with the evil has not relaxed its efforts. Other and more pressing ills, as frozen water-pipes and snow-invaded dwellings, have not been allowed to hide from view the recurring evil of our grimy and deleterious fogs. The meeting, which was ably supported by men of social and scientific eminence, gave expression to the conviction that the smoky atmosphere in which Londoners pass a good part of their lives is a fertile source of injury to our organisms as well as to our possessions. It disfigures our buildings and stunts our vegetation; and in this way, as well as by excluding the bright rays of the sun for a good part of the year, it gives to our city its unenviable distinction of being the most dismal and hideous of European capitals. It not only disfigures—it destroys. It eats into our textile fabrics, and slowly wears away the masonry of our buildings. Worse than all, it impedes the functions of the organism. An atmosphere charged with particles of unconsumed carbon and sulphur would not seem to be well adapted for the human lungs, and scientific investigation bears out the natural conjecture. The careful analysis of London smoke recently made by a scientific physician enables us to see the real nature of the mixture that we are inhaling, and physiological observation has fully confirmed the theory that the surface of the lungs may become coated with an incrustation deposited by the smoky vapour which is inhaled.

It is easy to treat such a meeting as that held at Grosvenor Place with a measure of ridicule, on the ground that it merely enounces a number of general propositions which no sane person would think of challenging. It seems to us, however, that such a feeling is here out of place. If people were all finely organized and practised in close observation there would be but little need to insist on the magnitude of the smoke nuisance. But this is far from being the case. The effects of causes which are in pretty constant operation are only too easily overlooked. And, as for the disfigurement of our surroundings occasioned by smoke, the familiar truth that what is habitually present to our organs of perception escapes attention here receives a striking illustration. It is not only the coarse, uncultivated mind which overlooks the manifold unlovelinesses of our smoke-covered city. Even a lover of the beautiful may cease in time to note the far-reaching æsthetic consequences of a smoky atmosphere out of which he rarely passes. With respect to the hygienic side of the subject, the same thing holds true. The average citizen, blessed with a vigorous organism, is little likely to trouble himself about the unhealthy character of his atmosphere. A constant stimulus acting on any part of the organism fails to excite a conscious sensation. And the trachea and lungs which are habitually bathed by the murky waves of London fog cease in time to be tormented by them. It may be demonstrable from physiological principles that even a robust organism must be less healthy in such impure surroundings, yet the loss in vital energy is easily overlooked when unaccompanied by positive sensations of discomfort. Now and again, perhaps, when the smoky mixture dignified by the name of air is unusually dense, as in the memorable winter already referred to, even such a hardy person becomes momentarily aware of the deleterious properties of fog; but when the slight feeling of irritation is past, he settles down to his customary proportion of impurities as to something perfectly natural and harmless. Even where these impurities tell upon the health of some more delicately organised member of his family he is very likely to misapprehend the real cause of the evil. In order to refer things to their causes we must be able to compare circumstances in which they are present with those in which they are absent; and the ordinary Londoner who

seldom goes out of town plainly wants the data for reasoning about the subject. It would seem to follow, then, that much remains to be done in arousing the public mind to a sense of the gravity of the evil of living in a smoke-weighted atmosphere.

There seems little good in calling attention to evils which we are unable to set right. It is natural for the mind that is only partially impressed with the hurtfulness of smoke to lapse into the comfortable belief that the evil is in its nature incurable. When we discover that we have all our lives been incurring risks of which we have been totally ignorant, we are at first disposed to acquiesce in the state of things as normal and necessary. A very little reflection, however, will suffice to suggest that as our smoky habitat is an artificial creation of our own, its permanence is a matter which lies with ourselves. In other words, we are led to reflect that this is not a case in which the organism has to adapt itself to a fixed environment, but one in which it is called on to modify its environment. The Smoke Abatement Committee show plainly enough that they take this view of the matter, and that they are bent on supplying a remedy for the evils which they seek to expose. Already, as a consequence of the growing interest in the subject, a considerable amount of ingenuity has been devoted to the practical solution of the question. For some time past we have heard of a number of inventions by which the effects of our smoke-emitting grates may be avoided. The Committee has wisely arranged for an exhibition of the various improved heating and smoke-preventing appliances which have been proposed of late. This exhibition, which will illustrate the proposed substitutes for our smoky grates in actual operation, may be expected to have a double effect. In the first place, people who are indifferent to the evil of smoke can hardly fail to be impressed with its existence and its gravity when they see how much thought and skill have been directed to its removal. And, secondly, if the exhibition is at all a success, it will teach Londoners that the evil is not one which ought to be quietly submitted to as a part of the permanent order of things, but one which lies altogether within our control. The evidence given by Sir Henry Thompson and others at the meeting referred to enables us to anticipate the result of the exhibition so far as to affirm that our houses may be heated, and adequately heated, by a process that is in the fullest sense smoke-preventing. In the face of such a body of authoritative opinion on this point, nobody is likely henceforth to contest the assertion that the smoke nuisance is one which we have the power of removing if we care to do so.

But though it is allowed that Londoners have the power of ridding themselves of their incubus of smoke it may be doubted whether they will care to do so. The cloud of carbonaceous and sulphurous particles which each morning forms itself anew out of the discharges from our forest of chimneys is closely connected with our chosen way of heating our dwellings. In France or in Germany, where the use of stoves obviates the need of constant fires, and where wood is often substituted for coals, our darkening smoke-mists are unknown. We avowedly prefer our open grates, with their cheerful aspect, their socializing influence, their many venerable associations. We know very well that these firesides are costly luxuries, that a considerable fraction of the fuel for which we pay renders us no service whatever. And it may be thought that even when people have come to understand that their habits involve a good deal of injury to health, they will still persist in them. That is to say, they may deliberately prefer the advantages of the blazing hearth to those which would be secured by a smokeless mode of heating; or at least it may be supposed that the force of custom would turn the balance in favour of remaining as we are. In support of this view it has been alleged that the present agitation about smoke is by no means new; that as early as the close of the last century attempts were made to introduce a cleanly and healthy substitute for our open grates; and that since that time the subject has again and again come up for discussion, and then been allowed to drop out of sight.

This pessimistic view of the present attempt to carry a pressing sanitary reform is no doubt a plausible one. We are quite aware that Englishmen are often foolishly conservative, tenaciously clinging to their peculiar habits when they are at least dimly aware of their undesirability. Yet even Englishmen are ready to adopt a new fashion when they are thoroughly convinced of its superiority to the old one. When Londoners are fully alive to all the mischiefs wrought by their dirty atmosphere, they will not, one supposes, long hesitate to accept a more wholesome style of heating their houses. To imagine that they would knowingly set up the sentimental considerations already touched on, in opposition to the substantial arguments of the man of science and the physician, seems to us to misunderstand the English mind. Compared with other nations we are but slightly governed by sentiment, and even the deeply-rooted feeling for the cheerful English fire would probably give way to a clear conviction that its indulgence involves injury to health. And this result will certainly be hastened by the fact that the proposed substitutes for our present thriftless grates are likely to be much more effective and much less costly. It is a part of the irony of the existing state of things that, with all the greater appearance of heat which we gain at the expense of our lungs, we are in reality much worse off than those who use the closed stove. The peculiarity of our English fireplace is that it heats one small portion of a room on the condition of making the other parts chill and draughty. And to this it may be added that we secure this curious result at a much greater pecuniary cost than is incurred by our neighbours. Should all this be fully understood and realized by the majority

of Londoners, they would, we are convinced, soon consent to give up their cherished frosides.

It thus seems that the prospect of removing, or at least greatly reducing, the smoke nuisance really depends on the waking up of the public mind to the existence of the evil. That this will happen immediately we are not sanguine enough to anticipate. The growth of an adequate sense of the loss and positive harm occasioned by the artificial atmosphere with which we surround ourselves will pretty certainly be a slow process. The Society which aims at enlightening the public mind on the subject will accordingly have to harp on the various ill consequences of smoke for a long time to come. Only after frequent reiteration are the salutary lessons which science has to teach fully seized and assimilated by the popular intelligence. At the same time, it is probable that there are forces working in the direction of the Society's efforts. The increase of general information must, one conceives, have the effect of bringing home to Londoners to some extent the pestilential character of their smoke-laden atmosphere. Thus, for example, the publication of the varying death-rate in the metropolis is well calculated to call men's minds to the consideration of the disagreeable subject. It is probable that a good part of the present lively interest in the matter is due to the profound impression made by the announcement that an exceptionally severe form of fog which occurred the winter before last raised the proportion of deaths in the metropolis by a very appreciable interval. In addition to this, all the knowledge which goes to the comparative study of life is contributing to the same result. The more generally Englishmen travel and contrast the surroundings of life abroad with those at home the more likely are they to become alive to the drawbacks of the latter. And even that large body of Londoners which does not go abroad is acquiring, through improved facilities in locomotion, the means of judging the true character of their daily environment. Perhaps nothing will more materially contribute to the growth of a powerful antipathy to London smoke than the rapidly spreading habit of living outside London. A man who, on an average winter morning, enters the City from a point twenty miles distant cannot fail to be struck by the contrast. His breathing organs will be irritated by the impurities to which they have not accustomed themselves; his eye will miss the gladdening rays of the sun and note the depressing hue which the dingy vapours cast on every object. The more frequently the Londoner emerges from his murky mists the less indifferent is he likely to become to their existence. The present agitation of the subject is thus likely to be supported by the action of natural causes. And this fact should encourage the friends of the movement in the face of what are undoubtedly many and serious obstacles.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW PLAN FOR THE REDEMPTION OF DEBT.

IN preparation for the discussion of his Bill for the redemption of 60 millions of Consols Mr. Gladstone issued last week a Treasury Minute, which very clearly explains the means by which he is to effect his object. There are at present existing Terminable Annuities to the amount of 7,107,571*l.*, of which, in round numbers, about 6 millions will expire in 1885. They were created to pay off debts incurred in various ways; for fortifications, local barracks, through recent war deficiencies, and they were created also for the extinction of funded debt. Apparently Mr. Gladstone is anxious that the whole amount should continue to be applied to the redemption of debt. It is impossible, of course, to foresee who may be Chancellor of the Exchequer four years hence; but, whoever he may be, he will have a strong temptation to purchase a little temporary popularity by remitting taxation instead of continuing to apply the annuities to the payment of the debt. If he should be a weak man, or if his Government should be in need of popular support, he may yield to the temptation, and Mr. Gladstone has taken a step which will take out of his power two millions of these annuities. As is well known, the public will not buy Terminable Annuities. A Terminable Annuity, in fact, consists partly of interest and partly of an instalment of principal; and the purchaser of such annuity, if he does not intend to spend his principal, should be careful to reinvest so much of his annuity as is principal, and to spend only the remainder, that is, the interest. But the great majority of people, even business people, are incapable of calculating how much of the annuity is principal and how much interest. Consequently the Government find few purchasers of Terminable Annuities in the open market, and they are obliged, therefore, to limit this method of paying off the debt to the amount which the funds under their own control enable them to deal with. At present it would seem that Mr. Gladstone has not funds that would permit him to deal with more than 2 out of the 6 millions which will expire in 1885. But it is to be hoped that, if he does not remain in office till 1885, before he retires he will in some way make sure that the sum now set apart for the redemption of debt will continue to be appropriated to that purpose.

As we have said, about 6 millions of the existing Terminable Annuities will expire in 1885, and Mr. Gladstone proposes to prolong 2 of these 6 millions till 1906. His object in doing so is to obtain as much free revenue as will enable him to redeem another 60 millions of the debt. It is calculated by the Actuary

of the National Debt Office that, assuming Consols to be at par, 459,760*l.* in twenty-five years will redeem a sum equal to that which would be redeemed in four years by 2 millions. This will set free a revenue of 1,540,240*l.*, by the assistance of which Mr. Gladstone proposes to cancel stock to the amount of 60 millions sterling. When the 60 millions of Consols are cancelled and converted into Terminable Annuities, the interest upon these 60 millions will also be set free, amounting to 1,800,000*l.* In this way Mr. Gladstone obtains a total annual sum of 3,340,240*l.* But it is estimated by the Actuary of the National Debt Office that an annuity of 3,428,604*l.* will pay off 60 millions of Consols in twenty-five years, and as we have just now seen, Mr. Gladstone by prolonging his annuity of 2 millions from four to twenty-five years, and by cancelling 60 millions of Consols, has obtained an annual free revenue of 3,340,240*l.* He needs, therefore, only 88,364*l.* to make up the Terminable Annuity required to pay off in twenty-five years the 60 millions of Consols, and this sum, therefore, is the only addition to be made to the permanent charge of the debt for the extinction in twenty-five years of 60 millions of Consols. In other words, by simply prolonging for one-and-twenty years 2 millions of the Terminable Annuities now existing, and by adding to them somewhat less than 89,000*l.*, Mr. Gladstone is enabled to cancel and pay off 60 millions of the debt. As we have explained above, he is able to do this only because there are held by officers, under the control of the Treasury, Consols to the amount of 60 millions; 20 millions of these are held by the National Debt Commissioners on account of the Savings Banks, and 40 millions are held by the Chancery Paymaster. When 20 millions are taken from the Savings Bank account, the National Debt Commissioners will still hold 11 millions of Consols, besides 7½ millions of Exchequer Bonds and various other available securities. They will therefore have ample means to meet any demand that may come upon them in the way of withdrawals of deposits by the Savings Banks. In ordinary years the deposits on account of the Savings Banks exceed the withdrawals, and as we may hope that we are now entering upon a cycle of good years, it is to be expected that the excess will be larger than usual. But, even if this should not prove to be the case, and if the withdrawals should be larger than is anticipated, the National Debt Commissioners will still have an ample margin to meet all the calls upon them. Mr. Gladstone devotes a large part of his Minute to prove that the interest of the suitors in Chancery are equally well cared for, and his proof is complete. We need not go into this part of the Minute in detail here. It will be enough to state roughly the principal points. Stock held by the High Court of Chancery has steadily increased in the past. Between October 1, 1847, and August 1879, the stock so held increased from 46,796,000*l.* to 61,886,000*l.*, an increase of over 15 millions, or more than 33 per cent.; and there is every reason to believe that it will go on increasing. In fact, as the wealth of the country grows, it is evident that funds coming under the administration of the Court of Chancery must grow with it. There is every assurance, therefore, that the Court of Chancery will continue to hold a sufficient amount of stock to meet any demand that may be made upon it. But, to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Gladstone, in concert with the Lord Chancellor, takes elaborate precautions to secure that, if more stock should be needed, it shall be at once forthcoming.

The direct and indirect effects of this conversion of Consols into Terminable Annuities must be very great. In the first place, it is a kind of pledge that the Government will not allow any part of the Terminable Annuities now existing for the extension of debt to lapse or to be applied to other purposes, and, consequently, that the redemption of debt will proceed at a very rapid rate henceforward. In itself alone this must have a great influence on the market. It will tend to give a new impulse to the rise in Consols which has been going on for some years. But, furthermore, the measure will directly increase the purchases of Consols by the Government officers. As we have just been explaining, 60 millions of Consols are to be cancelled at once; but their place must be supplied by the National Debt Commissioners and by the Chancery Paymaster by the re-investment in Consols of each instalment of capital as it is paid. In the new annuity of 3,428,604*l.*, as we have just seen, 1,800,000*l.* in the first year will be interest, and the remainder repayment of principal. After the first year, however, the amount of the interest will go on steadily decreasing, while the amount of the principal will as steadily increase, until, as we reach the year 1905, almost the whole of the annuity will be repayment of principal, and the interest will dwindle to a vanishing point. If, at the same time, the remaining 4 millions of Terminable Annuities which are to expire in 1885 are prolonged, the effect will be enormous, and the price of Consols must rise to a point which will admit of the reduction of the interest on the debt to 2½ per cent., unless, indeed, a war or some other great calamity should compel the Government to create Consols more rapidly than it buys them up. While these purchases on the part of the National Debt Commissioners and the Chancery Paymaster are going on, the Government itself will also be buying if the trade improvement continues, and we once more have surpluses of revenue over expenditure. The Government purchases, it is true, will be for the Sinking Fund, and the amount so bought will at once be cancelled, whereas the purchases by the National Debt Commissioners and the Chancery Paymaster will be on behalf of the Savings Banks fund and the suitors in Chancery, and will remain intact. But the effect on the open market will be the same in both cases, for the amounts bought by the National

Debt Commissioners and the Chancery Paymaster will not be sold again, except in the rare cases where the withdrawals by the Savings Banks or repayments to the suitors in Chancery necessitate sales. As a rule, however, the purchases made by the National Debt Commissioners and the Chancery Paymaster are real withdrawals of Consols from the open market, and diminish by so much the supply of Consols for the public. While this is going on, the public will also be purchasing. There are large classes, such as trustees, who must invest in Consols. Banks also are bound to hold a certain portion of their reserves in Consols, and so are other great establishments like insurance offices. Their purchases will add to the effect of the purchases by the Government and by the National Debt Commissioners and the Chancery Paymaster, and will tend to raise year by year the price of Consols. As we have already said, the accumulated effect of all these purchases can be neutralized only by a great war, or some other circumstance which would compel the Government to issue large amounts of Consols. The Irish Land Bill, no doubt, will, to some extent, cause a new issue of Consols. If that portion of the Bill which proposes to establish a peasant proprietary in Ireland is largely acted upon, the funds advanced by the Commissioners must be furnished by the issue of Consols, and, therefore, it may be argued that the new supply in the market will go to neutralize the increased purchasing. But it is doubtful whether this will be so. If large numbers of the Irish landlords sell their estates, it is probable that they will prefer to take in payment Consols rather than money. They will not be inclined to re-invest in Irish land, and as the interest returned upon either English or Scotch land will not be greater than the interest yielded by Consols, they will have no inducement to encumber themselves with the management of property when they can have as large an income free from care of every kind by simply continuing to hold Consols. We are inclined to doubt, therefore, whether the Irish Land Bill, however much the clauses establishing a peasant proprietary may be availed of, will increase the supply of Consols in the market. A great war undoubtedly would increase the supply and neutralize the effect of Mr. Gladstone's measures; but anything short of a great war will have little effect. For every year the growth of population and of wealth is increasing the demand for Consols, and the cancellation of 60 millions of Consols at once and their gradual replacement by the accumulation of another 60 millions in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners and the Chancery Paymaster in the course of five-and-twenty years must have an immense effect, without speaking of any of the other influences to which we have been referring above.

#### THE THEATRES.

IT is not very long since the old question of indebtedness of English to French playwrights was revived in a somewhat amusing fashion, and the revival led, not unnaturally, to a certain amount of gossip, both particular and general, concerning this old story. Amongst other things, it was at the time stated or hinted that a certain play, which had seemed to all the London critics to give the lie to the assumption that it was impossible for an English play-writer to invent a well-constructed plot, was, in fact, borrowed from a French source. The play was a play by a clever actor and playwright, Mr. Pinero, and the title assigned to the French play from which he was supposed to have borrowed was curiously in harmony with the theory that his English play was not original. Indeed, the title given to the French play appeared at once to explain a certain oddity in that of the English one. The theory was so plausible on the face of it that we thought it worthy of investigation, and the result of careful investigation is that no play bearing the title which was given out is known to those who are best qualified to speak with authority upon the subject in Paris. If any additional proof of Mr. Pinero's capacity to construct such a dove-tailed plot as many Parisian dramatists delight in is needed, it would be found in his play called *Imprudence*, lately produced under Mr. Carton's management at the Folly Theatre. Mr. Pinero has suffered to a certain extent, as all followers of any art do suffer, because he has not chosen to do the same thing over and over again. He wrote an emotional play, which achieved a well-merited success, and he has followed it up with an almost entirely comic play, which, in its line, deserves equal success. He had before this produced one or two little pieces, which were not in their essence pathetic; but it seemed to be expected that, if he ever committed himself to more than one act, he would have to go in for the serious side of life. In other words, his versatility seemed, in the eyes of some critics, a fault rather than a merit. What he has done in the case of *Imprudence* is to produce a piece as neatly and funnily constructed as are the many French plays of the same calibre which have of late years given much gain to translators, and a piece which differs from those just referred to in that it has no offence in it. It has, instead, various touches which remind one of Mr. Pinero's success in another line, and which, according to some critics, seem out of place in a play of which the chief motive is unrestrained comedy. We are not ourselves of opinion that they are at all out of place; on the contrary, the few discreetly introduced touches of real feeling complement admirably, to our thinking, the generally amusing, and it may be said reckless, character of the work. We are introduced to a purely comic state of society, and to characters who for the most part are purely comic; and it has

been contended that they should be throughout purely comic, and nothing else. Mr. Pinero is rightly, as we think, of a different opinion. His play is full of what may be termed farcical incidents, but he has made it more than a farcical comedy by introducing a certain vein of emotion. The emotion is lightly touched by the author, and is given with equally commendable lightness by the players, and it serves, as it seems to us, to maintain on the part of the spectators an interest which might possibly flag without it. Three acts of mere smartness and farce have before now been known to be wearisome. It is surely to the credit of author and actors that *Imprudence* is the reverse of wearisome.

The action of the piece passes in a boarding-house, which has some resemblance to the one depicted in *Sketches by Boz*. It is curious, and it is also a tribute to the playwright's verisimilitude, that the characteristics of boarding-houses have changed comparatively little between the days of "Boz's" sketch and the present time. People who have frequented or visited boarding-houses of this day will see that the atmosphere of *Imprudence* is very far from being exaggerated. While many of Dickens's pictures of manners and customs are antiquated, his earlier and later sketches of boarding-house life are still in the main true to nature. The author of *Imprudence* probably knew that he would be taxed with borrowing from Dickens, and it is his merit that he has not shirked this danger. The events which follow each other in rapid succession in Mrs. Lazenby's boarding-house are improbable enough, and their very improbability is a source of amusement; but the *entourage* which makes such events possible for dramatic purposes is, we take it, as true now as it was many years ago.

To give in any detail the plot of a comedy of intrigue like *Imprudence* would be to spoil the pleasure of spectators. The piece depends mainly upon a skilfully arranged series of bustling situations, relieved, as we have hinted, by a few passages of emotion, to which excellent justice is done by those concerned. The weight of the performance, if we can speak of weight with regard to a thing essentially light, rests upon Mr. Carton, the actor-manager, who, by the fitness and the force of his playing, more than confirms the high opinion which we have ventured to express of his powers on former occasions when they had less scope. He is admirably supported by Miss Compton, by Miss Kate Bishop, and, it may be said in fine, by every one concerned in the representation of a piece the stage-management of which is as good as the acting. Of the general nature of the play we have perhaps said enough. It may be added that the dialogue, for the most part, is as neat and terse as the construction. One or two pleasantries might, however, be cut out with decided advantage.

#### MIDSUMMER RACING.

THE first race of importance which followed the Ascot meeting was the Northumberland Plate at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. As the event proved, it was anything but an exciting affair. Mr. Jardine's Bonnie Doon was a very strong favourite, and he won in a canter by five lengths. This horse had been a high-priced yearling, but he had not been able to run as a young horse on account of an accident. At the Libby Club and the Stockbridge meetings Lord Stamford's good two-year-old filly Geheinniss, by Rosierucian, showed fine form. Her winnings by the end of the Stockbridge week exceeded 2,500 guineas, and she had run four times without being beaten. Charibert, who has turned out an extraordinary horse over short courses, won the Stockbridge Cup. In the Queen's Plate Petronel beat Exeter, after a very hard-fought race. Exeter was the favourite, and the race was run at a good pace over the long course of two miles. There was a fine race, again, for a biennial, in which that uncertain horse Scobell beat Thora by a neck. In the following week came the July Stakes at Newmarket, one of the great two-year-old races of the season. The first favourite won, but only after an exciting race, by half a length. The winner is a brown filly of Lord Rosebery's, named Kermesse. She is by Cremorne out of Hazeldean. Hazeldean was by that very game horse Cathedral, out of Nutbush, who was one of the fastest fillies of her time. Some judges think Kermesse a little small, while others consider her large in all those parts of a racehorse where size is most necessary; some point out the excellence of her head, neck, and muscular, well-placed shoulders, the symmetry and power of her back, loins, and quarters, and the perfection of her lengthy, low, galloping action; others contend that her forelegs are too light and straight to endure the wear and tear of training, or even the force of her own great speed in racing. Marden, who was second, had run nowhere at Stockbridge to Geheinniss, although it is only fair to say that he was then carrying 4 lbs. extra weight; and in the July Stakes he beat St. Marguerite by half a length, while at Stockbridge he had been some distance behind her. St. Marguerite is own sister to Thebaia, the winner of the Oaks of this year. In the July Stakes she ran a dead heat for third place with Dutch Oven, a filly out of the dam of the famous Bal Gal. It was rather singular that sisters of the two most celebrated two-year-olds of last year should run a dead heat for a very forward position in the July Stakes of this year. The next day St. Marguerite won the valuable Chesterfield Stakes in an easy canter by a length; and

week later Dutch Oven won the Great Lancashire Yearling Stakes at Manchester, a race worth nearly 1,500*l.* But, to return to the Newmarket July meeting, we may observe that Peter, the hero of the late Ascot meeting, made another exhibition of temper in the July Cup, and would not attempt to race with Charibert, although it may be an open question whether he could have beaten Charibert over six furlongs, even if he had tried.

The prospects of the Goodwood meeting were much clouded by the prevalence of severe influenza and coughs in several large racing stables. It had been hoped that Bend Or and Robert the Devil would have met again, but both horses were attacked by colds. Their owners set admirable examples by scratching their horses as soon as there seemed to be no hopes of their being able to run. It is a pity that this line of conduct is not more often followed by owners of racehorses. On the first day of the Goodwood meeting the principal two-year-olds already mentioned, with the exception of Gelchunius and Marden, met again in the Richmond Stakes. Kermesse was the favourite, and St. Marguerite, Dutch Oven, and Purple and Scarlet were estimated in the order given. There was a grand race; Kermesse in the middle, with Dutch Oven and St. Marguerite on either side, raced from the distance almost abreast, and at last Dutch Oven won by a head, Kermesse and St. Marguerite running a dead heat for second place. Now Archer was riding Dutch Oven, and in our humble opinion this may have been enough to account for the victory by a head. Kermesse was giving each of the other two fillies 4 lbs., so it is possible that she may still be a trifle the best of the three. Dutch Oven is a fine well-made filly, but there were reports in circulation to the effect that, like her half sister, Bal Gal, she was a roarer. It is a curious fact that out of the five races for the Richmond Stakes which have taken place since its institution in 1877, four of them have been won by horses (or rather fillies) belonging to Lord Falmouth, and that each of the five winners of the race has been ridden by Archer. The Goodwood Stakes was a disappointing race, as it was won by a lightly-weighted selling-plater called Brown Boes; but there was one unusual feature of the race—namely, that it was run during a terrific storm of lightning, thunder, and rain. Between the brilliant flashes of the lightning and the blinding downpour it was almost impossible to see much of the race. There were several very hardly fought contests during the day, and for five of the races there were good fields. Altogether the opening day of the Goodwood meeting was far better than the racing public had been led to expect.

The Sussex Stakes, on the Wednesday, was won by Limestone, after a fine race with Geologist. Skipetar was third. The stakes were worth 1,517*l.* The winner is a fine horse, about 16 hands high, and he became fourth favourite for the St. Leger after his victory in the Sussex Stakes. Twenty-eight horses ran for the Stewards' Cup, which was won by Mazurka, who had been one of the triple dead-heaters for the Astley Stakes at Lewes last year. She is small but beautifully shaped, and has great strength in her back and loins, while her shoulders are just what they ought to be to produce great speed. The Lavant Stakes ended in a fine race, Archer winning very cleverly by a length on Baliol, a son of Blair Athol's, who was running for the first time. This colt was not by any means universally admired by judges of horseflesh, some considering him too narrow, with but second-rate fore-legs. Sutler, who has won a good many races this season, ran very gamely in the Visitors' Plate; for, after appearing to be beaten, he struggled on, and, wearing down his opponent, won by a head. There was a fine struggle again in the following race, Osborne, on Privateer, getting the best of Archer on Passaic, the first favourite. Archer made one of his scientific rushes, but he was beaten by a head. Out of the seven races that were run on the Wednesday five were well contested, and in most cases there were good fields. The weather was all that could be wished, and everything tended to make the day a pleasant one, but, unfortunately, in the evening there was a fatal accident on the drive home, in which two lives were lost.

On the Thursday there was a fine race for the Corinthian Plate between Sword Dance and Kuhleborn, the former, ridden by Archer, winning by a very short head. The Racing Stakes was the cause of much interest, because Privateer and Passaic, who had run a close race for the last event of the preceding day, were now to meet again under the same jockeys and under similar weights. In spite of his defeat on the previous day, Passaic was again made first favourite, and once more there was a tremendous struggle. The form of the Drawing Room Stakes was, however, exactly confirmed, for Privateer again won by a head, although Archer exerted all his skill on Passaic. Peter was a strong favourite for the Goodwood Cup, and it was generally believed that the result depended entirely upon the state of his temper. To people's astonishment, however, all four competitors were restive at the post; indeed, Madame Du Barry and Fernandez behaved even worse than Peter. These four matured racehorses were more unruly before their two-and-a-half mile race than many large fields of two-year-olds before a T.Y.C. scramble; but when once they did get off they went away on very equal terms. All went well until they reached the Craven starting post, where Fernandez began to run unkindly, and refused to try any more. Before they came to the Mile post Peter also grew tired of the performance, and planting his toes firmly into the ground, he indulged in a hearty kick, and then sidled off into the gorse. Madame Du Barry and Nottingham were now the only horses left in the race, and the former had no difficulty in winning by twenty lengths. This was a miserable

result after the early promise of a terrific encounter between Bend Or, Robert the Devil, and Peter. After the Cup came the Rous Memorial Stakes for two-year-olds, a race worth 1,737*l.* Pursebearer was the first favourite. This appeared reasonable enough, for in the Great Lancashire Yearling Stakes he had run within three-quarters of a length of Dutch Oven, and now he was to meet her on 15 lbs. better terms. When they came to the distance, Dutch Oven was running very kindly, but although Pursebearer was struggling gamely, he was evidently beaten, and Dutch Oven won by a length, St. Marguerite being two lengths behind Pursebearer. The day ended by another display of wickedness on the part of Peter, who, after odds had been laid on him for the Singleton Stakes, stopped soon after the start, and deliberately engaged in a kicking bout.

In the opening race of the last day backers were almost clever enough to place the four runners in exactly the reverse order to that in which they came in. Carlyle was the first favourite, at 2 to 1; 5 to 2 was laid against Baliol, 10 to 1 against Forget Me Not, and as much as 20 to 1 against Adrastus. There was a magnificent race; but it was not at all in accordance with the anticipations of the prophets, for Adrastus won by a head from Baliol, who beat Forget Me Not by a head, Carlyle, the first favourite, being absolutely last, half a length off. The Chesterfield Cup was won from a large field by Victor Emmanuel, who won the same race last year. His victory was a surprise, as 16 to 1 had been laid against him at the start. In the last race of the meeting, Thebnis, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, gave Bal Gal 12 lbs., and beat her by fifteen lengths. Before the Goodwood meeting it was expected that the racing would be very far from first-rate, and that the fields would be small; but, as the event turned out, the meeting was a decided success; there was excellent racing, plenty of horses ran in most of the races, the course was in capital order, and the weather, with the exception of one thunderstorm, was all that could be desired.

## REVIEWS.

### LES QUATRE VENTS DE L'ESPRIT.\*

THERE can be but little hesitation in deciding that, of the various divisions of M. Victor Hugo's latest volumes of poetry, the most important are "*Le Livre Dramatique*," "*Le Livre Lyrique*," and "*Le Livre Épique*." "*Le Livre Satirique*" is, it seems to us, too coloured by personal impressions, too full of matter which has not in itself, and to which the poet has not imparted, any marked originality, to make it worthy of a place among that great portion of his work which should and will live. It has more or less wild tirades against institutions which M. Victor Hugo has persuaded himself that he disapproves of *en bloc*; it has two impersonal dialogues, which do not show the author at his best; and it has one poem which shows him in his least discreet, considerate, and reticent mood, and the publication of which can hardly but be regretted by such of his admirers as are not fanatical. To say that, in spite of its many shortcomings, it contains fine lines and passages is perhaps unnecessary. But it is certainly not what we should recommend to a friend to whom we wished to prove the greatness of M. Hugo's imagination and power.

"*Le Livre Dramatique*" has the sub-title of "*Les Deux Trouvailles de Gallus*," and consists of two dramas which are complementary to each other, and both of which show at their best the poet's grasp of character and power of giving incisive expression to his deep thought. The scene of the first is laid in "*Un burg dans une forêt. Intérieur de la grande salle en rez-de-chaussée. Aspect de ruine. Le dénuement rustique mêlé au délabrement seigneurial.*" The words "*En Souabe, 17—*" follow the short list of characters, of whom Le Duc Gallus and his chamberlain, Baron Gunich, are the first to appear. They have come on the trail of a beautiful girl named Nella, who lives with her father in this curious *taudis*; and, in the course of the opening conversation between them, we learn that Gallus is a usurper, who has long ago hidden away his nephew, the rightful Duke, in the woods, and who is not now particularly content with the result of his act of usurpation. The throne, he says, is "*une triste proie*," and continues:—

Sais-tu ce que je suis ? un pauvre homme de joie,  
Plutôt bon que mauvais ; très canaille ; occupé,  
Mais oisif ; fort penaud. Comme on est attrapé !  
L'ambitieux pensif, usurpateur en herbe,  
Dit en prémeditant le trône :—C'est superbe !  
On est le maître ; on a le budget plein les mains ;  
Le prince resplendit, regardé des humains,  
Au-dessus de la terre ; il est dans la comète !  
Vite, ôte-toi de là, petit, que je m'y mette !—  
C'est bon, j'ai pris la place, et je régné. A quel prix !

Les vastes battements du céramonial ;  
Beaucoup d'enterrement mêlé d'un peu de bal ;  
Le rang suprême, un mot ; le pouvoir, un problème ;  
Ne jamais être sûr qu'une femme vous aime,  
Voilà ce qu'on usurpe, ami.—Si j'avais su !

\* Victor Hugo. *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*. Paris : J. Hetzel ; A. Quantin.



As the result partly of this particular mood, partly of what a contemporary critic has aptly described as his perverse corruption, Gallus's present design is to find an innocent and charming girl, and watch her progress to evil. The speech in which he avows this intention is charged with the same terse cynicism which is apparent in the curiously accurate description of his own character from which we have just given an extract. It presently appears that Gallus has a rival already, in the person of George, the nephew before referred to, whose only doubt as to the success of his suit arises from his belief that he is of plebeian, while Nella is of patrician, birth. There is a charming love-scene between the two, marred only by one touch of self-conscious prudery on her part which is essentially French; and then Gallus proceeds to pay his court to Nella, and to be repulsed by her with admirable simplicity and wit. Finally, Nella orders him out of the house; and almost at the same moment George and Nella's father, Baron d'Holburg, whom political pressure has reduced to his humble state, appear on the scene. Gallus warns the father of the courtship carried on clandestinely by George, who at last turns on him with a speech ending

Tu te rétracteras syllabe par syllabe !  
Ton nom ?

I.E. DUC GALLUS.

Je suis Gallus, landgrave de Souabe,  
Le frère du feu duc régnant George premier.  
L'aigle à deux têtes prend son vol sur mon cimier.  
L'Allemagne n'a pas de famille plus grande.

Il salue profondément le baron.

Et, monsieur le baron d'Holburg, je vous demande  
En mariage ici votre fille Nella,  
Pour mon neveu le duc George deux.

Montrant George.

Que voilà !

There is one very happy touch in the course of Gallus's vain attempt to win Nella for himself when he, as if by accident, lets his coat fall open, and displays his orders :—

NELLA.

Monsieur, si vous croyez me faire de l'effet  
Parce que vous ouvrez votre habit de manière  
A montrer un crachat sous votre boutonnière,  
Et dans votre gilet le coin d'un cordon bleu,  
Vous vous trompez.

Then, showing him a full-length portrait of a field-marshal covered with decorations, she adds, "Voici mon grand-père." Here there is, it seems to us, a curious instance of that dramatic *flair*, which, combined of course with far greater qualities, has availed to make of so ludicrously constructed a play as *Hernani* a drama which is notwithstanding so admirably effective. Along with this dramatic instinct we find in *Marguerite*, as the first play in "Le Livre Dramatique" is headed, numberless beauties of insight and description which it is impossible to do more than briefly refer to.

In the second drama, which is called generally *Esca*, and is subdivided into *Lison* and *La Marquise Zabeth*, we have Gallus still on his strange quest, which in this instance, in one sense at least, is more successful than the former one. This time he comes in the forest upon a clever and fascinating peasant girl named Lison. She is an orphan and penniless, and is betrothed to the comparatively rich husbandman Harou, for whom, however, she has no real love. She is of a fantastic and romantic turn of mind, has dreams of luxury and splendour, and cherishes the notion of the sudden appearance of a fairy prince to save her from her fate. As she prepares her bridal toilet she reflects that

L'œil est d'autant plus doux que la main est plus blanche,  
L'amour, dit l'Amadis de Monsieur de Tressan,  
C'est la vie. Et je hais le parler paysan.  
Ouvrière. Orpheline. Oh ! je songe, et Dieu laisse  
Entrer dans mon œil trouble un regard de duchesse.  
Et j'ai des visions folles, plaire, charmer,  
Être libre, être belle, être adorée ! Aimer !

The chance quickly comes of realizing some of these visions. Gallus is on the watch, and so arranges matters that Lison finds herself actually living in her dream of the fairy prince, with luxuries and splendours rising as if by enchantment around her. The prince himself, however, though brilliant enough—she takes him at first for Satan—is not young. At the end of the act she makes her choice between Harou's reeking cart and Gallus's magnificent chariot. "Mais," she asks as it comes on the stage, "à qui donc ce carrosse ?"

GALLUS.

A vous.

LISON.

A moi !

Le carrosse s'arrête. Gunich ouvre la portière. Gallus abat le  
marche-pied et y fait monter Lise éperdue.

GALLUS.

Viens ! c'est . . . ta voiture de noce !

In the second act Lison, now known as *La Marquise Zabeth*, is installed in a splendid house in Paris. She has crowds of real or pretended admirers, some of whose slighting phrases concerning herself she overhears from time to time and notes with a marked eagerness. Gallus meanwhile occupies himself in devising every kind of scheme for her gratification, but carefully avoids letting her know that he is so employed, and with practised cynicism denies to Gunich the imputation of having allowed his heart to be really touched by his new acquisition. In the end Zabeth dismisses the crowd of fops who flutter about her, and, left alone with

Gallus, lets loose her passionate misery in one of the finest dramatic speeches that M. Hugo has ever written. It is, unhappily, too long for quotation in its entirety. She ends, having drawn a picture of what her life is and what it might have been, with the words :—

Vous étiez prince et vieux, deux choses que je hais,  
Eh bien, pourtant, peut-être, hélas ! nos vains souhaits  
Gardent au fond de l'ombre une porte fermée,  
Je vous aurais aimé si vous m'aviez aimée !

GALLUS.

Mais—

ZABETH.

C'est fini. Silence ! Avoir rêvé le ciel,  
Et s'éveiller avec l'arrière-goût du ciel,  
Et de tous les affronts sentir qu'on est la cible !  
Hélas ! vous m'avez fait le cœur noir et terrible,  
Soyez maudit.

Then, before Gallus can prevent it, she poisons herself with a ring that she has filched from him.

GALLUS.

Ciel ! mais c'est un poison ! la mort terrible et prompt !

ZABETH.

Boire la mort n'est rien quand on a bu la honte.

Elle s'affaisse sur un fauteuil.

Adieu ! je prends mon vol, triste oiseau des forêts.  
Personne ne m'aima. Je meurs.

Elle expire.

GALLUS.

Se jetant à ses pieds.  
Je t'adorais !

It is, of course, impossible by means of comments and extracts to do anything like justice to the deep and fine impression produced by the play, which has, it may be mentioned in passing, a curious likeness to Musset's best work. The names of two players at the Théâtre Français who might give it admirable interpretation on the stage may probably occur to many readers. That it is admirably fitted for stage representation—with, of course, some trifling alterations—will be obvious to any one who takes the trouble to consider the matter.

We have left ourselves comparatively little room wherein to speak of "Le Livre Lyrique" and "Le Livre Epique." The former is as full of beauty, tenderness, and imagination as any of the poet's former work in the same direction. One extract, however, must suffice :—

Un hymne harmonieux sort des fouilles du tremble ;  
Les voyageurs craintifs, qui vont la nuit ensemble,  
Hautent la voix dans l'ombre où l'on doit se hâter.  
Laissez tout ce qui tremble  
Chanter.

Les marins fatigués sommeillent sur le gouffre.  
La mer bleue ou Vésuve épand ses flots de souffre  
Se tait, dès qu'il s'éteint, et cesse de gémir.  
Laissez tout ce qui souffre  
Dormir.

Quand la vie est mauvaise on la rêve meilleure ;  
Des yeux en pleurs au ciel se lèvent à toute heure ;  
L'espoir vers Dieu se tourne et Dieu l'entend crier.  
Laissez tout ce qui pleure  
Prier.

C'est pour renaitre ailleurs qu'ici-bas on succombe,  
Tout ce qui tourbillonne appartient à la tombe.  
Il faut dans le grand tout tôt ou tard s'absorber.  
Laissez tout ce qui tombe  
Tomber !

To the splendid conception and execution of "Le Livre Epique" it is quite impossible to give anything like an adequate notion within our limits. The daring idea of the midnight march of the three statues, headed by that of Henri Quatre, is just such an idea as M. Hugo alone of living poets can handle with the power and, in some sense, the restraint necessary. In his estimate of the characters of the dead kings he is, it need hardly be said, completely unfettered by purely historical considerations. But that is no check upon the tremendous swing and force of the verse that carry the reader completely away, and make him see before his eyes the terrible ride that the poet describes. We are tempted to quote the terse and dramatic conclusion of this fine work; but it is perhaps best that readers should know it either in its entirety or not at all.

#### CORAL ISLANDS.\*

MR. COOPER'S *Coral Islands* is a most pleasing book, written with vivacity without flippancy, and equally interesting to the ethnologist, the capitalist, and the general reader who only wants to be amused. The author has lived for some years among the innumerable islands of the Pacific, in the middle of a mixed world of trade, lotus-eating, cannibalism, and orthodox dissent. He is convinced that the "Anglo-Saxon" has a great work to do in the Pacific Islands, and that the capitalist will eventually find there particularly excellent business. Yet, though he has a noble eye for the main chance, Mr. Cooper is not one of those irritating colonists who think that the chief end of the white man is to make money in a hurry, and the chief end of men, not white, to be used up as "labour" in the process. He is entirely on the side of Sir

\* *Coral Islands*. By H. Stonehewer Cooper. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

Arthur Gordon and his policy in the Pacific—a policy which, if successful, will enable the native races to escape slavery on one side, and the fate of the Red Indians and Australians on the other. Mr. Cooper knows that his defence of the Governor of Fiji will irritate many personal friends of his among the planters. But he has seen both sides of the question, has estimated the interests concerned, and seems to have no doubt that the policy of governing as if coloured races had a right to exist in their own islands is the wise and just one.

Mr. Cooper is not a professed ethnologist, and much of his information about the past of the half-civilized races, and about their traditions and religion, he borrows from Ellis, Mariner, and others. But his testimony as to the actual condition of the lower races is authentic and at first hand. He follows Mr. Whitmee, a missionary, in his division of the peoples of the Polynesian Islands into three stocks. First we have the Papuans, "a black, frizzly-haired people, who are the lowest type of humanity in existence." We do not think the Papuans are quite so low. Regnard says that, next to the monkey, the Laplander is the animal which most nearly approaches man. Papuans seem a better developed set of people than Laplanders. Mr. Cooper says the Papuans "possess few of the traditions, poems, and songs common to many barbarous races." But Mr. Codrington has lately published many very valuable examples of traditions from the Melanesian Group, where the people, on the whole, are Papuan. Wherever one finds Papuans they are more or less mixed with a "large, brown, straight-haired people," especially in the Fiji group, which is minutely described in Mr. Cooper's work. The large, brown, straight-haired people Mr. Whitmee calls "Sawaioi," a word made up out of a syllable each from Samoa, Hawaii, and Maori. The Sawaioi are very polite, and much given to ceremonial. The chiefs, like the blessed gods in Homer, speak a language different from that of ordinary mortals. "In Samoa there are four different words for 'to come,' appropriated to four grades of people—*sau* for a common man; *makin mai* for a person of respectability; *susu mai* for a titled chief; and *afio mai* for a member of the royal family." The third of Mr. Cooper's and Mr. Whitmee's races is styled Tarapon, and its members are brown in colour, but smaller than the Sawaiois. They chiefly inhabit the Gilbert and Caroline groups. Mr. Whitmee thinks that the ancestors of all these peoples originally lived together in the isles of the Indian Archipelago. But to consider this would be to consider too curiously.

The Pacific Islands are no longer very distant from civilized lands. A run of seven days brings one from San Francisco to Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian kingdom. Some American missionaries first tried to Christianize the Hawaiians; but Kamehameha ordered them to throw themselves from a mountain peak as a test of the divinity of their message. This was illogical, for the truth of a string of metaphysical propositions cannot be tested by jumping off a rock. The American missionaries, therefore, declined to jump, and Hawaii remained heathen. As we all know, Kalakua is now king, and he has an army of no fewer than two hundred efficient soldiers, armed with the Remington breechloader. We must, therefore, try to avoid quarrels with Hawaii, as they could only end in object apologies on our part. The Hawaiians, like the Boers, are averse to labour, and import Chinese coolies, who have no reason to complain of their wages or their lot.

The Fiji Group is much more important, and Mr. Cooper believes that it will prove a most valuable possession. Viti Levu, the largest island, is larger than Cyprus, and even the second island is ten times as big as Barbadoes, while the whole area of the isles is greater than that of the British West Indies. Fiji was ceded to England by the desire of Cacobau the king, or one of the kings, and Maafu, "the Bismarck of the Pacific," in 1874. The natives have not yet insisted on its being restored, so it still remains a jewel in the British crown. Cacobau had various reasons for giving up his sceptre; the chief, perhaps, was that the Americans had established an ingenious claim against him, a claim, according to our Commissioners, "unfairly made and unfairly pressed, and which has led to speculations of a questionable character." The speculators were natives of Melbourne. The white settlers in Fiji were also anxious for annexation, though, now they have got it, many of them do not like it. The introduction of measles in 1875 by her Majesty's ship *Dido* was an act of atrocious carelessness, which produced the most miserable results. In 1876 there was a "final cannibal outbreak," the conservative highland tribes attacking and eating a number of native Christians. Mr. Cooper takes a sanguine view of the future of civilization and of Christianity in Fiji. If the recent accounts of a massacre by Christians be correct, we may have reason to fear lest the natives, like the Boers and the Maoris, should exclusively adopt the early Hebrew theory of the duty of massacre. Levuka, the capital of Fiji, has made great strides in civilization, and possesses a cricket-ground and a School Board. There is also a "Temperance Hall," but rigid abstainers are still in a minority. One Fijian chief boasts that he drinks a bottle of brandy every day, which, in a hot climate, seems to approach excess. Another commonly manages two bottles of gin, which he drinks out of a cocoa-nut shell. And yet the native population of Fiji is not increasing. Chickens and turkeys and beef are cheap. In Levuka mullets are killed, we regret to say, by dynamite. But the great charm of Levuka, after the pools beneath the waterfalls where people bathe, is the entire absence of tall hats. There is not one in the colony, and the only specimen was pitched into the sea.

Fijian and Samoan legends of the Creation are very much like our own. They have the Flood, Cain and Abel, and so forth. Mr. Cooper is half tempted to see in these traditions some faint remains of Hebrew influence. But, as the stories are common to almost all known races, it seems safer not to speculate on the influence of the Mosaic history. Among the sacred stones, as common in Fiji as in ancient Greece, was one which always had a little pebble when any woman of rank was confined in the Fijian capital. The mother-stone was taken away when Christianity was introduced, but the pebbles remain to testify to the thing.

So much has been written lately about Fijian cannibalism by Miss Gordon Cumming and others that we need not quote Mr. Cooper's account of revolting practices. He himself dislikes the topic. He gives a very amusing description (vol. i. p. 96) of the want of rancour displayed by warlike Fijians. "I tried to shoot you," one of them said to Mr. Harding, speaking of a battle, "but you put a revolver bullet through my hand. My brother shot you in the breast, and then you shot him with your little gun between the eyes. . . . You killed my uncle, but my cousin put a bullet through your shirt." The Fijians, like other southern people, are supposed to use poisoned arrows in war, and they certainly do their best to venom their arrow-heads, which are usually made of sharp human bones. But the experiment of inoculating rabbits and other animals with the poisons used has been tried, and the results seem to show that these are not really efficacious. If a native has been hit by the arrow of a man who has *mana*, or magical power, he gives himself up for lost, and dies accordingly.

The "labour question" and the question of taxation are the great practical problems of Fijian life. It is not easy to ascertain how far "blackbirding" or cooley-stealing prevailed before the annexation. Mr. Cooper's own accounts of the matter seem rather inconsistent. At present the Governor does his best to secure the return of imported labourers to their homes when their term has expired. Mr. Cooper thinks that these half-civilized returned emigrants raise the moral tone of their neighbours. It is certain that the Solomon Islanders seem to have become rather more than less savage during recent years. An amusing story is told of an imported Polynesian nurse who returned to her own people after she had served her time. A "recruiting agent" met her, and asked her if she would return to Fiji.

"Well," said the girl, "I like it, but I don't know if my pa will let me go."

"Oh, I see the old folk live here, eh?"

"My pa live here, but ma's dead."

"Oh, how did the old lady die?"

"Gentleman come visiting, and pa get jealous; so he fight and kill ma, then he put her in a *lovo* (or oven) and pa and his friends eat poor ma all up."

The Fijians are at present obliged to pay their taxes either in labour or in kind. This plan does not at all suit the white planters. The natives can only get money by working for the planters, and, if they were obliged to pay taxes in money, for the planters they would be compelled to work. Now the article of commerce known as copra was, according to Sir Arthur Gordon, sold to Government by traders at 10*s.* 10*s.* 6*d.* a ton. For the same article traders paid natives 5*s.* a ton. Thus, if the native is taxed ten shillings worth of copra annually, he has only to pay 10*s.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; but, if he had to pay ten shillings in money, he would have to sell 22*½* lbs. to the trader to raise his half-sovereign. So far, then, the native has the better of the bargain under the present system. A planter admitted to Sir Arthur Gordon that the natives "are very much better off than they were three years ago; but he added that this was by no means an advantage to the planter, whose difficulties in obtaining labour were thereby materially increased." It may be inferred that Sir Arthur Gordon is regarded as a pulsing humanitarian by the majority of planters. But Mr. Cooper entirely approves of his policy, as a consequence of which, he says, Polynesian labourers are now flocking to Fiji, a country which they previously distrusted.

Mr. Cooper gives a long list of Fijian products, and a business-like appendix with a tariff of customs. In his opinion the islands offer a great field for capital. "What Fiji requires is, in fact, an aristocracy of planters, who will add to a very natural desire to create a competence a keen sense of responsibility to all around, whether white or coloured." Working-men and City clerks are not wanted; the latter are "a nuisance in Fiji." Men should have, at the very least, a capital of three or four hundred pounds. From personal knowledge of the subject, we can say that a small capital and a stout heart did not by any means lead to wealth in the earlier and more unsettled days of Fiji. Things may be improving, doubtless are improving; and Mr. Cooper writes:—"I am inclined to think that there is no colony of the British Empire where a young man, coupling a reasonable amount of brains with a moderate capital, can so easily secure a competence as in Fiji." Mr. Cooper adds plenty of practical hints for emigrants. The rest of his book—his account of beach-combers, pirates, of the pearl-fisheries, of the monuments on Easter Island—is as entertaining as his chapters on Fiji are instructive.

## MY SISTER THE ACTRESS.\*

THE duties of a reviewer of novels are not always disagreeable. He occasionally meets with works worth reading, and then to give short accounts of the leading points of the stories, so as to excite the reader's curiosity without allowing it to be gratified until he shall have procured and read the books for himself, is pleasant work enough. There is also a pleasure in giving a few well-selected and amusing extracts, which shall keep the anxious reader's mind from starving until he may succeed in getting the novel from the circulating libraries; and there is an art which, if not easy, is decidedly agreeable, in writing an article that shall tell readers enough of a book to enable them to talk about it without spoiling their interest in reading it for themselves. It is always pleasanter, moreover, to praise than to blame, and a critic who says a good word for a book has the double satisfaction of reflecting that he has done a service both to the author and to the herd of readers who are always wanting to know of some book worth sending for. There would be no use in disguising the fact that there is also some pleasure to be derived from reviewing an exceedingly foolish book. There are novels published in these days containing such surpassing nonsense that they amuse by their very absurdity, and, if not witty in themselves, they become the cause of wit in others. Unfortunately there are other novels which come under neither of these descriptions. There is one kind especially which it is neither pleasant to read nor to review. This is the thoroughly vulgar novel. In some instances novels of this sort are decidedly clever and provokingly amusing. There are many passages, for example, in *Soapy Sponge* and *Plain or Ringlets* which can scarcely fail to amuse, although they may irritate. But there are novels which are both vulgar and weak, irritating and dull.

On the fourth page of the first volume of the book before us we read that "it is so difficult to be vulgar when you never open your mouth." We beg to differ. There are people who find it exceedingly easy to be vulgar with closed mouths, when they have pens in their hands. Of all kinds of vulgarity, that connected with chambers of death and funerals is to our thinking the most nauseating. In the fourth and fifth chapters of the book under notice there are descriptions of a most unpleasant death-scene, the preparations for a funeral, the visits of friends to the laid-out body, the carrying of the coffin downstairs, the assembling of the mourners for the funeral, the summoning of the bearers, the carrying of the body out of the house, and the marshalling of the party into the mourning coaches. We read of "a faint pervading odour of eau de Cologne," of "deep erape veils," of a "buxom widow" "decorously draped in the deepest mourning," of "the coffin with its silent inmate," of the "marble image," "the Silent Presence," and "the funeral guests." We were almost tempted to think as we finished the fifth chapter that *My Brother the Undertaker* would have been a more suitable title for the book than *My Sister the Actress*. We are bound to say that there is nothing more about funerals in the succeeding chapters, and we were not without a certain feeling of relief when the heroine's mother, who is spoken of as "the sick lady," died, and had the advantage of a respectable funeral. Unfortunately she leaves a sister behind her, a woman who had a "gushing, affectionate heart," as well as several other relations whom the author might with advantage have buried decently in the early chapters while in a burying humour.

The heroine is, of course, my sister the actress, who performs some of those noble actions which it is so easy to make heroines perform in a novel. She marries the right man at last, although she treats him in rather a scurvvy manner in the second volume. At one time she falls deeply in love with a "beautiful man," who is "as handsome as a star," and "looks as if he had just stepped from his bath perfumed and anointed, and put on everything fresh and clean." This beautiful man's "arm steals round her lissom waist," when she gently remonstrates with "Pray don't! Indeed you mustn't." After this backstairs sort of scramble there is no saying what might have happened if the perfumed and anointed beauty had not bolted with the bosom friend of the lissom waister. The accounts of the heroine's attacks of love-sickness—for they deserve no higher name—read very like descriptions of indigestion. In chapter ix. we find her "lying on her bed, face downwards, with a vast new feeling pervading her breast." The idea of a vast new feeling pervading the breast is sufficiently horrible, but we pity the heroine still more when we read that "there is a hard lump in her throat" "and a heavy weight upon her bosom." Her affection for the young man who looked as if he had just stepped from his bath attained to such a pitch at one time that we are told she had a "heart welling over with love" for him. When her pericardium is in this overcharged condition she is apt to be violent, for we read that "she flings herself into his arms with a passionate gesture." Although we are told most about her bosom, her breast, and her heart, we are informed, in the early part of the first volume, that she also had a brain. One of her friends describes her as "disgustingly clever," and she takes five prizes on one day at school, or rather at "college." English grammar must have been rather neglected at this college, for the five-prize-taker says to a friend, "Surely you will never marry him—not if you hate him"; to another person she says "Never you mind"; and she has a charming sister who says "I couldn't, not now."

\* *My Sister the Actress*. A Novel. By Florence Maryat (Mrs. Francis Lean), Author of "Love's Conflict," &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1881.

\* While the heroine is deeply in love with the anointed beauty, she accords some minor attentions to a gentleman to whom she is engaged to be married; indeed, in one place we read that "she takes, at this juncture, almost to courting" him; although at other junctures she flirts outrageously with the anointed one, and she "cogitates earnestly with her heart what to say to him next." Her love passages with the man whom she eventually marries remind one of that peculiar social arrangement known to servants as "keeping company." She was not particularly in love with him, but she walked regularly with him in Hyde Park, and he was allowed to consider her to a great extent his own property; but she was much relieved when something happened to save her for a time from listening, "with a callous ear to his long-winded tale of love," and from being "called upon to give him kisses on demand, or to sit close to him on a sofa and pretend to like it." The youth who tells the long-winded love tales is the son and heir of a baronet, but he astonishes us by telling the heroine when he meets her accidentally in the country that his "father's seat" is only three miles off. Hitherto, we have never enjoyed the felicity of knowing any young men who talked about their "father's seats," but on this point the author has the advantage of us. The happy youth had a very prudish old grandmother. We were prepared for any amount of stiffness and primness in this old lady, and were consequently not a little surprised when, talking of evening dresses, she asked what she called her favourite riddle. "When is a lady not a lady? When she is a little bear!" It will be perceived that even the Grundism of these volumes is peculiar; but then all the characters in the book are quite different from what the author calls "the *oi polloi*." Even their surroundings are not as those of other mortals. We are told of "a bright May day, warm, sunny, and perfumed." We confess that we are not æsthetic enough to wish for a perfumed day. Hitherto, indeed, we have never experienced one; but we remember once reading in *Punch* of a barber out on a holiday, who told his wife that the scent of the wild flowers reminded him "of the most delicious 'air-oil'." A large proportion of the characters in this novel are the kind of people whom one would expect to be redolent of peppermint and patchouli, and their days would probably be perfumed in that sense of the word. It is satisfactory to read of mansions "replete with every luxury, and provided with an ample retinue of servants," but one cannot help wondering what manner of people speak after this fashion. Perhaps this sort of fine language may be common among "an ample retinue of servants." We do not think it necessary that we should give a sketch of the plot of the story. It will be perceived that we have refrained from offering any criticism on the book, as we have thought it sufficient to point out what seem to us to be its leading characteristics. We cannot pretend to say whether *My Sister the Actress* will be much read. In these days there appear to be people who will read any description of rubbish.

## WARD AND LOCK'S ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.\*

THE now forgotten Etymological Dictionary by "N. Bailey, Φιλόλογος," which long held its place as the guide and instructor of intelligent country squires, states on its title-page that it has been "compiled and methodically digested, as well for the Entertainment of the Curious as the Information of the Ignorant, and for the Benefit of young Students, Artificers, Tradesmen, and Foreigners, who are desirous thoroughly to understand what they speak, read, or write." Messrs. Ward and Lock have evidently aspired to bring out a new Bailey, "a Popular and Comprehensive Guide to the Pronunciation, Parts of Speech, Meaning, and Etymology of all Words—Ordinary, Scientific, and Technological—now in General Use." They have not indeed, in emulation of Bailey, undertaken to give "our most common Proverbs, with their Explanation," but in exchange—an ill exchange, as some may think—they have given interpretations of the penny-a-liner's favourite scraps of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. This part of the book we own that we wish away. We "hold that man the worst of public foes"—from a philologist's point of view—who does anything to encourage the spread of that polyglot jargon which is so dear to the London correspondents of country newspapers and to the authors employed by enterprising cheap tailors. But letting this pass for the moment, we are glad to see the appearance of this etymological Dictionary. It is a sign of a healthy state of things when "young Students, Artificers, Tradesmen" are desirous thoroughly to understand what they speak, read, or write. It is a good sign too, when the average Englishman, for whom Messrs. Ward and Lock's cheap publications are intended, takes sufficient interest in his own language to care about its etymology. And as far as we have been able to test it, the guide now offered to him is a fairly trustworthy one—why by the way could not the author of the pre-

\* *Ward and Lock's Standard Etymological Dictionary of the English Language: a Popular and Comprehensive Guide to the Pronunciation, Parts of Speech, Meanings, and Etymology of all Words—Ordinary, Scientific, and Technological—now in General Use*. With an Appendix, comprising I. Abbreviations used in Writing and Printing. II. A Brief Classical Dictionary, comprising the Principal Deities, Heroes, Notable Men and Women, &c., of Greek and Roman Mythology. III. Letters: how to Begin, End, and Address them. IV. Words, Phrases, and Proverbs from the Latin, frequently used in Writing and Speaking. V. Words, Phrases, and Proverbs from the French, with English Translations. VI. Words, Phrases, and Proverbs from the Italian and Spanish, with English Translations. With 500 Illustrations, illustrative of Various Words, Names, and Processes. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

face have contented himself with the good word *trustworthy* instead of the barbarous *reliable*? There is of course much that is open to criticism; for the matter of that, etymology is a growing and still imperfectly understood science, and the utmost that can as yet be said of any etymological dictionary is that it contains fewer errors than its predecessors. When the long-promised dictionary which is to be the result of the labours of the Philological Society appears, we may hope, not indeed to arrive at perfect knowledge, but to know all that is to be known at the time on the subject. Meanwhile we have nothing which holds an equal place with Littré's great work. We cannot go the length of saying that the book before us is even as good a compilation as could possibly be made. Except in some few happy instances, popular works lag some little way behind the point attained by the foremost scholars, and this Dictionary is not altogether an exception to the rule. "Reference," the compiler tells us, "has been made to all the best English Dictionaries of modern times, including those of Webster, Worcester, Ogilvie, and many others that are generally accepted as reliable authorities"; but we see no traces of acquaintance with Littré and Brachet, whose dictionaries should, of course, have been consulted for all words derived from or akin to French. In short, we do not consider this a first-rate work; but it is a fair performance of the second class, and—which, after all, is considerable praise—will do more good than harm.

Our criticisms begin with the wish that Messrs. Ward and Lock could, consistently with cheapness and profit, allow their readers a larger, or at least a blacker and less crowded type. Learning is most excellent; but short sight is, as the Germans are beginning to feel, a heavy price to pay for it. As however we have already lifted up our voice with reference to the same firm's reprint of Cobbett's Grammar, we say no more. The "Introductory Remarks" of the compiler next engage our attention. He judiciously disclaims any intention of asserting that his work

embraces within its pages every word that may be introduced into a so-called English Dictionary; for it is possible to swell the bulk of a work of this kind to almost any extent by bringing in words which are nothing more than words from ancient and modern languages in an Anglicised form, which are useless in themselves, inasmuch as they are not in use at all, and in all probability never will be.

With this remark any one will agree who knows the multitude of "inkhorn terms" with which Bailey and others of his class swelled out their works, and which have been slavishly copied by one compiler after another. The claim of the present work is that "it contains every word whose meaning it is necessary that a well-read and well-educated Englishman should know," which is perhaps rather too strong an assertion on the part of a book which confines itself to "terms now in general use." The well-educated Englishman should be familiar with the Bible and Prayer-book use of "*prevent*," as in the collect, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings," or in the Epistle to the Thessalonians, "we which . . . remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep." "Anticipate," the explanation here given, hardly expresses its full meaning. He should know that *riches* was originally a singular noun, so that he may not blame the Revisers of the New Testament, as we have lately seen them blamed, for retaining in Colossians i. 27, "To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery." *Teen* (sorrow), as a Shakspearian word, should have a place in his Dictionary. Here we only find the colloquial sense of "Teens, years between twelve and twenty." Of course there are dangers on the other side. It was doubtless by referring to some dictionary which gave only the archaic sense of *teen* that some ingenious Frenchman was led to translate the opening words of *Vanity Fair*, "The present century was in its teens," as "*le siècle était dans les larmes*." *Terrier* should be given in its legal as well as its canine sense; and *barb*, meaning a Barbary horse, should not have been left out. As it is, the inquirer who is curious as to the nature of the gallant barbs which appear in company with the heroes of Scott and Byron, has to take his choice among the "beard or something resembling it," arrow-heads, fish-hooks, and horse-trappings.

The Introduction, from which we have already quoted, contains some useful grammatical notes. It would, however, have been better to describe the indefinite article *a* as a contraction of the original *an*. To repeat the statement of the old grammars that "*an* is used for euphony," &c., confirms the common and erroneous impression that *a* has been lengthened into *an*, instead of *an* being shortened into *a*. Strong and weak verbs should also have been explained; the compiler is content with the old notions of regular and irregular. In the matter of etymology the plan followed has been "that of giving one, two, or more words to which each English word can be positively traced, or from which, by reason of its apparent affinity, it may fairly be supposed to be derived." The compiler adds that in some cases "the derivations given are intended merely as being suggestive." For a popular work it would, we think, have been a better plan, in the case of words coming direct from the Old-English or "Anglo-Saxon," to have given the earliest form, without encumbering the learner with German, Dutch, Latin, or Greek cognates, and to have shown the stages by which it passed into its present form. The tendency of the plan actually followed will be, we fear, to confirm the learner in the common notion that modern English is as nearly related to German, Dutch, or even French, as it is to "Anglo-Saxon." The one thing that ought to be got into people's heads, if possible, is that modern English is simply "Anglo-Saxon" in a later stage of growth. Glancing over the

etymology, we note that in one or two cases the actual parent of the word under consideration has been omitted, though the more remote ancestor is named. The Latin *albus* is given as the source of *albino*, without any mention of its immediate Spanish or Portuguese origin. So *amour* is assigned to *amor*, without any hint that it is pure French, and only Latin at second-hand. *Introit* should have had its direct origin, the Latin *introitus*, acknowledged, before it was analysed into *intro*, *itum*, and *eo*. We doubt whether *ancient*, in the senses of flag and flag-bearer, should be traced to *ancien* and *antiquus*. It is more probably a corrupt form of *ensign*. The common derivation, here adopted, of *antimony* from *anti-moine*, because some unspecified monks were poisoned by it, has a very apocryphal sound. It would have been better to derive it from the barbarous Latin *antimonium*, which Littré has traced to Arabic and Greek sources. Littré should also have been consulted for the etymology of *albatross*, *arsenal*, *bastard*, *carcanet*, and *escort*. The last, which is here assigned to the Latin *cohors*, really comes, through the Italian *scorta* and *scorgere*, from *ex-corrigere*, to direct. *Capetan* is rightly traced through the French to the Latin *capra*; but it should have been explained that *capra* is to be understood as an engine, not literally as a goat. On the other hand, the compiler has been wise in placing *lark*, a frolic, in connexion with *lark*, a bird, instead of following those who attempt to trace it to the Old-English *læcan*, to play, which lives in the North-country dialects as *layke*. Attractive as this etymology is, it seems very doubtful whether it can be justified on any sound principle. Why under the head *Ban-dog* the reader should be referred to *Ban* we cannot tell, as none of the meanings assigned to that word have any obvious connexion with a dog. At the same time it must be admitted that the more usual explanation of *Ban-dog*, *quasi band-dog*, i.e. dog tied up, is not very satisfactory. We must give the compiler due praise for explaining *decimate*, *dilapidate*, and *oration* accurately; and his interpretation of *transpired* in the figurative sense as "become known or public," is a fair one, though the Johnsonian interpretation, "to escape from secrecy to notice," would have been preferable. Our modern newspaper-writers have quite forgotten that the idea of escaping, exhaling, oozing out as it were, is conveyed by this word; and a witness cannot so much as give his name and address without its being reported that "it transpired" that his name was John Smith of such and such a place. English usage must, we suppose, excuse *forte* and *morale*, though a Frenchman would write *fort* and *moral*—that is, if he was speaking of the *moral* of an army. "Moral condition; mental state, as of men, especially in time of trial," is the explanation here given. This is properly *la moral*; *la morale* being morality, which is a different thing. In the phrase "on the tapis" it would have been well to explain that *tapis* here means a carpet in the sense of a table-cloth, not of a floor-cloth. *Enceinte* is oddly described as "the projecting part of any system of fortification"; perhaps *surrounding* was meant, though even this would not make much sense. *Cap-à-pie* is given twice over, once in the English part, where it is in its place as an English idiom taken from old French, and again in the glossary of avowedly French phrases, where it should have been noted that modern French usage demands *de pied en cap*. But this glossary altogether requires correction, for we find in it *A l'outrance*, *C'est en fait de lui*, *Coûte qui coûte*, *Le mot d'énigme*, and that barbarous piece of English-French, *double-entendre*. By what rule it has been settled that one thing is French and another is English we cannot make out. *Hors de combat* is placed among English words, while *peine forte et dure*, which has at least an English history, is relegated to the French glossary. It is as well that in this latter part the compiler has abandoned the attempt to teach pronunciation, though in the body of the work he does his best, with but moderate success. *Any-bow-prow* does not seem very happily to represent the sound of *emboupoint*, nor *hor de kong'bar* of *hors de combat*. In the cases of *abbé* and *employé* the learner might have had a better chance if the words had been printed with their accents. To come to an English word, it would not have struck us that *A-gam* conveyed the proper sound of *agone*, but we admit that we have not heard the word used in ordinary conversation. At any rate, we part in charity from the compiler, seeing that he has been careful to mark the proper sound of the *wh* in *what* and *where*.

#### VOLCANOES.\*

PROFESSOR JUDD modestly announces himself in the preface to his present excellent work as the scientific executor of the late Mr. Poulett Scrope in carrying forward the knowledge and investigation of the subject to which that eminent geologist devoted so much of his life. Many years have elapsed since Scrope's death, and since he worked and wrote much has been done to enlarge and confirm the basis of facts and observations upon which must rest any true theory of volcanic action and of the cognate phenomena of earthquakes. Very extensive additions have been made to the relative geographical information by ascertaining the position and mutual bearings of active volcanoes in all regions of the globe, the number of which, and of what may be called semi-volcanic districts, is far greater than was formerly supposed. A more precise and differential examination

\* *Volcanoes: What they Are and What they Teach*. By John W. Judd, F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the Royal School of Mines. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.



has been made of the various rocks and minerals which are the slow results or immediate products of volcanic energy, and these are now better understood and more correctly classified than was formerly the case. Chemical analysis and microscopic work have also contributed to an improved knowledge of their real constitution and of the probable conditions under which they have been evolved and have assumed their present aspects. The latest instrument of research, the spectroscope, has lent its aid, and assisted in the comparison between what is actually going on in the interior of and upon the surface of our own planet, and what has been or is being transacted in the sun and other bodies of the great system to which the earth belongs. Above all, the history of the past has been carefully looked up, read, and digested, so as to explain much of what would be inexplicable, if attention were only directed to modern or recent exhibitions of volcanic action. In this, as in other departments of physical science, the immense advantage is to be noted of a concentrated attack by different branches of the service, so to speak, belonging to the powerful army now enlisted in that great warfare in which the conquest of truth is the only glory and the annexation of fresh facts and of more extended inductions is the most coveted prize.

It is nearly a century since Spallanzani visited and described the volcanoes of Italy, and these have since engaged the attention of other eminent men; but it was not until the year 1826 that Scrope's well-known treatise gave the first systematic view of the subject. It was Spallanzani who pointed out that the nature of volcanic action remains the same, however much its intensity may vary from time to time; and if this is accepted as a central truth, a great advance will be made in the facility of grouping around it many phenomena which otherwise might seem to be at variance with each other, and indeed not to belong to the same order of things. All subsequent discovery and reflection have tended to confirm this axiom. Stromboli has for the whole historical period of two thousand years been in a state of constant activity, but has never broken out into the violent eruptions which have distinguished Vesuvius and Etna, nor has it ever relapsed into absolute quiescence or extinction. Its accessible position and comparatively tranquil behaviour have always made it a desirable spot for the study of volcanic life. There may be seen all the familiar sights and sounds of the volcano; the crater and the lava stream, the ejected showers of molten rock, assuming the form of scoriam as they cool in falling, and the enormous evolution of steam, which forms the huge masses of so-called smoke which hang over a volcano during eruption, and is the most probable source of the vast mechanical power which lifts the column of fused mineral matter from its subterranean reservoir and drives it over the lips of the brimming cup. Thence it runs down the sides of the mountain within which it has risen, still apparently smoking and bursting with included steam, to ravage the neighbourhood, to be the terror of the day, and to become in after ages the instruction and wonder of the future geologist, under the form of a basalt, a trachyte, or of some other plutonic rock.

The general history of the volcanic centres which have been most under observation tends to show that long periods of inactivity are followed by eruptions of long duration or of great violence, and the reverse. Feeble and brief eruptions succeed at short intervals; and, as a rule, the violence of a great eruption is inversely proportional to its duration. This sort of intermittent action obviously resembles that of the Geyser springs in Iceland and elsewhere, which may fairly be described as hot-water volcanoes, and to a considerable extent it is consistent with the supposition that the actual eruptive manifestations of volcanic force are due to the escape of high-pressure steam, imprisoned in the interior of the earth, and waiting for an opportunity of diminished pressure to escape. Unquestionably steam does bear a considerable part in eruptions; and the unseen operation of water at enormous temperatures, and subject to immense subterranean pressure, must be held to assist in the widely-spread modifications of the earth's crust, of which volcanoes and earthquakes are the casual and not the most important indications. But much more knowledge is required before the steam theory can be definitely accepted, although it presents a greater aspect of probability than any other yet put forward and supported by observation, and in his final discussion of various hypotheses Professor Judd is extremely careful in weighing the facts already collected, and refrains from giving any absolute opinion. A recent writer in the *Quarterly Review* throws out the suggestion that the volcano and the earthquake owe their existence to some hitherto unsuspected action of electricity, while at the same time he ignores the evidence of the elevation and depression of certain tracts of the earth's surface, which must be admitted and considered in connexion with any rational theory of volcanic action, and without which it cannot, in all its generality, be explained.

The microscopic examination of thin slices of various lavas has discovered unexpected points of difference in their internal structure, and has even aided to some extent in determining the date of their formation. They present much difference in their composition and texture, from that of a simple glass or obsidian to that of rock like granite, made up entirely of large crystals. The vitreous lavas also sometimes take the shape of pumice, which is nothing but the filaments or powder of glassy lava consolidated, but with innumerable cavities. The pumice of commerce is a direct natural manufacture of the Mediterranean volcanoes, from

one of which the necessary supply is always obtained. The most important conclusions to be derived from an investigation of the crystalline interior of lava, and from experiments upon the artificial fusing and cooling of such small portions as can be so operated upon, are those which prove the time necessary for the cooling of lavas and the great pressure to which they must have been subjected. Further evidence of enormous pressure, either exercised by steam, or by the lateral thrust of adjoining rocks, or by the weight of superincumbent mineral masses, is afforded by the existence of fluids as found in the minute cavities which abound in many kinds of crystals. Each of such cavities contains some liquid and a bubble of gas, like that of air in a spirit-level; and the obvious inference is that the crystals must have been formed under a pressure capable of reducing to a liquid form some of the most volatile kinds of such matter as is usually found in an æriiform state. The further prosecution of these inquiries will not only tend to throw more light on the nature of lavas, recent and ancient, but to advance our knowledge of the way in which crystals in general, and especially metallic and mineral veins, are formed. All our precious gems are probably due to volcanic action, and to the slow crystallization under enormous pressure of small portions of some of the materials which exist in another state in the greatest abundance. Diamonds are crystallized carbon, and it is known that the largest recent discovery of them has taken place in the midst of an old volcanic region of South Africa; the ruby and sapphire are crystals of alumina; the amethyst and a number of other gems represent silica.

The more recent and familiar exhibitions of volcanic agency are well described, and Professor Judd's treatise gives an admirable account of all the most celebrated eruptions, including the remarkable elevation of Monte Nuovo to a height of 440 feet in the space of two days and nights, which affords one of the best known and most instructive instances of rapid volcanic work. More novel matter is devoted to the description of less familiar but still active volcanoes, and to the studies which have now been made of extinct craters, and of the evidences of ancient volcanic action in times which are old even when reckoned according to the calendar of accepted geological time. Under different circumstances widely different results are produced. In Hawaii, where the lava is very liquid, there are great volcanic cones rising to nearly 14,000 feet, with a base of seventy miles, and with a slope consequently of only six or eight degrees. Cotopaxi, which has been built up by continuous eruptions from the same vent, is 19,600 feet high; the height and width of the base increase together; and the vertical section is nearly that of an equilateral triangle. The great eruption in the Isle of Java in 1772 was the grandest and most terrific exhibition of the inner forces of the earth recorded in history. A cone 9,000 feet high broke out in eruption, an enormous mass of materials was ejected, and the mountain was reduced in height to 5,000 feet. These and similar eruptions are the violent but spasmodic efforts of volcanic force; but equally great or even greater results have probably been effected by the slow and continuous action of thermal springs, by which large quantities of heat must be constantly escaping from the interior of the earth, and materials removed and carried down to be ultimately redeposited at the bottom of the sea. It is calculated that the solid matter dissolved in the hot waters of Bath alone, which has by their agency been extracted from the earth during the last 2,000 years, would, if collected, form a solid cone equal to the bulk of Monte Nuovo.

The general proximity of active volcanoes to the shores of the sea has long been noticed; and recently extended observation confirms the fact, with only two considerable exceptions. For, in the centre of the vast tract of land formed by Europe and Asia—the largest unbroken one on the globe—there rise the volcanoes of the Thian Shan Range, of which, however, it is desirable that more should be known; and, on the contrary, the volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands, which are the largest in the world, rise almost in the centre of the widest ocean and from its greatest depths. But a careful study of the evidence leads to the conclusion that the proximity of the ocean to volcanic vents should be regarded not as the cause, but as the effect, of subterranean action, when regarded in its most universal aspect. Professor Judd describes mountain-chains as cicatrized wounds in the earth's crust, representing the lines of great fissures along which volcanic action has been manifested. Afterwards subsidence during long periods takes place, during which are being accumulated the future materials of the mountain-range; the effect of vast tension and pressure and of enormous heat transforms the deposited strata into hard and crystalline rocks; there is further elevation at successive epochs; and, finally, the action of water in torrents, or rain, or by frost, denudes the harder rocks and shapes out of them such masses as those of the Andes or the Alps. The time is, of course, to be counted by millions of years, and the vertical spaces to be filled in must be measured in thousands of feet; but there is nothing in the figures which need detract from the probabilities of this hypothesis. If it is accepted, it is likely that at any given time the weakest parts in the earth's crust will be along the lines of demarcation between the land and the sea, and it is here that active volcanoes would be found. To go back to an actual beginning is more than is now expected from science, which can only refer to a long series of similar changes, showing that volcanic action was at work among what are believed to be the oldest rocks. Continuous secular changes

following in similar cycles of phenomena appear to be the rule in inorganic as well as in organic existence when the former is surveyed in the large and comprehensive way necessary in dealing with the cosmical history of our globe. Earthquakes thus cease to be portentous, and take their place in the ranks of the ordinary ministers of nature; and, so viewed, they "break not heaven's design," as Pope has hypothetically said of them in his well-known comparison between the moral and physical evils of the world.

Much valuable illustration of modern volcanic eruptions and flows of lava is supplied by Professor Judd in the descriptions of the similar events which have occurred in the palæontological history of many a well-known region. The Island of Mull, in the Hebrides, is the wreck of an ancient volcano, which had a base of thirty miles, and a height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, but which is now degraded to hills hardly exceeding 3,000 feet. Similar dimensions are conjecturally ascribed to the great volcano at work in Tertiary times in the Island of Skye, and the physiology of volcanoes may now be studied among the extinct remains in the great museum of nature around Loch Coruisk and along the Oolite Hills; just as comparative anatomy can be often learned better from the preserved specimens in our great collections than from the living animals themselves. Such generalizations as are furnished by these studies of the geological antiquities of our own planet may be supplemented and extended by referring to the present condition of the sun and moon, and by an examination of the smaller bodies which alight upon the earth in their swoop through space, proving to how great an extent we share with them the same elements, and that in the present of the sun we may see our own past, and in the moon, with its vapourless surface, and extinct craters of unearthly dimensions, our own possible future.

#### MAX MÜLLER'S SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST. VOL. X. PART I.\*

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has here reached the half-way volume of his original scheme, which seems to widen as the work proceeds. This volume consists of two canonical books on Buddhism, the originals of which are written in Pāli verse. The first, *Dhammapada*, is translated by Max Müller himself; the second, *Sutta-nipāta*, is translated into English by the celebrated Danish Pāli scholar, V. Fausbøll. Both translations, therefore, are from the most competent hands. This volume is likely to prove more generally acceptable than any of the previous volumes; partly from the great and growing interest which Buddhism has won to itself, and partly from the intrinsic merits of the works themselves. The exact place of the *Dhammapada* in Pāli canonical literature has yet to be determined, for there are different and authoritative classifications of the old Buddhist works. Those who accept the division of the *Tipitaka*, or "Three Baskets"—a division very generally received—include the *Dhammapada* among them; but, whatever its classification, there is no doubt as to its great authority and universal acceptance among Buddhists. Like most Oriental works of antiquity, its date is uncertain, but somewhere about the beginning of the Christian era is the probable time of its composition. One point is certain, that the celebrated Buddhaghosa at the beginning of the fifth century wrote commentaries in which he quotes and comments upon passages of this work. Professor Müller himself cannot "see any reason why we should not treat the verses of the *Dhammapada*, if not as the utterances of Buddha, at least as what were believed by the members of the council under Asoka in 242 B.C. to have been the utterances of the founder of their religion." The internal evidence of the work is indecisive, but its tone and spirit are well worthy of Buddha himself, and the whole or a part may have been delivered by him.

The word *Dhamma* is one of many meanings, and *pada* also, in a less degree, varies in its significations. The title *Dhammapada* has been translated as "Footsteps of Religion," "Paths of Religion," and Professor Müller prefers the rendering, "Path of Virtue" or "Footstep of the Law." The *Dhammapada* has already appeared before the European world in a Latin version by Dr. Fausbøll, published in 1855,

which will mark for ever an important epoch in the history of Pāli scholarship; and though later critics have been able to point out some mistakes, both in his text and in his translation, the value of their labours is not to be compared with that of the work accomplished single handed by that eminent Danish scholar.

Professor Beal has also translated a considerable portion of the same work from the Chinese version, but this has not proved so valuable as was expected. A considerable portion of the work has also been translated by Sir Coomara Swamy of Ceylon.

So excellent a version as that of Dr. Fausbøll having been before the world for nearly thirty years, it may be asked why another translation was necessary. When Dr. Fausbøll published his work Pāli learning was in its infancy. It has since had great and rapid growth, to which the appearance of Obilders's Pāli Dictionary has given a vigorous impulse. The plan of Professor Müller's series of *Sacred Books of the East* required an English version, and he is not the man to be contented with a translation from a translation, or to rest quiet while the learning of his particular

sphere of study has been advancing. He has made his predecessor's work the basis of his labours, and never ventures to differ from him without giving reasons and citing his authorities. There can therefore be no doubt that this translation approaches, if it does not absolutely reach, perfection, and that we are in possession of a full and accurate version of one of the earliest and most important of Buddhist works.

Whoever was the author of the *Dhammapada*, there can be no doubt that it embodies doctrines and teachings of the purest and most elevated character, which, if not promulgated by Buddha himself, must have been the composition of one of his most eminent disciples. In Dr. Fausbøll's edition the original text is printed, so also are the many extracts from Buddhaghosa's commentary which Fausbøll quoted to justify his translation. In the present volume we have only the translation, as Mr. Müller's work is devoted to translations only. The original is written in verse, in the ordinary *sloka* metre, and runs freely. It is divided into twenty-six short chapters, which contain, on the whole, four hundred and twenty-three verses. Some of the chapters are devoted to purely Buddhist doctrines, others give the Buddhist exposition of virtues and morals which are universal in their nature. Thus the second chapter is on Earnestness, and opens as follows:—

21. Earnestness is the path of immortality (Nirvāna), thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

23. These wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong powers, attain to Nirvāna, the highest happiness.

24. If an earnest person has roused himself, if he is not forgetful, if his deeds are pure, if he acts with consideration, if he restrains himself, and lives according to law, then his glory will increase.

The fourth chapter is on "Flowers," which are brought in to illustrate moral teachings:—

49. As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its colour or scent, so let a sage dwell in his village.

51. Like a beautiful flower, full of colour and full of scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

52. But, like a beautiful flower, full of colour and full of scent, are the fine and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly.

In the chapter on "Punishment" men are exhorted to abstain from injuring each other, because others "are like unto them," and alike fear death and love life. And the concluding verses of the chapter inquire:—

143. Is there in this world any man so restrained by humility that he does not mind reproof, as a well-trained horse the whip.

144. Like a well-trained horse when touched by the whip, be ye active and lively, and by faith, by virtue, by energy, by meditation, by discernment of the law you will overcome this great pain (of reproof), perfect in knowledge and in behaviour, and never forgetful.

Professor Müller translates the word Buddha as the "Awakened," and says that it "is to be taken as an appellative rather than as the proper name of the Buddha. It means anybody who has arrived at a complete knowledge." Etymologically this is true; but it is certain that it is almost invariably used for Gotama, the Buddha himself. In support of his assertion Professor Müller appeals to the following verse, which is one of the most solemn of verses among the Buddhists:—

183. Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of (all) the Awakened.

We cannot see the necessity for the interpolation here of the word "all." The context does not require it, but is rather opposed to it, for it calls Buddha "the Omniscient"; and, although Mr. Müller says that the word is applied to "anybody who has arrived at a complete knowledge," it may well be doubted if "complete knowledge" is equivalent to that divine omniscience which Buddhists ascribe to Buddha. This reading is important in another sense, for, if the word Buddha here applies to the great founder of the religion, it becomes tolerably clear that the *Dhammapada* was not his own composition.

The treatise translated by Dr. Fausbøll, and forming the second part of this volume, is like the *Dhammapada* of great antiquity, but its date and its author are in like manner unknown. It is considerably longer than the *Dhammapada*, being divided into five *vanggas* or books, containing 55 chapters and occupying 214 pages. Dr. Fausbøll says:—

The Collection of Discourses *Sutta-nipāta* which I have here translated is very remarkable, as there can be no doubt that it contains some remnants of Primitive Buddhism. I consider the greater part of the *Mahāvagga* [Book III.] and nearly the whole of the *Atthakavagga* [Book V.] as very old. I have arrived at this conclusion from two reasons, first, from the language, and secondly, from the contents.

And he goes on to support his opinion as to the language by citing various words which come nearer to the old Vedic forms than to those of the Sanskrit of later date.

As to the contents of the work he says:—

In the contents of the *Sutta-nipāta* we have, I think, an important contribution to the right understanding of Primitive Buddhism, for we see here a picture, not of life in monasteries, but of the life of hermits in its first stage. We have before us not the systematizing of the later Buddhist Church, but the first germs of a system, the fundamental ideas of which come out with sufficient clearness. From the *Atthakavagga* especially it is evident where Buddha takes his stand in opposition to Philosophy.

In the days of Buddha, as Dr. Fausbøll conclusively proves, India had two large and distinguished religious sects, the Samanas and Brāhmanas. The Samanas were of four kinds, and among them there were current at the time of Buddha no less than sixty-three philosophical systems. The same order of things seems to have existed among the Brāhmanas, and in condemnation they are

\* The Sacred Books of the East. Edited by F. Max Müller. The *Dhammapada* and the *Sutta-nipāta*: Two Canonical Books of the Buddhists. The former translated from the Pāli by F. Max Müller, and the latter by V. Fausbøll.

called "friends of the hymns" [of the Veda], and that they worship and make offerings to the fire, proving a strong Brahmanical influence over them. Polemical contentions were rife among both classes, and Buddha, grieved and offended at these variances, contended with and overcame the professors of all the sects in succession. He then asserted and enforced his own doctrine that "no one is purified and saved by philosophy or virtuous works, and that sanctification can be attained only by going into the yoke with Buddha, by believing in him and in the Dhamma of the Saints," and, in short, by being what Buddha himself is.

Buddha is described in various ways in the Sutta-nipāta. "He is Visionary in the good sense of the word" who, finding misery in the philosophical systems, at length discovered inward peace, and enjoined upon all men the duty of immediately embracing the religious life. Secondly, he is an Ascetic, or Muni, who forsakes the world and wanders about houseless; he has no prejudices; he has shaken off philosophical views and enters into no disputes; he is neither pleased nor displeased with anything; he is indifferent to learning; he does not cling to good and evil, and has cut off all passion and all desire, being equable and unmoved under all circumstances. He is still and calm as deep water, and has reached peace; knowing that bliss consists in peace, he has gone to immortal peace, the unchangeable state of Nirvāna. All this he effected by the destruction of consciousness, which is brought about by the cessation of sensation and by being without breathing. According to the teaching of this book, Sin, subjectively, is "Desire in all its various forms," but more especially for individual existence, which is the cause of birth and death, the two great evils from which escape is to be sought. On the other hand, bliss is subjectively emancipation from desire by means of the peace that Buddha preaches; and objectively it is emancipation from body and matter, by which the body is left behind, so that it may not exist again. "As a flame, blown about by the violence of the wind, goes out, and cannot be reckoned (as existing), even so a Muni, delivered from name and body, disappears, and cannot be reckoned (as existing). For him who has disappeared, there is no form; that by which they say he is, exists for him no longer." Such is a brief summary of the teachings of the Sutta-nipāta. Its style and method may be judged by quoting the first verse of the Uraga-sutta, or Serpent chapter, from its drawing a general illustration from the snake's slough. "He who restrains his anger when it has arisen, as (they) by medicines (restrain) the poison of the snake spreading (in the body), that Bhikkhu (mendicant) leaves this and the further shore, as a snake (quits its) old worn-out skin."

A few words more on the vexed question of spelling. Professor Müller has hitherto strongly insisted that the Sanskrit originals of Pāli Buddhist terms should be used in English writings whenever it is necessary to employ, and not translate them. But Pāli scholars have carried the day against him. Some of the original Sanskrit terms have received such various alterations of form in the different countries over which Buddhism has spread that their identity is far from obvious. No superficial scholar, for instance, would recognize the Sanskrit *darsanam* in the Pāli *dāṭi*. To translate such words "back into Sanskrit might seem as affected, nay prove in certain cases as misleading, as if in speaking of priests and kings we were to speak of presbyters and cynings." Mr. Müller thus gracefully gives up the contention, but declares his intention of using the Sanskrit forms when he has to speak or write of Buddhism in general. This seems to be the right, as it certainly is a convenient, method; for many readers would, for instance, understand Nirvāna to whom Nibbāna would be puzzling; and there are very many other words of the same nature. It would be advantageous to readers, but perhaps too much to ask of authors of books like the present, that they should supply in brackets the original Sanskrit word whenever the Pāli term has so varied from its old Sanskrit form as to make its identification difficult.

#### ON LATMOS.\*

THIS is a novel of the decidedly sensational order, for which class of work, however, even the apparently overstocked market does not seem to have diminished the demand. Miss Aiken-Kortright has written several other books of the same style, and apparently there is still a sale for her productions. Idle people are many, and idle people love a volume printed in large type, with few pages and a spirited plot. We cannot say that we have found the plot really exciting ourselves; but it certainly pretends to that distinction, and it may serve as interesting between those hours of the afternoon when tea and visitors have departed and the dressing-bell has not yet rung. Horatia Ormsby has "wandered upon Latmos heights," and "tasted love and known despair"; let us hope that some of the readers of her story may also climb the steep sides of illusion and fancy—though not, it is to be hoped, to "know despair." Horatia Ormsby is the beautiful and sole heiress to "the decayed manor-house, unshaven lawns, and sterile lands," also to the "accumulated debts and mortgages," of Ormsby Manor. She is an imposing young woman, and, had she worn the coronet of a duchess for years, she could not have moved with a more majestic air, under the stately cedars; but she is not at all of an engaging or lovable nature, and

even suggests some doubts as to her good breeding by her rude manners to her friends and neighbours, and her excessive scorn of any but quite the pattern poor on her father's estate. So intolerant is this haughty damsel of every kind of vice that, although she frequently helped the sick and poor from her own slender purse, she never did so save when they were eminently respectable, while "to the man who had ever yielded, even temporarily, to the vice of intemperance, or to the frail woman who could not have served at Vesta's altar, she was severely just." So just, indeed, is she that she is not ashamed to turn the old lodge-keeper from the home of years for a single extra pint at Christmas, or to banish a young dependent, with a baby, to squalor and sin in a distant town, rather than give her out work from the Manor to keep her in honesty. Every reader of this tale will, we think, feel a certain kind of satisfaction when this proud and ruthless heiress of the calm temper herself falls a prey to the tyrant passion, and is forced, most justly, to submit in agonized silence to the taunts of the very woman whom she has condemned. For it must be said at once that this novel is not precisely of the homely and simple type of literature which the proverbial English mother is supposed to place without a misgiving in the hands of her innocent daughters. If not in strength and conciseness of plot, or in pithiness and brilliancy of dialogue, it has at least in the elements of sensationalism taken its cue from the typical French novel, and would, we fancy, fair rank with the publicly denounced and privately devoured works of fiction supposed to make up the stock of a foreign library. But somehow an improbable love intrigue, however forbidden be the fruit, an attempted description of *demi-monde* life, and even a good daring murder, do not suffice to produce a baneful book unless something of realistic force and individual passion be added thereto, and we would defy the most excitable novel-reading young miss, on the warmest and laziest summer's day, to derive the smallest possible amount of harm from the perusal of the experiences of Miss Horatia Ormsby. The intricate little tale is, however, full of complications. To save the ancestral domain from ruin and degradation, Horatia is, at the opening of the story, supposed to be about to listen to her incompetent old father's earnest persuasions, and bestow her hand upon a proud peer of the name of Lord Selmore. But, on its appearing—in an interview described with not the most perfect refinement—that the cold-featured lord has not really had any intention of bidding for the hand of Miss Ormsby until he guesses the old squire's wish by his too evident desire to open transactions, the young lady herself flouts the whole affair by asking her suitor if he mistakes her for a steed at Tattersall's, and sweeps out of the room with a good deal of dignity. This leaves the stage free for the entrance of Luigi Valerio, the beautiful, but illegitimate, son of an Englishman by an Italian peasant girl. This young gentleman comes to the village in the capacity of organist, and soon touches the heart of the heroine with his wonderful performances in the parish church, while at the same time he involuntarily engages the affections of Ellen Grantley, the *ingénue* of the book, during the course of twilight music lessons. Valerio himself is a good-natured fool, but he pays dearly for being possessed of such statuesque beauty and musical talent. Miss Ormsby marks him for her own. She soon disposes of poor Ellen—her friend and *protégée*—brutally scoffs at her foolish passion, and packs her off to London, where she quickly persuades the worsted Selmore into proposing to her in a misplaced fit of generosity by hinting that the girl's slighted passion was for himself. Nothing then remains but to ensnare Valerio, and a very few music lessons compass this end. What follows is really ingenious. Such a girl could not compromise herself by openly affecting a sentiment for one so far beneath her; but the old Manor has in a distant wing a suite of haunted rooms, and thither the apartments of the young lady are speedily removed; so that she is not only able to receive Valerio at tête-à-tête midnight interviews, but also, in case of accidents, to pass him off as the ancestral ghost of the ancient family history. This happy state of things does not, however, last long. Having surrendered her honour, but without intending to "plunge deeper into folly" by marrying the lowly object of her passion, Miss Ormsby wearies of music, and determines to put her lover's constancy to the proof by tasting the delights of a London season while he pines alone in the solitude of a country village. She gets more than she bargained for. One day, driving in the Row, a lady of the *demi-monde* is pointed out to her, and she sees with consternation her own Valerio exchanging cards at the Park railings with this dashing personage. True, he soon shifts his attention to gaze admiringly after herself, but he does not recognize her. Here is plainly a mystery, for we are presently introduced to the questionable damsel entertaining her admirers—among them the enigmatical Italian—at her house in Park Lane, and the supposed deceiver lectures Miss Lotty in a fashion inconsistent with a love intrigue, even drawing tears from her eyes for a moment. A mystery is not a new thing; but the visit of a lady of rank to a person of doubtful virtue, and her abject petition for secrecy, purchased with a diamond ring, are rather startling in their novelty. We ought to compliment Miss Aiken-Kortright upon her success in these days when the competition for new things is so severe. For there is no partiality shown to the great in this interview. As Miss Lotty kindly reminds her aristocratic visitor, they are both in the same boat, and poor Horatia leaves the house in Park Lane not only degraded but deceived. Her deception costs the Greek-headed music-master his life. The heiress returns to the haunted rooms in the old

\* On Latmos. By Fanny Aiken-Kortright. London: Remington & Co. 288s.

Manor, and, refusing to believe her lover's oath that he has never left the village, poisons him in a cup of wine. Fortunately she gets him out of the house before the drug takes effect, and he dies playing the organ, the strains of which are wafted to her upon the midnight breeze. A marriage with the proud peer so rudely spurned in the first chapters follows as a matter of course, since the *ingénue* has refused to be sold to him on the very morning of her wedding day; and no less inevitable is the reappearance of the facsimile Valerio—Luigi's twin brother—in whom the reader will recognize Miss Lotty's midnight mentor. This highly virtuous gentleman, bent on revenge, haunts the path of Horatia, Lady Selmore, in the manner of the Corsican twin. The lady of course is much discomposed by this apparition, but tries to hope that her drug did not actually kill the victim; anyhow, her fears and faintings finally arouse the suspicions of the upright husband, who, on being convinced of his wife's past dishonour, nobly expires of a broken heart with the portrait and the letters of his dead rival in his hand. It now only remains for the twin to disclose his identity to the tragic widow, and threaten to abandon her to justice unless she consents to turn the old Manor house into a home for fallen women. This she speedily proceeds to do, for she is overwhelmed with remorse that her crime was committed on an innocent man, and she even turns the wicked Lotty to contrition for a short, a very short, time. Not even the avenging brother's kind order of release, given in the sunshine of his own wedded morn, can break the proud spirit of Lady Selmore, who will not be beholden to any one, and prefers to await what she is pleased to call the miracle of her granite nature's repentance, near her victim's grave, rather than in the liberty of a foreign land. The tale closes on her in a high-necked gown and an unbecoming bonnet. The only relief to this gloomy recital is the love of the music-master's priggish brother for a homely English maiden, who does more than a mother's duty to her orphan brothers and sisters, though her dress is always "dowdy in the extreme." The portrait of this young lady, who rejoices in the name of Ithama, is a pretty sketch; but she can hold but a small place in a tale treating of so many and such varied types of character in so small a space. Miss Aiken-Kortright certainly has a talent for weaving a plot, although she does it somewhat in defiance of the probabilities of life; but the book belongs to a category which, if it has a large circulation among the general public, can scarcely hold a high place in the world of literature.

#### PUBLICATIONS OF THE ENGLISH DIALECT SOCIETY.\*

THE second part of the *Dictionary of English Plant Names* carries the compilers over the main portion of their task. The forthcoming part will complete a work which will preserve not a few words that are rapidly dying out. The changes which railways have brought with them are making havoc of the old talk of the people in the remotest parts of the country; and the usefulness of the English Dialect Society may be measured not many years hence by the memorials which they will have handed down of dialects in places where those dialects will be no longer known. The purpose of the editor is to assign to the popular names of plants their scientific equivalents rather than to go into much detail about the plants themselves; but some of the entries convey information which may have some interest for those who know little and care little for botany. Among the most curious of these entries is one on "Mother's Heart." At first sight there is nothing to attract us in the seemingly stupid game played with the seed pouch of the *Capsella bursa-pastoris* in the Eastern border district, where the children hold out the pouch to their companions asking them "to take a haud o' that." It immediately cracks, and then follows the shout, "You've broken your mother's heart." But our attention is roused when we learn that in Hanover, as well as in the Swiss canton of St. Gall, the same plant is offered to any one who will pluck off one of the pods, the comment on the act of plucking being, "You have stolen a purse of gold from your father and mother," and, secondly, that the game is found in a slightly different form in Venezuela, where the plant used is the common tropical weed *Ageratum conyzoides*, known popularly as "Romper angel." This name, according to Dr. Gorst, is explained by some as "rompes á tu abuelo" (you tear your grandfather), this being the exclamation when, of two children who take hold of the leaf, one by the lower, the other by the upper part, either of them pulls so hard as to tear the leaf. Are these two forms of the game in countries so distant to be traced to a common source, or is it after all only a case of borrowing or learning by one people from another? The question is one which can scarcely be settled without running on into a wider subject.

The general and inveterate habit of corrupting names is, as we might expect, abundantly illustrated in this Dictionary. Langde-beef, the popular name of the herb bugloss, is the *Langue de bœuf* of Central France, where, however, it designates not the same, but an allied plant. In Hertfordshire the name loses its meaning in its corrupted form *Langley Beef*. But in Kemps, the popular name for *Plantago lanceolata*, a genuine English word for warriors has been preserved, although it has died out of the written language. The ballad of "King Estmere" in Percy's *Reliques* speaks of the

King of Spayne as coming forth "with Kempis many one"; and the plants are still used by children in Scotland in the common game of behending warriors—that is, of decapitating the head of a plant by means of another held in the opponent's hand. In "neesewort" or "neesing root," the name of *Veratrum album*, as making people sneeze, we have an intermediate form between Nase (Ness), and Nose. The Jerusalem artichoke has its place in the Dictionary; but nothing is said of the origin of the word, and the reader is left to learn elsewhere that it is an instance of corruption much more singular than that which converted "langue de bœuf" into *Langley Beef*. The list of plants whose names are compounded with the word *horse* is, of course, a long one; but here too it might have been pointed out that the first part of the name is used in different senses. The Horsebane is necessarily that which kills the horse; but the horse does not eat all the plants which bear his name. The Horsetail and the Horsetongue are so called from a supposed likeness to the tail and the tongue of the horse; but the Horse-thistle, the Horse-sorrel, and many more are, we can scarcely doubt, so named by the same process which gave the Greeks a Bou-pais or a Boukephalos. The *Horse-plum*, however, known also as the Horse-jug, Horse-jags, is said to be a small red plum, although the Horse-gogs denote a large wild plum yellow in colour and late in ripening. But, in truth, the popular names of plants generally are to be interpreted cautiously. Some which have an ancient look are quite modern, as Timothy Grass, which bears the name of Mr. Timothy Hanson, who brought the seeds of it to Carolina; others are old Teutonic words, sometimes oddly misunderstood, as the holly, which Mr. Skeat traces to a root reappearing in the Latin *culmen* and *culmus*, but which Theis, in his Botanical Glossary, explains in the following wonderful fashion:—"Holly, saint, sacré; à cause de sa verdure perpétuelle, regardée comme un don de ciel."

Mr. Britten's volume on *Old Country and Farming Words* may be regarded as supplementary to his *Dictionary of Plant Names*. While at work for the latter, he was led to consult Ellis's *Modern Husbandman* as a possible storehouse of plant names. In this search he came across many other words which seemed unusual, and which Ellis stated to be of local use. The collection of these words suggested the overhauling of some other agricultural works of the last century; and the result is the present volume, which is enriched by many valuable comments from Mr. Skeat. There is little doubt that Mr. Skeat's favourable opinion will be borne out by those who may take up the book, although the list of entries is by no means confined to unusual words. The use of *bavin* in the sense of "a bundle of brushwood" is not peculiar to the county in which Ellis lived. We have the hazel *bavin*, as furnishing a seat, mentioned in *Hudibras*. The peculiarity would be rather in the modern usage of builders, who denote by it thin lathes, not rough wood. But, on the whole, the several lists given in this volume show that the books from which they have been drawn up were well worth the trouble taken in examining them. These works are the *Modern Husbandman*, and other writings of William Ellis; the *Observations on Husbandry*, by Edward Lisle; the *Dictionary Rusticum* of J. Worlidge; the *Annals of Agriculture*, compiled by the well-known Arthur Young, and the *Reports of the Agricultural Survey*. Mr. Britten gives a further list of Agricultural Provincialisms and of Weights and Measures from Morton's *Cyclopædia of Agriculture*. Ellis, whose works are taken first in order, was a most prolific writer; in plain English, he wrote a great deal too much. His *Husbandry* passed through five editions; but both this work and his other writings seem to have been utterly forgotten. The fact is perhaps explained by the opinion of the writer of the short memoir prefixed to the abridged edition of 1772, that Ellis "engaged for larger quantities of MS. than his materials of real excellence would allow," and that thus "all his pieces are nearly equal in being filled with trash," the consequence being that "he no longer found any pecuniary advantage in writing." He showed his sound sense by giving up his scribbling and sticking to his farm, with the determination of depending upon it alone. It would seem that, even in the padding of his books, he had an eye to the main chance. He "made a traffick of ploughs, horsebreaks, &c.," and this "induced him to be very voluminous in their description and very hyperbolic in their praise." In short, his books were advertisements. Of his personal life little is known; but he lived for half a century at Little Gadsden, in Hertfordshire, where probably he was born. Edward Lisle was a landowner in Wiltshire and the Isle of Wight, but towards the end of the seventeenth century he settled himself at Orux Easton, in Hampshire, and there carried on with enthusiastic zeal the work of farming, to which he devoted his life. "His constant method," his son tells us, "was to note down the opinions and advices he thought might be useful to him, and afterwards to add occasional remarks on them from his own experience." But he formed no plans of publishing the results of his research for many years later; and his *Observations on Husbandry* were not given to the world till after his death in 1722. Of John Worlidge or Woodbridge little more is known than that he lived at Petersfield in Hampshire; that he wrote several treatises on agriculture, bees, and gardening; and that he took a scientific view of farming, which placed him beyond his contemporaries. His chief work, the *Systema Agriculturae*, was published in 1669. Arthur Young, the compiler and publisher of the *Annals of Agriculture*, needs no notice; but his name failed to win much success for the ponderous volumes, forty-six in number, of which this series consists. Mr. Britten adds that the number of words ob-

\* A Dictionary of English Plant Names. By James Britten, F.L.S., and Robert Holland. Part II.

Old Country and Farming Words. By James Britten, F.L.S. London: Published for the English Dialect Society, Trübner & Co. 1880.



tained from them scarcely compensates the toil of the research, although there are among them some of interest. From them we learn that the old *fang*, to take, survives in the phrase *vang in*, which denotes the taking in of stock in contrast with breeding it. From Worlidge we have the words *neaving* and *nape*, in both of which Mr. Skeat asserts that the same process of coition between the final consonant of the preceding word and the initial vowel of the word itself has taken place, *neaving*, yeast or harm, being the result produced from "an heaving," and *nape*, denoting "bulphinch," being obtained from "an alp." Close to these words we have the entry *neat*, of which the only explanation given is that it means "a heifer, or any of the kind of beves." To those who are not aware of it, it might be interesting to know that *neat* is a compound word, answering exactly to the Greek *Alogon*, although the latter is confined to horses and the former to cattle.

Here and there an explanation seems to throw little light on the matter explained. In Hertfordshire we are told that "declining husbandmen" are called "afternoon farmers"; and under *declining* we read that the word means *backward*. It would seem, then, that farmers who are behindhand with their work are looked upon as men who spend their mornings in sleep and get up after midday; but it is not so easy to see why such men should be called declining, unless indeed it be because the sun is going down when they are getting up. Leaving this obscure question, we may notice that the Hertfordshire form for *fitches* or *vetches* is *thatches*. This Mr. Skeat rightly considers important, "as showing *th=ph* and corroborating *jill-horse = thill-horse*." In the word *beves* as used among the English peasantry we have a form intermediate between the Latin *bibere* and the French *boire*. Of this there can be no doubt, although the accounts given of the meal so called refer only to the solid and not to the liquid food consumed. By Hertfordshire usage it seems to have been an afternoon meal of bread and cheese; but in Essex it was, we are told, the first meal taken by horsekeepers after beginning work. The entry *beves* might lead us to expect a word of equal interest; but it is scarcely so. Lisle speaks of a friend as telling him that "a cow-calf would make very pretty beef at three years old, but, if killed sooner, they called it *beves*." This Mr. Skeat interprets as "probably *beef-ish*—i.e. beeflike—not quite beef, but like it." Some country expressions give variant forms of French words. Thus *suant*, which has been referred to the French *suivant*, is the old French *suant*, which occurs in the English *pursuant*. The Middle English of *Piers Plowman* has *sewynge*. In *Stafford* we have, Mr. Skeat thinks, only a rustic mistake for *Scenfold*, "a fine English word of French origin. The rustic naturally substituted the *st* of his familiar *steddle* or *staddle*, as in *bedstead*, *bedsteddle*." *Heelrakes*, which for some mysterious reason are said to be so called from the great quantity of work which they get through in a short time, Mr. Skeat regards as a product of false etymology, the word occurring as *heelrake* (*heelrake*). Of the verb *team*, which is, we are told, in the North of England, "to unload carts," a team being an empty cart (Scottish *toom*, empty), Mr. Skeat's comment is, "Some mistake; we all know a *team* is not an empty cart. The word *team*, better *teem*, to empty, is formed from *toom* by vowel change, like *feed*, verb, from *food*, sb., or *meet*, verb, from *moot*, sb., an assembly. A *team* is quite a different matter."

The reader who consults these lists may be tempted to regret that Mr. Skeat's comments and suggestions are not more numerous. But Mr. Britten urges with justice that the purpose of the English Dialect Society is rather to collect than to elaborate, and that he has regarded his own task as sufficiently done when he had compared the words in his authorities with Halliwell and such other works as happened to be under his hand at the time, adding references where these seemed to be desirable. The value of his work will be more fully seen some years hence.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Letters of Mme. de Rémusat (1) may suffer a little from comparison with the brilliant and historically important memoirs which preceded them. But their want of interest is only comparative. Written as they were for the most part to her husband during his enforced absences with the Emperor, much of them is taken up with matters extremely interesting to the writer, but of perhaps less lively attraction to the readers for whom they were not intended. About public affairs there is not much, and indeed, under Napoleon's Government, it was by no means safe to write freely on any such subject. Some private friends who are of interest, such as Morellet, Mme. d'Houdetot, Talleyrand, appear once more, and there are occasionally amusing details as to Mme. de Rémusat's troubles with the actors. In his capacity of Chamberlain, M. de Rémusat was responsible for the supervision and management of His Majesty's servants, and this responsibility continued even when he was absent. His deputies were not over efficient, and Mme. de Rémusat constantly had to pacify offended genius by feminine arts. Perhaps, however, the most really interesting thing in the book is its display of the affectionate, vivacious, acute, but somewhat hasty, nature of the writer. Mme. de Rémusat never cooled in her affection for her husband, and theoretically acquiesced in the doctrine in which husbands find it hard to make wives believe—that in absence business makes correspondence difficult. Every now and then there are

the oddest little outbursts of wounded feeling, because a letter has not come or has been cold in style, outbursts which are almost invariably followed by penitential apologies. Altogether, the book, if it does not add very much to actual historical knowledge, adds agreeably to the literature of biography.

M. Beljame's book (2) is one which, but a short time ago, would, as coming from a Frenchman, have been greeted as something of a prodigy. The only characteristically Gallic trait is that the author, instead of writing (as he is obviously well qualified to do) a history of English literature from Dryden to Pope, has written, nominally at least, an essay on the relations of the public to men of letters, illustrated by the lives and works of Dryden, Pope, and Addison. The book shows a most remarkable acquaintance not merely with the great authors of the period, but with the whole range of lighter English literature at the time. M. Beljame's apparatus of footnotes, citations, bibliographical tables, &c., is very extensive, and he is singularly accurate. No one, indeed, save those who have had occasion to make a minute examination of the same subjects can fairly appreciate his erudition, which in a foreigner is most remarkable, or his critical faculty, which, where he exercises it independently, is worthy of not less attention. After all that has been written about Collier's onslaught on the theatre M. Beljame is well worth reading upon it, and he has displayed more impartiality than any of his English predecessors. Where he is weakest, and where he might be expected to be weakest, is in what may be called secondhand criticism—that is to say, in accepting and valuing the opinions and statements of different English critics and historians. But his work is for the most part so thoroughly verified by reference to the originals that this is of but little importance.

A good study of Dupleix has long been wanted, and M. Tibulle Hamont (3) goes far to supply that want. He seems to have been put on the track by Colonel Malleon. But he has given himself a great deal of trouble to discover and search the unprinted correspondence of his hero, and the result is a piece of work sufficiently solid and decidedly interesting. That M. Hamont should be somewhat disposed to overvalue Dupleix is natural. To say that the English conquest and administration of India proceeded on lines which were a "servile copy" of those of Dupleix is rather more than pardonable extravagance. However, the treatment in the text is a good deal more sober than might be expected from this little firework in the preface. The remarkable capacity of Dupleix has never been denied, nor is it deniable that he was very badly seconded by his military lieutenants and treated by the home Government very nearly as Hannibal was treated by the Carthaginian Senate. Considering, however, how entirely the odds were in his favour for a long time, and how completely he lost the game, it is pretty obvious that there must have been some deficiency in his play. His generals were far inferior to Olive and Lawrence (to whose genius, especially that of the latter, M. Hamont does full justice); but perhaps some readers of this book will be of opinion that the suggestions, encouragements, reassurances, &c., of which Dupleix was so prodigal to them were likely to do more harm than good. It is also clear from this book that, selfish and inhuman as our Government in India too often was in its early days, that of the French was conducted on far worse principles. The breaking of the dikes of the Cauvery, "afin de frapper l'imagination des Indiens et de leur montrer que comme un Dieu il dispose des éléments pour frapper ses ennemis," is one of the blackest acts even in French history. M. Hamont, we think, is unfair to La Bourdonnais. However, these are controversial matters. If M. Hamont's book brings out Dupleix's faults, it also brings out fully, and almost for the first time, his abilities, and duly exposes the ingratitude with which he was treated. Even here, perhaps, the Devil's advocate may have something to say; for, after all, Dupleix had played double or quits with the French possessions in India, and had lost.

The principal characteristic of M. Benlœw's essay on the philosophy of history (4) may be said to be the freedom and independence of his generalizations. All history is divided into the cycle of the ideal of beauty (Greece, &c.), the cycle of the ideal of goodness (Christian period up to the Renaissance), the cycle of the ideal of truth (modern times). The neatest tabular demonstrations, the most agreeable corroborating disquisitions, accompany the unfolding of this attractive sketch. There is really a good deal of learning and some ingenuity in *Les lois de l'histoire*, but it is to be hoped that no one will read it who is not already well acquainted with the facts.

*La Papauté au moyen-âge* (5) is an essay of a much more solid kind, consisting of four studies on Nicholas I., Gregory VII., Innocent III., and Boniface VIII. It is perhaps one of those books which are rather creditable to the writer than profitable to the reader, yet to the intelligent reader it is likely to be not wholly destitute of profit.

M. Perroud's monograph (6) is of a different, and as we venture to think a much superior, kind to both of these. It is a definite attempt to settle a definite point which requires settling—in this case the date and circumstances of the constitution

(2) *Le public et les hommes de lettres en Angleterre (1660-1744)*. Par A. Beljame. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

(3) *Dupleix*. Par Tibulle Hamont. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Les lois de l'histoire*. Par L. Benlœw. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(5) *La Papauté au moyen-âge*. Par F. Rocquain. Paris: Didier.

(6) *Les origines de l'Aquitaine*. Par Cl. Perroud. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

of the first independent duchy of Aquitaine. The problem is a curious one, and the facts available are but few. M. Perroud, however, makes the most of them, and fills up the gaps, not with mere theorizing, but with inference, which is on the whole probable and legitimate enough.

The sixth volume of the *Grande-écrivains* edition of Molière (7), which is now in the hands of M. Paul Mesnard, contains *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Mélicerte*, the *Pastorale Comique*, *Le Sicilien*, *Amphitryon*, and *Georges Dandin*. The notices and other critical apparatus are as solid and complete as usual.

The *Bibliothèque utile* has been increased by two useful little treatises (8), one on the Anthropoid apes, the other on newspapers. The title *Le Journal* would be a little more correctly written *Le Journal Français*, but this is natural enough, and M. Hatia has not been altogether exclusive in his treatment.

Criticisms on exhibitions have, after the exhibition is over, always something of the flavour of an old almanac. M. Maurice du Seigneur's "salon" (9) is, however, a good one, and it has for preface a really interesting sketch of the chief works in this curious department of literature in France in times past.

Mme. Clémence Royer (10) is, we fear, hardly to be called a "philosophess" of the highest class. Her book on ethics contains, so far as we have been able to discover, little but commonplaces clothed in the quasi-scientific jargon which is nowhere more repulsive than in French. The language of Condillac and Malebranche surely is not in need of the clumsy neologisms of a certain school of modern thought. Perhaps it should be mentioned that Mme. Clémence Royer is by her own account an anticipator of Mr. Herbert Spencer (*mon émule*, she calls him), one of the anticipators who by evil fortune cannot get their works out first.

M. Lockroy has thought to serve his political party by printing (11) some journals of a Jacobin ancestress of his written during the Revolution. He seems to think that this journal will help to whitewash a "parti odieusement et systématiquement calomnié." The result of reading it is, that we find a mother writing to her son (a boy of fourteen) "Nos courageux représentants après avoir bravé les foudres du despotisme," and much other windy rubbish of the same kind, and describing the unspeakable September massacres as "a miraculous salvation of Providence." To do Mme. — justice, she seems to have had some qualms about the means which Providence chose; but, as she philosophically remarks or quotes, "Quand on veut la fin, il faut vouloir les moyens."

*Les ports de la Grande-Bretagne* (12) is a very careful sketch of Glasgow, Newcastle, Liverpool, and London, in separate articles, and of the remaining ports of England and Scotland grouped together. These capital papers, of considerable literary merit, and full of facts not always known to Englishmen themselves, are reprinted from the *Nouvelle Revue*.

A slight, but readable, account of a journey through Spain to Algeria (13) adds one more to the long list of recent books by Frenchmen on their North African colony.

M. Emile Zola reprints his criticisms with energy and perseverance. This volume (14) contains articles on Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, the two De Goncourts, and M. A. Daudet, besides the general article on "Les romanciers contemporains" which not long ago provoked so many of his *confrères*. We need not repeat the opinion we have often expressed of M. Zola's criticism. With occasional vigorous and acute *aperçus*, it is, on the whole, tedious, destitute of appreciation, and wearisomely subordinated to the general purpose of proving that all good novelists were but schoolmasters to lead men to Zolaism. Its impertinent personalities are probably more annoying to the victims than they are amusing to the reader. There is, however, one paper, consisting of elaborate personal reminiscences of Flaubert, which is of the highest interest. It shows (what no capable critic acquainted with the works of the author has ever doubted) that Flaubert was nothing so little as a naturalist. His standards, his methods, his models were all romantic; and to this, beyond all question, is due the excellence of his work.

We must notice the 89th livraison (15) of the *Dictionnaire de pédagogie* in order to point out a most admirable short article on Shakespeare by M. Paul Stapfer, whose more extended Shakspearian work, as well as his essays on other subjects, have more than once been noticed in these columns. The article in question is so good a summary of the subject in a small space that we should be rather puzzled to find its equal, all things considered, in English.

Some pleasant verse comedies and verses, intended for recitation, have been published (16) by M. Pailleron in M. Calmann-Lévy's

pretty format of square 16mo. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the vigorous anti-naturalist preface eulogising the old standards, the old masters, the old tongue:—

Qui ne suffit pas à Riconard  
Et suffisait à La Bruyère.

M. Sarcey's notice of Mlle. Roussel (17), which is illustrated by an *eau-forte* by M. Lalanze, is as amusing in its way and as full of vulgarity and bad taste as M. Sarcey's notices of this kind are too apt to be. It opens with a pleasingly characteristic sentence:—"Où était en 1861, il y a donc vingt ans dès cela; je venais de débiter dans la critique dramatique. Je n'étais pas encore bien connu; mais pour les élèves qui sortent du Conservatoire tout homme qui met son nom au bas d'un papier noir est un personnage."

The last volume (18) of the Library Edition of the works of the late Joseph Autran contains the posthumous and, we believe, hitherto unpublished *Comédie de l'histoire*. It is a curiously unconscious testimony to the triumphant influence of M. Victor Hugo. Autran was never regarded as in any way a Hugonien; on the contrary, he was a decided Lamartinist. Yet not merely the title, but the plan and style, of this book are almost copies of the *Légende des siècles*. We cannot say that the result is very happy. Autran was a poet in his way, and what there was of limp in his versification has been corrected by the study of his great brother Academician. But the style of most of these pieces does not suit him, and he neglects the first duty of the satirist, the duty of being accurate. "Le Médaillon," for instance, gives the famous incident of Voltaire's asking for a locket from Mme. du Châtelet's neck after her death and finding his own portrait replaced by St. Lambert's. This little piece swarms with blunders. It is absurd to say that Voltaire "dominait le siècle," at this time. St. Lambert had not "translated Thompson in bad verse," nor did the *Smisons* appear for nearly twenty years after. Voltaire certainly did not say, "J'ai besoin d'achever mon acte de Tancred," inasmuch as *Tancred* was not then thought of. This is not the way that great satirists go to work.

The republication of M. Victor de Laprade's *Poèmes évangéliques* (19) may excite a taste for sacred poetry in France, but with all respect for his classic style and really admirable attention to form, we venture to doubt it.

M. Paul Déroulède's *Marches et sonneries* (20) have come from France with a great rumour of popularity. The reading of them is rather disappointing. Their success can only be attributed to the fit of what some Englishmen are pleased to call in other Englishmen jingoism which now has hold on France. We hardly think that M. Déroulède is the Rouget de Lisle of the Third Republic. There is a generous fervour, indeed, about him, and he occasionally hits off a vigorous line. But, on the whole, his book is more declamatory and more often actually prosaic than we could have expected from the author of *La Moubile*.

France has some admirable writers of children's books, from the venerable M. Sandeau downwards, and among these M. P. J. Stahl has a prominent place. *Les quatre peurs de notre général* (21), stories told by an Algerian commander to his staff over the camp-fire, are very pleasant moral tales, with the moral wrapped up in the very deffest fashion. We like the first two the best. In one of them a little child forces himself to readjust over a dead man's face the cloth which he has unwittingly disturbed, and in the other he overcomes his fear of cold water. Both are charmingly told. The third is improbable, and a little "goody"; the fourth somewhat out of keeping. But these faults are only comparative, and there are pleasant things in both stories. If we remember rightly, in her last book Mme. Henry Gréville busied herself in showing the sordid parsimony and hardness of heart of the French peasant. She has now (22) devoted herself to studying the corresponding virtues of the French bourgeois, so that her country ought to be very much obliged to her. Adeline Pichot, a young woman of great beauty and angelic appearance, is perhaps as disagreeable a heroine as can well be imagined. Unfortunately, there is a lack of the power which is needed in treating such subjects. Adeline is a heroine of Balzac's treated in the manner of M. Octave Feuillet. This, in Biblical language, is confusion.

In *La bataille de Laon* (23) M. Alfred Assollant exposes himself, as far as subject goes, to the charge of poaching on the manors of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. There is, however, room for plenty of writers in the last wars of the Empire. M. Assollant writes with less knowledge of the ground and the people than his predecessors, and perhaps with less narrative skill, but with a far stronger and more nervous style. It is only a pity that his book is written in a spirit which makes it one long attack on Germany and the Germans. It cannot be said that this is irrelevant to the subject; but it suggests, and is clearly meant to suggest, as bad a compliment to the companions and contemporaries of Moltke as to the companions and contemporaries of Blücher. M. Albéric

(17) *Deuxième Série de Comédiens et de Comédiennes. Notices biographiques* par F. Sarcey. 5<sup>me</sup> livraison: *Rosella Roussel*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(18) *Œuvres de J. Autran*. Tome VIII. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(19) *Poèmes évangéliques*. Par V. de Laprade. Paris: Lemerre.

(20) *Marches et sonneries*. Par Paul Déroulède. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(21) *Les quatre peurs de notre général*. Par P. J. Stahl. Paris: Hachette.

(22) *Les degrés de l'échelle*. Par H. Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(23) *La bataille de Laon*. Par A. Assollant. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Œuvres de Molière*. Par P. Mesnard. Tome VI. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

(8) *Bibliothèque utile—Les grands singes*. Par Zaborowski. *Le Journal*. Par E. Hatia. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(9) *L'art et les artistes au salon de 1881*. Par Maurice du Seigneur. Paris: Ollendorff.

(10) *Le bien et la loi morale*. Par Clémence Royer. Paris: Guillaumin.

(11) *Journal d'une bourgeoise pendant la révolution*. Par E. Lockroy. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(12) *Les ports de la Grande-Bretagne*. Par L. Simonin. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

(13) *En Algérie*. Par Vernes d'Arlandes. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(14) *Ils Romanciers naturalistes*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

(15) *Dictionnaire de pédagogie*. 89<sup>me</sup> livraison. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

(16) *Le théâtre chez Molière*. Par E. Pailleron. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

Second's *La vie facile* (24) is a lively enough description of what has been described often enough before, the life of the more frivolous and unworthy part of French society. It is readable, the characters are well drawn, and there is nothing preposterous or revolting about it. *L'Odyssée d'une comédienne* (25) is a book which takes us back many years to the "cape and sword" novel of our youth. It is not at all a bad specimen of its kind, a kind that might be revived with advantage. The scene is laid at Darmstadt at the beginning of the last century. Lastly, has to be mentioned a collection of tales (26) of various merit. As, however, MM. A. Daudet, Theuriet, Malot, besides other well-known names, are on the list of contributors, it is not surprising that it should contain some capital pieces.

(24) *La vie facile*. Par A. Second. Paris: Dentu.

(25) *L'Odyssée d'une comédienne*. Par A. Lepage. Paris: Charpentier.

(26) *Chacun sa science*. Paris: Dentu.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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The successful candidates will be required to enter at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the examination.

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THE

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## THE FENIAN CONVENTION.

VARIOUS sections of Fenians in the United States and Canada have been holding, in the last few days, a Convention at Chicago. It has been a very grand affair in its way. More than a hundred and twenty delegates met together, representing over six thousand lodges. Its proceedings were kept profoundly secret, and were regularly divulged at the end of each meeting. The objects of the meeting were principally two; to organize a grand revolutionary programme, and to decide whether dynamite was to be used, and, if so, when and where. There was no difficulty whatever in framing the revolutionary programme, and it was speedily and unanimously decreed that India should be instigated to rise against the English, that Canada should be annexed to the United States, that South Africa and Australia should be declared independent, and that the British Isles should be formed into a federation. But when it came to the use of dynamite there was a difference of opinion, one section protesting altogether against its use, and another maintaining that it must be used until the comprehensive object had been attained of annihilating the British army, the British navy, and the more objectionable members of the Royal Family. In order that there might be no vague talk about an agency that was unfamiliar to ordinary people, one instructor of his brethren attended with several specimens of dynamite machines and explained their operation. But this produced a chilling effect on the spectators; and, as the meeting was held in the basement of an hotel, the ordinary visitors of the hotel felt uncomfortable at the notion that they were sleeping over a knot of Irishmen experimenting on dynamite; and the proprietor found himself compelled to have a search made for the machines. As proper notice had been given, none were discovered, but the American public learnt with natural alarm that there were several towns in the States where dynamite machines were being constantly made at a very moderate cost. Whether the existing law gives the authorities power to search for and seize on such machines, and to prosecute their makers, appears to be doubtful; but the respectable press is unanimous in proclaiming that, if such a power does not exist, it ought to be conferred without delay. The dynamite section and the anti-dynamite section could not reconcile their differences; but their quarrel was swallowed up in two questions that touched them even more nearly. The fearful suggestion had been made that one of their most trusted members was a British spy, and what was worse, it was discovered or suspected that the depositories of the Skirmishing Fund had been making away with the money confided to them. This brought things to a climax. The dispute grew fiercer and fiercer, no one could maintain a semblance of order, and although five successive chairmen tried their hands, all retired in disgust. Anarchy, like charity, begins at home, and a meeting that was to shake an Empire ended in a pothouse brawl.

Apart from the use of dynamite, which was considered to be open to those delegates who liked to take advantage of it, there is nothing new and nothing alarming in the proceedings of this abortive gathering. It was not only an Irish, but a very Irish, Convention. The story of all Irish conspiracies is the same. There is always a traitor, or a supposed traitor, in the camp; and there is always a deadly quarrel over the funds. Nine-tenths, too, of this fierce Fenian talk is mere vapouring. Real conspirators

do not meet in a big hotel, and communicate to reporters every evening the decisions of the day. Fenians of the type that met at Chicago love, above all things, to make a sensation, and to feel that they are the heroes who are making it. They wish that the world should grow pale at their name. There is to them something magnificent in the thought that they are men who can order that the British Isles shall be made into a federation as easily as they can order a cocktail. It is only a few days since one of their gangs met in solemn conclave, and, after due deliberation, decided that Mr. GLADSTONE was a murderer, and must be put to death. They were delighted with this hideous farce, and immediately printed a full report of their proceedings in a newspaper. It is not in this way that the Nihilists work, who never cease, night or day, in their ghastly persecution of the new Czar, and whose secret operations seem more and more to baffle the Russian police. The Fenians take wholesale and immediate credit for everything that they think will do them credit. They reveal by whom the dynamite machines found at Liverpool were made, and by whom they were ordered. As these machines were discovered, the Fenians boast that they were meant to be discovered, and are ready with the name of the artful person who made a revelation to the British Government, and received a large reward, which he forthwith paid into the common fund of the conspirators. The only thing they do not know is what became of the money after it was paid in. What, it must be owned, is most genuine in the Fenians is their hatred of England. It is painful, and not a little wonderful, to Englishmen that there should be so fierce a hatred felt towards a country that, so far as living memory goes, has tried to be not only just, but tender, towards Ireland. There is no other country under the sun—certainly not the United States—which would have endured what has been done in Ireland in the last year with the patient tenderness and penitent meekness that England has shown. But we cannot be always rending our clothes and covering ourselves with ashes because, while we anxiously remove every grievance that Ireland can reveal or invent, the Fenians hate us as much as ever. It is not much we ask of the Irish in these days, but we really must ask that we should be permitted to exist.

For, although nine-tenths of the Fenian talk may be vapouring, there is a tenth which is by no means vapouring. Mechanical science has placed at the command of the enemies of society means more pernicious and more powerful than were known in former days. Dynamite and the new explosives that may be brought under it as a generic name, not only produce ruin and slaughter on a gigantic scale, but may be so employed that, at the time when they take effect, the murderers may be miles away. The Fenians, too, have spent some of their money in the construction of a torpedo-boat at New York, and though this is not a very dangerous form of doing mischief, because so patent an instrument of harm as a torpedo-boat, built under the eyes of the public, is tolerably sure to be seized or detained by the local authorities, yet that the Fenians thought it worth while to spend money on a torpedo-boat shows their readiness to profit by every kind of mechanical invention. Nor is there much comfort to be derived from the thought that the use of dynamite cannot possibly do the Fenians any good or bring about any of the objects at which they profess to aim. It is precisely because they do not really mean what they say they mean that dynamite is dangerous.

in their hands. If they seriously thought of upsetting the British Empire, they would not waste time in trying to blow up town-halls. What they want is to make a sensation and to get money, and every now and then they have to do something sensational and give subscribers something for what has been paid. They cannot be always advertising a grand display of fireworks, and then saying that every evening is wet. And what helps them very much is that dynamite makes a great sensation, gives a return to subscribers at an insignificant cost, and secures to the agents employed a very great chance of remaining undetected. When these agents happen to be caught, society can do something in its defence, and it is highly satisfactory that one at least of the scoundrels who made the recent attempt at Liverpool has been sentenced to penal servitude for life. But it must be remembered that detection has been extremely rare, and that, so far as is known, the consignors of the machines sent to Liverpool remain unknown. Unfortunately society cannot do very much to protect itself, but what it can do should be done promptly and thoroughly. The literature of assassination can at least be suppressed, and honourable Americans are as heartily of opinion as Englishmen can be that such a scandal as the publication of the sentence of death passed on the head of the English Ministry should be treated as an outrage on American law and American hospitality. Though, again, it may be very difficult, it seems by no means impossible to place the use of explosives like dynamite under strict legal supervision. A Fenian boasted at the Convention that he had long made dynamite machines, and should continue to make them, as it was as legal to make them as to make revolvers. If he is right, there is no difficulty in rendering it utterly illegal to make dynamite machines. The difficulty is to enforce the law. Men who are honestly engaged in making inventions for legitimate purposes, or supplying miners and engineers with what is necessary for their business, must be allowed to have explosive materials at their command. But it at any rate deserves consideration whether by a system of licences, and by giving large powers of search when unlicensed persons are suspected, the malicious use of explosives might not be greatly limited, if not altogether prevented.

#### THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE agitation against the House of Lords, which is principally stimulated by the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, though it is consistent with modern revolutionary doctrines, seems in some respects inopportune. There can be no doubt that the existence of a hereditary branch of the Legislature forms an impediment to the establishment of absolute democracy. The theoretical arguments against the House of Lords are familiar and independent of circumstances; but assailants of the Constitution have generally strengthened their appeals to popular jealousy and envy by the suggestion of some practical inconvenience. It is scarcely sufficient to accumulate several instances of differences of opinion between the two Houses spread over fifty years. Two nominally co-ordinate and independent Assemblies are not likely always to take the same view of public interests. If the result of the disinclination to change, which may be fairly attributable to the House of Lords, had been either habitual collision or permanent interruption of a beneficial legislative policy, there would be some excuse for dissatisfaction and impatience; but the complaint that at long intervals Liberal measures have been delayed for a year or two, or occasionally modified, is not calculated to provoke indignation. It is true that in Lord LINDHURST's time the House of Lords became, under his guidance, somewhat more reactionary than the great body in the House of Commons which followed Sir ROBERT PEEL; but in every case of an apparent party schism, the more enlightened policy prevailed after a short delay. In 1860 the House of Lords, with the uncoined connivance of the Prime Minister, interfered with one of Mr. GLADSTONE's Budgets; but in the following year the Paper duty was repealed without further impediment; and the claim on behalf of the House of Lords of a right to control financial arrangements has been since that time tacitly abandoned. It is not a little surprising that an industrious and bitter partisan should be able to collect so few examples of persistent antagonism on the part of the less popular and less powerful branch of the

Legislature. The supposed misdeeds of twenty or thirty years ago, even if they were confessed, must have been long since condoned. It is not, at first sight, a grave offence to offer occasional resistance to sweeping legislation.

The number and magnitude of the innovations which have been during the same period accepted by the House of Lords suggest a reasonable doubt whether the progress of change has been unduly checked. Some of the great Liberal measures were notoriously distasteful to the House of Lords; but the leaders of the Conservative party have again and again persuaded the Peers to yield to necessity or expedience. The Corn Laws were repealed in the first Session in which a Bill for the purpose was introduced into Parliament, although the great majority of landowners then anticipated as immediate the deterioration of property which was, in fact, postponed for more than thirty years. The Irish Church disestablishment and the Irish Land Bill of 1870 were almost equally distasteful to the House of Lords; but in both cases prudence prevailed against inclination and conviction. Serious politicians within and without the House of Lords fully understand that the democratic concessions of a Minister become inevitable and irrevocable, not from the time at which they are passed into law, but from the date at which they are proposed. Conscientious disapproval of the Irish Land Bill is perfectly consistent with a recognition that the measure, as soon as it was announced, became the low-water mark of agrarian legislation. The cause of the Irish tenants was gained from the moment at which Mr. GLADSTONE's repugnance was, according to general belief, on the eve of the Session, suddenly converted into enthusiastic approval of every doctrine on the subject which he had formerly denounced. The taunt which was addressed to the Opposition in the House of Commons, to the effect that a Conservative Ministry would have to pass as strong a Land Bill, might be ungenerous, but it was not unfounded. When EPICURUS had sold the secret of turning the pass of Thermopylae, he probably ridiculed the obstinacy of the Three Hundred who still resolved to defend it. The House of Lords is not called upon to imitate suicidal heroism. Its privileges are not its own to risk or sacrifice; for, as long as they remain, they are held in trust for the nation. The decision of the leaders not to oppose the second reading of the Land Bill was at the same time judicious and patriotic.

As far as the House of Lords has been able and willing to check the advance of democracy, it has represented the opinions of the Conservative part of the community; but of late the Peers have been charged with a new and important function. It is in their House that moderate Liberals now find the opportunity of expressing and asserting their dislike to revolutionary measures. The Disturbance Bill, which was last year extemporaneously devised by Mr. FORSTER for the first time, conspicuously illustrated the altered relation of the Liberal party to the House of Lords. Whig peers have no Jacobin Club at Birmingham or elsewhere to control their political action; and they are therefore at liberty to avow the principles which were not long since held by the section of their party which represented the whole body. The consequence was that the Disturbance Bill was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of Mr. GLADSTONE's regular supporters. The Duke of ARGYLL, the Marquess of LANSDOWNE, and the other Liberal Peers who endeavour to improve the Land Bill represent the opinions of all the moderate Liberals in the House of Commons and the country. The enemies of the House of Lords have many motives for their agitation; but of all the qualities of an aristocratic Assembly they most utterly dislike independence and freedom of speech. To less prejudiced politicians it seems expedient that opinions held by an overwhelming majority of the upper and upper middle classes should be openly expressed and argumentatively defended, although the will of the greater number may be destined to prevail; but democratic agitators would gladly reproduce in England the servile uniformity of insincere opinion which was imposed on Frenchmen in the worst part of the Revolution. If the occasion were less serious, there would be something ludicrous in the censures pronounced on the Peers who have at the same time demonstrated the vices of the Land Bill and submitted to the necessity created by the Government. Reasoned protest against the triumph of false principles has not always been deemed ridiculous and contemptible.

Another motive for antipathy to the House of Lords is the ability habitually displayed in its debates. With the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, and, on great occasions, of Mr. BRIGHT, no speaker in the House of Commons takes so comprehensive a survey of great questions as that which is customary in the House of Lords. The superiority of the Upper House is not exclusively due to the possession of greater ability. The Peers are much less trammelled by considerations of party convenience, and yet they are subject to a stricter discipline. Great debates are almost exclusively conducted by political leaders and by peers who have a special knowledge of the subject under discussion. The rank and file are probably on the same intellectual level with ordinary Englishmen of the better classes; but they submit the result of the campaign to their officers. Freedom of debate, which is of all other practices most odious to *demagogues*, is now confined to the two Houses of Parliament. The mass of English politicians derive their knowledge of public events each from a single newspaper, which, while it flatters and confirms the predilections of its readers, carefully abstains from noticing the arguments on the other side. The modern rough has long since put an end to the public meetings at which in former times great questions were openly debated. No orator is allowed to speak, except at a meeting of his own supporters. Even Parliamentary discussion is in some danger, through the abbreviation and general deterioration of the reports; but even in the House of Commons, notwithstanding the pressure of constituents and the dictation of political clubs, opposite or varying opinions find to a certain extent secure utterance. The House of Lords, which is threatened if it stands on its rights, and insulted if it defers to the House of Commons and to popular demands, still retains the opportunity and the faculty of independent criticism and judgment. If it could be silenced, democratic agitators foresee that order, constitutional liberty, and justice would have lost their most efficient advocates. The House of Commons, when it is returned by a single class, may be trusted to exclude independence and originality. For obvious reasons, those who attack the House of Lords abstain for the present from raising the question whether it is desirable that there should be two Legislative Assemblies. Some of them suggest vague schemes for the reform of the House of Lords, though it is evident they would be disappointed by the effect of any change which might tend to strengthen the Upper House. It is evident that a Second Chamber, if it is to exist, ought to have weight and influence. The House of Lords and the Senate of the United States are the only bodies of the kind in the world which satisfy the necessary conditions. The French Senate is threatened with abolition or reconstruction, merely because it has ventured on two or three occasions to perform the duty for which it was instituted. M. GAMBETTA's condescending and provisional tolerance is more insulting than open opposition. It is extremely doubtful whether all the powers of the State will not in France soon be nominally as well as really vested in a single Chamber. A similar result would soon follow in England from the abolition of the House of Lords.

#### M. GAMBETTA AND REVISION.

THE principal incident as yet of the elections now in progress in France is M. GAMBETTA's declaration in favour of a revision of the Constitution. He had very different things to say about the Senate at Tours from those which he had said at Cahors. In less than three months the Senate has disappointed all his expectations, and forced him to reconsider the good opinion he then expressed of it. Still, it is not the principle of a Second Chamber that he is opposed to. A Senate which knew and did its duty, which never placed itself in antagonism to the Chamber of Deputies, which contented itself with picking up the dropped threads in the Bills sent up to it, and thought its mission fulfilled when it had found Conservative reasons for passing Radical measures, would still enjoy M. GAMBETTA's confidence. It is the actual Senate that he finds unendurable, the Senate that is persuaded by M. JULES SIMON, is subject to sudden paroxysms of natural religion, and presumes to have an opinion upon the best method of grouping the constituencies. He cannot wait for the slow process of triennial election to put an end to so anomalous an institution. A revision of the Constitu-

tion must, if possible, be had, because it is only by a revision of the Constitution that the existing Senate can at once be brought into harmony with Democratic ideas. M. GAMBETTA is content, however, to keep the change within the narrowest possible bounds. He is for reform, not revolution—at all events, until he is assured that only revolution will answer his purpose. The one point in the Constitution that he proposes to alter is the mode of electing Life Senators. Now they are elected by co-optation. M. GAMBETTA proposes that all the Life Senators shall submit to re-election, not by the Senate, but by the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies sitting together, and that this mode shall be adopted for filling up all future vacancies among the Irremovables. Possibly this particular reform was suggested to him by the circumstance that M. JULES SIMON would probably lose his seat in the process. It is pleasant to see justice done upon an old offender; and, when he is anxious to compass an object, M. GAMBETTA is not particular as to the exact proportion between means and ends. It is more probable, however, that his seat in the next Chamber is what he has in view. A programme of some sort has to be invented, lest his constituents should be beforehand with him, and offer him one which he cannot accept without frightening the peasants.

It would be no good to make *Scrutin de liste* his cry, because, though the Extreme Left, on the whole, give the preference to that method of voting, they never like it so little as when it is recommended to them by M. GAMBETTA. They are convinced that he means it to minister to his own personal aggrandizement; and, though they intend to have it by and by, when they have got other things about which they care more, they are not going to be turned from those other things merely to place M. GAMBETTA at the head of the poll in a score of departments. It is necessary, therefore, that he should invent something which may associate him with the Extreme Left in appearance while it can be painted, when it is convenient to do so, in fairly moderate colours. The revision of the Constitution, undertaken in order to effect a change in the method of appointing Life Senators, has this double merit. Revision of the Constitution is the first article of the Socialist programme which is accepted by his Radical opponents. It plays the principal part in all the speeches which are being made every night in Paris. Consequently, if it plays a similar part in M. GAMBETTA's own speeches during the canvass, the electors of Belleville, who, in spite of M. CLÉMENTEAU's efforts to disabuse them, are still perhaps secretly proud of being represented by so great a man as M. GAMBETTA, may not inquire too closely how far the resemblance extends. Even if they do, he can still remind them that the first thing for them to consider is, not what they want, but what they can get. The revision of the Constitution in the sense in which M. GAMBETTA's constituents use the phrase is no doubt a much bigger and finer thing than the revision of the Constitution in the sense in which M. GAMBETTA himself uses it. But, then, he will remind them that a revision of the Constitution which includes the abolition, not only of the Senate, but of the Presidency of the Republic, is not likely to obtain the consent of the present holders of these positions, and that without their consent it can only be obtained at the cost of a revolution. M. GAMBETTA perhaps calculates that, though his constituents might like nothing better than a revolution, they are not so impractical as to think that a revolution would have any present chance of success, and that in that case they may be tempted by the small measure of revision which he offers them as an instalment. That, at all events, has the advantage of hanging within reach.

Why M. GAMBETTA should think that it hangs within reach is not very obvious. The consent of the Senate is indispensable to any revision of the Constitution, whether small or great. Why should a Chamber in which Conservatives and moderate Republicans have the majority deliberately consent to a change which would leave them in a decided minority? The *République Française* warns the Senators that, if they do not put their house in order now while they have still the chance, their last state will be worse than their first. If they reject this gentle medicine now offered, a much stronger physic will be administered to them, not by the Extreme Left only, but by the whole Republican party. They may refuse to swallow the dose, but if they do, they will be upset by the first chance assault, and have the discomfort of remembering that they have been instrumental in giving over their country into

the hands of a single assembly. It will be strange if the Senate is much impressed by this reasoning. When the *Scrutin de liste* was presented to it, it had at least something to gain by surrender. It might have secured M. GAMBETTA for a friend and patron. But, in assenting to the virtual abolition of Life Senatorships, it makes a much greater surrender in order to gain nothing that is worth gaining. If the Senate were an institution venerable by age and associations, it might be prudent to give proof that it is not obstinately Conservative, that it can adapt itself to modern ideas and move with the times. But when a Second Chamber is only four years old, its one chance of maintaining its position lies in its success in defending itself against change. If it has not strength enough to resist being pulled to pieces almost before it has settled to its work, there is no chance that it will have more strength when its enemies will be able to plead that its working has now been tested, and that the result is unsatisfactory. A young tree that is continually being moved from place to place will never attain the proportions of one that has been allowed to remain where it was first planted, and an elective Second Chamber which allows the constitutional method by which its members are chosen to be revolutionized before the first complete period of renewal has come round is not likely to be allowed to see that period out. These considerations are so obvious that M. GAMBETTA can hardly suppose that the Senate has overlooked them when he urges the extreme Left to prefer the plan of doctoring the mode of appointing the Life Senators to the more sweeping proposal of abolishing the Senate altogether, on the ground that the Senate may be brought to consent to the one, while it will never be brought to consent to the other. He must know that, if the Senate shows as much determination as it showed in the matter of the *Scrutin de liste*, his prediction will certainly be falsified. The Senate, indeed, may not be supported in its resistance by the country. It is too much, perhaps, to expect that Frenchmen should go this length in favour of any institution whatever. But, in the present case, the Senate stands in no need of active support. All that it wants is that the country should not support its assailants, and to all appearance the country is prepared to remain as inactive, when appealed to, on this side as it certainly would, if appealed to, on the other. That the new Chamber will be more decidedly Republican than the last seems to be almost certain. The Legitimists and the Bonapartists have gained no ground since the last election; and, with the Republic in possession, not to gain ground is tantamount to losing it. But there is nothing to show that the new Chamber will be charged with any specific mission. The majority of its members will be elected because they are Republicans, not because they have pledged themselves to bring the Senate on its knees. Consequently, if the Senate refuses to consent to a proposal for the revision of the Constitution made to it by the Chamber of Deputies, nothing is likely to follow. There will be some fierce writing in the newspapers, and much talk about the tremendous things which the Chamber is about to do. But there the matter will end. The indifference which the electors showed when the Senate rejected the *Scrutin de liste* will be shown over again when it declines to be reconstructed because it has rejected the *Scrutin de liste*. With these reflections to console them, the Senate must have a singularly small stock of courage if it consents to a revision of the Constitution, which, if once conceded, will probably be repeated as often as the Senate happens to offend M. GAMBETTA. It is difficult to believe that M. GAMBETTA himself attaches any importance to his own programme. Possibly, however, it is only designed to carry him over some particular obstacle in his own personal canvass, and will be abandoned as soon as it has answered its momentary purpose.

#### THE LAND BILL.

THE final settlement of the Irish Land Bill has been delayed longer than was by some sanguine persons expected, and it is doubtful whether even the end of the present week will have seen its termination. This postponement is due to various causes. There can be no doubt that the Lords, with a possibly praiseworthy and certainly natural desire to minimize the injustice done by the Bill, acted in some of their amendments inconsistently with the principle which had guided them in their conduct on the

second reading. It was therefore inevitable that the Government should use their docile majority to restore the Bill to its earlier form. In so doing Mr. GLADSTONE displayed a certain amount of practical conciliation which was unluckily marred by a considerable asperity of conduct and language. It requires no more than a very rudimentary knowledge of human nature to be aware that such a position as is occupied by the present PRIME MINISTER is not good for man. He is master, not merely of one of the largest, but of one of the most absolutely and unquestioningly subservient, majorities ever known in the history of Parliament; and it also happens that no single member of the present House of Commons is individually a match for him in point of ability and authority. Only a great deal of moderation and a great deal of good humour could protect the possessor of such a position against the danger of domineering, and there are times when an unflattering critic might not be able to recognize either modesty or good humour as prominent features of the PRIME MINISTER'S disposition. The remarks which Mr. GLADSTONE made on Tuesday night as to the grammatical and stylistic defects of one of the Duke of ARGYLL'S amendments were, under the circumstances, in very doubtful taste; the absolutely uncalled for denunciation of a reasonable objection of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S as "querulous" was still worse. The petulant rating of the Opposition and its leaders on Thursday night was worst of all. These things do not make rough places smooth. Nor was the actual conduct of the proceedings less open to criticism. The passion which the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND has for retracting and altering his own amendments in the course of a discussion is scarcely business-like. Nor has a more extraordinary spectacle been often presented than the muddle into which Mr. GLADSTONE led the House in the matter of the amendment giving a landlord access to the Court. The words of the Lords' amendment were rejected; its principle was then accepted; that principle was restated in a form so clumsy that the rules of the House prevented it from being inserted; and, finally, Mr. GLADSTONE had to give up the matter, with a helpless expression of hope that the Lords would after all come to the rescue, and reinsert something of the same kind which they had inserted before. It is a fact curiously ignored by certain critics, and curiously illustrated by this incident, that, whatever may be the respective merits of the Upper and the Lower House, the former, at any rate, understands its business.

There can be all the less reason for a serious disagreement between the two Houses, that it is already evident that the work of the Peers has not been wholly thrown away. There were four points of undoubted importance on which the Lords made amendments, not in any way opposed to the spirit of the Bill, and calculated greatly to improve its working. The first was the practical exemption of English-managed estates; the second was the liberation of the landlord from the disabilities imposed on him in the matter of going into Court; the third was Lord CAIRNS'S check on collusive sales, and the fourth the extrusion of Mr. PARNELL'S intrusive and almost surreptitious amendment, suspending executions pending an appeal to the Court. The first point has been practically decided by public opinion ever since the narrow defeat of Mr. HENEGAN'S amendment, and its tardy and grudging acceptance prevents the perpetration of a wrong of the most monstrous kind. The prevention of collusive sales is a working detail of no small importance. But the admission of the landlord to the Court, which after the bungling already commented upon Mr. GLADSTONE has ungraciously invited the Lords to reinsert in Mr. BRAND'S formula is, from the point of view of public policy, most important of all. According to the most favourable description of it, the Bill is a measure for defining, as far as possible amicably, the relative shares of two partners in a complicated concern. Mr. FORSTER, indeed, with the quaint, and ingenuous unconsciousness which often distinguishes him, and which must make him a somewhat inconvenient colleague, has in these last discussions taken up the very description of the Bill which unfavourable critics gave of it at the first draft—that it is a measure for presenting every tenant in Ireland with a fifteen years' lease. However this may be, it is clearly for the public interest that the amounts of the shares or the terms of the lease should be settled as soon and with as little heat and wrangling as possible. If the tenant desires such a



settlement, the measure as it left the Commons gave him every opportunity for obtaining it. But if the landlord desired it, he was bound to go through the formality of demanding an increased rent. The effect of this is unmistakable. Rent-raising is the one thing that Irish tenants hate and protest against, and the main thing that the Bill is constructed to prevent. It is notorious that an Irish tenant will rather take a farm at an exorbitant rent to begin with than have a low rent "raised on him," even to a perfectly fair amount. Why the landlord should be compelled to assume this invidious attitude before he can have the benefit of the law, it is impossible to see. Moreover, it is obvious that he is thus not only saddled with an unfair odium, but that he is actually prejudiced in his character of suitor. Instead of being an applicant in the ordinary way of business for a valuation of his property, he becomes practically defendant in a suit brought against him by his tenant for extortion. And this suit, it is to be remembered, is tried before a tribunal composed of persons who are likely to regard rent-raising with an unfavourable eye. There can be no hesitation in saying that, if the Bill is really intended to be a message of peace, its framers could not have chosen any better means of sending, not peace, but a sword, than the infliction of this extraordinary disability on the landlord, and that there is no point of the Bill at which the House of Lords would be better justified in maintaining an attitude little short of uncompromising. But the Government have indicated the lines of a compromise on this point as on others. Even in replacing Mr. PARNELL'S amendment, they have taken the sting out of it by the limitation to three months; and in doing the same with their own provision as to the status of leasehold tenants at the end of the lease they have opened a door, or at least left it ajar, for resumption. The curious mixture of ostentatious firmness and practical concession (the measure of which may best be judged by the wrath of the Land League members) is characteristic of Mr. GLADSTONE, and it ought not to irritate either the Commons or the Peers. Mr. GOSCHEN'S advice, though given with a want of tact almost amounting to offensiveness, was well meant and sound enough in substance.

The conclusion of this weary business must now, unless unforeseen and most unfortunate difficulties arise, be a matter of days, perhaps only of hours, and the message of peace will soon be speeded across St. George's Channel. Prophecy as to its results would seem to be unusually dangerous, were it not that prophecy as to Ireland has seldom been falsified when the prophets have chosen to be guided by the facts and by common sense. In no country, perhaps, are physical conditions so obvious, so simple, and so easily comprehensible, and certainly in none is the character of the people more marked and more unchanging. The Land Bill is the latest of a series of attempts to ignore each of these sets of facts. It might contain in its preamble (if circumstantial preambles were still in fashion) a description of Ireland as a country of uniformly rich soil, favourable climate, abundantly provided with minerals, and admirably adapted for the seat of manufactures of every kind; a description of the Irish as industrious and thrifty, averse from agitation, specially distinguished by their respect for the law and for human life, and incapable under any circumstances of refusing to discharge the undertakings into which they have entered. Such a description would only be a compressed and emphasized expression of the neglect of social, historical, and economic facts which characterizes the Bill as a practical measure. From another point of view it is sufficient to say that it is the first measure of importance in the history of England since the establishment of constitutional government which takes the property of one man and gives it to another, not only without compensating the loser, but with an express denial on the part of its framers of his right to compensation.

#### MR. BRIGHT ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

**B**OTH in the House of Commons and at the Mansion House the Ministers have announced that the first business of the next Session will be the indispensable alteration of the rules and Standing Orders of the House. The object is in the highest degree desirable, but the task which the Government has undertaken is extremely diffi-

cult. The problem is not to adjust the methods of conducting business to the convenience of members who are all interested in the maintenance of order and of freedom of debate, but to restrain the license of a factious minority which deliberately attempts to render the proceedings of the House of Commons ridiculous and abortive. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, after many attempts to conciliate Mr. PARNELL and his followers, no longer struggle to sustain the respectable fiction that contumacious obstruction is the result of accident or error. As judges used to say in the days of special demurrers, it is sometimes necessary to exercise a little common sense. The House of Commons has an enemy within its gates, and not a mistaken body of loyal members. Until the experiment has been tried, it is impossible to ascertain whether any assemblage of men for combined action can dispense with good faith on the part of its members. Coercion of offenders may be the unavoidable alternative; but in causing the suppression of absolute freedom of speech the obstructive faction will already have attained a partial success. A great change has been effected, almost without observation, in the course of the present Session. In the hope of checking wilful irrelevancy, the House has allowed the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees to interrupt any member who is thought to digress from the immediate issue. In the impartial discharge of a novel duty the presiding officer has sometimes called to order party leaders, and even Ministers of the Crown, who have not confined themselves to some narrow point in the discussion. In former times it was not found necessary to remind members of every casual deviation to the right hand or to the left. A stricter discipline has been established merely because the House contains a little knot of wilful and malicious trespassers.

In his speech at the Mansion House Mr. BRIGHT disclosed the nature of some of the remedies which are to be provided, and he added reflections which, if they are not in themselves original or startling, become interesting when they are promulgated by the great democratic orator. It appears that the House of Commons will be asked to provide means of silencing any orator who may be deemed unduly tedious. A reduction in the number of stages through which a Bill is required to pass will be unobjectionable; but it may be doubted whether the change will effect the purpose for which it is to be introduced. There will always be abundant opportunity for making long speeches; and it is not obviously expedient that, "when a man has said what the House considers enough, there should be a means of reducing him to silence." A majority inspired by party feeling, and instigated by political Clubs, such as the Birmingham Association, may perhaps hereafter hold that a moderate member has said enough when his arguments begin to be embarrassing. There would never have been any difficulty in suppressing obstruction if the House of Commons had been content at the same time to abolish freedom of debate. As it will hardly be thought proper to vest the power of interruption in the Speaker or Chairman, a vote must be taken on the question whether a tedious member is to be allowed to proceed. The Land League members are perfectly capable, even if discussion is not allowed, of interposing a dozen calls to order in the middle of any speech which they may happen to dislike. Mr. BRIGHT may perhaps not have intended to pledge himself to the specific measures which he suggested as desirable; but almost any possible contrivance will be liable to similar criticism. If debate is to be as free as at present, precautions against obstruction will be no better than ropes of sand; and, on the other hand, schemes for silencing troublesome members run counter to all the best traditions of the House. The device of suspending members who have disregarded the SPEAKER'S warnings has not been wholly ineffective; but exclusion from the House is an anomalous and inconvenient penalty. The practice of moving the adjournment of the House as a pretext for speaking on miscellaneous topics will probably be abolished. It is well that the Government will have ample time during the recess to mature the proposals which will be ultimately made. The House will receive its suggestions with a genuine desire to accomplish the object; and even if he is opposed, Mr. GLADSTONE, with his majority at his back, will have ample power to legislate.

Mr. BRIGHT, who from time to time extricates himself from the grooves of party, as in his denunciation of the querulous helplessness of Irish patriots, made some curious

remarks on the present and on former Parliaments. In his opinion the existing House of Commons is superior to all its predecessors in intelligence and ability; but even the aggregate impersonation of the calm wisdom of the Midlothian speeches has some petty defects which it would do well to correct. Its excellences are to some extent impaired by the prevalence of vanity, of obstinacy, and of spite. The majority of which Mr. BRIGHT was probably thinking directs its spite against the late Government and the Conservative party; the vanity has had little opportunity of displaying itself during a Session in which independent members were rarely allowed to speak; the Ministerial party may be acquitted of obstinacy when it has implicitly obeyed Mr. GLADSTONE, with the sacrifice on the part of all moderate Liberals of their deepest convictions. It is true that the House of Commons contains many members who are capable of attaining more or less distinction if they were not dwarfed by comparison with their chief. The exclusive and single-handed conduct of business which Lord HARTINGTON justly attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE is likely to be repeated as long as he leads the House of Commons. Mr. BRIGHT, having been apparently troubled by a suspicion that Parliament had degenerated, once consulted the old Chief Clerk of the House whether Lord PALMERSTON'S great *Pacifico* speech was equal or superior to those of former times. Mr. LEIGH replied that there was no man in his youth who could have made such a speech, and not ten who could have understood it; but that in those days only a few members took part in debate. The official veteran was unduly severe on Parliaments which were exclusively composed of men of property and education. It is not at first sight obvious that a customary limitation of the number of speeches might not conduce to the efficient transaction of public business. The old practice still survives in the House of Lords, where by common consent the debates are superior to those of the more popular Assembly.

The oddest and the soundest proposition enunciated by Mr. BRIGHT was that the House of Commons ought, for the efficient discharge of its duties, to be animated by a gentlemanlike spirit. It is only as proceeding from a zealous and consistent advocate of democratic equality that such a doctrine resembles a paradox. Mr. BRIGHT, as might be expected, proceeded to explain that the qualities which he desiderated were not acquired by University education, and that they were not necessarily associated with rank, with wealth, or with any social station. He had known, he said with truth, persons who, though formerly working-men, were unobjectionable in sentiments and manners; but nevertheless gentlemanlike demeanour is most commonly found among gentlemen. It is in vain that levellers deride the effect of intellectual and social culture, and that ostentatious agitators for education refuse to recognize the superiority which it tends to confer. In DICKENS'S novels squalid haunts of poverty, the debtors' prison, and the streets, are the favourite nursing-places of moral excellence, though in his personal capacity the satirist was a zealous and useful promoter of all projects for the social elevation of the poor. One of his reasons for disbelieving in the advantages of constitutional government was that in his time both Houses of Parliament were aristocratic bodies. Mr. BRIGHT is more orthodox in his political creed, as far as the House of Commons is concerned; but he is not likely to elevate its standard of gentlemanlike feeling by lowering the qualification of the constituencies or by inviting the dictation of intolerant clubs. The obstinacy and vanity which he deprecates will be more prevalent as the upper classes are gradually eliminated from the representative body. The standard of taste and manners in American Legislatures is not considered by their countrymen to be extraordinarily elevated. There was, perhaps, some connexion between the modest taciturnity of old-fashioned Parliaments and the unquestioned position of their members in society. University education, if it does no other good, has the great merit of convincing all students, who are not simpletons or coxcombs, that they are surrounded by equals as capable as themselves. Mr. BRIGHT himself, though his intellectual education may leave nothing to be required, would perhaps have been less positive and more patient of contradiction if he had in his youth competed with rivals as highly cultivated, if not as able, as himself. He deserves credit for calling attention to the worst defect of the House of Commons and to the ideal remedy. If the House, or its most turbulent sections, were penetrated with gentlemanlike

feeling, the evils which the Government will painfully endeavour to correct would at once disappear. Vanity, obstinacy, and spite are human tendencies, but they are inconsistent with gentlemanlike feeling.

#### RAILWAY RATES.

THE Report of the Committee on Railway Rates coincides in time of publication with the announcement of the half-yearly dividends. The witnesses who have urged on the Committee unscrupulous spoliation of railway property will not be induced to reconsider their opinions by the large diminution of the incomes of shareholders for the last half-year. Some traders and freighters regard railways and their proprietors much as the Land League and its clients are disposed to deal with landowners; and, if they are not in a position to command popular sympathy, they are well organized and formidable by their wealth and their influence. The arbitrary reduction or equalization of rates which has been urged on the Committee, would affect in the first instance and to the greatest extent the holders of ordinary stock. Shareholders have invested their money in enterprises which are not secured by any guarantee; but the risk of loss is confined within calculable limits as long as Parliament adheres to the terms of the contracts on which money was advanced. That the investments have not been considered as of a speculative character is proved by the smallness of the percentage which railway shares return on the market price. If the half-year dividends had not been reduced, the ordinary stock of the best Companies would not have paid four per cent. on the average prices which have ruled since the beginning of the year. The actual profit is considerably less; and, as a railway manager informed the Committee, the entire dividend on open stock is paid out of seventeen per cent. on the gross receipts. A little unfair manipulation of rates would involve the ruin of the capitalists who have done more than any class of the community to increase the wealth and prosperity of the country. But for the ventures of ordinary stockholders, the larger sum which is invested in debentures and preferences would never have been advanced. Some of the Liverpool witnesses, who of all the assailants of the Companies were most extravagant in their demands, had so far the merit of consistency that they affected to doubt whether their city had gained anything by the introduction of railroads; yet the payments which they grudge necessarily bear but a small proportion to the value of the trade which they serve, and of which they indicate the dimensions.

Mr. FARRER, of the Board of Trade, clearly exposed some of the fallacies of the trading witnesses; and he called attention to the fact that they represented only producers, while the interests of consumers are in many cases identical with those of the carriers. Some Liverpool freighters scarcely concealed their desire of acquiring a monopoly of the best market in England by the adjustment of rates to the distance traversed. Other producers objected to the comparatively low rates which are charged when railways compete with transit by sea. The effect of prohibiting the practice would be to deprive the Companies of a moderate profit, and to raise the price of commodities, which would no longer find two competing modes of conveyance. Large mining and industrial districts would by a similar process be ruined through their inability to contend with rivals who happened to be nearer to the markets. It seems at least probable that railway managers in adjusting their rates consult the interest of the greatest number, because it is their object to accommodate the largest amount of traffic. The complaints that the Companies had in some instances exceeded their lawful charges resolved themselves into a dispute as to the right to receive terminals for services performed in receiving and delivering goods, in addition to the charges for carriage on the line. There could be no doubt of the propriety of abolishing any illegal excess; but the object might have been attained in the ordinary course of law without the intervention of any Committee. Among thousands of freighters it would be strange if no one was found to refuse payment of an illegal demand. A passenger, who may perhaps have had an unusually litigious temper, lately attempted to obtain redress from the Railway Commissioners for a supposed overcharge of a halfpenny on his fare.

The Report of the Chairman, Mr. ASHLEY, seems to be

temperate and reasonable; but railway proprietors will have observed with some alarm that it was only carried by a majority of one. The Committee recommends a new classification of goods which might probably be effected without difficulty, and the separation in the list of charges of the rates for carriage and the terminal charges. It is also proposed that the Railway Commission shall be made permanent, that its power shall in some cases be increased, and that Chambers of Commerce and similar bodies shall be allowed a *locus standi* on behalf of traders. It may be hoped that Parliament will not concede to the Commission a power to regulate rates on the application of private persons or public bodies. Such a jurisdiction would be exercised by the majority of the present Commission in a spirit hostile to the Companies; and it would be intolerable that any tribunal should be allowed to repeal or overrule Parliamentary tariffs. There is no doubt that the functions of the Commission will be enlarged; and the opportunity of remodelling its constitution ought not to be neglected. Experience has in this case more than confirmed the general proposition that judicial functions ought to be exclusively entrusted to lawyers. The Commission has never commanded the confidence of litigants; and consequently it has had little to do. The business which it has transacted would have been much more satisfactorily managed by a single professional judge, who, unless his greater competence increased the amount of litigation, would not have found occupation for more than three weeks in the year. The administrative duties of the Court are much less complicated and less important than those of a judge in the Chancery division. There is no reason why the successor of the present Commission should not, like the chief judge in Bankruptcy, be a judge of the High Court, both for the augmentation of his authority, and that his services in the intervals of railway business might be available for general purposes. A saving of five or six thousand a year would be the smallest of the advantages which would result from the proposed change.

The dividends of the great Companies have, in almost every instance, fallen short of last year's amount. The half-yearly reports attribute a part of the reduction to the snow storms of January and February. The actual expense of clearing the lines and keeping them open amounted in almost every case to many thousands of pounds, and the traffic, especially in passengers, was at the same time greatly diminished. A more permanent cause of dissatisfaction is the stagnation or slow progress of trade. The expectations of last year have been disappointed, especially in the case of the iron and steel trades, in which the prices are much lower than during the apparent revival of 1880. Some Companies have begun to experience the bad effects of the German tariff. If the Commercial Treaty with France should fail, another large reduction of traffic will be inevitable. In the first three months of the year the returns of the London and North-Western Company fell off to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds; but the deficiency was covered by the returns of the second quarter, leaving a small increase in the gross receipts. To maintain the rate of profit, it is not sufficient that, as in the half-year's return of the Great Northern Company, the receipts should be almost exactly the same with those of the previous corresponding period. No Company finds it possible to close its capital account, and consequently in every succeeding year a larger amount is required to maintain the same rate of dividend. In the majority of cases the necessary sums are raised by the creation of preference stock, and more rarely, in the legitimate exercise of the discretion of the Boards, ordinary stock is issued either at its nominal value or at a premium which brings it below the market price. Hasty theorists have erroneously contended that a bonus to each shareholder involves a loss to the whole body. During the month of July the traffic returns have, with two or three exceptions, been moderately satisfactory; but there is hitherto no sufficient indication of a general improvement of trade. The fine summer will probably produce a good harvest, to the direct advantage of some railways, and with the probable consequence of a partial revival of trade. The reports of the Scotch Companies, which are not yet issued, are not expected to justify sanguine calculations. Both the Caledonian and the North British Companies depend largely on the iron and coal trades, which are still in a state of depression. The North British Company has for some time been weighed down by the

consequences of the Tay Bridge disaster. Till the new bridge is finished, the traffic will be impeded; but at some future time the Northern route of the Company will be greatly improved. A Bill for the abandonment of the Forth Bridge was withdrawn, and a new scheme which involves no risk of failure has been sanctioned; but some years must elapse before the works can be completed. Few Chairmen, in addressing their shareholders, failed to notice the hardships of the Passenger tax, and the scandalous injustice to which Railway Companies are subject in the assessment of local rates. Unions which derive enormous benefits from the lines which traverse their districts throw upon them the greater part of the burden of local expenditure, from which the Companies derive little or no advantage. It seems hopeless to expect redress from legislation, for Parliament shares the common delusion that associations possessing large capital are exceptionally rich. Thousands and thousands of shareholders are dependent on scanty incomes derived from railway investments which they may be supposed to have chosen in reliance on the good faith and equal justice of Parliament. They cannot be expected to listen with complacency to the claim of wealthy traders or of owners of rateable property to be further enriched at their expense.

#### THE PROPOSED EDUCATION CODE.

MR. MUNDELLA had unusually interesting matter to deal with when moving the Education Estimates. After he had marshalled his figures in proper array, and set out the percentage of growth in the several elements which make up elementary education in its public and administrative aspect, he enjoyed the rare pleasure of telling a large number of persons things which they were exceedingly anxious to hear. Whether the House of Commons cared to listen to him did not matter; he was sure of a public out of doors. There is hardly a school manager or a school teacher in the kingdom who did not open his Tuesday's paper with excited curiosity. These changes in "Article 19 B" and "Article 19 E," which appear of such little moment to other readers, were to them big with ban or blessing. Upon their working will depend the issue which is always in the mind of managers and teachers—Will the Parliamentary grant to my school be greater or less in the future than it has been in the past? Success in benevolent labours, or in a toilsome and thankless career, may be secured or rendered doubtful by these seemingly trifling alterations. For months to come little else will be talked of in country parsonages, in the committee-rooms of Board Schools, and wherever teacher meets teacher. There is no fear that Mr. MUNDELLA will find the suggestions he invites come in too slowly. The *Guardian* is, no doubt, preparing for the weekly supplements which will with difficulty contain a tenth part of the letters it will receive on the subject; and the Education Department, if it is well advised, will already have secured the services of a temporary staff of additional clerks.

The changes of which Mr. MUNDELLA gave an account on Monday are not to take effect until next year. If they are generally accepted as improvements, they will be incorporated into the Code of 1882. For the first time the Education Department has descended from its position of majestic isolation, and allowed itself to be influenced by the criticisms of common men. Considering what the main function of the department is, we are not quite sure that it is doing wisely. It is well, no doubt, that the law should be adapted to the needs of those in whose interest it is framed, and it may seem that on this principle school managers and school teachers have a just claim to be consulted upon the conditions on which the Parliamentary grant is distributed. But school managers and school teachers are not the persons in whose interest the law which governs this distribution ought to be framed; that character really belongs to the persons who have to find the money out of which the Parliamentary grant is paid. The suggestions from which Mr. MUNDELLA hopes to derive enlightenment ought to come from the taxpayers; they will really come from the tax-spenders. The system which will most commend itself to managers and teachers will be the system which most increases the amount they can earn and enables them to earn it most surely. The stipulations with which the distribution of the grant are fenced round are so many guarantees that the taxpayer gets value for his money; to managers and

teachers they are apt to seem so many barriers set up to prevent them from getting the money they have earned. Every suggestion that is offered to the department will be in the nature of a plea for greater laxity. Is it expedient that these pleas should be multiplied by direct invitation? A school manager who finds his grant reduced by the conditions laid down by the Education Department will seldom want a plausible reason for urging that these conditions shall be made less stringent. It is only natural to feel that you deserve something more than that to which you can prove your title under a cold official standard. No doubt it is not to the public interest that the conditions should be made so severe as to check educational progress. There is no danger, however, of this happening so long as the amount of the grant goes on increasing. If the evidence of efficiency demanded by the department were really too exacting, schools would cease to offer it. So long as they go on earning more money every year the department can hardly be wrong in continually insisting on a larger educational return for the payments made.

The first of the changes announced by Mr. MUNDELLA is unintelligible without more explanation than is to be found either in his speech or in the text of the Code. "It is proposed," says the First Clause, "to adopt the average attendance in each school as the basis of the grants which have hitherto been made on account of individual scholars presented for examination." But in the Fourteenth Clause it is said that "the grant will be calculated on the results of the examination" of the scholars who have been on the school register for six months. Supposing, therefore, that the average attendance at a school is large, and the results of the examination of the scholars small, upon which basis will the grant be calculated? If it goes upon the average attendance of the scholars, what is the good of the Inspector's examination, and what guarantee will the department have that the grant is fairly earned? If it goes, as at present, upon the results of the examination, what becomes of the promise that the average attendance in each school is to be the basis? Lord SPENCER did his best on Thursday to explain the change; and it is possible that if it is thrown into the form of a sum in double Rule of Three, its meaning may become faintly visible by 1882. It is unfortunate, however, that the Education Department should not have been able to make its meaning clear before asking whether it is palatable? In the first instance, a large part of the correspondence with which the officials will be inundated will be directed towards removing an obscurity of their own creating. The second change is that 250 attendances will no longer be insisted on as a condition of examination. It may fairly be argued that, as the extension of compulsion makes school attendance more universal and more regular, the utility of this requirement grows less; but we fail to see the force of the reason by which Mr. MUNDELLA justified its abolition. The temptation to fraud that now exists will not really disappear with the requirement. Teachers will no longer have the motive they now have for falsifying the record of a child's attendances, but they will have another nearly as potent. The grant, as we have seen, is to be calculated on the average attendance in each school, and the higher the sum of attendances set down to each child's credit, the higher will be the return of average attendance. Unless the Education Department is prepared to take no account of attendance, and to make a grant for every child presented for examination, whether he has attended the school or not, a teacher will always be under a strong inducement to make it appear that a child has made more attendances than he really has. The provision that the grant will be based on the proportion of passes actually made to those that might have been made by the scholars examined would be important if it extended to all the scholars presented. It is confined, however, to scholars presented in the First and Second Standards. In these the Inspector will be allowed to take samples of the children present. If there are 100 children, for example, he may examine ten of them, and if eight of these satisfy him, he will reckon that eighty children have earned the grant. If this system were applied to all the children in a school, it would at least effect a considerable saving of time, however open it might be to objection on other grounds. When all Standards above the Second are excluded from its operation, even the saving of time becomes problematical.

A third change involves a partial return to the state of things which existed before Mr. LOWE introduced the

original Revised Code. In those days the Parliamentary grant was given in consideration of the general impression which the school made upon the Inspector. In other words, it was based on inspection, not on examination. Mr. LOWE left Inspectors free to inspect as well as examine, but he enacted that the results of the inspection should not affect the amount of the grant. By the Sixth of the new clauses the Inspector is directed to "have regard to" the organization and discipline, the employment of intelligent methods of instruction, and the general quality of the work in each school; and he will "have power" to recommend an additional grant on the average attendance varying in amount according as the school "is, in these respects, fair, good, or excellent." The combination of inspection with examination which is thus introduced is a decided improvement upon either of the two systems standing alone. It will necessitate, however, if it is to have a fair trial, a complete redistribution of the Inspectors' work. Men who are perfectly competent to examine individual children may not be in the least competent to pronounce on the organization and discipline of a school, or on the value of the methods of instruction employed in it. If Mr. MUNDELLA carries out the plan described in his speech, it will be possible to give both classes of Inspectors the particular duties for which they are qualified. He proposes to place the "very best" and "most trusted Inspectors" at the head of districts; to make them responsible for the work of all the other Inspectors; and to create a new class of Sub-Inspectors, recruited from schoolmasters and from Inspectors' assistants. With the variety of power which will thus be at the command of the Education Department, it ought to be easy to get every kind of inspection done by the Inspector or Sub-Inspector who is best suited to it. There are many difficulties in the way of giving effect to this scheme; but, in common with some other changes upon which we have not touched, it promises, if boldly and thoroughly worked out, to effect considerable improvement in the results of elementary education.

#### EMIGRANT SHIPS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has published a Minute on the accommodation and treatment of emigrants on board Atlantic steamships, and has appended to it the reports and evidence on which his conclusions are founded. The question was raised by a letter from Miss CHARLOTTE O'BRIEN which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 6th of May last. This letter was evidently written under great excitement. It recorded a visit paid by Miss O'BRIEN to an emigrant ship at Queenstown. She went over the emigrants' quarters in the daytime, when, as she herself says, they were "empty, swept, and garnished," and she pictured to herself what these same quarters would be when "in the darkness of night, the ship pitching in mid-ocean, a glimmering lamp or two makes visible a mass of moaning humanity." To all appearance Miss O'BRIEN has mixed up in her general attack upon emigrant ships what she saw with what she fancied. Her picture, for example, of an "innocent girl-child lying amongst dissolute men and abandoned women, half-stupified with suffocation and sea-sickness, amid the curses and groans of hundreds," and, "if she arise and flee to save her soul," forced to "tread on the writhing bodies of men and women," is entirely imaginary. Miss O'BRIEN, indeed, assures us that "this is no brutal and impure dream." It is "the truth," "the living horror menacing the life, honour, and soul of hundreds and thousands of our fellow-countrywomen." And immediately afterwards she speaks of "the ship on which I saw these things." But the "things" she actually saw on the ship were the emigrants' quarters in the daytime, when, on her own showing, they were "empty, swept, and garnished." The rest was so far a dream that it was at most Miss O'BRIEN's conception of what was likely to happen at night when the ship was out at sea. It was quite right, no doubt, to call attention to the possible evils that might result from the arrangements which she saw; but the distinction between the possible and the actual should have been carefully maintained. It is one thing to ask, "What is to prevent such and such things happening in a ship filled up in such and such a way?" and another to call upon the reader to "look on" these things as though they had actually happened under Miss O'BRIEN's own



eyes. The Board of Trade has done quite rightly, however, in inquiring into the charges made or implied in Miss O'BRIEN's letter, though when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says that her statements "have now been thoroughly investigated" he is a little in advance of the facts. The witnesses examined were, with one exception, partners in or servants of the Shipping Companies, which were virtually on their trial. This evidence is most valuable as regards the intentions of the Companies and the means adopted to give effect to them; but it tells us very little as to the success of these means. The only way to have come to a satisfactory conclusion on this head would have been to examine persons who have made a voyage in the steerage of an emigrant ship. Lord MONTEAGLE in a letter to the *Standard* says that he is satisfied from letters which he has seen that trustworthy testimony of this kind is to be had; and considering how many persons have left this country as emigrants and since returned, it can scarcely be doubted that he is right. The two chief questions on which the inquiry turned could not be adequately investigated except by the aid of those who have made the voyage and watched the working of the arrangements assailed.

When Miss O'BRIEN's charges are stripped of the vivid colouring they derived from her imagination and reduced to their bald simplicity, they come to two—the non-separation of the sexes in the case of married couples, and the opportunities left for communication between single women and men whether single or married. Miss O'BRIEN contends warmly for the provision of separate sleeping accommodation for husbands and wives. She would have the men's berths placed in one part of the ship; and those of the women and children in another part. Miss O'BRIEN says positively that those who know Irishwomen best have no doubt that they would rather be separated from their own husbands than endure the compulsory companionship of other women's husbands. On the other hand, the witnesses examined by the Board of Trade are, for the most part, of opinion that the separation of husband and wife would be exceedingly unpopular among emigrants. The women, they say, feel the presence of their husbands a protection, while their presence acts as a check upon the husbands. A delicate wife cannot attend to three or four children in the night-time, and who beside her husband is likely to be willing to help her? Very often the family bring their bedding with them from home, and if a man is separated from his wife he has nothing to sleep on. It is to be observed, however, that this evidence all comes from the owners of ships in which husbands and wives sleep together. On the other hand, the Passenger Manager of the Allan line, in which married couples are separated, thinks that it is better for the emigrants that husbands and wives should sleep apart, though he adds that in carrying out this regulation he thinks that his Company has suffered. If Miss O'BRIEN is right in her account, it might be well to have ships specially fitted up for the conveyance of Irish emigrants. It is doubtful, however, whether her suggestion that the unmarried women should sleep with the married women and their children would be altogether to the taste of those most concerned. An unmarried woman might reasonably object to be converted into a general nurse, which is the position Miss O'BRIEN marks out for her. Still, this difficulty might be got over if the men were in one part of the ship, the women with children in another part, and the single women and women without children in a third. To this solution, however, Miss O'BRIEN objects that it would enable the agents of the nefarious trade in girls to use the emigrant ships as a field for getting recruits for immoral purposes. On the whole, the balance of evidence seems to be against the change which Miss O'BRIEN recommends.

The other question is, whether there is a sufficient separation in practice between the unmarried girls and the men, whether married or single. What this really comes to is that the berths of the single women frequently open out upon a passage into which the men's berths also open, or that the staircase which leads to the berths is common to men and women. It seems clear that, under these circumstances, very objectionable things may go on if the girls are willing to admit men into their berths, and if the men they wish to admit succeed in eluding the eyes of the watchman in charge. The witnesses lay great stress upon the improbability that a man would be allowed to come into a berth in which a number of girls are sleeping together, or that he could effect an entrance without exciting

sufficient remonstrance to attract the watchman's notice. This assumes, however, two things, which it is scarcely safe to take as certain. One is that, in the emigrant class, a well-conducted girl will have the courage to remonstrate with those less decently-minded than herself. She has to live with these girls during the voyage, and she may not wish to make them her enemies; or, as Miss O'BRIEN points out, she may be afraid that if she tries to expose them they will accuse her of being herself the sinner. The other assumption is that the watchman will always be on the side of morality. What seems to be needed by way of safeguard is either so complete a separation between the sexes as to make the presence of a man near the single women's quarters at night a cause of instant and inevitable remark, or the association of the single women with the married women who have no children, or the presence in the girls' quarters of a respectable woman as matron. This last precaution is recommended by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his Minute, though not, we think, with as much vigour as the case demands. The Board, he says, "are disposed to agree with Miss O'BRIEN that every emigrant ship carrying a certain number of single women should have a woman of character and experience in the position of a matron." We should go a good deal further than this, and insist upon the presence of a qualified matron in every emigrant ship, unless the arrangements for the separation of the sexes are such as to leave her, so far as the enforcement of decency is concerned, with nothing to do. It is of great importance that no possible suspicion should attach to emigrant ships, because anything of the kind is certain to be made use of by that party in Ireland which is anxious for political reasons to discredit and discourage emigration. That Miss O'BRIEN's attention was first directed to the subject by some one with this intention is not impossible; but if so, this is only an additional proof of the necessity of not giving her any opportunity of saying that her recommendations have been neglected.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

THE Seventh Session of the International Medical Congress has just been held in London, under the presidency of Sir James Paget. The meeting was opened in St. James's Great Hall on Wednesday, August 3rd, and was brought to a close in the same place on August 9th. This Congress will doubtless be memorable for many reasons; but amongst them one already stands out with sufficient prominence. Whilst ranking second to none of those which have preceded it in regard to the importance of the subjects discussed at its general and sectional meetings, it far surpasses all others, and indeed any other previous meeting of medical men, if we have regard to the mere numbers of those who were present and have enrolled themselves as members of the Congress. The list has included a total of 3,210 members of the medical profession, of whom about one-half have been physicians or surgeons practising in Great Britain; whilst the other half has been composed of like representatives from all the nations of Europe, as well as from the United States, Canada, and other parts of the American continent. Many of these have been delegates specially deputed to attend the meetings of the Congress by their respective Governments, Ministers, or public departments. The importance of such international medical meetings seems, therefore, to be fully recognized, and this has never been more emphatically shown than on the present occasion.

On the occasion of the opening meeting of this seventh session the chair was first taken by the President of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir William Jenner, as chairman *ex officio* of the General Committee, and it was his duty to sound the first note of greeting to an audience which filled every corner of the Great Hall. At this time, and indeed subsequently during the whole of the prolonged first meeting, the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Germany were listeners. With them, on the platform, was a large and altogether remarkable group of representative men of all nations, comprising amongst them not a few of the most distinguished living physicians, surgeons, pathologists, and physiologists. The election of officers was followed by a well-delivered and well-received speech from the Prince of Wales, and this by the opening address of the newly-elected President, Sir James Paget. It is almost needless to say that his discourse was clear and impressive; and, although it was not characterized by any notable originality, it was a thoroughly earnest and scholarly address, delivered with peculiar freedom and charm of manner. He dealt in the main with generalities concerning the work of the Congress and the progress of medical science, preferring to leave to others the opportunity of discoursing upon special topics. According to a plan which had been pre-arranged by the Executive Committee, other great general meetings followed on successive days, at which addresses on subjects of importance were delivered by authoritative representatives of different nations.

Of these discourses the first was given by Professor Virchow of Berlin, on "The Value of Pathological Experiment," in which, whilst tracing the progress of medical science, he showed how all the solid foundations of the healing art always have been, and even must be, based upon observation and experiment; he showed, moreover, that in the stage of progress to which we have now attained, experiment is daily becoming of more and more importance. Inasmuch as the object of medical science is the prevention and alleviation of disease with all its concomitant sufferings, Professor Virchow did not hesitate to counsel the continuance of careful experimentation by competent workers on the lower animals, in order that man as well as multitudes of these lower animals might reap the great gain likely to accrue therefrom. He held, in short, that the causing of a minimum amount of suffering on the part of some animals was more than warrantable in face of the great prospective good likely to accrue to the science of medicine, and through it to the human race as well as to the brute creation itself. The causing of some amount of suffering was, he contended, an evil less than that of loss of life to lower animals as it would be to ourselves; yet, strange to say, those who would curb or completely stop the lesser evil, when its ultimate aim is the universal alleviation of misery and disease, take no adequate cognizance of it so long as the aim of those who inflict far greater and more widespread suffering or death is "sport," gain, or the gratification of mere animal appetite. For the sake of these popular aims, suffering may be inflicted at will upon animals by the most careless and unthinking members of the community; but should the object be knowledge, with all its ultimate advantages, and should such knowledge be sought for by educated men, then the infliction of any amount of such suffering, however trivial, must be fenced round by penal enactments, and conducted under police supervision. That the existence of such a state of things should arouse wonder in Professor Virchow is not surprising. No one is more capable of judging than this veteran pathologist and statesman what are the advantages likely to accrue from pathological experiments, carefully conducted by proper persons, upon some of the lower animals. And the fact that at the concluding meeting of the Congress a resolution was unanimously adopted embodying very similar sentiments shows that his view is not the opinion merely of a medical philosopher, however eminent, but that it is the common and almost united opinion of a profession ever famous for its charity, as it has been notable above all others for its knowledge of and love of nature generally, and of the animal world in particular.

Another of the general addresses was delivered by M. Pasteur, the famous French chemist, who, in continuation of his researches on the germ theory of fermentation, has of late been occupied with certain highly important experimental investigations touching the nature and mode of propagation of certain epidemic diseases amongst lower animals. Speaking in French, M. Pasteur described in particular the efforts which he has recently been making, and the mode of experimentation adopted, in order to minimize the virulence of two diseases which he believes to be spread, and in that sense to be caused, by the agency of organized germs acting as contagious particles. The two animal diseases which he has been endeavouring, with so much success, to diminish, through the agency of experiment upon other animals, are a species of cholera, very prevalent and very fatal amongst fowls, and also the enormously destructive disease of horned cattle known as *charbon*, splenic fever, or Siberian pest. Strangely enough, too, M. Pasteur has been successfully striving against these fatal animal epidemics by the extension of a method almost precisely analogous to vaccination—a process or mode of mitigating disease which, like experiment upon animals, is hotly opposed by certain persons in this country. By carefully devised methods, the virulence of the contagious elements of these diseases can be diminished and regulated to a nicety, as M. Pasteur has found by preliminary experiments on animals. Taking these contagious elements of the respective diseases whose virulence has been attenuated to a suitable degree, he finds that, if other representatives of the animals in question are inoculated with them, he thereby produces a mere mild and temporary disturbance of health. Nevertheless such animals are henceforth for a time proof against the severe epidemic disease taken in the ordinary way (or even against its contagion when actually inoculated), just as persons who have been vaccinated are for a time proof against the more powerful and fatal virus of small-pox. Concerning the process for mitigating the severity of splenic fever, the losses of animal life from which are so enormous in many countries, M. Pasteur said:—

The method I have just explained of obtaining the vaccine of splenic fever was no sooner made known than it was very extensively employed to prevent the splenic affliction. In France we lose every year by splenic fever animals of the value of 20,000,000 francs. I was asked to give a public demonstration of the results already mentioned. This experiment I may relate in a few words. Fifty sheep were placed at my disposition, of which twenty-five were vaccinated—[i.e. inoculated with an attenuated virus]. A fortnight afterwards the fifty sheep were inoculated with the most virulent anthracoid miasma [unattenuated virus]. The twenty-five vaccinated sheep resisted the infection; the twenty-five unvaccinated died of splenic fever within fifty hours. Since that time my energies have been taxed to meet the demands of farmers for supplies of this vaccine. In the space of fifteen days we have vaccinated in the departments surrounding Paris more than 20,000 sheep and a large number of cattle and horses.

The bearing of these experiments is twofold. They afford a new and unexpected testimony to the value of vaccination as a

process applicable, perhaps, to many other epidemic diseases. The timony like this, coming from without, will, it is to be hoped, cause some of those who, in face of much evidence to the contrary, throw doubts upon the efficacy of vaccination, to reconsider the basis of their opinions. M. Pasteur added:—

If I were not pressed for time, I should bring to your notice two other kinds of virus attenuated by similar means. These experiments will be communicated by-and-by to the public. I cannot conclude, gentlemen, without expressing the great pleasure I feel at the thought that it is as a member of an International Medical Congress assembled in England that I make known the most recent results of vaccination upon a disease more terrible, perhaps, for domestic animals than small-pox is for man. I have given to vaccination an extension which science, I hope, will accept as a homage paid to the merit and to the immense services rendered by one of the greatest men of England, Jenner.

An address prepared by the late Professor Maurice Raynaud, of Paris, had unfortunately to be read by his friend, Dr. Férrol. Its subject was "Le Scepticisme en Médecine au temps passé et au temps présent"; but its gifted author had in the interval between its preparation and the time of its delivery prematurely passed away from amongst us. A similar deplorable gap was made by the decease of Dean Stanley, who had arranged to preach before the Congress on Sunday last in Westminster Abbey. Of the other general addresses one on "Our Medical Literature" was delivered by Dr. Billings, of Washington, U.S.; one by Professor Volkmann, of Halle, "Ueber Moderne Chirurgie"; and the last at the closing meeting of the Congress by Professor Huxley, on "The Connexion of the Biological Sciences with Medicine." These were all of them notable and valuable discourses, affording much food for reflection, by men eminently well qualified to deal with their several subjects. And yet all this was little more than the mere outside fringe of the real work of the Congress, which was conducted daily in sixteen sections.

In these sectional meetings, 119 in all, some valuable presidential addresses were delivered, papers were read, and discussions were carried on in English, French, and German. It was here more especially that the workers and thinkers of different countries came together to compare their views and become personally acquainted with one another. Of the multitudinous and varied subjects which have come under discussion at the Congress some faint notion may be gathered from the fact that the mere abstracts of the written communications printed in the three official languages of the Congress constitute a large imperial octavo volume in small type of more than 700 pages.

The communications that have been made and discussions which have taken place will doubtless add something to the sum-total of general medical knowledge, and it is only fair to assume that they will form the starting points for fresh investigations and inquiries, partly by the same workers and partly by those who amidst this strife of tongues have had their energies kindled in this or that direction, and who will now disperse to many lands imbued with the firm desire to solve one or other of the innumerable questions which the discussions have shown to be still open. It is impossible with any approach to accuracy to gauge the actual amount of good which is to be got from the bringing together in this fashion in Congresses of multitudes of men actuated by common aims. Probably the good that will accrue will be in direct proportion to the amount of earnestness which the persons composing the Congress habitually throw into their daily work. There are Congresses, doubtless, which lead to little in the way of any beneficial results, but there are others of which the usefulness is unquestionable, quite apart from the obvious advantage that fellow-workers in different countries should come to know one another personally by being brought face to face. Science should, in regard to its own work, take slight cognizance of geographical divisions. Its votaries are members of one great family, whose supreme end and aim should be the acquisition of truth and the furtherance of all natural knowledge. And how deeply and widely the roots of the science of medicine ought to permeate the soil of natural knowledge, if those who practise it would see it advance even more in the future than it has done in the past, may be gathered by all who will attentively study the luminous addresses of Professors Huxley and Virchow, which are in some respects closely related to one another in their teachings.

#### THE PARLIAMENT OF THE FUTURE.

EVERY one, of course, regrets that Mr. Bradlaugh, by his own silly and vulgar violence, should have brought upon himself somewhat severe bodily retribution. That if you play at bowls you must expect to meet with rubbers is one of the profoundest expressions of the wisdom of those ancestors of ours who would have made such uncommonly short work of the elect of Northampton. And it is perhaps salutary that tribunes of the people should be taught that what Mr. D'Eyncourt calls assaults by arrangement are ticklish things to carry out in a too vivacious manner. Still, however little the object of sympathy in this particular case may deserve it, it is at least decent and generous to accord him an expression of it. Mr. Bradlaugh's sufferings, moreover, have not prevented him from being extremely vocal, and have still less prevented his supporters and substitutes from lifting up their sweet voices. Mr. Bradlaugh's address to his con-

attendants at Northampton before he retired to his bed of sickness was an excellent specimen of what may be called the "question-and-answer," the "I-pause-for-a-reply," or, to put it more shortly, the Ohadband style of oratory. Was he member for Northampton or was he not? Should he have waited longer before asserting his position? Had he lost any friends by his conduct? &c. Uneducated audiences always delight in this sort of thing. It gives a pleasant feeling of being somehow or other speakers themselves, and reminds them of the music-hall delights of chorus and repartee, in which most of them probably recognize their highest ideal of intense and yet rational enjoyment. Given a tolerably friendly audience of a low class, there is nothing more effective than the question-and-answer style; though it must be admitted that the literary result, when the oratory appears in the blighting black and white of the newspaper, is a good deal less satisfactory than that of some more finished varieties of eloquence.

Mr. Bradlaugh's fire, however, altogether paled before that of his faithful and feminine aide-de-camp and coadjutress at the Hall of Science on Sunday night. Mr. Gladstone has a peculiar habit of affecting ignorance when it suits him; and he is reported to have said in the House of Commons on Tuesday night that "he knew nothing of the speech, his studies of oratory not having made him acquainted with it until he saw it on the paper of the House." Accepting this statement as one of fact, and not merely as "meant sarcastic," and intended for the crushing of Mr. Ritchie, it follows that Mr. Gladstone's private secretaries perform their part of lion's providers very imperfectly, or else that he himself is culpably regardless of all newspapers except the Gladstonian portion of the provincial press. The person who has made herself conspicuous in many a hard-fought field at Mr. Bradlaugh's side, who has printed with him the instructive pamphlet, and ably seconded the spirit-stirring speech, was fully equal to the occasion. Charged with the messages of the great leader to his faithful followers, she performed the office in a graceful fashion enough. After a deed so heroic as the throttling of a messenger, it is a little difficult for the hero himself to describe his feats and his merit. Modesty interferes. This has always been felt to be a difficulty by great men, and they have resorted to many ingenious devices to overcome it, the most ingenious of all being that of Sully, who made his secretaries recount his whole career to him in the personal narrative form—"Then your Grace got up, and thus addressed his Majesty"; "at six o'clock in the morning you arose, and with unwearied diligence, journeyed to meet the enemy," &c. &c. An account of Mr. Bradlaugh's *faits et gestes* on that memorable Wednesday, couched in this form, would be not unamusing; but fate and erysipelas prevented the possibility of it on this occasion, and the third instead of the second person had to be used. It appears from the utterances of this Iris of secularism that Mr. Bradlaugh is not going to be so patient next time. The vagueness of this assertion was, it will be seen, considerably defined later on. But, before considering means, the speaker devoted herself to ends. Mr. Bradlaugh, it seems, is not only going to enter the House, but he is going to enter it as a master. He is not going to show the slightest forgiveness. Everything connected with his exclusion from the House is to be formally expunged. All the Liberal members who voted against him are to be turned out of their seats. Mr. Bradlaugh himself is going to contest twenty or thirty constituencies—an enterprising proceeding, which, let it be observed parenthetically, would probably result in Conservatives being elected for every one. Something dreadful is to be done to the Speaker, but what is not very clear. The oratress, however, threw some light on the question by observing that, "if she had known what was going on, she would have let their supporters go and show Mr. Brand something of the same sort that his mob were showing to a member of Parliament." That is to say, this mild-minded person would have hustled Mr. Brand, and turned him out of the House of Commons. But the most practical part of the discourse has not yet been noticed. "She advised them to make a good use of their time"; "a little drilling would not be bad for them"; "they would do well to join Volunteer regiments, and take advantage of the drilling and the training"; "the only way to get justice was to fight for it; they could not get it by law, they could not get it by fair play, but they could get it by force." This method of political argument, moreover, is, it seems, to be continued when Mr. Bradlaugh has got into the House. The struggle is not to be over when that auspicious event has taken place. This latter utterance lapses once more into the obscure, and is only illustrated by a liberal offer to Mr. Bright. "If John Bright wished to be Prime Minister of England, he had only got to say so." But the measures to be accomplished when Mr. Bright is Prime Minister, Mr. Bradlaugh "master of the House of Commons" (a title for which we have a great affection, inasmuch as it admirably expresses the aspirations and character of the new democracy), and the brisk boys of the Hall of Science, armed, drilled, and ready as a bodyguard, remain to be explained.

It is, of course, very easy to adopt Mr. Gladstone's line and dismiss these utterances as the idle ravings of an angry woman. Whether it is wise to do so is not so clear. Although the audience which cheered this person's words has been no doubt grossly exaggerated, as all the attendances at Mr. Bradlaugh's meetings are exaggerated, there is no doubt at all that a considerable number of persons did applaud the recommendations to drill, the assertion that force was necessary, the regret expressed that the Speaker had not been assaulted. A similar

tone prevailed at the Northampton meeting, though it was not so openly encouraged by Mr. Bradlaugh. It is notorious, moreover, that Mr. Bradlaugh's roughs were last week quite ready to have used force; indeed, every observer momentarily expected a collision. Of such a collision there could of course only be one end. Mr. Bradlaugh's lambs are relatively an insignificant body; and though the patronage of apparently respectable Radicals and Radical newspapers has for the moment swelled their numbers, it is exceedingly improbable that the new adherents would go the lengths of Saturday's address. Silly clergymen may write to Mr. Bradlaugh (at the very time that his noisy supporters are shouting contempt and execration of his enemies as "Christians") to the effect that they are ashamed of the violence to which he has been subjected; impulsive Cabinet Ministers may pat him on the back; nervous people, who prefer a quiet life to anything else, may wish to admit him and have done with it. These are not the classes who will join him in executing a new purge of the House of Commons and tearing the obnoxious Minutes out of the journals. But that he has a certain number of adherents is certain; that those adherents are foolish enough and criminal enough to risk a riot is probable; that they are much encouraged by the success of violence in Ireland is only natural. Mr. Gladstone's famous Midlothian speech has stamped the recipe for attaining political objects. With him, therefore, force is an argument, just as with his colleague force is no remedy. It is inevitable that the two lessons should be applied together as meaning that force may be applied by malcontents, and must not be retorted by Government. Even in this very case the orator of the Hall of Science may claim that her threats and the violence of her coadjutor have succeeded. It is said that the Government—the Sessional Orders excluding Mr. Bradlaugh having lapsed at the conclusion of this Session—will, at the beginning of the next, move that he be allowed to take his seat; and, in the event of that motion being defeated, will bring in a relieving Bill. That is to say, instead of saying to Mr. Bradlaugh, "Your conduct has put you out of court; and, until you formally apologize to the House of Commons, and submit to its authority, you are, and shall remain, an extraneous person," they will acknowledge the success of his bullying, grant him all he asks for, and virtually fulfil his friend's boast that he will enter Parliament as master.

We find it, we confess, absolutely impossible to conceive a proceeding *per joris exempli* than this; for even on the enormous assumption that Mr. Bradlaugh's case were a good case, he has put himself completely in the wrong by the unseemly violence of his recent conduct. There could hardly be a richer example of inconsistent absurdity than Mr. Bright's speech in the House of Commons of Wednesday, and his speech at the Mansion House on Saturday in last week. On the latter occasion, after an elaborate account of the way in which Ministers are going to pull the House of Commons to pieces and reconstruct it again, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster suddenly remarked that the most important thing of all was that men of a gentlemanlike spirit should be returned to the House. This is a sentiment in which we can all heartily agree, though a Bill for the returning to Parliament of none but persons of a gentlemanlike spirit seems a curious effort of legislation. But the definition of a gentlemanlike spirit supplied by the utterances which, according to Mr. Bradlaugh's friends, have placed the Premiership of England at Mr. Bright's disposal whenever he chooses to apply at the Hall of Science, and hear something to his advantage, is far more comic even than this. The particular comes most felicitously to explain the general. Mr. Bright's ruling anxiety is that men of a gentlemanlike spirit should sit in the House; his immediate and most eagerly-backed candidate for such a seat is Mr. Bradlaugh. The picture of the Parliament of the future, which this comparison enables us to draw, is aptly supplemented by the Hall of Science programme. A Premier, a Master of the House of Commons, and a Five Thousand; or any number that may be necessary of armed and drilled roughs, this is what we are to have. Fortunately, whether things have or have not gone from bad to worse for us since 1848, there is no doubt that, putting police and military aside, there is quite enough good sense and patriotism left in London to do with the followers of Mr. Bradlaugh as was done with the followers of Feargus O'Connor. But it is somewhat absurd that the greatest capital of the world should be reduced to this as its most cheering prospect. That the mismanagement and shillyshallying of the Government is altogether to blame for the difficulty in this case there is not the slightest doubt; and, unfortunately, this mismanagement and shillyshallying has come just at the very time when their words of commission and their acts of omission have encouraged a lawless and successful agitation, accompanied by violence, in another part of the United Kingdom. It is scarcely surprising that apparent sympathy with riot should be an encouragement to rioters.

#### THE ABBÉ PRÉVOST.

THE events of the Abbé Prévost's life, though he lived two hundred years ago, have an interest as fresh as if they were of yesterday, it being a question whether, and to what degree, they supplied the materials of his wonderful romance *Manon*

*Lescout.* A brief sketch of his life in connexion with his work will afford the means of judging to what extent one of the most remarkable characters in fiction was an invention or one of those realities which sometimes accidentally serve an author's purpose and make him an undying name.

Antoine François Prévost-d'Exiles was born at Hesdin, in Artois, in 1697. The second of five sons, he was placed at an early age in the hands of the Jesuits, who directed the college there. He showed signs of remarkable precocity; but, soon tiring of a life of seclusion, entered the army at the age of sixteen. No sooner had he tasted the severity of a soldier's life than he yearned for the quiet of retirement in which to indulge his great love of reading, so his thoughts again turned to the Jesuits he had deserted. They received him without a rebuke, but it was not long before he again quitted the college, his buoyant spirit once more asserting itself among his companions of the cloister. His new impulse was for military glory, and he again embraced the profession of arms. Now, foreseeing a breach with his family, he determined never to see them again. He soon became a favourite in his regiment, and catching the reckless spirit of his companions, threw himself into a life of dissipation and intrigue. After a long spell of extravagant excesses, he sank into a state of deep melancholy, and, doffing his uniform, sought refuge among the Benedictines of St.-Maur, keeping the consecration of his vows a secret from the world until all the usual forms had been completed. Proving himself to possess a mind of no ordinary calibre, he was selected as *prédicateur* at Amiens. Here his eloquence gained him great favour among those who heard his sermons, and when he left for St.-Germain-des-Prés in Paris, the regret among the townsfolk was universal. Here he assisted the monks in compiling many learned works, and it was his habit after the labours of the day to recount his various adventures, as soldier and student, to the brotherhood; during his sojourn here, too, he wrote the first two volumes of his *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*, a work never to be forgotten on account of the marvellous story which later on it embodied. While relating the scenes of his youth, the Abbé Prévost was perhaps again visited by a longing for the freedom he had formerly enjoyed; he soon asked permission to be moved to a less strict college, and before the reply arrived, took his flight into Holland, where, among the French refugees who were at that time so numerous, he managed to get a living, and where he continued the "*Mémoires*" he had begun. During his six years' stay in Holland, he formed the acquaintance of a young governess whom he assisted, and who followed him to England. In London he wrote *Cléveland*, the best criticism on which is to be found in Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma chambre*. "How many times," he says, "have I not cursed that Cléveland who is for ever embarking on new misfortunes which he could always avoid. I cannot tolerate this book and this string of calamities; yet if I open it, I find myself forced to devour it to the end." It was also in London that Prévost introduced into the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité* Manon Lescout—a work unique in all literature, and on which we must pause.

How few are there among us who have not read *Manon Lescout*, and how many who know that this touching picture of a struggle between principle and passion is a history more than a romance, that it is an episode in the early life of its author, the Abbé Prévost? Many readers, while following the adventures of Manon and the Chevalier des Grieux, must have put down this remarkable book to stop and ask themselves, Is it a romance from the author's brain, or did these two beings, whose story has moved us so deeply, live, and, if so, who were they? The first meeting of Manon and the Chevalier des Grieux, the one on her way to the cloister, the other to the monastery; then a short spell of happiness in Paris; the violent separation of these ardent lovers, when the mysterious M. de B., in order to steal away the young man's mistress, sends him a prodigal home to his father; the Chevalier's repentance and entrance into holy orders; again his desertion of the Church for the world, when the guilty Manon falls weeping at his feet in St. Sulpice; then his adventures in gambling-houses with Manon's dissolute brother, who, recognizing Des Grieux as his sister's lover, lives on the revenues of her beauty; the tragic end of Lescout; the prison escape of the lovers; their last journey among criminals to America; Manon's death in the desert; and her burial, with her faithful lover Des Grieux, her grave-digger and her sole mourner—are these scenes from the life of the Abbé Prévost drawn from sad memory when he wrote this singular book, an exile in London? The chronicles and correspondence of the time make it almost certain that many of the situations and characters are founded on fact; but the latter portion of the story, in which is painted the pathetic end of Manon, though possible, is not likely to have actually happened, but rather to be what Prévost conceived ought to have happened, just as, in the *Reine de Galconde*, Boufflers gives us a true account of his early romance with the milkmaid, Aline, and, where truth ends, follows his heroine through imaginary scenes which, as a natural climax, might have taken place.

*Manon Lescout*, which forms only an episode in the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*, was written between 1728 and 1731. The period which its pages depict so vividly, yet with no apparent effort, is that of the Regency, when the Government, unable to restrain the rage for gaming it had itself initiated through the enterprises of Law, at last surrendered a licence to certain *maisons de jeu*. In this state of things Lescout, Manon's brother, was the

typical card-sharper of the time; and the scenes through which he led his victim, Des Grieux, illustrate the life of that day. It has now been decided, almost beyond doubt, that the M. de B. above alluded to was no other than M. de Bellegarde, a *fermier-général*, living at one time during the Regency in the Rue Louis-le-Grand, at another in the Rue Saint-Honoré, both of which are near the Rue V. (Vivienne), where the lovers resided, and which was the favourite field for gallantry and play. As regards the lovers, Manon can hardly have been anything but some heroine of the Abbé's own adventures; while Des Grieux and Tiberge were the erring Prévost himself. That Prévost in fiction should have sent Manon to Louisiana appears natural if we study the ways of the time. During this period the prisons were crowded to excess with criminals of both sexes; and the new colony, on the other hand, was crying out for emigrants, especially women. The chroniclers give accounts of carts crowded with prisoners on their way to Havre or Rochelle to be shipped for America. Among these writings, perhaps the most interesting is Buvat's *Journal de la Régence*. Take, for instance, the following passage:—"On the morning of the 18th of September, 1719, one hundred and eighty young girls were married to as many lads at the church of the Priory of Saint-Martin-des-Champs in Paris; they were taken from the prison of this Priory and from other prisons of the town, these poor creatures being left free to choose their husbands among a still larger number of youths. After the ceremony they were sent away in pairs, joined one to the other with a little chain, and followed by three waggons filled with their clothes, and escorted by twenty archers to conduct them to Rochelle, thence to be transported to the Mississippi, in the hope of better fortune." Again:—"On the 18th of October in the same year thirty waggons were despatched from the city, filled with women tricked out in the oddest fashion, with an equal number of lads who followed on foot. The women, while passing through Paris, sang as though they had known no care, and shouted to those of their acquaintance to accompany them on their voyage. There are many other examples of a like kind; in fact, these consignments of vagabonds became so numerous that it was found necessary to form a special corps of archers for their escort to the coast." There is no need to dwell on a subject so painful, but we may add that, after comparing the reality with the fiction—the picture of Manon in the waggon among her fellow-offenders and the young Chevalier des Grieux following her in tears till he has spent his last livre in bribing the stern guards to allow him to accompany his mistress—the account has, at any rate, the merit of being founded on what was passing in that day, whether it formed part of the author's experience or not. We may take then the whole of this singular story to be more or less true up to the point where the lovers embark for the colony; but the touching end is not less beautiful than the rest, because it carries with it the hero's desire to place his mistress beyond the censure of the world.

A story is told of the Abbé Prévost, when in later years crossing the Pont Neuf in company with a lady, seeing a familiar figure flit by him, and on turning recognizing in it a phantom of the past—Manon; another of his finding her among a group of brawlers in a wine-shop, so changed a Manon that all remembrance had gone from her of old days.

Through the influence of the Prince de Conti and Cardinal de Bissy, the Abbé Prévost, who had been exiled, was permitted to return to France, and, at the request of Chancellor d'Aguesseau, he translated a collection of voyages which had been brought out by a number of English writers. Taking up his abode near Chantilly, he devoted himself exclusively to study. His death took place under painful circumstances in November 1763. While crossing the forest he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which proved fatal in consequence of the ignorance of a surgeon.

Prévost was a most voluminous author. Besides his original writings he translated *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Grandison*, and *Hume's History*. And what Sainte-Beuve has said is worth remembering—namely, that the more one reads *Manon Lescout*, the more all of it seems real—true from that truth which has nothing of invention about it, and which is all copied from nature. If any art is present, it is impossible for the reader to feel where reality ceases and romance begins. It has been said to be difficult to understand how it was that the Abbé Prévost could conceive the idea of such a history. The fact is that he had no idea; he had an experience, he felt it, and he told its story. His gift of expression is so fluent and simple that it is difficult to describe it, except by saying that, *par excellence*, he has no style. *Manon Lescout* has been a good deal decried by some critics; and she has given birth to a deplorable progeny. But her history was the first example of the modern novel, and not many of its successors have surpassed it in poetical and narrative power.

#### THE PAPAL ALLOCATION ON THE LAW OF GUARANTEES.

THE full text of the recent Papal Allocation on the unseemly disturbance which occurred at the removal of the body of Pius IX. to San Lorenzo on the night of July 12 has just been published, and it entirely confirms what had been already reported or rumoured as to the attitude of Leo XIII. and the supreme wisdom of the conduct of the Italian Government. This last point has,



indeed, since received a further illustration in connexion with the meeting held last Sunday in the Politeama Theatre at Rome to protest against the Law of Guarantees, a report of which appeared in the papers on the same day with the text of the Allocution. And before speaking of the latter document a few words on the incidents of the meeting will not be out of place. The Government was of course as well aware beforehand of the intention to hold it as our own Government were of Mr. Bradlaugh's intention to hold his meeting in Trafalgar Square on Tuesday week, and their manner of dealing with it was at least equally infelicitous. As the Law of Guarantees is one which they profess themselves so entirely unable to repeal that it is unlawful even to propose its abolition, common sense would have suggested that they should prohibit a meeting held for the avowed purpose of "inciting to a violation of the law." And if it was allowed to be held at all, one hardly sees why its conductors should not have been suffered to carry out undisturbed the programme previously announced. This, however, was not the view of the Government, who appear to have had neither the courage to prohibit what they considered unlawful nor the consistency to permit what was not forbidden. By a singular compromise the meeting was left unchallenged, but the handbills announcing it were suppressed. This ingenious method of blowing hot and cold may have served somewhat to diminish the numbers present, but did not certainly moderate their tone. About three thousand persons met on Sunday morning in the theatre, among whom were the two sons of Garibaldi. Signor Petroni, described as a patriot of the old school, who had spent eighteen years in prison for political offences, presided, and opened the proceedings with the conciliatory announcement that "his true martyrdom began when he was released from prison, to find a new régime guaranteeing corruption instead of liberty." A telegram from Garibaldi was then read, "expressing his wish for the abolition of guarantees and guaranteed." The precise meaning of the words we have italicized seems a little ambiguous; they may either refer to the abolition of the Papacy or the lynching of Leo XIII., or indeed both suggestions may not improbably be intended to be combined. The next speaker, Signor Bacci, was at all events sufficiently explicit as to the first point. "Rome," he said, "to-day protested against this law, declaring in unison that the democracy of the civilized world did not want Papacy, which barred the march of humanity in the path of eternal progress." Signor Mario, who followed him, if he was not more explicit, entered more fully into personal details. After reading a summary of the Papal Guarantees "amid hisses, laughter, and groans," he proceeded "to sketch, in a hostile spirit, the history of Christianity and Catholicism"; and then, "coming down to the present Pope, whom he styled Signor Pecci, said that the last Allocution indicated that he meditated flight [it implies just the reverse]. If so, they would wish him Godspeed." Up to this point, though the language appears, from all accounts, to have been tolerably violent, there was no official interference. But when Signor Lemmi began to read the resolution, for passing which the meeting had been summoned, declaring that the Roman people demand the abolition of the Guarantees and the occupation of the Papal palaces, this was held to be "an incitement to violate the law," and three police delegates present at once donned their tricoloured sashes and interrupted the speaker, whereupon "an indescribable hubbub ensued, lasting for a quarter of an hour, till the delegates pocketed their sashes." The dignity of the law having been vindicated in this very effectual manner, Signor Parboni mounted a chair, and read the forbidden motion "with a voice like Mars," and, in spite of a second interruption of the police, it was carried amid deafening cheers, and the meeting instantly dispersed, before the police could close it. On the following day several Liberal newspapers, as well as the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican organ, were sequestered for printing the incriminated resolution and the speech of Signor Mario, which "contained offensive allusions to the Pope." But the meeting was expressly summoned in order to pass this unlawful resolution, and if the Government expected it to be proposed and advocated without any "offensive allusions," their confidence in Liberal inconsistency must be great indeed. As to the bearings of the whole affair on the growth of that ultramontane spirit, which it must be the aim of any rational Italian ministry to exorcise or render innocuous, we can only say, *Huc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atride*. The Italian Government have done their best to make themselves ridiculous, and to forge fresh weapons for the hands of their most inveterate foes.

Among these foes we do not reckon Leo XIII. The language of his last Allocution, if we allow for the somewhat stilted formalisms which inevitably reappear in all papal manifestoes, fully bears out what had been previously asserted by those most likely to be well informed. There can be little doubt that, whatever further reasons there may have been for the translation of the remains of Pius IX. from St. Peter's to San Lorenzo, at this particular time, it was intended partly as a feeler, and that, if all had gone off quietly, the living pontiff would have felt able, as he is known to be willing, to consider the propriety of putting an end to his long and wearisome "imprisonment." His annoyance at the folly of the Government, which in defeating this desirable object has played into the hands of the extremist section of Clerical irreconcilables, is rather patent than latent in the comment subjoined to the form of "solemn protest against these deplorable excesses, the certain blame for which falls upon those who did not defend either the rights of religion or the liberty of

the citizens, from the fury of the impious." The Pope significantly adds:—

And from this also the Catholic world may judge what security there is left for us in Rome. It is already well and openly known that we are reduced to a most difficult, and for many reasons intolerable, condition, but the recent facts of which we have spoken have made this more clearly manifest, and together they have demonstrated that if the present state of things is bitter to us, still more bitter is the fear of the future. If the removal of the ashes of Pius IX. gave cause for such unworthy disturbances and such serious tumults, who could give warranty that the audacity of the wicked would not break out into the same excesses when they saw us pass along the streets of Rome in a manner becoming our dignity? And especially if they believed they had just motive because we ourselves, through duty, went to condemn unjust laws decreed here in Rome, or to reprove the wickedness of any other public act. Hence it is more than ever evident that in the present circumstances we cannot remain in Rome otherwise than as a prisoner in the Vatican.

It may be, and probably is, true that some of those who organized the Catholic demonstration, which was made the immediate pretext for this outbreak of indecent violence on the part of the Liberals, wished nothing better than to provoke reprisals, and thus verify their own reiterated declarations of the impossibility of any *modus vivendi* being established between the Papacy and the Italian Kingdom. But we know no reason for assuming that the majority of Catholic mourners were actuated by any other sentiments than what are attributed to them in the Allocution. And even were it otherwise, there can be no doubt as to the mind of the Pontiff himself, who has now officially informed the world—as will be seen from the words italicized in our next extract—that he was careful to take all proper precautions to secure the aid of the Government against any such deplorable contingency as eventually occurred. And the imminent prospect of a rivalry of violence and folly between the *intransigents* on either side should have supplied an additional motive for rendering any breach of the peace impossible. With the probable qualification intimated above, which could not of course be expected to find place in a Papal Allocution, there is no ground for questioning the substantial accuracy of the following account of the circumstances preceding the disturbance:—

As you know, venerable brethren, Pius IX. ordered that his body should be buried in the Basilica of San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura. Wherefore, having to carry his last will into effect, it was, in intelligence with those whose duty it is to guarantee the public security, established that the removal from the Vatican Basilica should be made in the silence of the night and during the hours which are usually the most quiet. Similarly, it was decided that the translation should be made in the manner permitted by the present condition of Rome, instead of in the splendid form proper to the Pontifical Majesty and the traditional usages of the Church. But the news was suddenly spread throughout the city that the Roman people, mindful of the virtues and the benefits bestowed by the great Pontiff, had spontaneously manifested the desire of rendering to their common father the last tribute of respect and filial affection. That manifestation of gratitude and affection was intended to be thoroughly worthy of the gravity and the religious sentiments of the Roman people, who had no other intention than that of associating themselves decorously with the *cortège* and assisting unnumbered and reverently at its passing. On the day and at the hour fixed the *cortège* moved from the Vatican Temple, while a great multitude of persons of all classes crowded from all sides. Many were around the funeral car; very many behind it, and all were of tranquil and serious bearing. Intent on reciting the fitting prayers, they neither uttered a cry nor committed an act which could provoke any one or give cause in any way for disturbances.

It is especially unfortunate that just at this moment any fresh occasion should have been given to the Pope for thinking, or for letting it be supposed he thinks, that "more pernicious intentions are being matured to the injury of the religion of Christ, of the Supreme Pontiff, and of the hereditary faith of the Roman people." For there is good reason to believe that, in arranging for the peaceful removal of the body of his predecessor, Leo XIII. was only carrying out one part of a general programme, adopted with the view of at least testing the possibility of coming to some permanent understanding with the Italian Government. A pamphlet on the present situation has lately appeared at Rome, published anonymously, but pretty well understood to be drawn up under papal inspiration, in which a scheme of this kind is sketched out. All idea of the restoration of the deposed Italian princes is definitely repudiated, nor is any claim put forward for the restoration of the temporal power on its old footing. But the Law of Guarantees is shown to provide an inadequate security, as well because it fails to offer a sufficient provision for the necessary expense of the Papacy, as from its resting on no more permanent basis than the goodwill of the Italian Parliament. The writer accordingly proposes the restoration of a certain limited portion of territory to the Pontiff, and the establishment of a European guarantee. Into the expediency or practicability of the details of the plan suggested there is no need to enter here. The fact that for the first time some proposal of a *modus vivendi* short of a simple return to the *status quo* has emanated from the Vatican side is in itself noteworthy, and might surely have been expected to elicit a friendly response rather than a rude repulse on the part of the Government. Moreover, if the suicidal policy of Pius IX. is to be abandoned, and Catholics are allowed to go to the polling-booths in Italy, which is also recommended in this pamphlet, as well as in Father Curci's last brochure, the relative position of parties in the Parliament would most likely be materially altered, and that is a contingency it behoves the Cabinet to bear in mind. The rumour referred to by Signor Mario, and which has since found expression in the ministerial *Diritto*, that the Pope intends leaving Rome, sounds very improbable, and receives less than no countenance from the language of his last

Allocution, though some critics profess to "read it between the lines" of a studiously vague menace in Cardinal Jacobini's recent circular to the foreign nuncios. Such an interpretation of language diplomatically obscure is, to say the least, gratuitous and premature. Such a step would be likely to cause greater embarrassment to his friends than to his enemies, and Leo XIII. is the last man to desire to be brought back to Rome, like his predecessor—given were such an intervention less improbable that it is—on the shoulders of some foreign party of order. Neither interest nor duty—and he has a keen sense of both requirements—would counsel a desertion of his post. Martyrdom at the hands of the Garibaldians is, after all, not a contingency to be seriously apprehended, nor would such a crime be chiefly detrimental to the Papal cause. In a criticism on the pamphlet already mentioned, published in the *British Quarterly*, Mr. Adolphus Trollope gives us a conjectural computation of the social forces in Italy that make for and against the Papacy, though he confesses himself unable to gauge the real strength of the former with any certainty. That a crisis of some kind is approaching appears to be very generally believed, and wise men of all parties—among whom we do not include revolutionists of the type of Signor Mario and Signor Petroni—must desire that the opportunity afforded by such a pontificate as the present for the establishment at least of a satisfactory *modus vivendi*, if nothing further can yet be accomplished, should not be thrown away. The meeting of Sunday last, and the outrage which preceded it, would not in themselves afford any substantial ground for disquiet, but it is much to be regretted, in view of the gravity of the situation, that the Government should manifest so feeble a sense of their responsibilities.

#### SOCIETY AT SPA.

WHEN once the London season has come to an end, society feels sadly at a loss what to do with itself until the next notable division of its year—the shooting season—begins. As the invitations to dances and dinners become fewer and further between, mammas get more and more anxious as to where they are to bestow themselves and their fair beavies of daughters until the country-house visiting begins. Of course there is the "Cowes week," where yachting and sea-side costumes may be displayed to the best advantage. But that is short and soon over; and then, for those unfortunates who are not lucky enough to have a moor in Scotland of their own, or to be asked to share the delights of another's, there, appears a dismal prospect of several blank weeks which fill them with utter despair. It then usually occurs to them that their health is in a very precarious state. In this depressing conviction the family doctor confirms and strengthens them, and assures them that the only hope of prolonging their existence lies in going through a complete course of mineral waters. Such waters are to be found in plenty within our own island. In a past day the fashionable world flocked to Buxton, Bath, or Tonbridge Wells. But their virtues are now ignored. So likewise is the fact that the waters of almost any mineral spring in the world may be had of every respectable chemist, and imbibed in any given quantity at home. That the springs to be sought after should be on foreign soil is one of the essential conditions of the cure. The arguments for and against all the French "eaux" and German "bads" have to be carefully weighed. At last it is decided to try one that is neither French nor German, but whose reputation is older than any of them. This is the Belgian Spa, whose name has been so largely borrowed in all sorts of places that the ignorant imagine it to be a common noun, signifying simply a well of foul-tasting waters. Frequenters of the original Spa sing its praises loudly, and exalt it far above the heads of all imitators and rivals. The waters are strong; the scenery beautiful; the hotel accommodation excellent; and the society select. No fear of invasion from the vulgar herd of compatriots that throng Homburg or Wiesbaden. No risk of having your digestion destroyed by the masterpieces of German cooks or your nerves unstrung by witnessing the daily performance of the knife trick by German gluttons.

Judging by the map, Spa is one of the most get-at-able of places. It lies very near the main line from Brussels to Cologne. But there is a branch line to be got upon before you quite reach it. And the express is in such a hurry to get on its way that, when the cry of "Pepinster," the name of the junction, is raised, Spa-bound wayfarers have barely time to scramble out with bags and bundles upon the platform before the train is whirling off into the darkness, carrying with it some poor victims who have not been sufficiently on the alert, and who will have to pass the night as they best can at the next stopping-place. Meanwhile, the lucky traveller who has reached Spa in safety, but at near midnight, and who, being a methodical person, has ordered his rooms beforehand, finds to his dismay that all his luggage, though registered for Spa, has been detained at the Custom-house at Liège, and that thither he must repair in person on the following day to claim it, and have it examined before he can expect to get a shred of it. Having made a raid for and brought back in triumph his own property, he proceeds to inquire into the capabilities of the place, and to find out what the visitors do with themselves when they are not steeping in hot or imbibing cold water. The situation, the middle of the Ardennes, sounds romantic and picturesque enough. But the far-famed wood has been shorn of its finest trees, round Spa at any rate, and is now a forest in the original meaning of the word only—that is, a tract of waste land here and there covered with

scrub. The hills around, too, though known as the Highlands in Belgium, are about as Alpine in their character as the Seven Hills of Rome. The town lies in a narrow valley, and consists almost entirely of hotels, pensions, and lodging-houses, grouped round the Trink-Halle, which encloses the Pouhon, the principal spring. The main street is filled with shops for the sale of every imaginable perfectly useless article made of the painted wood known as Spa-ware. Visitors delight to deck themselves with the horribly natural effigies of bees, wasps, spiders, and all manner of noxious insects of the said ware in guise of ornaments, though, if the same creatures were to come within a yard of them in bodily form, it would send them into hysterics. Besides the central spring, there are four others, which lie at intervals half way up the low hills that enclose the valley. The Tour des Sources is the drive off the place; but, as it is only between two or three miles round, that is soon over. Then there are the public gardens. This dignified name is applied to a rather damp avenue where a brass band hoots for an hour or so every afternoon and evening. To its strains a vast deal of gossip is retailed, and many a malicious story of the London season's triumphs and defeats is here invented for the first time. From the Casino the glory has departed with the gambling tables. The ball-room is opened, and a band performs dance music on certain evenings, and this ranks as a ball among the catalogued attractions of the place. A few people go to look at the dancing, but somehow the dancing never comes off; for, as the company are mostly English, who are too shy or too much on their dignity to yield to any *Invitation à la valse*, be it ever so inspiring, the entertainment resolves into a stiff promenade of would-be sightseers with no sight to see.

The surrounding country has not much to offer in the way of rides and drives. An attempt may be made to get up a little historical excitement about the ruins of Franchimont, a castle introduced in *Quentin Durward* as the lair of the arch-robber known as the "Wild Boar of the Ardennes," which lies a few miles off. But the scenery is like history—it repeats itself—and by the time you have got half a mile out of Spa, you have had an epitome of the whole of it. Then the Belgian custom of paving every inch of the high roads with singularly irregular cobblestones makes a drive one perpetual and painful penance.

The physical resources of the place being thus speedily exhausted, the visitor is fain to extend his knowledge of human nature by a careful study of the specimens here collected. For this purpose the Trink-Halle offers the most varied set of subjects. Among its habitués are the Englishman who takes care to let every one know that he has taken lodgings at one of the outlying springs to get away from people, and who yet haunts all day long this spot where people throng thickest, as if he were the ghost of some one who had committed murder on the spot. Even among those who take drinking the waters in a serious way there are all degrees of proficiency, from the unruly children who can only be induced to swallow their dose when it is slaked with "sirops" or sweet wines in quantity sufficient to neutralize any good it might otherwise do them, to the elderly dowager, the prize-drinker, who has achieved the triumph of swallowing daily a larger quantity than any one was ever known to survive before. Some sip their daily potion slowly through the orthodox glass tubes with which every drinker arms himself, making believe very hard that they enjoy it immensely. Few express their minds so naively as an old French priest, who raised his glass to his lips with eyes as sparkling as its contents, evidently anticipating a draught akin to nectar, but set it down, exclaiming angrily, "Well, for my part, I prefer plain water. My God, to think that I should have come so far only to taste so vile a fluid!" and strode out of the place, casting an angry glance on every one within eyeshot, as though they had all been trying to impose upon him grossly.

But the *vie intime* of the world that frequents these waters is best studied here, as elsewhere, at the table-d'hôte. This ceremony takes place at Spa, as everywhere throughout the Netherlands, at the unhallowed hour of five. With much grumbling the guests have to accommodate themselves to this uncivilized practice of substituting a heavy and long-drawn meal for their customary cup of tea. By the time they have regulated their appetites to suit this eccentric hour, they move off to some German Bad, and have to go through a new course of training to fit in with the full feed at midday which the Vaterland still clings to. The first thing that strikes one on a glance down the long table is the scarcity of men. These indefatigable workers very soon find that at Spa there is nothing to do, and that business of the most urgent kind requires their presence elsewhere. So they leave the ladies of their family to carry through their self-imposed penance alone, and go off with light hearts to make the most of a little bachelor freedom while they may. The few men left are uneasy about their own health. Here is a clergyman with a weak throat, who is afraid some one may escape knowing how learned he is. He therefore hurls an historical lecture about Pepin of Herstal and Charles Martel, in their character of local heroes, at the young man opposite him. His poor overgrown youth, evidently a victim of too great a devotion to athletic sports, blushes, and looks uneasy. He has never heard of the worthies in question, but doesn't like to say so, as he suspects his assailant of being an examiner in disguise. This learned person, instead of scattering his pearls in this reckless way before an unworthy object, might find a more congenial spirit closer to him in the Frenchman whose stiff-necked obstinacy and pointed imperial bespeak him a Bonapartist. Unfortunately

neither knows the language of the other, so they cannot exchange volleys of improving talk. The Frenchman's forte is being well informed about everything, especially English matters. *The Song of the Shirt* is, he will tell you, the acknowledged masterpiece of English poetry. He ejaculates over and over again, "O! la chemise! la chemise, c'est adorable!" He has got rather mixed about Tom Hood and Theodore Hook, though, for he believes that the author of these sublime verses is the son of the Bishop of Chichester. Then there is a grimy-looking family who call themselves English, but whose features betray Hebrew descent. They are great favourites in the hotel, for they give no trouble, and have not asked for a bath or a drop of water to wash with since their arrival! One lady, who is attended by husband and family, has achieved a proud pre-eminence by means of a lame leg. She lives in a bath-chair, and sits enthroned therein as on a dais at the dinner-table, looking down with but thinly-veiled contempt on those uninteresting mortals who have no such interesting incapacity to boast of. She requires many supporters to get her up and down stairs, and must have her foot, if not her whole form, carried for her all the way. She has been seen, however, running along the hotel passages as nimbly as those one-footed aborigines whose velocity excited Sir John Mandeville's surprise, and servants and children are getting restive, so that it is possible they may refuse to assist at this little comedy much longer. When that happens the waters will get the credit of the cure.

As the races draw near, horsey men appear on the scene. They have brought horses to run, and try to inveigle you out to the stables to look at their beasts, dwelling proudly on their exploits, in hopes of getting you to back them. The race takes place at the "Hippodrome," on a great stretch of heath a couple of miles off. There are grand stands and a powerful band, and many spectators on foot and in carriages, and every one takes a holiday and goes. Every one tries to feel very interested, and to look as excited as possible. But the show of horseflesh is not brilliant. Some of the races, indeed, are run by the sorry hacks that on working days drag the Flies of the town.

Among the facts which redound most to the glory of Spa, we must not forget to mention that it reckons many royal personages among those who have been marvellously cured by its waters. First and foremost among these was Peter the Great, who came there with health completely shattered by hard drinking. He was ordered strict abstinence from any beverage, save Spa water. So he rode an ass daily to one of the springs on the hills. There he took the water in about the same proportion to wine as Falstaff's bread, always insisting on several bottles of wine to wash down his one glass of water. In due course of time he was very much better, if not quite restored to health. This is the most notable of the many cures attributed to the virtue of the Spa waters.

#### THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

INTERNATIONAL Exhibitions are too often, from their size and from their complex nature, mere shows to the general public, and from their crowded state but poor fields of instruction to experts. We may, however, safely say that these faults will not be found in the Electrical Exhibition just opened in Paris, the things exhibited being easily arranged in a very few classes, and all having so much in common that anybody interested in any one particular form will understand all the others. The late introduction of new forms of electrical appliances into every-day life will ensure a healthy and intelligent interest on the part of the general public in most of the inventions shown, whilst the astonishing rapidity of practical electrical inventions within the last ten years will make the Exhibition valuable to even the best informed experts. The history of electrical inventions shows in the past a series of rapid jumps, followed by steady development. Thus, if we take telegraphy; after the first practical telegraph of Cook and Wheatstone, we have a long period of years in which mechanical ingenuity, aided by the small fresh departure of Morse, gradually developed and improved the existing system without introducing any new principle, as will be beautifully shown at Paris by the collection of old instruments exhibited by the English Post-office department. The next jump occurred when the first Atlantic cable was laid, and the older forms of instruments were found wanting. This led to the modern system of working on cables by the charging and discharging of condensers; thus using the very principle which produced the retardation of the signals under the old system of continuous currents as the means whereby the signals were to be transmitted. This principle has found its highest development in Sir William Thomson's beautiful instrument—the syphon recorder—which, by the way, we fear will not be exhibited at Paris. We then come to the remarkable discovery of duplex telegraphy, by which messages can be transmitted from both ends of a wire simultaneously. This invention was shortly followed by the quadruplex telegraph, and by the extension of the duplex system to the methods used for working long submarine cables. We now come to Graham Bell's articulating telephone. Although this wonderful instrument was only made known to the public late in the year 1876, there are already innumerable modifications of it, and those which are in actual every-day use show how much mechanical skill, aided by sound scientific knowledge, may do in perfecting an invention. The modern forms of "receiver" differ only in form and dimensions of details from the

original instrument, with the practical difference that whilst the old form whispered, the modern forms speak. In helping on the development of telephony a large part has been played by the microphone of Professor Hughes and the carbon transmitter of Mr. Edison. It is this last phase of telegraphic invention which shows the astonishing speed at which applied science is now advancing. Ten years ago the idea of transmitting articulate speech was not formed except as a vague prophecy by some speculative dreamers; and now, thanks to scientific research, mechanical ingenuity, and commercial enterprise, the telephone has become a necessity of business life in England, and in America is largely used for the everyday business of private households. The other great practical and revolutionary application of electricity is the electric light in its different forms. This, again, remained quietly in the laboratory as a scientific curiosity from the time of the discovery of the electric arc until a comparatively late period, but now is extensively used for practical purposes; and, thanks to the labours of Swan, Lane Fox, and others in the field of "incandescent" lighting, we already see a reasonable hope of soon being able to light our houses brightly by night without our health being injured and our books and pictures destroyed.

The storage of energy by electrical and chemical means has secured a new impulse from the invention of M. Faure, and the practical applications of the apparatus will be well shown in the Exhibition; whilst the modern idea of the transmission of energy by electricity will be illustrated by the electric tramway of the Messrs. Siemens, and by many other exhibits. The application of electricity to practical medicine and surgery has always been a specialty of French inventors, and there will be a good display of galvanic *écraieurs*—lamps for illuminating the cavities of the living body, and other apparatus of the operating theatre. In this Exhibition also we shall at last have an opportunity of comparing side by side the countless forms of telephone and electric light which hitherto have only been seen at intervals and apart, so that it has been difficult to form any accurate judgment of their relative merits.

We may be forgiven if as a nation we take a somewhat egotistical interest in the subject of electricity and its application. Leaving out of the question the fact that electricity as a science owes more to England than to any other nation, we cannot help stretching a point or two to claim for ourselves the highest place in its practical application. Cook and Wheatstone are undoubtedly Englishmen, and Sir William Thomson is a Scotchman. Mr. Graham Bell, though a naturalized American, is a Scotchman by parentage, and we claim him. Professor Hughes, though an American, is domiciled in England, and despising logic we claim him also; and, without wishing to disparage Mr. Edison's work, there is no doubt that Mr. Swan, who is an Englishman, is the originator of practical lighting by incandescence. We may naturally, therefore, be anxious to know how the English nation is represented at Paris. We are glad to say that Great Britain is fully and well represented; but, when we come to inquire into the history of the relations between the French Government and the English exhibitors, we have a feeling of shame as a nation and pride in our countrymen. It is a story of the Circumlocution Office, full in official blindness to the importance of science, even in its applied form, and even in discourtesy—unintentional, no doubt, but still discourteous. About the end of December the French Government announced that the Exhibition was to be held, and invited the English Government to appoint a Commissioner to look after the interests of the English exhibitors; but it was not until the first week in March that the French authorities received an answer—a refusal to appoint Commissioners on the ground of economy. This refusal was communicated by the French Government to "The Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians," with a request that they would interest themselves in the matter. But little time was left, as the last day for application for space was March 31st. The Society at once formed a committee to undertake the duties of English Commissioners; and, though the Society is by no means wealthy, they sent out circulars, and succeeded in setting things going. Some time later the Society of Arts suggested to the Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians that perhaps under pressure from the two bodies the Government might be induced to appoint unpaid Commissioners. Of course there was great delay, but finally the two Commissioners suggested by the Societies were appointed, together with two other gentlemen, so that England might be on the same footing as other nations taking part in the Exhibition. Our representatives, then, are the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Sir Charles Bright, Professor D. E. Hughes, and Colonel Webber, R.E., and perhaps it would be difficult to find men better suited for the purpose. They have taken up the work already done by the Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians, and carried it forward with the utmost zeal and activity, and the result is, as we have before said, that England will be thoroughly well represented at the Exhibition; but it is unpleasant to reflect that this result is mainly due to the action of private bodies instead of State influence, and that such official recognition as our English electricians have obtained is grudgingly and tardily given, and only on the condition that men shall be found to do the work entirely at their own expense, in spite of the fact that a Government department is one of the principal English exhibitors. We can only hope that the postponement of the opening of the Exhibition from the 2nd to the 11th of August has not been caused by the unaccountable

delay of the English authorities in answering the circular from the French Government.

As to purely scientific matters there has been progress, though not so great as in practical work; but the latest instruments of research will be shown, and the latest advances into the dark region of electrical theory will be expounded and discussed, at the Electrical Congress which is to meet in Paris about September 16. The advances in electrical science, though they may appear small to the general public, are really of great importance, and are only waiting for some electrical Darwin to be combined into some broad generalization, which will put the subject on a level with other branches of physical study.

A great lesson is also to be learned by the unscientific, which will be forced upon them, we hope, by what is to be seen at Paris, and that is, that scientific investigation, however abstract, is constantly making as a by-product inventions of commercial and social value. Thus Mr. Graham Bell and his father studied how to teach the deaf and dumb to speak, and Helmholtz constructed a physical and physiological theory of music, and the direct result is the telephone. The result of the telephone is the microphone, and from the two we get the induction balance; so that the game of pauses and consequences stands thus—cause, investigations as to how we speak and how we write and enjoy music; result, that we find the exact position of a bullet in a living man without operation.

#### SPANISH AND FRENCH ART.

SPAIN, which is still in literature only an echo of France, has begun of late years to take a place of her own in painting—once more, and there are signs that her place will be honourable enough not to be unworthy of her great artistic traditions. There were, indeed, features of the work of Fortuny, the first of her modern masters who gained a European reputation, which were not wholly of good augury for his followers, who in the natural course of things were sure to be more or less his imitators. The brilliancy—the mere bravura—of his pictures was eminently likely to be of evil example to young men, who would naturally forget that Fortuny had first laid a foundation in a solid knowledge of drawing, and could control his brilliant palette by an equally solid knowledge of colour. And, accordingly, we see that he has formed a school which promises to tire the world very effectually of canvases covered with glittering colour and lay figures. But Fortuny was counterbalanced by rivals who, with less originality of genius, were fairly his equals in mechanical skill and soberer in colour. And there seems no want of men in the rising generation of painters who have resolved to follow the better of the two examples given them. Domingo, who is much more than a mere follower of Fortuny's, has found disciples too. The Spanish painters of to-day are not all intent upon seeing how well they can succeed in making a canvas glitter all over without being crude—a feat in which the great majority of men are bound to fail. The danger for the Spanish schools would still seem, however, to be that they should content themselves with attacking only mechanical difficulties. When they do not struggle with the effect of glaring sunlight on white-washed walls and brilliant colours, they are too often satisfied to paint elaborate studies of little else than dress. The effort to obtain mastery of the mechanism of art is no doubt respectable, and what is more it is the necessary foundation of all excellence; but, if Spain is ever to repay France fully for the artistic debt she owes her, her painters must aim at something higher than that.

London has at present an opportunity of seeing a collection of works by a young artist who promises to be the master of a new school, which shall employ its mastery of technical resources in painting subjects which have some inspiration from ideas and the genuine life of the Spanish people. These pictures, now on view at Mr. Colnaghi's Gallery in the Haymarket, are the works of a young Valencian, José Benlliure, whose manner proves him to be a pupil of Domingo's. Some of his works, though admirable in technique, are little more than essays in the manner of his master. Such are his little canvases "The Guitar Player" and "In Waiting." The former represents an elderly man, in an Andalusian dress, seated on a table in the traditional attitude, and playing on the traditional guitar. The latter is a soldier in a seventeenth-century costume. They are both very distinctly in the manner of Domingo, fully equal to the pictures of that artist in technical skill, but still only the works of a clever and loyal pupil. Others of Señor Benlliure's works show almost equally the influence of Fortuny. They are devoted to what have been the favourite subjects of many Spanish painters for years past. We have a study of the doors of the Bull Ring, and the fighters in their picturesque dress, peasants grouped in the sunlight at the doors of wayside inns, beggars wandering in the glaring streets, and *majos* with their *majas*. All these pictures are abundantly clever, but there is none of them which can fairly be said to be original. They are the successful attempts of a beginner to reproduce the manner of a master. In some Señor Benlliure has not been able to escape that splashiness of touch and crudity of colour which are the besetting sins of Fortuny's school. In the small canvas marked 150, and called "Los Musicians Ambulants" (why should Señor Benlliure not be allowed to name his pictures in his own tongue?), the glaring white wall in the background makes the picture crude.

In his "Plaza San Marco" the workmanship is a little splashy, with a flight of pigeons just alighting on the ground in the middle so blurred together that it is difficult to tell what they are meant for. In this and in one or two others the painter has not been successful (perhaps it is not possible to be so fully) in giving the penetrating effect of the southern sun in the clear, transparent, southern air. But all of them, as we have already said, are abundantly clever, with an overflow of life in their figures, and a striking truth in the faces and attitudes. Particularly excellent are the minute figures in the "Procession Religious," and in the picture of a Spanish mule-fair, with a shouting gipsy showing off the paces of his beast.

It is not any of these works which, in our opinion, give the true value to this collection of Señor Benlliure's pictures—not even his "Forge," a carefully-finished study, in the manner of Meissonier, of workmen and a soldier in seventeenth-century dress. We have no wish to underrate the technical skill in this work, but we have to confess that it is employed to say nothing. But there are two of the pictures which show a genuine original power, and prove that, having acquired a mastery over his tools, he means to employ it on works at once national and marked by a strong individuality. These are "L'Education du Peuple," and the "Danse Macabre." We have said that this artist promises to devote himself to the genuine life of the Spanish people, and his "Education du Peuple" is the best proof of it. Hitherto modern Spanish painters, and foreign artists who have chosen Spanish subjects, have been too fond of looking on the people as one great opera chorus. They select what lends itself to effective theatrical grouping, and the human beings of the tableau are allowed to be quite subordinate to the dresses. All Spain is not composed of bull-fighters and *majos*. Picturesque beggars and muleteers (particularly beggars) are great features of Spanish country life; but, if they are to be painted, we prefer it should be for their own sake, and not for the sake of the effect they make in the sunlight. In "L'Education du Peuple" it is the people themselves that Señor Benlliure paints. The picture represents a group of Valencian peasants sitting round a table, and intently listening to a priest, who is reading with oratorical gesture from an imposing folio. Every head is admirably true to life. The condescending priest, who is rightly as much a peasant as the men round him, is well supported by the placid well-to-do farmer on his right, and the powerful labourer, who is listening with all his might to what he wholly fails to understand, on his left. They are the very men who till the soil, not lay figures dressed for theatrical effect. The drawing is admirably firm, and the colour at once rich and sober. The "Danse Macabre" is a wholly different thing. The subject is purely fantastical; but the morbid fantasy which loves to dwell on the ideas of death and the grave is peculiarly Spanish, and the result of a long course of very thorough clerical instruction. Señor Benlliure has thrown himself with all the delight of a mediæval painter into the conceiving and painting of the grotesque fiend who forms the central figure of his picture and the dead of many generations who dance to his wild playing. His technical skill is seen at its very best, as if he had been strengthened by working at an idea which had fascinated him. It is not an idea which we should recommend any artist to dwell on much—extravagance lies that way—but it was legitimate to put it on canvas once, particularly when it is painted as it is by Señor Benlliure.

We do not feel very sure that the sketch of Millet's life, written by Mr. Henley for a selection of that painter's "Etchings and Woodcuts," published by the Fine Art Society, is calculated to encourage young artists preparing to break with a popular and paying tradition; but they may certainly read it with profit. It is a noble example, and suggests the comforting thought that other men will benefit by the neglect from which he suffered. The sad story of Millet's life is told by Mr. Henley both well and briefly. Within a narrow compass he gives all that is really essential to be known about the artist's family and surroundings. His sketch of Millet's life is marked by the good taste which is lamentably absent from a recent more pretentious work on the same subject. He does not dwell with effusive complacency on the grinding poverty which weighed on the painter all through his career. It is enough to tell us that once Millet and his wife "did not do so much as break bread for forty-eight hours." We doubt, however, whether Mr. Henley does his hero sufficient honour in accepting the story that he gave up painting the nude on account of a chance conversation that he overheard. We gather from Mr. Henley's own picture of him that Millet was too strong a man to have been influenced by so slight a thing as that. What he says about the study of Rembrandt—"je pensais qu'il fallait faire des stations avant d'entrer dans la génie de cet homme"—shows the spirit in which he approached the work he really loved. Millet gave up painting the nude because he felt a stronger call to other work, though he afterwards attributed to accident a resolution which was really the result of his own character. He did not allow foolish rumours that he was fit for only one kind of work to influence him in other studies. The facsimiles of his etchings, published in this volume, show sufficiently clearly why his work was so long in becoming popular. It is too faithful to the more painful truths of country life. His figures are those of men and women bowed down by overwork and monotony. "Delvers" look like convicts, and the "Shepherdess" is painfully sad. His country figures are in striking harmony with the descriptions of French provincial life left by Balzac and Flaubert, but they are not more pleasant, and Millet's public wanted their art to be more pleasant than truth, not less so.



For the sadness of his own life, and, perhaps, to some extent, the hard realities of his peasant training, had obviously given Millet an unconscious tendency to dwell on what was gloomy. When he chose to emulate Michelangelo, and "avec une seule figure de personifier le bien et le mal de l'humanité," he was thinking rather of the evil than of the good. This Mr. Hanley sees and acknowledges, but we doubt whether he gives it sufficient importance in his estimate of the truth of Millet's work.

#### THE BILLINGSGATE QUESTION.

THE Report of the Special Fish Supply Committee of the Common Council appears to be, on the whole, a very sensible and practical document. It may not please the agitators who induced the Metropolitan Board of Works to try and steal a march on the Corporation, and it may possibly make the Home Secretary repent the rather ostentatious encouragement which he gave to that project. It is good, no doubt, to have a zealous and reforming Home Secretary, but measure should be observed, even by him who is anxious to have his name written as that of a Great Ædile on stupendous aqueducts and markets covering many a rood. However, the very sensible action of the House of Lords has poured cold water on the enterprise of the Board of Works for the present, and the supplementing of the London ratepayers' little account by a "fish market construction and maintenance" item is still a thing of the future. Meanwhile, there is in the Report of the Committee no trace of the atrocious vices and incapacities which persons of the stamp of Mr. Firth pretend to find in the Corporation. The Committee proceeded to business in a workmanlike way, and accumulated plenty of evidence. They have been found fault with because they did not examine a larger number of retail fishmongers. The simple explanation of this is that the retail fishmongers did not comply with the general invitation to be present, and that the Committee, having no legal powers, could not compel them to come if they did not choose. To begin with, a retail fishmonger, or, for the matter of that, a retail shopkeeper of any kind, is not, as a rule, free to leave his shop at the ordinary business hours. In the second place, retail fishmongers are notoriously in a kind of bondage, half voluntary, half involuntary, to the magnates of Billingsgate. The attachment of the retailer to his wholesale purveyor is one of the most curious features of trade, and one of the best proofs of the power of habit. Moreover, the salesmen have, as the matter stands, very much the whip-hand of their customers, and can effectually boycott them if they please. Except retail fishmongers, however—who, after all, could have given little evidence of real value—almost every class of persons having to do with fish catching, fish carriage, and fish distribution appeared in fair numbers. The circumstances of the case, and some of the most remarkable evidence given, have been discussed on a former occasion. The conclusions arrived at are at present the point of importance. These conclusions can be put briefly. The actual supply of fish is prejudicially affected by the destruction of unsizable and immature fish, and by the spoiling of some of the grounds. Railway rates are too high. Billingsgate is difficult of approach, and not large enough, even if it were fairly accessible. The fish market of the future should be one and indivisible, should be large, should be at the water-side. Of three sites suggested, the Committee disapprove of St. Katherine's Docks, and approve either of the present site with the Custom House thrown in, or of one at Blackfriars Bridge. The market should be both wholesale and retail, and should be open at all hours, an official salesman being appointed. There is also a partly inconsistent suggestion of sites for an inland market for railway-borne fish in case it is thought necessary.

All these conclusions, except the last, seem good. A rival market to Billingsgate would, in all probability, share the fate of Columbia; a supplementary one would defeat its own object. The retailer has not time to drive about London from one market to another. But all the other conclusions of the Committee appear sound. In discussing the destruction of unsizable fish and the misuse of the fishing grounds, they may indeed be said to be travelling a little beyond their special field; but the subject is one of great importance, and deserved their attention. Hitherto, except in the case of shellfish, there has been no attempt at a legal limit of size; and, unfortunately, the intention of the law as regards shellfish is too often defeated by the unsizable specimens being left on the beach to die and rot, instead of being returned to the sea. In the case of fish proper, and specially of soles, the waste arising from the catching of mere infants is enormous. But the proposal as to the market itself is what most people will look to. There can be little doubt that most of the mechanical difficulties which make fish dearer in London, despite the unrivalled facilities for transport by land and sea, than it is in any large town in the kingdom, could be surmounted by the throwing of the Custom House into Billingsgate, and by an improvement which would then be much easier than at present of the approaches. The suggestion, made unofficially, that the premises under Cannon Street Station should be used as a kind of *entrepôt* for transferring railway-borne fish to Billingsgate would, if it could be carried out, be an immense relief to the streets surrounding the market itself. On the other hand, the alternative site at Blackfriars has railway communication close at hand. The Government, as represented by the present Home Secretary, has not shown itself too favourable to any plans for retaining Billingsgate, and the chance of

secuting the Custom House may therefore seem to be remote. But either the present market, so enlarged and approached, or the new one at Blackfriars, would meet the necessities of the case as regards space very fairly. St. Katherine's Dock is doubtless too far, and is by no means very easy of access on the land side. More important still are the suggestions for the regulation of the market. The retail selling of fish on the great scale side by side with the wholesale trade would, of itself, tend to keep down prices, by making the senders more independent of the salesman-consignee. The appointment of a competent official salesman would make all the ugly malpractices which have been hinted at—such as the marking of false prices and the boycotting of salesmen who will not agree to deceive, if not to defraud, their correspondents—impossible; and the extension of time would relieve the present pressure almost as much as the extension of space and the opening up of new approaches. It is not obviously to the interest of any one but a ring that sales should be huddled over at an unearthly hour in the morning, and that it should be impossible for the retailer to buy it at any other time. Most of the provisions recommended are, we believe, already in force in the Dead Meat Market at Smithfield, the excellence of which as a distributing centre is universally recognized.

The question is really, as has been before pointed out, one of much more than merely ædile or administrative importance. The simple fact is that fish ought to be the cheapest kind of food, and that it is in London certainly, if not in all large towns, one of the dearest, perhaps the dearest. The improvement in the machinery of distribution ought to be, and probably would be, only preliminary to a still greater improvement in the quality and nature of the supply. This makes the matter one of importance not merely to London, but to the whole country. Despite the overfishing complained of, it is certain that the seas are not made to yield anything like what they would yield if a free and easy sale encouraged fishermen to catch and railways to carry cheaply. If the sea is worked insufficiently as a source of supply, the rivers and ponds are not worked at all, and fish culture generally is strangely neglected. Every one has heard, if every one has not seen, the great breeding establishments at Arcachon, and all round the French coasts there are similar things on a smaller scale, while in the interior reservoirs as well as natural ponds are carefully utilized. In England, except by little boys with crooked pins and by poaching scoundrels with dynamite, the majority of such pieces of water are for the most part not used at all, or used for mere sport and not for food production. Now that landowners are at their wit's end to know what to do with their land, it is at least worth consideration whether it might not be worth while to try if some of it would not do as well under water. Fish farming is, after all, not much less promising or more startling than rabbit farming, not to mention that there are competent authorities who hold that draining has been overdone, and that the formation of properly regulated meres and ponds in suitable parts of the country is the best way of preventing both drought and floods. Some of these daring persons even go so far as to calculate that, acreage for acreage, water is as fertile in the way of food production as land and far less expensive to cultivate. This may or may not be fanciful, but there can be no doubt that even as it is much more might be made out of inland waters than is made. Not many months ago a paragraph went the round of the papers telling how many hundredweight of fish had been dragged from a small pond at Kew Gardens, where no pains whatever had been taken to breed them. These, indeed, were not wasted, for they were given to an Angling Association on the Thames to stock its fishing-ground with. But in most ponds the fish are simply left alone to keep themselves down by eating each other, which, to do them justice, they do with great resolution and success. Again, any one who looks at the news from fishing ports will constantly see that large quantities of the coarser fish, and not unfrequently large quantities of the finer, are said to be a drug in the market—no sale for them. There is no sale, partly because the fish-distributing machinery of the great towns, and of London most of all, is utterly inadequate, and secondly because this very inadequacy has lessened the demand on the part of the consumer. In the poorer quarters of London, as the sense of smell informs everybody, there is, indeed, an immense demand for fried fish. But, excellent as fried fish undoubtedly is, the mode of cooking it is not adapted to every kind or even to very many kinds, and therefore causes an undue run on the flat variety. Cookery ought to come to the aid of police and municipal arrangements, and, after or before persuading the hardened salesman to give us fishes of many sorts, to teach our domestics how to cook them. There is no need to exhort the whole nation to become ichthyophagous. But worse crazes than the propagation of ichthyophagy might be found for an idle man to devote himself to.

At present, however, there is something ironical in the suggestion of an agitation for the promotion of fish-eating. The difficulty, in London at least, is not so much to get people to eat fish as to get fish to eat. It is almost impossible to conceive of an England without soles, yet pessimists tell us that we are approaching that state. Not only are the flattest, the most unpronounced in flavour, and for that very reason the most perpetually eatable of fishes, not "all four feet," as, according to Thomas Ingoldsbay's excruciating pun, they once were, but they seem to be approaching a uniform dimension of four inches. This is perhaps not due to Billingsgate, but the comparative absence of substitutes and the dearth of them when discoverable certainly is. It is

whispered that the raising of rents, that is to say prices, at certain establishments in the immediate neighbourhood of Greenwich Hospital, has determined some of their frequenters to bring in a Fish Bill next Session to provide that for fifteen years the price of fish dinners shall not be raised, and that at the end of that time it shall be judicially fixed by a competent tribunal. The famous suburb, however, is still in Saturn and Jupiter—that is to say, it is still regulated by the ordinary principles of political economy, and if the Corporation succeed in acting on the recommendations of their Committee, there may be no need of such violent measures after all.

#### THE GOLD WITHDRAWALS.

THE Italian preparations for the resumption of specie payments have already had an effect upon the money market, and in the opinion of some are likely, before the end of the year, to cause disturbance. We think, however, the apprehensions on this head are exaggerated. To carry out the resumption of specie payments the Italian Government has been authorized to raise a public loan, sixteen millions sterling of which are to be in gold. A part of the loan, as our readers are aware, was brought out a little while ago here in London, the contractors undertaking to find the sixteen millions which the Italian Government requires. At the time the London money market was exceptionally easy. The setting in of the holidays had brought speculation to a standstill, and the value of money—to make use of bankers' phrase—had suddenly declined very considerably; or, to express the matter more correctly, the interest paid in the short loan market for the use of capital had fallen greatly. The contractors judged properly that then was the time for them to begin to provide themselves with the metal which they had engaged to find. As the value of loanable capital was so very low, it was evident that the amount of loanable capital in the market was too great, and, consequently, that the market could well bear the abstraction of a part. Accordingly, they began in the dead season, while business was, as it were, suspended by holiday-making, to buy up in the open market and to withdraw from the Bank of England parcels of gold. They did not, however, confine their operations to this country. The syndicate that contracted for the loan is an international syndicate, and it has been careful to extend its operations wherever gold is to be had most cheaply. A moment's consideration will show that it is as much to the interest of the contractors as to that of anybody else to avoid making money dear. By doing so they would raise the market against themselves, and lose the profit, or at least a portion of it, the hope of which had induced them to contract for the loan. We may be very sure, therefore, that knowingly they will do nothing which will disturb the money market. And we are inclined to think that the precautions they have taken are such as will avoid disturbance. The 16 millions which they have contracted to find are to be supplied in two years; in other words, the abstraction of this amount from the stock of metal in other countries is to be spread over a period of two years. The operation is, therefore, somewhat like the diversion, to Italy of two years' yield of the American gold mines. This spreading of the operation over so long a period is intended to avoid the disturbance of the money market. The withdrawals are to be so arranged that they shall not take place when there are other great demands upon the market, and, consequently, shall not accentuate the periodical rises in the value of loanable capital which annually occur. We have said that the contractors began to provide themselves with a portion of the gold as soon as they had successfully launched the loan, thinking that the slack holiday season was the most favourable time to do so; and they estimated that they would be able to provide in London and upon the Continent about three millions sterling of gold without seriously enhancing the rates of discount. They have already in England, France, Germany, and Russia obtained about two millions, and during the present month it is understood that they will take another million. This present week and next week, we believe, will end the withdrawals from the Bank of England. It is the intention of the contractors to suspend their operations then so far as gold is concerned until the present year is at an end, as other causes will soon come into action which usually raise the rates in the money market towards the close of the year, and they are unwilling, as we have already said, to aggravate these.

The mere withdrawal of sixteen millions of gold within two years from the stocks of the metal of all Europe would not be likely to disturb the money market, and so far as the London money market is concerned the withdrawal of from a million to a million and a half in the course of the present summer could hardly be expected to have a very serious effect. But it is to be borne in mind that the present harvest is better than any we have been favoured with for some time back; that it is also very early; and that the harvest operations usually take from London a considerable amount of loanable capital. It is also to be borne in mind that trade has been improving, slowly it is true, but still has been improving for the past two years, and that the improvement of trade means augmented demand for capital, and consequently tends to enhance its value. Further, it is not to be forgotten that France does not look favourably upon the resumption policy of Italy, that the French have abstained from all participation in the Italian loan, and that the Bank of France and the financial world

of France generally are expected to put all the obstacles in the way of Italy in this measure that they can. It is possible, therefore, though in our opinion it is not probable, that the Bank of France may raise its rate of discount in order to prevent gold being taken from France for Italy, and may thus begin the struggle for gold which has so long been apprehended. Lastly, it is not to be lost sight of that we are now close upon the time when the movement of the crops in the United States causes a drain of currency from New York to the interior; that, in consequence, the New York money market becomes stringent; and that this, in its turn, leads to a drain of gold from Europe to New York. This drain in the past two autumns has averaged fifteen or sixteen millions sterling, and if a similar state of things was to set in now, while the withdrawals for Italy are suspended over the market, the effect, no doubt, would be very great; in the opinion of many must inevitably bring about dear money.

The autumnal outflow of gold from London to the provinces for harvesting and other operations is a movement so small, so temporary, and so regular, that we do not think its effect will be very great. It is now so thoroughly understood that its extent and duration can be fully measured, and what is thus measurable seldom causes alarm, and without alarm the money market is seldom disturbed. As regards the action of the Bank of France, again, we can hardly think it likely that it will begin the apprehended struggle for gold. When the Bank was possessed of a large stock of that metal and but a small stock of silver, everybody expected that it would take measures to protect its gold; but it deliberately avoided doing so. We cannot think it at all probable that it will now, when it is too late, do what it refrained from then doing. It cannot be the desire of the French Government or of the Bank of France to make money artificially dear, and unless money is made extremely dear, the Bank of France could not now hope to supply itself with such a stock of gold as would make up for the drain of the past two years. If the Bank of France bides its time, the return of good seasons will once more make France a creditor country, and then she will be able to re-supply herself with gold without any violent exertions. But now to begin a struggle would be to add to the depreciation of silver, and to disturb the money markets of the world without much avail. We expect, therefore, that the Bank of France will continue to pursue the policy it has deliberately adopted, and that it will do nothing to make money artificially dear. The case of the United States is different. There is little doubt that the rest of the world is indebted to the United States. The exchanges upon London, Paris, and Berlin show that very plainly. And it follows, therefore, that, if the United States require gold, it will be in their power to take it. But we can hardly think that the United States will require gold in the amount of the past two years or anything like it. Between New Year's Day 1879, when the American Resumption Act came into operation, and the 1st of November, 1880, the gold and silver coin in the United States increased 47½ millions sterling; since the 1st of November last there has been a very large import of gold from France and England, the bulk indeed of the drain last year having fallen in the last two months of 1880, and during the banking crisis at the beginning of March there was another considerable import of gold into New York. We shall not, therefore, overstate if we set down the import of gold into the United States from Europe since the 1st November at another ten millions sterling; and to this has to be added the whole production of the United States in the interval, not only of gold, but also of silver. Within the last 2½ years, therefore, the addition to the metallic money of the United States has been at least 65 millions sterling, and at the same time the whole of the paper which previously formed the sole currency of the country has remained in circulation. The 65 millions are, therefore, a net addition to the money of the country. It would seem, consequently, making full allowance for the growth of wealth, the development of trade, and the inflation of prices, that the currency requirements of the United States must by this time be nearly satisfied. It is true, however, that of all the gold that has been exported from Europe to the United States in the past two years, not a penny has returned. It seems to follow that, large as the drain has been, it is barely sufficient for the ordinary trade requirements of the country, and, consequently, must be insufficient for times of extraordinary demand; such as when the crops are being moved. But it is to be borne in mind that a large portion of the gold which has been taken from Europe for the United States has been locked up in the Treasury. The Treasury has been refunding its debt at lower rates of interest, and, to do so successfully, has been keeping in reserve enough of money to meet any demands that might be made upon it for the payment of principal by those who refused to accept the lower rates of interest. But these refunding operations are now concluded, and the Treasury has to pay before the 1st of October 19 millions sterling of debt. The disbursement of so immense a sum must lower the value of money in the great cities of the United States, and must go far to fill up whatever void there may still be in the currency. Lastly, it is to be recollected that European holders of 5 and 6 per cent. bonds to a large extent refused to accept the reduction of interest to 3½ per cent. We believe that about 7 millions sterling of these bonds have been sent over to New York, and the value of them is due to the holders in Europe. In other words, the United States owe Europe about 7 millions sterling for these bonds, and this amount must be set off against any demand there may be upon Europe for gold. Assuming, therefore, that otherwise the demand for gold would equal the demand of

last year, that is to say, would amount to about 15 millions sterling, the balance due to the United States would be reduced to about 8 millions sterling, or very little more than half what it was this time last year. For all these reasons, and others which might be mentioned, we think it extremely improbable that the demand for gold from the United States will nearly reach the level of the past two autumns.

From whatever point of view we look at the matter, then, we see no reason to expect a disturbance of the money market by the withdrawals of gold for Italian accounts, though they will, of course, make money dearer. The withdrawals in themselves are too small to cause disturbance, and the drain to the United States this autumn is almost sure to be much smaller than it has been in recent years. It is true that the stocks of gold in the chief banks of Europe, especially in the Bank of England and the Bank of France, are much smaller than they were a year ago. But, on the other hand, it is to be recollected that a raising of the rate of discount would quickly bring large amounts of gold to both banks. The gold circulating in France is still of very large amount, and the Bank of France, were it to set about doing so in earnest, could very speedily get in large sums from that source. So, again, the Bank of England could collect much gold which is now held in various places throughout the United Kingdom, were it to stand in need of it. Furthermore, a slight rise in the value of money in Europe would tend to stop the drain to the United States. It is always to be remembered that gold is sent to the United States at a considerable cost, both for carriage, for insurance, and for commission, and that unless it can be employed in the United States, so as to cover this cost, and to yield a larger profit than would be obtained for it at home, it will not be sent. Every rise in the rate of discount here, therefore, unless it is counterbalanced by an equal rise in New York, must tend to check the outflow of gold; and were the rate of discount to rise to 4, or at any rate to 5 per cent., it would be almost certain to stop the drain altogether. Indeed, if there were to be really dear money in London, we should have gold coming back from New York instead of going thither.

#### RACING IN SUSSEX.

WITH the exception of owners of horses and those who are professionally interested in racing, few people, generally speaking, care to frequent racecourses between Goodwood and Doncaster. This year, however, the two-year-old racing had been exceptionally interesting. There were two or three batches of two-year-olds that had shown themselves to be within a few pounds of each other, and there seemed to be every prospect of representatives of these groups meeting at Lewes. Many people, therefore, who were staying in the neighbourhood of Goodwood found it worth while to remain within reach of Brighton and Lewes for a few days longer. After the heat of London, a fortnight on the South Coast is far from unpleasant. The bulk of the racing at the Brighton meeting, which intervenes between Goodwood and Lewes, is not always of a very exciting character, most of the stakes being 100l. Plates; but, nevertheless, there are sometimes good races at Brighton, as it is worth the while of owners to keep their horses a week later in the South when once they have taken them to Goodwood.

Racing men had an opportunity of buying some yearlings on the Saturday between Goodwood and Brighton at the Sandgate Stud farm. Twenty-four well-bred yearlings were brought out for sale. On the whole, they were considered a good-looking lot, and they were by such sires as Hermit, Adventurer, Macaroni, Kingcraft, Rosicrucian, and Paganini. The first lot only realized 25 guineas, and the last went for 30, but a colt by Hermit was sold for 950, and another by the same sire made 700 guineas. The average of the entire sale was a trifle over 250 guineas, which was not bad, although it was nearly 50 guineas short of the averages obtained this year at the sales of the Marden Deer Park and Cobham yearlings.

On the opening day of the Brighton meeting, the Brighton Stakes was won by Thunderstruck, a three-year-old that had won three races last year. Blackthorne, who had been third in the Goodwood Stakes, was second, and the unlucky Lansdown was third. There was a beautiful race on the second day for the Ovingdean Welter Handicap. Rowiston was the favourite, but he was not even placed. The race was fought out between Knight of Burghley, Telescope, and Goggles. Just at the last, Cannon contrived to get Telescope's head in front of his two adversaries, who ran a dead heat for second place. Two excellent races followed, and then came the Brighton Cup. We fear that our readers will consider our racing articles of this season little more than chronicles of the vagaries of Peter, but we are compelled to allude to them again. It is sincerely to be hoped that this may be the last occasion for some time to come that we may have to mention the horse's name, for such an evil-dispositioned beast would be far better out of training. Yet Peter has run in so many important races this year that all racing historians have been obliged to give frequent accounts of his proceedings. Three horses were to run against him for the Brighton Cup, but the only one that seemed at all likely to beat him was Exeter. His former splendours were anything but forgotten, but nevertheless only 12 to 10 was laid against him, while 12 to 10 was laid against Exeter. This was certainly a very fine distinction, but it just established Peter as first favourite. As Archer was not riding,

and Cannon's services were claimed by Prince Soltzko, Wood was entrusted with the unenviable task of riding the evildoer. Exeter jumped away with the lead, followed by Eurus and Whisht, while Peter brought up the rear. They had scarcely run two hundred yards when the usual thing happened, Peter pulled himself up with a jerk, and threw up his heels. Wood then showed some good jockeyship, for he resolutely set the horse going again, and was soon sailing away in pursuit of the three leading horses. There was a great distance of ground to be made up, but Peter now appeared to be in the best of humours, and he swept over the course so freely and courageously that Whisht and Eurus were both caught up and passed in less than half a mile. Exeter was now leading by something like seventy or eighty yards, but Peter kept gradually reducing this distance, until, at the top of the hill, there were only about thirty or forty yards between them. There seemed to be scarcely any doubt now that there was to be a repetition of Peter's clever performance in the Ascot Royal Hunt Cup. He never had seemed to be running better, and as he came down the hill he lessened the gap between himself and Exeter very rapidly. At the foot of the hill he was but three lengths behind, and was yet apparently pulling hard. Rossiter was now hard at work on Exeter, who was running very like a beaten horse. Suddenly, to everybody's astonishment, Peter began to flag, whether from temper or fatigue it is hard to say, while Exeter plodded gamely on, and passed the winning post ten lengths in advance of Peter. Eurus was third, about a hundred yards in the rear of Peter, and Whisht trotted in some time afterwards. Exeter has been a useful racehorse, having won a good many valuable prizes. His first race was in the Derby won by Sir Berys, and he was third in the St. Leger to Rayon d'Or. He is a grand specimen of a horse, and he stays well over a long distance under heavy weights. The Brighton Cup day ended with a dead heat between a couple of two-year-olds ridden by Wood and Cannon. These were Resin the Bow and Vale. The former, who was giving weight to his opponent, had already won three races out of five this season, and he had been placed in each of the races in which he had been defeated. On the last day of the Brighton meeting Toastmaster won the Stewards' Cup in a common canter by half a dozen lengths. The unlucky Evasion ran second; but Chevroneal, who had won several races this season, ran unaccountably badly, after making the running in the early part of the race. Three closely-contested races followed. Backers had to bear a terrible disappointment in the Cliftonville Plate, for Whitechapel, on whom they had laid the long odds of 9 to 2, was beaten by the 14 to 1 outsider Gaydene.

The Lewes meeting began on the Friday. A large field of thirteen two-year-olds came out for the Great South of England Breeder's two-year-old Stakes. The Peine de Cœur colt was the favourite. This colt had run three times without getting beaten. At Worcester, in the Coventry Stakes, he had given 18 lbs. to Gaydene, the hero of the last race mentioned in the preceding paragraph. At Sandown he had beaten Executor, who had been a great many lengths behind him in the valuable British Dominion two-year-old Stakes, yet now Executor, against whom 14 to 1 was laid, beat the Peine de Cœur colt by a head. The most interesting race of the Friday at Lewes was the Astley Stakes for two-year-olds. Last year this had been the best race of the season, five horses having been within a head of each other at the finish. Now only five competitors came out for it; but among these was Lord Stamford's Geheimnis, a brown filly by Rosicrucian, who had won four races, and had never yet been beaten. One of her opponents was Marden, whom she had beaten with great ease at Stockbridge; but he was supposed to have improved greatly since his previous contest with Geheimnis, and between Stockbridge and Lewes he had run within half a length of Kermesse for the July Stakes, both Dutch Oven and St. Marguerite being behind him. It may be remembered that Dutch Oven subsequently won three races, one of which was the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, in which she beat both Kermesse and St. Marguerite. It seemed not unlikely that Marden, Kermesse, St. Marguerite, and Dutch Oven might be within 4 lbs. or 5 lbs. of each other; and, if the Stockbridge running was incorrect, it appeared possible that any of the four might be as good as Geheimnis. Marden was only to carry 1 lb. penalty, whereas Geheimnis was penalised with 4 lbs.; so it seemed reasonable enough that Marden should be a good second favourite. Isabel, a winner of several races, was the first off, but Sir Frederick soon took up the running, and kept it until they had run half-way down the hill. Marden then took the lead, and ran very well, with Geheimnis in attendance at his heels, Isabel and Foxglove following pretty closely. In the dip it was evident that Marden and Geheimnis had completely beaten the rest of the field. A struggle then began between the leading pair, but it was of short duration, for Geheimnis passed Marden without much difficulty and won very easily by a length. When the ease with which Geheimnis won the Astley Stakes is considered in conjunction with her other victories there can be no doubt that on public form she is the best two-year-old that has been out this season. Between the Sussex fortnight and Doncaster, comparatively few people will care to trouble their heads very much about racing; it is therefore very satisfactory to have had the Midsummer two-year-old form to a great extent unravelled before the beginning of what may be called the second part of the racing season. During the autumn it is possible that some fresh two-year-old may come out and eclipse all the earlier performers. Students of two-year-old running can scarcely have failed

to notice that of late fillies have distinguished themselves more in their two-year-old careers than colts. During the last few years we have had such an extraordinary success of flying fillies that one is tempted to doubt whether the allowance for sex at present made to two-year-old fillies may not be excessive. Mares may possibly mature more rapidly than horses, and it is, perhaps, an open question whether a filly at two years old may not be a more formed animal than a colt of the same age.

The second day of the Lewes meeting is one of the very few Saturdays in the year on which there is any racing of importance. As much as 2 to 1 was laid on Marden for the Priory Stakes. Last week we noticed that Carlyle, after being first favourite for a two-year-old race at Goodwood, had run absolutely last of the four competitors; but it was his first race, and, after all, there was not three-quarters of a length between the four horses at the finish. Cannon, who was riding Carlyle, complained of the riding of Archer and Wood, who rode the second and third in the race, and the stewards so far credited his complaint as to reprimand the accused, so it is not improbable that Carlyle may not have had a fair chance. Now Carlyle started for the Priory Stakes at Lewes, and, after a very severe race, he beat Marden by a head. Lady Emily, who beat Isabel at Newmarket, ran a dead heat with Marden for second place. This performance on the part of Lady Emily was the more creditable, because both Carlyle and Marden had an allowance of 4 lbs. The finish for the Priory Stakes was one of the prettiest that has been seen this season.

#### THE THEATRES.

**YOUTH**, the play lately produced at Drury Lane Theatre, is somewhat disappointing as a successor to *The World*, which was the work of the same authors, Messrs. Harris and Meritt. The former production was definitely but legitimately melodramatic. It consisted of a series of striking situations every one of which had been used in some former piece on some former occasion. The art was to string them together with a coherent and telling, if not very probable, story, and this was done with signal success. In *Youth* the effort has obviously been to devise less familiar but equally striking effects, and if there is nothing really new in presenting a huge "practicable" ship, or a battle-scene, or a moving panorama on the boards of the theatre, it may be conceded that at least one of the effects just referred to is put before the public with some originality in invention and success in execution. This is the departure from harbour of a "troop-ship," of which, of course, only a portion is seen, the stage manager's art being devoted, with much skill, to suggesting the huge bulk of the unseen part. Unluckily, this particular scene is marred by some odd blunders which could have been easily avoided. The Colonel of the departing regiment, for instance, wears gilt spurs, and the Major is allowed to be grossly insubordinate without rebuke, while the drummers, whose number seems excessive in comparison with the fighting strength of the company, beat their drums with white drumsticks. The battle-scene, which follows close on this, might have been made a singularly effective piece of work; but, unfortunately, the hand-to-hand combat which succeeds a profuse employment of powder, and upon which the curtain falls, comes very tardy off. For effects of this kind trained "actors," in the most technical sense of the word, are needed; and the *comparés* who appear on the stage of Drury Lane as struggling Afghans and Englishmen are, it must be said, hardly equal to their task. Few things, perhaps, are more difficult to manage with success than a stage fight; but a better result might have been secured if less attention had been given to the small-arms supplied, as the advertisements tell us, by a well-known firm, and more to the training of the supers whose mimic conflict is as absurd as may be. The same want of intelligent teaching and learning is observable in the troop-ship scene above mentioned, where much might be made, but nothing is made, of the emotions of the crowd assembled to see the regiment off. So also the scene in the convict prison suffers from what seems the belief of the authors that to make a good melodrama all that is necessary is to bundle together as many effective set scenes as they can think of without any reference to cohesion or action. There is action of a sort in the convict scene; the convicts walk in much as convicts do walk in in real life; one of them behaves as no convict ever would be allowed to behave; a deputy-governor behaves as no deputy-governor has ever behaved; and there is a kind of scrimmage at the end, which is only too true to real convict life. But, so far as we can see, nothing really important to the progress of the play comes of all this; nor is it, perhaps, surprising that nothing should come of anything in a piece the hero of which is sentenced to penal servitude for having accepted a forged bill. Perhaps in the next Drury Lane piece (we cannot dignify *Youth* by the name of melodrama) we may find a person sentenced to death for being an involuntary bailor.

It is a pity that a piece so bad in all ways as *Youth* should succeed a piece which was so good in many ways as *The World*. To criticize the setting of such a production by a singularly good company would be absurd. All that can be done with the incoherent rubbish provided for them to speak is done by the players now engaged at Drury Lane. Whether it was necessary to have any dialogue or any people to speak it may be doubted.

#### REVIEWS.

##### HOLUB'S SEVEN YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SO numerous and frequent have been the journeys of exploration in Africa of late that the "Dark Continent" is rapidly losing its mysterious character, and becoming familiar to the geographer and to the ordinary reader of books of travel. South Africa, better known than the central portion of the continent, has acquired a fresh and absorbing interest in consequence of recent events there; so that any work which contributes more accurate information about the country is sure of a welcome at the present time. Dr. Holub's book has many claims to a good reception; for it supplements the pioneer work, which has been already done, by scientific investigation, and it is the work of a thorough enthusiast for his subject. Dr. Holub is a young Austrian physician, who, having been in youth fired with a desire for African exploration, steadfastly set before himself this object, and has succeeded in carrying it out, in spite of pecuniary and other disadvantages. When he arrived at Port Elizabeth, and had paid the duty on his gun, he found himself the possessor of a single half-sovereign; but some letters of introduction which he had brought with him procured him a hospitable reception, and he ultimately settled down as a medical man at the Diamond Fields. His preliminary journey thither, across the Orange Free State into the Transvaal, is described with the minute accuracy of a thorough observer and an enthusiastic naturalist. He also tells us much about the Boers, and of the wonders they perform in bringing down the springbok, in hunting which they have acquired a dexterity with the rifle of which our poor fellows in the late war had but too sad an experience. The traveller himself, anxious as he was to add to his natural history collection, does not appear to have been very successful as a sportsman, at least with larger game, and he relates most naively over and over again how he stalked an antelope or herd of baboons and missed them after all. On one occasion he contrived to shoot himself through the hand.

The Doctor's prospects at the Diamond-fields seemed at first dismal enough, but fortunately for him, a person to whom he had brought a letter of introduction happened to be sick, and a successful cure of his new-found friend soon led to a practice. As this extended he was enabled to exchange his tumble-down hut, with old boxes to serve as chairs and sheeting for window, for a somewhat more commodious dwelling; but, so bent was he upon carrying out his original plan, that he continued to practise the most rigid economy until he was at last in a position to buy a waggon and other requisites and set out upon his travels. The account he gives of the Diamond-fields themselves is interesting; but not unlike those of the mining communities of America with which Bret Harte has made us familiar. The chief interest of the book lies in its descriptions of the flora and fauna, and we learn much that is new and startling about the numerous varieties of noxious beasts that infest the country. We are accustomed to such startling revelations of science that it is not safe to question any statement made by a scientific man as to the phenomena he may come across in his investigations; but we must confess that some of Dr. Holub's anecdotes of animals require a severe application of the faculty of faith. His baboons, for instance, show a craft and intelligence that is absolutely uncanny. They are always on the look out, and if a field or garden be left unguarded, they at once break through the hedges and devour the crops. They will even watch until a shepherd is for a moment absent from his post, and will then seize on the lambs and rip them up to get at the milk which they have just been drinking. Most of the snakes of the country, too, "mean venom," and are most dangerous creatures to come across. Dr. Holub counted no less than seven distinct species of the cobra. Of these, two at least have been known to make unprovoked attacks upon human beings, and a case came within the author's own notice where the reptile actually followed some Kafir children who were running away from it, and, on their slackening speed, bit one of them in the heel, causing death in a quarter of an hour. Another kind suspends itself by the tail with its body hanging down as straight as an assegai, and waits to attack any man or beast that may pass by. Since it is of the same colour as the foliage by which it is surrounded, it is, as may be imagined, a very insidious foe. The native antelope traps, consisting of a poisoned javelin suspended in a similar manner and easily released by running against a rope which is stretched across the opening in a hedge, is also a source of no small danger for the inexperienced traveller. The ring-neck snake will curl itself around the hind leg of a cow and suck the milk from the animal's udder until it is satiated.

Of all the author's own escapes from death by water or the want of it, by fire, men, animals, or reptiles, &c., one of the narrowest was perhaps from mud, in which he was stuck fast when trying to ford a river alone, and was in imminent danger of suffocation. Another time he swallowed some tempting-looking fruit, and found that he had taken *nux vomica*, the result being poisoning, from which he with difficulty recovered. Judging from his descriptions, as well as from the woodcuts which accompany them, South Africa is a veritable lotus land; all is quiet, luxury, and rest; but death lurks everywhere amid its loveliness.



the journey was chiefly to reconnoitre and get acquainted with the country, and did not advance far into the interior. Returning to Dutoitspan, he again set up his practice as a physician, and in time had made another 700l. or 800l., with which he once more started off for the interior. The country traversed was that beyond the Transvaal border, and is divided into small kingdoms, all of which, with the manners and customs of their rulers and people, Dr. Holub describes in a pleasant and amusing style. On this journey also he had some thrilling escapes, being nearly caught up, with his waggon full of gunpowder and cartridges, by the flames of a burning steppe over which he was travelling.

King Montsua's capital a community of native Christians is, and it is both interesting and instructive to read the account of their struggles against, and determined opposition to, the heathendom around them, reminding one of the story of the early Churches at the commencement of Christianity. Montsua insisted on the "bathu ba lehuku," or "people of the word," as the converts are called, taking part in the time-honoured ceremony of the reed dance; this is performed by a number of men who walk in procession through the town blowing upon reed-pipes with such vehemence that nearly always some of them drop down dead during the progress, or subsequently die from the acute emphysema of the lungs brought on by the exertion. The Christians refused this demand, as well as another summons to join in some ceremonies connected with rain magic; and the King, unable to reduce them to obedience, rushed into the little church with a long knife and cleared the building. At length the converts so increased in number, and were obviously so much more thriving and industrious than the rest of the Bechuanas, that Montsua laid aside his opposition, and even encouraged the spread of the new faith. It is clear that, whatever may be the case elsewhere, missionary efforts have done wonders for Africa. In the kingdom of Khame their influence has been so great that the young potentate has prohibited the importation of brandy into his dominions, and a real and progressing civilization is springing up among the native tribes under his authority.

The native Bechuana method of doctoring is efficient, but characteristic:—

In disorders such as typhus and dysentery sudorifics are the remedy most frequently exhibited. The patient is made to lie down in his best fur jacket, or in a warm woollen shawl, bought probably for the occasion, and when the medicines have done their work, the nyaka reappears and carries off the garment to bury it. The patient may be rejoiced at having the disorder so effectually carried out of the house; but if, when convalescent, he should happen to see the doctor's wife parading the village in his jackal-skin, or in the comfortable shawl, he would never venture to hint at its restoration.

King Sechelo, another of the monarchs of the country beyond the Transvaal, is an interesting study, and seems to live in a quite luxurious English style:—

"Morena (King)," said the Doctor to him, "when I was only thirteen years old I read your name in Nyaka Livingstone's book. I little thought that I should ever see you and speak to you; far more surprising is it to me to find myself drinking tea in your palace." The King, although he still practised rain magic, had become familiar with some passages of Scripture, and said with a sanctimonious air, "His ways are past finding out."

Sekhomo, ruler of the Bamangwatos and father of the Khame just mentioned, was a very different sort of person to his son, whom he more than once unsuccessfully attempted to murder. Dr. Holub had some visits from this monarch with his council of "black crows."

When he arrived Sekhomo would keep on shaking my hand, while his factotum, who could speak Dutch, would be perpetually begging for something in his master's name. The King at other times would stand with his arms akimbo, his myrmidons squatting around him in a semicircle, and imitating everything he did; if he laughed, they laughed; if he gaped, they gaped; if he yawned, they yawned; and one day when his Majesty burnt his mouth with some tea that was too hot, they all puckered up their faces as if they likewise were experiencing the pain; when he turned to go home, they rose and followed him in single file like a flock of geese.

Returned to Dutoitspan, the Doctor found himself in the same pecuniary difficulties as before; but, after the same struggles and the same sparing, he at length again found himself in a position to undertake another journey.

This third expedition was the realization of his hopes and anticipations, for he was at length to become an explorer in the full sense of the word. He here advanced far into the Zambesi country, and succeeded in reaching the Victoria Falls. Although the travels of Livingstone have made us familiar with this district, Dr. Holub has much that is new and interesting to tell us; and some, at least, of the country explored by him is new. The enlightened rule of Khame, who had now defeated and succeeded his father, and through whose territory the traveller passed, gives good promise for the future of Africa and the capabilities of the negro races. This journey was not at all inferior to the others in point of interest and incident, while its results to geographical and physical science were much more important. Here, again, the fauna behaved in an unprecedented manner. Lions were met with in unpleasant abundance; indeed, in the valley of Panda ma tenka they "ran about like dogs." In the Matabele country these animals are so crafty that "sometimes a group of them institutes a sort of *batu*. A few of them creep up and exhibit themselves to the victims they want to catch, thus scaring them back into the very clutch of the main body that lurks behind ready to receive them." Hippopotami are also found in numbers in the rivers, and are a constant source of danger to the canoes, while crocodiles swarm

by the banks ready to snap up any vulnerable person who approaches the shore, or happens to dip into the water. By this time Dr. Holub appears to have become more experienced as a hunter, and made large bags, procuring most valuable specimens for his collection. On one occasion, however, he was fairly worsted in an engagement with a herd of balloons.

Anxious to obtain a specimen of their species, I fired and killed one balloon; but, unfortunately for me, the creature fell into the river. At my second shot I wounded two more. This induced the right wing of the herd to retreat; but the main body kept their ground, and the left flank, moreover, assumed the aggressive, and commenced pelting us so vigorously with the stones that, remembering that I had only one cartridge left, I considered it far more prudent to withdraw than to run the risk of a hand to hand encounter. Accordingly, we retired, most ignominiously defeated.

Another incident which shows more than any other the dangers and difficulties of African travel was the loss of all his drugs and valuables by the capsizing of a canoe when the Doctor himself was on the eve of a serious attack of fever. This untoward accident brought his exploration to a close much sooner than he had intended, and was a source of great disappointment to him.

Dr. Holub's estimate of England is very flattering, but he thinks it far from desirable that Great Britain should extend her colonial possessions in South Africa. On the other hand, he deems it much better for the interest of trade and for the ultimate opening up of the continent that one or more Commissioners, duly authorized, should be maintained at the separate independent native Courts, arms and ammunition being, of course, excluded as articles of traffic. He pays a graceful tribute also to Colonel Warren, whose able administration and prompt measures saved the English colony of Griqualand West at a crisis of most terrible danger. An excellent likeness of the Colonel is given amongst the illustrations of the book. Seldom has such a journey been undertaken against such disadvantages, and few travellers have proved themselves more fitted for the task than Dr. Holub, whose tact and moderation, no less than his scientific knowledge and habits of observation, eminently qualify him for the work of exploration. He is about to return to the African continent, and it is to be hoped he will do as much time under conditions which will enable him to continue his great services to geographical science.

The pictures are not always accurately placed or described in the book. One, for instance, which is called "Hyenas among the Cattle," should be called an attack by wild dogs, *Canis pictus*, on the cattle; another animal which is described as a tiger is obviously a leopard. The work, however, is in every way a most interesting one, and a valuable addition to a library of travel.

#### LE CRIME DE SYLVESTRE BONNARD.\*

A FRENCH novel, which one can recommend to one's friends, of both sexes, and of all ages, is not so common a treasure that it should pass without remark. Perhaps M. Anatole France's story, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, is not, after all, a book to be recommended to readers of every taste. Students who may be led, by the title, to hope that Sylvestre Bonnard, Membre de l'Institut, committed some novel sort of crime, or revived some forgotten iniquity of Pompeii or Balaam, will be seriously disappointed. M. France's book, it must be admitted, will only interest persons who take pleasure in exquisite simplicity of style, in harmless wit, in delicate pathos, in the melancholy and humour of a happy old age. If Mr. Pickwick had written his own memoirs, our idea of him would probably be very different from the picture traced by Dickens. A great many deductions must be made before M. Sylvestre Bonnard, who tells his own story in M. France's work, can be described as a French Mr. Pickwick. When he travels, he does not lead about a band of Tupmans, Winkles, Bob Sawyers, and Benjamin Allens. In place of Sam Weller, he has an old tyrannical housekeeper, who has grown grey and dictatorial in his service. He is addicted, like Mr. Pickwick, to scientific studies; but his science has nothing to do with a theory of tittlebats, and is only ridiculous, as all science becomes ridiculous, when it is supplanted by something a little newer, and a little more true. But M. Bonnard's heart is like the heart of Mr. Pickwick, as young, as benevolent as his, and this impulsive organ at last leads M. Bonnard, as it led Mr. Pickwick, into a midnight raid against a school for young ladies. It is true that M. Bonnard had no dark lantern. But his escapade was successful, and, at the close of it, he, like Mr. Pickwick, is recorded to have run—a considerable athletic feat when a man is over seventy. Thus, in essentials, M. Bonnard is really a French parallel to Mr. Pickwick, though all the farcical element in the English hero's adventures is absent in the autobiography of the Membre de l'Institut.

M. Bonnard's memoirs are divided into two parts. The first tells the story of his chase after a desirable manuscript; the second is more romantic, and concerned with affairs of the heart. M. Bonnard, it must be said, was born about 1810. When he was a very young man, a pupil at the Ecole des Chartes, young men still said "enfer et malédiction" and wore velvet coats, and long hair after the manner of the middle ages. M. Bonnard's father had been in the French Admiralty, till he was crushed by the reception Napoleon gave to his

\* *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard, Membre de l'Institut. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1888.*

report on the English navy, rather unfortunately presented shortly after Trafalgar. M. Bonnard's maternal uncle had fired the last French cartridge at Waterloo, and his portrait, that of a ranting, swearing, fighting Bonapartist, with all the military virtues and very few others, is admirably drawn. In his youth M. Bonnard had loved a young lady, who married a rich banker, named Noël Alexandre; but this only interests us at present as it accounts for the celibacy of the hero and for his exclusive devotion to the tasks of editing old French poets and writing a history of the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Près. M. France is himself a scholar, and a well-known editor of old French texts. The knowledge he has acquired in learned work serves him admirably in his delineation of the old student, a contemporary of M. Paulin Paris, a man who thinks that his life has not been spent in vain, because he has painfully added some tiny cells to the great coral island of our knowledge of the middle ages. The quiet melancholy of a man who has seen all his good days pass, who has grown grey and blind among books, and, at the end, finds his labours look so small, is one of the charms of this story.

M. Bonnard's first adventure, as we said, is his chase after a manuscript. In his bachelor's rooms he has a visit from a starving little colporteur of cheap books, who lives with his wife and child in a dilapidated garret at the top of the house. M. Bonnard sends the poor fellow some logs for his Christmas fire, does him other services, meets his beautiful wife on the stairs, and forgets the pair when the man dies and the woman goes away. At this time the old bibliophile's heart was set on a manuscript mentioned in the catalogue of the books of Sir Thomas Raleigh, an English collector. It was a fourteenth-century MS. of the Golden Legend, with additional chapters on Saint Ferréol, Saint Ferrutius, Saint Germain, Saint Vincent, and Saint Drocotové, with a poem on the miraculous burial of Saint Germain d'Auxerre. The legends, the poem, and the miniatures of the crowning of Proserpine, and of the Purification of the Virgin, were from the hand of the "clerk, Alexander." Now M. Bonnard, with his forty years' work at the history of the Abbey of Saint Germain, would have given all his economies for this manuscript. Eight years passed when a Florentine catalogue arrived, with an appendix on the whereabouts of various desirable books. In this appendix the manuscript of Alexander the Clerk was said to be in the collection of M. Polizzi at Girgenti. To write to M. Polizzi was, with M. Bonnard, the work of a moment. The answer came, M. Polizzi could not lend his treasure, but would show it to M. Bonnard in Sicily. The enthusiastic Bonnard at once set out for Sicily. In Naples he made the acquaintance of a beautiful Princess Trépoif, travelling with her husband in search of match-boxes, which they collected. They had obtained a unique suppressed match-box, decorated with heads of Mazzini and Garibaldi. But the wild Princess, who admitted that she sought in match-boxes nothing but oblivion of the past, was determined to go to Girgenti, where there was a local manufacture. On learning M. Bonnard's name, she cut him as rapidly as she had sought his acquaintance. The puzzled bibliophile met her again at Girgenti, where his simplicity and kindness won her wayward affection. The sketch of the Princess, with her caprices, her dissatisfaction, her real goodness of heart, is exquisitely drawn; and perhaps the finest passage in the book is the humorous description of the hunt for MSS. and match-boxes in the native city of Empedocles. Bonnard finds that the manuscript, with the miniature of the crowned Proserpine, has been sent to Paris, to the shop of Polizzi's son. He confides his woes to the Princess, who has been more fortunate in securing a match-box with a head of Empedocles. Finally Bonnard returns to Paris, tries to buy the MS. at an auction, is hopelessly outbidden, and despairs. But on Christmas Day a child brings him a huge *bûche de Noël*, which is opened and found to contain the card of the Princess Trépoif, a huge bouquet of violets, and the famous manuscript. The old house-keeper recognizes in the lady who drove the little boy to the house the widow of Cocoz, the starving colporteur. The Princess Trépoif, late the widow Cocoz, has not been ungrateful after all, though she did flee from M. Bonnard in Naples when his face recalled to her the old days of misery in a garret. A mere abstract of the incidents of the story can give no idea of the charm and brilliance of the writing.

An abstract, too, must fail to do justice to the second adventure, *La fille de Clémentine*. In this story M. Bonnard is a good deal older, verging on seventy. At the house of some friends in the country, he meets Jeanne, the daughter of his old love, Clémentine—of Clémentine who had married the rich banker, Noël Alexandre. M. Alexandre had died a bankrupt, Clémentine also was dead, and old Bonnard's heart was touched by the innocent unprotected youth of their child Jeanne. His story, which he tells with many digressions and with a pleasant garrulity, is often broken by reflections on his own learned old age. He was sitting one day in one of the public gardens, when he heard three young fellows, pupils of the Ecole des Chartes, discussing their studies:—

As-tu lu, dit Boulmier, la notice de Conrado?  
Bon ! me dis-je.  
Oui, répondit Gélis ; c'est exact.  
As-tu lu, dit Boulmier, l'article de Tapinay de Larroque dans la *Revue des questions historiques*?  
Bon, me dis-je pour la seconde fois.  
Oui, répondit Gélis, c'est plein de choses.  
As-tu lu, dit Boulmier, le tableau des abbayes bénédictines en 1600, par Sylvestre Bonnard?  
Bon, me dis-je pour la troisième fois.  
Ma foi, non, répondit Gélis. Bonnard est un imbécile.

So, poor M. Bonnard, who had just been secretly amused by the same young man's remarks on Michélet, went home with rather a heavy heart. His day was over. He had come, like all men of science, almost to the years when he seemed an exploded old impostor, a stumbling-block in the way of learning; and he remembered how, when he was a lad, he had laughed at some old contemporary mythologist, who had drawn up a catalogue of the lovers of Helen!

M. Bonnard naturally took a fatherly interest in Jeanne, the daughter of his old love Clémentine. But the unfortunate Jeanne, whose character is not quite that of a romp or of an ingénue, but whose courageous simplicity of nature is very well described, had fallen among thieves. She had for guardian a scoundrel of a lawyer named Mouche, and was a half-starved and greatly oppressed pupil teacher at the school of a Mlle. Préfère. As soon as Mlle. Préfère learned that M. Bonnard, who seemed interested in her pupil, was a member of the Institute, she made the most violent love to that unfortunate scholar. She brought Jeanne to visit him in his rooms, and there of course Jeanne met the repentant Gélis, who had changed his mind, and came to ask for the loan of books and for assistance in his studies. At length, in two most alarming scenes, Mlle. Préfère actually proposes to M. Bonnard, and introduces him as her betrothed to M. Mouche. What a position for a student of seventy years of age! Many, perhaps most, would have been frightened into matrimony and the arms of Mlle. Préfère. "J'ai quelquefois eu peur dans ma vie, mais je n'avais jamais éprouvé un effroi d'une nature aussi nauséabonde. Je ressentais une terreur écœurante," M. Bonnard explained himself with an explicitness which made further mistake impossible. He then fled away. But he now knew the nature of the people who had Jeanne absolutely in their power. Mouche, her guardian, ceased to pay for her board at the school. Mlle. Préfère treated her like Cinderella, locked her up alone and made her sweep the floor and serve in the kitchen. Learning all this, M. Bonnard conceived a simple but sufficient stratagem, abducted Jeanne, and thereby broke half a dozen articles in the *Code*, especially 356 and 357. When the nature of his crime was set before him, he defended himself but lamely, quoting from Baluze a decree of Childebert, at Cologne, in 593 A.D. He also referred to the ordinance of Blois, 1579, to a capitulary of Charlemagne, and to a custom of Brittany, suppressed in 1720. With these rules he was well acquainted, but he had never looked into the *Code*. Jeanne was left at the house of her friend, Mme. Gabry, and M. Bonnard retired to his criminal reflections. How he was saved from the consequences of his crime, how and in what studies he passed his latest years, what became of his library, and all about the future fortunes of Jeanne, must be read in his own memoirs, as edited by M. France. This latest editorial work of his may be less important to literary science than his previous labours, but has more general human interest than all the sixteenth-century French poems which he is likely to rescue from the limbo of manuscript.

#### VERRALL'S MEDEA.\*

THE classical studies of our Universities, which have of late years been reproached with decay, bid fair to take a new lease of life and activity under the influence of the modern scientific treatment of archaeology and philology. Two years ago we noticed the first instalment of a new edition of Pindar by Mr. Fennell, of which we shall be glad to see more. Now Mr. A. W. Verrall, who has already taken his preliminary canters in two extremely ingenious essays contributed to the *Journal of Philology* and the *Journal of the Hellenic Society* respectively, comes forward to show us how much remains to be done, and what he can do, with a play which is certainly not the least familiar among the works of the Attic tragedians. His readers will certainly be surprised, some of them may be shocked, at the number of new emendations of the text here proposed, amounting to thirty or thereabouts. The very familiarity of a text, however, may enable many things to pass muster which we should not allow to be genuine in a newly-discovered document. Nay, more, the popularity of a play like the *Medea* may have been a direct and potent cause of its corruption. We learn from the Scholiasts that the actors did to their knowledge alter the text in delivery now and then; and we may well suspect that there has been more work of this kind, beginning, perhaps, not many generations after the poet's own time, than the Scholiasts knew or could have known. Many of the variants commonly regarded as glosses may have been intended for the benefit of audiences, not of readers; many of the interpolations are hardly explicable on any other supposition. If we think of a manager in Gaul or Asia Minor producing an Athenian play for an audience incapable of catching a rare word or following the swift and subtle play of the genuine Attic dialogue, we can at once understand the natural results, and perceive that they are very much what we find in the existing text. Let the reader imagine, if he can, that for the text of Shakespeare we have to rely chiefly on transcripts made by half-educated persons in the eighteenth century from prompter's copies of the Restoration period. It is easy to see that the most popular pieces, such as

\* The "*Medea*" of Euripides. With an Introduction and Commentary by A. W. Verrall, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

*Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, would fare the worst in this way. Those less in vogue, if preserved at all, would be preserved comparatively free from wilful tampering. Historical conjectures apart, Mr. Verrall has shown conclusively in our opinion that there is yet a great deal to be said on the text of the tragedians, and of this play in particular; and he has further shown that the reconstruction of corrupt passages may be undertaken with greater safety, though with greater apparent boldness, by modern philology than by the guesswork in which editors of the old school indulged. The scholar of this day is not satisfied with adopting a reading that makes sense and metre. The problem is not to fill up a blank with something the poet might have written, but to ascertain what he did write; and this is a question of fact to be determined by evidence, though the evidence is of a kind which only experts can give due weight to.

It is a very old canon of criticism that, as between an easier and a more difficult reading, the more difficult is to be preferred. The reason is that if the genuine reading presented nothing unusual, there was no temptation to corrupt it; whereas rare words or forms, unusual constructions, and unexpected turns of thought, are readily corrupted by glosses intended to explain them, by the mere blundering of scribes who do not understand them, or in the case of plays (as we suggest) by deliberate recension for the stage. The critical work of the modern school depends to a great extent on the detailed application of such reasons, enlarged by the greater range of modern philological knowledge. A simple and fairly common case is that we find two different readings, A and B, both acceptable in themselves, and given by authorities of about equal weight; but A, let us say, is a rare expression, B is a common one of the same meaning. Here we may be sure that A stood in the original and B is a gloss (or acting version?) which has displaced it. A case one degree less simple is that we find a reading B, which if it stood alone would excite no suspicion, and a variant *a* which in itself is inadmissible, as being repugnant to sense or metre, or both. Here, if we can see that *a* is an easy corruption of an original reading A, and that B would be a natural gloss upon A or offhand correction of *a*, we may restore A with nearly as much confidence as in the first case. Nor will it abate our confidence if A is a word very seldom found elsewhere; for it is just the words little known to comparatively modern actors and transcribers that are most exposed to corruption. Even if A is not otherwise known to exist at all, but is known by the analogies of the language to be possible, and would give an appropriate meaning in the text, we may be justified in hypothetically replacing it. And our hypothesis will of course be strengthened if we find that in other passages of the same or other authors the assumption of A as the original reading will restore sense and metre to a notoriously corrupt passage or clear up some serious difficulty. Mr. Verrall has more than once essayed this kind of reconstruction. Every such attempt must be separately judged on its own merits, and some of Mr. Verrall's will no doubt seem over-bold to the majority of scholars. But we are satisfied that the method is legitimate, and that it is better to err on the side of rashness in experiment than to spend labour in patching up forced explanations of grammatical impossibilities. In many cases the question is really of this kind—Is it more probable that an Athenian poet wrote something very poor and bald, and to be construed as Greek only by charity, or that he used an uncommon word which has not had the luck to come down to us, here or (it may be) elsewhere, quite undefaced? To resume, the distinguishing point of modern criticism as represented by Mr. Verrall is, as we said, that it is a science of observation and evidence. The old-fashioned scholar was quite happy if he made a conjecture which gave an acceptable sense, and was not wholly unlike some or one of the MSS. readings.

But the modern scholar does not allow these facile methods. He might say to his predecessor, in a quite possible case, something like this:—"True it is that your reading makes a pretty verse enough, and might have conceivably led to the existing reading *a*. But here are variants *b* and *c*, both of which are corrupt on the face of them, but neither of them explicable if your emendation had been the original. Here is a scholium difficult to understand with the text we have, and itself possibly corrupt, but showing, in any case, that what the Scholiast found in his text was something different from what you propose. And here, finally, is a reading (call it A) which does explain and harmonize all the facts. The variant *b*, which you rejected without consideration as mere nonsense, points, when we compare it with the scholium, to an archetype *x*, from which, by a slight correction, we have A. Then *c* becomes intelligible as a gloss upon A, and *a* is a corruption of some early scribe's emendation of a badly made copy of *x*. It is that old emendation, or something near it, not the original text, that your hasty ingenuity has replaced." The processes of corruption and restoration are happily illustrated in Mr. Verrall's Introduction by a demonstration on a few lines of *Comus*, which the critical reader should see and consider before he proceeds to pass judgment on the editor's dealings with the *Medea*.

We may now select for particular mention some of Mr. Verrall's emendations. On v. 32 he suggests *ἀφίκετο* for *ἀφίκετο*, which would be, as he says, "a clear improvement" at the cost of very slight change. A few lines below (39) we agree with him that *ἐγὼ δὲ τῆδε*, "I know that woman's character," is not Greek. The restoration of the adverbial *τῆδε* makes all straight. The common reading of 157, *κίνεα ῥόδε μὴ χαράσσω*, "do not be angry with him for it," is inappropriate and already under suspicion. Mr.

Verrall reads, again with a trifling change of letters, *κινῶν ῥόδε μὴ χαράσσω*. "The case is common; be not wounded." V. 234 is emended so as to give an improved sense on the hypothesis that a repeated word has dropped from the beginning, and the MS. readings (none of which is admissible) represent confused attempts at filling the gap. In 668 there is a conjecture which we think all but certain, and which is a good example of Mr. Verrall's method. The line (addressed by Medea to Ægeus) is, as commonly read,

τί δ' ὀμφαλὸν γῆς θεισιφρόν ἐστάλῃς;

Now *ἐστάλῃς* is the reading of one class of MSS., generally accounted the best, and in itself is acceptable. But other MSS. give *ικάνεις*, an impossible reading, which no copyist can have derived from *ἐστάλῃς* by any process we can imagine. The word, moreover, is a much less common one. On the other hand, *ἐστάλῃς* is just such a correction as would be made by an intelligent copyist who found *ικάνεις*. Dismissing it, therefore, as a mere conjecture, Mr. Verrall extracts from *ικάνεις*, by the change of one letter (Z for K), the original reading *ικάνεις*, which is far more pointed and appropriate than *ἐστάλῃς*. The meaning is, "Why did you sit as a questioner at the oracle?" In 737-739, a passage admitted on all hands to need some correction, Mr. Verrall's reading—

λόγους δὲ συνβῆς καὶ θεῶν ἀνώμοτος  
ψιλὸς γένοι' ἂν κύπτηρυκέματα  
οὐκ ἀντιστοίχοι.

gives a happy result with no violent change; the innovations are *ψιλὸς* for *φίλος*, and *ἀντιστοίχοι* for *ἀντιπαῖδες*; as for *κύπτηρυκέματα*, it is shown by the scholia to be older than the *κύπτηρυκέμασιν* of our present texts. The sense is:—"If you agree (not to give me up) in words only, unbound by oath, you will be defenceless, and unable to stand on equal terms against my enemies' demands." This is exactly what the context points to, but previous conjectures fail to supply. Another ingenious emendation of much the same kind is offered on vv. 909, 910, where we have hitherto read:—

εἰκὸς γὰρ ὀργὰς θῆλυ ποιῆσθαι γένος  
γίμους παρεμπολῶντος ἀλλοίους πόσει.

Editors have seen that this cannot stand, for the genitive absolute in this position is intolerable, and *ἀλλοίους* unintelligible, even if the word occurred elsewhere in the tragedians; but nothing satisfactory has been proposed. Mr. Verrall reads *παρεμπολῶντα συλαίους*, accounting for the corruption by the stages—*συλλαίους* (A being doubled by mistake, a thing otherwise known to happen in the very word *σύλη*)—*συλλαίους*—*σαλλοίους*. The word *συλαίος* (from *σύλαι* in a known special sense) would mean *liable to be seized as a prize*, contraband. Mr. Verrall translates, "For it is natural in the sex to show ill humour against a spouse when he traffics in contraband love." In v. 1346, where the vulgate—

ἔρρ', αἰσχροποιὶ καὶ τέκνων μαίφονε—

is doubtful as Greek, and pointless vituperation at best, Mr. Verrall gives *τέχνην* for *τέκνων*, a mild remedy, which is amply justified by its effect:—"Go, artist in villany" (*αἰσχροποιὸς* is analogous to *ἀνδριαντοποιός*, &c.) "and murderess by trade!" In 1194 he reads *ἐλάττετο*—lapped up, devoured—for the more than doubtful *ἐλάμπετο*, which in Attic should mean, not "blazed out," as it here has to be rendered, but "was illuminated." In 1184 he ventures on introducing a compound verb of whose existence there is no direct evidence; but his reasons cannot be explained in a shorter compass than that of the rather long note which is devoted to them. At v. 1243 a feeble and suspicious line (as it stands in the common text after a grammatical correction made by Elmsley) has been most ingeniously recast; but this conjecture, again, depends too much on the nature of the context to be exhibited here. Mr. Verrall's note on 1317, where he lets the text stand, is very characteristic of his work. The line itself—

τί τίσθε κινεῖς ἀναμοχλεύεις πύλας—

is free from difficulty. But Aristophanic and other allusions point, as Mr. Verrall judges, to some unusual word of which *πύλας* is a gloss, more or less resembling *ἐπη* in sound. This word, he suspects, was *ὄπας*; if Euripides used *ὄπη* as a rather daring poetic word for the lock of a door, we understand how there was a handle for parody, and Aristophanes' *κινῶν ἐπῶν* (for *ὄπῶν*) *κινητὰ καὶ μοχλευτὰ* is at once fitted with its original point.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Verrall's criticism is always innovating. To our mind it is conservative in the best sense, as diligently seeking out even obscured evidences of what the author wrote and meant, and not letting explanations which are tempting by their apparent simplicity pass without strict proof. But it can also be conservative in the literal sense. There is one passage in a chorus (v. 836) which Mr. Verrall restores to a satisfactory condition with decidedly less departure from the MSS. than any other editor. Nor must it be supposed (and perhaps this is more important) that Mr. Verrall's edition is a performance of mere verbal scholarship. On the contrary, it is an example of modern scholarship as opposed to the kind of learning which was merely verbal. Not only the reading and grammatical interpretation of the text, but the dramatic points, the finer shades of meaning, and the possible allusions to contemporary events and controversies, are carefully noted and worked out. Modern languages and literature are freely drawn upon for illustrations, and a parallel passage is even adduced from *Lohengrin*, which to a commentator of the older school would have appeared unpardonably frivolous. As specimens of Mr.

Verrall's illustrative work we may just refer to his remarks on the peculiar ethical meaning of *μακάριος* (as want of feeling or consideration, not mere intellectual ignorance), in Attic literature; and on the Euripidean use of *βίος* in the special sense of wealth, luxury, and of *ἡσυχία* to denote the character of a man of learning as almost equivalent to *σοφία*. Mr. Verrall connects the passages where this last-mentioned word occurs with an ingenious hypothesis as to Euripides' connexion with the Ionic school of physics already propounded by him elsewhere.

Finally, we shall hazard two remarks of our own on the text. In vv. 401-403, we read:—

ἀλλ' εἰς φεῖδον μὲν ὧν ἐπίστασαι,  
Μήδεια, βουλεύουσα καὶ τεχνωμένη·  
ἐπεὶ ἐς τὸ θανάτῳ νῦν ἄγων εὐψυχίας.

The middle line of these three certainly adds nothing to the force of the passage, and is in strange contrast with the concise and even abrupt character of the context. We grievously suspect it to be the work of an interpolator who thought Euripides had not made it sufficiently clear that Medea was speaking to herself. Then in the speech of the messenger, describing the success of Medea's vengeance, which is full, be it noted, of unusual expressions, it is said of Creon's death (v. 1218):—

χρόνῳ δ' ἀπίσβῃ καὶ μεθ' ἧς ὁ δῦσμορος  
ψυχῇ.

*ἀπίσβῃ* is Scaliger's certain correction for *ἀπέστη*. But is there nothing else amiss? *χρόνῳ*, "at last," is commonplace, and not appropriate in this context. Medea's poison worked not slowly, but swiftly, as we know from the rest of the speech. Now Mr. Verrall himself has shown elsewhere strong reasons for assuming the existence of an old word *χράνω* (akin to *χραίνω*, as *χάρος*, itself a rare but known word, to *χαίρω*), meaning *filth, pollution*. What if Euripides wrote here *χράνῃ δ' ἀπίσβῃ*, "his life was quenched in foul poison"? The sense, we think, would be more forcible than the existing text, and much more in accordance with the general character of the speech; and the corruption (or supposed correction) to *χρόνῳ* would be a matter of nothing less than certainty.

#### SOME BOOKS OF GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.\*

THE Geography which Mrs. Lang has undertaken for Messrs. Rivington, under the editorship of the Rev. M. Creighton, and of which this volume is the first part, is on a somewhat different plan from any other with which we are acquainted. In taking the British Empire as a whole instead of considering its separate parts as they occur in a survey of the different continents, it may have had some predecessors; but none of these, we think, has attempted the subject quite in the same way. Mrs. Lang has neither adopted the catechism form nor the gazetteer form, but has made what may be called a kind of narrative of her book, a narrative divided into chapters and sections, partly according to physical, and partly according to political, divisions. The book is particularly well illustrated by bandy maps, which adjust themselves to the divisions in the text, and thus make it self-contained. This, for lazy and unintelligent children (and the majority of children are both lazy and unintelligent), is a matter of considerable importance; and, even to those who are neither one nor the other, this grouped account of the whole Empire will probably give a much clearer idea of it than they would be able to manufacture for themselves out of the scattered materials supplied by the usual geography. The style is familiar without the elaborate puerility which some late writers have affected, and the author has shown commendable diligence in meeting the exceedingly difficult problem of deciding what is and what is not the British Empire under Mr. Gladstone's Government. The case of the Transvaal has been adroitly met. On the other hand, it is almost unavoidable that in such a conglomerate of statements about matters of fact, each of which is necessarily concise, some slips in the matter of strict accuracy should occur. Harrogate is not on the Wharfe; Stamford is not in Northamptonshire. That the Channel Islands have "an English governor and a House of Assembly" is incorrect, for there are two governors and two Houses of Assembly entirely independent of each other. "The cows for which Alderney is celebrated," and which, according to Mrs. Lang, "are reared on the tableland of that island," are for the most part excusable creatures of her imagination. The said tableland is not much larger than a tablecloth; and "Alderney cows" is a conventional misnomer for Jersey and Guernsey cattle, which has the advantage of not hurting the feelings of either of the larger islands. These are not matters of much importance, however, and can be easily corrected in the future editions of what is likely to be a very useful book. It is one of the best specimens which we have seen of the new school

books, in which the aim is not to provide something craggy for the mind to exercise itself on. Some of us may regret the cragginess, but that is another matter.

Mr. Stanford's capital series of County Guides has received two additions, Somerset and Hampshire. Both counties are capital examples of what may be called the average English county, which has no particular show district (unless an exception must be made for the New Forest in the case of Hampshire), and which yet is full enough of objects of interest to occupy any intelligent traveller, whether on foot or not, for weeks and almost months. Both Mr. Worth and Mr. Bevan are old hands at this kind of work, and they do it in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Perhaps Mr. Worth has a little the better in the archaeological department (though it must be admitted that he is fortunate in having the excellent proceedings of the county Society to quarry from). Mr. Bevan, on the other hand, is rather more precise in his pedestrian directions. We should have been glad, however, if the space which is taken up in the Hampshire Handbook by an inadequate sketch of the Isle of Wight, which, after all, obliges reference to be made to another volume of the series, had been given to the New Forest, which is rather summarily treated. A map of the latter on a larger scale would moreover have been a more useful thing than a plan of Winchester Cathedral, and in the same way the plan of Wells Cathedral would have been advantageously exchanged for a plan of Bristol, which is quite large enough, and labyrinthine enough, to require one. The general maps of the counties are also on too small a scale to be of much practical use. These, however, are all the faults that we can find, and some of them are faults for which the authors cannot be justly held responsible. In judicious choice of routes, in thoroughly quartering over the ground, and in abundance of detail about each place mentioned, the two volumes more than keep up the credit of the excellent series to which they belong.

The *Book of British Topography* is of a kind which rejoices the heart of all persons who have to do with books; the kind where a writer condescends to take a subject which he knows thoroughly, which is definitely manageable, and which, if handled properly, cannot fail to be a useful contribution, if not exactly to literature, at any rate to the state of things which makes literature possible. What Mr. Anderson has done is to give a carefully classified catalogue of all the topographical works relating to Great Britain and Ireland which are contained in the Library of the British Museum. The classification is in the main by counties, with an opening section of general topography, subdivided according to subjects. The county divisions are in their turn subdivided under towns, &c., and there is an alphabetical index of all the headings at the end. For convenience and thoroughness this plan appears to be excellent. Mr. Anderson estimates the number of his entries at something like fourteen thousand. It is, of course, to be understood that the book is a catalogue of topographical books to be found in a particular library, and not of British topography in general, though it could easily be made a basis for the latter by the simple process of interleaving. It is only to be regretted that similar catalogues in reference to other special subjects are not more generally undertaken, either by officials or frequenters of the British Museum. In point of practical use, they would far exceed the long-expected and at last promised printed general catalogue.

Mr. Baness, who is chief draughtsman of the Indian Survey, has provided in his *Index Geographicus Indicus* a book which is beyond all question useful, but which labours perhaps under a certain complexity of plan. The only part of the book which literally answers to the title is contained in rather more than a hundred pages, numbered in Roman numerals at the end of the volume. The *Index* is somewhat technical in character, and at first sight such an entry as the following—

Biswan T. and S. D., Sitapur Dis., Oadh, N. W. P.

may remind the unlearned reader rather painfully of the clear-stores towards the south north which were as lustrous as ebony. Mr. Baness has, however, provided due tables of abbreviations, &c., for removing this difficulty. It may be added that, as he has carefully adopted the new orthography, his book is very useful to old-fashioned readers of new-fashioned books, who may not at first recognize the language of the latter. The earlier and larger part of the volume serves to expound this Index, and is a most laborious compound of gazetteer, geographical, dictionary, atlas, and official guide. The provinces, agencies, &c. are taken in turn; their official establishments are given with statistics of all kinds, with a brief general description of each, and an abundance of illustrative maps. The possessions of foreign countries in India, the outlying independent States, the islands, &c., follow. Nor is Mr. Baness satisfied even thus, for he appends various illustrative sections, the most important of which is a brief general description of the religions and peoples of India. This last is, perhaps, an instance of well-intentioned, but somewhat mistaken, energy, for the thing cannot be done in the space. Nevertheless, Mr. Baness has unquestionably provided the most complete book in a moderate compass that has yet appeared on the subject.

The late Major Upton's *Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia* belongs to what might on a very elaborate system of subdivision be called zoological geography. The author's acquaintance with Arabia was limited to the Syrian desert in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates, and the purpose of his visit was also limited and peculiar, being the study and purchase of Arab horses. In carrying out this purpose, however, he had advantages for the study of the Bedouin, as well as of their horses, superior to those of almost

\* *Geography of the British Empire.* By L. B. Lang. London: Rivington. 1881.

*Tourist's Guide to Somersetshire.* By R. N. Worth. *Tourist's Guide to Hampshire.* By G. Phillips Bevan. London: Stanford. 1881.

*The Book of British Topography.* By J. P. Anderson. London: Satchell. 1881.

*Index Geographicus Indicus.* By J. F. Baness. London: Stanford. Calcutta: Newman. 1881.

*Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia.* By Major Upton. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.



any recent travellers except Lady Anne Blunt and her husband. He lived for days in an encampment of the Sabaah Anazeh, and was specially favoured by the sheikh of that tribe or sub-tribe, as well as by Jedan Ibn Mahaid, the head of another still more important clan. He is at least as enthusiastic for the sons of the desert as Mr. Blunt, and has some useful remarks about the relations and position of the northern tribes. His description of the residence at Aleppo which preceded his desert journey are also vivid and good, though (perhaps because) they are entirely devoid of the least pretence at deliberately literary treatment. But, as has been said, the horse, and not his rider, is Major Upton's main subject. He devotes the most elaborate reasoning to the discussion of the mysterious problem of "Al-Khamseh," the five historical or mythical mares from whom the crack breeds of the Arabian horse are supposed to descend. Into these intricacies we cannot follow him here, and it is possible that ordinary readers will be inclined to skip them even in the original. They will find, however, plenty of matter of a less technical kind to interest them. Major Upton fully confirms the opinion of those who maintain that mares, and still more horses, of the pure Keheilan blood very seldom come to Europe. He believes himself to have secured no less than five such, testified to by the two sheikhs already mentioned. There are some curious stories here which thoroughly confirm the legends of the extraordinary affection of the Bedouin for their horses, and of their reluctance to part with them. Although the visitor had gone to the tents of the Sabaah expressly to deal, though mares and horses had been freely brought for his inspection, and though there was no haggling at the price, the owners constantly cried off at the last moment, until Major Upton, as if offended, ordered his tent to be struck and threatened to set off at once. This slight on the hospitality of the Bedouin at once brought them to reason. Even then the owners of the horses bought frequently required all the persuasion of the sheikh to accept their price, and constantly appeared to regret the bargain. A more signal instance both of this affection and of the strict chivalry of the people is a story which rests, not, indeed, on Major Upton's own authority, but on authority apparently good. A European doctor and his companion were attacked in the desert, and the companion shot the chief robber's mare. Immediately the Bedouin burst into tears and embraced the dead animal. But it seems that the etiquette of desert raiding, which permits robbery but forbids murder, was strictly observed, and that the plundered slayers of the precious mare were allowed to depart uninjured. The story is all the more remarkable, that Major Upton only relates the facts and does not draw the full moral. His book ranks with Mr. Palgrave's, Lady Anne Blunt's, and a very few others, as a document for the standard account of Arabia which somebody will have to write before long.

## TOO RED A DAWN.\*

THE plot of this story is of a common enough order, one moreover that can be easily understood and easily described. The heroine—a virtuous young lady—falls in love with an attractive but most pernicious villain, and rejects the suit of a staid but devoted lover. In the end the villain is unmasked and rejected, and the virtuous lover succeeds in his suit. It is, after all, the old story of the naughty boy who put poor Pussy into the well, and of the good boy who fished her out; with this difference, however, that in the present case poor Pussy's life is saved. In novels of this kind it too often happens that to the heroine, as to the cat, assistance comes too late, and that she is not freed from her oppressor till she is on the point of breathing her last gasp. Happily the heroine of *Too Red a Dawn*—Miss Merril Hamerton—is of so uninteresting a nature that we do not trouble ourselves for a single moment about her fate. So long as we could see the last of her we should, we felt, be quite satisfied, whatever might be her end. Her virtuous lover and cousin, the faithful Dick Hamerton, was as stupid even as she, while the villain, Arthur Wansy, was as dull as villains usually are. The story opens impressively enough. A carriage drives up to a large house close to Kensington Gardens. A gentleman and lady get out of it. "The coachman drove away to the stables, for Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton were now at their own door. They passed arm-in-arm out of the chilly atmosphere into one of the most beautiful houses in London; and that house was their home." It would have seemed to follow that, if two people were at their own door and then entered the house, that the house that they entered was their home. But Miss Mabel Collins is not one to leave anything to her reader's imagination, and perhaps she can be easily justified in this. For, in the first place, what is left to the imagination of a reader of such novels as hers is likely enough left to what does not exist; and, in the second place, whatever is so left does not of course in the least help the writer to fill up a single line of her three volumes of three hundred pages each. To return, however, to our heroine's parents, whom we have carried not only through their own door, but also into their own house. They were, we are told, "what we call fortunate people; their lives were full of the luxury of wealth, of the colour of art, of the charm of love." They kept a coachman, and a butler too, if we are not mistaken. Their stairs were broad

and soft-carpeted. Their house was warm with beauty and stately with art at every turning. She was dressed in a curious robe of some dim yellow-coloured material, and he derived delight from the pictures of Pietro Perugino. Whether he also observed, whenever he saw a picture, that it might have been better if the painter had taken more pains, that we are not told. It was satisfactory, at all events, to discover that he strictly adhered to one of the two rules on which is based the art of a *cognoscente*. "Everything," we further read, "which immediately surrounded them was softened by their own atmosphere." Hitherto we had thought that that which immediately surrounds us is our own atmosphere; but to this word our author attaches either a meaning of her own or no particular meaning at all. Thus, in the third volume we read of the "deadly chill of Arthur's altogether unemotional atmosphere." The parents having gone up the stairs, "with that careful step which does not mean fatigue, but the leisureliness of enjoyment," passed into the drawing-room. She takes up the third volume of a novel which she had brought with her from the library. He thereupon begins a discourse on love, and talks of the deathly embrace of the ivy. Why he should not talk English, and say deadly, we do not know. Perhaps he had been dipping into his wife's novels, and had picked up a few fine and foolish terms from them. He goes on to talk about "love which is the ripened wealth of the soul." She, we may well believe, wished that he would hold his tongue, and let her get on with her third volume. He quotes poetry; she says "the lines are perfect, but how they chill one!" Just then the most beautiful thing in that beautiful house flashed out upon them. It was the face of their own child Merril. Who was her godmother, and how the girl got the name of Merril, we never learn. We scarcely dare to laugh at it as affected and absurd, for doubtless we shall be told that it is an English name, and was in common use, at all events, up to the close of the last century before the Norman Conquest. Soon after this the villain enters, a broad-chested, handsome young fellow, who lived next door, and who "pervaded the Hamertons' house." About him the fond mother has, she says, "a presentiment that, if any trouble comes into our darling's life, it will be through him." In this presentiment the reader at once shares. In fact, in all such cases it is Sir Toby and Sir Andrew over again. "I smell a device," says Sir Toby the author; "I have 't in my nose too," cries Sir Andrew the reader. The two young people, however, seem as far away from harm as possible, and they go out to see the skating. For a moment we feared that by his imprudence she might get drowned, but we were encouraged not only by the severity of the frost and the thickness of the ice, but also by the thought that we were only in the first chapter of the first volume. The author takes advantage of the absence of the young people to describe the father—not that fathers need in themselves any description, for they are a heavy sort of people at best—but she gets an opportunity of some very pretty writing. He had "just that touch of coming snow upon his hair which is more beautiful about a face on which experience has placed its mark than any golden aureole." From this description of him we come back to a description of his drawing-room. He maintains that he and his wife appreciate what other people do. His wife looks around her—"Certainly the evidences of a capacity of appreciation were all about her." The young people return. The mother sits in a chair which was a perfect example of Byzantine art. Its cushions were of satin, great and yellow, while she herself was in the curious robe of some dim yellow-coloured material which we have mentioned before. Her daughter was covered with seal-skin, so that only her bright young face flashed out. But the furniture and the ornaments of the room and of the house we must leave to the pages of the book. We must not, however, pass over the mother's watch—"a tiny thing, studded with jewels, but which, nevertheless, kept time." Presently they all fall to drinking tea. The chapter closes with their driving off to a dinner-party beneath a depth of furs.

Very different was the home of the wicked Arthur. His parents had no atmosphere of their own to soften all that immediately surrounded them, neither were there all about them the evidences of a capacity of appreciation. Everything, indeed, in their house was of the very best, the handsomest, the heaviest. The description given of it reminds us of Mr. Osborne's house in *Vanity Fair*, and the owner of it is, indeed, a very indifferent copy of that gentleman. The son, however, "had been trained up to the standard of Oxford aestheticism," whatever that may be, and was, it would seem, likely enough to win the affection of even a most virtuous and simple-minded girl. The young people get very quickly engaged, but the dawn, as the reader admits, is indeed too red to give promise of a fine day. Just about this time Cousin Dick appears upon the scene. He, poor fellow, was deeply in love with the heroine, but he had been so sadly behind the forwardness of the age that he had never allowed her to discover his secret. It must have been a great blow to him, we should imagine, when he saw how much she admired his rival, as "he performed the backward roll and other occultisms (*sic*) of skating." Happily, Dick had just left her father's sanctum as a day or two later she invaded it, with her thoughts full of her engagement. "Her face was aglow—it was like the advent of a living flame, the entrance of that sunny child." Only twelve pages earlier she had been rather too much of a living flame. She had gone to a party after Arthur had proposed to her, but before she had given him her answer. She

\* *Too Red a Dawn*. By Mabel Collins. Author of "An Innocent Sinner," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

suddenly caught sight of him, and with great propriety felt faint. "I think the room must be very hot," she said to her anxious mamma. That good lady urged her to go down to a cooler air, and, utterly unaware that it was Arthur who had caused her agitation, sent the two young people together. "It was like," says our author, "thrusting a scorched hand into a furnace." No wonder, then, that the very next afternoon the young lady's face was like the advent of a living flame. Matters go on pretty smoothly for a time, but the wicked lover gets into company as bad and repulsive as it is utterly dull. We have stupid descriptions of one coarse woman who was always smoking cigars, and of another coarse woman whose hair was like yellow silk, and glittered like gold in the firelight when she threw it behind her. By the way, though she threw it behind her, it does not seem to have been a wig. Merril has her friends too, who, though respectable and virtuous, are as dull as if they were vulgar and vicious. She knows a poetess, who says to her, "Human nature is your colour-box," but who unfortunately has dangerous views on religious matters:—

My individuality is of no value; I try not to realise myself. All I want is to learn how to create the beautiful, and so I shall gain all of immortality that is possible by leaving something beautiful behind me when I myself exist no longer. And I am most content when I hardly believe I am individualised. If our future is absorption into the universal life, it seems to me that it is best to approach as near as possible to that state now.

The poetess goes on ranting for a page or two more, and contrasts her unhappy fate with Merril's happy lot. Wherever the heroine stepped there was green grass, while "I too often," she exclaimed, "touch a shrieking flower, and start back aghast at its voice." At last, apparently, she returns to her senses, and for once gives good advice. "Merril," she exclaimed, "forget every word I have said." By the beginning of the second volume the poetess gets married in a dress that was made of a piece of Indian muslin, while Merril as a bride-maid was a milliner's triumph. The sudden sight of Arthur called a transforming glow into her face, and she was at once in a witch-like mood. The bride all the while seemed like a pale dream-lady, bringing with her the intense fragrance of a land of flowers. But then her veil was held by clusters of flowers, and the spring day had a wealth of flowers, and the altar was covered by a glory of flowers. Before long the hero gets into debt and dreads exposure. "Should he now formulate (*sic*)," he asks himself, "the desperate idea which sheer boredom and rebellion had been harbouring in his mind, and go away, without running the risk of facing this affair?" Apparently he does formulate the idea, and he disappears in such a manner as to make every one believe that he had been drowned. The heroine nearly dies of grief; but she is saved by the poetess, who goes to see her, flings herself upon the foot of her couch, and by a quick serpentine action draws herself up, so that she lies straight at Merril's side. There she revived her apparently dying friend by that "glow which appears to descend from the emotions of the soul into the sensations of the body." Before very long Merril informs every one that Arthur is not really dead, as she has dreamed more than once that he is alive. She convinces no one but the reader, who, from long experience, places the fullest trust in the dreams of a heroine. The villain at the end of a volume or so returns, and shakes hands with her. But "no magnetic current rushed between them," and she saw at once that their love was a thing of the past. His father was by this time on his death-bed, but the wicked son hopes that he is not too late to be named in his will. The old gentleman, however, screams out that he shall not have a shilling of his money, and falls back dead. Merril was present, and "the words of that dying curse enlightened her scorchingly, like a flash of lightning." She had begun by being like a scorched hand thrust into the furnace, she had next had a face that was like the advent of a living flame, and now she was enlightened scorchingly. Before long, of course, she becomes Mrs. Dick Hamerton, and the reader, to his great relief, sees the last of her.

#### LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY'S POEMS.\*

IN a passage of unusual vigour, which we do not doubt is known to so omnivorous a reader as Mr. Churton Collins, the dramatist Rowe remarks

As foolish parents on their offspring date,  
Each idiot author loves the brat he got—

a sentiment which we often feel inclined to expand, in prose, by adding, "and each judicious critic the mouldy old author whom he was the first to discover." It was in the second volume of Mr. Ward's *English Poets* that Mr. J. C. Collins originally obliged the town with extracts from the poetry of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, which he claimed, and very justly, to be the first to rescue from oblivion. He prefixed to those extracts a little essay, in which he said much more enthusiastic things of Edward Herbert than Mr. G. A. Simcox found himself inclined to say, a few pages onward, about the verse of the younger brother, saintly and tuneful George Herbert. Mr. Collins claimed for the author of *De Veritate* a "place among English poets," and "vindicated" that claim by some of the strong stock phrases of laudatory

criticism. The scope of Mr. Ward's volumes naturally restricted his space for selection, and so Mr. Collins could only "vindicate" his claim for Lord Herbert by the quotation of two fragments. These struck us as rather dull and affected copies of verse in the customary manner of the day, and we reserved our opinion until we should see more of these very rare and forgotten poems.

We have, however, had very little time to wait. Mr. J. Churton Collins has followed his little prelude in *The English Poets* by reprinting, with an eloquent critical introduction, the whole of the work in question. *The Occasional Verses of Edward Lord Herbert, Baron of Cherbury and Castle-Island* is an exceedingly scarce little book, published in 1665, seventeen years after the death of its author, by his son Henry Herbert. We can easily understand that Mr. Collins should be startled at finding these poems completely neglected, and should hasten, with the fondest hopes, to peruse them. But what surprises us, after ourselves reading the text of the *Occasional Poems*, is that so instructed a critic should have been able to persuade himself that they were worthy of republication. We have a singular patience with bad old verse; we can read Churchyard with satisfaction, and Chamberlayne's *Pharronida* with a slight, but distinct, romantic flutter. We think there is a great deal of merit in Breton, and that Warner deserves republication. But the most catholic reader must draw the line somewhere, and we draw it at the poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Among the instances of great men who have never learned their real function in life, there is not a more curious instance than this of the precise and upright author of the *Expedition Buckinghami* conceiving himself to be a poet. With all his knowledge of the human heart, with all his tact and culture, Lord Herbert is as commonplace, tuneless, and even clumsy where he attempts numbers, as the veriest numskull who ever set two rhymes together.

But let us listen to Mr. J. Churton Collins. "Lord Herbert," says this accomplished advocate, "has in a large measure grace, sweetness, and originality." To judge whether this is true or not, we take an example, not from any piece of our own choosing, but from one which Mr. Collins has himself picked out for special commendation. The subject is one of great originality; it is an address "To Her Hair," and here is an instance of the peculiar grace and sweetness with which Lord Herbert approaches this novel theme:—

Lighten through all your regions, till we find  
The causes why we are grown blind,  
That when we should your glories comprehend,  
Our sight recoils, and turneth back again,  
And doth, as 'twere in vain,  
Itself to you extend.

Every ingenuous reader must admit that this, so far from displaying grace and sweetness, is as clumsy and harsh as verse well can be. Mr. Collins proceeds to say that Lord Herbert's "versification is, as a rule, far superior" to that of Donne and Cowley; "it is as uniformly musical, and his music is often at once delicate and subtle." This is extraordinary praise, since we all know that the verse of Donne, though whimsical to distraction, is, at its normal height, of a thrilling and mysterious beauty almost unrivalled, except by the five or six greatest masters of English prosody. We might look forward to Lord Herbert's poetry with delight indeed, if his versification were "far superior" to that of the writer of

When by thy scorn, O Murderess, I am dead,  
and of

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,  
Who died before the god of Love was born,

and, it seemed, we might expect to find it "uniformly musical," which alas! is more than can be said of Cowley's or of Donne's. Here, however, in one of the most prominent pieces, is an instance of this uniformity of Lord Herbert's music. It is a love-poem to the mind of his mistress:—

Exalted Mind! Whose character doth bear  
The first idea of Perfection, whence  
Adam's came, and stands so. How can'st appear  
In words that only tell what here-  
Tofore hath been?

This is a very good average specimen of Lord Herbert's versification.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, as revealed to us in this his only volume of verse, is a good example of the typical Jacobean poetaster. In the reign of Elizabeth the genuine golden music was so widely diffused that even the obscure singers who abridged once and once only in the dingles of some "Paradise" or "Gallery" of miscellaneous poetry, contrived to catch the echo of a veritable melody, but in the second or silver age of James the poetasters were more voluble and less lucky. About 1620 it was possible to write in a very execrable style. Herbert, whose mother was Donne's intimate friend, and some of whose poems are dated as early as 1608, was one of the very first to imitate the strange ingenuities of Donne. How helplessly he follows Donne, and with how nerveless a tongue, may be well exemplified in this "Madrigal," which we also quote in justice to Lord Herbert, as being probably the best of his serious pieces:—

How should I love my best?  
What though my love unto that height be grown,  
That taking joy in you alone,  
I utterly this world detest.  
Should I not love it yet as th' only place,  
Where Beauty hath his perfect grace.  
And is possess?

\* *The Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. Edited, with an Introduction, by John Churton Collins. London: Chatto & Windus.

But I beauties despise,  
You, universal beauty seem to me,  
Giving and showing form and degree  
To all the rest, in your fair eyes.  
Yet should I not love them as parts whereon  
Your beauty, their perfection,  
And top doth rise?

But even myself I hate.  
So far my love is from the least delight,  
That at my very self I spite.  
Senseless of my happy state,  
Yet may I not with justest reason fear,  
How, hating her's, I truly her  
Can celebrate?

There is more in the same style, but we have inflicted enough upon our readers. The only interest of the stanzas is to show how an unskilful versifier could take a mellifluous ingenuity of Donne's and thoroughly spoil it. The lines just quoted are almost entirely unintelligible to any one who does not carry in his memory the famous

Sweetest Love, I do not go  
For weariness of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for me;  
But since that I  
Must die at last, 'tis best  
Thus to use myself in jest  
By feign'd death to die.

When we turn from the verses of Lord Herbert of Chesham to Mr. Collins's critical introduction we do not find much to commend. It is written with a less genuine enthusiasm than the same editor's introduction to the works of Cyril Tourneur, as, indeed, is natural; and we cannot but think that the bastard Macaulay manner, one of the worst possible, is growing upon Mr. Collins. This is surely a very unpruned style in composition:—

Never since Jerome Cardan laid bare for the world's inspection the innermost secrets of his being, never since Cellini told the story of his strange vicissitudes, never since Montaigne took Europe into his confidence, had such a record as Herbert has left us been committed to paper.

This seems to us like saying that never since four o'clock did the cat lap milk until seven o'clock, except when she lapped it at five o'clock and at six o'clock; for why state that no such record had been left since Cardan's, if the same is immediately to be said of Cellini's and of Montaigne's? The only sense in which this form of speech could be taken as meaning anything would be as a statement of the absolute simultaneousness of the authors, that is, that Montaigne and Cellini and Cardan took the world into their confidence at the same moment. But this is not borne out by history. Such vagaries as these are the result partly of straining after eloquence and a massive style, and partly, no doubt, of an embarrassing consciousness that the case in hand is not strong enough to rest on its own merits unadorned. Mr. Collins writes with so wide a knowledge of literature, with so sincere a love of it, and with so much gusto for unexplored regions of its poetic province, that we would gladly see him expending his powers on better work than defending against all hope the indefensible poems of Lord Herbert of Chesham. It would be a labour far more worthy of his skill and taste to edit for popular readers the famous prose *Autobiography* of his favourite, a book of which, he says, not more pointedly than justly, that "it is the portrait of a man with features eminently striking and peculiar, whose ways were never the ways of common men, whose thoughts were not the thoughts either of his predecessors or contemporaries."

We have treated this reprint with some severity, because we feel that its publication has been quite unnecessary, and, still more, because we resent the attempt by a critic of some authority to foist upon us a book of exceedingly imitative and indifferent verses by means of grandiose language. It is a serious matter when a writer of Mr. Collins's position tries to persuade us by mere repetition of statement that one of the most awkward and tame and grating of postasters never lacks grace and vigour and uniformity of music. Words should mean something, and when they are thrown hither and thither in this way we begin to wonder whether all criticism is performed in this happy-go-lucky mechanical style. But we do not wish to be hard on Edward Herbert for sins against prosody committed nearly three hundred years ago. He showed his own opinion of his verses by never printing them, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever intended them to be printed. In closing we will quote a rather sprightly piece of fancy which is decidedly the very best quotation that we can make from his unlucky volume:—

Come hither, Woman-kind, and all their worth,  
Give me thy kisses as I call them forth;  
Give me thy billing kiss; that of the dove,  
A Kiss of Love;  
The Melting Kiss, a Kiss that doth consume  
To a perfume;  
The extract Kiss, of every sweet a part;  
A Kiss of Art;  
The Kiss which ever stirs some new delight,  
A Kiss of Might;  
The twacking, smacking Kiss, and when you cease,  
A Kiss of Peace;  
The Music Kiss, crotchet and quaver time;  
The Kiss of Rhyme;  
The Kiss of Eloquence which doth belong  
Unto the tongue;  
The Kiss of all the sciences in one,  
The Kiss alone.  
So! 'tis enough!

#### THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.\*

AS often as the stream of progress in human knowledge gets an impulse so sudden and so startling as to involve somewhat of a revolution in the accepted notions of nature, nervous minds are vexed with the question in what manner or degree will the fresh discoveries tell upon the established order of religious belief. With every wave that rises to abnormal height and volume comes a shock which threatens nothing less than shipwreck to the ark of faith. Happily, after the first tremulous dip or staggering heave, the vessel has hitherto in every such crisis shown herself buoyant after the blow, and has settled herself steadily to her onward course. When three centuries ago the Copernican hypothesis took the world by storm, men seemed to hold their breath as at a struggle in which the old and new forces were engaged to the death. Bold and innovating spirits foretold the annihilation of what they deemed antiquated superstition. Zealous and orthodox adherents to the past met the newfangled and upstart ideas now with jealousy and dread, now with uncompromising and scornful defiance. We may fancy many a staunch upholder of orthodoxy among our forefathers having his fling at the impious absurdity with much the same happy use of Scripture texts as that of the Dominican Baccani in the cathedral of Florence—*Viri Galilai, quare statis aspicientes in celum?* The new cosmical theory was treated by Bacon with contempt, and by Milton, even after his colloquy with the martyr of science in his dungeon, with indifference at best. Yet, ere many generations had passed away, it stole into general belief, without any one feeling that the interests of religion had suffered thereby. Religion and science were again at one, and hardly a soul saving Tennyson's Northern Farmer has since in sane moments been known to whisper a word against the earth's turning round the sun.

Not quite so sharp nor so long sustained was the conflict set up within living memory, when the new claims of geology were popularly held to impugn the authority of revelation. Already it may be said that to all persons of liberal education the antiquity of the earth and of man, to an extent practically boundless as compared with the few thousand years laid down in the traditional systems of chronology, had become an established fact, and in all but the most elementary schools it is doubtless by this time being taught without the slightest misgiving that the proper authority of Scripture need be impaired thereby. All controversy upon these stages of scientific progress having been practically hushed, the question which at present engages a large class of earnest, if not timid, thinkers is that brought to the front by the recent emphatic advance in the philosophy of evolution, involving the problems of the unity and continuity of life, and the possibility of spontaneous generation or the origin of life from inorganic matter. Once more we hear proclaimed the incompatibility of the new views of nature with any degree or kind of theistic belief; on the one side by a hurried and active, if not numerous, band of students and professors of science, who, like Laplace, have no need of the hypothesis of a Creator and Ruler, on the other extreme side by a whole host of staunch and eager defenders of the time-hallowed order of things, to whom the teachings of Mr. Darwin and of Haeckel are at once groundless, wicked, and immoral. It is in this recently opened arena of thought that the intermittent conflict of science and religion is now being waged; and in determining the relations which the two forces must bear to each other as elements in the intellectual and spiritual training of the future lies a task as high and as critical as the mind can propose to itself. Is it possible that the harmony which has survived so many rifts and jars in time past is destined once more to make good its gentle and peaceful way over the whole realm of conscious intelligence? It is of the highest importance, at all events, to have the problem fairly and impartially stated on either hand; and there is great interest in seeing writers of undoubted qualifications sanguine as to the possible reconciliation of what to so many eyes appear hopelessly conflicting claims.

Two works of this class, moderate in size and marked both by ability and moderation in tone, have lately come before us, which agree in unreservedly adopting the facts and conclusions made good by those who are held the most advanced students of nature. In the first of these treatises, originally delivered as the Morse Lecture in connexion with the Union Theological Seminary at New York, Dr. Calderwood follows the plan of bringing under review the great fields of scientific inquiry that come within the scope of the evolutionist hypothesis, advancing from unorganized existence to man; allowing scientific observers to state results, as far as possible, in their own words, so as, without unnecessary detail, to present the most recent fruits of research in each separate field, the general result being to show that such modifications of thought concerning the origin, structure, and order of the universe as have been effected by the most advanced discoveries may be accepted by theologians as well as by independent thinkers. His view of the relations of science and religion may be broadly summed up in the words which he adopts from Mr. Herbert Spencer, that "he who contemplates

\* *The Relations of Science and Religion: the Morse Lecture, 1880, connected with the Union Theological Seminary, New York.* By Henry Calderwood, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Edinburgh, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

*Science and Religion.* By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. London: Strahan & Co. (Limited). 1881.

the universe from the religious point of view must learn to see that this which we call science is one constituent of the great whole, and, as such, ought to be regarded with a sentiment like that which the remainder excites; while he who contemplates the universe from the scientific point of view must learn to see that this which we call religion is similarly a constituent of the great whole, and, being such, must be treated as a subject of science, with no more prejudice than any other reality." Each party in consequence should strive to understand the other, with the conviction that the other has something worthy to understand, and with the conviction that when mutually recognized this something will form the basis of a complete reconciliation. Admirably, however, as Dr. Calderwood's argument breathes throughout the true spirit in which science and religion should approach each other, it is rather prophetic of the harmony to be hoped for from a candid and exhaustive recognition of the truth on either side than indicative of any immediate end to strife. It is delightful to think of professors of science and religion shaking hands as often as they meet, and going back each to work out separately his investigations of truth; but we must not confound the truce which our author glories in proclaiming with a permanent sinking of differences and harmonious co-operation of forces. Are the terms he lays down for this happy understanding such as would be accepted by the actual representatives of the broadly-divided schools which everybody knows to exist? And for what body of existing belief is it that Dr. Calderwood is empowered to speak? In the absence of any kind of definition we are unable to see that he stipulates for more than a vague theism, passing lightly over such fundamental points of controversy as that of the personality of the Divine Ruler, "who seeks righteousness above all things." Acquiescing fully in the teaching of science as to the fixity of laws, moral and spiritual as well as physical, subject, of course, to ever-varying conditions, he finds in science nothing to warrant the conclusion "that there can be no interposition from a higher sphere in order to secure application of physical law for attainment of moral ends." But it is precisely in picturing to the mind this higher sphere, and following it into action upon the sphere or spheres below it, that science has its difficulties. Out of such a tissue of negatives as our author strings together in the sentence we have quoted, it is hardly fair to call upon his reader to find the clue. The time has been when the weather, especially in its more striking phenomena of the hurricane and the lightning flash, was held to lie outside the pale of fixed physical order, forming a standing rebuke to the atheist and materialist—

*Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem.*

The approximate surety of weather forecasts which science has now attained has brought this department well within the general order and uniformity of nature. Yet, under all the fixedness of atmospheric laws, there is infinite variety and uncertainty of weather, seasons, and climates; on which our author founds an argument for the action of a higher law, not nominally supernatural, for he studiously keeps clear of the word, but consisting in the subordination of the physical to the moral rule. In strict logic, however, his illustration leaves between the action of the two spheres a gulf as little to be spanned by thought as that which separates the action of the brain cells from the domain of consciousness. No less evasive of the direct issue is the way in which the question of miracles is disposed of. Against Hume's reasoning, "an example of misleading ingenuity," as he expresses it, he thinks it to the point to recall certain successful surgical operations at Edinburgh which the universal testimony of the profession had declared to be impossible. The bearing of such an illustration upon the credibility of the Scripture miracles of healing he considers obvious. There is no need, he infers, "for occupying time in trampling out the beaten straw by lingering over the argument that no evidence can be sufficient to establish a miracle, because a miracle is contrary to common experience." Our readers will not require us to point out that in the case brought forward there is no miracle at all, but simply a novel instance of what the laws of nature render possible. In short, the whole argument on the side of religion will, we fear, no more command the assent of the religious than that on the side of science will come up to the demands of the scientific reader.

In Dr. Winchell's work we find the fundamental question discussed with all that freshness and vigour which we have learnt to expect in writings which come to us across the Atlantic treating of the higher problems of thought. Starting from the point that the religious sentiments are co-ordinate with the knowing faculties, and demand from intellect the concession of a free field for exercise, he allows that the religious faculties are not directly cognitive, but must be served by the cognitive faculties, the grounds of religion, which is in itself spontaneous, being subject to a rational authentication. He is confident that nothing can eradicate religious belief from the soul; that the most advanced conclusions of science, such as the evolution or unbroken derivation of species, are to be received without disparagement of the fundamental doctrine of theism. The so-called conflict between science and religion is, he goes on to show, when not fictitious, "a conflict between science and religious or ecclesiastical systems, the real struggle resolving itself into a collision between the effete science which they embody and the results of more advanced science." His method of treatment is in consequence in a large measure historical, showing the phases which the religious belief of various nations and ages has gone through, as knowledge has made

its way, and increasing light has been gained in regard to nature, to man's past history and inherent powers, and to the general system of the universe. In a rapid sketch of the antagonising, or, rather, interacting, forces of faith and intellect he reduces the orbits described by these forces from the earliest times to four main cycles—the Egyptian, Chinese, Indian, and Grecian, with their subordinate movements, which make up their psychic history and prepare the way for what are now the ruling religions of the world. We feel surprised at the extremely cursory notice taken of the early Hebrews, pre-eminent amongst all races for religious instincts or ideas, although stress is laid upon the eclectic influence of Alexandrian-Jewish learning in contact with patristic theology in the Eastern Church. A brief but very able summary of ecclesiastical history and of the development of modern thought brings us down to the latest psychic cycle, which has been characterized as the divorce of thought from faith, its religious phase being Protestantism and its intellectual phase materialism.

The next psychic cycle, he is hopeful enough to think, will witness a synthesis of thought and faith, a recognition of the fact that it is impossible for reason to find solid ground that is not consecrated ground, that all philosophy and all science belong to religion, that all truth is a revelation of God. The divine agency, instead of standing removed from man by infinite intervals of time and space, is thus the true name of those energies which work their myriad phenomena in the natural world around us. Repudiating the term personality as "weakly anthropomorphic," though of use as the antithesis of monism and pantheism, he argues that the analysis of the idea and of the phenomena of causality lead the mind irresistibly to the conception of an agency uniting the three prime elements of intellect, sensibility, and will, of which it is impossible to think save as the attributes of a personal existence. In laying down, however, as unrestrictedly as Schopenhauer himself that will is "the only force in existence," he goes beyond the cautious language of Sir John Herschel that, "so far as we are admitted into any personal knowledge of the origin of force, we find it connected with volition, and, by inevitable consequence, with motive, with intellect, and with all those attributes of mind in which personality consists." On Dr. Winchell's showing, where would there be force before man's intelligence dawned upon the earth? He is more cogent, to our mind, in his treatment of derivation or evolution as itself a perpetual creation; unity and continuity of law and order being involved in the original cosmical plan, and being traceable by us until our thoughts are lost in the mystery of the impenetrable past. To arrive at the primary act, the moment of creation, or the energizing of the First Cause apart from all secondary agencies or conditions, would be for finite faculties to compass the infinite. What may be called our real conquests from the world within our ken—the primordial intuitions of causality, intelligence, ethicality, and goodness (the "agathological" argument, as he terms it, not clearly distinguishing it from the ethical)—blend with the reality of being which is forced upon us by the whole working of our inner consciousness in a rational argument for the existence of a Real Being, a First Cause, a Moral Governor, unconditioned and infinite in intelligence and goodness, and approachable by prayer. Yet, firm and broad as his argument may be thought, viewed as the foundation for a theistic system, in full and harmonious accord with the teachings of science, there is much to be done before the same reconciliation is made good between the new facts of physics or of history, and such special doctrines or traditional points of belief as are still largely held to be matters of revelation. We cannot think that our author's treatment of difficulties such as the Biblical cosmogony, or the Deluge, not to speak of the Fall and the Incarnation, providential government and the power of prophecy, will bring much satisfaction to Scriptural students, who may hardly think it enough to be told that "the Mosiac expressions are, like so many other passages of the Hebrew writings, to be taken in an Oriental sense."

#### MY LOVE.

*MY LOVE* is a readable and an amusing love story, although its "linked sweetness" is somewhat "long drawn out." The tone is decidedly more pleasing than in some of the author's best-known novels; there is nothing objectionably advanced in its politics, nor is there any offensive parade of antagonism to religion. It is a tale of love, pure and simple, although the three or more love affairs which run parallel to each other are illustrated or encumbered by a multiplicity of episodes; while a great variety of characters, vigorously sketched, are brought into active and energetic collaboration. Mrs. Lynn Linton generally inclines to the grave; but in this novel she is often humorous, and sometimes sprightly, or even comic. In her Mr. Branscombe she has worked out a humorous portrait of no little merit, although verging on caricature; while in Gip and Pip, the twin daughters of the comic Pennefather family, she almost descends into screaming farce. The novel takes its name from a lover's passing fancy. A certain well-born young gentleman, Mr. Cyril Ponsonby, is coming on a flying visit to the sequestered country neighbourhood where his betrothed resides, and in the exuberance of his blissful anticipations he inscribes on the window of the railway carriage the heart-felt ejaculation, "My love, my love." Mr. Ponsonby has every

\* *My Love*. By F. Lynn Linton, Author of "Patricia Kemball." London: Chatto & Windus. 28s.



reason to believe the charming Stella Branscombe to be absolutely his own. He has been accepted as her future husband, with the assent of her parents; and when his impatience leads him to turn up at the breakfast table, although expected much later in the day, Mrs. Branscombe is nearly as happy to welcome him as her daughter, while Mr. Branscombe appears to be as friendly as any son-in-law on his promotion could desire. Had these fair appearances not been deceptive, the novel need never have been written. But, even before the family had risen from breakfast, we see signs of the little rift in the lute which is to mar the pleasant domestic concert and lead to a long probation of misery, with the chance of things coming right in the end. Branscombe *père* must be one of the most difficult of mortals for a quick-witted or straightforward young fellow to get on with. He is the very incarnation of selfishness and feather-headed vanity; he believes in the possession of a genius of an eminently transcendental order; and, what is worse, he has, to all appearance, made his loving wife and daughters converts to his intolerable creed. He writes poems which are never published, except occasionally "for private circulation"; and he paints pictures, which he would gladly impose on the public, if the public taste could be elevated into appreciating them. But he writes and paints over the heads of the world, being content to expect his immortality in more æsthetic generations. Meanwhile his only worshippers are his wife and the sweet and affectionate daughter Stella, who dutifully follows her mother's lead. Such being the circumstances, we are somewhat puzzled to know why Cyril Ponsonby should have been accepted as a suitor for the hand of Mr. Branscombe's heiress; nor is the mystery satisfactorily cleared up. For Cyril has but small means; he looks for his future to an Indian civil appointment; and, though a pleasant young fellow, in the eyes of the transcendental father he must always have been an unmitigated Philistine. We can better understand his having won favour with Mrs. Branscombe, and that lady is most anxious to urge the marriage forward. The fact is that she knows what other people only suspect, and is assured by the sad experience of her wedded life that her æsthetic husband is a thoroughpaced humbug. If he imposed upon her fond fancy when a girl, he speedily showed himself in his true colours. She knows that, with all his affectation of culture and talent, he is really a very commonplace person. Yet, having pledged herself to love, honour, and obey, she has over-scrupulously fulfilled those wedding vows, and become the most amiable and spaniel-like of hypocrites. How she has continued consistently to profess the faith she had long ago been disabused of; how she has persistently laid her common-sense and her happiness at the feet of the most exacting of domestic tyrants—is very cleverly and touchingly told. The result is that she has been worn down towards the grave by inches; and that she is become assured that she must soon be carried off by heart complaint. In the ever-present consciousness that her days are numbered she is anxious that her daughter should not be sacrificed like herself. Of course the marriage she strives to forward does not come off in time, and Mrs. Branscombe dies suddenly, just as she had expected. Then Stella's position becomes extremely embarrassing and painful. Very naturally, but most unluckily nevertheless, Mrs. Branscombe had never undeceived her daughter. The orphaned Stella never doubts that she must be all in all to her widowed father. That respectable humbug bears himself under his bereavement precisely as his most intelligent neighbours had expected. He soothes his unspeakable grief by writing an elegy and designing a monument that shall commemorate his anguish at the loss of the departed; and he quietly makes up his mind that he must keep his daughter to succeed her mother as his amanuensis and admirer-in-ordinary. The devoted Stella would be nothing loth, could she reconcile her filial affection with her duty to Cyril. And as Cyril must start for India very soon, Mr. Branscombe decides to give him his dismissal. Moreover, the antagonism that must always have existed between the men grows stronger day by day. But Branscombe is too cunning and too polished to go brutally about his selfish work. He turns the screw upon his devoted child with honied phrases, and makes insidious advances towards the end he has in view. At last, when Cyril's departure draws nigh, Stella is driven to make her choice; and, though her heart is torn at the thought of the separation, filial duty triumphs over her love. It is only natural that Cyril should resent having the cup of happiness dashed from his fingers. "He, on his side, offers her a choice in turn. On her sticking tearfully to her pious resolution, he gives her up, and starts for India, insinuating at the same time that he will probably go through India to the mischief, and casting the responsibility for his future misdeeds on the girl who has thrown him over. It must be owned that the young lady's situation is as little enviable as well can be. And after a short time it changes decidedly for the worse. After being her father's obsequious literary and domestic slave, she sees herself ousted from that once-envied position by a bosom friend who has proved false and treacherous. Hortensia Lyon has had the advantage of approaching Mr. Branscombe with the genuine adoration which is the sincerest flattery; and when the elderly Adonis makes her an offer of his hand, the young girl feels only too honoured by accepting it. But, if Hortensia is all milk and honey to her plastic husband, she shows herself the most despotic of stepmothers; and Stella has hourly reason to regret the choice which she made from the most virtuous motives. It is very happy for her that the accounts she has received of Cyril Ponsonby's reprehensible conduct turn out to have been either calumnious or exaggerated; and that his early passion, far from having cooled, has only grown hotter in his warm place of exile.

Had we been shut up with Stella in her melancholy home, the novel, though it might have been pathetic, must have been gloomy enough. But there are very lively personages in the neighbourhood, of whom Stella sees something from time to time, and with whom the reader is invited to associate more freely. Perhaps the pleasantest and cleverest of these is Augusta Latrobe, who, like Stella, goes through a succession of trials as a prelude to a happy marriage. Mrs. Latrobe is a middle-aged widow, who had married an elderly *savant* against her mother's wish, and who is now, with one little boy, left dependent on her mother for subsistence. And her mother makes herself even more disagreeable than Mr. Branscombe, while she is decidedly more malicious. She never ceases to reproach her daughter with the undutiful and unfortunate connexion she had formed, as with the poverty which has been the appropriate penalty of her sin; and she misses no opportunity of taking up her testimony against the indecency and immorality of second marriages. She expresses herself perhaps more strongly on that subject than she feels, because Mrs. Latrobe might escape from the maternal clutches at any moment, by listening to one of two rival suitors. But, though Augusta Latrobe suffers and weeps a good deal, and almost breaks down occasionally under the burden, she is carried along, on the whole, by her sensible and sunny nature. One weak thing she has done, in a moment of collapse and depression, and it seems to us strangely inconsistent in her. At her spiteful old mother's dictation she not only has given the most disinterested of her admirers his dismissal, but given it in language that was cruelly and gratuitously harsh; and, if that inexcusable note does her no harm ultimately, we must say it was more good fortune than she deserved. Mrs. Latrobe's quiet common sense and readiness of speech make her often extremely amusing; but there is more broad fun to be found with the rattling Pennefather family, although the fun is so highly flavoured that a little of it goes a long way. The Pennefather twins, Gip and Pip, are clever examples of good-natured and warm-hearted girls, spoiled by the detestable modern fashions of fastness and slang. They are pretty, and by no means stupid; yet, meeting them merely in print, we are always mistaking them for their brothers; and we inevitably ignore the personal attractions that may have made men flirt or fall in love with them. So it comes almost as a shock to us when one of them engages herself to a youth fresh from college, who rather prides himself on his refinement. The explanation is that he has been fascinated by Stella Branscombe; and when he finds that that deserted Ariadne will have nothing to say to him, he turns for consolation where he is certain to find it, and proposes for one of the Misses Pennefather in the abandonment of hearty good-fellowship. It is natural enough that any girl, whatever her manners, should wish to marry; but we are reminded that these masculine Misses Pennefather have tender and feminine hearts when the one twin announces the engagement to the other. The happy bride elect had forgotten her sister's feelings for the moment; but she is painfully reminded of them by the other's grief at the announcement of the severing of the tie which has united them. Altogether Mrs. Lynn Linton has written an agreeable story; and it is agreeable chiefly because, with the single exception of Mr. Branscombe, she has always taken some pains to show the more amiable side of her least amiable characters. Even the malignant mother of Mrs. Latrobe comes out to decided advantage on her death-bed.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

THE value of Mr. Holmes-Forbes's æsthetic doctrines (1) may be estimated by the fact that, in his opinion, "every piece of sculpture and every piece of painting should contain a moral or a lesson in life or conduct." He is equally rigid in his conception of the aim of poetry. "It must now be shown," he says, "that the beauty of poetry, like every other sort of beauty, attaches only to utility, and that the utility of poetry is akin to that of statuary and painting, and consists in the inculcation of a moral." As if this were not plain enough, he adds:—"The purpose of a poem, whatever its subject, must be the inculcation of a moral. If this condition be ignored, though the piece be in verse, though it be in rhyme, though it be witty and ingenious, it will not be in good taste or it will not be poetic; for what is poetic is admirable, and so-called poetry which is without a moral is not in good taste, is not admirable." The relation of morality to art was probably never more crudely misrepresented in a book professing to be a serious contribution to science. Regarding what he calls "the objective element of beauty," Mr. Holmes-Forbes has no more novel theory to offer than that it consists of "the quality of suggestiveness." The beauty of a sunset, for instance, arises, he thinks, from its suggesting, among many other things, "great volumes of wool," "lace curtains," "fluffy feathers from angels' wings," "waves of milk," "a conflagration," and "a volcanic eruption." It may be true that the problems connected with the origin and nature of the æsthetic emotions can be solved only by the methods of psychology; but these problems are by no means so simple as Mr. Holmes-Forbes supposes. Even if they were satisfactorily disposed of, æsthetic philosophy would still have to determine the laws by which one species of art is distinguished from another, and to show how far the manifestation of the senti-

(1) *The Science of Beauty: an Analytical Inquiry into the Laws of Æsthetics.* By AVARY W. HOLMES-FORBES, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

ment of beauty has been modified by the different conditions of various races and periods. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Holmes-Forbes that these things come within the scope of "an analytical inquiry into the laws of æsthetics."

The editor of the prettily got-up *Wit and Wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield* (2) has brought his volume out at the timely moment when active-minded English men and women, bent on their well-earned holidays, are meditating how to compromise between the mental coma which their inclination leads them to covet and the summer reading which their pride and vanity delude them into planning. We cannot conceive a better pocket-companion for the tramp over Snowdon, Leith Hill, or the Rigi than this collection of short extracts. The book is the more readable because most happily unarranged. Many of the passages have been reduced to that condition of pure epigram in which, as we have no doubt, they were originally minted in their author's brain before they were put into the mouths of characters who are apt even beyond the wont of the creations of most novelists to speak the tongue of their inventor. That which is, in fact, a defect in the novels themselves makes them peculiarly available for the purveyor of *Elegant Extracts*. The editor also includes chosen passages from Lord Beaconsfield's Parliamentary speeches, so as to indicate the whole range of his intellectual campaign.

The interest of *Clifford Gray* (3) is to be found in the curious parallel between the disreputable young person of Mr. Mallock's vision in his lately published volumes and the disreputable young person of Mr. Hardinge's lachrymose imagination. In the minor picture galleries one often comes across as many as half a dozen studies of the same subject—"A Haunted House," "Afternoon," or what not. It soon becomes manifest that the subject has been set for the members of some drawing or painting Society, and they have each sent in their own rendering of the topic. After reading Mr. Hardinge's rueful little romance, one is inclined to suspect that he and Mr. Mallock belong to the same Writing Society, and have therefore attempted the same subject. "Describe the loves of a beautiful young man, religious or æsthetic, and of a beautiful and chaste-looking *dame galante*." This appears to have been the topic. And the worst of it is that, if there are a dozen members of the Society, we may have ten more novels about the inner consciousness of a lady not a whit more meritorious than the old Skittles of old railway literature. Mr. Hardinge has not treated the subject in the same manner as Mr. Mallock, whose hero was a sufficiently robust Conservative in politics, and, as it appeared when he tackled the Colonel, a man of his hands. Mr. Hardinge's hero is, in very truth, a "greenery gallery Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man." He is passionate and hectic. He rejoices in the sweet name of Clifford Gray; and, when we first make his acquaintance, he is dying of a decline in the romantic neighbourhood of Upper Norwood. He presents himself "without seeming to have refreshed himself by the *négligé* costume he had put on," which shows how really ill he was. Even in the Crystal Palace he is not happy; the very plaster cast in which he had once recognized the congenial features of Antinous does not exhilarate him, and he quivers painfully when he meets a young lady who diffuses a scent of sandal-wood. Clifford Gray is an artist, and the hero of a *poirinaire* romance. In the youth of that sort of fiction, the naughty heroine was always consumptive, while the hero was in perfect health. Mr. Hardinge has made a change. It is the hero who coughs, while perfect health is the possession of the heroine. The lady is named Véra Trekkoff, and we learn all about their passion from the pages of a lackadaisical diary kept by the hero. He met Véra at a *table-d'hôte* in Lucerne. She was as pretty as a picture of Leonardo's, and she was like a Diana surprised when Clifford caught her in the act of reading the *Journal pour rire*. This beautiful being (and really the descriptions of her beauty leave nothing to be desired) was travelling with a dying uncle, Count Trekkoff. "He will die," she said, "and I cannot be sorry. Is not that extraordinary? Daily, hourly, as he gets weaker and weaker, I feel my own life expand; look at me." She was not really, as her words implied, "swelling visibly before his very eyes," but her language was certainly unconventional. The reader, in fact, begins to suspect what Mr. Gray finds at last to be true, that Véra's "uncle" really stands to her in a different and more close relation. As Gray falls in love with her and grows thin, the Count grows fat and jolly. Véra confides to her admirer that she once poured boiling sugar over a live chameleon, which she has had set in diamonds, and wears in her hair. As the lizard is getting shabby, she asks him for a new one. But these indications of her character do not destroy his affection. If we understand Mr. Hardinge, Clifford Gray means to reclaim Véra by the gift of his own natural goodness of soul. His Véra sings what Mr. Hardinge will regret to find that the printers call "a rather *risqué* song" and he does not like rather *risqué* songs. Finally the pair are betrothed, and come to Paris. Véra makes her lover leave her house by the servants' staircase while she admits another man. Next day the wretched Clifford Gray hears her voice in the bedroom next to his at his hotel, where Véra is getting back her letters from a former lover. After this discovery Gray breaks a

bloodvessel, and spoils Véra's best dress. "I felt her breast beneath my lips, and all her white and rose and silver was stained to scarlet with blood, as I tumbled forward, like a senseless, life-drained thing, into the arms at last of a woman that was a sinner." The hero seems to have been inclined to forgive Véra and to resume his relations with her. But from this degradation, at least, he was rescued by events. An early grave and a brilliant marriage wind up this instructive story.

Miss Jay's *nouvelle* (4), which has some strong and stirring qualities, seems to show that in some parts at least of Ireland the people are now just as much their own enemies in the face of all attempts at improving their condition as they were in the days when Miss Edgeworth wrote her fascinating story *Ennui*. Miss Jay's story is, however, of a far darker cast than the one just referred to. As to the prevalence of the state of mind, or no mind, and its terrible results, which she depicts with an incisive pen, there can, unhappily, be no doubt, and the author writes with an air of knowledge and experience which makes it difficult to cast doubt upon her explanation of things which are suggestive enough in cut-and-dried newspaper reports, but of which her treatment may impress some people whose attention would otherwise be unmoved. It is not to be thought that Miss Jay would have us believe that all Irish Roman Catholic priests resemble the infamous, yet genial and popular, Father Malloy of her story; but there is too much reason to suppose that he is not inaccurately drawn from a type which is not exceptional. The grim and tragic tone of the little book is artfully relieved wherever it is possible; and we can say for ourselves that we have read its three hundred pages with un-failing interest.

A third edition, in one volume, has appeared of Mr. Beresford Hope's novel *Strictly Tied Up* (5). Of the book itself it is needless to say anything now, inasmuch as it was reviewed at length in these columns at a time when its authorship was unknown alike to reviewers and to readers. The present edition, however, derives a new interest from the words of preface which now herald the novel. These begin by explaining the black border which surrounds the touching dedication to "The Dear Light and Guide of the Author's Life." Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, it appears, knew nothing until its actual appearance of the book which "I contrived to write, publish, and dedicate quite unknown to her, and anonymously, and then to place in her hands with the full confession of my plot of love. I joyed to think that I was thus discharging a little of life's debt; for, beyond my serious ethical aim, my chief object was to surprise and please a wife who had, for more than thirty-eight years, endured so much and laboured so much for her husband." These words are followed by a tribute to the memory of Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, which is thus closed:—"Lady Mildred Beresford Hope's inner character was, of course, unsuspected by strangers, and still more closed to them was that innermost life of the soul, of which, although I shall leave my picture incomplete, I refuse to speak. They could only see the bright participator of a socially prosperous career, or catch the cheery laugh and witty speech of the woman then most courageous when fighting against weary pains and weaknesses, constantly recurring, of which the secret was her own." These words leave something, as it should be left, to be understood, and thus illustrate the great maxim "There is so much *not* to say." Respect for the same principle prevents us from enlarging here on the career referred to.

A somewhat strange little book called *Post Mortem* (6) possesses a good deal of imagination and force. It purports to be an account of what was seen and endured by a soul in purgatory, and in the conception of the purgatorial state—which is represented, to put it baldly and briefly, as a kind of prolonged nightmare—we find originality and invention. The narrator is a country squire who died in 1759, and for the first two-thirds of the book the fact of his having died before, to take an instance, the Reign of Terror, is turned to excellent account. The last part of the book is the least satisfactory. The author would have done well to be content with making his readers follow him through the weirdly fascinating adventures of Henry Coke in Chaos, and to avoid consigning the whole population of the nineteenth century to the bottomless pit. As we have said, however, the earlier part of the book will be found to contain both performance and promise.

*Friends* (7) is an unpretending little story, which is prettily conceived and executed, but which is, to our thinking, wanting in the power of character-drawing. That Nordhall is somewhat dull and somewhat priggish, though he is meant to be quite the reverse, is less surprising than that Mrs. Strong (his partner in the "dust") should be so unlikely a personage as she is, or, we should rather say, as she turns out to be at the very end of the book. We closed the volume with a suspicion that the author had intended to give the story a different and more probable ending, but had been persuaded at the last moment to truckle to the demands of sentimentalism.

(2) *Wit and Wisdom of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield*. Collected from his Writings and Speeches. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

(3) *Clifford Gray*. By W. M. Hardinge. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(4) *The Priest's Blessing; or, Poor Patrick's Progress from This World to Better*. By Harriett Jay, Author of the "Queen of Connaught," &c. London: White & Co.

(5) *Strictly Tied Up*. A Novel. By the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.P. Third Edition. 1 vol. London: Hurst & Blackett.

(6) *Post Mortem*. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

(7) *Friends: a Dust*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

*Baby Rue* (8), which belongs to the same series as the volume just noticed, is a stirring and graphically-told story of Indian warfare, in the course of which full justice is done to the "redskins" by the author, who seems to have a just appreciation of their character, and of their wrongs at the hand of the white man. The book is perhaps a trifle dull in the earlier chapters, but as soon as the author gets well into the story the interest rises continually until the climax is reached.

Dr. Flower's entertaining and instructive little volume (9) ought to be read and remembered by the natural guardians of all women or girls who have a fancy for the "hideous beauty" of small waists and Chinese feet.

The first part of Mr. Piggott's work (10), dealing with the effect of a foreign judgment in the English Courts, was published two years ago, and is now complemented by the present volume, in which the author has "collected, as far as it has been possible to obtain it, the foreign and colonial law bearing upon foreign judgments and upon service out of the jurisdiction."

A second edition, carefully brought down to date, has been published of Mr. Harris's *Principles of the Criminal Law* (11). The work is brought out in its revised form under the care of the original author and of Mr. F. P. Tomlinson.

A second edition also appears of Mr. Justice Fry's well-known work on *Contracts* (12).

We have also to note the appearance of a third edition of Mr. Pollock's *Principles of Contract* (13). The volume is heralded by an "introduction," which, unlike too many introductions, is well worth reading.

Mr. Herring's (14) thirty prescriptions are capitally chosen, and his remarks upon them are for the most part sensible, and to the point. It is a little odd to find a mixture of spirit of lavender, ammonia, and camphor described as "a simple tonic"; but, as Frederick says in *The Mimic*, "I can call my hat a Cadwallader, if I choose."

(8) *Baby Rue*. By Charles M. Clay. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *Nature's Series.—Fashion in Deformity*. By William Henry Flower, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

(10) *Foreign Judgments*. Part II. The Effect of an English Judgment Abroad, Services on Absent Defendants. By F. T. Piggott. London: Stevens & Sons.

(11) *The Principles of the Criminal Law*. By Seymour F. Harris. Second Edition, revised by the Author and F. P. Tomlinson. London: Stevens & Haynes.

(12) *A Treatise on the Specific Performance of Contracts*. By the Hon. Sir Edward Fry. Second Edition by the Author and W. D. Rawlins. London: Stevens & Sons.

(13) *Principles of Contract*. By F. Pollock. Third Edition, revised and partly re-written. London: Stevens & Sons.

(14) *Health Preservation: Thirty Valuable Prescriptions by Eminent London Physicians, with Practical Remarks thereon*. By Richard Herring. London: Longmans & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The candidates will be examined at the same time and place. The subjects of examination are Latin, Mathematics, and any two of the three following languages, Greek, French, German. This is an Open Exhibition of the value of £50.

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For particulars application may be made to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

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F. W. MADDEN, M.B.A.S., Secretary.

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on Saturday, September 17, 1881. Head-Master—T. W. DUNN, Esq., M.A., late Fellow and Assistant-Tutor, St. Peter's College, and for ten years a Master of Clifton College.

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For particulars, apply to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., Secretary.

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THE

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## MR. GLADSTONE'S COMPROMISE.

AT last the Irish Land Bill has passed through all its trials—except the trial of being set practically to work. The excitement which was caused at the end of last week by the apparent probability of a collision between the two Houses was to a great extent factitious. For days—indeed, for weeks—certain Radical organs had been pointing out to their readers how intolerable it was that the Lords should have a chance of spoiling the measure, and it was almost a matter of course that they should endeavour to show that their fears were realized. On the other, the defiant mood in which Mr. GLADSTONE huddled the Lords' amendments at their first return naturally created the impression that there was mischief in the air, and provoked the Lords to "insist" somewhat more peremptorily than they might otherwise have done. Yet the reference backwards and forwards of an important measure from one House to the other is no such unheard-of occurrence; and the spirit of the debate on the second reading in the Upper House was an almost certain pledge that no underhand endeavour would be made on that side to throw the Bill out by means of insisting on unreasonable amendments. The second consideration of the Lords' proposals was conducted in a much more moderate and becoming temper than the first, and some important concessions were made. As might have been expected, the Lords met these concessions in a proper spirit, and the hitch magnified by quidnuncs into a crisis was past. The eager haste of the Hundreds to get up indignation meetings has rather ludicrously overrun itself. Yet even these few hours of agitation had a somewhat beneficial effect, as showing the utter falsity of the contention that English opinion is in favour of the Land Bill. That opinion is perhaps in favour of continuing Mr. GLADSTONE in power, and, things being so, declines to pronounce itself against a measure to which he has pledged himself; but even under the powerful stimulus of a possible collision between Lords and Commons, not the slightest enthusiasm for the measure itself has been manifested except in extreme Radical cliques. It is tolerated and acquiesced in, and that is all—except that an intense weariness of it disposes every one to wish it over and done with. Had the Lords actually delayed its passing it would have been this wish and not any belief in its efficacy or intrinsic merit that might have disposed Englishmen to look unfavourably on their action. But it has not been wrecked, and has hardly been even hindered beyond a reasonable time. Ingenious Radicals protest, of course, that if it fails it will be solely in consequence of the concessions made to the Lords. They may be left face to face with the admission of Lord CARLINGFORD, an admitted partisan of the tenants, and the Government care-taker of the Bill in the Upper House, that the alterations of the past ten days have, in his opinion, distinctly improved it.

An equally natural, though curiously inconsistent, line has been taken by other Government partisans who declare that no concession worth speaking of has been made at all. This party may be congratulated on the possession of at least a great deal of courage. The insertion of the proviso that payments made by one tenant to another are, in no case, to constitute in themselves a claim to reduction of rent, removes the greatest wrong of the whole measure—a

wrong which has been unceasingly protested against from the very first introduction of the Bill, and which has been steadily ignored by the Government. It is true that they repeatedly denied that any such wrong was intended; but they steadily refused to render it impossible that, in virtue of successive exorbitant payments for tenant-right, the landlord's rent should be whittled down to nothing. This has now been made impossible, and it is the doing of the Lords. In the same way the Government have again and again turned a deaf ear to the repeated demonstrations of the injustice and impolicy of forcing the landlord to raise the rent before he can go into Court. But now their ears have been opened, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself avows the hardship, the existence of which he has for months refused to acknowledge. The excision of Mr. PARNELL's amendment deprives dishonest tenants of a shelter which they would most certainly have sought. Even the wild duck clause, over which some persons have made merry, while others have inveighed against it as an extension of the hated feudal rights of sporting, is a substantial and purely business-like confirmation of rights of property. In miniature, indeed, the references made to this insignificant amendment by the fervid partisans of the Bill are a very good picture of the knowledge of Ireland which they so frequently display. Ireland, they may like to hear, is in many parts a swampy and moorland country surrounded by the sea; and in such a country the possession of the wild fowl frequenting it by A or B respectively may make, over no very large estate, a difference of hundreds a year. When these concessions, small and large, are added to those made at the first reference to the Commons, the total amount will be found very considerable. The leaders of the Opposition and of the Government were perfectly justified in saying that the spirit of the Bill has not been affected in the least by these concessions. They have simply explained provisions which might have inflicted, and would certainly have inflicted, intolerable wrong, or else have removed excrencences calculated to make the difficult lot of an Irish landlord in the future more difficult still. In the Bill as it first left the Commons there was what may be called a presumption against the landlord. He was to pay for all, and every doubtful phrase was of such a character as to be capable of being worked against him; while the tenant could not, any more than he can now, be deprived by any ingenuity of construction of the benefits intended for him. The alterations have redressed this inequality to a very great extent, and the tenant is now left to his judicial rent, his practically free sale, and his stable, if not indefinitely, fixed tenure, without the parings and snippings of his landlord's goods which he might otherwise have got, and without the knowledge that if he goes into court it will be with a presumption in his favour, while his landlord can only enter it with a presumption against him.

It is not in human nature that those who, week after week for more than a quarter of a year, have had to note, to study, and to comment upon the intricate details and tortuous variations of the Land Bill, should part from it without a feeling of considerable relief. It has long been impossible to say anything new about it, though there has not been the least difficulty in saying things that were perfectly true. Yet it must be remembered—and, truism as it is, the necessity of the remembrance

about being passed—that the history of the Land Bill has not ended, but is just beginning. The tendency of Englishmen to regard a measure as soon as it is passed as part of the industrial Constitution of the country has no doubt a salutary effect in giving solidity and permanence to our institutions, but it is not seldom mischievous. Such a measure as this is essentially of the character of an experiment to be watched with care and its results noted anxiously and minutely—not a final settlement to be accepted and thought no more about. That the agitators who have made it inevitable, save at the risk of a dangerous alternative, have not the slightest intention of taking it as a discharge in full of their claims has been all along evident. To Mr. PARNELL and his friends it has been simply an instalment—an instalment which has the advantage of heartening those who want and weakening the resistance of those who have. The only thing left in doubt is how far the constituents of these agitators will continue to support them. This is hardly the place to discuss that question, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that it is a pressing and an important one. On the other side, and also waiting practical solution, is the question of the actual economical and social working of the Act. The solution of this will necessarily consist of three progressions or stages. There will first be the question how far the tenants now in arrear and recalcitrant will submit to the arrangements provided by the Bill—a submission which, be it remembered, will be inconsistent with the principles of the Land League, yet without which they will be deprived of the offered benefits, and, if the Act be strictly carried out, of their holdings. The second stage will be the vast undertaking of revaluing the rental book of Ireland. The third will be the future working of the principles of sale and tenure contained in the Act. Enough has been said before on the too probable dangers to which these successive stages are exposed. It need only be added that the history of their actual progress will be the history of the most remarkable economic experiment ever yet attempted. Neither in France, nor in Germany, nor in Russia, in all of which countries great revolutions in the tenure of land have been effected during the last century, has anything been attempted so complicated, and, what is more, so hazardous. For the last state of a peasant proprietor can hardly be worse than the first state of a serf. But the last state of an Irish tenant face to face with the tender mercies of the usurer and the law would be very much worse than his first state subject only to the capricious but customary indulgence of a landlord.

#### FAIR TRADE.

THE Conservative party is not in a prosperous condition; but for many of the causes of its depression its members are not directly responsible. It is scarcely their fault that they are outnumbered, that they are assailed by popular clamour, or that the interests which it is their mission to defend are incessantly threatened by an impulsive Minister. It is a graver misfortune that a considerable section of their body is placing itself deliberately in the wrong. The advocates of fair trade, which is a newfangled name for the negation of free-trade, are doing their utmost to bind the party to a ruinous association with untenable doctrines. A private householder would be thought insane if he attempted to counteract a decrease or stagnation in his professional receipts by dealing with more expensive shops; yet the same process is recommended by a set of theorists who have persuaded themselves that the industrial classes are dissatisfied with the commercial policy of the last forty years. DEMOSTHENES compared the Athenians of his time to an awkward pugilist, who always shifted his guard to the place at which he had last received a blow. There is not less simplicity in the attempt to revive the manufactories of Bradford by imposing duties on imported corn. It is true that as long as the Government is, by no fault of its own, committed to the anomalous task of negotiating a commercial treaty, the power of increasing such taxes as the duty on French wines may be justifiably held in reserve for diplomatic purposes; but, if the tariff were once settled, it would not be the interest of the English Government to use the liberty of increasing duties which it might have retained. It seems that the chances of concluding a moderately satisfactory treaty are not unfavourable. In this respect the economical errors of the English

fair-traders may possibly have produced a beneficial result. The French Government must by this time have ascertained that the industrial community in England is not so eager for a treaty as to be willing to accept flagrantly unreasonable conditions. The English Ministers have more than once declared that they will neither allow any branch of trade to be destroyed, nor assent to a treaty more injurious to commerce than the Convention of 1860. Mr. RITCHIE himself could scarcely insist on the stipulation that the tariff should in every instance be exempt from increase. The question is whether the new treaty will, on the average, be as tolerable as the old.

The advocates of retaliation are never tired of convicting Mr. CORDEN of a want of foresight. There is no doubt that his sanguine hopes of converting the world to his doctrines have thus far been falsified; but a true prophet has often miscalculated the weeks of years within which his predictions are to be accomplished. Sooner or later the multiplication-table will pervade regions where men are still content to reckon on their fingers. Demonstrable truths never lose the ground which they almost always gradually gain. Russia and the United States regard with equal complacency the extension of absolute Free-trade over new districts in their dominions as they are conquered or settled. In France almost every considerable politician understands and believes the doctrines of political economy, though it is still thought expedient to humour the ignorance of universal suffrage. The MINISTER of COMMERCE is a Free-trader; M. THIERS has left no school of disciples behind him, though his confidential friend happens for the moment to preside at the Foreign Office. M. POUYSSÉ-QUERTIER is a member of a defeated party. MM. WADDINGTON have fallen into the rear rank of the dominant Republicans. It is not improbable that at the impending election some candidates may explain to rural constituencies that it is not for the benefit of the peasantry that iron, cotton, and wool should be artificially dear, especially as the demand for wine and other French products is necessarily checked by a protective tariff. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is rightly informed, the sugar bounty, which is the most perverse of all plans for interfering with the natural course of industry, has been already to a great extent modified, if not practically abolished. It is almost a matter of regret that the French taxpayer should no longer make a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the English consumer. On the other hand, it is true that the French Government proposes to subsidize a line of steamers from Marseilles to Melbourne; but it is not likely that so absurd a bounty on French manufactures destined for a special port will be long continued.

Mr. RITCHIE, representing the comparatively moderate fair-traders, repudiated any connexion with the promoters of a meeting which was lately held at Exeter Hall. It is to be regretted that so respectable and well-informed a politician as Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK should have placed himself at the head of a wild and hopeless agitation; but the preachers of extreme doctrines have almost always the advantage of exceptional consistency. Mr. RITCHIE recommends retaliation to an extent which would leave it practically inoperative, while the fair-traders of Exeter Hall have no hesitation in proposing the re-establishment of a Corn-law. If such a measure were practicable, it is barely possible that it might affect the commercial policy of the United States. In the negotiations with France, a corn duty would have little influence, because in ordinary years there is no considerable French importation. It is but an idle employment to discuss the probable consequences of a measure which would be peremptorily rejected if it were seriously proposed. In this instance prejudice and tradition are on the same side with sound economic principle and with material expediency. The proposal of a duty on corn would arouse dangerous passions, while it could not be defended by moderately plausible arguments. The Exeter Hall scheme is much more anomalous than the old Corn-law, which was intended to secure in perpetuity prices which were supposed to be moderately remunerative. The fair-traders, on the other hand, would impose a duty for polemical objects on the understanding that it was to be removed as soon as other countries are induced to establish reasonable tariffs. Protective legislation necessarily creates artificial interests, on which a remission of duties must have a ruinous effect. A combative tariff, after promoting the investment of capital in agriculture, and after raising the market price of land, would, on the Exeter

Ball theory, be abolished in return for the admission of English manufactures to French or American markets. The benefits which might in that case be conferred on Bradford or Sheffield would be no consolation to land-owners or farmers.

It is, perhaps, natural that an Opposition weak in numbers, and not in sympathy with principles which are for the moment popular, should be ready to ally itself with any section of the majority which may be disposed to separate itself from the bulk of the party; but it is not for the benefit of the Conservative cause that it should seek to profit by a passing delusion. In the House of Commons Mr. NEWDEGATE enjoys the proud distinction of being the only avowed and consistent advocate of Protection. In the worst of times he never became a convert to the doctrines of the Corn Law League; and he now regards with excusable complacency the tardy fulfilment of his own prophecies of the damage which would be inflicted on the landed interest. As he announced when the great wheat districts of the West were still included in the wilderness, and when the importation of cattle in Atlantic steamers had not yet been contemplated, English producers are undersold, and they are not likely to recover their former position. A monopoly of home supply would have averted the evil which has overtaken one class of the community at the cost of intolerable injustice to the rest. The anomaly might have been permanently possible if the land of England had been occupied by two or three millions of freeholders. A few thousands of large proprietors, if they had resisted change, would long since have been swept away. Mr. NEWDEGATE would scorn to enlist himself among the fair-traders who persuade themselves that their doctrines may be reconciled with economic orthodoxy. A staunch Protectionist must despise the pretence of helping the manufacturers by conferring a temporary and precarious boon on the landowners. It is not worth while to buy at such a price the votes of malcontent artisans in a few towns which are specially situated. It may be hoped that the revival of trade which is indicated by the returns of the Clearing-House and of the Railway Companies will silently put an end to a feeble agitation. It may be remarked that the leaders of the Conservative party in the House of Commons have never countenanced the fair-trade movement. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has on more than one occasion publicly denounced the fallacies which amuse a section of his followers. Mr. W. H. SMITH may be trusted to adhere to the principles which he has always professed. Lord BEACONSFIELD, shortly before his death, denounced on grounds of political expediency or necessity an agitation which he might perhaps in other circumstances, and at an earlier period in his career, have not been unwilling to encourage. Mr. RITCHIE himself would repudiate the doctrines which are maintained by Mr. CHAPLIN and Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK.

#### MEXICO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has lately given an elaborate, although possibly a highly-coloured, sketch of what the great railway financiers of the United States are doing for Mexico. There are two great enterprises on foot, to which a third is on the point of being added. It may be said briefly that the Americans are being good enough to cover Mexico with railways. There is the great Central Railway from the city of Mexico to the frontier and thence to Kansas, and there is the great National Railway from the city of Mexico to the frontier, and thence to Texas. Each of these lines is a prolongation of a large existing system in the States, and is in the hands of capitalists who have done enough to make it probable that they do not lightly talk of schemes, however gigantic. And these schemes are very large, for besides the main lines there are numerous branches, and each of them contemplates a branch to the Pacific as if a branch to the Pacific was a mere nothing. The total length contemplated by the National Railway is no less than 2,500 miles, and the intended extent of the Central is about 1,700. We may thus speak in round numbers of a total anticipated length of 4,000 miles. The Central line is of the standard gauge, and the National line is of the metre gauge. Taking one with the other, it is impossible to reckon on the cost of construction and equipment, apart from all watering of stock and the profits of financiers, as less than 5,000*l.* a mile. This is a very low estimate

according to English experience; and it must be remembered that in Mexico the cost of the freight of a large portion of the materials must necessarily be very heavy. But, even if only 5,000*l.* a mile is taken, this, on 4,000 miles, means an outlay of twenty millions sterling. The Americans do not mean to find all this money themselves. They are to be helped, and very largely helped, by the Mexican Government. A subsidy is to be given them, which varies not only with each line, but with different parts of the same line, but in no case falls below 2,500*l.* a mile. Thus, if the total cost of construction is taken at twenty millions, the Americans would have to find ten millions and the Mexicans would have to find ten millions. The total revenue of Mexico is between three millions and three millions and a half per annum, and there has hitherto been generally a deficit. The deficit does not perhaps now exist, for the country has had peace for some years; and Mexico may be said to be now paying its way, although there is certainly no surplus. In what time it is thought probable that the National and Central systems should be finished is not stated. But nine years may perhaps be considered a reasonable time. If so, Mexico would have to give these enterprising foreigners in nine years three whole years' revenue. Of course, nothing in finance can be pronounced beforehand to be absolutely impossible; but the world has hitherto been accustomed to talk in a depreciatory way of Mexico. The world would certainly have to change its tone, and allow that Mexico was behaving most handsomely to foreign capitalists, and was displaying infinite financial ingenuity, if it showed itself able and willing to go without any revenue at all every third year, and to hand over all its receipts to the adventurous makers of railways.

But even these two vast systems of railways are not enough for the Americans. A third scheme is being started, which also is in the hands of men of great financial position, and the direction of which is adorned with the names of persons as eminent as General GRANT, late President of the United States, and General DIAZ, late President of Mexico. As the other two great lines supply the wants of the north of Mexico, this is to supply the wants of the south. It is to start from the city of Mexico, and go in a south-westerly direction to the town of Oaxaca, whence it is to branch, on the westward to the Pacific, and on the eastward to the Atlantic, touching the sea, not only at Vera Cruz, but at a new port, which it is proposed to construct at a point on the coast where there is said to be a safer anchorage than Vera Cruz affords. The holders of the concession have also the astonishing privilege of going "southward to the frontier of Guatemala, if desired." The length of the line contemplated, short of this ambitious extension, is 800 miles; and, if this line could also be made for 5,000*l.* a mile, a further expenditure of four millions would be involved. The holders of this new scheme are more considerate to the Mexicans, or more independent of them, as they have asked for no subvention, and prefer to make the line for themselves, and, in return, to under no limitations as to their tariffs. The Americans are to find all the money that is needed, and it will be very interesting to them to learn what will be needed, for that will teach them, among other things, where their wonderful line is to go. It may be safely said that no one connected with the scheme has the faintest notion what kind of country fills up the space between Oaxaca and the Pacific. The first step to be taken was to send engineers to be the precursors of civilized man in wandering over this unknown region. The surveys which are now being made are, however, sure to show that a railway can somehow be made if any one likes to make it. With money a railway can be made anywhere, and the Americans will get from Oaxaca to the Pacific if they wish. But that they will get there cheaply is beyond belief to those who consider that the formation of the mountain ranges on the West Coast offers very serious difficulties, and that the materials must be transported at considerable cost from the Atlantic, or sent round to the Pacific coast. Still, at one price or another this new line, as well as the two established lines, will be made, if the Americans persist in what they have undertaken. And they are already doing something much more than the mere talking of great schemes would imply. The Central and the National lines are hard at work. They have made a good start both at the Mexican and the American ends, and if the statement that by the end of this year the National will have 500 miles in order for work-

ing is carried out, no one can deny that there has been a most striking display of energy and of the command of capital.

If it is asked whether the vast amount of capital which it is intended to apply to the construction of railways in Mexico will continue to be found, and whether the railways when made are likely to pay, we must first look at what is being done in the United States themselves. The new mileage laid down last year exceeded that of any year since 1871, more than 7,000 miles of new railways having been built in 1880. This was 2,500 miles in excess of what was constructed in 1879, so that the mere excess of last year over the year before equals the whole length of the longest Mexican line. The nominal cost of the new lines was 10,000*l.* a mile; this would give a total expenditure of seventy millions. The real cost was, it may be presumed, much less; but it would be a low estimate to compute the actual outlay at forty millions. To people who spend on their own new lines forty millions in one year it must seem a trifle to spend ten millions, or, if the Mexican Southern line is taken into account, fourteen millions, in several years. Even if the Mexican Government did not pay a farthing of the subventions promised, the United States would easily make up the deficiency; and it would surprise no one acquainted with Mexico to learn that the directors of these undertakings rely very little on the subventions promised, and are content to look forward to the position of being creditors on a very large scale of a Government which they may hope to be able to treat as great and strong creditors are in the habit of treating small and weak debtors. The receipts on the American railways even in the far West are highly satisfactory. The National Company has already more than eight hundred miles at work in Colorado and Utah, and it is stated that its system is taking an average of 30*l.* per mile per week, and is worked at 50 per cent. of the gross receipts, which leaves a net income of 8 per cent. on a capital of 10,000*l.* to the mile. This is more than a satisfactory result. It is a very astonishing result, and the only question is whether anything like the same result can be attained in Mexico. The conditions are not at all the same. The American railways thrive because everywhere they carry with them new settlers, with whom there is no one to interfere, who are all of European descent, who possess capital and energy, and who are protected by American law and by the general determination of American citizens, except in some wild regions where the desperado go in advance of the orderly, to see the law respected. Mexico is an old country. It has been for three centuries under the dominion of Spain; it is inhabited by an aboriginal population, very poor and very superstitious; all the land belongs to some one, and the first thought of the inhabitants outside the towns, which are for the most part poor, decayed, stagnant places, is to shoot a new comer, unless it answers better to rob him. On the other hand, the natural resources of Mexico are quite equal to those of the Western States of the Union, and if the Americans can dominate the Mexicans, they will make them grow rich after the American fashion, whether they like it or not. Probably they will dominate them; but many of those who know Mexico best think that this domination will not be established except after a painful struggle. It must be said, however, that the very scale on which the Americans are working, or are prepared to work, lessens the danger. They will impose themselves so rapidly and at so many points, that the country may be transformed before it thinks of resisting.

#### COURTS OF APPEAL.

**T**HE permanent arrangement by which the Master of the Rolls is to preside in the Court of Appeal, though it renders the gradations of judicial rank more symmetrical, may perhaps have been suggested by the peculiar qualifications of the present incumbent of the office. The Master of the Rolls has from ancient times held the third place among the judges, taking rank immediately after the Chief Justice of England; yet, when it was found necessary to increase the strength of the Equity Bench, and to relieve the Lord Chancellor of a portion of his duties, the Master of the Rolls continued to be a Judge of First Instance, while the Lords Justices exercised the functions of a Court of Appeal. It happened

that for some years the new tribunal consisted of lawyers whose authority was regarded by the profession as higher than that of the Courts below, and the relation between original and appellate jurisdiction had perhaps not been fully considered. In the times of Lord ELDON and his predecessors the Lord Chancellor sat almost daily in his own Court, and Common Law appeals were then and long afterwards heard in the Exchequer Chamber by judges of the same rank with those who had given judgment in banc. The present LORD CHANCELLOR seems to incline to a partial revival of a practice which was abolished by the Judicature Act; but he has already withdrawn the proposal of associating three ordinary judges, elected by their fellows, with the Court of Appeal. No part of the modern judicial organization has worked more satisfactorily than the Appeal Court, practically consisting of the Lords Justices sitting in two divisions. The Lord Chancellor has of late, when his other avocations allowed of his attendance, supplied a casual vacancy in the Court, and the Lord Chief Justice and the Master of the Rolls have less frequently given their assistance. Hereafter the Master of the Rolls will preside in one of the divisions; but for the present the Lord Chief Justice will continue to exercise original jurisdiction in the civil and criminal courts. It is not impossible that in some future rearrangement the chief Common Law dignitary will also be transferred to the Court of Appeal. It is no objection to legislation in matters of this kind that it is tentative and gradual. The comprehensive scheme of the Judicature Act has, on the whole, been successful; but it would have been surprising if there had not from time to time been occasion for modification of details.

An intermittent controversy on the comparative importance of original and appellate jurisdiction had preceded the introduction of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill. The suppression of two out of three of the great Common Law offices was opposed by some of the judges on the ground that, in their opinion, the highest dignitaries ought to be, as formerly, placed in immediate contact with the ordinary administration of justice. The personal qualities of judges, as distinguished from their strictly legal attainments and aptitudes, are perhaps most conspicuously exhibited in dealing with causes and trials. Law Officers who were habitually promoted to the places of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Chief Baron were often more remarkable for general ability and for knowledge of the world than for profound legal learning. The arguments for the retention of title and rank, which had become dissociated from the presidency of separate Courts, were too subtle and far-fetched to prevail against a more symmetrical arrangement. The great majority of laymen would assume that an appellate tribunal ought to be higher in rank and in general estimation than the Courts of which it revises the decisions. Lawyers understand better the greater complication and difficulty of original jurisdiction; but the majority of their number would acquiesce in the same practical conclusion. It is in the highest degree important that law should be both just and certain; and a system of jurisprudence which depends mainly on precedents requires for its construction and maintenance the highest ability which can be obtained. The acknowledged efficacy of the present Court of Appeal results from the great ability and learning of its principal members. It has suffered a great loss by the death of Lord Justice JAMES; and it is understood that another judge of extraordinary vigour and ability is, after many years of valuable service, about to retire. It is not surprising that the LORD CHANCELLOR, who is responsible for the competency of the Court, should be anxious to maintain its character by the addition of a member who has no superior in judicial reputation. Future vacancies must be supplied as circumstances may allow from the Bar or the Bench.

The extraordinary facility and promptness which have enabled the MASTER of the ROLLS to keep down the business of his Court will be no longer required when he takes his place as a Judge of Appeal; but the combination of intellectual activity with profound knowledge of the law will give the necessary authority to his decisions. In common with the majority of his judicial colleagues, Sir GEORGE JESSEL is, unlike many of his predecessors in former times, anxious to do justice in each particular case rather than to refine on the nice analogies of law. Of one of the ablest and most learned judges of the last generation a satirical epitaph recorded how *leges Angliæ in absurdum reduxit*; and the



accomplishment of such a task required much logical acuteness. More recent judges have learned to suspect that a plausible inference which involves the infliction of obvious wrong on a litigant is likely to involve a fallacy, unless, indeed, it necessarily results from careless statutory legislation. It is much more true at present than in former times that law approximates to the perfection of common sense. Within living memory certain classes of legal questions were scarcely ever decided on their merits. Like the early interpreters of the Twelve Tables, judges were almost always interrupted, before they approached the merits of the case, by the discovery that one or both the parties had failed to comply with the necessary forms. About forty years ago, through the co-operation of feeble or super-subtle judges with audacious advocates, the evil had reached its climax, and caused the beginning of a wholesome reaction. The pages of *MERSON* and *WELBY* record some of the most remarkable results of perverse ingenuity. The old system of Common Law pleading was a science in itself, having few points of contact with practical right. The present mode of stating a cause of action or a defence is more intelligible to laymen; but some experienced practitioners doubt whether it is not unnecessarily diffuse. It is even possible that pleadings may be wholly discontinued. Any changes which are now made either in the constitution of the judicial Bench or in legal practice are, at least, intended in good faith to make the law simple and certain. The great increase in the expense of litigation, which has been one of the consequences of the Judicature Act, is attributable to the multiplication of stages in a suit or to other causes which may be removed.

The continuance in Common Law actions of the right of appeal to the Court in banc is generally deemed unnecessary. Before the passing of the Judicature Act, the Courts sitting in banc discharged the greater part of the duties which now devolve on the Court of Appeal. The cases which were afterwards carried to the Court of Exchequer Chamber were comparatively few. There seems to be no reason why an appeal should not be taken direct from the judge sitting at Nisi Prius to the Court of Appeal. The future efficiency of the Court will depend on the care and sound judgment with which appointments are hereafter made. A long succession of Chancellors have established the laudable custom of appointing ordinary judges for the most part on strictly professional grounds. In some instances it has been thought necessary to allow claims founded on Parliamentary service; but the political opinions of the majority of judges are in many cases wholly unknown, even to the Bar. It is highly desirable that the same rule should be applied to members of the Court of Appeal. Their first qualification will be a sound knowledge of law; and it matters little whether they possess the eloquence and adroitness of successful advocates. It is true that some of the greatest judges, such as the LORD CHANCELLOR and his immediate predecessor, and the present MASTER of the ROLLS, have been members of the House of Commons and Law Officers before their promotion to the Bench; but a capable Attorney-General would not always add weight to the judgments of a Court of Appeal. As a general rule, it is desirable that Lords Justices should, like several of the actual members of the Court, be selected from the ranks of the ordinary judges; but occasionally a member of the Bar attains a generally recognized pre-eminence, which may entitle him at once to the higher promotion. The authority of the court will be increased by the appointment of Sir GEORGE JESSEL to its highest rank. His successors at the Rolls may sometimes have been appointed for other causes than for their strictly judicial qualifications; but there is no reason why the ordinary members should object to the precedence of a Master of the Rolls or of a Chief Justice. It might be a cause for just regret if the high character of the Court of Appeal should hereafter be lowered by unfit appointments. Such a tribunal not only administers but makes the law.

#### THE SAILORS' STRIKE.

**T**HE sailors' strike is both unusually important and unusually instructive. Its importance of course lies in this, that while other trade quarrels affect the community only through the particular industry which they derange, a quarrel between sailors and shipowners may,

under certain circumstances, affect the community through the public service. The mercantile marine is in time of war the chief nursery of the navy. Under the system of training boys for the navy the ordinary wants of the public service are supplied without recourse to recruiting. But a system of this kind can only apply to a time of peace. Only a certain number of sailors are wanted every year, and as there is not employment for more than this number the object of the Admiralty is not to have more boys on their hands than there will be ship-room for when they become men. But, if we again find ourselves involved in a naval war, those men would immediately be in demand for the additional ships put into commission and to make good the drain of actual service. The choice would then of necessity lie between landmen and sailors employed in the merchant navy, and, unless the quality of the sailors had greatly altered for the worse, they would plainly be the best to take. Unsatisfactory relations between owners and seamen are exceedingly likely to lower the quality of the latter. It is a general complaint that the change in the conditions of the merchant service has already had a bad effect in this way. The use of steam has made seamanship less essential, and as the need of specific training has grown less, the proportion of men who have not the stuff in them to stand the test of specific training has grown greater. The shortening of the voyage, due to the same cause, has helped on this result. There are many men who will sign articles for a short trip just to see how they like the life, and if this element has a large place in a service the deterioration in it may be very great without the fact making itself apparent to any one not conversant with the trade. But if a war were to break out, the public would become painfully familiar with it. Men of the stamp just described would be very much less likely to enlist, and worth very much less when they did enlist. It would be almost impossible nowadays to reproduce the pressgang, and even if the need were great enough to overcome the immense popular objection that would certainly be felt towards its use—an objection which with the present suffrage would be conclusive so long as it lasted—the results obtained would be unsatisfactory. So long as the merchant navy is manned by good sailors the average haul of the pressgangs will be good sailors. But if the merchant navy has only a few good sailors here and there, it will be merely a chance whether the pressgangs get hold of them. Even if the men showed an unexpected amount of patriotism, or were tempted to join by high pay or large bounties, they would be worth but little at first, and might be worth but little to the end. It is plain that if seamen generally are dissatisfied with the pay or the treatment they get on board merchant ships, the best men will be on the look-out for opportunities of leaving the service, and the deteriorating process which had its origin in other causes will come to perfection by reason of this one.

It does not appear, however, that the strike in the Port of London would have become at all serious if the question in dispute had related only to wages. The men on strike have refused, indeed, to take less than 3*l.* 5*s.* a month in sailing ships and 3*l.* 15*s.* a month in steamers; and in one instance the customary method of proving the goodness of their cause was resorted to, and a sailor who had accepted 2*l.* 10*s.* a month was set upon and severely beaten. If this, however, had been the only point in the controversy, the strike might have ended almost as soon as it had begun. Some, at all events, of the owners at once raised the pay to the amounts asked, and as crews seem to be in demand it is probable that the remainder would shortly have followed the lead thus given. Into the rights and wrongs of this part of the dispute it would be useless to enter. When the problem how to ascertain what is a fair day's wages has been solved on land, we may be in a condition to determine what is a fair month's wages at sea. Another point, moreover, has been raised by the men as to which it is possible for outsiders to have an opinion. Among the complaints which have been made is one relating to the quantity and quality of the food supplied on board ship. The men allege that they do not get as much food as they want, and that what they do get is not of the right kind. A speaker at one of the meetings said that in a leaky ship he had had sometimes to pump for hours in the teeth of a gale, and that this was hard work "on a bit of salt horse and a biscuit." This same man pointed out that in these days of preserved provisions something more should be done to provide

sailors with better food. Undoubtedly, if the dietary on board merchant ships is still what it was before preserved provisions came into use, shipowners have not consulted their own interests. Men do their work better when they are well fed, and they are more likely to quarrel with their wages when their stomachs are empty than when they are full. It ought to be an advantage to both parties that the conditions of the service make it necessary that the men's food should be provided by the shipowners. The provisioning of a ship can be done more cheaply than would be possible if the same number of men had to feed themselves; and, if the masters take care to give the men the full benefit of this difference, a sailor's life ought in one important respect to be one of very much greater comfort than it used to be. It is to be feared that in some cases the masters have looked upon any saving they can effect in the value of the provisions supplied simply as so much knocked off the expenses of the voyage. This is a short-sighted policy, even where wages are concerned, and it is far more short-sighted where the food is concerned. The meanness of the owners is brought home to the men every day, and it touches them upon a point on which they feel keenly.

It is not, however, either about wages or about food that the complaints of the men are loudest. The thing that most excites them is a change in the law which was made entirely for their benefit. What it was intended to do was explained to a deputation by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Monday. The Merchant Seamen Act of last year, which came into operation on the 1st of the present month, abolished the advance note. "The advance note system," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "was a system under which an advance of wages was given by the owner on condition that the seaman was put on board." The keeper of a low lodging-house was willing to keep the sailor while he was on shore, because he knew that if he saw him on board his new ship he would be able to draw his first month's wages after the ship had sailed. This system, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN went on, "was approved of by the crimps because it placed the seamen almost entirely in their hands," and "by a certain class of owners, who say that it saved them trouble because they had nothing to do with the shipping of the sailors." The better class of seamen naturally disliked the advance note, and the Amalgamated British Seamen's Protection Society have protested against any return to it. It turns out, however, that the less provident seaman finds himself in very great straits now that he has no longer any security to offer to the boarding-house keeper. He has landed from his last ship without any money, or he has spent the money paid him on his return, and he is at a loss how to live during the time that he is looking for a ship. The boarding-house keepers are naturally unwilling to supply him with food and lodging, because they can only be repaid when he finds a ship. But as soon as he finds a ship he may be off in her, and in that case all that the creditor has to trust to is the seaman's honesty. Even when this is in itself a sufficient security it is not equivalent to payment on the spot, unless the sailor can draw his wages in advance. Consequently, the boarding-house keepers, since the 1st of the month, have met every application to be taken in with a demand for a week's payment in advance. The lesson to be drawn from this part of the case is the difficulty of compelling men to consult their own ultimate interests. The advance note system plainly ministered to improvidence, because it did away with one of the natural penalties by which improvidence would otherwise have been attended. The sailor had no motive to put by money for his support while on shore, because he knew that he could get supported on the security of his future earnings. It would have been an unmixed gain to him to have been kept from thus pledging his future earnings, if at the same time he could suddenly have been induced to save money out of his present earnings. But, though legislation can ensure that a man shall suffer for his folly, it has no means of making him wise. Consequently, when the Act came into operation, the improvident sailor found himself brought very near to starvation. He had to find a ship, and he had not the means of living while he was looking for one. An advance note is "a document authorizing the future payment of money on account of a seaman's wages, conditionally on his going to sea, and made before those wages have been earned," and all documents purporting to do this are void from the 1st day of August, 1881. Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN told the deputation that there was nothing to prevent a sailor from asking the shipowner for an advance of wages, and from bringing the boarding-house keeper on board with him to receive the payment due to him. If this plan is found to work well, it will pretty well answer the purpose formerly served by the advance note. But it is not quite clear in what respects it will be superior to the advance note. It is even conceivable that, inasmuch as the boarding-house keeper's prospect of getting his money will not be quite so certain as it used to be, he will compensate himself for the increased risk by a higher tariff of charges. Bad security will in this, as in other cases, mean high interest. When the men see that nothing but an Act of Parliament could give them back the advance note, they may have the good sense to bring the strike to an end. It will not have been without its compensating good if it inspires Parliament with a wholesome distrust of its power to give its good intentions in matters of this kind the precise effect that it wishes them to have.

#### CYPRUS.

THE Parliamentary papers recently issued relating to Cyprus, while they reflect credit upon the local authorities, cannot be said to place the action of the Government with regard to the island in a very favourable light. Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH's despatches show that he has honestly and earnestly endeavoured to do his best in administering its affairs; the Colonial Office, on the other hand, has apparently done its best to thwart any designs he may have conceived for the improvement of the dependency over which he presides, and to have determined beforehand that Cyprus shall be, and remain, insolvent. A correspondence has been laid upon the table respecting the application of the surplus revenue to the satisfaction of the claims of the Turkish bondholders; but it seems that there really is no surplus revenue at all, for when the stipulated proportion of it has been paid to the Porte, a considerable deficit is left, which is to be made up out of the pockets of the British taxpayers. As a strategic position Cyprus needs some considerable expenditure, though, according to Admirable HORNBY, not so much as has been thought, to fit it for the command of the Suez Canal, to which it is geographically destined; as a profitable speculation in a commercial point of view no one for a moment regarded it, and, indeed, no one would have dreamed of our occupying it on any such grounds. As it is, we are in possession of it; and, if we are to retain it, we must obviously try to make it pay its way. This is exactly what the present Government decline to do. The Secretary of State for the Colonies asks for a grant to supply a deficit, being apparently glad to set the dependency before the country as in a hopelessly bankrupt state, but he will neither sanction assisting it with advances to develop its resources nor make it possible for it to procure the money elsewhere.

The telegrams which have from time to time appeared in the columns of a contemporary would lead the public to suppose that a widespread agitation is going on in the island with a view to bring about its cession by ourselves and ultimate annexation to Greece. The latest advices from Cyprus do not confirm this intelligence, but rather show that the Cypriotes desire nothing better than to be assured that they will remain under English rule, and that the home Government should once for all contradict the *canards* which are being industriously circulated by a small clique of *soi-disant* Greek "patriots" and speculators. It may be added that neither geographically nor historically has the present kingdom of Greece the slightest valid claim on Cyprus. One grievance, indeed, does exist; the island is administered according to Turkish law, and the inhabitants urgently demand that the Moslem *Cadis* should be replaced by English magistrates, from whom, they believe, they would obtain more substantial justice. Burdened as it is with the heavy tribute paid to Turkey, the present financial position of Cyprus is far from satisfactory; but there is no doubt that, were the resources of the country properly developed, the balance between income and expenditure would very soon adjust itself. The grant of 77,000*l.* which is asked for would not do more than cover the existing deficit, and a larger outlay in public works is required than the Imperial Treasury would perhaps feel

justified in advancing. The obvious suggestion is that, if the island really has such capabilities of development, it should be easy to raise a loan upon the market to meet the exigencies of the case. This is exactly what ought to be, and no doubt would be, done if there were proper security to be had. Already the value of land has increased immensely since the British occupation; but as it would immediately fall again were we to give it up, and as, rightly or wrongly, an impression prevails that the present arrangement is only temporary, no one can be found to take up such a loan. The Government seem, indeed, to be doing their best to depreciate the value of the securities which Cyprus has to offer by throwing every obstacle in the way of improvements being carried out. The most crying needs are for a harbour at Famagosta to develop the trade of the island, for scientific cultivation and preservation of the forests, which have been allowed to get into a very bad state and need thorough replanting, and for the drainage of the marshes which are now so fruitful a source of malarious disease. The expenditure which the construction of the harbour would involve is evidently considered by Lord KIMBERLEY as out of the question, as he even declines to accede to the application for the outlay of five thousand pounds for the last-named object. He considers the success of the experiment of planting the *Eucalyptus globulus* in Cyprus as very doubtful, although the opinion of experts on the spot, and the brilliant success actually obtained in the reclamation of some of the worst of the Roman marshes by these means, are directly opposed to his opinion. As for the woods and forests, the Colonial Secretary thinks that they should be "left to recover themselves by the natural means of reproduction," and that it is sufficient to adopt "measures of protection" for what timber does remain. To be logical, Lord KIMBERLEY should bring in a Bill for the Abolition of our own Woods and Forests Department as entailing unnecessary expense, and should insist upon the English and Indian forests being left to natural means of reproduction. In England, perhaps, the full measure of folly which such a dictum implies is imperfectly appreciated. France has been forced to acknowledge and to endeavour to remedy the evils which a reckless destruction of timber brings about, and Germany has developed and matured an admirable system of forestry, with the best results. But we must go to the East for evidence of the frightful desolation which neglect or wanton destruction of trees can cause. A large portion of what is now desert to the south of Palestine is thickly strewn with the ruins of once populous towns and villages, which were formerly well watered and planted with trees. The incursions of Kharezmians and other devastating hordes have driven out or exterminated the inhabitants; the forests, uncared for, have dwindled away; and the periodical floods from the mountains have swept off the few plantations which remained, and which, when properly cultivated, acted like sponges, and retained the water which formerly fertilized the district. Trees not only serve this useful purpose, but, as is well known, actually attract the rainfall; and, where this is diminished, and an Oriental sun can exercise its influence undisturbed, a few years suffice to turn a fertile tract of country into an arid desert.

The necessity for a grant in aid of the revenues of Cyprus will be doubtless looked upon as conclusive proof of the hopeless insolvency of the island. Yet Sir ROBERT BIDDLETON would appear to have made sufficient financial arrangements to meet the requirements of the present year. The revenue for the current year is one hundred and eight thousand pounds, while the expenditure, including ninety thousand pounds to be paid to the Porte, is two hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. This leaves an apparent deficit of forty-five thousand pounds; but it must be remembered that by the Convention with Turkey the tribute was to be paid in *métallique*, and by forwarding the amount due to the SULTAN in that coinage the High Commissioner saved a sum of no less than forty thousand pounds, so that his Budget showed scarcely any deficit at all. In insisting, as the Government did, upon the payment of the difference to the Porte, they were certainly acting in accordance with sound principles, for otherwise Lord GRANVILLE could scarcely have insisted upon that portion of the surplus revenue of Cyprus which it was agreed should be applied to the reduction of the 1855 loan being paid at the rate of 120 piastres to the Turkish pound. It would never-

theless have been better for instructions to this effect to have been sent out beforehand, unless, indeed, it were the object of the Government to place the finances of the island in the most unfavourable light possible before the public. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the course pursued in taking over Cyprus, the duty of the Government with regard to it is now clear. They should either boldly acknowledge that they no longer think it desirable to retain it, or they should give the local authorities the chance of improving its condition, and enabling it to pay its way. To refuse to advance money in order to carry out necessary improvements, to prevent the possibility of obtaining money in the open market for the same purpose, and at the same time to dally with the machinations of an interested and utterly uninfluential clique, is scarcely a politic or reputable course of action. It may have the desired effect of making people discontented with and glad to get rid of the new acquisition; but it is scarcely fair to those who are entrusted with the administration of the island.

#### THE POST OFFICE REPORT.

THE Post Office is the one public department which now and then allows itself to lay aside the stateliness of demeanour which accompanies the habit of administration. Its Annual Report is to parliamentary papers what light comedy is to literature. It tells us what the department has been doing for the public, but it also lifts a corner of the veil which ordinarily conceals what the public does to the department. Considering how much pains the Post Office takes to carry our letters safely and quickly, it shows some want of gratitude in the writers that 27,000 letters should last year have been posted without any address whatever, that of these 5,000 furnished no clue to the name of the sender, and that 1,340 of them contained articles of value to the amount of nearly 5,000*l.* The steady growth of this practice seems to suggest that Mr. TOOTS's example has been improved upon in real life. Mr. TOOTS wrote letters which he never meant to reach their imaginary destination, but he does not seem to have thought of posting them without an address, still less of enclosing in them either money or jewelry. The habit, as the POSTMASTER-GENERAL politely calls it, of "transmitting animal and perishable matter still prevails." The facilities of making yourself unpleasant to persons at a distance which are furnished by postcards have not entirely displaced the blunter humour of sending them a dead rat. In warm weather it must be almost as bad to be the object of the mistaken solicitude for a distant correspondent which makes the Post Office a medium for the transmission of fish, sausages, and clotted cream. Mr. FAWCETT appeals to the public to discontinue a practice "so injurious to the health of the officers in one branch of the department." He might have added, as an argument likely to have more weight with the senders, that in one of the cases mentioned—live kittens—the practice is likely to be injurious to the health of the object conveyed.

The more serious contents of the Report deal rather with the subsidiary business of the Post Office than with its immediate function of carrying letters. It is as the national Savings Bank and the national Insurance and Annuity Office that some of the most useful work of the department is done. The experiment of making Government stock purchasable through the Post Office has been a decided success. Between the 22nd of November and the 31st of March—a period of little more than four months—382,139*l.* were invested in this way by 6,300 persons. Of this sum 151,465*l.* were merely transferred from the Post Office Savings Bank; but 230,674*l.* were specially deposited for investment, and may be taken to have been money which without the aid of the Post Office the owners would have found it difficult to turn into stock, and consequently might never have invested at all. Unfortunately for the rapid extension of the experiment, Consols have stood exceedingly high ever since it was begun. During the month of March, when they were at par, there was a considerable falling off in the number of investments. Notwithstanding the new way of disposing of money thus opened, the deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank have gone on growing. On the last day of December 1880 they amounted—including the interest accrued—to very nearly 33½ millions sterling, or nearly one million and

three-quarters more than on the last day of December 1879. The comparison between the proportion of depositors to population and the average balances due to each depositor in the three kingdoms respectively is curious. Probably most people would expect that in England, as the wealthiest and least thrifty country, the balances would be the largest and the proportion of depositors to population the smallest; that in Scotland, as a poor but thrifty country, the proportion of depositors to population would be largest and the balances due to them smallest; and that in Ireland, as a still poorer country, the average balance due to the depositors would reach the lowest point. Not one of these suppositions is entirely borne out by the facts. In England the proportion of depositors to population is far ahead of what it is in either of the other two. One person in every 13 has an account with the Post Office Savings Bank, whereas in Scotland only one person in every 53 has one, and in Ireland only one person in every 65. On the other hand, the average balance due to each depositor is higher in Ireland than in England—18*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* against 15*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*—and the former sum is more than double the average balance due to each Scotch depositor. About Ireland there is the further fact to be noted that “the increase of capital recorded in the previous year has not only been maintained, but has been augmented by 47,000*l.*, and is larger than any annual increase during the past ten years.” The explanation of this state of things is not given by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, but it is easily found. During 1880 the Irish tenants did not fritter away money in paying their rents. Their obedience to the Land League left them in many cases with the amount due to the landlord safe in their pockets, and though some of it may have been wasted in natural exultation over this unprecedented state of things, a good deal of it, no doubt, was put by in case by some unexpected accident the rent should after all turn out to be recoverable.

Mr. FAWCETT describes with just satisfaction the success of the plan by which twelve postage stamps affixed to a special slip of paper are accepted as a deposit of a shilling. By the end of March—the plan having only been extended to the whole country on the 15th of November—223,000 new accounts had been opened in this way, and 576,560 slips of paper had been received. The department has been anxious to point out that the new scheme is intended not to supersede, but to act concurrently with, the old Penny Banks. As a matter of fact, however, an impression has grown up that the scheme has really converted the Post Office itself into a Penny Bank. Provided that those who have hitherto taken interest in Penny Banks transfer their superintendence to the provision and collection of the slips of paper, we do not see why Penny Banks in their old form should be continued. There is, however, ample room for the trial of a plan which is now in operation at Alnwick, by which the machinery of a Penny Bank is used for the purpose of buying annuities or policies of insurance. Hitherto the business in the former department of the Post Office has increased but slowly, and the rate of increase has not been always maintained, while in the latter it has largely though not steadily decreased. In 1880, 892 persons bought immediate and 41 persons bought deferred annuities. The former figures compare against 964 in 1879, 709 in 1878, and 745 in 1877; the latter compare against 49 in 1879, 50 in 1878, and 58 in 1877. As regards life assurance, 547 policies were granted in 1865—the year when the insurance department was opened—and this number has only twice been exceeded since. In the last three years the number of new policies have been 258, 226, and 229. It is plain that the principle of insurance has not yet come home to Englishmen. They are beginning to understand how to save money, but they have not yet learned to apply the principle to making provision for old age or death. This is singular, because both sick clubs and burial clubs—in one of which the benefit received is in the nature of an annuity during sickness, while in the other it is in the nature of an insurance payable at death—are exceedingly popular.

Two efforts to bring the Post Office Savings Bank to the very doors of the classes whom it is specially desired to benefit have been abandoned as unremunerative. In 1878 clerks were sent from country post-offices to attend at certain public works on pay days in order to give the navvies employed on them the means of putting by their

wages. The plan was tried at eight places, and 236 visits produced deposits to the amount of about 1,750*l.*, at a cost to the Post Office of something over 100*l.* In July 1880 clerks were sent once a week to about thirty villages lying at some distance from any Post Office Savings Bank, in order to ascertain whether there is any general want in outlying districts of additional opportunities for making deposits. Down to the close of October 23 villages had received 483 visits. Of these 161 had produced no result, while in the remainder 988*l.* had been deposited at a cost of 164*l.* This amount of business was not held sufficient to demand a continuance of either plan. As, however, the latter experiment resulted in the opening of permanent Savings Bank Offices at five of the villages, it may possibly be expedient to occasionally renew it in order to discover new centres of deposit. One fact is mentioned in the Report which we are really sorry should have been made public, as it will be made so very much of by Local Option orators during the recess. In March last Messrs. Bass and Co. proposed that a clerk from the Burton-on-Trent Post Office should be sent periodically to their brewery in order to give their workmen opportunity of putting their wages in the Savings Bank. As they offered to pay all the expenses incurred, Mr. FAWCETT consented, and offered to allow similar facilities to other firms on the same terms. Would that we could draw a veil over the result. “At the works of Messrs. Bass only nine deposits, amounting to 5*l.* 6*s.*, have been made in nineteen visits.”

#### THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

M. GAMBETTA has addressed one meeting in Belleville and abused another. On the first occasion he was listened to and cheered, but it was alleged by his adversaries that this decorous reception of the great opportunist was entirely due to the very careful packing which the meeting had undergone. The behaviour of the electors at the second meeting gives some colour to this description of the method adopted at the first. Either M. GAMBETTA'S Committee did not venture to make the same arrangements on two successive occasions, or they were out-manœuvred by the opposite party. A builder's shed and the yard adjoining were early thronged by some ten thousand people, and by far the larger part of the crowd seems to have been opposed to M. GAMBETTA'S re-election. It is not easy to shout down M. GAMBETTA, but for once it was done. The curiosity to hear what he had to say which must have been felt by some of those present was powerless to gain him even a partial and interrupted hearing. He did contrive, however, to convey to the disturbers of the meeting, or rather perhaps the disturbers who had met together, the opinion which he had formed of their conduct and characters. They are drunken and irresponsible slaves who, after the vote of honest and loyal citizens on the 21st has avenged him, will return to their old obscurity. The drunken slaves were sober enough to dislike being thus described, and they took such effectual measures for drowning M. GAMBETTA'S voice that he thought it expedient to retreat. Of course no trustworthy inference can be drawn from what happened at this meeting as to the prospects of M. GAMBETTA'S re-election. The ballot, at least, secures freedom to those prudent citizens who wish to shout with the noisiest party and vote with the one which is most likely to win, and it is quite conceivable that among the loudest of M. GAMBETTA'S assailants on Tuesday may have been some who intend to vote for him all the same. The belief that M. GAMBETTA will shortly be in office is probably not shaken by anything that has happened during his canvass, and even an Irreconcilable may see advantages in having the PRIME MINISTER as his representative.

At the earlier meeting M. GAMBETTA did obtain a hearing, and he made a double use of his opportunity. He said many things, and some of the things he said could be made to carry many meanings. No man is a more perfect master of the useful art of making his words conceal his thoughts. He wished to carry the electors of Belleville with him, and he wished also not to make the work of governing the country harder by reason of any promises that he might make to them. He began the constructive part of his speech with the reform of the magistracy. That is a measure, he declared, of the first importance. “You cannot preserve respect for the law, if



"you do not preserve in the public respect for those who administer the law." When it came to defining the reform which should have this antiseptic effect, M. GAMBETTA was as vague as he ordinarily is. So he was as regards the army. He does not object to see the term of service with the colours reduced to three years, but he would rather not see it done just yet. So he was as regards the Church. Clericalism, of course, is still the enemy; but it is not quite clear how the enemy is to be met. M. GAMBETTA is of opinion that the question how to fight the Church demands a long and minute inquiry. Long and minute inquiries have been known before now to have very little result. The Concordat must be examined in order to see how little it is possible to give under it. The titles on which religious corporations hold their property must be strictly looked into, so that "this country of the Gaals," composed as it is of peasants and small proprietors, may not be shocked by the spectacle of other people's riches. Even the property which the Church holds legitimately, if there be any such, must have the eyes of the tax-gatherer turned towards it. Hitherto any inquiries that have been made in this direction have been merely inquiries of amateurs; now the expert must be called in, and the property of the Church in every department in France must be exactly valued and proportionately rated. Still, all this does not involve any necessary approach to the separation of Church and State by the suppression of the Ecclesiastical Budget; and, as this is a point upon which the Extreme Left feel strongly, M. GAMBETTA had to see how near he could go to abolishing the Concordat without actually abolishing it. The way he took to do this is singular, and tends to show how greatly M. GAMBETTA's view of what is open to him to do in the way of coming to terms with the Church has changed. Ten years ago he drew a marked distinction between the higher and the lower clergy. Of the former he did not think very much, but for the latter he had nothing but praise. They are at once priests and peasants, they spend their lives in ministering to the poor, and the aim of the Republic should be to raise and enfranchise and emancipate them. M. GAMBETTA's ideas of raising, enfranchising, and emancipating the inferior clergy are now extremely simple. He has discovered that the Concordat binds the Government to pay the salaries of the curés—that is, of the priests stationed in the principal town or village of each canton—but that it is silent as regards the far more numerous class of curates who serve the churches of the smaller villages. There are said to be some thirty thousand priests belonging to this latter class as compared with some three thousand belonging to the former; so that, if it be true that the whole of these might have their pay withdrawn without the letter of the Concordat being violated, a very long step would plainly have been taken towards the abolition of the Budget of Public Worship, and yet nothing have been done of which the Pope, as the other party to the Concordat, could exactly take hold. M. GAMBETTA must now be supposed to have quite given up the hope of winning the country clergy, and especially the poorest of them, to the side of the Republic. The *vicaires* and *desservants*—the curates, as they would be called in England—have mostly nothing but their salary to depend on. The fees go to the curé, and, if they are without private means, the 25*l.* or 30*l.* a year which they get from the State is all that they have to live on. The suppression of this item in the Budget of Public Worship must close many village churches, and make thirty thousand peasants and members of peasant families the deadly enemies of the Republic. If M. GAMBETTA really means to take this step, he must set a much greater store by the support of the Extreme Left than it seems to deserve. If he is only pretending to mean it, he may find one day that he has underrated the memories of the clergy.

M. CLÉMENTEAU has also been making a great speech in Paris, which, at all events, cannot be charged with any undue moderation. But, thoroughgoing as his policy is, it is conceivable that the clergy may think it of the two less alarming than M. GAMBETTA'S. It is true he advocates the entire abolition of the Budget of Public Worship. But, if the curates are to have their salaries taken away, they may look with comparative indifference to an extension of the treatment to bishops and cardinals. Even those of the clergy who will retain their salaries under M. GAMBETTA'S project cannot well accept a version of the Concordat which leaves thirty thousand of their

brethren to starve on such chance payments as may be contributed by the frugal piety of the French peasant. Where M. CLÉMENTEAU parts company from M. GAMBETTA is in the degree of liberty he would give to the clergy when they have thus been reduced to a state of apostolic poverty. There is no inconvenience, he says, in allowing citizens freely to associate themselves together, to dress in white, black, or yellow, and to pray, work, or be idle in common. What is inconvenient is the payment out of the taxes of a religion to which many of the taxpayers are altogether opposed. Thus, M. CLÉMENTEAU is apparently willing to see the Church free and poor, while M. GAMBETTA would prefer to see it enslaved and poor. No doubt this view is hardly compatible with things that M. CLÉMENTEAU has formerly said. But, as he sees power and responsibility coming nearer, there will be much that he has formerly said which he will not care to be reminded of, and it is a very open question whether, in the long run, the Church would not be as well off under a Government of the Extreme Left as under one headed by an opportunist who is trying to conciliate the Extreme Left.

Perhaps, however, M. GAMBETTA will abandon his efforts in this direction now that he sees how ill they have been received. To all appearance, indeed, except in Belleville, where he has an immediate and personal object to gain, it matters very little whether he conciliates the Extreme Left or not. The new Chamber promises to be very much a reproduction of the last; and, if M. GAMBETTA had never opened his lips during the canvass, there is no reason to suppose that the result of the contest would have been very different from that which will be witnessed to-morrow. M. GAMBETTA has given some further pledges which will one day be brought up against him, and he has made the alienation of a powerful interest more complete. These are the only achievements of his canvass; and, as yet, the gain that they promise to bring him seems hardly worth the risks and sacrifices incurred.

#### THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE presentation of the twenty-fourth annual Report to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury from the Board of Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery affords much reason for public congratulation upon the success which continues to attend the institution committed to their charge. It grows and prospers, and every year shows an addition to its treasures, and an increasing development of its interest and claims on the Government. Founded in 1859, and for some years very insufficiently lodged in Great George Street, Westminster, the Portrait Gallery has since 1870 been provided with ample space, if not with absolute safe custody, at South Kensington; and it is not now likely ever to lack public encouragement and adequate support. The annual increment to its riches, which takes place under the management of its able and distinguished Trustees, aided by the learned and intelligent labours of Mr. George Scharf, the keeper and secretary, is always matter for favourable comment, and will gradually render the collection deserving of the nation whose worthies are represented in it. Indeed, there is not one of our public galleries which has higher aims, or provides more useful results. The history of England cannot be read in any more instructive or agreeable manner than by a walk among the portraits of its great men, explained as they are by brief biographical notices attached to the names, and illustrated in many cases by authentic specimens of their handwriting. They may be studied in their habits as they lived, and are so arranged as to form a consecutive series in which each person of note is seen among his contemporaries. The new and enlarged historical and descriptive Catalogue, prepared by the Secretary, and recently issued at the low price of one shilling under the authority of the Trustees, gives a longer and fuller account of the various pictures and sculptures in the Gallery. Taking this as a guide to the portraits, the visitor will obtain as much as need generally be known about their subjects, and can at once learn their characters and lives, their personal appearance and dress.

The compilation is well done, and is free from the defects of political partisanship which were so striking in the catalogues of the Loan Exhibitions of Portraits which took place in the same galleries some years ago. In any process of literary condensation, it is difficult to be brief without being dry, and not easy to select the facts and incidents which are to be preserved or rejected. In dealing too with men in so many positions of life, and with such varied surroundings, perfect accuracy cannot always be expected—or statements may be adopted which, although literally true, contain that which is likely sometimes to mislead. There is an instance of this in the short account of Lord Chief Justice Lee, who presided in the Court of King's Bench from 1737 to 1754. It is stated that in March 1754, on the sudden death of Mr. Pelham, the seals of the Chancellor of the Exche-

quer were placed in his hands. Pelham died on 9th March, and Legge was appointed his political successor on the 6th April following; and during this interval, according to old usage, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench would perform all such judicial and ministerial acts in connexion with the Court of Exchequer as belonged to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the fact that Lee so acted as Chancellor is duly noted in Beatson's *Political Index*. But, not being capable of sitting in the House of Commons, and not being a member of the Government, he could not discharge the political duties which are the only ones that would occur to the general reader on being informed that a particular person held the seals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer during a certain time. The Great Seal of the Exchequer was in Lee's time probably affixed to all sheriffs' warrants of office, as it is still to those of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex; but a lesser seal or stamp used formerly to be specially impressed upon all process issuing from the Court of Exchequer. It bore the personal initials of the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or Chief Justice for the time being; but latterly, and until its abolition some thirty years since, it bore only the letters "O.E." and so required no alteration on a change of office. Lord Denman was the last Lord Chief Justice who to this extent officiated as Chancellor of the Exchequer. A few other similar matters might be perhaps discovered by those whose special knowledge and pursuits qualify them to do so; but, for all useful and general purposes, the new Catalogue deserves great commendation, and in future editions will unquestionably be rendered even better than it now is. The Catalogue also gives a list of the portraits in the order of their accession to the Gallery, and short biographical notices of the artists with reference to their works in the collection. There is, too, a catalogue of autographs, and it is to be hoped that this part of the treasures under Mr. Scharf's care may continue to be increased by donations, as has hitherto been the case, no public money having been expended on their purchase. Whatever errors may be found in the Catalogue may be attributed to the curmudgeonly jealousy of the Stationery Office, which refuses those ordinary conveniences for correcting proofs which all private publishers afford to non-official compilers. We would point to the notice of one distinguished man, in which, entirely by the fault of the Stationery Office, misdescriptions have been allowed to stand.

Among the acquisitions of the past year may be especially noted an alto-rilievo, in white marble, of Mrs. Siddons, sculptured by Thomas Campbell, an artist of no mean ability. This memorial of the great actress was acquired some time since by Mr. Gibson Craig, of Edinburgh, at the sale of the sculptor's effects, and has been recently presented by him to the Gallery. It is a fine work, and does full justice to its great original. It is known that the intention of placing a monument to Mrs. Siddons in Westminster Abbey was mainly encouraged by her distinguished successor, Mr. Macready; and, indeed, that he personally found the greater part of the funds necessary for carrying it to completion. This piece of sculpture is, therefore, as might be expected, mentioned by Macready in his *Reminiscences*, to which reference is made in the Catalogue. He records that it was prepared by Campbell to be placed in the Abbey; but no reason is given for the preference ultimately accorded to the full-length statue which actually stands there, and which is much inferior to this, both as an adequate likeness and as a work of art. It is well that so worthy a representation of our greatest actress should be placed in the Portrait Gallery, and it is in a position where it can be seen to the greatest advantage.

Among the new pictures now reported on, there is one of much interest, but the subject of which is not yet absolutely known. As described in the Report, it represents Queen Anne presiding at a Court ceremonial in the State apartments on the ground-floor of some palace, in which most of the principal figures are arrayed in the robes of the Order of the Garter. Yeomen of the Guard are in attendance; and in the distance, in an anteroom, or looking in through a window, other persons are represented. The picture is signed by Peter Angelis, who was not in England before 1712, and remained in it to 1724; and as Queen Anne died in 1714, the date of the picture is thus limited to the last two years of her reign. The Queen is laying her right hand upon the joined hands of two of the Knights of the Garter, who are kneeling before her upon the lowest step of the throne. It is not now intended to offer any opinion upon the significance of this part of the picture; but as to the general nature of the occasion a suggestion may be made towards explanation. From the number of persons present in the full robes of the Garter it seems difficult to avoid the inference that a Chapter of the Order is being held, and it remains to discover an incident in the history of the Order in the last two years of the reign of Queen Anne of such interest as to render probable its perpetuation in a special picture by an eminent artist; and this, it is submitted, can be done.

Burnet, in the *History of His Own Times*, and writing of the events in the latter part of the year 1712, says, "At this time the Order of the Garter had nine vacant stalls, so six knights were at one time promoted—the Dukes of Beaufort, Hamilton, and Kent, and the Earls of Oxford, Poulet, and Strafford." Now the Duke of Hamilton was killed in his famous duel with Lord Mohun on the 15th of November, 1712, a few days before he intended to set out on his embassy to the Court of France, to which he had been recently appointed, so that this large addition to the number of Knights of the Garter must have taken place, at any rate, before

the middle of the month of November. But the date is capable of being fixed with absolute precision. For Dean Swift, writing to his friend Dr. King, from London, on October 21, 1712, says:—"The Lord Treasurer (that is, the Earl of Oxford) goes down to Windsor on Friday next to be chosen of the Garter with five more lords." The other new knights were Henry, Duke of Beaufort, Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners; James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who had been appointed Master-General of the Ordnance on the preceding 29th August; Henry, Duke of Kent; John, Earl of Poulet, Lord Steward of the Household; and Thomas, Earl of Strafford, just made First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. There is evidence from the easily accessible accounts of the careers of these noblemen that they were all elected Knights of the Garter on the 26th October, 1712, and Swift's letter fixes Windsor as the place of the ceremony. Some of them might have had to kiss hands on recent appointments to office. Those who lived were afterwards formally installed in St. George's Chapel on the 4th August, 1713. For further assistance in identifying the portraits of the great personages taking part in the function, it may be mentioned that Sir Jonathan Trelawney (one of the Seven Bishops as Bishop of Exeter) was Bishop of Winchester at the time, and Sprat (also Dean of Westminster) was Bishop of Salisbury, and these bishops would be probably present as Chancellor and Prelate respectively of the Order of the Garter.

The Duke of Marlborough left England four days afterwards—namely, on the 30th of October, 1712. But, considering the grave charges then pending against him, it is hardly likely that he should have presented himself at Court. It was at the end of the previous June that Lord Poulet had attacked him in debate in the House of Lords, which led to a hostile message sent by the Duke through Lord Mohun, and that the Queen had interfered and an apparent reconciliation had been effected. There must, however, be in existence authentic records of the Order of the Garter, which would disclose who were the persons present at the Chapter held on the 26th of October, 1712.

An interesting feature in the National Portrait Gallery is the gradually increasing collection of likenesses engraved *ad vivum*—that is to say, taken direct from the life, and not from a previously existing picture. Fourteen of these have been placed on the walls during the past year, and they include among others of note Lord Keeper Guilford, Titus Oates, Bishop Pearson of the Creed, Isaac Watts, and Olarendon. Such names as these well illustrate the rule laid down by the late Earl Stanhope—that no portrait should be admitted as to which a person of good education should have to ask "Who is he?" and it is clear that the value of the collection can only be maintained by a strict exercise of the power to refuse admission to portraits of undistinguished individuals, however much family pride or private feelings might be gratified by yielding to solicitations to purchase or by accepting offers of absolute gifts.

The statement that no less than thirty-eight pictures have within the last twelve months been protected by glass will be received with mingled approval and regret. It is satisfactory to know that due means have been taken to guard our treasures against the mischievous effects of the smoke-laden atmosphere of London; but the continued existence of the still unchecked supremacy of this evil leads to very serious reflections. If it were not for the knowledge that some well-directed efforts are now being made to restore London to a condition in which works of art may be kept in it without risk of destruction, the situation would be a grave one indeed.

Complete protection against the peril of loss by fire of the priceless collection now contained in the National Portrait Gallery can only be afforded by Government measures supported in Parliament. The building is not fireproof; some improvements, it is true, have been made towards averting a possible burning in effigy, pictorial and sculptured, of the departed great ones assembled in our metropolitan Valhalla. Nevertheless, early in the present year the place was actually on fire, and there might have been a holocaust. Fortunately, no serious mischief was done; but another winter should not be allowed to pass without rendering the system employed to heat the galleries free from any risk of a fire, which, if it once got hold of the fabric, would hardly fail to end in a general and disastrous conflagration.

#### SELLA CURULIS.

THERE have been times when it has been hinted that Mr. Gladstone was not very fond of Greenwich—at least as regards whitebait dinners—and there have also been times when it seemed as if Greenwich were not very fond of Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, a superficial historian, judging from the fact that the Prime Minister did not present himself for re-election, and that Greenwich is now represented by two wicked Tories, might be inclined to think that this latter was the present state of the case. He would have been egregiously mistaken. On Wednesday Mr. Gladstone came to dine at Greenwich with *bon* and *arrivabun*, with Secretaries and Under-Secretaries, Presidents and Vice-Presidents, from Lord Granville down to the very latest accession to the Ministry, who has just accepted the minished glories of the Lord-Advocateship. They came, according to custom, by what M. de Flomac called the *peniboot*—that is to say, a specially chartered *peniboot*, of course. This honoured re-

representative of Britannia's mercantile navy was greeted with guns, and probably, though reports are silent on the subject, with "See the conquering hero." It is to be hoped that the guns did not continue during the banquet, because an intermittent cannonade, unless the eater be a King of Denmark and to the manner born, is not conducive to comfortable mastication or digestion. But before the hungry Ministers were allowed to eat their dinner with the pleasant certainty of not being summoned from the dining-room at the bidding of Mr. Biggar, and soundly scolded by Mr. Healy for the unconscionable time bestowed on creature comforts, they had a ceremony to go through. The lively fancy of the Liberals of Greenwich had determined once more to provide Mr. Gladstone with a seat—a literal one this time. None of the dark suspicions which hung about Mr. Slumkey's coal-scuttle have been suggested even by a base Tory press in reference to Mr. Gladstone's armchair. It is a genuine testimonial such as the Premier, who has not his predecessor's brutal indifference to the people's gifts, loves to accept. The armchair of Wednesday will make an important addition to the museum of miscellaneous products which already exists at Hawarden. Oak, silver, and buff morocco support and upholster it. It is the work of Mr. Lucraft (whether the celebrated patriot of that name or some other we know not), and it is covered lavishly with what an Irish deputation which once presented a sword to Marshal MacMahon called "symbols of emblems." There are the arms of the distinguished statesman, there are roses and shamrocks and thistles, there is a dubious bundle of leeks, which may be either intended to symbolize the favourite food of the sinner (ut opinatur doctissimus Scriblerus. Vide infra), or may be meant to refer to Wales. On either side of this collection of vegetables is an axe, the appropriateness of which is obvious and multifarious. Underneath it, we are told, there are on one side the emblems of tyranny, a scourge, a birch rod, and chains; on the other, the emblems of liberty and prosperity, consisting of palm leaves (these, however, are usually considered to symbolize victory, not liberty and prosperity, and doubtless refer to Majuba), and various fruits. Why Mr. Gladstone should be regarded as indifferently devoted to tyranny and liberty it is hard to see; and at first sight it would seem more appropriate to have placed the scourge and the chains on the footstool (for there is a footstool) that the hero might be represented as trampling on the hated objects. But the designers probably knew what they were about, and meant to show that Mr. Gladstone has chains and whips ready for Tories, landlords, Irish churchmen, and other evildoers; while he distributes palms—there is still that difficulty about the palms—and various fruits to good Liberals, Irish mutilators of the tails of cattle (by the way, since the message of peace a pleasing innovation has been introduced, and they now split the tail instead of cutting it off), and other approved and deserving persons.

With the chair there was, of course, a speech; and the speech, according to all rules of exegesis, must be taken in connexion with the chair in which, let us trust, Mr. Gladstone sat to hear it. The speech, however, except in reference to the crux of the palm, has nothing of great interest. It welcomed Mr. Gladstone back to the constituency which has practically turned him out, and told him that the eyes of Greenwich had been on him with increasing admiration. It informed him further (that is, if it is to be taken literally and grammatically) that he had "reflected the greatest glory on himself as a British statesman"—an optical effect which we do not wholly understand. Mr. Gladstone, before his natural astonishment of the feat of autometacatoptrics thus attributed to him had subsided, was instructed that "his desire to stay the progress of war, unrighteously commenced and cruelly prosecuted, has won the admiration of every true philanthropist." Now Mr. Gladstone, as Prime Minister (and the address was limited to his performances in this capacity), has stayed the progress of only one war—that in the Transvaal. As this was wholly commenced and prosecuted under his own Government, it follows that his Greenwich admirers told him that he first unrighteously commenced a war and then cruelly prosecuted it, which is surely one of the most left-handed compliments ever offered to a public man by earnest but maladroit admirers. "When," it seems, "the history" of his Premiership "is read with a vision undimmed by party obscurity and untouched by hostile clamour," a very exalted opinion will be formed of it. The intentions of the Greenwich Liberals are excellent, but their language is a trifle obscure, perhaps owing to a party obscurity. Undimmed by party obscurity may, perhaps, mean unobscured by party blindness. But how about a vision untouched by hostile clamour? "Moi je fais des métaphores qui se suivent," said a great Frenchman. It is to be feared that the Greenwich Liberals cannot truly repeat the boast. Perhaps, however, they only mean that they wish somebody in future times to read a history of Mr. Gladstone's Premiership, which is pure of all attempts to put both sides of the question, and in that case their conclusion will very likely be reached. So much for the address, which, as we have said, is chiefly valuable because of that passage about the Transvaal war, which clearly indicates the otherwise obscure significance of the palm-wreath and is of exegetic value as to the leeks. On the whole, it is to be hoped that a greater knowledge of carpentry has been bestowed on the chair than of English in the speech. Otherwise it is but too likely that the offering will break down and deposit the Prime Minister among the wrecks of the leeks and the palms and the scourges and the other heraldic and symbolic adornments.

The forty-five Secretaries and Under-Secretaries who had no chairs given to them may have been a little bored by this preli-

minary performance, unless they consoled themselves by laughing at the address. If they did this, let us hope it was behind the back of their revered chief, on some of whose own sentences its periods seem to have been modelled, and whose convictions it undoubtedly expressed. Then they went upstairs, and history drops a veil upon them. Indiscreet persons have endeavoured to lift that veil at least in reference to former banquets, and have informed the world that Ministerial high jinks go on at these feasts. *Jocus circumvolat*, says the witness; let us hope, for the sake of propriety, not also *Cupido*. The Foreign Secretary looks towards the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who, by the way, was not present on this occasion, and remarks, "Your health and song, sir"; the youngest Minister is put in the chair—not, let us hope, the leek-and-scourge chair. Probably, also, the Irish Secretary takes off the company "quite natural and distinct," and everybody draws bills for fabulous amounts on the back of the menu cards, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer accepts, and the First Lord of the Treasury endorses with the utmost freedom in his double capacity. For this glimpse of the sedate pleasures of a care-burdened Cabinet outsiders are, of course, duly grateful. Fancy, however, is at liberty to paint other and quite different scenes. There is what may be called the lurid picture, the "blue light's derunt," as Mr. Carlyle had it. Mr. Gladstone produces a long list of doomed institutions, and the famous blood bargain of the second triumvirate is repeated. The Lord Advocate sacrifices the Historiographer Royal of Scotland in exchange for a Bill confiscating all the North British property of the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Courtney promises not to support women's suffrage provided the Boers are allowed to strip any Englishman of his property. Lord Hartington abandons primogeniture, and consents to the introduction of the law of *quodlibet*, on condition that he shall never be asked to be in the House before dinner-time or expected to contribute anything more than common sense to a discussion. There is the business-like picture suggested, indeed, by Mr. Gladstone's reply to the chair-givers, which, like most Ministerial remarks lately, harped upon the changes to be introduced into the business of the House of Commons. A large sheet of foolscap by the side of each Minister, an inkstand among the multitudinous wine-glasses, and a stipulation that each should contribute a suggestion as the successive dishes came round—this, according to the general arrangements of a Greenwich dinner, would make up a Bill about as long as the Land Act—may have been part of the programme of the festive occasion. Or, after all, and most probably, it may have been a very ordinary dinner, like all other dinners; a novelty and, for the time, an excitement to Mr. Asher, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and other newcomers; an institution kept up for the sake of "auld lang syne" to some, to others simply a bore. If a recent utterance of Mr. Bright's may be taken as indicating the probable state of mind of his colleagues, the feeling of the forty-six must have been secret but unanimous relief. "Thank heaven I shan't see much of you forty-five fellows for a few months." Mr. Gladstone, if he has ever read *Regrets sur ma vieille robe de chambre*, which is doubtful, must have been dreading the probable effect of his new chair on his study; Mr. Forster chewing the cud of the latest flowers of compliment thrown to him by the Irish members; Mr. Chamberlain wondering whether the sailors upon whom he rather cavalierly turned his back on Monday last would way-lay the *pénibout* piratically on its return and suspend him from a yard-arm (only *pénibouts* have no yard-arms). It is rather stale moralizing to say that Atræa Ura perches at the back of a Greenwich diner's chair, and indigestion sits among the flowers and fruits before him. But, at any rate, ordinary diners do not require Inspector Denning to look after them as they seek the festive halls, whatever may be the case on their return. That intelligent officer, what with Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. O'Donovan Rossa, has had a hard time of it of late, and must be as glad of the end of the Session as Lord Hartington himself. Fortunately, however, *cartouches farcies en dynamite* did not figure on the menu, and everybody seems to have got safe home again—Mr. Gladstone, let us hope, conveying, or having conveyed, the symbolic chair with all its leeks along with him.

#### AGNOSTIC MORALITY.

MISS BEVINGTON has made a fierce attack in the *Fortnightly Review* on Mr. Goldwin Smith, as a typical representative of a certain class of modern thinkers who do not indeed deny "the leading scientific hypothesis of our time"—evolution—but seem to mistrust what she calls "the moral colour of Rationalism." Mr. Goldwin Smith will hardly be regarded as a theological dogmatist, and if he looks with some distrust on "the moral implications" of Agnosticism, he is borne out, as will presently appear, by the testimony of writers as little chargeable with any suspicion of Christian or even theistic leanings as Miss Bevington herself. Into the detailed controversy between them we do not propose to enter here, partly because we are not holding a brief for Mr. Goldwin Smith—who appears in some minor points to have laid himself open to a plausible retort—and partly because it would be impossible without carefully comparing with the context the brief extracts from various papers of his cited by Miss Bevington to say how far she has done justice to his real meaning, about which we are often disposed to feel very doubtful. But the main issue is simple enough, though it is

not clearly stated here. It is whether science, as she understands the term, will supply the place of religion. And it is surely quite possible "to give intellectual assent" to any or every scientific hypothesis which can make good its claim to acceptance without being prepared to grant this further postulate. It is, therefore, both idle and irrelevant to complain that writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith begin by admitting or implying that the voice of science is to be listened to, and then "proceed to dilate on the prospective misery and degeneration such listening will bring upon our ill-fated race." They admit, we presume, what they believe to be scientifically demonstrated, but they do not admit that this scientific creed, however well authenticated, is a sufficient guide of life. It is certainly in this sense, as we gather even from the isolated extracts quoted here, that Mr. Goldwin Smith undertakes "to exhibit the moral shortcomings of scientific philosophy." Nor is there any inconsistency, as his critic assumes, in this line being taken by a writer who admits, if he does admit—on that point no information is before us—the validity of the evolution doctrine as such. We say advisedly the doctrine, as such, because while Miss Bevington says that "the charge brought against scientific doctrine is that it tends to give a charter to personal and political selfishness and tyranny," the first words of her first extract show plainly enough that the charge is brought not against the scientific doctrine but against its exponents, or some of them, who deduce from it certain ethical consequences, as, *e.g.*, that we should dismiss the idea of human brotherhood from our minds, and substitute some new social principle of a very different kind in its place. And these inferences are evidently deduced, not from the scientific truth itself, but from an estimate of its bearings which, as we observed before, makes it the sufficient foundation of all moral and religious truth. It is under this aspect that Mr. Goldwin Smith rejects the account of the moral sense and of moral life given by evolutionists as inadequate, and observes that it recognizes "no essential difference between the philosopher and his dog." Nor is it any reply to his criticism to say that all the long course of physical and resulting moral changes which have intervened in the process from the canine stage to the philosophical is fully admitted by evolutionists, when they treat it—to quote Miss Bevington's own language—as an unbroken "continuity of causation," with no moral or spiritual element, and therefore, of course, excluding, *ex hypothesi*, as she herself points out, the "spiritual life" and "heavenly hope," for which Mr. Goldwin Smith pleads. These changes, as she allows, or rather insists, "have an hereditary rather than an individual history," and offer no record or promise of any moral or spiritual development in the individual members of the race. The "long, complicated, and changeful history" which has made man what he is, has, after all, a physical, not an ethical, character, though it may have induced modifications of mental as well as bodily habit. It is difficult to see how it can afford any ground or motive of "duty," as the writer suggests:—

In point of fact, while sociology offers explanation of the anti-social tendencies still left in individuals, by regarding them as surviving remnants of inherited brutality, it implicitly condemns them by that very explanation as unsuited to the vastly changed external conditions of human existence. Sociologically viewed such tendencies are, among ourselves, unfit. Ethically viewed, therefore, they are hurtful, inhuman, wrong.

"Hurtful" and "inhuman" perhaps, as unsuited to the present stage of human development, but why "wrong," except in the sense, to use an illustration of the writer's own, that "chipped flints" would be wrong "in the hands of a race that has since invented the steam-engine and the telescope"?

We have already intimated that the real gist of Miss Bevington's indictment against those who decline to listen to "the voice of science," as the most credible voice within earshot of this century, is directed against those who refuse to accept scientific teaching as the most credible, or rather the only credible, authority in religious and moral questions. This actual drift of her article becomes clearer as we proceed. The head and front of Mr. Goldwin Smith's offending is summed up in the following extracts:—

After all, without God or spirit, what (he asks) is Humanity? One school of science reckons one hundred and fifty different species of man. What is the bond of unity between these species, and wherein consists the obligation to mutual love and help?

Humanity, it seems to us, is a fundamentally Christian idea. . . . The idea of the progress of Humanity seems to us to have been derived from the Christian belief in the coming of the kingdom of God through the extension of the Church.

To this assertion his assailant indignantly replies that the idea of human brotherhood is "arbitrary" and "rickety," as long as it is upheld on "orthodox" instead of evolutionist grounds. We owe some apology to our readers for putting before them language so offensive to good taste, to say the least, as is contained in the following passage. But it brings out fairly enough the point at issue between Miss Bevington and her opponents, which is not the truth of science, but the moral force of Agnosticism:—

The doctrine that men are "one in Christ" tells merely of the bond of a common faith supposed eventually to be shared by all men alike. All its force hinges on the possession of convictions respecting an after-life—convictions which every advance of real knowledge, whether biological or psychological, tends indirectly rather to weaken than to reinforce. Such a doctrine implies that men's duty of mutual helpfulness is derived from a single teacher's injunctions; and that they are to feel and to act as "brothers," not because of the simple, natural fact that they are knit by their common needs, and mutual powers of helpfulness, but because one large-hearted, heretical Jewish artisan but yesterday was, by a section of humanity, declared a god, or a demi-god; and but yesterday, in that

character, imposed the notion of the unity of humanity, declaring that all the slight varieties of men he knew of should love one another "for his sake." Needless to say that this limited idea of the obligation of "brotherhood" is an idea likely enough to be unseated.

Now we are not going to enter on a general discussion of the relative moral influences of Christianity and Rationalism. As regards the recent instances of an incipient tendency to merciless and unjust dealings noted by Mr. Goldwin Smith, his assailant has no doubt shown, as he had himself expressly acknowledged, that "among the foremost champions of humanity stood some men of the highest eminence who are generally classed with the ultra-scientific school." But even here there is much force in his remark that "they are men in whose philosophy an essentially theological element still lingers, however untheological the language of some of them may be," as the result of previous training and of the religious atmosphere which surrounds them. Is Miss Bevington prepared to contest her opponent's arguments as to the Christian influence of Wilberforce in the suppression of modern slavery, or to deny the conspicuous services of a similar kind to the cause of humanity which Christianity has rendered in times past? If so, she may be left to answer the eloquent and elaborate record of those services supplied by a writer so little infected with any taint of theological prepossession as Mr. Lacky, who, by the way, assigns a prominent place in his catalogue to the new sense of the sanctity of human life and of universal brotherhood created and fostered by "a religion not more remarkable for the beauty of its moral teaching than for the power with which it acted on mankind, and which during the last few centuries has been the source of countless blessings to the world." That "the voice of science" alone will be able to produce or to sustain such beneficent results is at least "not proven"; its moral triumphs are in the future.

We may indeed bring forward against Miss Bevington the testimony of one of her own most distinguished witnesses, who agrees with her that "the old theologues" have had their day, and dismisses Christianity to the limbo of defunct superstitions, while yet he considers it a far less "rickety" and "arbitrary" basis of religious and moral life than what she offers in its place. In a paper noticed in our columns not long ago Mr. Frederic Harrison assures us that "the faith of Christ and Paul and Augustine and Luther would not have done all it has done for eighteen hundred years, if it did not touch the deepest chords of the human heart." Nor does he think its power exhausted yet, for he adds that the religion of Humanity, of which he is the prophet, "has more sympathy with Theism than with Atheism; more respect for the Athanasian Creed itself than for Panteism; and a firm conviction that Christianity, whatever its destiny may be, will long outlive as a religion all forms of cosmic emotion." Every form of Theism, and especially the Christian, really did and does work as a religion, he tells us, though of course he considers them mistaken creeds. But meanwhile he can hardly find words to express his withering contempt for the religious and moral claims of every form of Agnosticism. "They cannot compass duty"—the italics are his own. We are mockingly bidden to preach these Gospels to the fatherless and the widow and the heart-broken; to enforce their moral teachings on the debauchee, the glutton, and the cheat; to try if they will tame the demon of despotic cruelty or heal the social delirium of anarchy. "It would be like offering roses to a famished tiger, or playing a sonata to a man in a fever. . . . You might as well tell a mother to bring up her child on the binomial theorem." And those who put their trust in such scientific creeds are advised "to call to the Unknowable, and ask it to bestow on them a spirit of resignation to the dispensations of infinite differentiation." We could quote plenty more to the same purpose, but this may suffice. Miss Bevington may perhaps reply, with another of her chosen witnesses, Mr. Herbert Spencer, that she has as little respect for Comtism as for Christianity. Be it so. But, while these rival scientists are exhausting the capabilities of the English language to give utterance to the sovereign contempt they respectively feel for each other's theories of moral and religious life, old-fashioned people may perhaps be excused for clinging to the rickety system which has done its work pretty well for eighteen centuries, and is likely, according to one of the ablest of its opponents, long to outlive the scientific substitute proffered for an exploded faith, which "cannot act," and therefore "will never be a religion."

#### A PATTERN SHERIFF.

THE respectable inhabitants of the United States are, to do them justice, fully awake at last to the unpleasantness arising from the fact that all bad Irish Americans, when they become intolerable in their adopted country, go back, or send reminders of their existence back, to England. An American newspaper of standing has made the suggestion, in which it has probably been anticipated by every facetious schoolboy in Great Britain, that dynamite—"holy dynamite"—might be good for Mr. Ross himself. Mr. Blaine has intimated in the most gratifying manner his sympathy with Sir William Harcourt and his extreme desire to find the consignors of the Liverpool infernal machines. All this is very gratifying, but slightly unpractical. The fact unfortunately remains that the United States, by no fault of their own, exercise a remarkable process of exorcismancy or sieve divination



upon the characters of the Irishmen whom they attract to their shores. The respectable emigrant very soon finds his level, settles to work, and though when he is very young and foolish he sometimes subscribes hard-earned dollars for the carrying on of private war against Great Britain, these dollars for the most part find their way into the pockets of the "gorgeous bar-tender," and Great Britain stands very much where it did. The worst sort of Irish American, on the other hand, is rejected by the sieve. Sometimes he finds an unwept grave in the West; sometimes he is passed on to Australia, where he becomes a larrykin or is sacrificed, no one bemoaning him, by larrykins; more frequently, especially in times of agitation, he comes back to his native country, and becomes the pest and curse whom we all know, if only—on this side of St. George's Channel—by report.

This being the case, the deeds of Mr. Patrick Garrett, whom without any very definite evidence we may fairly assume to be of Irish extraction, seem to deserve some comment, if only to show that everything Irish does not deteriorate when it is exported to America. Mr. Garrett is described as the "brave and faithful Pat" Garrett, and he appears to be Sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico. Now, in New Mexico there was lately an unfortunate brave known as Billy the Kid. Billy the Kid is dead, and the people of New Mexico do not appear to weep over his urn. Indeed, if we are to believe the *Santa Fé New Mexican*, "no report could have caused a more general feeling of satisfaction than that of the death of Billy," while, when it was known that the auspicious event was due to the hand of Patrick Garrett, "the sense of satisfaction was heightened to one of delight." The meeting of Garrett and the Kid was, indeed, a dramatic one, and it is only to be regretted that a moment of weakness on the Kid's part threw an obvious advantage almost amounting to foul play on the side of the law. The misdeeds of William the Kid had been many, and Sheriff Patrick had long been on his track. "At last," he reports to the Governor of New Mexico, "he heard that William Bonny, alias the Kid, had been in the neighbourhood of Fort Sumner for some time." So the Sheriff took with him two trusty men, who, however, did not figure in the final scene, and went to Fort Sumner. At midnight he entered the Fort and "went to the room of Mr. P. Maxwell," a personage who is introduced somewhat Homerically, and without that precise description which realism demands. Whether Mr. P. Maxwell was an accomplice of the Kid's, or a well-wisher to justice, does not appear, but it seems that the Sheriff thought it not superfluous to explain his own redoubtable presence in the Maxwellian chamber. While he was thus engaged "a man entered the room in stocking feet with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other." It is impossible to doubt that, if one of Mr. Bret Harte's model characters had been in the Sheriff's place, he would instantly have fired on the man, and have subsequently made all proper inquiries; while in the same way, if he had been in the man's place, he would have adopted the same prudent course of proceeding towards the Sheriff. Even Thompson of Angel's, however, was notoriously disconcerted on a famous occasion, and allowance may therefore be made for Messrs. Garrett and Bonny respectively. The Kid, however, must have been very much demoralized, for, even when Mr. Garrett "reached behind him"—a gesture as significant of shooting in America as of the harmless quest for a pocket-handkerchief in England—he did not fire first, according to the precept for such cases made and provided. He came to the bed, and inquired of the presumably recumbent Maxwell "Who is it?" repeating that question in the second person while he held his pistol at Mr. Garrett's breast. The duty of the gallant Patrick was then a "darned clear thing." He shot the Kid through the heart with the utmost precision, so that, as Dufoe has it, "he never spoke more." The report modestly apologizes for the compulsory summariness of the proceedings; but the Fort Sumner coroner's jury scouted these bashful excuses of Mr. Garrett's. "We, the jury," say they, "unanimously say that William Bonny came to his death from a wound in the breast in the region of the heart, fired from a pistol in the hand of Pat A. Garrett, and our decision is that the action of the said Garrett was justifiable homicide; and we are united in our opinion that the gratitude of all the community is due to the said Garrett, and that he deserves to be compensated." A wound fired from a pistol is an unusual expression, and compensation for indulging in the amusement of shooting seems to be somewhat out of place. The jury, whose names are all Spanish, doubtless meant reward. But there is no necessity to differ with them or with the *Santa Fé New Mexican* in our general estimate of Mr. Pat Garrett. We think, speaking critically, that he should have had his pistol ready sooner, and so have been independent of the fortunate irresolution of the Kid. But, supposing that the Kid had got to be shot—which seems to be a foregone conclusion—it must be admitted that Pat A. Garrett, with the pistol and knife at his own breast, got his ballet-off with great lightness, freedom, courage, and discretion.

It must strike everybody that, as the United States are so lavish to us of Redpaths, Boytous, O'Donovan Rossas, and such like cattle, it is a great pity that they cannot spare us a few Patrick Garretts to counteract the operations of the League, which the *Pall Mall Gazette* pathetically regards as a "law-abiding trade's union," spoilt and warped in its development by the malign influence of coercion. The cheerful support of public opinion, as expressed by juries in Ireland, Mr. Garrett would, indeed, lack if he endeavoured to apply the appropriate remedies to the Irish representatives of Billy the Kid. But public opinion on this side the Channel might be educated to sustain him. It is certainly

worth notice that since the passing of the Land Bill has been a practically assured fact, a distinct recrudescence of outrages has taken place. Midnight maiming and menace, despite the summer nights and the approach of the harvest, have once more come into fashion; outrages on animals of a more brutal kind than ever have recommenced; Boycotting has reached such a pitch that something like four hundred labourers have been sent from Ulster to save the grass on tabooed estates; columns of troops and police are once more required to enforce the ordinary processes of law (processes which will go on exactly in the same way under the Land Act as before it); houses have been burnt; sportsmen have been molested; threatening letters are rife again, and the language of the agitators who are at the bottom of all these things is more confident than ever. The Land Act, it must be remembered, will at first bring about something like a crisis in hundreds and thousands of holdings. Either the holders will have to pay with such discount as the arrears' clause allows them, or they will have to submit to their holdings being sold and the price set against their debts. Either of these processes is absolutely inconsistent with the Land League programme; and, therefore, unless the League collapses entirely, which is for the present improbable, the war is sure to be carried on in the ordinary way. For meeting that way persons of the stamp of Mr. Garrett would be extremely useful. It is difficult to think, without pleasurable sensations, of the surprise which a gang of Land League houghers and ear-clippers would feel if some unlucky farmer whom they invaded in the dead of night were to "reach behind" and shoot with the promptness and straightness of Mr. Garrett. The sheriff of an Irish county has more peaceable, though, under the circumstances, not less troublesome, duties to perform than the New Mexican hero, but as an inspector of Constabulary, or even a resident magistrate, Mr. Garrett would be invaluable. It is true that there is a certain uncivilized savour of private war about his conduct, but then that is the whole point of the present Irish struggle. The Irreconcilables in Parliament "disdain to ask for mercy" for the Kilmainham prisoners, and the Radical newspapers "do not blame them." That is to say, they assume the attitude of belligerents, not criminals. Now belligerents have no claim to warning or caution. They shoot each other where they find each other. That was the principle of the duello between Patrick A. Garrett and William the Kid, which was to all intents and purposes a repetition of the celebrated encounter in which Silas Fixings met his death. Belligerency of this kind, according to the Land League, apparently carries with it the rights appertaining to warfare of the older kind. You shoot and plunder non-combatants, levy contributions upon anybody you please, and generally live at free quarters, with the additional right to torture man and beast. Patrick Garrett, "the mainstay of law and order," "the chief reliance of the people in those dark days," as the enthusiastic editor of the *Santa Fé New Mexican* calls him, seems to be exactly the man for Galway. The Irish members would not like him, no doubt. They would use even worse language about him than they use about Mr. Clifford Lloyd (can anybody, by the way, explain why Irishmen, who, when they are loyal and well behaved, are as well-bred men as any in the world, should, when they are ill behaved and of doubtful loyalty, talk about "Clifford Lloyd," and "Benconfield," and "Salisbury," and in other ways ape the boorishness of Bowery rowdies?); they would worry Mr. Forster's life out about him, and bestow on him all the choice epithets that the dictionary could furnish and the Speaker allow. But, if he continued shooting steadily and with luck equal to that which attended him in his encounter with Billy the Kid, an extraordinary amelioration of the state of Ireland could not but follow at very little cost of blood. It is a mystery, second only to that just stated, and strongly confirmatory of copybook maxims, that Irishmen, who are the bravest of the brave on the field of battle, should be such astounding cowards in crime. So long as they can be ten to one, with every advantage of hedges, and masks, and police daunted by the orders of their superiors, and juries certain to find verdicts of Not Guilty, they will murder and outrage away merrily. But the first whiff of straight shooting makes lambs of them; and, except that Mr. O'Donovan Rossa and his friends promptly turn the gas down in the New York slums and sentence Mr. Gladstone as a murderer, there is no more said. If Mr. Patrick Garrett could be induced to come over for a single year, if only to give the Irish Constabulary some lessons, first in knowing a scoundrel when they see him and then in dealing with that scoundrel, he would be the very best message of peace that could possibly be sent to Ireland.

#### THE POLICE IN 1880.

IF nothing more is wanted from the police than that they should be generally useful to the law-abiding public in small matters and content with their service, Sir E. Henderson's Report on the force for last year is to be regarded as highly satisfactory. The public will readily acknowledge that the members of the corps are generally well behaved, and will learn with satisfaction that as nearly as possible 1,400, out of a total of 10,943 of all ranks, have been specially commended or rewarded for good service. Meanwhile the men themselves show that they are satisfied with their position. The number of resignations has sunk from 376 in 1876 to 154 in 1880 although the strength of the force has increased. The general level of conduct among the men has been steadily rising. Only 140 were

dismissed in 1880, which is the lowest number during the last ten years, and very little over half the number dismissed in 1879. The Director of Criminal Investigations, whose Report immediately follows Sir E. Henderson's, draws an equally attractive picture. He laments, indeed, with all his habitual felicity of style, "that such diversity of classification prevails in the several police forces of the kingdom, between whom honourable emulation may well prevail simultaneously with hearty co-operation." There might be some danger that these words should be taken as a discreet official confession that the greyhounds of the London police and the provincial constabulary do not course the criminal hare with that co-operation which would secure his capture; but Mr. Vincent Howard has guarded against any such interpretation. He dwells on the gratifying cordiality with which the London and the country police support one another, and the excellent results which follow in the capture of offenders. Equally satisfactory are the relations of the police of the Criminal Investigation Department and the general force, which "leave now nothing to be desired. The conduct of the officers has been excellent, and the hearty interest evinced by the superintendents of divisions in all the details of the various duties has produced the result that was anticipated, for 6,072 persons have been arrested by detective officers in 1880, against 4,862 in 1879, being an increase of 1,210; 2,390 inquiries, in which no arrest was required, were also made by the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department, being an excess of 324 over the previous year." Sir E. Henderson is equally emphatic as to the general efficiency of the force. He says, "15,103 apprehensions were effected, being an increase of 1,778, and 8,928 convictions were obtained against 6,961 in 1879, an increase of 1,927 convictions." There are, it is true, some figures of a less agreeable character. "The number of the principal offences was 25,368, against 23,234 in the previous year, an increase of 2,134 offences." But this may be partly due to the increased booty offered to "the dangerous classes." New streets and squares, covering an area of within a few yards of seventy miles, have been added to London within the last year, and consequently, as Sir E. Henderson somewhat tautologically says, "The Metropolis is spreading in all directions." An addition has indeed been made to the force of the police, but that is just enough to keep it abreast of crime. The two rival forces are keeping pace in their growth. The result of the Commissioners' survey of the year's activity is even more encouraging than that. "The total number of the principal indictable offences committed against property" is less than it was in 1879 by "268 serious offences." The general increase is due to minor offences, "and to the fact that all petty articles described by the losers as lost or stolen are now entered as petty larcenies." In short, the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, and his Director of Criminal Investigations, are harmoniously of a mind that all is for the best in the best of all possible police forces.

All this has a very satisfactory look, but as it commonly happens, an examination of the appendices does not quite bear out the agreeable statements of the Report. As regards the general contentment of the men with their service, the reports of the District Superintendents do, indeed, bear Sir E. Henderson out. Yet, even in this matter they give proof of a feeling of discontent with some details which the Commissioner has not thought necessary to notice. The men of the second class are said to be ill satisfied with the delay and irregularity shown in giving them their promised increase of pay. The married men of the force consider themselves aggrieved with their lodgings, compared with which the single men's section houses are as "palaces," to adopt the expressive language of Mr. Dunlap, Superintendent of the C Division. But neither of these grievances seems to cause much active discontent, and the force, as a whole, appears to be well satisfied with its position. Whether the public has equal reason to be highly satisfied with the police is another question. We have no wish to dispute the real merits of the force, or underrate the difficulties put in their way in the discharge of their duty by the carelessness of the public they are employed to defend, or still more by the erratic benevolence of the Legislature. Occupiers of houses who leave them empty, or who go to bed with the drawing-room window open, have really very little right to blame the police if they are robbed. Still less sympathy is due to tradesmen who expose goods outside their shop-windows, as if for the express purpose of tempting passers-by of uncertain morals. Both of these forms of almost criminal carelessness appear to be on the increase. Another cause of loud complaint from the Superintendents are the new regulations for the treatment of persons arrested for drunkenness in the streets, and by which the police are required to permit them to depart in peace on their own recognizances as soon as they are sober. As was to be expected, the taking of these recognizances is a pure form—a mere farce. According to Mr. Dunlap, "old tipplers," and others who have reduced themselves to a condition "certainly not calling for the sympathy or consideration of any person," have already learnt the full beauty of the instructions, and are in the habit of using the police stations as places in which to sleep off their drink in safety and comparative luxury. Mr. Dunlap obviously does not understand the benevolent intention of these regulations, or see what an ennobling effect this appeal to the "tipplers' finer feeling will have on him.

But, after making every allowance for the police, there is enough in the returns attached to the present Report to call for a very serious discounting of Sir E. Henderson's optimistic representations.

It is very far from satisfactory to find an increase of 2,134 in the number of principal offences, a rise out of all proportion to the increase of population. What makes the increase particularly significant is that it has mainly taken place in the more serious crimes. In burglary and housebreaking the number of offences is 389 more than it was in 1879. There have been 91 more cases of breaking into shops and 24 more cases of robbery. Cases of horse-stealing have increased from 71 to 107—that is, more than 50 per cent.; and sheep-stealing in nearly the same proportion. The most serious increase of all is in the number of murders, which have risen from 9 in 1879 to 17 in 1880. In view of these figures it is hard for the mere outside public to appreciate Sir E. Henderson's obvious satisfaction in stating that the apprehensions effected have risen by 1,778 and the convictions obtained by 1,967, and on the face of it the decrease of 268 in serious offences against property seems almost incredible. A reference to Appendix No. 14 will explain the apparent contradiction and supply one more instance of the use of long lists of figures to the maker of reports who is master of the art of choosing judicious extracts. The increase both of apprehensions and convictions is found under the heading of such minor offences as "Larcenies from the Person," or by servants, and the smallest kinds of thefts. The decrease in crimes is mostly found under the heading of "Larceny by Servants," which accounts for 120 of them, and "Larceny from the Person," which supplies 97. In neither case is the decrease of a kind which can be attributed to the increased vigilance of the police. Servants are necessarily less under their control than any other class of the population, and if they steal less it is probably because they have grown more honest or are better satisfied with their wages. This is good news for householders; but we must demur to allowing the police to take the credit of it. As for "larcenies from the person," or, in simple unofficial language, pocket-picking, the decrease there may be naturally attributed to the greater care of the public who carry purses and watches. Change of fashion has probably more to do with it than Sir E. Henderson's subordinates. By a judicious use of the terms "principal indictable offences," "principal offences," "serious larcenies," and "serious offences," and by picking the figures for comparison, with judgment a report can be easily made to show increases and decreases in the proper places. An allowance, too, may be readily made for the fact that articles reported lost are entered as petty larcenies. But the disagreeable truth remains that there is an increase in the number of crimes; and, when an examination of the figures shows that the increase is greatest in the most serious, we find some difficulty in giving the complacent reception expected to Sir E. Henderson's easy statement that it is due to minor offences and losses. The mere increase in the number of crimes is sufficient to raise disagreeable doubts as to the efficiency of the police, and an analysis of the returns of convictions is calculated to strengthen them greatly. Sir E. Henderson dismisses the subject with a brief sentence of a most satisfactory appearance. "The percentage of convictions to crime in 1879 was 29·96, and in 1880 35·19." Here is an instance of the uses of a good round sum-total. The increase is wholly in the smaller offences. The 9 murders of 1879 led to 12 apprehensions and 7 convictions, while the 17 murders of 1880 resulted in 20 apprehensions and 7 convictions—the number obtained in 1879 for half the crimes. An exactly similar result is obtained by examining the article of burglary and housebreaking. Here we find that the 903 offences of 1879 led to 211 apprehensions and 162 convictions, while the 1,292 of 1880 led to only 206 apprehensions and 142 convictions. The fall-off is startling, and not the less that it is not from good to bad, but from bad to worse. An examination of the returns of other serious offences, such as "breaking into shops, horsestealing," &c., gives a similar result. In looking at these figures it is impossible not to find an unpleasant significance in Mr. Howard Vincent's complacent reference to the excess in 1880 of 324 inquiries, followed by no arrest, over the number of similar inquiries in 1879. Inquiries followed by no arrest of criminals, most of which mean a defeat of the guardians of the law by its enemies, are becoming a specialty of our Criminal Investigation Department. The conviction produced by reading this report and its instructive appendices is that our police are becoming a well-conducted body of men, who make themselves generally useful to the peaceful portion of the community, and are a terror to little boys and small thieves, but unhappily become daily more incapable of struggling with really formidable criminals. One detail of Sir E. Henderson's Report agreeably illustrates the anxious benevolence of our police administration. Ambulance classes have been established, which the members of the force attend with zeal and profit. This is satisfactory, as the number of persons suffering from accidents and assisted by the police has risen from 1,953 in 1876 to 2,486 in 1880, which figures are somewhat characteristically accompanied by a decrease in the number of convictions obtained for furious driving. It is satisfactory to know that a sudden illness is less likely to result in our being left to die in a police cell as drunk and incapable than it was a few years ago. Yet, after all, the first object of maintaining a police force is to suppress crime, and when we find the most serious offences increasing thirty and fifty per cent., we would sacrifice something even of the ambulance classes to secure a proportionate increase in the apprehensions and convictions.

## THE MANNERS OF THE OMNIBUS.

AS with other things, so with the omnibus; there are not wanting those who lament the decay of ancient manners and customs. In the good old days, they say, when there was no "Daylight Route" underground, and when the only way of getting in and out of town was by omnibus, there existed a certain unwritten code of laws which regulated the bearing and behaviour of "insides" towards one another. These laws all aimed at one object—the promotion of the general comfort. For, as the omnibus was generally full, especially in the morning and evening, it was expected that there should be concessions in the matter of shoulders, unselfishness as to legs, which should be tucked under the seat, and suppression of elbows; also, the days of chivalry not yet being quite dead, it was incumbent on every man under the age of sixty to get out and go on the roof, regardless of east wind or rain, to make room for a lady; children were cheerfully received on strange knees; it was considered effeminate for young men to travel inside; the fatigues of the journey were lightened by friendly conversation; social distinctions, while in the "bus," were ignored; the City merchant of Mark Lane sat down beside the oilman of St. Mary Axe, and the chief clerk of the Audit Office every morning exchanged political views with his hatter. Once arrived at the journey's end, however, rank resumed its rights; outside the omnibus all were strangers, and each went separately to his own place. Then the conductor knew his passengers, and paid them due deference, with the compliments of the season; and men looked forward to meeting each other every day in this casual club, the entrance fee to which was only sixpence all the way. Many a life-long friendship was formed in an omnibus, and cemented by daily talks during long years of driving up and down the road. There is, we believe, a romantic legend of one such friendship attached to the Clapham Road. It relates how two old gentlemen who met each morning in the nine o'clock omnibus, and came home together each evening in that which leaves Gracechurch Street at five, conceived so deep an affection for one another, though they were ignorant each of the other's profession and name, that when one died, the other pined away and presently followed his friend, refusing to be comforted. It is a companion story, a pendant, to Mr. Weller's famous History of the Two Coachmen. Such friendships will be formed no more, because the new railways have destroyed the old gatherings in the omnibus and severed the old ties, while it would be absurd to expect new ones to be formed between Clapham Road and Cannon Street. The nervous rush, the banging of carriage doors, the shriek of the whistle, are a sorry exchange for the leisurely bumping, packed six of a side, over four miles of a roughish road, with companions all known by sight, if not by name, to each other.

Things have, indeed, greatly changed; the conductor has ceased to ask if any gentleman will get outside to oblige a lady—a rigid glare would be the sole response; should there be children, the selfishness of the parent is shown in his determination that they shall occupy the seats for which he pays, instead of the knees of passengers who would thus obtain admission; it is no longer considered effeminate to sit inside, and many young men are not ashamed of being habitual inside passengers. The manners of the Metropolitan have been introduced into the omnibus. Everybody, especially the young man, takes up as much room as he can, spreads himself, disregards the fact that his legs are only entitled to one-twelfth of the gangway, and squares his shoulders, which, in breadth, exceed one-sixth of the length. It is through the malign influence of this young man, too, that the conductor is so loth to stop; the young athlete takes his omnibus flying, and disdains to stop it when he alights; therefore elderly people and women are expected to do the same.

There are, however, some survivals of the old courtliness, so to speak, of omnibus manners. For instance, there is the man who, to quote the old, old jokelet, "omnibus horis sapit"—that is, knows the hours of the omnibus. He sits by the door, makes the driver start when the time is up, constitutes himself the protector of the ladies, tells them their fare, prods the conductor in a sensitive rib when a lady wants to get out, opens a conversation with his neighbours, as one opens a game of chess, by the usual well-known moves, is ready with his little well-thumbed pleasantry for the mother with her babies, and has his opinion on the topic of the day neatly formulated and handy for use. Above all, he maintains the good old fashion of open-handed, if ostentatious, honesty displayed in the return of change. The rule of every well-conducted omnibus is, as everybody knows, that change must be passed up from hand to hand, and that every hand must be open. An "inside" must be not only blameless, but free from suspicion, and by this method there is no possibility of the diminution of change by the way. The custom, which would seem to show a lack of confidence as between man and man, is said to have originated in an omnibus running from the suburb of Camberwell (though some say the Commercial Road) to the City in the early days of omnibuses. It happened one winter evening that the conductor sent up half-a-crown's worth of change—twopence having been deducted—to a lady at the far end. The money was passed on from hand to hand, but, in the end, a poor threepenny piece was all that reached the owner. The thing was hushed up for the credit of the suburb, and, indeed, the national mind was fully occupied at the time with the passing of the Reform Bill; but it was whispered from omnibus to omnibus and from road to road, until, to prevent the recur-

rence of so great a scandal, this method, which still survives, was invented.

The manners of the omnibus vary greatly with the time of the day. In the earliest runs the insides are shopmen, shopgirls, and workgirls. The men talk to each other, not about trade—a subject on which tradesmen are shy among each other—but about politics, on which they hold strong opinions, and are all for sweeping measures. One may reflect, while listening, that these men have had protection found for them without any effort on their part for so long, that they have come to regard law and order as the natural condition of things, so that it seems easy in their eyes to exterminate Communards, crush Socialists, trample out Nihilists, destroy Fenians, and imprison Land Leaguers. Nor does it occur to them that they themselves might have to turn out in order to do battle for the cause of order. The girls, for their part, do not talk to each other; the shopgirls wear kid gloves and are dressed in black; they may thus be distinguished from the workgirls, who are dressed in colours, and do not wear gloves except in cold weather. When they go home there is another difference observable between the shopgirls and the workgirls. For the former are in the evening as in the morning, quiet, calm, and presumably happy in their occupation. But the latter are exasperated; they sit together two by two, and with many an angry sniff, catching of the breath, and sharp snap of the lips, they loudly whisper to each other the story of their wrongs. They tell it dramatically and in the form of dialogue, the point of which is perhaps a little injured by the necessity, lamented by so many novelists, of putting in continually, "sezee," "seshee," and "sezi." How is it that women, who can all narrate their own wrongs with such wonderful dramatic force, have never written a single good play? And, to go back to the workgirls, what kind of occupation can that be, what kind of task-masters can theirs be, when this exasperation is the nightly result? Later on the City men crowd the omnibus; but they talk to each other no more; the old friendliness is gone. It may be remarked as a curious fact that the faces of City men are always gloomy in the morning, as if the prospects of the day were never anything but black. This may be but a temporary cloud due to the depression of the last few years, but the time goes on and the cloud does not seem to lift. The younger men, too, wear a depressed countenance. It is still, we may observe, a tradition with City clerks that their place is outside.

When the City contingent has been carried into town, the slack, but steady, business of the day begins. It is at this time that the observer of manners, especially of female manners, may make observations really scientific. There are few men in the omnibus between eleven and four. Those who are found there are of strange appearance; they are the local tradesmen, the builders, doctors, solicitors of the suburb who have business in town; their affairs are absorbing, and they take no notice whatever of their companions in the omnibus, though these be a bevy of hours going a-shopping. The seats during these hours are chiefly crowded with women—ladies and otherwise. There is the housewife, torn from her domestic duties by some special business which worries her; if you look furtively at her, you will find that her lips are moving; she is silently going through that drama of grievances of which the workgirl has already given us an example. There is the lady who may be called the Smiling Cockatoo, all brown curls, fat cheeks, and velvet hat, who is going to buy things in Regent Street; thirty years ago she was pretty; now, with her inane smile and her readiness to chatter with any one, she shows that she has always been silly. Beside her sit two pretty girls, who are going to buy music; they have black rolls in their hand; now and then they whisper each other, and one feels as if, could one know what they said, one would certainly be happier. There are the two women who sit at the end, and appraise every new comer, obviously reckoning up the cost of her dress piece by piece, and communicating the total to each other by an up-lifting of the eyebrows and a little sniff. Who are they, these women, and where do they come from? Have they husbands? Are there men who can love them? What are they like in the domestic circle, seeing they are so ill-bred, so rude, so incapable of common respect in public? To watch them gives one an uneasy feeling, a suspicion that in our very midst, next door to us, opposite us, in our own street, there dwell barbarians dressed in silk and sealskin, who live on the best, go everywhere, see everything, and have not learned the earliest lessons of civilization taught by *Doux Parler* and *Doux Penser*. There is the poor, pinched woman, not young, or beautiful, who is going to town to look for something. What is it she hopes to get? She may have a manuscript at a publisher's; the reader has probably sent it back with cruel and contemptuous words. She may have a picture, a painted plate, a worked anti-macassar; she may be going in hope of getting pupils; she looks as if fate were against her, and only disappointment would await her. There is the woman who treats the omnibus as if it were a four-wheeled cab, and lugs vast trunks with her, or a basket of washing, or a sack of potatoes. Then there are the women who talk. And really these are the most astonishing people of all. They engage in loud conversation the moment they get in; it is all about themselves, their relatives, and their friends, their likes and their dislikes. They talk with as much abandon as if they were alone in their own rooms; they talk as if the other people were only dummies; they talk as if their own affairs were the only things worthy of occupying the attention of a "being with a soul"; they never cease talking. There is therefore, one remarks, a stratum of society even in London in which everybody's private affairs are the only topic of

conversation. The astounding thing is to mark—most “insides” never listen, or mark, or take the least notice of their neighbours—how they drop into talk about things which are absolutely grotesque in their family character; things *tacenda*, say about Cousin Jane’s baby’s last complaint; things ludicrous, which seem to them serious; things painful; things almost incredible. For example, if one may quote such a thing and expect to be believed, we once in an omnibus met a couple who were thus conversing on family matters. They were apparently brother and sister or cousins, certainly not husband and wife. It was Sunday morning, and they were armed with what sailors call the “tools” for public worship. They sat one each side of the door, and they talked loudly and with great animation. And what they were trying to decide was nothing more or less—it was the sweet spring season—than the delicate question, which member of their interesting family was fonder of asparagus. They played with this remarkable topic, always at the top of their voices, from a hundred points of view; they adorned it with whatever of illustration, fancy, or descriptive faculty was at their command; they maintained the contest with vigour and with spirit; nor was it until they got down, at the doors of their conventicle, that temper began to be manifested. For just then the controversy, which threatened to become bitter, had been narrowed to the rival claims of Uncle Joseph and Aunt Eliza.

#### MR. WHYMPER’S ASCENTS IN THE ANDES.

IN the number of the *Alpine Journal* which has just appeared, Mr. Whympcr continues the narrative of his expeditions among the Andes of Ecuador, and describes his ascent of one great mountain near the Equator, and of another on the Equator. His present contribution, like his previous ones to the same journal, is apparently a transcript from his diary, and it may be presumed that, at some future time, a full account of the whole journey will appear in an amplified form. At present, the narrative certainly does not err on the side of diffuseness. In his journal, Mr. Whympcr is as chary of words as sensible mountaineers are when they are walking uphill. There are no picturesque descriptions, no sketches of native life, no accounts of the talk by the bivouac fire or of the minor incidents of travel. All is so compressed that within the limit of ten short pages Mr. Whympcr is able to tell the story of an expedition into a country unknown to Englishmen, and of the ascent of two mighty peaks.

It must not be supposed, however, that because his record is curt, it is uninteresting. The region which he visited is a most remarkable one; and, if his story has the very unusual fault of being somewhat too brief, it is, nevertheless, well told. In a previous contribution he described how he reached Quito, and in that most disagreeable town found a thoroughly uncomfortable inn. The portion of diary now made public begins with his departure from Quito for the mountains close to the Equator. Regarding the country into which he was at this time about to advance, he was, as he laconically says, “completely in the dark,” and he could obtain no information about “routes, stopping places, or the possibility of procuring food.” The reader of his narrative will probably come to the conclusion that he could obtain no information because there were no routes, no inns, and but very little food. Primitive in the extreme does the district north of Quito appear to be; but it is not altogether wild, and, indeed, one institution which our present Government regards as a vile creation of the law seems to flourish in it. Property in land is recognized, and, indeed, the rights of owners extend beyond the limits of eternal snow. One gentleman, who behaved apparently with the greatest courtesy to Mr. Whympcr, was the owner of a large part of the mountain Cayambe, 19,200 feet high, and of the whole of Sara-urcu, said to be 17,400 feet high. As the only occupants of this mountain are wild beasts who are rarely evicted, and practically enjoy absolute tenant-right, the landlord’s gains can hardly be large, but the mountain is his in fee-simple. Whether Mr. Whympcr was wise in mentioning these rights of property may perhaps be doubted. The Swiss and Savoyards are generally thought to have exhausted every means of extorting money from strangers, but it would be terrible indeed if some land-owners were to come to the conclusion that they had rights above the snow-line. Members of the Alpine Club would have to pay heavy tolls or would find themselves “warned off” the Grand Plateau, the slopes of Monte Rosa, and the shoulder of the Matterhorn. Possibly, however, with well-established routes a dedication to the public might be proved.

At a farm belonging to the mountain owner Mr. Whympcr put up on the second day after leaving Quito. Before reaching this place he had to pass the great *quebrada* or ravine of Guallabamba, of which he gives a drawing. Careful comparison of altitudes showed that it was 3,000 feet deep, but it is in very elevated country and the bottom is considerably higher than the top of the *lliqi*. From the farm which has been mentioned Mr. Whympcr went to a neighbouring village and there made a strange discovery. He found that a sport which was formerly very popular in England, but is now decried and strictly forbidden, is loved beyond aught else in Northern Ecuador. The inhabitants of the village were engaged, he says, in the sport of cock-fighting, and it was difficult to get them to attend to anything else. The principal personage of the village promised aid, but “do what we would,” says Mr. Whympcr, “the conversation

invariably bore round to cock-fighting. Every person,” he adds, “of the least pretension to respectability keeps a score or more of cocks.” The possession of these birds does, in fact, as much for a man in Ecuador as, according to the venerable saying, the possession of a horse and gig does for a man in England. Between people who cared only for cock-fighting and a gentleman whose one object was the ascent of high mountains there could hardly be much sympathy, and Mr. Whympcr returned to the farm, where he received an encouraging message from the owner of Cayambe, and next day he met the owner, who took him to a higher and smaller farm, where he was accommodated with a heap of potatoes for a bed. Next morning he started with Señor Espinosa, the friendly proprietor, and the guides; but, unfortunately, there was too much individual liberty of action amongst the company. Jean Antoine Carrel, stretching ahead of everybody, was lost to sight. Mr. Whympcr started after him, and got separated from the rest of the party, the result being that he found himself at sundown in a pathless valley, and, lying down in a thicket which had been used as a lair by wild cattle, passed an agreeable night in the rain. Shortly after this, however, good fortune came. Mr. Whympcr planted his camp high up on the doomed mountain, and on April 4th he marched triumphantly to the top, where he had the pleasure of peering into the thick mist which seems usually to envelope a high summit in the Andes. Nature gave him a kindly hint, in the shape of a strong wind, not to dawdle at a place where fascinations were so great, and he leisurely descended, charmed, doubtless, with a most enjoyable day, and determined forthwith to attempt another mountain on which equal pleasures might be hoped for. Immediately after his ascent of Cayambe he sent off J. A. Carrel to explore a route to the mysterious Sara-urcu.

This mountain is situated nearly on the Equator; and, according to Mr. Whympcr, scarcely anything is known about it in England. We doubt not that he is right; but it should be observed that this painful ignorance is by no means confined to England, as the Ecuadorians themselves seem to be but very little acquainted with the beauties of Sara-urcu. With the knowledge of it which, at the risk of his life, Mr. Whympcr obtained, an inquiring public will, most likely, have to rest content, as it is very doubtful whether any explorer of the future will care to visit what is perhaps the most detestable mountain in the world. Sara-urcu is surrounded by a great dismal swamp, on which incessant rain appears to fall. The atmosphere is, as might be supposed, slightly malarious; and the probable results of a visit to this pleasant marsh are best shown by a fact which Mr. Whympcr casually mentions. Some of his party, going in advance of the rest to deposit provisions, found a skull, which they brought back to camp. “I know that skull,” said an observant Indian who was with the explorers, “it belonged to a man who went out here searching for quinine bark; there were twenty of them altogether, and four came back. This one went to sleep, and did not wake again.” On the first march towards the mountain, however, things did not seem so unpromising. Carrel told Mr. Whympcr that he had found “a regular palace, planted all round with trees,” and the traveller pressed on, doubtless full of hope, but only to find that the palace was a deserted Indian hut in the midst of a primeval forest. Beyond the primeval forest was an equally primeval bog. Exploring parties sent out by Mr. Whympcr, who was for three days struck down by fever, described the country they had ventured into as a horrible swamp. Itain was falling; there were, they said, no paths, and no chance of finding anything to eat, though there was some chance of being eaten, as tracks of wild beasts were numerous. Not in the least daunted by these accounts, Mr. Whympcr, as soon as he was well enough, marched straight into the swamp. At the point where he had to camp, the nature of the mud, he says, was such that if a man stood still he sank into it up to his knees. His followers constructed a bed for him by “cutting down the reeds, and crossing and recrossing them, piling them up until they no longer sank into the foul slime.” On the next day the explorers made their way with great difficulty through dense masses of huge reed, but succeeded at last in reaching a refuge at some mica slate rocks. As a general rule, mica slate is not a pleasant thing to sleep upon, but doubtless it seemed absolute luxury to the travellers after their night in the slime. Beyond this refuge they had again to make their way through the reeds, but struggling on resolutely they left them behind, and established a camp at a considerable height on the slopes of Sara-urcu; and after two days Mr. Whympcr was so fortunate as to obtain a glimpse of the mountain he had come to ascend. On April 16th the rain lifted towards five in the evening, and the peak was visible. Its bearings were promptly taken with a theodolite, a sketch was made of it, and forthwith, as Mr. Whympcr justly remarks, its doom was sealed. On the 17th he started with his guides, and marched straight up to the top of the mountain. Then, like the King of France, he marched down again, having seen nothing on the way up, and nothing, apparently, on the way down again; but the mountain of the Equator was vanquished, and the traveller and his followers returned without mishap to Cayambe, where the inhabitants rejoiced greatly at seeing them again, having thought, certainly not without reason, that they would never return from the dismal swamp. With his arrival at Cayambe Mr. Whympcr’s narrative for the present ends.

The feeling which it will produce with most readers will, we believe, be one of instinctive admiration, and it would be hard to deny that the instinct is a healthy one. It is, of course easy to



say that no object was served by ascending the Andes; that Mr. Whymper incurred great risk without any adequate reason; that mountaineering is an irrational and senseless pursuit. From one point of view, no doubt, it is; so is it a senseless and irrational thing to attempt to reach the North Pole or to accomplish the North-West passage, but, nevertheless, the many heroic efforts which have been made in the Arctic regions have kindled again and again an enthusiasm which no cold reasoning could abate. Mr. Whymper's explorations in the Andes were due to the spirit of adventure, to the love of overcoming difficulty, of encountering danger, which were formerly amongst the distinctive characteristics of Englishmen. Of late we have greatly declined in this respect. Englishmen fail in the Polar seas and talk a great deal, while men of other countries achieve much and say little; and not in Arctic travel alone are foreigners outstripping us. The exploits of such a man as Mr. Whymper are therefore likely to be doubly grateful to his countrymen. They recall the triumphs of other days, and they show that the old spirit is not yet quite dead. Some kinds of mountaineering are no doubt very silly, and occasionally a reckless disregard of great and obvious danger may lead to a terrible accident, such as has just happened on Monte Rosa; but, however much people may argue against mountain climbing as senseless, warm admiration will be felt for such a daring and indomitable traveller as Mr. Whymper; and in justification of this feeling we cannot do better than quote the eloquent words of Théophile Gautier, given by Mr. Freshfield in the number of the *Alpine Journal* which contains Mr. Whymper's narrative. Said the famous Frenchman, discoursing on Alpine ascents, an entirely novel subject in his hands:—"Quoique la raison y puisse objecter, cette lutte de l'homme avec la montagne est poétique et noble. La foule qui a l'instinct des grandes choses environne ces audacieux de respect et à la descente toujours leur fait une ovation. Ils sont la volonté protestant contre l'obstacle aveugle, et ils plantent sur l'inaccessible le drapeau de l'intelligence humaine."

#### A FORGOTTEN SATIRIST.

THERE is no more characteristic feature in the present time than the studious politeness of its polite literature. Rudeness in print draws down actions for libel, and puts its author out of court with British jurymen and British critics. Written discourtesy has either to go unpublished, or to be content with such desultory and imperfect circulation as can be compassed by the use of post-cards. Under such conditions as these, to read the "Works" of Dr. John Wolcot, otherwise Peter Pindar, Esq., is to have a novel and refreshing experience. They represent what may be called the Beef-and-Carrots or Pewter-and-Stingo style in letters, and exhibit the lusty vulgarity of a certain period in English history, political and social, with a fulness of flavour and a burliness of aspect that are really incomparable. They suggest the dandies who were presently to fill with disdainful abhorrence the elegant soul of Pelham. According to that distinguished creature, these gilded youths were wont to "eat cheese by the hundred-weight," and drink porter by the firkin. They affected a taste for strong waters in their lowest and fieriest forms, and were often quite proficient in the picturesque and horrible variety of English known as "St. Giles's Greek." They practised the noble art of self-defence, and lived much with its professors. They fought cocks, drew badgers, played hazard, and generally "sported their blunt" with great freedom and readiness. They called themselves Corinthians, and walked about in top-boots; and they seem to have had some difficulty in recognizing a jest that was not of uncommon breadth unless it were forced upon their sense of humour by means of italics. The age that fathered such buxom and full-blooded young heroes as these rufflers at the Fives Court and the Westminster Pit was a brutal and an unlettered age; and Wolcot was admirably qualified to make it sport and be its critic-in-ordinary. He was born to write libels and break scurril jests; and, having sown his poetical and romantic wild oats, and produced a tragedy called *The Fall of Portugal*, and a thin volume of amorous elegiacs, both of which are full of unconscious humour, he settled down religiously, if with occasional lapses into pure poetry, to the fulfilment of his destiny. He was a journalist in satire, a Rowlandson turned rhyming pamphleteer; and he wrote from day to day on whatever happened to be uppermost. It was all one to him if his subject were Tom Warton or Tom Paine, the execution of Louis Seize or a *miniserie* of Farmer George's, Judge Buller's wig, or Perdita Robinson's fan. He made capital out of any and every thing; and, though he was in some degree contemporary with Scott and Byron, he was one of the best-read writers of his time.

He may be read without much difficulty even now, above all, if he be read, not in extracts, but as a whole; and it is easy enough to account for his popularity. He was a man of unquestionable parts. His mind was vivacious and acute as well as irreverent and coarse. He was undoubtedly scurrilous; but he had a turn for genuine satire, and was rich in what the author of the *Parnassus of Literature* was good enough to call "a species of humour." His wit was abundant, easy, and active, if it was often brutal and often trivial and cheap. He made as light of good grammar in his writings as of good manners and good taste; but he had a strong sense of form of a certain sort, and was the first English satirist who had initiative enough to discard the

heroic couplet and the Hudibrastic metre alike, and cast about for a manner of his own. He was always apt and voluble in his way, too; he was often forcible and daring; and he was sufficiently intelligent and well-informed to give an opinion on all manner of subjects. He knew enough of painting to prefer the beauties of Turner and Reynolds to the pompous feebleness of West and Louthborough; enough of music to resent the popularity of Handel to the exclusion of Bach and Gluck; enough of literature to despise the childish pedantry of Gough and John Nichols, the solemn dulness of Hannah More and Laureate Pye, the "classic tastelessness" of "glistening Hayley." It is no more wonderful that in his way he should have been an influence and a power than it is doubtful that, *mutatis mutandis*, a latter-day Wolcot would, in proportion, achieve almost as much success as the great original. It is not easy, under the changed conditions that are ours, to give an exact idea of the nature and quality of that success; but it seems certain that to the public of a hundred years since Wolcot was not only admired for his satirical power, but also regarded with great respect as a master of pure literature. He was, as Hazlitt wrote of him, "the bard in whom the nation and the king delighted." Not only did his squibs run through edition after edition while their interest was green and new; there was also a steady and a wide demand for his "Complete Works"—which included, not satires only, but a vast number of "odes," "elegies," songs, epigrams, ballads, and pastorals to boot—and of editions of them there are many. Children were reared "on Peter Pindar and the Bible," as in Scotland on the "Bible and Burns." The publisher of certain volumes of selections from the English poets, in which Wolcot was interested, after opining that the Doctor's "sportive use" of Pindar's name had probably "conferred a celebrity" upon it "far higher and more extensive than was given to it by the ancient bard of Thebes," remarks that his "own works display in almost every species of pure poetry examples of singular excellence," and that he "has left hardly one poetical phrase in the whole compass of English speech and composition that he has not transferred to his works"; and to the majority of his readers the claim could hardly have seemed extravagant. It must be owned that nowadays it is not easy to speak seriously of his serious verse, which is limp and dull and frigid even to absurdity. Oftentimes he is most amusing where he would be most impressive. It is odd, for instance, to hear the redoubtable railer indulging in statements like these:—

To hear mute Silence hushed the darkening vale,  
The shaded warbler dropped her plaintive tune,  
Intent, the pale-eyed ghost forgot to wail,  
And stars dependence on the wandering moon;

or exclaiming that "The band of white-robed virgins let him join"; or endeavouring to persuade his mistress that her "deluding art"—the "lovely virgin" that she is—has "lodged a thousand scorpions in his heart." These extracts, it is true, are from the *Persian Love Elegies*, which were printed at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1773, and may be said to be in Peter's early manner; but, for all that, they are sufficiently representative. Too often does the Doctor's muse descend in strains that remind us of those in which the accomplished Lady Lyndon addressed her artless Barry:—

When Sol bedecks the mead with light  
And pallid Cynthia sheds her ray,

and so forth. It is a different matter with his rhymes when their intention is avowedly comic. No doubt his laugh is often a horse-laugh and his fun mere intellectual horseplay; but they were good round knocks that he gave, and when he was happy in his subject—when he was talking of Sir Joseph Banks upon lobsters or of George III. upon apple-dumplings—he amused his audience tremendously. He wrote loosely and carelessly, and his rallery is not less incorrect in form than it is abundant in quantity, so that to "our Neo-Alexandrian taste," as it has been called, he is seldom interesting or admirable. Now and then he hits on an excellent line. His "'No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin," is a little Gillray in words. But, as a rule, Wolcot is only humorous in the mass; as in the six books of *The Lousiad*, in the story of the pilgrim who "took the liberty to boil his peas"; in the sketch of the king at Whitbread's Brewery, which must be read, not for single verses and short passages, but as satiric wholes—just as one watches a "rally" in a pantomime, which, taken by instalments, a slap or a tumble at a time, seems witless enough, but which has only to be properly seen to be very funny indeed. To Wolcot's public no revelation had been vouchsafed of the mystery of sweetness and light; it knew not of verbal niceties nor exquisite workmanship, nor the delicacies and refinements of hostility; it was a heavy-feeding, hard-drinking, and hard-hitting public, ignorant alike of culture and of what Mr. Meredith calls the Fine Shades. And it enjoyed its Pindar mightily; it regarded him as its sworn champion, and cheered his swashing blow to the echo.

Of course the medal had its reverse. Wolcot appears to have been a man of tolerably easy virtue. Among his opponents he bore a very scandalous reputation; and he was not less bitterly hated and furiously abused on the one hand than he was widely read and heartily applauded on the other. Richard Polwhele (addressing him, first of all, as "Offspring of Momus") affirmed that "jaundiced Spleen" had borne him "Under the Manchineel's empoisoned bloom." He was variously saluted in plain prose as an "arrogant upstart," a "foul-mouthed rhymester," and a "fiend in human shape." To the gay young men of the *Anti-Jacobin* he

was indifferently a "monster," a "wholesale dealer in doggerel," the "rude assailant of his country," the "profligate reviler of his sovereign," the "impious blasphemer of his God." Gifford, the asp, Gifford, as Mr. Swinburne dubs him; it is odd that the term seems to come from a passage of Macaulay in which Wolcot is nearly as hardly used—his temper stung to more than ordinary virulence, called Tisiphone his "sister-fiend," and railed at him as "fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy," a "beastly profaner," a "brutal sot," a "wrinkled profligate," a "reptile," a "prodigy of drunkenness and lust," and so forth. "Come, then," wrote this master of violent English,

Come, then, all filth and venom as thou art,  
Rage in thine eye and rancour in thine heart,  
Come with thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,  
Smut, scandal, execrations, blasphemies;

and he went on to assure his readers that Wolcot must have been a ruffian from his infancy downwards, inasmuch as it was a well-known fact that "mangled insects" used to "strew his cradle o'er," while "limbs of birds stained his bib with gore"; with many more felicities of sentiment and imagination of a kindred order. In justice to the object of these amenities, it is to be noted that he has over his opposites the advantage of being humanely inclined and of showing a great deal of good humour. There is something about him that is very genial and very English. He comes forth and vociferates with the frank and jovial impudence of a brilliant bargee or an eloquent hackney coachman; he takes his drubbings in good part, and is equally ready to fight the quarrel over again and to shake hands on it and open upon some one else. His weapon is merely the national "bunch of fives," and he uses it with all the heartiness and good temper, and somewhat in the spirit, of one of the heroes of the ropes and stakes. He is, indeed, the Tom Cribb of English satire; just as Dryden is its Marlborough.

#### THE GREAT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

IT would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the discovery, announced a fortnight ago, of thirty royal mummies in the "Gate of the Kings," near Thebes. Some details have since been published in the daily papers, and it is now possible to judge what revelations in Egyptian history are about to be made. Unfortunately, the apathy which is shown to all things Egyptian by English scholars, and the rarity among us of people able to read hieroglyphics, will throw upon other countries the duty and honour of making known to the world the historical facts which these newly found remains may be expected to give us. Our over-worked officials at the British Museum are taken up with "Assyriology" rather than "Egyptology," these departments of knowledge being united, to the great detriment of both, in the only national institution in which such subjects are studied. Our Universities are content to leave such uninteresting and unimportant branches of learning to self-taught men, whose time should be devoted to arrangement rather than reading. The Egyptian collections in the British Museum are but half catalogued, and cannot be said to have any intelligible arrangement. The recent move to the old geological galleries has not led to any improvement in a condition of things to which we have already more than once called attention. But no improvement can be expected until the double labour indicated above is removed from the shoulders of the officials. It is unreasonable to expect of Dr. Birch and his very few assistants that they should at once perform the work of a University and of a Museum, and that, too, in subjects so widely apart and in themselves so recondite. To expect the same man to be equally well acquainted with cuneiform inscriptions, Egyptian art, early metal-work, and the detection of forged carvings, to say nothing of a general knowledge of the Coptic, Hittite, Accadian, and Hebrew languages and their cognates is manifestly absurd. We expect the guardians of our public collections to do not only the practical and partially mechanical work of their departments, but also to fulfil the duties of professors in a kind of unchartered university. It would not be easy to point to many of the learned teachers of our great academical bodies who have done work so generally interesting and important as that performed by the comparatively unlearned officials of our museums. A single name will serve to illustrate this point. We purposely avoid mention of living scholars in this direction; but the example of the late Mr. George Smith is only one among many which could be adduced to prove that it is not to the Universities that we must look for original research and useful as opposed to merely ornamental learning. There are, however, certain indications that one of the Universities, at least, in the person of an eminent Professor, is about to show some interest in Egypt, though few of us will, in all probability, live to see Chairs founded in England, as in all Continental countries, for the study of the arts and learning of the cradle of civilization.

Rumours have been current for some years as to the existence of a vast storehouse of antiquities amongst the rocks and caves of the Theban Mountains. Every one who has ascended the Nile as far as Luxor will remember the long narrow defile at the end of which the tombs of the kings are situated. Most people who have threaded the Bab el Malook will remember how short the distance seemed between its innermost recess and the Deir el Bahari on the other side of the mountain and facing towards the open plain. We climb over the summit of a narrow ridge, and have on our left

the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with its growing tombs, and on our right, almost under our feet, the rock-cut temple of Queen Hatsheeso. It has long been suspected that within this ridge there was probably some great excavation—say, among the travellers' tales of the last few years were to be heard stories of an untold treasure which might be revealed to any eye who was armed first with a firmman permitting him to search and with a very heavy sum for *bachsheesh* in addition. It may be asked why, if this cavern was known to exist, the natives did not penetrate to it and bring forth something more valuable than the few strings of beads and such-like objects which have been offered to travellers for sale; but it must be remembered both that the Arab is extremely superstitious, and also that, even if he dared to penetrate into a cavern so full of *afreet*s as this must have been, his mechanical appliances for removing great weights from a gallery two hundred feet long, and a secret passage leading to a pit thirty-five feet deep, would be utterly insufficient. Nevertheless, some one bolder than the rest seems last June to have made the venture. By this time the hordes of tourists had ceased to infest the Nile valley. The discovery was made too late for much profit to be got out of it; and Daoud Pasha, the Governor of the district, had his attention called to the abundance and cheapness of the objects with which the *antika* market was suddenly flooded. On inquiry the pit was pointed out to him; and, with commendable promptitude, he telegraphed for Herr Emil Brugsch, the assistant curator of the Boulaq Museum. Every Egyptologist must envy Herr Brugsch for the good fortune which awaited him when he arrived in the Bab el Malook. The thirty mummies which he found were, as he could read at a glance, although he must have felt it difficult to believe his eyes, those of all the most illustrious monarchs of the most glorious epoch of Egyptian history. There lay, side by side, Queen Hatsheeso, King Thothmes III., and King Rameses II., the great Sesostris himself. Of kings of minor note were nearly all those of the Eighteenth Dynasty, together with the father and grandfather of Rameses, and his daughter, whose name, Mautnejem, is new to us. But here the reports may be in error, and the name be an unusual form of Maut-notem, the grandmother of Pinotem. The earliest mummy found is that of Raakenen, a king of that obscure dynasty which preceded the Eighteenth, and which is sometimes reckoned as the Thirteenth and sometimes as the Seventeenth. The latest body is that of Pinotem, the third king of the Twenty-first Dynasty, who reigned as nearly as possible a millennium B.C. In addition to the royal mummies, a multitude of objects bearing cartouches will throw great light upon the succession of these kings; and the tent of Pinotem, of leather, embroidered and coloured, and covered with hieroglyphics, cannot fail to clear up some historical difficulties as to the priest-kings of Thebes. It has been suggested that the mummy reported to be that of Thothmes III. is in reality that of the son of Pinotem, whose name, Ramen Keper, is the throne name or title of the great Eighteenth Dynasty monarch; but until all the inscriptions are read this must remain matter of doubt.

The significance of this remarkable discovery will be of a double character. We shall perhaps have our knowledge of a brilliant period greatly increased by the direct evidence of inscriptions and papyrus rolls. Moreover, there may be found some record of the circumstances which led to the concealment in one place of so many of the illustrious dead whose tombs had already been prepared for them in the Valley of the Kings. The coffin, for example, of King Seti I. is, as everybody knows, in the Sloane Museum, his tomb having been opened and explored by Belzoni. But his mummy is among those which Herr Brugsch has taken to Boulaq. Of nearly all the other kings the sepulchres are also well known. How come they, then, to have been placed in this cavern? It is evident that it must have been soon after the close of the reign of Pinotem, and it is more than probable that some great and terrible disaster was impending when the priests of each deceased king—for every king was reckoned as a god—hurriedly took the precious bodies from their graves, where they lay too much exposed, and placed them in the secret cavern where they have now been found. If we consult Dr. Brugsch and Canon Rawlinson as to the history of the time of Pinotem, we find a serious discrepancy between the two latest authorities. Dr. Brugsch's view seems to accord best with the circumstances revealed by his brother's discovery. He describes a great Assyrian attack upon Egypt which Canon Rawlinson cannot accept. Such an attack, coupled with the fact that we find Pinotem's successor on the throne soon after its supposed occurrence, might account for the concealment of these, the most precious of the royal remains of old Egypt. Reverting to the name of Raakenen, it cannot be but that the discovery of his body will throw some light upon that most interesting, but most obscure, period when the petty kings of the South commenced their struggles with the shepherd kings of the North, and when the first of a line of Pharaohs who knew not Joseph arose to drive out the foreigners. Perhaps we may even recover the full text of that precious fragment of papyrus which describes the beginning of the war between Raakenen of Thebes and Apophis the Hyksos king. We must not, however, be too sanguine as to the contents of the newly discovered rolls, as it is probable that they are all funeral, as no others were ordinarily buried with mummies. Still, a storehouse which contained a tent may well have contained some portions of a library—apart from mere "Books of the Dead." The reign of Queen Hatsheeso will receive fresh attention; and the recovery of her body—if indeed it is her body, and not that of one of the numerous princesses of her line who bore the same name—may enable us to form some conclusion as to the events

which placed her brother Thothmes III. upon the throne. In short, there is hardly any question respecting the great middle period of Egyptian history, including the Captivity and the Exodus of the Israelites, which may not receive its answer through this amazing discovery. It is, indeed, sad to think that we have in England no school of young hieroglyphical students whom we might send out to take part in the long and anxious labours of decipherment. There is much yet to be done in the translation and publication of the earlier records. The number of words of the Pyramid period still remaining unread is very great. But every discovery like the present increases our vocabulary; and though, so far, our adoption of an absurd system of transliteration, borrowed from the French, stands in the way, we must hope that before long English teachers may be found who can train a competent class of students in what is the most fascinating of all Oriental languages, and in some respects the easiest.

#### TRADE PROSPECTS.

SINCE we last wrote trade continues to improve slowly but steadily, so slowly, indeed, that not a few persons doubt the improvement; but the evidences establishing it are clear. In the first place, the Board of Trade Returns show for the first seven months of the current year an increase in the value of the exports of about 1½ per cent. over those of the corresponding period of last year. It is to be borne in mind that last year the exports were greatly swollen by the extraordinary and temporary demand for steel and iron from the United States. That demand came so suddenly and was so large that it nearly doubled the price of iron, and consequently swelled disproportionately the value of the exports in the early months of last year. The demand fell away and with it prices, but still the value of the exports taken altogether this year exceed, as we have said, those of last year. It is plain, therefore, since the exports of steel and iron are so much less that the exports of other commodities must be very much larger. Another point not to be lost sight of is that prices generally have continued to fall since last year. The value, therefore, is not a fair measure of the exports. If we were to take quantities, we should see that the growth of the trade is very much larger than the increased value indicates. It is impossible, however, here to take the quantities. We could only do so by giving a list of all the several articles exported, and showing their quantities, which would occupy too much space and be too wearisome to our readers. Besides, it could not be done completely, for the quantities of many articles are not given at all. It may, however, be taken as certain that where the quantities are given the increase in quantities is larger than the increase in values. It follows, therefore, that the trade continues steadily to grow. It may be thought that the profits of trade are not so great; but this does not necessarily follow. The profits consist of the difference between the cost of an article to the exporter, and the price he receives for it; and, if the cost is low, he clearly is able to sell the article cheaply and yet to receive as large a profit upon his outlay as he would receive were the cost and the price considerably higher. Nor does it follow that the country generally suffers because of the low prices. It may be thought that when iron is sold at its present low price the country receives less for one of the elements of its wealth and prosperity than it would do if prices were at the level of the early part of last year; but that, again, does not follow. It is not the mere money price which is received for an article that measures the advantage to the country, but the amount of other goods which can be obtained by that price; and, if those other goods generally are relatively as cheap as iron is, the country does not suffer by selling at the low price. In fact, it is quite conceivable that the country may be receiving as large a return for its iron at present as it received in the inflation years 1872 and 1873, although prices then were so much higher than they are now, because the prices of all other commodities were equally high. To take another instance, if cotton imported from America or India, or wool imported from Australia, or silk from China or Japan, is relatively as cheap as the prices we receive for those articles when manufactured, the profit not only to the manufacturer but to the country generally must be highly remunerative. Low prices, therefore, are not necessarily unprofitable. They may or they may not be so; but they are not necessarily so, and we believe that, as a matter of fact, there is at present a fair profit upon the trade which the country is doing. Prices generally are low; both the prices which we pay for foreign goods and the prices which we receive from foreigners for our own goods, and, therefore, we believe the margin for profit to be fair.

Further evidence of the improvement in trade is afforded by the reports of the metropolitan banks. We find that of these, four have declared larger dividends than at this time last year, while all the others maintain the same dividends. Again, we find that the deposits had increased in the twelve months over 10 millions sterling, and that the loans and discounts increased over 20 millions sterling. It is quite clear from all this, both that the banks have done very profitable business during the past half-year, and that trade generally is more active than it was in the first half of 1880. That the banks have done a more profitable business follows from the fact that four of them have, as we have said, distributed larger dividends than they did twelve months ago, although some of these

had increased their capitals in the meantime, and, therefore, had to earn a larger sum to pay even the same dividends. And that trade is more active follows from the fact that both the deposits and the loans and discounts have increased so largely. The increase in the deposits is evidence of savings. We do not, of course, mean to say that the whole increase represents savings; for when a bill is discounted or a loan advanced by a bank, the proceeds are entered to the account of the person for whom the bill is discounted, or who borrows the money, and takes the place of a deposit. But to a considerable extent the increase in the deposits does represent actual savings, and, therefore, bears out what we have just said respecting the fair profits earned upon the business done. Against the evidence afforded by the increase in the loans and discounts of the greater activity of trade it has been urged that the loans are made chiefly to the Stock Exchange. But, even if this were true, it would not much affect the position. We do not believe that it is true to the extent commonly asserted, for we make no doubt that a fair proportion of the loans and discounts were on account of legitimate trade. But, even if it were true to this extent, it is to be borne in mind that speculation is not altogether wild gambling. Solvent and well-managed banks do not lend money upon securities which are absolutely worthless; the securities are such as a careful bank manager believes to be worth the money, and a speculation in good securities of this class means that the securities are likely to earn larger dividends than they have been earning, and, consequently, are worth higher prices. In other words, it means that the industrial undertakings of the country, in the opinion of prudent people like careful bank managers, are earning more than they did some time ago, and are likely to continue to earn more. Granting, therefore, that speculation is wild and pushed too far, and that it is a dangerous kind of business to engage in, it still affords evidence that trade has improved and is improving. Still further evidence to the same effect is afforded by the railway reports. Although the railway dividends in general have been disappointing, the reports prove that trade is steadily improving. Take, for example, that of the London and North-Western Railway Company. This great railway serves the most important manufacturing and industrial districts of the United Kingdom, and therefore affords the best index as to the condition of the country. Now the report of the directors tells us that, owing to the exceptionally severe weather in the early part of the year, to the strike among the colliers in the Lancashire district, and to the falling off in the trade with Ireland, at one time the diminution in the receipts, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, was as much as 94,000*l.*; yet at the end of the half-year the receipts exceeded those of the first half of last year by 47,000*l.* In other words, so great has been the improvement in trade during the second three months of the first half of the year that, not only has the decrease in the receipts just mentioned been made up, but 47,000*l.* more has been earned; or during this three months 141,000*l.* more than in the corresponding three months of 1880 were earned by this line. A more striking proof could hardly be afforded of the marked change in the economic condition of the country that has occurred since the beginning of April. And that this marked improvement has taken place in the second half of the six months is of special importance. It shows that trade had then begun to improve, and went on improving to the end of June. That it has since continued to improve is clearly proved by the railway traffic returns. Thus, for the six weeks ending August 6 we find the increase in the receipts compared with the corresponding period of last year on seventeen principal railways of the United Kingdom, exceed a quarter of a million sterling, of which 153,000*l.* was derived from goods. The increase in earnings in the corresponding period of last year over 1879 was very large, and here we see again very considerable increase upon 1880. The greater part of it, too, being from the carriage of goods, it follows, as we have said, that the improvement in trade which began with April has gone on steadily augmenting ever since, and is assuming larger proportions at present. There is no better evidence than the earnings of the railways of the condition of trade, for unless there was a demand for goods, they would not be moved about from one part of the country to another at considerable cost. This increase in the receipts from goods traffic is proof, therefore, that the volume of business being done is very large and is steadily augmenting.

One further piece of evidence of the improvement is afforded by the returns of the Bankers' Clearing House. For the eight weeks ended last Saturday there has been a decrease in the cheques and bills passed through the Clearing House only in a single week, while in the other seven weeks the increase has amounted to nearly 123½ millions sterling and for the eight weeks the net increase is fully 100 millions. Making what allowance we may for the part played in this increase by speculation, it is evident that the volume of business being done must be enormously large to account for such an immense increase in the short space of eight weeks. We might go on adding other proofs of our position from the Revenue receipts, trade reports and circulars, and other sources; but we have said enough to show that the growth of trade is steady and large, and that it is acquiring greater momentum as the year progresses. It is stimulated by the very low prices of all articles at present. It is a common experience that low prices stimulate consumption, and it is quite clear that consumption is at present being stimulated very greatly; more especially it is being stimulated at home. The home consumption would seem, from all the evidences before us, to be growing more

rapidly than even the foreign demand, although the foreign demand also is increasing, and, what is worth noting here, the foreign demand for iron and steel is decidedly increasing. For the first time for a great many months there has been an increase in the exports of iron and steel last July as compared with the preceding July, and all the trade reports and circulars are to the effect that the trade being done at present in manufactured iron is very large, and points to a rise before long in prices. In pig iron there is not the same evidence of improvement. The production is still larger than the consumption, though the production is not so much larger but that a very little increase in the consumption would absorb it, and would lead to a rise in prices. But in all branches of the finished iron trade there is a very large and steadily increasing business being done. If the harvest proves as good as is now expected; if the weather continues favourable, so that the corn is got in safely and in good condition; and if the minor crops also are fairly satisfactory, we may expect a very great improvement in trade before the end of the year. The agricultural depression has weighed upon the country for the last two years, and has prevented the revival in trade which began in September 1879 from proceeding as rapidly as was expected. If now the farmers were to find themselves in a better position, the effect would be magical. No doubt the present harvest is not good enough to compensate farmers for all their previous losses. The summary of the agricultural returns published this week shows that there is a falling off in the area under wheat, barley, and peas, and that there is also a decrease in cattle, sheep, and lambs. It is not possible, therefore, that the present harvest can recoup the farmers. It is further to be remembered that in many parts wheat is thin, the straw is short, and though the ear is good, and may be saved in good condition, yet there is much still to be desired for the farmers' sake. But undoubtedly the harvest is very much better than those of recent years. It will put the farmer in better courage, and will repair his credit with the country banks, the country banks themselves will recover courage, and altogether the effect upon the agricultural classes will be most beneficial. If so, the improvement in trade may be expected to be marked and rapid in the coming autumn. Very dear money, indeed, may check the improvement; but, for the reasons we have stated on various occasions lately, we do not expect very dear money. No doubt money will be higher in value than it has been for some years back, but it will not be so dear, we think, as to interfere with trade.

## REVIEWS.

### MR. SYMONDS'S LITERATURE OF THE RENAISSANCE.\*

THESE two volumes complete the work of Mr. Symonds on the Italian Renaissance. In the *Age of the Despots* he discussed the political, in the *Revival of Learning* the scholastic, and in the *Fine Arts* the artistic life of the period. To each of the earlier treatises one volume only was devoted. The literature of the age, in which the character and spirit of the people find their fullest and most varied expression, is discussed more exhaustively. The two volumes give the completest account of the subject yet published in English; and they include, besides what belongs strictly to the period of the Renaissance, introductory chapters of great interest, tracing the earlier growth of the Italian language and literature. Of the whole series they form probably the most practically useful part, and give, in a condensed and attractive form, information which has been gathered from the most multifarious sources, and, what is of great value, the latest results of native Italian criticism and research. The general principles according to which the Renaissance is to be judged and investigated are so clearly fixed that it would be no compliment to the soundness of an author's judgment to say that he had offered an original view of the period; but whatever a wide and intimate acquaintance both with the literature itself and with the labours of other scholars in the same field can produce is here offered to the English reader. Like all that Mr. Symonds writes, these volumes are remarkably pleasant reading; and though there are in them some linguistic singularities, to which we shall presently call attention, the exuberance of style which characterizes some of his earlier writings has here been considerably, and with great advantage, tempered and chastened. It may be added that the practical usefulness of the work has been increased by a copious index to these and the preceding volumes.

The first chapter traces the earlier and less known influences which shaped the beginnings of Italian literature, and, in particular, the influence of French poetry and legends, and of the cosmopolitan Court of the Emperor Frederick II. in Sicily. The persistence throughout the greater part of the Peninsula, as compared with other parts of the Roman Empire, of the old civilization, and the absence of feudalism and of an overpowering aristocratic caste, furnished to Italian literature a ground at once popular and historic to start from; and foreign ideas and examples served only, at this earlier period, to suggest the first steps to the native Italian genius. In Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—the triumvirate of

the period which followed—this genius appears in its full originality, strength, and independence, borrowing from sources outside itself no more than is inevitable with all literature, and stamping whatever it borrows with its own spirit and character. The lifetime of the three leaders of Italian literature marks the first period treated by Mr. Symonds. The next is the period of the scholars, in which the re-discovery of classical, and particularly of Latin, models suspended for a time the cultivation of a native literature. But here it is to be remarked that it was by no means a foreign influence which led the men of that period to ignore or despise the capacities of their own language. In preferring Latin to Italian they were only conscious of preferring a past rich in a great literature, and associated with great historical memories, to a present which, because seen without illusion, is always apt to be unfairly disregarded. It must further be borne in mind that humanism furnished a common ground on which men from all parts of Italy could meet, and embraced numbers of persons to whom the Tuscan language and spirit were, if not foreign, still about as much so as the newly-found classical literature which was drawing all Italy after it. Further, the influence of a new spirit, different from all that the men of that age had hitherto known, opening fresh avenues of thought and action, and tending to emancipate men from the thralldom of a Church which the Italians have always seen at its worst, so engaged the interest and enthusiasm of the intelligent classes that, even had they been able to do their own literature justice, they could not but have neglected it for a season to enjoy the new world which was disclosed to them. After a while, however, when classical literature became familiar to them, and had lost the charm of surprise, the balance was redressed, and the language of the people was once more brought back to honour. The second, or humanistic period, with its exclusive devotion to classical models, thus led the way to the third period, in which the Italian genius, trained and developed afresh by long and intimate study of the models of antiquity, turned again to native sources. The greatest name of this third period, which dates from the latter part of the fifteenth century to the Counter-Reformation, is that of Ariosto.

The subjects discussed in these volumes are so manifold that it is impossible within the limits assigned to us to do more than touch briefly on a very few of them. They appear to us to be treated, for the most part, with excellent judgment. In particular we would call attention to the admirable chapter on the *Orlando Furioso* and the no less interesting chapter on Pietro Aretino. With nearly all that is said on the subject of Ariosto's great poem we can fully concur, or, at all events, with nearly all that is said on the subject of Ariosto himself. We should be inclined, however, to mark more strongly the contrast between the genius of Ariosto and the effect which the *Orlando* produces on the reader. From gifts like those of Ariosto, from his wonderful breadth and power, from his admirable sense of style, from his perfect mastery of the material he handles, something more might be demanded than what he actually gives us. This sense of inadequacy between the poem and the poet strikes us when we read the *Orlando Furioso* consecutively and as a whole. When we dip into it, when we read it occasionally, canto by canto, few poems can be more charming or impress us with a stronger sense of the high gifts of the writer. But when we sit down to read it through, and at the end try to give ourselves an account of the effect it produces on us, we are forced to admit that the total impression is far below what the first impression had led us to expect. And this is not due to a falling off in the merit of the execution, but rather from the sense that the poet has after all been engaged on a task that is beneath him, or at least that does not offer full scope for his power. The *Orlando*, to say the honest truth, is dull when we attempt to read it as we read other poems; it is fascinating when we read it bit by bit. It seems trivial and frivolous when we reflect that it is the poetical master-work of so great a man and so great an age. The writer is in earnest with his style and form, but not with his subject. There are plenty of passages in Ariosto full of dignity and tragic power; but they are scattered about here and there in his poem. The ground-tone of it is graceful irony; and this tone, though charming here and there, as the break or enlivenment to a more serious strain, becomes itself tiresome when it is protracted through forty or fifty thousand lines of poetry. Not only does the *Orlando* gain greatly by being read piecemeal, but it must have gained still more by being recited, as was commonly a custom at that period, canto by canto. There is much in it which would be greatly enhanced by skilful and dramatic recitation. It contains few or none of the countless passages in Dante and Shakespeare which have to be taken to heart and dwelt on before they can be truly apprehended. It aims at a momentary effect; and this effect is experienced by a listener more easily than by a reader. We have only to try the experiment with a few stanzas delivered by a good reciter to perceive the force of this contrast. There is little in Ariosto to feed on or to muse on. And yet, so great is his power, that we cannot help demanding from him that which he is unable to give. More than almost any other poet, he makes us quarrel with what is good because it is not better. In his case, as Mr. Symonds truly says, we must bear in mind the influence which at this period painting had on poetry, and which caused it to assume a pictorial and external character, to the neglect of the deeper elements of thought and feeling which are peculiarly its province. There are other reasons also why a great poet could not then find the atmosphere needed for the best poetic work—the absence of any genuine national and political life; the pre-

\* *Renaissance in Italy; Italian Literature.* By John Addington Symonds. In Two Parts. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.



vailing tendency, so fatal to literature itself, to take nothing seriously but literary or artistic interests; and a moral and social corruption so deep and widespread as to drive every thinking man to be either a cynic or a prophet of retribution.

There are few chapters in Mr. Symonde's work which may not be read with interest and advantage, especially those in which he deals with the purely literary aspect of the age. Many, however, of his general or philosophical reflections seem strangely superficial and unsound. "Nature," says the writer, summarizing the teaching of Valla, "nature can do nothing wrong; and that must be wrong which violates nature. It is man's duty, by interrogation of nature, to discover the laws of his own being and to obey these. In other words, Valla, though in no sense a man of science, proclaims the fundamental principle of science, and inaugurates a new criterion of ethics." In a note to this passage what Valla means by following nature is explained to be simply obeying sensual appetite. Now, in the first place, there is nothing whatever new in Valla's unabashed assertion of hedonism; it is as old as the human race, and it is daily exemplified by the beasts that perish. And in the next place it is in no sense a criterion of ethics, for all ethical systems worth consideration, even those which make pleasure the end of human action, insist on the subordination of temporary or personal pleasure to the permanent good of the individual or of the world at large. A more barren formula than "Follow Nature" was never invented; we all agree to it, but all differ as to what nature is, and how she is to be followed. But probably Mr. Symonde's remark is to be taken as rather rhetorical than as expressing his real opinion. With the English of the book we must again find fault; "resume" in the sense of "to sum up" as in the French *résumer*, "banality," a "back thought" for an *arrière pensée*, "civility" for civilization, and the like, cannot be regarded as improvements on the plain English to which we are accustomed, or as exemplifications of Cæsar's maxim to avoid an out-of-the-way word as we would a rock. One more remark it is necessary to make. Mr. Symonde protests, and with perfect justice, against the view that an analysis of the literature or manners of the Renaissance implies any desire to hold up the corruption which marks both as something to be imitated or as something even venial. Such a charge, if it has been ever made, needs no refutation. But there is another question, and that is how far it is desirable, in a work intended for general circulation, to give a minute account of customs and of writings which it is painful to dwell on, so profound is the heartless corruption which they reveal. The question is one of degree, and must be settled in his own way by each individual writer. A great age cannot be excluded from historical criticism because of the turpitude which marks it. In the Renaissance especially we find this union of what is noblest and most attractive with what is vilest and most hateful; and it is impossible to study the one without being forced to consider the other along with it. But it is to be regretted that the iniquities of the period should receive fuller illustration than is required for the purposes of impartial history; and, if the charge referred to above has been made against those who have written on the Renaissance, it is probably because this limit has not always been strictly observed.

#### MADAME DELPHINE.\*

IN this remarkable story an American novelist, who has already achieved a reputation in his native country, for the first time brings his name before the English public. As the author of a collection called *Old Creole Days*, and of an interesting novel entitled *The Grandissimes*, Mr. Cable has already shown himself to be master of a new field in fiction—namely, the curious Creole and Quadroon population of the city and environs of New Orleans. In *Madame Delphine* he takes a series of idyllic scenes from the same unexhausted source, and delights us with pictures of a strange, old-world, timid civilization of which it is safe to say that English readers know nothing. Those who have read the *Grandissimes* must not expect to find in *Madame Delphine* any situation so tragically pathetic as the death of the old, indomitable African king; in his latest story Mr. Cable has given himself up to the warmth and perfume of the tropical city, to the romance rather than to the tragedy of its population, and to the pathos of its divided races. At the same time, a certain dimness of style that gave a hazy effect to some of the pages of the earlier novel gives place in *Madame Delphine* to a more incisive and exact manner of writing. It should be said at once that Mr. Cable writes exceedingly well, with a rich and musical prose that suits his subject; his fault as a stylist is that he introduces too incessantly a profusion of ingenious detail, and is not content to let enough simplicity divide his "purple patches" from one another. But this severity is "what Nature never gives the young," and its absence is not to be very sternly reprimanded in the present dearth of novelists who take any thought whatever about their style.

It will give at once an idea of Mr. Cable's manner of writing, and of the scene to which he introduces us, if we quote from his pages a description of that part of New Orleans in which, some sixty years ago, the incidents related in *Madame Delphine* took place:—

You find yourself in a region of architectural decrepitude, where an

ancient and foreign seeming domestic life, in second stories, overhangs the ruins of a former commercial prosperity, and upon everything has settled down a long sabbath of decay. The vehicles in the street are few in number, and are merely passing through; the stores are shrunken into shops; you see here and there, like a patch of bright mould, the stall of that significant fungus, the Chinaman. Many great doors are shut and clamped, and grown grey with cobweb; many street-windows are nailed up; half the balconies are begrimed and rust-eaten, and many of the humid arches and alleys which characterize the older Franco-Spanish piles of stuccoed brick betray a squalor almost Oriental.

Yet beauty lingers here. To say nothing of the picturesque, sometimes you get sight of comfort, sometimes of opulence, through the unlatched wicket in some *porte-cochère*—red painted brick pavement, foliage of dark palm or pale banana, marble or granite masonry, and blooming parterres; or through a chink between some pair of heavy batten window-shutters, opened with an almost reptile wariness, your eye gets a glimpse of lace and brocade upholstery, silver and bronze, and much similar rich antiquity.

In the midst of this moss-grown suburb, a low brick house in the middle of a square preserves a close and discreet aspect which is noticeable even in so retired a neighbourhood; sixty years ago the wall of this house enclosed an ill-kept, shapeless garden, full of untriumphed roses and tangled vines, where, in the walks of pounded shell, the coco-grass and the crab-grass had successfully asserted their right to exist. The little house itself was muffled in jasmine and crape-myrtle, and deeply overshadowed by branching orange-trees, the whole forming an odorous and umbrageous retreat in the midst of the tropical city. And in this sequestered place lived Mme. Delphine Carraze, a little quadroon woman with faded eyes. In those days there existed in New Orleans a class which had sprung up between the Creoles and the negroes, and which belonged to neither. This was the free quadroon caste, a race illustrious for the extreme beauty and grace of the women, often almost absolutely white, with massive regular features, lustrous eyes and hair, and manners of the most bewitching grace and refinement. Yet, by the whim of that cruel law which forbade marriage with a white man until the ninth departure from the negro had been reached, these lovely quadroons and still lovelier octoroons were unable to form any legitimate attachments with men scarcely their equals in social standing. Out of this evil state of legislation there arose a condition of things which encouraged a universal laxity of manners, and which entailed, at the best, shame and embarrassment on the next generation. Mme. Delphine was euphemistically called the widow of an American, with whom she had long lived happily in this house of perfumes and shadows; but he had been dead nearly twenty years, and she was still living on the property which, in defiance of the law, he had left her. Their one child had been brought up in the North by his mother and sisters; but, after being separated for sixteen years, the mother's heart had yearned for her daughter, and Olive was now on her way back to New Orleans to live with Mme. Delphine.

We are next introduced to a quartette of very oddly-assorted friends. Père Jerome, a little fat priest; Evariste Varrilat, a doctor; and Jean Thompson, an attorney, are characters which Mr. Cable draws rapidly, but with a firm hand. These three are united in adoring and in lamenting a fourth, who should complete their number, but who has unfortunately adopted the profession of pirate and smuggler, and upon whose head the American Government has set a price. This is Capitaine Ursin Lemaitre, a weather-beaten young man of thirty, with noticeable eyes, who has been trained, rather against his nature, to remember "that none of your family line ever kept the laws of any Government or creed." He is doing a brisk, but highly illegal, trade between Cuba and Louisiana, darting occasionally over to New Orleans with the spoils he has taken along the northern coasts of the Antilles. It greatly shocks and grieves Père Jerome that his Ursin, who is the very pink of courtesy and gallantry, should have taken to such a life, but he cannot persuade the other two friends to see anything but a rare good joke in the whole matter. At last a wonderful story reaches the Creole suburb—namely, that a ship sailing from the North to New Orleans was boarded by pirates, and would have been ransacked, had not a beautiful girl stepped up to the captain, with a missal in her hand, and, pointing to the Apostles' Creed, commanded him to read it. Upon which he drew off his men, and left the vessel to make her way to New Orleans unmolested. This story creates a great sensation, and there is much speculation as to who this freebooter can be who was so suddenly converted by a passage in a missal. Varrilat and Thompson guess that it is their friend Lemaitre, and decide that he must have fallen in love with the beautiful heroine of the adventure. But the simple-hearted little priest will not hear of this worldly interpretation, and determines, on the other hand, to make this edifying circumstance the theme of his next sermon in the cathedral.

Among his auditors are Mme. Delphine and her lovely daughter, lately arrived from the North, and also, as the reader gradually perceives, the pirate himself. But something in the audience, a face or a movement, suddenly changes the current of the dear little priest's mind, and just as he is coming to the point of his story, and about to tell how the missal in the hands of a beautiful girl converted that desperate freebooter, he falters and stops, turning the anecdote into a less personal tale of how the fine order and exquisite appropriateness of nature so affected the pirate's mind in solitude, he being himself a very orderly person, that he determined to quit a mode of life so contrary to the design of nature. The audience is perhaps a little disappointed, but edified upon the whole, and Mme. Delphine is so much touched by the benevolent air of Père Jerome, that she determines to make him her

\* *Madame Delphine: a Novella; and other Tales.* By George W. Cable. London: Warne & Co.

confessor, and obtain his help and counsel in the terrible responsibility of her newly found daughter. Meanwhile Capitaine Ursin Lemaitre has not been miraculously converted by the missal, but he has fallen hopelessly in love with the girl who presented it to him, and in order to find her out he has given up his ship, said farewell to his men, and come back to live at New Orleans. But to do this is to endanger his head, and he is obliged, therefore, to adopt a disguise. He opens a bank in the Rue Toulouse, under the name of Vignevielle, it being known only to his three friends that the banker Vignevielle is one and the same man with their old comrade Ursin Lemaitre. But neither Varrillat nor Thompson suspects for a moment that the returned prodigal is in love, and if Jerome guesses it, it is more by an intuition than anything else; for Vignevielle, who used to be so frank, has become excessively reserved, neglects his business markedly, even for a Creole, and spends so much of his time wandering around the city, and peeping into windows and doorways, that he gradually gets a reputation for being crazed. Of course it is the beautiful octoroon for whom he is searching, but she is so carefully hidden in the shadows of that discreet garden full of orange-trees and crape-myrtle, that he never catches a glimpse of her. At last, one moonlight night, in a scene which is the gem of the book, and described with an exquisite charm of style, he pushes a gate open in his usual way, glancing and searching, and there, listening to the mocking-bird, with her face lit up by the moonlight against the rich darkness of the orange-tree, is the girl that he has been looking for so long, and he learns, what the reader has long ago found out, that it was Mme. Delphine's daughter Olive who faced him on the ship.

It would not be fair to Mr. Cable to tell the plot any further. How the hero contrives to become acquainted with Mme. Delphine, how the unsurmountable barrier between him and Olive is honourably removed, how roughly the course of their true love runs, and what a sublime sacrifice is made at the last by poor old Mme. Delphine, for all this we must recommend the reader to the pages of the novel itself. He is not likely to put the book down until he has finished it.

We think that a novelist's quality is often best shown in his conduct of a short story. *Madame Delphine* is followed by three tales, which really form part of the same study of old Creole life. The first of these, *Belles Demoiselles Plantation*, would be more striking if the reader were not irresistibly reminded by its conclusion of Edgar Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*. It might very well have been written by a man who had never read the earlier story, but for readers of Poe the similarity destroys the necessary shudder of surprise. *Madame Delicieuse*, on the other hand, is one of Mr. Cable's perfectly original pictures of the glittering, lazy, graceful life of the Creole population in its old palmy days. But we recommend any one who is still unconvinced that in Mr. Cable we have gained a novelist with new powers and of brilliant promise to read the last story, *Poison Jone*; we have every confidence in the result. For, unless we are greatly mistaken, he will recognize in the treatment of this short tale a skill in depicting riotous Southern masses of people, in full sunlight, moved by sudden passion to the exercise of whimsical and cruel revenge, combined with a sense of the gentleness and placability which make these races a paradox to Northerners, such as no writer of modern times, except Flaubert, has displayed. The destruction of the circus, and the horrible game played with the tiger and the buffalo, in this story of *Poison Jone*, may be recommended as certain to give the jaded reader that *frisson nouveau* of which he is so much in need. We must add a word on the dialect which Mr. Cable uses. It is new, and must be learned; but it is simple, and easy to learn. It is merely an alternation of French corrupted by English, and English directly translated from French; a soft and languid speech, invented by the easy Creole for his needs.

#### COLVIN'S LANDOR.\*

"NOT to know," writes Professor Colvin on the first page of this little volume on Landor, "not to know what is to be known of so remarkable a man is evidently to be a loser." Not to know what is to be known of all remarkable men is, no doubt, to be a loser, but the loss is one to which the wise will oftentimes submit patiently. The amount of knowledge that can be gathered by even the most unwearied student is small indeed. Some choice must be made in picking up the pebbles and the shells on the shore that is washed by the great ocean of truth. Of many great men—of most great men—we must contentedly remain in profound ignorance. For among the famous dead it is not acquaintances, but friends, that we should seek. We should know a few well, and let the rest pass by us, honoured, indeed, on the report of others, but not loved for that worth which we have ourselves tried, and tried thoroughly. If we have the command of a good library, it is no levée of an American President that we should hold. We should not summon a throng to pass before us so rapidly as to allow ourselves scarce time to learn each man's name and to give him a hasty shake of the hand. We read for our own instruction and for our own pleasure. In the midst of our books, if anywhere, we should lay aside all

hypocrisy, all pretence of knowledge without the reality, and taught by them should, without the least feeling of shame, own not only to others, but still more to ourselves, how little it is that we know and how much there is to be known. Let us often say, as young Isaac Newton, in Landor's Dialogue, said to his friend and tutor, "I am slow, and there are many parts of ordinary learning yet unattained by me." We cannot but fear, however, that these handbooks and manuals of literature and men of letters, which are springing up as fast as September mushrooms after warm showers, are a sign that there is at present in a high degree a restless desire for the appearance of knowledge, while there is but an infirmity of purpose for attaining its reality. The source of the evil may likely enough be found in the modern system of examinations, which in its deadening effects on genius is, we verily believe, only second to the Goddess Dulness herself. Examinations beget handbooks, and handbooks beget both ignorance and conceit, which in their turn, uniting in marriage, bring forth more handbooks.

In thus passing a sweeping sentence on manuals of literature in general, we ought, perhaps, to except those which are written by men of ability, who are masters of the subject which they have taken in hand. Their works may serve either as an introduction to those who intend to study an author, or as a critical review to those who are already familiar with him. When, however, as too frequently happens, the attempt is made to combine these two kinds of writing, the result must almost certainly be a failure more or less complete. Passages which may be instructive to the ignorant are wearisome beyond measure to the student, while in the criticisms and the summing-up in which he takes an interest his fellow-readers must find themselves out of their depth. In the work before us, for instance, Professor Colvin keeps, as it were, one eye fixed on the lowest form and the other on the highest in the daring attempt to teach both at the same time. While he instructs those at the bottom of the school, those at the top will first begin to yawn, and then fall asleep; while, if he bestows on these too much of his time, the others will take to playing, or will give their master the slip altogether. Take, for instance, the following account that he gives of the third volume of the *Imaginary Conversations*:—

Landor's materials for his third volume comprised no less than twenty dialogues, including one very long, rambling, and heterogeneous, between the Duc de Richelieu, a vulgar Irish woman of title, a general also Irish, and a virtuous English schoolmaster turned sailor. With this were associated some of Landor's best brief dialogues of character and passion, notably the Roman two of Marcellus with Hannibal and Tiberius with Vipsania; several of his monumental satires against tyranny and superstition, including the terrible dialogue of Peter the Great with his son Alexia, and the playful one of Bossuet and the Duchesse de Fontanges, a discussion between Rousseau and Malesherbes, which is one of the best of the modern meditative class, &c.

Now we put it to any fair reader, however evidently a loser, to quote again the Professor's words, it may be, not to know what is to be known of so remarkable a man as Landor, is the knowledge increased, and the loss so far lessened, by passages such as the one we have just quoted? If we came across a student who had never seen a copy of Shakespeare, should we do him any good by telling him that the book comprised no less than thirty-seven plays, including one—very long, rambling, and heterogeneous—between a wicked King of Denmark, a mad Prince, a young lady, also mad, and a virtuous King turned ghost; while with this were associated some of Shakespeare's best dialogues of character and passion, notably the Italian two of Antony with Cleopatra and Romeo with Juliet? Should we even give him any analysis of the various plots, any account of Shakespeare's life, or any criticisms of his writing? We should simply place in his hand the plays and bid him read them, telling him that, if he were to know all that had been written about Shakespeare from the Elizabethan age to the present time, and yet had never read him, he would be more ignorant of the poet than a man who knew only a single play and had never even so much as heard that there were any commentators at all. In like manner, if Landor is to be known as a writer, he can only be known by those who will take the trouble to read him. There is no popular path to that great and strikingly original genius. Each man must beat his own way as he strives to follow him. "He walked along the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering," writes Professor Colvin, quoting his hero's fine saying, "and to the far eastern uplands," as he goes on most justly to maintain, "those who would walk with him must brace themselves to mount." But then let them begin the ascent not by going into a panorama or peeping into a *camera obscura*, but by that side of the mountain where it will be easiest to climb. Let them take the shorter dialogues, let them read them and not read about them. Tiberius and Vipsania, Marcellus and Hannibal, Metellus and Marius, taken together are far shorter than many a speech made on the Irish Land Bill. Let them next take a longer dialogue, choosing one in which the characters are men in whom they have a strong interest, or with whose writings they are familiar. They will soon find out whether they are "true Landorians," to use Professor Colvin's words, "who may at present," he says, somewhat rashly perhaps, "be counted on the fingers." If they are not interested, if they cannot see in Landor the greatness which others find, let them not be discouraged. Let them neither come to a hasty judgment, nor feign an enthusiasm which they do not feel. Let them remember how he of all men most scorned affectation, and how he would in a fury have thrust out of his house a worshipper whose insincerity he had detected. Let them wait a few years.

\* Landor. By Sidney Colvin, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

A liking for him may come with time, for he writes for "the full man" who is made and made only by reading.

Professor Colvin says that "a selection or golden treasury of Landor's shorter dramatic dialogues . . . would be, as was said long ago by Julius Hare, one of the most beautiful books in the language, that is to say in the world." Against such a selection not a voice could be raised; for it would no more be incomplete than a chance volume of Shakespeare's plays. Each dialogue stands by itself, and suffers nothing by being removed from its neighbour. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that they all suffer by the artificial arrangement of the latest editions, in much the same way as Wordsworth's poems suffer by their classifications. But when the Professor goes on to suggest that from the longer dialogues a selection for popular use might, perhaps, be made "on the principle adopted by Mr. Hilliard—a selection, that is, of detached sentences and sayings"—there we are dead against him. Landor's Dialogues do not belong to the class which Bacon described. They are not of those which "may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others." They are not "of the meaner sort." He knew that his day would not come till all days were alike to him; but he was content. "I shall dine late," he wrote, "but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." He would have been little pleased, indeed, had he known that the plums would be picked out of his pies, and scattered to a lazy crowd waiting below the windows in the street. Let not our editor trouble himself about "what has to be done in order to extend to wider circles the knowledge of so illustrious a master." Let him remember how Landor has himself in his own noble words described the progress of those writers "who are to have a currency through ages." "In the beginning," he says, "they are confounded with most others; soon they fall into some secondary class; next into one rather less obscure and humble; by degrees they are liberated from the dross and lumber that hamper them; and being once above the heads of contemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation." It is not through extracts that the great writer gets known, so far as he ever does get known, to the little readers. It is through those who have sat at his feet, who have loved him, followed him, honoured him, learned his great language, caught his clear accents, made him their pattern to live and to die, that the master makes his voice heard throughout "the world's great school-room." He changes the few small loaves into a bountiful meal, and they in their turn hand the food about among the surrounding multitude. But the miracle lasts from age to age, and the distribution calls for prolonged and unwearying service.

There is one side of Professor Colvin's work which we have not as yet considered—his sketch, namely, of Landor's Life, and his criticisms of his writings. He has carefully examined the various accounts that we have of this great man, and he has spared no pains in working up the materials into a whole. The sketch is readable, and in parts interesting even to those who were already well acquainted with the main facts. But greater praise than this it does not, we fear, deserve. The criticism is of a higher order, though even this, from faults of style which we shall presently point out, is scarcely worthy of the subject. The following passage will show the Professor at his best:—

The massive individuality of Landor's mind was accompanied, as we have seen, by a many-sided power of historical sympathy, which made him at home not in one only but in several, and those the most dissimilar ages of the past. The strenuous gravity and heroic independence of Puritan England had entered into his imaginative being, as well as the contented grace and harmonious self-possession of ancient Hellas. But of all things he was perhaps the most of a Greek at heart. His freedom from any tincture of mysticism, his love of unconfused shapes and outlines, his easy dismissal of the unfathomable and the unknown, and steady concentration of the mind upon the purely human facts of existence, its natural sorrows and natural consolations, all helped him to find in the life of ancient Greece a charm without alloy, and in her songs and her philosophies a beauty and a wisdom without shortcoming.

Far too many passages, however, of Professor Colvin's writings are marred by faults into which no "Landorian" should ever fall. Landor, to use his own words, was "a magistrate in language." We only wish that a few of our modern writers "were," to carry on the quotation, "brought before him, and obliged to undergo his sentence." If he is to be made known to wider circles, let the knowledge be spread by showing that there are those who are willing and eager to work under him in restoring the purity of our language. "The days of pure English are over," he wrote in his old age; "as people do not perceive the loss of freedom until it is utterly gone, neither do they the loss of language; nor would they be persuaded though such a prophet as Milton rose from the dead." Professor Colvin does not seem to differ from Landor in this. "Nor was there ever a time," he writes, "when a sentinel [over the English language] was more needed." He points out how Carlyle, Dickens and Macaulay, had each in his way accustomed Englishmen "to find their language forced into all manner of startling or glittering usages, of extravagant or unquiet forms and devices." By the way, in the sentence that comes just before "the sentinel" he falls into a grammatical blunder. "So massive and minute a literary acquaintance with his mother-tongue, combined with so jealous and sensitive an instinct in its verbal criticism have (*sic*) probably never existed in any other man." But it is not with errors of grammar that we are troubling ourselves at present. Our complaint is that our author does not always take care that his words have any meaning. If a meaning they have in these cases, it must, at all events, be a conventional one. What, for instance, we may with good reason

ask, is "a massive literary acquaintance with our mother-tongue"? Later on we find Landor "idealizing peccadilloes into enormities, and denouncing and seeking to have them chastized accordingly." As my Uncle Toby owned that he never rightly understood the meaning of the word analogically, we too are not ashamed to confess that we never rightly understand all the meanings of this word that is in so high favour just at present—idealizing. But, allowing that peccadilloes can be idealized into enormities, how are we to explain the rest of the sentence?—"denouncing and seeking to have them chastized accordingly." What is it that was denounced? It is not a word that can stand by itself, and yet there is nothing that rightly belongs to it. Passing on we come to the following piece of criticism:—"The true strength of the discursive *Conversations* resides in the extraordinary richness, the originality of the reflexions and meditative depth and insight scattered through them—reflexions generally clenched and illuminated by images, and adding the quality of beauty to the qualities of solid ingenuity or wisdom." Here is a fine clatter of words, but little we fear more than a clatter. Ixion tried to grasp the cloud, but what was his attempt when compared with images that clench reflections at the same time that they illuminate them? But worse than this—through these reflections is scattered not only a depth but a meditative depth. It is in these image-clenched, image-illuminated, and depth-scattered reflections that the true strength of Landor's *Conversations* resides. Since the days when strength resided in Samson's hair, we doubt whether it has ever found a stranger home.

Once more passing on, we read:—"In his work, as it seems to me, Landor is a great and central artist in his mother-tongue, and a great creative master of historic sentiment and of the human heart." A central artist in his mother-tongue is no doubt very commendable as a good phrase, but possibly it may be found by some as hard to explain as accommodated was found by Bardsolph. We are reminded how Landor said that "the establishment of an academy for painting has much infected our language. If we find five metaphors in a chapter, four of them are upon trust from the oil-and-colour-man." Through want of space we must content ourselves with merely noting such phrases as "a shining promise which smouldered off into disappointment and mediocrity," "a cultivator of men of genius," "a voice lustrous in all its tones," "a story lightning-lit with flashes of romance," "unmitigated and Titanic tragedy," "the essence of proud urbanity and compendious force," "a pointed and clenching method," and, perhaps worst of all, "he commissioned a bust." If Landor, in his strong way of speaking, maintained that "none but a sugar-slave would employ the verb *originate* actively," what abuse might he not have poured on the commissioner of a bust?

It is disappointing to find that the careful study of one of the greatest teachers of style and one of the greatest masters of English has borne no better fruits than these. We shall not, we fear, have the younger men on our side, for of the new kind of writing that has so rapidly sprung up they are the staunchest adherents. Their admiration outstrips by far their understanding. Yet, if in the midst of the applause that they bestow on their favourite writers, they were forced to try to explain the meaning of the words that so tickle their ears, they might now and then have to confess, in the words of Epimedeus in Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," "I could not understand one word in twenty, and what I could understand was sheer nonsense." That the day may quickly come when, of their own free will, they shall make this confession, the day when "men of plain, simple, sound understanding" shall be once more, if not the judges, at least the acknowledged jurors of our language, must be the earnest prayer of every "true Landorian." So far as Professor Colvin's book tends to bring this day nearer we can give it a welcome. But when that happy time has at length come, then we fear that one "true Landorian" will find that some of his readers have given him the slip.

#### COUNTRY PLEASURES.\*

*COUNTRY PLEASURES* is addressed, and ought to be dedicated, to real lovers of the country, nor do we know that we have ever read a more fascinating book of the kind. City-bred folks, though they can hardly fail to be pleased by the charm of its style, will scarcely appreciate its more delicate beauties. We cannot say that Mr. Milner makes much of little; for there is no nobler subject than nature, and in the infinite variety of nature's works, none are unworthy of minute attention. This very volume of his is proof to the contrary. But it needs something of a regular rural apprenticeship to understand the depth and tenderness of the associations that may be awakened by some apparently insignificant flower; to enter into the feelings which can be agreeably excited in blustering storm or blinding sleet; to follow with interest the sympathetic descriptions of land, sea, and sky in all aspects of the weather; and to realize, in short, that an uneventful country existence may be full of events and sensations though it seems dull and monotonous. But there are few lovers of the country, we fancy, however much they may pride themselves on their knowledge of things rural, who will not acknowledge Mr. Milner for their master. His has been a life of that close observation which has ripened with habit almost into intuition, and so he has accumulated the miscellaneous

\* *Country Pleasures: the Chronicle of a Year, chiefly in a Garden.* By George Milner. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

stores of information which make him the most intelligent and trustworthy of guides as he is the most agreeable of instructors. He is an enthusiastic gardener, though he has studied his gardening in the school of nature rather than under professional experts. He is a good naturalist and a practical botanist, and he has the genius of an artist, as we see in the pictures after nature that are scattered everywhere over his pages. Few men know better how to translate into words, each of which has its definite meaning, his clear impressions of natural objects as he has viewed them through different atmospheric effects. But, above all, what gives its most distinctive character to his volume is the range of his acquaintance with the English poets. He presses them all into his service, or, rather, he borrows their brightest ideas, though never without acknowledgment, with the flattering freedom of an intimate friend. And any one with a fair knowledge of poetry will be astonished to find how many beautiful rural allusions have eluded his notice in a general perusal of the works of our poets. For Mr. Milner has read them all with a purpose, and nothing that fell naturally within the sphere of his tastes appears to have escaped his retentive memory. Were we to glance through his pages for the quotations alone, the book must still leave delightful recollections. But, to do the author ordinary justice, we ought to remark how happily each of the quotations falls into its place; how gracefully it suggests an appropriate train of thought; or how justly it illustrates one of his characteristic reflections.

Necessarily, in describing his home and his haunts, Mr. Milner has painted himself and his habits, till we seem to know him almost as well as we know his old-fashioned garden. He likes to perpetuate old traditions, and to preserve the memory of old English festivals. In his neighbourhood the bustling enterprise of the present rubs shoulders with the relics of the past; and his house stands now almost in the suburbs of one of the great and growing Lancastrian manufacturing towns. But, almost under the shadow of smoky chimneys, he still kindles the yule log on Christmas Eve, and decks the rooms with mistletoe and holly; and the decorations are left to wither upon the walls till cleared away with all due solemnity at Shrovetide. And the work of removal must be done carefully, under heavy supernatural penalties; for, as Herrick sung in a quaint poem that is quoted:—

For look how many leaves there be  
Neglected there; maids, trust to me,  
So many goblins you shall see.

The bonfire blazes on the 5th of November, while all the household joins hands for the ceremonial dance round the blaze. But festivals like these are celebrated at long intervals, and the plan of the book is keeping a regular journal of the slight incidents of the weeks and the seasons. As Mr. Milner announces in the title-page, it is the "chronicle of a year, chiefly in a garden," and the garden must be a very pleasant one. He has no great fancy for the modern fashion of setting trim flower-beds ablaze with masses of gorgeous bedding-out plants. He rather recommends leaving nature to herself, and he joins practice to precept. He cultivates the English flowers of long descent—though, indeed, they need but little cultivation—many of which have been glorified by his favourite poets. Nor does he greatly object to what we call weeds, when in their proper places; and, above all, he delights in the drooping foxgloves, which have a special bank in his garden devoted to themselves. There are wild flowers of many species, besides, in the little woods and the orchards; there is a glen which shows a rich variety of forest foliage; and there are rough pieces of meadow and untrimmed hedgerows. Where there are thickets and dense patches of laurel and rhododendron, with luxuriant ivy and climbing plants clinging to old walls and buildings, of course birds swarm, though the city is so near. Nothing is more interesting than some of Mr. Milner's notes on nesting-time and the situations of nests, and the rapid growth of the nestlings. He points out the absurdity of popular notions as to the unerring instinct which is supposed to guide birds in concealing their nests. It is true that some of them, like the wary chaffinches, choose the materials of the very colour of the bough which gives its support. But others, such as the "poor foolish thrush," actually appear to court observation; and nothing but its extreme fertility can save the race from extinction in districts where many bird-nesting boys are abroad. Then there are others which, building in open fields near the ground, confide eggs or broods to the chapter of accidents. He mentions one nest of the meadow-pipit which he stumbled upon, though most ingeniously concealed in a tuft of coarse rushy grass; but which all the same might be wrecked at any moment by some grazing animal crushing it under foot. While the starling, on the other hand, shows a happy mixture of cunning and confidence. "Here is the starling creeping through a small hole in the tiles to his snug nest. His sense of security makes him impudent; he stands and looks at you with his head cocked up, and goes in and out of the house with an unnecessary frequency, as if he would say, 'This is where I live, and I don't care if you know it.'" As for the rapidity of the growth of the young, we have it carefully noted in the story of a hedge-warbler's family. On May 10th the young were out of their shells, and huddled together in an undistinguishable jumble in the bottom of the nest. Five days afterwards they had already grown too big for it; so that one was always being smothered under his three companions, who were gaping open-beaked for food. "All birds' nests," Mr. Milner observes, "seem to me to err by defect"; or,

in other words, they have not been constructed with an eye to the inevitable expansion of their inmates. On May 18th the young warblers looked ridiculously large, so that it seemed as if they must either fly or fall. And on that evening, or the following morning, fly they did, and only nine or ten days after they had struggled out of the shell.

But we should give a very imperfect notion of Mr. Milner's book if we implied that it was occupied altogether, or even chiefly, with mere notes on natural history, botany, and gardening. It abounds in passages of minute and most exact description, inspired by a genuine artistic feeling, and in bits of poetic meditation and moralizing that have nothing pedantic or affected in them. Indeed, it is difficult to make selections for quotation, because the style is always easy and natural; so that we are rather pleased by the effect of the whole than impressed by any particular passages. But here is a reflection suggested by the stillness of a winter night which attracted us by its truth as by its simple beauty:—"It is at night, however, that the feeling of winter is most strong; and the *dumbness* of it is the first thing that strikes you; there is much to see, but nothing to hear. The watercourses are frozen; the birds are all hidden—who knows where?—and the winds are still; but how beautiful are the white leaning roofs of an old homestead, and the red glimmer in the windows of the neighbouring farm, seen across a long stretch of snow; and how marvellously the stars seem to dance among the black branches of the trees." Nor does Mr. Milner confine himself in the chronicle of his year to notes on his own home in Lancashire. Although even when there he is by no means limited to the bounds of the pleasant garden and farm, for the place lies within easy reach of the hills, and many is the ramble that he takes over the expanse of the lonely moors. Some of his best chapters are dated from North Wales, or the neighbouring seashore, or from Shropshire, and, above all, from the island of Arran, where he invites us to spend the months of August and September. But, wherever he goes, and though he changes from plain to hill, or from the shady lanes of the Midland Counties to the sands and flats of the seacoast, there is never a breach in the continuity of his work. He says himself that in making a move, it is his first object to find points of pleasant contact between the old home and the new, and in that he undoubtedly succeeds. A chief point of contact he finds in the wild flowers. Even in Arran they are much the same as in the neighbourhood of the smoky Lancastrian towns, though many of them may be more beautiful:—

In the thicket behind the garden here the wild bramble trails its prickly stem and its white flowers up and down, just as it is doing now in the thorn hedge above the foxglove bed in our own garden far away; and as we ascend the lower and pastoral slopes of the mountain we see all our old favourites—the brilliant dandelion; the little red-tipped bird's-foot; the delicate eye-bright; the blue campanula, swinging its airily-lunged bells in every faint breeze; and the daisy, with its yellow disk and its white rays reduced to one-fourth their usual size, but brighter than ever—a perfect diamond in the green pasture.

He goes on to remark that the higher one climbs the smaller, but more vivid in colour, the flowers become. And the remark will be confirmed by every one who remembers the lustrous brilliance of the wild flowers in the upper meadows on the Alps and the Pyrenees, notably of the little blue gentianellas where they enamel the borders of some mountain pool. But our experience, so far as it goes, confirms the accuracy of every one of Mr. Milner's observations; though we confess that in reading his book we have learned among other things how little we know and how unobservant we have been. We see lists of volumes every day advertised as suitable for the holiday season; but to those who are contemplating tours in the country we can recommend no volume more heartily than these simple and beautiful "Country Pleasures."

#### LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.\*

NOBODY can say that a Life of Voltaire was not wanted in English, for there is really nothing of the kind on any sufficient or satisfactory scale. There are, indeed, certain very well-known essays on the subject, but they deal for the most part with inferences rather than with data. It is, however, but a short time since M. Desnoiresterres's elaborate series of volumes was finished; while the Voltaire centenary of three years ago produced a flood of writing on the subject, some of it worthy to be taken into account; and the progress of literary investigation is constantly unearthing fresh work of the indefatigable philosopher's own. In default of a better, Mr. Parton's work will be useful enough, but it is only in default of a better. We have not often read a book which was fuller of small blunders. The enumeration of these would be tedious enough, but we hardly remember to have noted down a longer list against a book of the kind. At one time it is a slip in nomenclature, such as *Jean Stobée*, *Denys* of Halicarnassus, and so forth. At another it is ignorance of the details of history, such as the statement that Congreve left his fortune to Duchess Sarah of Marlborough. At another it is bibliographical errors. Of these last there is a glaring example at the very beginning of the book. "In a satirical romance," says Mr. Parton, "published when Voltaire was a boy, there is," &c. This satirical romance is explained in a footnote to be the *Roman Bourgeois*. Now Voltaire was born in 1694, and

\* *Life of Voltaire*. By James Parton. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.



the *Roman Bourgeois* was published in 1666. Mr. Parton is therefore a good half-century out—for in his footnote he quotes the 1712 edition, apparently under the impression that it is the first—as to the date of not the least remarkable work of fiction of the French seventeenth century. In itself the error is nothing; but it gives a very definite and unsatisfactory idea of the writer's ignorance of general French literary history.

Inaccuracies of detail, however, may be too severely as well as not severely enough visited. They have often been shown to be compatible with a real grasp of the general history of a person or a period, and with a real power of representing that history. It is awkward certainly for the trusting disciple; but *caveat lector* is perhaps as good a maxim as *caveat emptor*. But it is otherwise with certain radical faults of general handling and view. When a biographer commenting on the history of the Arouets says, "probably the family had been established in the neighbourhood for generations. An ancestor may have witnessed the battle of Poitiers," &c., a kind of despair seizes the reader. History by peradventure is surely not worth writing, and still less worth reading. Nor is this Mr. Parton's only excursion into that most unprofitable region. All readers of Voltaire's pleasing story of his English travels remember the highly symbolical account of his adventures when he landed at Greenwich. "He observed," as Mr. Parton's version has it, "a prodigious number of well-formed young people on horseback cantering round a racecourse." Instantly Mr. Parton's imagination is on fire. He is, let it be observed, an American, and his book is written rather with a view to the United States than to England as it would appear. "Ben Franklin was a journeyman printer in London then. What more likely than that he was at Greenwich that day? He may have been one of the stout fresh complexioned youths whom Voltaire admired," and so forth. Comment on folly of this kind is hardly required, and indeed it is not probable that any one foolish enough to commit it would understand the way in which other people regard it. It would be venial, however, if this were the only way in which Mr. Parton goes out of his way to catch the ear of his own particular audience. "It is difficult," he says, "for an American citizen to realize the fond anxiety with which the French people watched the growth and listened to bulletins of the health of this little boy" (Louis XV.) An American citizen must in that case be a very dull person, and Mr. Parton may be assured that it is perfectly possible for an Englishman, notwithstanding an exactly parallel difference, to realize the fond anxiety with which Americans have lately been listening to bulletins of the health of President Garfield. Elsewhere Mr. Parton must needs drag in "inflation." Law, of course, comes in for some terribly strong language, language which goes far to show that Mr. Parton has a very indistinct notion of what Law actually did. Gürtz, he tells us, again, "was the only person who ever suffered death for the pernicious error of inflating a country's currency." What does it matter, we should like to know, to the readers of a biography of Voltaire whether the biographer is for "hard" money or for "soft"?

Mr. Parton's general critical standpoint as to his hero is hardly more satisfactory than his attitude in regard to these details. To him Voltaire is not what he is to sober critics, a literary figure of the very first, or all but the very last, importance; a significant landmark in the history of social and religious opinion; a personality, questionable indeed, but on the whole rather attractive than the reverse; a politician almost unimportant. M. Victor Hugo's discourse on the Voltaire centenary, in which that great writer showed himself at his very worst and weakest, seems to Mr. Parton "the crowning utterance of the century"; it is "the highest effort of the kind in French literature"; Béranger's "Baptism of Voltaire" (as poor a thing for Béranger as the speech just mentioned for Hugo) "will be a fresh possession to each generation after the trivial episode of the Restoration has been generally forgotten." The reason of these extravagant estimates is sufficiently clear. It is not respect for Béranger or for Hugo, but for Voltaire, which induces Mr. Parton to make them. He has accepted to the full, and exaggerated not a little, the view of those who see in Voltaire's "*écoutez l'infini*" the watchword of modern Europe. He would fain, if he could, make of the patriarch, not merely a great religious, but a great political, reformer, though in his character of American citizen he has readily to confess that it was very wicked of Voltaire to speak of the lower classes as *canaille*. That Voltaire had no definite political views at all, or, if he had any, would have liked a thoroughly enlightened and amiable despotism; that his religious, or anti-religious, crusade resolved itself partly into mere mocking, partly into a carrying out, not altogether according to knowledge, of English ideas as to toleration, Mr. Parton seems not to have the slightest idea. The Revolution itself might have taught him better. It was very far, and is very far, from seeing an ally in Voltaire; and the sole reason for the revival of affection for him in the France of to-day apparently is that to the French Radical of the moment anybody who ever annoyed the Clericals is a saint.

In point of critical grasp, therefore, Mr. Parton's book is as destitute of value as it is in point of literary execution. The translations in which it abounds are extremely ill executed, the ignorance of French idiom, or else the incapacity to reproduce it in English idiom, which is displayed being portentous. "You will find it impertinent that the same hand should paint the king and me" instead of "you will consider it." "I pretend to be ignored of all the world except you," instead of "I insist upon being ignored by all the world except you," &c. &c. But these

same translations almost make up in matter what they lack in manner. They are, as has been said, very numerous, and they are impartially selected from Voltaire's own letters, from letters to him, and from writings about him. The merely English reader has, therefore, a very considerable body of first-hand evidence from which to judge Voltaire. Moreover, the narrative which connects these extracts is very copious, very minute, and on matters of great importance tolerably accurate. Every now and then, indeed, the remarkable faculty which supplies the place of the judicial faculty in Mr. Parton's case makes itself apparent, as in his odd acceptance of a solution of the *vacatissima* *questio* of the name Voltaire, for which he has, or at least produces, no other authority than a quotation in the English *Pall Mall Budget* from the French sporting newspaper *Le Derby*. Of the actual facts of Voltaire's strange and busy career, however, a very full, and on the whole sufficient, account has been got together in these voluminous pages. Every praise that may be due to diligent compilation fairly belongs to Mr. Parton. It has, indeed, not been necessary for him to do more than to take the trouble of reading a certain number of very accessible books. But the number was considerable, and the trouble is one which, unfortunately, as every week shows us, a very large number of authors altogether disdain to undergo. It was perhaps more than it is fair to expect from human nature that he should have refrained from spicing the results of his investigations with the flowers and sprouts of his own brain. Mr. Parton no doubt thinks that to say "it savoured of good breeding to be Cartesian—the last resource of error that has received its death wound" is rather neat, and perhaps the citizens of a free and not over-polished Republic like to be told that good breeding is the last resource of error. He may be of opinion that "Voltaire's empty sarcophagus speaks more powerfully than if it were a Tamerlane's pyramid of bones" is a vigorous picture and an appropriate image. Perhaps it is not too much to allow him these innocent exaltations in consideration of the good solid work which he has actually done.

No one who has hitherto derived his ideas of Voltaire's visit to Frederick merely from Mr. Carlyle and Lord Macaulay should omit to correct them by the account here given—one of the most careful parts of the book. So, too, the account of the Cirey stay is very interesting, and much the fullest that we know in English. Indeed, a full one was hardly possible before the publication of that part of M. Desnoiresteres's work which deals with the subject. Voltaire's bondage to his Marquise is very well exhibited, though it is fair to remember that the witness most damaging to the fair Emilie was a lady (Mme. de Gragny), who admits that her hostess treated her very badly, and who seems to have been a very little jealous of her influence over Voltaire. The last part of the story, that relating to Ferney and Les Délices, is less elaborately treated; but as this is also one of the best known, and as the various visits to Voltaire of Burney, Moore, Casanova, &c., are public property, there was perhaps less need for minuteness here. On the other hand, the youth of Voltaire and his last visit to Paris come in for very elaborate treatment, and, as far as the information given is concerned, very little is left to be desired in connexion with them.

On the whole, then, this is one of the very few books of which it can *not* be said that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains. Mr. Parton's mere diligence is fully satisfactory and sufficient. It is his art that is in default. Indeed, if he had tried to do a little less, and avoided all attempts at doing anything but setting forward the facts, without comment, criticism, or view of his own, he would have done a great deal better. But in that case he would have been a rather superhuman person. And it is, perhaps, on the whole, unreasonable to find fault with a human being for not being superhuman.

#### THE VIOLIN AND ITS MUSIC.\*

IF there is any musical instrument which deserves to have its history written, and read, not once but many times, it is the violin; for even the general public might well afford to know something about one of the most wonderful and perfect inventions of men. The pianoforte is, of course, the most familiar, the most useful, and to some people, for these very reasons, the most obnoxious of instruments. The organ is supremely impressive, but it is not delicately expressive; it is the most romantic of instruments, and has a long history, but it is too easily profaned; and, as it supplies the greatest amount of noise at the least expense of mental or muscular labour, it meets more often with profanation than respect. The violin is not so easily profaned. A layman can do nothing with it at all; it is a speech which is hard to learn and hard to keep, even in a moderate degree, so that it is much more sacred to the initiated in the most intimate musical mysteries than are its larger brothers. But, most of all, it is the most perfect means of musical utterance which has ever been devised. Its resources of expression are almost without limit, both in kind and extent and in degree. A man can express passion and tenderness, wisdom or humour, grandeur or delicacy, on a small or a large scale, without subterfuge and without compromise; and he can do it without the complicated machinery of bellows and trackers and stops, or the labour of lungs or pinching of lips and the elaborate mechanism to let out the right sound in the right place, or

the marvellous delicacy of pianoforte action. With his own fingers alone he stops a few strings just where he will, and with his bow, guided by his own well-trained muscles, he makes the sound for himself. All complicated machinery lies between the man and his musical speech, and shuts him off further from spontaneity, but the violin lies close to a man's soul, and with it he can tell the most intimate things of his nature to those that have ears to hear.

It is rather a proof of the nobility of the instrument and the smallness of the average man that great violinists should be so rare. If we take our own country, for instance, it seems rather a strange matter for reflection in relation to music and men's musical powers that it has not produced a single great violinist of the first rank. Italy, France, Germany, and even little Belgium, have their great names, and a fair row of them; England has not one, and few even of such free and able spirits as can do their duty by it. However, it is not yet too late, and there may be improvement; and, moreover, though mankind as a rule think little of things they do not themselves excel in, it may be confessed without vanity that there has generally been a small nucleus of people in this country who know what music is at its best, and appreciate in others gifts which are denied to themselves. This is a very honest trait, and it is one to be encouraged; and Mr. George Hart is quite right to give them the opportunity of improving their information and increasing the numbers in so worthy a circle by putting forth a large and attractive volume on what he is no more than reasonable in calling the king of instruments. It is difficult to think of a man whose position would better fit him for the work; and the broad range of interest in the book which appears at the very beginning, and the evident appreciation of the romantic as well as the practical side of the question, shows that the man is not merged in the specialist, and that outsiders as well as experts may look to find amusement as well as instruction therein. The range of the book is of the widest, and the author endeavours rather fruitlessly to dive into the obscurity of the middle ages for the springs and sources of his subject. He takes up with the view of Roger North as to the viol when he says, "I cannot but esteem it perfectly Gothic." A considerable space is devoted to this point, though there are but dim glimmerings of inference to guide the devious way. The Troubadours of Provence had something to do with the viol, and so had the Violas of Spain, and yet more the Meistersingers of Nuremberg and the other great German towns. But this does not help much to a judgment. Moreover, the viol was not the direct ancestor of the violin, nor was the treble viol its counterpart. These were larger and coarser, and differed somewhat radically in shape, and were fretted on the finger-board. The direct ancestor or prototype of the violin was rather the instrument called by Anglo-Saxons *fithle*, or *rebec* by the French, and *geige* by the Germans; and its existence went on for a long while side by side with the viol, but in different company. The viols were the instruments of polite society, and the fiddles of the vulgar. The latter were at home in the fairs and the taverns, and the former in the houses of the then intelligent classes. Many people believe the rebec to have come from the East, and some authorities go so far as to say it is the common ancestor of both viol and violin. The sculptures of ancient cathedrals and minsters and the vignettes and borders of manuscripts may throw some light on the question; but it cannot be hoped that so obscure a matter will ever have a decided solution. The particular view held by the author is not likely to gain strength by his saying, "Though I have named the Goths as the possessors of a bowed instrument which gave rise to the viol, I have done so for the sake of simplicity rather than from conviction." So that, on the whole, it will seem agreeable to a logical mind to get on to more stable ground.

It is certain that a book by Carmine Angurelli, published at Verona in 1491, contains a woodcut of a seven-stringed viol of somewhat rude construction, and that German paintings of nearly the same epoch, or a little later, contain representations of similar but rather better constructed instruments. This, however, may not count for much in respect of the superiority of one nation over the other as far as regards the instruments, for the Germans may have had the more accurate powers of observation. The chief point which is certain is their general diffusion and development. The improvement of instruments and of the music written for them generally goes hand in hand; they act and react upon one another. While these stringed instruments were without bridges to support the strings, or had only flat bridges, and no hollows in the sides to enable the bow to get to the outside strings, it is obvious that little real musical work could be done with them. When and how a better state of things was attained cannot now be ascertained; it is only clear that by this period—about the end of the fifteenth century—viols must have reached sufficient development to be available for real music, though their tone cannot have been at all remarkable, or near in beauty to that of a violin.

The beginnings of polite instrumental music were almost certainly from vocal madrigals, which were the earliest forms of domestic music. Vocal music, of course, was the branch which was earliest cultivated, because the voice was the organ which nature had given to man ready to his will. The early masters of the Netherlands brought this art of writing for voices up to a very high point, and carried their powers with them to Italy, where many were engaged in high musical offices by Popes and nobles. When this vocal writing became very elaborate, viols were introduced to assist the voices and keep them

together. Then, for variety's sake, the voices were sometimes dropped and the viols played alone. The step from this is not far to compositions exclusively for viols. Of this emancipation Andrea Gabrieli and his nephew Giovanni are sometimes credited with being the heroes. They were both in highest musical authority at St. Mark's, in Venice, and the former was the pupil of the great Dutchman, Adrian Willaerts, who occupied the same post before him. "Sonate a cinque per i stromenti," by Andrea, were published at Venice in 1586; and the nephew Giovanni is credited with being the first to use violins in a dignified position, namely, in his "In Excelsis" for soli and chorus, with orchestra of violins, horns, and trombones. It is, however, certain that works for instruments alone were published in France before this, though they may not be held to be sufficiently dignified to take precedence. A book was published, in Paris, by Attaignant, from 1547 to 1555, which contains galliades and pavanes and other dances for viols in four and five parts; and if such things do not appear as important in themselves as the madrigals played on the viola, they had, in fact, quite as much share in the parentage of sonatas and quartets and symphonies. It must be just noticed in passing that the spread of printing had not a little to do with the development of music. Petrucci began printing music in Italy in 1495, and Wynkyn de Worde in England in 1530, and very little later the musical world was most wonderfully alive and taking giant strides of progress.

Till the latter part of the sixteenth century the viols still held possession of the field, but Gaspar di Salo was making violins in 1560, and time had already come round to the famous family of Amati, who began with making viols, but very soon after attained the highest possible perfection in the art of making violins in the beginning of the next century; which also was to see the appearance of Antonio Stradivarius, whose violins in these days are canonized by the familiar name of Strads. The music for the instrument cannot in this case be said to have kept pace with such a rapid blaze of achievement. So far progress was tentative and slow, and was as usual hindered by the dulness of perception of executants and auditors. Monteverde, among many other experiments which we now take as a matter of course, tried some new effects with his strings which so alarmed his players that they at first refused to try them. He used violins in his opera *Orfeo*, which was played at Mantua in 1607, but the fretted viol was not yet by any means driven from the field. A considerable amount of good music was written for it after this date, and it may be a little comforting to know that some worthy work of the kind was done in this country; as for instance by our Orlando Gibbons, in the "Fantasias of three parts," which the author has either forgotten or preferred not to mention. At all events, they have some extremely fine points in them, and if we could do anything relatively as good nowadays we might be very well contented with ourselves.

The violin must have been for some time creeping up and gaining on the viol, but the final victory was reserved, historically, for Corelli. His opera prima, called "Sonate di Chiesa a tre, due Violini e Violone eccet.," was published in Rome in 1681, and this and the works which shortly followed clinched the matter. But some honour should be reserved for the violin-makers, and for the nameless sons of art whose labours were the foundation upon which Corelli built, or gathered and bound into perfect and convincing order. The author discusses some anecdotes about him, given both by detractors and encomiasts, and rightly points out the unsatisfactory nature of such personalities. The most satisfactory item quoted is the account of his ideas on the ensemble of a string band; this is given by his pupil Geminiani, who reported that he "regarded it as essential to the ensemble of a band that their bows should all move exactly together, all up or all down; so that at his rehearsals, which constantly preceded every public performance of his concertos, he would immediately stop the band if he discovered one irregular bow." This will remind some readers of the practice of the Paris Conservatoire. Corelli's solos appeared about 1700, and in 1701 Scarlatti wrote his opera *L'odiouso e l'avernice*, in which there is an obligato violin accompaniment to an air, and his orchestra contained violins, tenors, cellos, and basses. The steps here go quickly in the direction of things as we know them familiarly. Porpora was Scarlatti's pupil, and Haydn was Porpora's. But, while the world was getting ready for the artistic achievements of Haydn, it was tolerably well occupied with such remarkable men as Veracini, Tartini, and Nardini in Italy, and Le Clair and Gaviniés in France, and with such giants in composition as Bach and Handel. The worst of this state of things for the general reader is that, in order to approach to anything like sufficiency and completeness with such a crowd of witnesses as there then were, many pages degenerate into mere lists of names and references to compositions. The author puts in a plum here and there to keep the interest alive, but it is hard to trim the balance. As Halifax says, "Resolving to serve well, and at the same time resolving to please, is generally resolving to do what is not to be done." But, at all events, there is a great deal of information in the book about the early stages of violin history and the earlier violinists; and, if the great masters have not a due proportion of space left for them, it may, at all events, be said that it is easier for the public to get their own information about them and to hear their works if they will. To an exacting critic, however, the author will not appear to be so perfectly at home or so thoroughly interested in general matters of musical information in the later and grandest period of art; and his information, though undoubtedly rich, is not complete. It is rather

curious, for instance, to find him writing of John Sebastian Bach that, "had he possessed the quality of ambition, perhaps the world might have been richer in masterpieces"; and, further on, if he could have commanded an orchestra, "his cantatas and large works might have been quadrupled in number." As Bach wrote a Grand Mass of the largest dimensions, four small ones, five Passions, five Sanctus, the Christmas Oratorio, two Magnificats, and a good deal over two hundred Cantatas, besides a colossal pile of instrumental music, a reasonable man might very well be satisfied, and quadrupling would seem, perhaps, a little superfluous. In another place he speaks of Clementi as a writer of nocturnes, and the notice he makes of Schubert is very inadequate, as he goes to Mr. Chorley for criticism, and makes no mention of some of his finest works which belong to the subject of the violin. Moreover, the consideration he gives to the great John Sebastian is quite inadequate to his importance in relation to the violin, and the list of compositions for the instrument appears to be incomplete. It may be said, as a set-off, that there are some excellent remarks about the position of Philip Emanuel Bach in relation to music generally which could not come from a man who had not a remarkable range of knowledge apart from his special subject, and there are criticisms and remarks on general subjects throughout the work which are of the same calibre.

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven offer subjects too large to be brought easily within the range of a history of the violin; but there is a good deal set down which is of general interest, if not a little too general. All three did something themselves in the way of playing stringed instruments, but naturally not in a manner to make much impression on the history of technique. From the violinist's point of view, pure and simple, Viotti is more of a great landmark. With him, the writer says, began the modern school of the violin. He was born in Piedmont, in 1753, and an important part of his life was spent in Paris, where he had the opportunity of influencing several very remarkable players of his time. Among these was Pierre Baillot, who is said to have taken his style as the ideal of perfection and to have modelled his own therefrom. Baillot was himself a pupil of Nardini, who was a pupil of Tartini. Tartini in his turn is looked upon as a follower of Veracini, whom he undoubtedly surpassed, and Veracini was a pupil of Corelli. This brings an interesting genealogy very near to our own time. In another line the famous violinist Rode was a pupil of Viotti, and the admiration which Spohr had for Rode caused him to become, in his own estimation, his most faithful imitator. In this manner Rode, through Spohr, influenced the greater part of contemporary violin playing; and Ferdinand David, the friend of Mendelssohn and Joachim, was the pupil of Spohr.

The writer holds that the position Spohr occupied in relation to the progress of the violin was hardly less important than that of Corelli. He effected "the union of Italian, French, and German art." "The style of composition which Spohr brought to bear upon the violin as a solo instrument necessitated a special education on the part of the executant." The conclusion from which is, that "something more is needed than correct time keeping and perfect mechanism; in short, that the painter must ally himself with the poet," &c. This is large-minded and true in general, and possibly of Spohr in part; but there were men of the right stamp before Agamemnon, and other influences may have had more to do with the development than the great German violinist is accountable for. Men had to learn to express what the greatest composers provided for them, and in relation to every instrument this has more influence than commonly appears.

There is a very great deal more which is well worth discussing in the book if it were possible; such as the account of that phenomenal prince of virtuosi, Paganini, and his musical genealogy, and the estimate of his position in relation to genuine art; and there are anecdotes about great musicians and their works, some of which are a little garrulous and some of no little interest and illustrative value; but people who have time for anything reasonable may not find it amiss to look for them themselves. It is probably not possible to fit amusement with the completeness of a work of reference, but so far as such things are compatible in relation to a very rich subject, the writer has made an admirable effort.

#### OLD ALI.\*

THE title of this work is somewhat fantastic. A tour which took place in 1860 can scarcely be classed with propriety among "travels long ago." And the Persian servant whose name Mr. Osmaston tells us he feels a pleasure in bringing "conspicuously forward" on his title-page was, in reality, not called Ali, but Agha Baba. But these are details of small importance. The principal fault to be found with the book is that the information it contains is, if not absolutely stale, at all events deficient in freshness. Had it been published immediately after the traveller's return home, it would perhaps have inspired a lively instead of a languid interest. After the lapse of a score of years there might seem, at first sight, to be no sufficient reason for its appearance now. But the author takes care to inform us that he has had special reasons for publishing now his long-suppressed notes of travel. He fears, though he finds it hard to believe, that there exist "Englishmen of the present day, in the year of grace 1880,

so unenlightened as would join our Church of England to such a painted charnel-house" as the "so-called Greek or Russian Church." And therefore he is glad to testify, "at the present time more especially, to the gross ignorance and lamentable superstition, the outcome of priestly rule," which are linked with the ceremonies of that Church, as witnessed by him on half-a-dozen occasions during a six-weeks' tour in Russia. It has also been his "pleasant duty," his preface proceeds to state, to record "some marked Providences"—that is to say, several evident interpositions of Providence in his behalf. These do not seem to have begun to manifest themselves while he was in Protestant Scandinavia. But during his progress through superstitious Russia and infidel Persia they were as frequent as valuable. His meeting with an English companion on his way to Astrachan was "a Providential over-ruling." When his departure from Astrachan was facilitated by the abrogation of one of the laws which used to hamper the movements of travellers, he "most strongly" felt that the change was "a marked Providential occurrence"; and the present of a work on Persian travel which he had previously been unable to obtain was, in his eyes, "another link in a Providential chain." A vigorous faith of this kind naturally carried him cheerfully through many difficulties and some dangers. On several occasions his capacity for believing lent a pleasant enchantment to the views on which he gazed. When he saw the supposed tomb of the Prophet Ezekiel, it occurred to him that, "though two thousand five hundred years have nearly run off the roll of time since that great prophet's day, still there is no reason for believing that this is not the hallowed spot where he lies buried"; and when he was shown "a most ancient copy of the Book of Ezekiel," he rejoiced to think that it was "possibly the very one inscribed by the great prophet himself." After remarking that Aleppo is the Zolah of the Bible, formerly ruled by the Haddadezer whom David overcame, he adds:—"A striking verification of this was found some time ago in an old Hebrew inscription on stone, discovered somewhere near the castle in Aleppo, which recorded 'that Joab, the son of Zeruiah, the general of the great King David, came and took this city in battle from the King Haddadezer.'" On linguistic questions he does not often record an opinion. But we are told at p. 326 that "it is remarkable how very many Persian words correspond in sound to our own; and it is evident that both the Saxon and the Celtic are largely derived from this Persian source." He found that many of those words had "a most unmistakable Saxon ring in them"; among others, the equivalents for "orange" and "balcony."

Mr. Osmaston's book is readable throughout, his descriptions are often picturesque, and his remarks on what he saw are usually sensible. But so much has been written since he travelled about most of the regions through which he passed, that there is little in the first half of his volume which has not been already rendered sufficiently familiar. While in Norway he witnessed a fire at Christiania, and on the way to Drontheim a flood compelled him to turn out of his railway carriage and take refuge on board a steamer. He visited the North Cape, but was prevented by mist from seeing from its summit the midsummer midnight sun. He went to church at Hammerfest, and was on the whole edified by the service, though he was surprised to see the minister put on over his surplice "a crimson cloth, which hung down in a peak behind, and having a large golden cross worked upon it, looking, I must own, very Popish-like." With the Norwegians he was much pleased, though they were too lazy ever to run, and they smoked and spat in an annoying manner; and by the Swedes and their country he appears to have been favourably impressed. On his description of St. Petersburg it is unnecessary to dwell. "Why we English saint it (he says), I don't know; the Russians give it no title, calling it simply Petersburg." This is a mistake, but a natural one. The *Senkt* really forms a part of the name of the city, which was called after the saint and Apostle, not the Tsar, though it is colloquially suppressed.

The story told to Mr. Osmaston by a Russian friend about the preparations to fire the city made by the authorities during the Crimean war, may be set down as one of the tales concocted for the benefit of travellers. "He assured me that Petersburg was considered to be so defenceless and unprotected at that time, while our sailors were sporting themselves in the Baltic, that immense piles of faggots were laid up in the corners of the chief streets in order to commit the city to the flames sooner than that the hand of the spoiler should touch it. 'As we did to Moscow, so we would have done to Petersburg,' he said." In travelling in Russia Mr. Osmaston met with no difficulties. While still at St. Petersburg he took the singular step of turning all his paper money into gold, which he secured in a leather girdle, fastened night and day round his waist. The sight of his gold must have created a sensation in a land but little familiar with the aspect of that metal except on gilded domes and other ecclesiastical ornaments. The necessary expenses attendant on Russian travel he found moderate, in spite of the absurd stories to the contrary in which some imaginative tourists delight. At Moscow he visited the usual palaces and churches, marvelled at the wonder-working pictures above the Kremlin gates, drove to the Sparrow Hills, and looked down upon "the city, with its domes and towers and spires glittering in the broad and luxuriant plain, and the river Moskowa meandering slowly through, often lost in the overhanging trees and behind the wide sweeps of green"; and boldly made his way to the front during a great review in presence of the Emperor himself, whom he describes as "a man only, after all,

\* *Old Ali; or, Travels Long Ago.* By John Osmaston. London: Hatchards.

and no more—a middle-aged, well-proportioned man, handsome, even delicate, in feature, wearing a dark, curling moustache, and no beard." He also made his way into a nunnery. The two inmates whom he saw were elderly, so he wrote in his diary:—"This sex, it seems, generally begin to renounce the world and its vanities just when the world renounces them, and to take the vows of eternal virginity, when all chance of entrapping a partner for life has fled away"; an over-hasty generalization. The description of the drive from Moscow to Nijny Novgorod is rendered interesting by the fact that it records a state of things now passed away. At present the traveller glides comfortably along by rail; but Mr. Osmaston by no means enjoyed his journey, the jolting being terrible, "like the rocking of a ship at sea," no sleep being procurable in the floundering vehicle, and no food in the miserable, mud-surrounded posting-houses. From Nijny Mr. Osmaston sailed down the Volga to Astrachan, and thence across the Caspian to Baku. There is nothing remarkable in his description of this part of his journey, except his assertion that Calmucks have "an extraordinary reverence for cats," and that during Napoleon's invasion of Russia, "the French dreaded none more than these hordes of Calmuck barbarians," on account of their great skill in archery. Whoever told him this must have been himself an adept at drawing the long bow.

Passing from Russian to Persian soil, Mr. Osmaston made his way as far as Teheran, where he engaged the "Old Ali," after whom his book is named. On his way home he visited Bagdad, inspected the ruins of Nineveh, and made the acquaintance of the Protestant missionaries at Aleppo and Antioch. His account of the Christian community at Aintab is interesting. It is the custom at Aleppo, he says, for the peasants who bring in food from the country to pay toll at the gate, and their baskets are rigorously examined, however much they may protest that they are not introducing provisions. There is only one exception to the rule. "If the man is a Protestant from Aintab, and declares himself to be such—is known to be one—he goes on without search on the integrity of his word." Mr. Osmaston says, "I am very thankful that I was led to visit this place, and to witness with my own eyes the power of a heartfelt Christianity in the midst of darkness and superstition." But he does not aver that he stood at the gate and saw with his own eyes an Aintab Christian passing in with baskets unsearched on the strength of an affirmation. With the Nestorian Christians he naturally felt much sympathy, especially as he was assured by Mr. Rassam that they had no doubts about their being the descendants of Israel. Mr. Rassam "believed himself to be of the tribe of Ephraim; but affirmed that no Israelite now can possibly be certain of his tribe, for that there was not a man living who had his pedigree of descent—all was tradition, everything having been lost or destroyed." In the belief that the Nestorians are "a remnant of the 'lost' ten tribes" Mr. Osmaston is inclined to acquiesce. "But why called always 'lost' [he says] I do not know, or why they should have been searched for in so many unlikely places, for it would be most probable to find them, surely, where they were first taken, which was into those very mountainous and adjacent countries where they were placed by Shalmanezzer, the King of Assyria, when they were taken captive." In spite, however, of his readiness to believe anything in the Nestorians' favour, and the fact that their form of worship is simple, he fears that "there is little real spiritual life among them."

#### PAR PALIMPSESTORUM DUBLINENSIMUM.\*

THE *Codex Rescriptus Dublinensis* is known by name to every critic and almost to every student of the criticism of the text of the Greek Testament, although it has not been mentioned in Mr. Hammond's useful little work on the subject. It has been described in Mr. Hartwell Horne's *Introduction to the Scriptures*, and more recently by Dr. Scrivener in his *Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament*. It was discovered in 1787 by Dr. Barrett, who published a copy of it with the Greek characters tolerably well imitated, the pages and the lines corresponding with those of the original in a quarto volume in 1801. The present, which is modestly spoken of as "a new edition revised and augmented," has not been printed because there was any demand for the earlier edition, which for all practical purposes has been superseded by the collation of it with the original in 1854 by Dr. Tregelles, and by the text, with Dr. Tregelles's collations, edited by Mr. Hansell at Oxford in 1864. The additions made by Dr. Tregelles were but few, as may be seen by the page in the appendix to Mr. Hansell's work, where they are printed in red ink. The edition by Dr. Barrett had, as might be expected, several errors; but, considering the extreme difficulty of reading the palimpsest, we quite agree with Dr. Scrivener and Mr. Abbott that the comments on its inaccuracies have been unnecessarily severe. Mr. Abbott considers that he has discovered about four hundred letters and marks which

have escaped the notice even of Dr. Tregelles. We have compared the two collations, and find a considerable number of additions of letters and half letters, whilst here and there a letter has been omitted, which we suppose Dr. Barrett printed from carelessness; and if we may judge from the facsimile page that is given in this volume, it is much to be wondered at that the text was printed as correctly as it was.

We must confess that we do not see the advantage of printing a book with letters which are cast to resemble the average shape of the letters of the MS. We should have been quite content to have the lines and the pages preserved as they are in the original, and printed in ordinary Greek characters. And there was the less occasion to reprint what is called a facsimile, because Dr. Barrett had already done it. But we protest against the term "facsimile" as applied to such productions by Dr. Scrivener and others. Mr. Abbott has, however, not used the term, except as applying it to his two plates, which are real facsimiles.

The MS. itself is in uncials, and contains 290 verses of St. Matthew's Gospel, and is of the fifth, or possibly as late as the sixth, century. It consists of 32 leaves, written in beautiful round and square uncials, and, what is most important to our present purpose, has very few mistakes. Mr. Barrett has carefully examined it, and detects about 25 errors—nearly all of them of the kind called *Itacism*—and one omission of two letters of the class *homocoteleuton*; *ov* being omitted between *χρῶν* and *ἡμετέρας*. This, however, can be allowed little weight in defining the critical value of the Codex, which must be estimated by its agreement with the other principal authorities for the text of St. Matthew's Gospel. But the fact that there is only one such certain careless omission, while there are no repetitions of words, will have some weight in determining that omissions of whole words, when they occur, are by design and not by carelessness. Unfortunately it has only 23 verses in common with the Alexandrian MS., but in the short space common to it and (Z) our MS. there are 14 differences, whilst the variations from the Sinaitic are only 7 in number, and those from the Vatican 11; a comparison which falls in very accurately with what we had expected from reading it in conjunction with the *Textus Receptus* and the early uncials. Mr. Abbott has counted the variations in 26 pages, and, having taken so much trouble, it is to be regretted that he did not take a little more, and examine the whole 64 pages for the same purpose. However, it would probably not have altered the proportion of the figures by which he establishes that (Z) closely resembles the most ancient codices, differing from the Sinaitic MS. in only 30 places, and from the Vatican in 44, while its variations from the text of Stephens are 95. There are 13 readings enumerated by Mr. Abbott in which it stands alone; but the greater part of these appear to be due to the carelessness of the scribe, and ought to be counted amongst the errors we were mentioning just now, and do not affect our judgment of the critical value of the Codex. Besides this, there are 8 readings in which it agrees with one or more of the cursives, unsupported by any other uncial. These last are too few to found any argument upon; but the rest of the analysis seems to us to afford good ground for argument both as to the value of the text of the MS. and also as to the comparative value of the Sinaitic and the Vatican Codices when estimated separately, as well as the value of their united testimony. We shall take it for granted, without troubling our readers with any induction of particulars, that this is really one of the most ancient MSS. existing, and also, independently of its antiquity, one of the most valuable. We have compared its testimony with the text which would be pronounced almost certainly right from a comparison of the most ancient documents, and it gives its suffrage in favour of such text about forty times, and very rarely against it. But, though this would go far to prove the value of the MS., it might perhaps be said to militate against its utility, as the same text would have been produced with or without its testimony. And its utility must of course be judged by the aid it gives in more doubtful cases. We have only counted cases in which the Sinaitic and the Vatican texts agree, and are supported by at least one other uncial and considerable independent testimony.

But it seems to us that there is another kind of value belonging to the MS. which is quite independent of the contributions it has directly made towards producing a correct text of St. Matthew's Gospel. If the general correctness of its text be conceded, independently of mere errors of copying or omission, it ought to be judged a competent witness as to the comparative value of the other ancient codices, with which it is sometimes in agreement and sometimes not. Few will be disposed to deny that the Sinaitic and the Vatican MSS. are the two most valuable known. But issue is joined as to their comparative value, and also as to the weight of their combined testimony when they agree. Thus Tischendorf is accused, and perhaps with some reason, by Dr. Scrivener of an excessive and irrational deference to the Sinaitic, and of course it was likely beforehand that he would be prejudiced in favour of a MS. which he must regard as his own child, as he was its discoverer. "The evidence of Cod. *Δ*, supported or even unsupported by one or two authorities of any description, is with him sufficient to outweigh all other witnesses, whether manuscript versions or ecclesiastical writers." On the other hand, he quotes on the very same page from another writer a eulogium of the Vatican manuscript which we transcribe:—

Seeing that the Vatican manuscript does not contain one single passage that can be demonstrated to be spurious, or that by the evidence of other manuscripts and of the context admits of just doubt as to its

\* *Par Palimpsestorum Dublinensium: the Codex Rescriptus Dublinensis of St. Matthew's Gospel (Z)*. First published by Dr. Barrett in 1801. A New Edition, revised and augmented; also Fragments of the Book of Isaiah in the LXX. Version, from an ancient Palimpsest, now first published. Together with a new discovered Fragment of the Codex Palatinus. By J. K. Abbott, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Biblical Greek in the University of Dublin. With two Plates of Facsimiles. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.



authenticity, a position that no other manuscript enjoys, man is bound to accept the testimony of that manuscript alone as his present text of the sacred record wherever he possesses its teaching.

So extravagant a statement could scarcely be deemed worthy of the elaborate refutation with which Dr. Scrivener has condescended to honour it. But though Tischendorf's deference to the Sinaitic MS. appears to us somewhat exaggerated, we have always been of opinion that this was the more valuable of the two. We wish Mr. Abbott had extended his analysis of the differences of (Z) from M, B, C, L, and Stephens's text to the whole of the document, but we are content to take his figures as he gives them for the twenty-six pages he has professed to examine for this purpose; and on the supposition that this MS. is of first-rate value, it certainly gives its suffrage in favour of the Sinaitic as against the Vatican and the Vatican against the Alexandrian. And this conclusion is further strengthened by the acknowledged fact that, as far as the Gospels are concerned, the Alexandrian MS. is decidedly inferior to the other two. The value of this argument may be very variously estimated; but no one, we think, will deny that it has some force, and that it establishes at least a slight probability in favour of those who lay more stress on the Sinaitic than on the Vatican text. This conclusion is still further fortified by the fact, which Mr. Abbott also mentions, that in a few instances Z agrees with the Sinaitic alone of uncials, but that in no instance does it agree with the Vatican alone.

And now what light does the text of Z throw upon the value of the combination of (M) and (B)? Here we have nothing to guide us in Mr. Abbott's remarks beyond the single observation that it agrees with both of them against the remaining uncials in at least ten instances. But we observe that in most of the places we have noticed in which it lends its support to the Sinaitic and the Vatican combined it is confirmed by (C), and very often by (D); more often indeed by (D) than by (C); but then it must be remembered that (C) is frequently deficient in passages which are found in (D). Now the very general resemblance of the Sinaitic and the Vatican manuscripts is such as to render their joint testimony of less value than the conjoint testimony of either of them with the Alexandrian—as being more nearly akin to each other. But the fact that this MS. so often agrees with them when they agree together does away, to a certain extent, with the suspicion that attaches to their agreement, and must therefore be allowed some weight in increasing our estimate of the value of each of those manuscripts separately.

Of course it may be said to be something like arguing in a circle to establish the value of a more recent document by reference to documents older than itself, and then to prove that these manuscripts are of great value because they agree with the more modern one. Nevertheless we submit that the considerations we have adduced establish to some degree of probability that the Sinaitic is more trustworthy than the Vatican manuscript, and that their combined testimony is of greater value than we should naturally have supposed if we had not had this manuscript to compare them with.

The great interest of the subject has kept us from noticing the particular edition of the MS. which we are reviewing; but it is only justice to Mr. Abbott to say that our argument, whatever it may be worth, has been mainly derived from the facts detailed in the editor's exhaustive analysis of the document. To this it must be added that the volume is beautifully executed, and though we do not ourselves consider it worth while to produce an imitation which is not an absolute facsimile, in the absence of this latter we cannot affect to regret either the labour, the time, or the expense bestowed upon the production. Short of its not being a photographed copy of the original manuscript, the work leaves nothing to be desired; and we may observe also that, in order to produce a more exact copy, several letters appear to have been cast in two or three different forms.

Of the other fragment which appears in the volume we shall only express our regret that the four leaves of which it consists should have been thus connected with the celebrated Dublin palimpsest. The same remark seems to apply to the last leaf of the volume, which consists of a beautiful facsimile of a missing leaf of the Codex Palatinus, containing the passage from Matt. xiii. 13-24, purchased by Dr. Todd some time before the year 1847. But we shall only say of this that, as it is part of St. Matthew's Gospel, it is more in point to the present subject than the few fragments of the prophet Isaiah, which have only this in common with the palimpsest, that they are found in the same library and the same volume, and are probably nearly of the same date.

Of the labour bestowed on the manuscript and its results the following is the editor's modest description—

If I have succeeded beyond what could have been expected in discovering letters and marks which escaped Dr. Tregelles (over 400), it is because being resident in Trinity College I was enabled literally *nocturna versare uana, versare diurna* this important Codex. It has often been only after repeated examination in different lights that the existence of a mark or a letter has been placed beyond all doubt.

The paragraph lines, which are barely visible, long escaped notice. I had not thought of looking for them until I accidentally detected one (at the top of Tab. xxxix.), which at first I did not understand. It was the same with the marks of quotation.

It can hardly be said that this manuscript has actually turned the scale in favour of any doubtful reading; but there is one passage where it might do so if the editor's conjecture about it is right. In Matt. xiv. 3 the *Textus Receptus* has *ἔδωκεν αὐτὸν καὶ ἄβρο ἐν φυλακῇ*. Now here there are no two of the earlier uncials that are in exact agreement. The editor thinks that the MS. read

*ἔδωκεν αὐτὸν ἐν τῇ φυλακῇ*, which there is no doubt it does, but adds that there is room for the words *καὶ ἀπέβρο* after it and before the following words—*ναῖκα φιλήσπου*. Now, on his own showing that there is either half a line or a line and a half wanting, into which, upon his theory, there has to be got *καὶ ἀπέβρο* διὰ Ἡρακλῆδα τὴν γν—it is plain that, if this is to be got into a line and a half, the lines containing each about eighteen letters, there can be but little preference for *καὶ ἀπέβρο* over *καὶ ἔβρο*. The former, which is the reading of the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS., seems to us the more probable; but we think the editor has overstated the case when he says that these words are cut off, but the space shows that they stood here originally. Upon the whole, the argument appears to be in favour of the reading *ἔδωκεν αὐτὸν καὶ ἐν τῇ φυλακῇ ἀπέβρο*, and if he had stated the reading he has assigned to (Z) as probable instead of certain, we should quite have agreed with him.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE rise of few great nations will have been so fully related as that of Prussia, should the enormous publication of Frederick the Great's correspondence be ever terminated, and should Herr Droysen be enabled to complete his historical labours. The thirteenth volume of his great political history of Prussia (1) is occupied with the transactions, or rather the negotiations, of less than three years, from the beginning of 1746 to the signature of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in October 1748. Frederick himself declined to relate the history of this period, on the ground that "political intrigues deserve no attention when they lead to nothing." It does not, indeed, appear that the destiny of Europe was materially affected by anything spoken, written, or transacted during this period, which has nevertheless left a mass of diplomatic memorials behind it, of which Herr Droysen, an historian of the school of Ranke, for whom the histories of Cabinets are the histories of nations, is obliged to take ample note. The most important incident was the conclusion of an alliance between Austria and Russia, with the ultimate object of recovering Silesia from Prussia for the former Power. Frederick knew that his title was merely that of the sword, and that, as an upstart and a despoiler of his neighbour, he could expect little sympathy in Europe. He stood, therefore, on a diplomatic defensive, until the exhaustion of all parties to the European war brought about a general pacification. Frederick's unwearied vigilance is surprising, and his correspondence indicates most forcibly how completely he was the life and soul of his administration. It must also be acknowledged that all we learn here respecting the disposition of the Austrian, Russian, and Saxon Courts confirms the probability that he had substantial reasons when, at a later period, he anticipated his adversaries by beginning the Seven Years' War. The most remarkable episode in the correspondence not directly connected with Frederick is the mysterious tragedy in Sweden, when the English physician Blackwell perished on the scaffold.

The second volume of Prince Bismarck's select speeches (2) comprises those delivered from 1871 to 1877. Although including several upon the Eastern question, the conflict with the Roman Curia, and other interesting topics, there are few, if any, which would have attracted much attention apart from the personality of the speaker. From this point of view they possess a peculiar interest, it may almost be said a peculiar charm. Not including any of the speaker's more recent questionable deliverances on political economy, they represent the mind evidently of a thorough man of business, and of a man of business who feels it unnecessary to affect to be anything else. The speaker's case is invariably well put, but without any special effort to persuade or overawe. The whole tone is that of a plain man talking to plain men, and the absence of rhetoric, the sole reliance on argument, the real or apparent candour and disinterestedness, the superiority to all the ordinary arts of oratory, render them, when it is remembered who the speaker is, more impressive and really persuasive than many much more artistically constructed orations. The absence of anything arrogant or offensive to the speaker's opponents warrants the supposition that editorial care has been exercised in the selection or revision.

Professor Joseph Langen possesses remarkable qualifications as the historian of the early Roman Church (3). He is learned, impartial, a sincere Catholic, but an adversary of the dogma of Papal infallibility. He, therefore, stands apart from the various influences which might otherwise have clouded the judgment of an orthodox historian, whether Protestant or Catholic, and his work seems to attain the standard of impartiality as nearly as can be expected from a writer to whom the subject is one of personal as well as scientific interest. As a critical historian Professor Langen finds it impossible to allow that the Bishop of Rome, during the first ages of the Church, claimed any sort of superiority over other dioceses, further than such a precedence as, in virtue of the importance of his see, is accorded to the Bishop of London among English prelates of the same rank.

(1) *Geschichte der Preussischen Politik*. Von J. G. Droysen. Th. 5. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Ausgewählte Reden des Fürsten von Bismarck*. Bd. 2. Berlin: Kortkamp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Geschichte der Römischen Kirche bis zum Pontifikate Leo's I.* Quellensamml. dargestellt von Dr. Joseph Langen. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

There is no trace of any such pretension being systematically maintained until the days of Leo I. at the beginning of the fifth century. With Leo's predecessor, accordingly, Dr. Langen's history of the primitive age terminates, although he half promises to write the annals of the Church's second period. It is to be hoped that this promise may be redeemed. Dr. Langen's pen is guided by the most scrupulous fairness, as he has amply shown in the discussion of episodes so delicate for members of his Church as the department of Popes Zephyrinus and Callistus, Oyprian's part in the Novatianist controversy, and the affair of Pope Liberius.

A work by the late Professor Keim on another department of primitive ecclesiastical history, the conflict between Christianity and Paganism (4), may prove somewhat of a disappointment. Though new to the world, it is not a new book, having apparently been composed as long ago as 1855; while the author's omission to publish or complete it seems to imply that he was not fully satisfied with it. It was intended to have been brought down to the establishment of Christianity, but only reaches the reign of Commodus. Herr Ziegler has, nevertheless, judged rightly in considering it worthy of publication; although many of the most interesting points, such as the nature of Celsus's attack on Christianity and the date of the Epistle of Barnabas, have been more fully treated by the author himself in other places. The most interesting part of the book is the discussion of the various causes which assisted the diffusion of Christianity, such as the intrusion of Oriental religions into the Roman world, the cosmopolitan spirit of administration, the humanitarianism of philosophy, and the reaction towards definite religious faith in the age of the Antonines.

The centenary of the publication of Kant's *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft* will hardly produce a more adequate memorial than Dr. Vaihlinger's (5) ample, but not ponderous, commentary. Besides the explanation of the text itself, Dr. Vaihlinger has brought together a mass of references, showing how Kant has been understood by disciples or opponents, especially contemporaries. His historical introduction and bibliography are also very useful. Dr. Werner's *Kant in Italy* (6) is an account of the reception of Kant's system by the philosophers of that country, which has been rather respectful than cordial.

W. von Reichenau's (7) sketch of the development of Spinoza's philosophy to our times is a prize essay. The writer considers Leibnitz, Kant, and Schopenhauer as legitimate successors of Spinoza, a classification against which they would all three have protested. In our own time, he maintains, their mantle has fallen upon Geiger and Noiré, whose importance many people will think greatly over-estimated by him. It is manifest, at all events, that their method of research differs widely from Spinoza's or Kant's, being almost exclusively the deduction of principles from the actual observation of material phenomena, especially of language.

Herr Meyer's (8) history of the mediæval guild of goldsmiths at Strasburg consists of two dissimilar sections—the "Urkunden," unreadable except by proficient in old German, and the "Darstellung," or summary of the information deduced from them, which is very clear and agreeable. The system of excessive restriction on masters and paternal despotism over journeymen would appear intolerable now, but no doubt answered well in its own day. The fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth century were the most flourishing period of German industry. About 1540 a reaction set in, attributed by Herr Meyer to the great increase of population, as well as to the political circumstances of the times.

Another volume of the valuable series of works on trade and political economy (9) conducted by Dr. Schmoller, relates to more modern matters, being a treatise on stock-broking as at present carried on in Germany and in England. The materials for comparison are chiefly afforded by the reports of two English Committees, the Foreign Loan Committee of 1875 and the Stock Exchange Commission of 1878. The self-government of the London Stock Exchange excites the writer's admiration, and he thinks it should be the object of legislation and public opinion in Germany to discourage as far as possible speculation by members of the Stock Exchange in their individual capacity, and to build up an organized corporation out of the various exchanges dispersed throughout the country. It is mentioned that the securities of various descriptions officially quoted in the Berlin list have risen from 11 in 1820 to 636 in 1880.

The late Baron von Weber (10), the son of the composer, was one of the most distinguished engineers in Germany. Shortly before his death he made a tour of inspection of the principal

canals of Great Britain and Sweden, in the service of the Prussian Ministry of Public Works. His posthumous volume is not merely an account of the canals, but a history of the legislation respecting them, with copious statistics. The prolonged frosts in Sweden are evidently a great impediment to water traffic; nevertheless, nine out of fifteen canals are said to be paying well.

Lessing's wife was an amiable and interesting woman (11); his courtship is one of the most pleasing, and her death one of the most pathetic, passages of his history. It is merely as his wife, however, that she holds any place in general biography, and Herr Thiele's attempt at a monograph is not so much a supplement to Lessing's biographers as a repetition of things already too circumstantially related by them. It probably owes its existence to the Lessing centenary, and, being unexceptionable in taste and style, may pass muster fairly enough as a complimentary memorial.

Johann Georg Müller's notes of his residence with Herder (12) are much more worthy of republication. Müller, who afterwards became a considerable man, was in 1780 a young Swiss student, who sought Herder's acquaintance as an asylum against religious and philosophical doubt, and found all he sought. It is but natural that the visitor should dwell chiefly on the aspects of Herder's character of most concern to himself in his then state of mind; his account is, therefore, far from affording a complete picture of the man. It is nevertheless full of interesting traits, and especially displays the reaction in Herder's mind against the insipid rationalism of his day, which went so far as to dispose him to believe in intercourse with supernatural beings. Generally speaking, the mystical and devout side of Herder's disposition is more prominent than would have been anticipated—a circumstance which may be accounted for by the idiosyncrasy of his guest. In general he appears as a charming character of the purely idealistic type, refined and aspiring to a fault, but deficient in the perception of reality. Shaftesbury and Fénelon, kindred spirits, are mentioned among his favourite authors. Müller was greatly impressed by Goethe, although he saw but little of him; his account of Wieland, against whom Herder probably prejudiced him, is by no means favourable.

The Early English compositions whose authorship is investigated by Dr. Einkenkel (13) are the "Hali Meidenhad" and the legends of St. Juliana, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine, edited by Mr. Morton and Mr. Cockayne. All these, as well as the "Ancoren Riwele," are attributed by Mr. Cockayne to the same writer, whom he conjectures to have been Bishop Richard le Poor. Dr. Einkenkel, on the other hand, maintains that "Hali Meidenhad" is by a different author to the lives of St. Juliana and St. Margaret, but that these proceed from the same pen. The authorship of the legend of St. Catherine is reserved for a subsequent investigation.

Dr. Eugen Oswald has accomplished an excellent piece of work in preparing for the German public a memoir of Carlyle (14), with a selection of brief and pregnant passages from his writings. His appreciation of Carlyle, though warm, is discriminating, and better adapted than extravagant panegyric to recommend his hero to judicious readers. He might, perhaps, have made more use of the recently published autobiography, from which he would have learned, among other things, that the story of the destruction of the first MS. of the "French Revolution" is authentic.

No property of a good edition is wanting to the first book of Martial (15) as edited by J. Flach. The notes convey all requisite information in a surprisingly brief space, and the same conciseness and clearness distinguish the biography, notice of MSS. and editions, and other prolegomena.

The plot of Alfred Friedmann's version of *Don Juan* (16) is original. The statue of the Commander is omitted, and the action turns upon Don Juan's unsuccessful endeavours to seduce his brother's wife, in the course of which he evinces a sensibility and a sentimentality more like a character of Schiller's early period than the gay ironic hero of Molière and Mozart. The book is beautifully printed. "The Loss made Good" (17), by the same writer, is an amusing tale in the taste of Boccaccio, told very cleverly in musical verse, but with too many twists and interpolations for the sake of rhyme.

Besides a new but so far not very promising story by Gustav zu Putlitz, the *Rundschau* (18) has two biographical articles of considerable interest, and two more on the politics of the day. The latter consist of a survey of the present situation in South Africa, in which the humanity of English policy towards the natives is

(4) *Rom und das Christenthum*. Aus Th. Keim's handschriftlichen Nachlass herausgegeben von H. Ziegler. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Commentar zu Kant's Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*. Herausgegeben von Dr. H. Vaihlinger. Bd. 1. Hft. 1. Stuttgart: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Kant in Italien*. Von Dr. Karl Werner. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Die monistische Philosophie von Spinoza bis auf unsere Tage*. Von W. von Reichenau. Köln: Mayer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Strasburger Goldschmiedsunft von ihrem Entstehen bis 1681*. Urkunden und Darstellung. Von Hans Meyer. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Effectenbörse. Eine Vergleichung deutscher und englischer Zustände*. Von Emil Struck. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Die Wasserstrassen Nord-Europas*. Von Max Maria von Weber. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Eva Lessing. Ein Lebensbild*. Von Richard Thiele. Th. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Aus dem Herder'schen Hause. Aufzeichnungen von Johann Georg Müller (1780-82)*. Herausgegeben von Jakob Baschold. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Ueber die Verfasser einiger neuangeltische Schriften*. Von Dr. Eugen Einkenkel. Leipzig: Fock. London: Nutt.

(14) *Thomas Carlyle. Ein Lebensbild; und Goldkürner aus seinem Werken*. Dargestellt, ausgewählt, übertragen durch Eugen Oswald. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(15) *M. Valer. Martialis Epigrammaton liberum primum recensuit, commentariis instruit J. Flach*. Tubingæ: Laupp. London: Nutt.

(16) *Don Juan's Letzter Abenteuer. Drama in zwei Akten*. Von Alfred Friedmann. Leipzig: Reissner. London: Nutt.

(17) *Ersetzter Verlust. Novelle*. Von Alfred Friedmann. Zweite Auflage. Hamburg: Richter. London: Nutt.

(18) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Bodenbergl. Jahrg. VII. Hft. II. Berlin: Poeschl. London: Trübner.

recognized with sympathy and appreciation; and a review of the recent reaction in Russia, which promises to give the Panславic or "Muscovite" party their first opportunity of exhibiting themselves as serious politicians. The writer thinks that much might be urged in favour of this policy from a Russian point of view, if its execution could be entrusted to men of capacity, but that the paucity of such men in the "Muscovite" party renders it a dangerous experiment. The biographical papers include portraits of Conrad von Marburg, the first German Inquisitor, known to English literature as a leading character in Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*, and the modern Italian statesman Gino Capponi. The men have a certain resemblance to each as austere and dignified figures; Conrad a fierce and gloomy fanatic, the preacher of a crusade against heretics, the evil genius of St. Elizabeth of Hungary; Capponi, a loyal, uncompromising, unfashionable Italian Whig, devoted to his country as well as his Church, but for whom the times moved much too rapidly.

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The NEXT SESSION will commence in the Medical Department on October 1; in the Arts and Law, and the Science and Engineering Departments on October 4; and in the Evening Classes Department on October 10. Candidates for admission must not be under Fourteen years of age, and those under Sixteen will be required to pass a preliminary examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin.

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Full particulars from the Rev. Canon TEESDALE, Head-Master; or the SECRETARY, The Cottage, Melville Street, Ryde.

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Master, Rugby School, Edinborough; Professor Jowett, of Oxford; Arthur Sidwick, of Oxford; and the Rev. S. M. Wilson, Clifton College. Intending candidates can obtain at the undersigned application forms and printed statement giving further particulars as to the School, and conditions of the appointment. All applications must be made on or before August 1st, 1907.  
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THE

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OF

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## THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

IT is hardly worth while to discuss the question whether the French Government had legal power to prolong the Commercial Treaty for three months after the 8th of November. The official assurance that they were prohibited from entertaining the proposal was conclusive as an answer to the English request. It is equally true that Lord GRANVILLE and his colleagues were fully justified in refusing in present circumstances to continue a useless negotiation. It is by its own deliberate act that the French nation has precluded itself from taking the steps which would render a new Commercial Treaty possible. Foreigners have neither the right nor the duty of inquiring how far the disability is irremovable. It is a commonplace rule in international transactions that no State can plead municipal law, which is merely the expression of its own will, as a reason or excuse for dereliction of duty, or, as in the present case, for an error in policy. The fact is that the discretion which is withheld by a recent law from the French Ministers was purposely renounced by themselves when they introduced into the late Assembly the measure relating to commercial treaties. The Cabinet, or M. TIRARD, who seems to have had the exclusive conduct of the business, thought that the hands of the French Government would be strengthened by a compulsory limitation of the time allowed for discussing the treaty. It has hitherto proved impossible to convince French politicians that English traders would in any case allow the existing relations to expire. In arranging bargains, public or private, either party is at a disadvantage if it miscalculates the ultimate resolution of the other. The French Ministers, not themselves disinclined to moderation, were anxious to conciliate the manufacturers and other Protectionists by an increase of the tariff, which, as they fancied, would be deemed in England less objectionable than the alternative of the general scale of duties, which is nearly prohibitive. They therefore invited the Legislature to tie their hands, for the purpose of placing pressure on the English Government.

The consequent refusal to continue the sittings of the Commission appears to have taken M. TIRARD by surprise. The journals which represent the Department of Commerce unanimously profess astonishment at the only decision which would not have been grossly inconsistent with the repeated Parliamentary declarations of the PRIME MINISTER and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE. The English Government had from the first announced, as an indispensable condition, that any treaty which might be concluded must be, on the whole, not more unfavourable than the convention which is about to expire. It may be assumed that they had satisfied themselves that no such arrangement could be concluded in the six or seven weeks which are now left for negotiation. The refusal of the French Ministers to extend the time proves that the Commissioners had not even approached to an agreement. Under the authority which had been demanded of the Legislature by M. TIRARD himself, the term might have been extended to the 8th of January, if the negotiations had arrived at such a stage as to give assurance of a final settlement. It was because the French Commissioners were bent on obtaining additional protection, which their colleagues were not authorised to concede, that the negotiation was refused, and that the English Government consequently discontinued the negotiations. One of the official or

semi-official paragraphs contains the curious statement or conjecture that the newly-elected Assembly will be more adverse to Free-trade than its predecessor. There seems to be no sufficient ground for an opinion which is declared for the purpose of urging on the English Government an additional motive for concession. The reactionary party, which is largely reduced in numbers, is generally opposed to sound economic principles, while the Republicans are divided in opinion. The extreme faction, which, in France as elsewhere, is hostile to commercial freedom, has not increased its strength by the result of the late contest. It may be added that at the beginning of a new Parliament members are comparatively independent of their constituents.

Notwithstanding the disappointment which is expressed by the Ministerial press, it is doubtful whether the French Government really desires to conclude a treaty not more irrational than the last. M. TIRARD supposes himself to be an advocate of Free-trade, and some of his colleagues theoretically hold the same opinions; but they know that competitors for office will be ready to take advantage of any unpopularity which the Government might incur by an alleged sacrifice of French interests. They are perhaps also hampered by the clause in the Treaty of Frankfort which secures to Germany the privileges of the most favoured nation. Any concession which might be sold to England would become at the same time a gift to Germany. There is no doubt that such clauses hamper the free action of Governments, though they are commonly, and not without good reason, inserted in treaties. It is useless to stipulate for a moderate duty on the products of the negotiating State, if similar articles may be imported from another country at a lower rate. Low duties on Bordeaux wines would not be acceptable to the grower of the Gironde, if he were undersold by the untaxed importation of the produce of Spain and Portugal. The provisions of the German treaty furnish no valid excuse for a refusal to deal equitably or rationally with England. The favoured nation clause has now operated for ten years in conjunction with the existing English Treaty, which is not more illiberal in its stipulations than any substitute which is likely to be proposed. Although the hands of the French Government were not free in 1871, it has really suffered nothing by any policies which may have been offered to German commerce. One of the evil consequences of the artificial system of commercial treaties is that they foster the prejudices which indeed account for their existence. Mr. COBDEN himself, though his French Treaty did more good than harm, is responsible for some of the delusions which now affect the commercial policy of France. Under the enlightened rule of NAPOLEON III. and M. ROUHER the French obtained compensation for advantages conferred on themselves; they now, under less intelligent rulers, demand an additional price for a continuance of the same benefits.

If the professed desire of the French Government to conclude a treaty is sincere, there is no reason why the negotiations for the purpose should not be instituted at any time which may be deemed convenient. The disabling law which M. TIRARD induced the Legislature to pass only applies to the existing treaty, which will apparently be allowed to expire. A new treaty might be concluded in 1882 as well as in 1881. It is true that the cessation or suspension of trade in the interval would be a serious evil to both countries. The sufferings which

it is on some industrial communities in England which possibly incline them to promote conciliatory negotiations difficult. In the meantime there would be an animated demand for retaliation, which would ultimately take the form of a proposed increase of the duties on French wines. There would be much stronger objections to duties on articles produced in England which would necessarily have a protective operation. Only a rudimentary acquaintance with economic principles is required to distinguish between the respective effects of taxes on exotic luxuries and on competitive products. A duty on wine would have no protective tendency, unless, indeed, it indirectly caused an increased consumption of beer. A duty on silk goods, or on French brandy, which competes with English spirits, would, as far as it was levied on imports, contribute to the revenue; but it would at the same time increase the price of English silks or English gin, for the exclusive benefit of the manufacturers. It is for this reason that duties on tea, wine, and tobacco are legitimate as far as they are fiscally expedient. Duties on machinery or on textile fabrics would be largely paid to private persons, who have no claim on the national funds. It would be inexpedient, and indeed impracticable, to tax large classes of French imports, including eggs, poultry, rabbits, fruit, and vegetables. The great mass of Englishmen will never submit to an artificial increase in the cost of provisions.

Mr. GLADSTONE, as long as he directs the financial policy of England, will be loth to discourage the importation of French wines. When he introduced, in 1860, the legislation which was necessary to give effect to the French Treaty, he persuaded himself, with characteristic facility, that, in cheapening claret, he was not only promoting commercial intercourse, but effecting a moral reformation. Not without reason, he thought that light claret would be wholesome in moderation, and that it would seldom be consumed in excess. He even amused the House of Commons by expatiating on the advantage to be derived by maids of all work if they were no longer sent for pots of beer to the public-house round the corner. To some extent his hopes have been justified by the result. An innocent, if not palatable, beverage is largely consumed by the middle classes, though light claret has hitherto scarcely penetrated the haunts of drunkenness. An increase in the price of ordinary wines would be a serious evil, though the additional charge on costly vintages might be almost imperceptible. That Mr. GLADSTONE'S enthusiasm for the cause of light claret has not subsided after the experience of twenty years, is proved by his Budget of 1880. He then made considerable changes in the system of taxation for the purpose of facilitating the commercial treaty which he then regarded as a certain result of negotiation. Another reason against a hasty alteration of the duties on French wines is to be found in the complications which might arise in dealing with Spain and Portugal. Any preference which might be granted to either country, though it might procure some relaxation of existing tariffs, would be objectionable if it caused any impediment to the renewal of commercial relations with France. It is well that no hasty fiscal legislation is possible at this time of year. In enacting or abolishing commercial treaties in all other important transactions, it is undesirable to be in a hurry. There is nothing to prevent the newly-elected French Assembly from passing any law which may remove the difficulty which was created by M. THIERS.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE bankruptcy of India is a long time coming. By this time, according to calculations which seemed plausible when they were published, she ought at least to have made a composition with her creditors. As it is, the financial abyss which makes the staple of Mr. HYNDMAN'S sermon turns out, now that it is reached, to be not at all a bad sort of place. Surpluses grow there quite naturally, though like trees on a mountain side when they get to the level of the wind, they are apt to be cut down by unforeseen war expenses. The nation that has no history naturally gives birth to the Secretary of State who has no listeners. If Lord HARTINGTON had had to speak of impending loans, and to hint at Imperial guarantees, the

House of Commons might have been excited even in the third week of August. But to both of aggregate balances of income over expenditure—even though those balances, and something more, have as a matter of fact been spent—is dull work, and this was really all that Lord HARTINGTON had to give the members whom a sense of duty, or the want of any better way of getting through the evening, kept in their places.

The cost of the Afghan war is at last known. Including the making of the frontier railways, it is £11,500,000. Into the extraordinary miscalculation which, sixteen months ago put the expenditure at about £10,000,000, this sum, Lord HARTINGTON did not enter, and, perhaps, it is enough to know that, under the system of keeping the accounts which has since been adopted, it is impossible for such a mistake to recur. If it is to happen at all, it is best that a war should be the occasion of it. As regards other kinds of expenditure, the actual figures are an important element in determining whether the outlay shall be incurred. But we had known what the Afghan war would cost, and should still have gone on with it. The policy of the late Government may have been right or wrong, but as it was not adopted because it was cheap, it would not have been abandoned if it had been known to be dear. The money has been provided from four distinct sources. The ordinary surpluses of the four years, from 1878 to 1881, have provided nine and a half millions; the Famine Insurance Fund has been appropriated to the amount of four millions; four millions and a half were taken from the cash balances; and the Imperial Treasury contributed five millions. It was reasonable that India should give up her surpluses during the war, and as she will reap the unexhausted benefits of the frontier railways, there is no great hardship in burdening her with the money which has to be borrowed to replace the cash balances. But the Famine Insurance Fund ought not to have been diverted from its proper purpose. Scarcity will not be staved off by the fact that we were fighting the Afghans during the years when we ought to have been making provision to meet it, and the money which the Government of India could not provide without laying hands on funds set apart to meet equally unavoidable demands, might well have been contributed by England. A grant of nine millions, in place of one for five, would have fairly distributed what was, in the fullest sense of the word, a joint liability. For the future the cost of provision against famine is to be included in the estimated expenditure of the year. If any charge for actual famine relief arises during the year, it will be defrayed out of this sum. If there is no call for any such expenditure, the money will be appropriated partly to protective works—that is, works which cannot be expected to yield any direct return in the way of rent or increased revenue, and partly to the reduction of debt. Among the protective works which are first to be undertaken are a canal in the Deccan and a railway in the Punjab. It is to be hoped that, now that works are to be undertaken without reference to immediate money profit, the tanks made under the native rulers of India, which have been allowed to fall into ruin, will have a chance of getting repaired. They are uninteresting, no doubt, to modern engineers, but there is good reason to believe that, if they had been properly kept up, they would have averted, not, indeed, the great historical famines, but some of the recurring local scarcities. It is satisfactory to learn that the agricultural department, which was unfortunately given up a few years back, is to be reconstituted. No doubt, if such a department were to attempt any sudden introduction of European methods of farming, it would do more harm than good. In agricultural matters the Government of India has to learn as well as to teach. It has to study and compare the traditional rules of thumb which are most valued by native cultivators, to discover the scientific laws which underlie them, and to modify the application of these laws by the experience thus gained. Administered in this spirit, the Agricultural Department may be of the greatest possible value to India.

Lord HARTINGTON'S observations on the Indian cotton duties will be variously taken as confirming the views of those who think that they ought not to have been meddled with and of those who think that they ought to have been altogether repealed. The advocates of total abolition have, however, the immense advantage over their oppo-

ments that, as the reimposition of the duties which have been taken off is impossible, and the maintenance of those which remain is disadvantageous like to India and Lancashire, there is but one practical conclusion from Lord HARTINGTON'S reasoning. We have, it seems, ingeniously managed by one and the same process, to destroy a particular type of native manufacture and to close a number of English mills. A duty which combines these opposite demerits cannot be too soon got rid of. We retain our former doubts as to the propriety of touching these duties at all, and the Indian revenue contained no more objectionable item; but there can be no advantage in retaining a tax which has ceased to be important from the financial point of view, while it has become useless to the native producer, and positively injurious to the native consumer. The latter is forced, if Lord HARTINGTON rightly describes his position, to take from England, not the class of goods which he wants, but the class which the English manufacturer is able, owing to the peculiarities of the tariff, to supply most cheaply. The coarser fabrics are now admitted free of duty; the finer fabrics are still taxed. The result is that, as regards the goods which the native manufacturer was able to supply, he has been driven out of the market; while the duty excludes those finer fabrics which are especially suited to English machinery.

It is no commendable in members of the House of Commons to take an interest in Indian affairs that we are unwilling to speak harshly of Mr. FOWLER'S motion for a Committee of Inquiry into the financial and general administration of India. But a more inappropriate way of showing this interest could hardly have been devised. It is not merely that, as Lord HARTINGTON pointed out, it is not good for the Government of India to be continually burdened with the expense of sending over Indian officials to be examined, while it has at the same time to forego their services during their absence. A worse injury than this is the publicity and importance which the existence of such a Committee gives to the crotchets that grow up like mushrooms in the minds of a certain class of members whenever India is mentioned. A Committee on the financial and general administration of India would bring out men like Sir DAVID WEDDERBURN in their most terrible aspect. The knowledge accumulated in the course of a three months' tour, and the ripe meditation evidenced by an article in a monthly magazine, would alike be at the service of the Committee. The questions which such a member would put to the witnesses would be numbered by tens of thousands; the minority report signed by himself and one kindred spirit—who would, however, dissent from most of his colleague's conclusions—would make a Blue-book of itself. It would be interesting to know for what purpose members of Parliament who are eager to have Select Committees continually inquiring into Indian matters suppose that the Government of India exists. It would be far more reasonable to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the financial and general administration of England, because the frequent political changes which take place at home make it quite important and difficult to maintain a continuous tradition in the public service. But in India, except as regards a frontier policy, there is such a tradition. Indian affairs are administered, not indeed perfectly, but as well as an unusually capable body of public servants find it possible to administer them. Mr. FOWLER seems to suppose that a Committee consisting of ex-secretaries and under-secretaries might with advantage "go into" all matters connected with India. If the Committee could be entirely drawn from this class no objection need be made to its appointment. Its report could be drafted beforehand, and would certainly be to the effect that, as your Committee are convinced that the questions referred to them are best left in the hands of the skilled and responsible officials actually engaged in the government of India, they have not thought it necessary to call witnesses or to pursue the inquiry further. But a Select Committee would not be exclusively composed of members representing the official view. It would contain a large proportion of members "anxious," as Mr. FOWLER puts it, "to show the people of India that the House of Commons is deeply impressed with a sense of responsibility towards them." If this anxiety were according to knowledge, it would take the form of leaving the people of India to the care of those who are most likely to govern

them well. Being what it is, it would simply prompt those inspired with it to follow the example of Mrs. NICKLEBY, and express a large variety of opinions on a large variety of subjects.

#### ELECTION AFFAIRS.

THE Irish Land Bill at home and various matters of more or less importance abroad have for some time diverted the eyes of most people from attending to what is really the most interesting of all studies to a practical politician—the progress and tendency of political opinion at home as manifested in the by-elections which occur from time to time. Indeed, from some chance there have been of late, till within the last few days, comparatively few of these elections, which were rather more than usually numerous during the first year of the life of this Parliament. A slight and rather remarkable instance of reviving interest in electioneering matters was afforded by the curious defeat last week of the Government in the matter of the Wigan Commission—"the great constitutional crisis," as a Liberal member, in what for the present dull House of Commons was not a bad joke, described it. As a matter of fact, no doubt, the victory, such as it was, was a cleverly snatched one, resulting from the clannishness of Lancashire, the discontent of the Irish members, and a sudden and skilful whip of the remnant of the forces of the Opposition. But it showed that, if the pressure of other affairs had allowed the Corrupt Practices Bill to come on, it would probably have been the cause of a lively fight, which would not by any means have been a merely party one. It showed, also, that a certain reaction of public feeling has taken place, as might have been expected, from the somewhat inquisitorial proceedings of the various Election Commissions, and from the results of those Commissions as far as they have yet manifested themselves in the trials of the offenders. The signal failure of the Boston prosecutions could only be set down by very shortsighted judges as due to local partisanship. It was almost an inevitable consequence of the revolt which such sense of fairness as is yet left in England makes at the present method of conducting election inquiries. That the Commissioners should choose certain persons to summon, and certain not to summon, and should by this choice ensure immunity from prosecution to the one, and render the others liable to prosecution, is not the sort of thing that commends itself to the possibly obtuse, but frequently generous, judgment of the average Englishman, especially as it generally results in the more hardened and skilful offenders escaping, and the novices and blunderers being caught. Nor is it to be forgotten that popular sentiment has as yet declined to recognize bribery as a crime, though it has ceased to regard it as altogether venial; and that there is a wholesome objection to the manufacturing by law of new crimes, the criminality of which is not generally recognized. The case of Wigan was, no doubt, an exceptional one; but there was something of the rule in it as well as of the exception.

This little comedy, however (in which Sir HENRY JAMES, after being caught out in his law and beaten in the division lobby, may perhaps have failed to recognize the comic part), is by no means the serious election affair of the day. Besides the seat for Tyrone, vacant by Mr. LATTON'S appointment to a Land Commissionership, no less than five seats were vacant in Great Britain at the beginning of the present week—three of them by official promotions and shiftings, two by death. One of these was the constituency of the Elgin Burghs, vacant—for the second time within a few weeks—by Mr. ASHER'S promotion to the Scotch Solicitor-Generalship. The second was that for Edinburgh, vacant by the resignation of the Lord Advocate on his appointment as a Lord of Session. The third was Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE'S seat at Leeds, vacant by reason of his becoming what Lord ROSEBURY rather ominously called "the last Lord of the Treasury." The fourth was the county seat of North Durham, and the fifth the county seat of North Lincolnshire—both vacant by the death of the late members. All these were Liberal seats. The three borough constituencies have already made their choice, or rather have had no choice to make. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, after indulging, under the patronage of a warlike Alderman, who announces that he intends to devote the remainder of his life to the

extermination of the House of Lords, in some of the precocious dogmatism which seems to form his intellectual stock-in-trade, has been returned unopposed. Edinburgh has entrusted itself without a contest to another very young person, who is unknown to public life, but who has a respectable Oxford record, and who did not win his spurs at the last general election against Lord Elcho. Elgin and its satellites have been constant to Mr. ASHER. For the two county seats a remarkable difficulty seems to have been found in finding Conservative champions. On the eve of the nomination two candidates who may fairly be called strong, Sir GEORGE ELLIOTT and Mr. LOWTHER, presented themselves; but up to that eleventh hour it was not certain whether these also would not be allowed to go by default to the highly respectable candidates, who, with a proper absence of self-committal to extreme principles, woo them on the Liberal side.

Had this been so it would have indicated the existence of a very curious state of things. As to the artificially vacated seats, it might be said that the Government, taught by uncomfortable experience in Wigton and Oxford, took care to disturb only those who were quite safe of re-election or of replacement by the right sort of man. The group of small constituencies which was so long represented by Mr. GRANT DUFF is traditionally Liberal, though its most important member—Peterhead—is said to have Tory leanings, which have hitherto awaited development in vain. Edinburgh declared itself in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE (who had virtually wooed it at the same time as its county) by an enormous majority last year. Leeds is perhaps more dubious. It can hardly be supposed that the entire population of a large, wealthy, and not unintelligent town shares its Alderman's bloodthirsty designs on the House of Lords, or that the inhabitants of the cloth capital are one and all beguiled by the honour of sending to Parliament a Prime Minister's youngest son, who has a fine capacity for indiscriminate assertion. Yet the Leeds Conservatives, who once held two of the seats, made no sign, which, as Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE remarked, with the graceful courtesy which sits so pleasingly on youth, and which he has more than once exhibited, was "prudent" of them. The two county seats are, however, the most instructive. Neither is what may be called a Tory stronghold, but both were held in the last Parliament by Tories, and in both the Tory candidate was beaten last year by majorities of no very decisive character. The abandonment of them, therefore, would have been a sign either of remarkable apathy, or of singularly bad organization, or of some peculiar cause affecting the class from which candidates are drawn. In all of these reasons there is probably some weight. Landowners and great merchants—the only two classes of persons who can, as a rule, afford the expense of a county contest—are just now very badly off. The benumbing effect of the defeat of last year has not yet passed, and in very few cases is the organization of the Conservative party vigorous and complete. But a general reluctance to take the field would not have been of good omen, even if no merely party point of view were taken for considering it. Paradoxical persons have been found to maintain that the advantage of bribery was that it kept up a lively interest in political matters. The badness of the means may have exceeded the goodness of the end, but about the goodness of the end there can be no doubt whatever. A country in which individual interest in politics is replaced by a mere acquiescence in the dictates of caucus leaders is a country in a very bad way. Indeed, one of the very worst things about these new-fangled organizations is that they tend to render politics a mere tournament of Renaissance Italians, in which hard fighting is out of fashion. No human being can, without an extraordinary intellectual conviction, long take an interest in a party which will not fight. In how many persons this sort of intellectual conviction subsists must of course be a matter of doubt; but the number of voters in any particular constituency who can form with intelligence and support with knowledge political opinions of any kind is, and always must be, very small. Some means must therefore be used to keep adherents together, and of those means the most certain is giving battle on every occasion when there is the least hope of success. Nothing has been hitherto more remote from the general temper of English politicians than acquiescence in the domination of a mere prevalent party, no matter what the opinions of that party may be.

Nor can anything be less desirable from any point of view, Tory or Liberal, except from the point of view of those who simply desire to destroy as much as possible during the time of apathy, than that the spell of that apathy should continue. It is in the shock of opposing forces that healthy and vigorous political life consists, not in the continual acting of a tedious and monotonous drama of surrender.

#### THE POPE AT MALTA.

WHEN the POPE from time to time intimates through his recognized organs that in certain contingencies he may remove his residence from Rome, the menace is probably rather an expression of legitimate indignation than the announcement of a serious purpose. In former times the abandonment of the central seat of Latin Christianity would have alarmed the consciences of great numbers of Catholics in almost all parts of Europe; and even so late as the time when the late Pope commenced his reign, his compulsory exile might have been regarded as a cause of war. Through his own fanatical imprudence, combined with unfavourable circumstances, PIUS IX. contrived successively to alienate every Government which had treated the Holy See with devotion, with good will, or with tolerance. He refused to recognize the kingdom of Italy, he affected to regard the Constitution of Austria as non-existent, and at one time he provoked the great body of Englishmen, who might have treated his pompos proclama tions with contempt, into a temporary outburst of violent irritation. The so-called battle of civilization in Germany was provoked, though scarcely justified, by the absurd decrees of the Council of Rome. The POPE might perhaps be excused for resenting the patronizing protection of France; but a statesman would not have publicly designated the Emperor NAPOLEON by the name of PONTIUS PILATE. PIUS IX. could not have perpetuated the temporal power, but his vanity and weakness precipitated its fall. His manlier and more prudent successor cannot repair the mischief which has been done to the Papacy; but he will be well advised in retaining as long as possible his hold on St. Peter's and the Vatican.

While the POPE was still a reigning sovereign, officious Protestant advisers not unfrequently assured him that his influence over the faithful would be increased by resignation of his secular prerogative. Since he has been forced to submit to the result of their condescending counsels, he has found, as more sagacious observers anticipated, that his spiritual authority collapses almost as rapidly as his temporal power. Austria is united in close alliance with the persecuting Government of Berlin; the Subalpine KING, as PIUS IX., with feminine spite, delighted to call him, holds his Court on the left bank of the Tiber. Spain has formally disclaimed any purpose of defending the rights of the Holy See; and in France, which used to be called the eldest born of the Church, the clergy have lost all political power. It would be a suicidal mistake to renounce the security of the treaty or statute which is known as the Law of Guarantees. It is true that the Italian Government has culpably neglected to afford the protection which was due on the occasion of the late funeral procession; but it would be a poor revenge to resign the rights which are acknowledged, though they have been unduly withheld. Within his own palace and its precincts, the POPE is still nominally independent and sovereign. Elsewhere he would be a subject or a resident foreigner, with no claim to rank or pre-eminence except by the courtesy of the local authorities. It is doubtful whether the large revenue which the POPE derives from the contributions of the faithful would be forthcoming if Catholic liberality were required to flow in unaccustomed channels. In the so-called ages of faith the Popes who resided at Avignon, though in their own territory, were regarded with diminished reverence. There is now no possibility of acquiring a Papal appanage on either side of the Alps, and a Pope cannot afford to subside into the rank of a private person.

When the POPE or his partisans threaten a secession from Rome, they for the most part propose that he should establish himself at Malta; and it is easy to understand the reasons by which such a choice of residence might be recommended. The people of Malta are, perhaps, the most unsophisticated of believers in Roman Catholic Christendom.



Their language, which is a dialect of Arabic, secures them against communication with heterodox foreigners, although they are indebted to their present rulers for reducing their speech for the first time into writing. The island swarms with priests and clerics of every degree; and the pious practices which furnish the inhabitants with occupation and amusement might by a hasty observer be easily mistaken for Pagan celebrations. The clergy, who speak Italian as well as Maltese, entertain a peculiar devotion to the Holy See, and they are not unnaturally proud of the privileges to which their Church is entitled under the capitulations by which Malta was annexed to the British Empire. That the Roman Catholic Church is established has never been disputed, and the priests have added to its legal style the further qualification of "dominant." The ecclesiastical buildings and practices of the English heretics are supposed to depend for their existence on a toleration which would not be voluntarily accorded. The English Government and its representatives in the island have generally regarded the zeal of the Roman Catholic priesthood and its adherents with good-humoured indifference. Perhaps it had not been forgotten that, when the Republican French occupied Malta in the place of the Knights of St. JOHN, their profanation of the churches and their insults to religion induced the inhabitants to welcome the English besiegers, who, not without their help, at last compelled the French garrison to surrender. It is not probable that in future any Catholic invader will be able to appeal to the religious sympathies of the Maltese against the rulers who have always respected the susceptibilities of their subjects. Neither France nor Italy can at present easily assume the character of champions of the Church; and the Maltese also, scattered over the coasts of the Levant, prefer English protection to the patronage of any foreign Power.

The POPE would nevertheless not be a welcome guest. If he were to reside at Malta, the English Governor, though he would still occupy the Grand Master's Palace, would no longer be the highest personage in the island. The Roman Catholic clergy would delight in ostentatious preference of their allegiance to the POPE over their not enthusiastic loyalty to the Crown. The well-meaning population would easily be persuaded to regard as sovereign the spiritual potentate, who would not on his own account advance any territorial pretensions. Some years ago they submitted to a usurpation, which to their simple minds must have seemed far more startling than the subordination of the State to the Church. PIUS IX., with his usual puerility, transferred the Church of Malta from the traditional patronage of St. PAUL to the protection of the VIRGIN under her title of Immaculate; and such was the reverence of the Maltese for the Holy See that they accepted without remonstrance the wanton breach of the most respectable of their historical associations. As long as the Pope and his Court were content with ceremonial claims of precedence their pretensions might be rather troublesome than dangerous; but it is possible that cases might occur in which a conflict of secular and ecclesiastical authority might be seriously inconvenient. The English Government and nation have had no reason to complain of the present POPE, who has on more than one occasion deprecated rebellion and agrarian crime in Ireland; but his protests against revolutionary violence appear to be as impotent where some of the perpetrators are Roman Catholic priests as in the countries where the clergy are the victims. That law, morality, and order are regarded by some members of the Roman hierarchy as trivial in comparison with the supposed interests of the Church has lately been proved by Cardinal MANNING's surprising declaration of sympathy with the organization and objects of the Irish Land League. It could scarcely have been anticipated that a dignified ecclesiastic, by birth and education an English gentleman, would approve the communistic doctrines and the murderous practices of the associated enemies of the English Government. The complicity with the worst demagogues, of turbulent peasant priests, or even of disaffected Irish prolates, may not admit of excuse, but it is easily intelligible. It can only be conjectured that Cardinal MANNING preferred tampering with social and political revolution to the risk of giving offence to the malcontent Irish who form the majority of his flock. Any other conceivable explanation of his conduct would not be less discreditable. The incident illustrates the inconvenience of intimate relations with a Church which

will always regard its own special interests as paramount to all worldly duties. There would be something amusing and gratifying to national vanity in the opportunity of affording a refuge on English territory to a great spiritual potentate who might seem to be rejected by all the communities which nominally acknowledge his supremacy. If the case arises the Government of the day may, perhaps, think that the apparent harshness of a refusal would be more objectionable than the possible inconvenience of welcoming the illustrious exile. Until the proposal is formally made, it will be prudent to discountenance a project which, if it were accomplished, could scarcely fail to cause embarrassment. The POPE still possesses and exercises the right of receiving Ambassadors; and the presence of foreign representatives in a colony which is really a fortress would be both anomalous and troublesome. The duty of Roman Catholic bishops to visit the tombs of the Apostles at limited intervals would, if it were transferred to the temporary residence of St. PAUL, and the permanent home of the successor of St. PETER, overtax the hospitality of the English Government. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the confusion which might arise from the conversion of a dependency of a Protestant Power into the spiritual metropolis of the Roman Catholic world.

#### THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

WITH the single exception of Belleville, where the opposition to M. GAMBETTA proved itself to have more substance than had commonly been attributed to it, the French elections have gone precisely as they were expected to go. A large proportion of the outgoing deputies have been re-elected; the Republican majority is mainly composed of members who intend to give a general support to M. GAMBETTA; and the Conservative minority is reduced to insignificance. The narrow victory which M. GAMBETTA has gained in one circumscription of Belleville, and his relinquishment of a doubtful contest in the second, set at rest the question of his relations with the Extreme Left. If the voting in these exceedingly advanced constituencies had shown that the Paris Radicals retained a secret affection for their former leader, the action of M. CLÉMENTEAU, M. CAMILLE PELLETAN, and the other leaders of the Extreme Left would probably have been modified. It might have been unwise to go on proclaiming war to the knife against a politician who had just been chosen by a large majority to represent men who, in so far as they differ from M. CLÉMENTEAU, do so in carrying their violence to greater lengths. The voting of Sunday put an end to all uncertainty upon this head. It showed the rank and file of the Extreme Left in as open rebellion against M. GAMBETTA as M. CLÉMENTEAU need desire. After what has passed, it seems impossible that a reconciliation should ever be brought about between them. Consequently M. CLÉMENTEAU's course is now plainly marked out for him. He has to supplant M. GAMBETTA, and he will have the support of his party in making the effort. At present, indeed, that support may not count for much, since the Extreme Left is not very much stronger in the new Chamber than it was in the last. But as regards M. GAMBETTA it will be a united party, and amid so much Parliamentary uncertainty union is especially valuable.

It may seem that when so many of the outgoing deputies have been returned, uncertainty is scarcely the word to apply to the action of the new Chamber. To say this, however, is to forget the complaint which M. GAMBETTA has so persistently urged against the Chamber which has just been in a great measure re-elected. In that also there was a Republican majority; the fault he found with it was that it was a majority which did not know its own mind, or appreciate the conditions under which alone it could make its will felt. It was a Republican majority, but not a Ministerial majority. The deputies who composed it were of one mind as to the institutions under which they desired to live, and as to the general direction which they wished the conduct of public affairs to take. But they had no clear idea of what they wished as regards the politicians by whom public affairs were to be conducted. They were alternately satisfied and dissatisfied with their Ministers, and watched their advent and their departure with equal complacency. It may be, of course, that M. GAMBETTA's own attitude has been the

cause of this indifference, and that, if he had been willing to take office, a Ministerial majority might easily have been formed. In that case, however, it is not very clear why he should so steadily have refused not, indeed, to take office, but to assume the Parliamentary position which must in a very short time have placed office within his reach. He would hardly have been so bent upon altering the grouping of the electors had he thought that, even grouped as they are, they could be made to give him the steady support he wants. The fact that only a very small amount of new blood has been introduced by last Sunday's elections is not, therefore, as it ordinarily would be, a reason for confidence as to the policy of the new Chamber. In so far as it is like its predecessor it will have no decided policy at all.

There is ground, however, for believing that many of the former deputies will return with their lesson better learnt than before. The line between the general body of Republicans and the extreme section of the party promises to be even less distinct than it was in the last Chamber. In the first place M. GAMBETTA and M. FERRY have done their best to efface it. M. GAMBETTA has committed himself to that revision of the Constitution which only three months before the election he had openly opposed; while M. FERRY's conversion was even more rapid. It is possible, indeed, that in this sudden change of front M. GAMBETTA had the Extreme Left in view rather than his own followers; and that, now that he has seen how impossible it is to recall the Extreme Left to his side, he will give up the attempt to conciliate them. On the other hand, whatever may have been his immediate intention, the fact remains that the majority of the Republican candidates went to the electors with M. GAMBETTA's new programme in their hands, and that the result has thoroughly justified them in so doing. The majority in the new Chamber has to all appearance been returned to support M. GAMBETTA in getting the Constitution revised, in administering the Concordat in the harshest possible spirit, and in subjecting the magistracy to needless, if not injurious, changes. The long desired division of the Republican party into Liberals and Conservatives, with the consequent dissociation of Conservatism from impracticable monarchical ideals, seems to be further removed than ever. In a Chamber of 557 members there will probably be less than a hundred non-Republicans. The changes in the composition of the majority have all been in one direction. Wherever an outgoing deputy has been rejected in favour of a new candidate, the substitution marks an advance in political opinion. A member of the Advanced Left has in almost every case replaced a member of the Pure Left, except in the few constituencies which have for the first time returned a member of the Extreme Left. It seems probable, therefore, that M. GAMBETTA will find in the new Chamber the homogeneous majority for which he looked in vain in the former Chamber.

This result will be in part due to the past errors of the Conservative party. They have lost no opportunity of damaging the cause they have professedly at heart, or of showing how lightly they value it by the side of their own special crotchets. They have been Legitimists or Imperialists first and Conservatives afterwards, and in a country such as France is to-day to subordinate Conservatism to dynastic considerations is to condemn it to certain impotence. The French people have made up their minds upon the question of institutions. They are Republicans, and they mean to remain Republicans. There is nothing to show, however, that they have yet made up their minds upon the question how the Republic shall be governed. The true policy of the Conservative party would have been to turn this indecision to account. One of the few moderate Republican deputies who has retained his seat—M. RIBOT, the editor of the *Parlement*—says, in his address to the electors, that what France needs is a Government sufficiently strong to resist all coalition of extreme parties, sufficiently master of itself not to run after adventures either at home or abroad, sufficiently bold to take in hand necessary reforms, and sufficiently patient to accomplish them without precipitation and without violence. In the new Chamber M. RIBOT will, perhaps, find a score of deputies who could have put their names to his address without inconsistency. Had the French Conservatives been alive to their own interest these are the doctrines they would have preached. Instead of this they have always been occupied in devising how to fix on the Republic the discredit of every

passionate and unwise measure which has been undertaken or advocated in its name. The organ of the Legitimists professes itself delighted with the result of the elections, because they have put an end to the artifices, the reticences, the subterfuges of those who call themselves Conservatives without at the same time calling themselves Royalists. \*That the Legitimists will number little more than half the deputies they commanded in the last Chamber seems to the *Union* as nothing by the side of the glorious fact that the Orleanists and the Conservative Republicans will be still fewer. This is not a temper which is likely to endear Conservative principles to a nation which seems at present determined that, whatever else fortune may have in store, it will not have the Count of CHAMBOARD to reign over it. A Conservative party within the Republican majority has to be built up without any aid from outside, and, with the indifference to politics which usually characterizes the French peasants, from whom the main support of such a party must come, this is not at all an easy process. There was a time when it seemed possible that M. GAMBETTA himself might head such a party, and show that respect for social institutions was not incompatible with devotion to Republican forms. To expect such a transformation from him now would be to make too large a demand even upon his versatility. One gain, however, may be expected with some confidence to follow from the fact that the very large Republican majority returned last Sunday regard M. GAMBETTA as their leader. He will hardly evade any longer the responsibilities and the sanctions which properly belong to the leadership of Parliamentary parties.

#### PRISONS AND COLLEGES.

IN the exultation on one side, and the apprehension upon the other, provoked by the final arrival into port of the big Irish ironclad, after its tedious voyage over chopping seas, the foundering of minor barques is, we fear, disregarded, however full of misery the calamity may be to sufferers worthy of a happier fate. A little Bill which passed the House of Lords unanimously under the title, picked up during its progress there, of Contumacious Prisoners' Discharge Bill, deserves a tear. The immediate cause of the measure was the fatuous violence—inconceivable even from that body—of the Church Association which chose not only to hustle into prison, but to sell up, a hard-working pastor, Mr. GREEN, for offences which the Association exists to prove are not among the weightier matters of the law. In 1840 a Mr. THOROGOOD, a martyr to conscience on the point of Church-rates, found his release by an Act of Parliament which allowed the prisoner, after he had suffered for six months in prison, to regain his liberty with the consent of the prosecutor. In their innocence the legislators of that day thought this provision amply sufficient, but the Church Association have now taught us better; so Lord BEAUCHAMP in his Bill proposed to drop that limitation. But then the pertinent question was asked How is Mr. GREEN to be kept from getting into prison again if he shall decline to conform to orders which he believes himself conscientiously compelled to disregard? Lord SELBORNE was equal to the emergency, and cut the knot by throwing the responsibility of future proceedings on the Bishop, with a reasonable confidence in the average discretion of the Episcopate. So the Bill went down to the Commons, and was duly blocked when it got there. At last, however, it came on upon Tuesday, when there was still time to have had it passed during this Session, had not an anti-Church Radical of the clearest grit, by counting out the House, extinguished Mr. GREEN's hopes of freedom for many months to come, except under the almost impossible contingency of a return to sanity on the part of the Church Association. So that body may at least enjoy its Christmas gambols in the consciousness that it has done more to help Ritualism than myriads of Church Unionists could ever effect, while Ritualists have leisure to appreciate the tender mercies in store for them under a régime of disestablishment.

For the failure of the other Bill, which was to have substituted the Universities Committee of the Privy Council for the two moribund and unsatisfactory Commissions, the Government have only to thank their own procrastination and want of candour. As the measure passed the House of Lords, that Committee was to step into office as it was—

thus every one imagined—and all the peers, from Lord GRANVILLE to Lord SALISBURY, accepted the Governmental proposal so interpreted without demur. As soon, however, as the measure reached the Commons, Mr. BRYCE, burning to win in the field of politics distinctions as bright as those which he has achieved as scholar and traveller, rebelled against his leaders. Impetuous Radicalism thereby created a difficulty, for the passage of the Bill through the Upper House had been achieved by engagements which no man of honour could forget. However, an arrangement seemed to have been reached by which two more Privy Counsellors were to be added, and the names which were whispered appeared to carry with them the promise of fairness, moderation, and an equitable balance of opinion. The Bill was read a second time, and got into Committee; and not till then was it unostentatiously hinted that, under the original Act, there was an unexhausted but practically obsolete power of appointing one more member of that Committee than had been named on its formation. This was startling; but it was a more uncomfortable surprise to learn that a strong suspicion existed that this power was to be exercised so as to destroy that balance on the faith of which the understanding had been reached, while the straightforward expedient of coming out with the third name was avoided. Not only so, but the Government had been so much too clever as to drive the reconsideration of the Bill by the Lords to yesterday, when there was no longer any time for the two Houses to come to an understanding. The result is, no doubt, delay in the work of University reconstruction, but for that delay the Government, and the Government only, is responsible.

#### REFORM IN VICTORIA.

**T**HERE seems to be an intermission in the experiments which the politicians of Victoria have been for some years trying as to the possible perversities of extreme democracy. In that colony universal suffrage, or the unqualified sovereignty of the poorest classes, has not been able wholly to counteract the advantages of a productive country and a temperate climate; but the constituencies and the demagogues who alternately led and followed them have, to the utmost of their power, fought against the tendency of the natural advantages which they enjoy. In a thinly inhabited territory the most valuable of all commodities is human labour; and the Victoria Legislature has systematically discouraged immigration. Artificial dearth has been as far as possible promoted by the imposition of heavy duties on imports, with the natural result of enabling a neighbouring colony, under a more rational policy, to advance in prosperity more rapidly than Victoria. More plausible excuses may be given for the heavy and exceptional taxation which is employed for the purpose of discouraging the formation or retention of large landed estates; but envy and jealousy had at least as much influence in the agrarian legislation of Victoria as any economic theory. Professor PEARSON, one of the most extreme of the democratic politicians of the colony, has openly avowed the doctrine that wages ought to be raised to, or maintained at, a high level by legislative measures, if the result is not secured by the operation of supply and demand. The dominant working class and its chosen representatives make in Victoria no secret of their intention to pay exclusive regard to their own supposed interests. It is true that in other countries landowners, capitalists, or traders, may have been equally selfish, though they have for the most part been less cynical in their disregard of the welfare of their neighbours; but minorities are held in check by the latent force of the great mass of the community. From the despotism of universal suffrage there is no appeal.

The most conspicuous popular leader in the colony is Mr. GRAHAM BERRY, who has for several years been principal Minister. Few demagogues have succeeded more fully in promoting political discord and in setting classes at variance with one another. He has almost always commanded a majority in the Assembly which is returned by universal suffrage; but many of his schemes have been thwarted by the opposition of the Second Chamber. The Legislative Council of Victoria is returned by the holders of a property qualification; and although there is nothing in the colony which resembles an aristocracy, the representatives of electors possessing a competence

are, as might be expected, more cautious in allowing changes than the more popular body. The collision which Mr. BERRY probably desired to precipitate arose under familiar conditions. All the Constitutions which are copied with more or less alteration from an English model confer on the Lower House the exclusive control of taxation and finance; yet even in the original system the respective privileges of Lords and Commons have never been strictly defined; and it has been contended that the Upper House has the right, as it certainly has the power, to reject a money Bill, though not to amend it. There is less doubt as to the competency of the House of Lords to refuse to pass any legislative measure which may be improperly included in, or, in the technical phrase, tacked to a money Bill. The little rift within the English constitutional lute perceptibly widens in communities where the Second Chamber has neither social weight nor traditional authority. Some years ago the Legislative Council of Victoria rejected a Bill by which the House of Assembly had provided for the payment of its members. Mr. BERRY and his colleagues asserted that the measure was simply a grant of money; and the Council replied that the payment of members involved an important political issue. The contest was continued in many successive Sessions in varying forms, with the redeeming feature that both parties affected to rely on English precedents. A student of English history, such as Professor PEARSON, might have informed his fellow-colonists that the English Constitution would have long since proved impracticable, if contending parties had insisted on their extreme claims; but the popular leaders in Victoria were bent on inflaming rather than on appeasing political differences.

The Governors who represented in the colony the titular supremacy of the Crown were, with one exception, neutral; and it was scarcely of deliberate purpose that Sir GEORGE BOWEN appeared to favour the pretensions of the Assembly; yet neither scrupulous regard to colonial independence nor questionable conformity to the policy of the agitators prevented the attacks on the mother-country in which colonists indulge with certain impunity. Some patriotic orators threatened to put the GOVERNOR by force on board ship, and to deport him from the colony. Rhetorical threats of secession only subsided when it was found that the colony might at its pleasure throw off its allegiance. The tie which unites the centre of the Empire with its dependencies has, since the institution of responsible government in the colonies, become so elastic that it is in little danger of breaking. There is scarcely a greater pleasure in addressing seditious speeches to a Government which never interferes than in blaspheming the gods of EMIGRES. In neither case is there any avenging thunderbolt to dread. From impotent declamation against remote and conventional authority Mr. BERRY and his friends were obliged to concentrate their power of annoyance on their local antagonists. At one time the Minister refused to pay the salaries of the judges and the principal civil officers on the pretext that the Council had rejected a Budget which was in fact encumbered with a tack. Mr. BERRY also devised various schemes for amending the Constitution which he had entangled in a deadlock; nor was the Legislative Council indisposed to facilitate changes by which it might expect to acquire popular influence. Its proposal that both the franchise of the electors of the Council and the qualification of its members should be reduced was scornfully rejected by the Minister, who desired not only to diminish its authority, but to relieve himself from all constitutional opposition. One of his most audacious demands was that the Council should cease to be elective, and that it should be nominated by the Crown. It was, of course, understood that the Crown meant the Governor, that the Governor meant the Minister, and that the Council would, therefore, be appointed by Mr. BERRY himself. Although he and his partisans often threatened bloodshed as the alternative of compliance with their demands, they probably found that the multitude which applauded their turbulent policy was not prepared to engage in an unnecessary civil war. It is also possible that the unanimous disapproval of the respectable inhabitants of the colony may have exercised an unconscious influence on even the wildest demagogues.

As violence seemed to be undesirable or impracticable, while the Council was not likely to concur in abolishing itself, Mr. BERRY fell back on the paradoxical scheme of inducing the Crown to remodel the Constitution which it

had originally granted. The Council, perhaps for the sake of a trial, sanctioned a vote by which the Assembly made liberal provision for a mission, consisting of Mr. BERRY and Professor PEARSON, to appeal to the Home Government. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, the Colonial Secretary, judiciously temporized with the deputation, and ultimately declared that the extreme case in which the intervention of the Crown might, perhaps, be allowable had, in his judgment, not yet arisen. The delegates were, therefore, advised to solve the question in the colony by compromise; and it seems that, through a change in political feeling, a settlement of the dispute has at last been accomplished. Mr. BERRY and his faction found on his return that his hold on the Assembly was shaken; and, after a time, his opponent, Mr. SERVICE, succeeded to his office. One of the most obnoxious parts of the scheme which Mr. BERRY had submitted to the Colonial Office was the outlandish device of a popular vote or plebiscite on occasions when the Council and Assembly found it impossible to agree. Even in Victoria the virtual abolition of Parliamentary or representative government appears not to have been generally acceptable; and certain novelties included in a project by which Mr. SERVICE sought to solve the difficulty were also thought objectionable. Mr. BERRY afterwards resumed office; but he has lately been left in a minority; and it is understood that the Council and Assembly will agree on an arrangement involving the reduction of the franchise and qualification. It is not known whether the supremacy of Mr. BERRY's party has been permanently disturbed. The Assembly which he has long ruled consists of members for the most part of humble origin, of imperfect education, and of manners such as those which have recently been obtruded on the notice of the House of Commons. It is possible that such a legislative body may become tired of a once favourite leader, and the fall of Mr. BERRY would be an unmixed advantage to the colony. His successors may perhaps be less ambitious and less active in devising and perpetrating mischief, and it is possible that through the example of New South Wales sounder economic views may gradually supersede the existing delusions. If the Council, in consequence of the proposed change in its constitution, acquires additional power, a wholesome check may be imposed on the caprices and blunders of universal suffrage. The Imperial Government may congratulate itself on the practical independence of a colony which would probably rebel against any external control.

#### FIRST FRUITS OF THE LAND BILL.

IT was perhaps natural that Sir RICHARD CROSS, speaking to the Lancashire farmers on Wednesday, should decline to say more than he could help, alleging the intolerable amount of talk which he had lately had to submit to, and the satiety of speech which had consequently come upon him. But if the late Home Secretary could find nothing to say about agricultural depression except to congratulate the farmers of the North on the advantages of their position as compared with the farmers of the South, and to pay farmers generally a well-deserved compliment on the stout heart with which they have met the stiff hill of their troubles, others have not been so reticent. Mr. GLADSTONE'S guarded, but significant, acknowledgment of the importance of the English land question has been taken as a cue by his supporters in the press, and they have begun to enlarge on the necessity of Land Reform if the farmer is to get over his woes. It is, perhaps, rather amusing to remember how short a time has passed since these same persons were elaborately reassuring halting supporters of the Irish Land Bill by pointing out that the cases of England and Ireland were so different that nothing that was done in the one case could by any possibility be taken as a precedent in regard to the other. The passage of the measure has done away with the necessity of this argument, and it is conveniently forgotten. It is discovered that the cases of England and Ireland are very much alike. The English tenant, like the Irish tenant, complains that he cannot get along, and the obvious way to help him to get along is in some way to cut him a comfortable slice out of his landlord's property rights, if not exactly out of his landlord's property. Indeed, with a fertility of resource which is not altogether common, the very argument that was used most strenuously for the advantage of the Irish tenant is now being used, with a "not" taken

out of it, for the benefit of the English tenant. It contended that the Irish landlord's rights must be cut down because he does not make the improvements; it is now contended that the English landlord's rights must be cut down because he does. "A farm improved and virtually created by another's capital offers no temptation to a tenant to cultivate it at a loss." It is certainly true that a farm, no matter how it be improved, or virtually created, offers very little temptation to any one to cultivate it at a loss; but the conclusion intended to be drawn, at least logically, from this remarkable premiss, does not appear. Unless, indeed, it be contended, as some people would have liked to contend in the Irish matter, that the higher the rent the tenant has to pay, the greater his grievance, whether the money represents money's worth or whether it does not.

The immediate occasion for these curious specimens of reasoning has apparently been a reported meeting of a considerable number of Aberdeenshire farmers, who have demanded alterations in the Land Laws and the condition of land tenure. It may be observed, and all who know anything of Scotch farming will endorse the observation, that from no class of agriculturists could any such demand come with worse grace. Scotch farmers, and especially farmers in the East of Scotland, have as nearly their own way with other people's property as the residence of any rights of property in the actual owner will allow. Their regulation nineteen years' leases are long enough for them to outlive any ordinary series of bad seasons and to get out of the land every farthing which, with any skill or judgment, they have put into it—a process of recovery, not to say exhaustion, which, unless they are belied, they very rarely fail rigorously to carry out. Their rents are seldom high, for the competition of solvent tenants is not very great, and few landlords are rash enough to hand over their land for so long a term of years to a tenant who is not pretty notoriously solvent. They are freely compensated by law for some damages against which in England the tenant would have little redress unless from the bounty of his landlord. In certain districts, and in consequence of the competition of the banks for custom, the smaller farmers are indeed dangerously far gone in credit, but that has nothing to do with the landlords. Lastly, the old grievance of hypothec has ceased to trouble them. If, therefore, Scotch farmers cannot get on, and demand, as these farmers are said to do, a general revaluation of rents, their demand amounts to neither more nor less than a simple demand for the redistribution of property. It would be exactly as reasonable for them to meet together and demand legislative interference to make the banks reduce their rate of interest. The landlord lends the land to the farmer to cultivate, the bank lends him the capital to cultivate it with, and the interference with the amount charged by both for the accommodation is on exactly the same footing. In the Irish case the fortunate discovery of the joint-proprietorship of the occupier helped the innovators out of this difficulty. But, putting the Highlands aside, even Radical invention may well shrink from attempting a similar find in England or Scotland.

It is, however, rather interesting to consider the attitude of the less extreme English Radicals towards these demands. They have not yet gone so far as to advocate the compulsory lowering of rent. It is from the Land Laws that the farmer may, according to them, be justly relieved. Now this expression—the Land Laws—frequently as it is used, is, for the most part, used without the least self-examination as to its meaning, and the knowledge of that meaning possessed by the speaker. If it were said that there were no Land Laws in England, the statement would doubtless be too sweeping; but it is certain that the legal provisions which even remotely affect the occupier of land are extremely few; and it is equally certain that their effect is grossly exaggerated. The intricacy of titles, the custom of primogeniture, the existence of life-estates, the absence of security to the tenant for his improvements, and the law of distress, pretty nearly sum up the list as it is presented even by the most industrious advocates of reform. Of these the law of distress is admittedly rather a sentimental than a practical grievance, inasmuch as landlords are not in general lunatics, and are exceedingly unlikely, in their own interest, to distress when they can possibly avoid it. Except the reckless demagogues who speak of primogeniture as if there were a law enjoining upon every landowner to leave his land to his eldest son,



no one affects to see in that custom anything but the carrying out by the law, in a case of presumable oversight, what, by an equal presumption, was the owner's intention. Few people are less likely to rejoice in the intricacy of titles than landlords themselves; and, if any one would point out a way to solve the difficulty, which no one has yet done with any success, it is scarcely likely that opposition would come from them. Compensation to the tenant for improvements made judiciously, and with his landlord's consent, is already recognized in exactly the same way as primogeniture or life-tenure is recognized—that is to say, permissively. There is, therefore, nothing left but the actual prohibition of life-tenure; and if any one with an actual knowledge of the subject seriously, and not for a mere political purpose, argues that this would counteract the effects of bad seasons, foreign competition, altered modes of life on the part of all classes, emigration, concentration of the population in towns, exhaustion of the soil, and all the rest of the conditions which make against the farmer, his faculty of persuading himself of what he wishes to believe may be admired at the expense of his reasoning powers. A more singular specimen of the MORISON'S pill remedy has rarely been known even in Radical programmes. It is supposed that, if limited ownership were abolished, owners would sell part of their land in order to improve the rest; it is supposed that in this case the price of land would fall; it is supposed that, if the price of land fell, small and moderately large capitalists would hasten to invest in it, and would not, as in such cases they have invariably done, rackrent their purchases, but would cultivate them themselves. Against every one of these hypotheses cause of the gravest kind can be shown; and yet, if all of them were granted or proved, agricultural prosperity would not necessarily or even probably follow. Yet this is all which the more moderate aspirants after "free land" have to promise to those who listen to them. Considering the amount of interference with property, custom, and society which the programme involves, it could scarcely be more modest in the corresponding advantages which, even on its own showing, it offers. The agitation, the beginnings of which have been so fondly welcomed in certain quarters, will, no doubt, become more enterprising in time; and something not much less remarkable than the discovery of the Irish tenant's property in his holding may, after all, reward ingenuity before long. There are indications that the farmers may after all be left in the lurch by their Radical friends, whose innovations would then be directed to acquiring the support of the more numerous and less intelligent class of labourers.

#### EGYPT.

THE Report of the Egyptian Daira recently published is full of interesting matter, both as regards the vast estates managed by the Council of the Daira under the control of the Government, and on account of the light thrown by it on the general state and prospects of Egypt. Much space is necessarily taken up with an account of the long series of legal and provincial difficulties which have just been brought to an end by the provisions of the Law of Liquidation and the intervention of the Government. Now, for the first time in its mournful and tangled history, the Daira has a clear start, is freed from embarrassment, and can fairly show the results of the joint management of natives and foreigners. In one way, however, the Daira stands by itself, for it is principally occupied with the production of sugar, and sugar is not an ordinary, nor is it a natural, product of Egypt. The climate is not hot enough for the cane to give its full yield. Still, sugar realizing good prices in the European market may be grown there, and is grown on the Daira lands. The general result if a normal year is taken, and no expenditure is brought into account beyond that which the enterprise, if free from debt and litigation and well managed, ought to have thrown on it, shows incomings and outgoings which balance each other so nearly that a very trifling deficit need not be noticed. In round figures it may be stated that the Daira has an income of 1,200,000*l.*, and that it is worked at a cost of 50 per cent. Out of the 600,000*l.* thus remaining, no less than 230,000*l.* is paid for taxes to the Government, and nothing could show the natural wealth of Egypt in a

more striking way than that cultivators can cultivate to a profit and yet hand over a fifth of the gross produce to the State. The remaining 370,000*l.* suffices to pay 4 per cent. to the bondholders. This is a very small return, but the capital on which interest has to be paid was wildly manipulated by the late Khedive, and is very largely in excess of what was necessary to put the undertaking in working order. Even if the estates of the Daira had to be bought at the greatly advanced prices which land in Egypt now commands, while the sugar factories were established with proper skill and economy, the return on the capital employed would be at least double what it is at present. How much the price of land has recently advanced the Daira has itself lately proved to its great advantage. It has numerous outlying estates which it cannot itself manage properly, and portions of which it is selling off as opportunity offers. It only sells in small lots suited to the occupation of the inhabitants of contiguous villages, and it finds that there are always villagers ready to buy who pay ready money, and never give less than the capital represented by an income of 5 per cent. The villagers, it may be presumed, generally borrow the money they pay; but the vast amount of foreign capital recently poured into Egypt enables them to borrow at a rate sufficiently low to make their venture profitable. The eagerness of the cultivator to make use of all the land he can get hold of, and also the obstacles which he has to encounter, are also shown by the recent history of some of the lands of the Daira in lower Egypt. These lands, which had long been lying idle, were let to peasants, who were to reclaim them, and were for some years to pay a very low rent. There were numbers who caught eagerly at the offer, and began, with high hopes and much energy, their humble operations. But the Government immediately imposed taxes, before the land had begun to yield any return; and these taxes were so high that the cultivators had to throw up their land in despair. Sooner or later the Government will see that it is thus killing its golden goose, and that it is depriving itself of revenue that would flow in if taxes were imposed with more prudence and moderation. But the habit of taxing blindly, so as to get something out of everybody, whether it can or cannot be paid without ruin to the taxpayer, is so ingrained in Egyptian Governors of all ranks that it will be long before the needs of the Government are supplied in the way most advantageous to those who supply them and to the Government itself.

The Report of Mr. COOKSON, the English Consul at Alexandria, tells the same story for the country at large of the rapidly increasing prosperity of Egypt, and at the same time it shows how this prosperity may have its results diminished by bad seasons, to which Egypt is as liable as countries with a less favourable climate. The sugar-canes on the Daira estates were nipped last year by a frost severe beyond all Egyptian experience. This was a rare calamity; but Egypt is always exposed to the evils attendant on the rise of the Nile being too great or too small. Owing to the unfavourable weather and to a low Nile many of the high lands failed to produce a wheat crop last year, and the total export of wheat was 25 per cent. less than in 1879. The cotton, too, was 16 per cent. less than in the year before, and of inferior quality. But, on the other hand, owing to the easy circumstances of the cultivators and their desire to hold stock, the crop of 1880 came very late to market, and the stock in store was larger than in any previous year. That the peasants should be able to hold their crop and wait for a rise in the market is a more significant proof of their growing comfort than a larger amount to export could have been, as that might have been merely due to the chances of the season. The total value of Egyptian exports amounted to upwards of thirteen millions sterling, falling short by about half a million of the total for 1879. The direction of Egyptian trade is shown by the fact that more than three-fourths of the exports were to England, and more than half of the total imports of Egypt came from England. The imports of 1880 largely exceeded those of 1879, and Egypt was able to pay for the excess, although she had not more, but rather less, to export, partly because the interest payable on the debt to foreigners was considerably reduced, and partly because foreigners provided her with the money that was wanted. The increase of imports was, to a large degree, in coal, iron, and machinery needed for the purposes of agricultural improvement, and the purchases of machinery were mainly

made by the peasants themselves through the agency of the various banking establishments which have rapidly sprung up, and supply so much capital that the competition is now to find borrowers, not lenders. A very considerable increase in the consumption of cotton and woollen goods, supplied, the former almost wholly by England, and the latter principally by Austria, indicates that the population is able to clothe itself better as it gets on in the world. That Austria should be able to eclipse England in providing woollen clothing for Egyptian labourers is deserving of notice; but it is not only in woollen goods that imports from Austria are increasing, the total having doubled itself in four years. From Italy Egypt has taken little more than a fourth of what she has taken from Austria, and the exports to Italy last year were only half what they were for the year before. The trade of France with Egypt, though vastly inferior to that of England, somewhat surpasses that of any other country; and, although the joint protectorate of England and France is justified by political and not by commercial reasons, it is not without importance that the two protecting nations take the lead in the commerce of Egypt.

While in this way the reports both of the Daira and of Mr. COOKSON show that Egypt is growing rich, there is good ground for anticipating that Egypt may grow much richer as time goes on. It is a country in which public money judiciously expended ought to produce large returns. Fertile as Egypt is, there are large tracts which might be made much more fertile, or which now lie waste and might be reclaimed, with an extended system of irrigation. The main estate of the Daira, for example, is traversed by a canal which is at present very imperfect and confers few of the advantages on the cultivators which it was constructed to give them. Like most of the undertakings of the late Khedive it had a magnificent beginning, but was never more than half carried out. If the canal could be properly finished the revenues of the Daira might be largely increased, and unless the canal is finished there is very little probability that good management can do more than keep these revenues at about their present level—sometimes higher in good seasons and sometimes lower in bad seasons. The Government has recently promised that with the first money at its command it will do what is necessary for the canal, and the Government may reasonably expect to have money at its command before long. The revenues now do more than provide for the ordinary administration and for the service of the debt. We are taken into the region of politics if we ask how long this happy state of things is likely to continue. It will be maintained as long as the joint protectorate works, and works well. It will cease, or, at any rate, its course will be arrested, if there is any serious hitch in the working of the protectorate; and this hitch may come either from an interruption of the friendly relations of England and France, or from an attempt on the part of the ruler of Egypt, whoever he may be, to shake off the protectorate. The prosperity of Egypt in one way constitutes a danger to the country. The Viceroy may urge that a thriving and peaceful country does not need the supervision of foreigners, that the days of tutelage are past, and that the Egyptians may fairly claim to be left to manage their own affairs. Such an appeal is not likely to be made at present, and would certainly be discountenanced if it were made; but there are conceivable changes in the politics of Europe which might permit it to be made with some chance of success. If Egypt was left to the Egyptians the country would in all probability go backward as rapidly as it is now going forward.

#### DECOYING.

THE Select Committee of the Lords appointed, on the motion of Lord DALHOUSIE, to "inquire into the state of the law relative to the protection of young girls from artifices to induce them to lead a corrupt life," has reported that the matters referred to them need a "much fuller and more prolonged consideration" than can be given to them in the present Session. The evidence already taken is abundantly sufficient to show the need there is of amending the law. Upon this point it can hardly be said that any further testimony is wanting. Indeed, before the Committee was appointed it was plain that the practice of "inducing English girls to become

"inmates of Belgian brothels"—Mr. Justice STEPHEN'S plain language seems preferable to the extraordinary circumlocution adopted in the order of reference—cannot be adequately, if at all, dealt with by the law as it stands; and that, as a consequence of this impotence on the part of the law, the practice has, or had "until lately, become exceedingly common. Mr. SNAGGE'S Report to the HOME SECRETARY placed the existence and methods of the trade beyond doubt. The proceedings of one KLYBERG, who has been employed in the business for some twelve years past, are there set forth in the most authentic possible form—that of extracts from his correspondence. The letters from which these passages are taken were found by the police in houses of ill-fame at the Hague and at Antwerp. They are just what might be written by an exporter of ornamental goods. In one, he says that the price for "several beauties" whom he "has to dispose of will be 150 francs per package (*colis*) here, or 300 at Ostend." In a second he reports the proceedings of a dealer who "arrived at noon, and at six o'clock left again for Ostend with two packages, for which he paid 300 francs." In a third he sketches his plans for the future. Several people have asked him for "packages," and he intends to be his own agent, and to travel constantly. In another he urges his correspondent not to miss the fine opportunity he offers him, for "one does not find such a package every six months." KLYBERG has not been uniformly fortunate, for in 1877 he was convicted at Rotterdam, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. But in the autumn of 1880 he was at his old trade, for in a letter which came into the hands of the English police, he offers to bring two "packages" to the Hague for 300 florins. He is now supposed to be living in the Netherlands. Several other persons—both men and women—are mentioned by Mr. SNAGGE as engaged in the same traffic. A Frenchman, calling himself COURTNEY, has been accustomed to take over girls from England to various Belgian and Dutch towns. Another man, who signs himself "ALBERT, Coiffeur," and who lives in some street near Loicester Square, writes to the keeper of a brothel in Brussels "in order to enter into business relations" with her to know whether she would wish to be supplied with "English packages." The recent trials at Brussels disclosed similar facts about five dealers. The chief of these, one SELLECART, lived in London with a woman who picked up young girls, SELLECART'S share in the transaction being confined to taking them to the Continent, placing them in the hands of the keepers of the brothels, and receiving the price for them. Several letters from this woman are given, in one of which she assures her correspondent that she is much more careful to "fulfil the necessary formalities" than KLYBERG was. In some of these cases the girls know generally the purpose for which they are taken abroad; but a large number of girls are induced to go by the promise of some employment—usually as a barmaid or actress. A principal reason for importing girls from England seems to be the ease with which they can be got young. In France, Belgium, and Holland the registration of a woman as a prostitute under twenty-one years of age is forbidden. But as younger girls are found more attractive and more manageable, it is an object with the keepers of brothels to obtain them. Abroad it is apparently not easy to obtain a false certificate of age. But in England a certificate of anybody's age can be obtained for 3s. 7d., and the custom is for the dealer to go to Somerset House, obtain a certificate of some girl's age who is over twenty-one, and then present this to the Belgian police as proof that the girl to be registered is over twenty-one. In theory, of course, the girl can protest at the time of registration. But she is ignorant of the language and of the law, has usually no very strong moral objection to the life she finds that she is intended to lead, and so, half against her will and half with her own consent, finds herself a virtual prisoner in a foreign country. Mr. SNAGGE is of opinion that the existing law is inapplicable to these cases, partly from the difficulty of proving that false pretences have been used to entice the girl away, and partly from the fact that the offence is completed beyond the jurisdiction of the English Courts. Mr. Justice STEPHEN is "by no means sure" that the law, as it stands, provides no punishment for conduct such as KLYBERG'S and SELLECART'S. But he thinks that it is so doubtful whether it does so that the matter ought to be dealt with by the Legislature. He makes, however, one suggestion which the adjournment of the

inquiry has made specially valuable. It is that, if legislation on the subject should be impracticable during the present Session, it would be desirable, if possible, to institute a prosecution under the 24 & 25 Vict. c. 100, s. 49, in order that the scope of the existing law may be judicially determined. When there is no probability of the law being altered, it may sometimes be inexpedient to test it to the full, lest it should break down, and give the encouragement which comes from proved impunity. But where the Government is prepared to introduce an amending measure, it is important to know precisely where the existing law is inefficient, and needs strengthening.

There is another matter which is only incidentally dealt with in the evidence here brought together, but which, when the Committee resume the inquiry, will, it is to be hoped, be given a prominent place in the legislation they may recommend. Englishmen are not in a position to throw stones at foreigners. The licensing of prostitution has many evils connected with it; but there is an evil existing, and existing without any practical check, in London which far exceeds anything that can be charged against foreign systems. The evidence of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, the Director of Criminal Investigations, and of Mr. DUNLAP, the Superintendent of the St. James's Division of the Metropolitan Police, is not pleasant reading for any of us, since we are all in some remote sense responsible for the things described in it; but it deserves the most careful attention. Mr. VINCENT gives it as his opinion that there is no city in Europe where juvenile prostitution—the prostitution, that is, of children of thirteen and the years immediately following—prevails so largely as it does in London. Mr. DUNLAP carries the age a year lower. “I should be quite within the bounds of prudence in saying ‘that there is a great deal of juvenile prostitution as young ‘as twelve years of age.’” We cannot quote the particulars which the Superintendent gives in confirmation of his statement, but they are amply adequate to support it. More than this, Mr. DUNLAP states that the thing is new. He has been thirteen years in the St. James's Division, but the prostitution of these very young children has only come under his notice within the last two years. There is a fashion in vice, and just now it runs in this direction. That cannot be helped; but what can be helped, but is not at present helped, is that the law should offer no impediments to the fashion. The police at present have no power to deal with it. They see children soliciting prostitution in the streets, they know the houses they frequent, they find them there if they have occasion to enter them for any other purpose; but as regards the children themselves they can do nothing. By the side of this shameful evil, the mere unsavoury condition of the streets is a trifling matter; but it does not seem a very creditable state of things that a high police authority should be able to say that “from three or four o'clock in the afternoon ‘Villiers Street and Charing Cross Station and the Strand ‘are openly crowded with prostitutes, who are there ‘openly soliciting prostitution in broad daylight’”; that, according to a calculation made some time ago, there are at half-an-hour after midnight “five hundred prostitutes ‘between Piccadilly Circus and the bottom of Waterloo ‘Place,’ and that the police, as the law now stands, are entirely powerless to deal with this nuisance.

#### THE SESSION.

AS was foretold in the Queen's Speech, the labours of the Session have been more than usually arduous. Parliament met in the beginning of January, and has sat almost into September. It has worked for whole days, it has gone through continuous nights of debate, and a docile majority was always at hand to vote as it was bid. But the Irish Land Act and the measures which made it possible to bring it forward have absorbed the whole attention of the most laborious of Legislatures. All the other measures foreshadowed by the Government at the opening of the Session have been abandoned. A Bill for introducing some scheme of county government into Ireland, even the outlines of which were never revealed; a Bill for giving a permanent shape to the Ballot Act; a Bankruptcy Bill; and a Bill to restrain corrupt practices at elections were promised only to disappoint the hopes of those who have long looked for some fragments of indispensable legislation. This time there has been no jostling of omnibuses in Temple Bar. The road has been kept for a solitary vehicle, which has been retarded by nothing but its own weight and by the friction it inevitably caused. The first complete Session of Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry has been absorbed in the passing of a measure of which neither he nor any of his col-

leagues dreamt when they took office. There were acknowledged to be from twenty to thirty great measures which the Liberal Government had to pass if it was to do justice to itself; but no Irish Land Bill figured in the list. The order of things is not as man proposes, and the whole force of the Ministry and its majority has been concentrated on a measure which at the date of last year's dissolution would have seemed as extraordinary and as uncalled for to the Government as to its opponents. And as the Session has been a Session of one Bill, so it has been a Session of one man. Mr. Gladstone has been everything and done everything. Never in the prime of life and the apparent fullness of his energy has he been so energetic, so copious in resource, so subtle in distinction, so thoroughly master of his subject, so varied in the compass of his rhetoric as in this Session of his old age. His leading opponents, with the generosity which characterizes the higher public life of England, have joined with his followers in expressing their admiration at his devotion to the oppressive duty he had imposed on himself, at his grasp of intricate details, at the inexhaustible ingenuity with which he reconciled his contradictions when he contradicted himself the most. He alone made the Bill, he alone understood it, he alone knew when the drafting of the Bill was right; and, as he was the only critic of the Bill whose criticism was tolerated, he alone could say when the drafting was wrong. He at last became so indispensable that, if he went away to eat a hurried meal, the Bill was at a standstill. As an intellectual feat, as a rhetorical feat, as a feat of Parliamentary direction, the conduct of the Bill by Mr. Gladstone has been as unique as the Session in which the Bill was passed, as the Parliament which passed it, or as its own wonderful self.

Parliament met on January 6th, and the discussion on Ireland, Irish difficulties, and Irish remedies began on the first evening of the Session. It took the House of Commons exactly a quarter of a year to get to the Irish Land Bill, and a little more than a quarter of a year to get through it. Before the great measure of healing could be brought forward, it was necessary to introduce some semblance of government in a country where, as was officially stated in the Queen's Speech, an extended system of terror had paralysed the exercise of private rights and the performance of civil duties, where the ordinary law had failed, and new powers were necessary to protect life, property, and freedom. A Coercion Bill and an Arms Bill were the necessary precursors of a Land Bill, but between the Government and the passing of these Bills there stood the grievous obstacle of Irish obstruction. Exactly a fortnight was consumed in the debate on the Address; and, after the House had closed a wearisome and most unproductive debate on Mr. Parnell's amendment declaring coercion unnecessary, it had to go through the tedious task of discussing and rejecting a wild proposal of which Mr. McCarthy was author, to the effect that the ordinary forces at the command of the Executive ought not to be used to carry out the judgments of courts of law. On January 24th Mr. Forster brought in his Coercion Bill; and the next night Mr. Gladstone moved that this Bill and the Arms Bill, which was to follow, should have precedence over all other Bills. It cost the House a continuous sitting of twenty-two hours to carry this motion, although ultimately only 33 members voted against it. The debate on the first reading of the Coercion Bill was virtually a prolongation of the debate on the Address. Mr. Forster had no difficulty in making out his case, as the outrages in the last quarter of the preceding year had been double the number of those in the first three quarters, and the insufficiency of the ordinary law was illustrated during the course of the debate by the acquittal of the traversers in the Dublin prosecution. Lord Hartington denounced with frank vehemence the miscreants who were troubling the peace of Ireland, and Mr. Bright announced that he had been convinced of the necessity of coercion by finding that the Land League had demoralized the people. The Opposition, represented especially by Mr. Gibson, naturally reproached the Government with the tardiness of its resort to extraordinary measures, but warmly supported the measure which the Government had declared to be necessary for the reintroduction of something like law and order. Mr. Parnell, in the early days of the Session, had spoken with a moderation, and even humility, which strangely contrasted with his language outside the House, although he subsequently assumed the curious position, as Sir Stafford Northcote pointed out, of an equal of the Queen, and of pronouncing when, in his opinion, an Irish insurrection ought or ought not to break out. When the final great battle of wanton, senseless, insolent obstruction was fought out, he and his followers showed that they believed that the game was theirs, and that they had only to speak on and on, saying the same wearisome things in the same wearisome way, to paralyse the English Parliament and bring it into deserved contempt. All one night, all the next day, and all the next night, they went on defying the majority, talking merely to win by talking, and determined to beat down, not so much the Ministry as Parliament itself, by sheer insolence and bravado. How long this disgraceful scene might have been protracted it is impossible to say, for it was brought to an abrupt end. Suddenly the Speaker appeared and desired the Irish member who happened to be the obstructionist of the moment to sit down, and, declaring that he would allow no more discussion, put the question of the first reading to the immediate decision of the House. The highest authority of the House had come to its rescue.

The summary blow thus dealt to Irish obstruction was followed

on the same day by the arrest of Davitt, a convict with a ticket-of-leave, who was specially dear to the obstructionists from the peculiar vehemence of his reditious language. On the next evening, accident rather than design relieved the House of all the obstructionists in a body. One of them was declared out of order by the Speaker; the rest, scarcely understanding what was happening, refused to obey his directions, and some and all were suspended from the sitting and forced to leave the House. Advantage was taken of this happy advent of temporary tranquillity to pass a resolution that when a Bill was declared urgent by a majority of three to one in a House of 300 members, on the proposal of a Minister of the Crown, the powers of the House for the regulation of all business connected with the Bill should be in the hands of the Speaker. The second reading of the Obstruction Bill occupied only a reasonable amount of time; but when the Bill had been in Committee for upwards of a week, the Speaker saw that, if the debate was to come to an end, he must use the exceptional powers given him by the House; and he instituted a rule which, in the shape it took after the leaders of both parties had been consulted, provided that, on the motion of a Minister of the Crown, supported by a majority of three to one, the House might fix an hour after which all amendments and new clauses in Committee should be voted on without discussion. This new weapon overcame obstruction. The Bill was reported in two more sittings, and in two more the third reading had been taken, and the Bill passed the Commons, which had been continuously occupied with it for more than a month. On March 1st Sir William Harcourt, in the absence of Mr. Forster, brought in the Disarming Bill, for which urgency was asked and obtained, and which, under the operation of the new rule, was got through in the moderately short space of ten days. By this time, however, the middle of March had been reached; it was indispensable that votes in Supply should be taken before the end of the financial year, and Mr. Gladstone proposed that Supply should be declared urgent. Sir Stafford Northcote, in a letter to his constituents, pointed out the danger or inconvenience of the precedent, and Mr. Gladstone's motion for urgency was not supported by the requisite majority. But it was soon apparent that no obstruction, or even delay, was to be feared. The Opposition gave every possible assistance to the Government, and the Irish faction was silent. Mr. Gladstone learned to speak of obstruction as of an evil dream that had passed away. At no subsequent period of the Session was urgency asked for; and when, on one occasion, a discussion arose on the forms of the House, and Lord Hartington expressed an opinion that some day the cloture, in some form, would have to be adopted, he was speaking, not of obstruction—that is, an abuse of the forms of the House—but of defects in the mode in which the House ordinarily conducts its business, which is a totally different thing. Obstruction, after an enormous waste of time, and through the courageous intervention of the Speaker and the ready action of the whole House, except an insignificant fraction, had been overcome. The reform of the procedure of the House, if it can be reformed, is left to the future; and the Government that undertakes the task will have as difficult a problem to solve as the most energetic and resolute of Governments could wish for.

Mr. Gladstone brought in the Land Bill on Thursday, April 7th. With all his mastery of the subject, and his unrivalled power of exposition, he failed to make intelligible to his hearers the details of a complicated and intricate measure. He spoke on the eve of the Easter holidays, and rather more than a fortnight was allowed for Parliament and the country to consider it. But no study sufficed to do more than to reveal the main outlines of the Bill. Its leading provisions dealt with relations of tenants to landlords during the continuance of the tenancy. The tenant was to be allowed to ask that a fair rent should be fixed for successive periods of fifteen years, and to sell at any time his interest in the holding, the landlord having a right of pre-emption and of objecting on specified grounds to the purchaser. If the tenant did not take the initiative, and the landlord raised the rent, the tenant might apply for a judicial rent, accept the result, and be thereby put in the position of having a fixed rent for fifteen years, or he might elect to go, and then either sell his tenancy, and receive in addition a sum imposed on the landlord as a penalty for raising the rent, or claim compensation for disturbance on a scale increased beyond that of the Act of 1870. If the landlord had land in hand or got land into his hands by eviction or purchase, a tenant to whom he might subsequently let was to be called a future tenant, and have the other advantages of the Bill, but not that of applying to have his rent fixed. Subsidiary provisions were introduced for promoting the creation of occupying owners, as well as reclamation and emigration, and the carrying out of the scheme was entrusted to a new Court or Commission. It was obvious that the Bill gave the tenant something undistinguishable from fixity of tenure and something almost approaching to free sale, and gave him in the most positive terms a means of getting a fair rent fixed. As there was to be fixity of tenure at a fair rent, and as what the tenant had to sell was the right of holding at a fair rent, the meaning of a fair rent was the key to the Bill. Here the Bill was hopelessly obscure. So far as the English language can serve as a guide to the language of Parliamentary drafting, the Bill seemed to lay down that a fair rent was to be ascertained by deducting from the amount a solvent tenant would pay, after tenants' improvements had been taken into account, a sum representing what the tenant who was not in any way being disturbed would have got if he had been disturbed.

This seemed monstrous, and yet if the clause defining fair rent did not mean this, what did it mean? During the long debate on the second reading, which began on April 25 and ended on May 19, this question was repeatedly asked by the Opposition, and with especial force and clearness by Mr. Gibson, but was never answered by the Government. Mr. Forster assured the House that the clause did not mean what it seemed to mean, but what it meant he could not or would not say. The division was taken on an amendment proposed by Lord Jelicho, which amounted to a vehement general condemnation of the Bill, and the majority for the Bill was exactly double the minority (176) against it. Mr. Parnell and his followers did not vote, and only seven Irish members voted against the Bill, while thirteen Irish Conservatives voted for it. After such a manifestation of Irish as well as English opinion it was evident that an Irish Land Bill had become a political necessity. But the task of getting the Bill through Committee in any reasonable time seemed almost hopeless. Upwards of a thousand amendments were placed on the paper, and although the obstructionists had been taught that obstruction could not be allowed, and the leaders of the Opposition watched and even aided the progress of the Bill with singular moderation and good temper, the Bill could never have got through Committee had it not been for the commanding influence and the perseverance of Mr. Gladstone. He had some special advantages to favour him—the Report of the Richmond Commission in favour of a judicial rent, the support given to the Bill by the Irish Conservatives, the longing of Parliament and the country to have a Land Bill and have done with it, and the happy discovery of an historical fact previously unsuspected, that the Irish tenant had always had the joint ownership of his holding. But great as these advantages were, no one but Mr. Gladstone, with a majority such as his at his back, could have used them as he did.

The Bill was eight weeks in Committee, and some changes of importance were made in it, although its main lines remained unaltered. It was left to the Court to decide on what grounds the landlord might properly object to a purchase of the tenant right, and fair rent was defined as that which a solvent tenant would pay, regard being had to the interests of the landlord and the tenant. The landlord was permitted, but only after a tenant had refused to pay an increased rent, to apply himself to the Court to have a fair rent fixed; the tenant was prevented from letting a site for a public-house without his landlord's consent, and the penalty for an increased rent was struck out. If these changes are to be considered as changes in favour of the landlord, the changes in favour of the tenant were much more considerable. Power was given to the Court to quash leases given since 1870, which have been imposed on the tenant by inequitable pressure. At the end of any existing lease the tenant was to occupy the position, not of a future, but of a present, tenant, and the question of arrears was settled by providing that if both parties agreed, and the tenant had paid the rent for the year last owing, preceding arrears might be liquidated by half being wiped out and the other half being borrowed by the landlord from the Irish Church Fund and repaid in instalments by the tenant. At the very last stage of the Bill the Government accepted a proposal suddenly made by Mr. Parnell that the Court should during the six months following the passing of the Bill have power to stay all proceedings for eviction on the tenant applying for a judicial rent to be fixed. The Government also rejected three amendments made for the protection of the landlord—that of Sir Walter Barttelot providing that the Court should be bound to purchase estates of landlords wishing to sell, according to a fair valuation; that of Mr. Hennege providing that the Bill should not apply to Irish estates managed on the English system; and that of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice providing that the Bill should not apply to holdings of more than 100*l.* valuation. The last two of these amendments were moved by Liberals, and supported by an important section of the Liberal party, and were rejected by majorities very small in comparison with the majorities ordinarily at the command of the Government. Provisions were inserted for improving the condition of the labourers, who had been originally forgotten by the Government, by permission being given to reserve sites for cottages. The extreme section of the Irish members offered a violent resistance to the scheme for aiding emigration; and, although this resistance was overcome by arrangements being made for sitting all night to dispose of the clause, yet its scope was altered by the omission of all reference to British colonies as the proper field for assisted emigration, and by the condition being imposed that assistance should only be given when a sufficient number of families in a district should be found to desire it; while the possible effect of the scheme was much limited by the smallness of the sum which was to be applied to the proposed object. Little change was made in the provisions for reclamation and purchase by tenants; and Mr. Gladstone was supported by Sir Stafford Northcote in declaring that his duties to the English taxpayer demanded that he should not go further than to advance three-fourths of the purchase-money. The new court, it was decided, should consist of one legal member, with the rank and pay of a Puisne judge, and two lay members, with 3,000*l.* a year, to be appointed for seven years—a wise proposal, made by Mr. Smith, that the question of the continuance of the lay Commissioners in their posts should, after seven years, be decided by a Royal Commission, so as to avoid the necessity of reference to Parliament, being ultimately rejected by Mr. Gladstone on technical grounds after he had seemed willing to accept it. Finally it was announced that the new Commissioners were to be Serjeant



O'Hagan, Mr. Litton, and Mr. Vernon; and although some disappointment was felt and expressed at men of greater eminence not having been chosen, the plea of Mr. Gladstone that he could not get men of greater eminence, and that he had in vain applied to the Irish Attorney-General and to Mr. Shaw, was accepted as unanswerable. Irish opinion seems to have come to the conclusion that the working of the new Bill will be confided to men fair-minded, painstaking, and of presumably adequate ability.

The debate on the second reading in the Lords occupied the nights of August 1 and 2. Lord Salisbury, who rose after Lord Cairlingford had offered a summary of the provisions of the Bill, gave the key to the whole discussion by pronouncing the measure as revolutionary, as most unjust to the landlords, and as certain to fail in its anticipated effects, as all messages of peace to Ireland had hitherto failed, but announced that he would recommend that the Bill should be read a second time for two reasons—one, the present state of Ireland, due to the culpable negligence of the Government; and the other, the still worse state that must follow the rejection of the Bill, as the Lords had not the executive Government at their command, and had no means of combating the disorder that would arise. What he recommended was that the Lords should remove the most glaring injustices of the Bill, and leave to the Government the responsibility of the measure thus amended. Succeeding speakers on the Opposition side—among whom Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Argyll, and Lord Cairns were the most conspicuous—were thus free to bestow the severest criticisms on the Bill, which, from the legitimate view of the defenders of property, it deserved, and also to make the political necessity of passing it, which they recognized as its only justification, an additional charge against the Government. The only speech on the Ministerial side that was at all impressive was that of the Chancellor, and it was impressive because it was personal. He owned that the Bill contradicted many of the opinions he had expressed when the Act of 1870 was under discussion; but he found himself this year in the position of having to do something new, and, after long and anxious reflection, he had come to the conclusion that anything short of what was now proposed would be useless. Every one who heard him knew that Lord Selborne was a scrupulously conscientious man, far above holding office for the mere sake of holding it, and that he reflected long before he acted or spoke. What he said, therefore, had all the weight that attaches to the utterance of a man of high character, and gave a warning that if Lord Selborne could have reconciled himself to the Bill, there must have been grave reasons to induce him to act as he had done. On the nights of August 4th and 5th the Lords inserted their amendments in the Bill, the Government when it ventured to divide being in a hopeless minority, as the Conservative Peers were reinforced by a large contingent of independent Liberals. The amendments of the Lords may be divided into three heads—those that removed what were thought to be glaring injustices, those that redressed the balance in favour of the landlords in minor matters, and those which remedied defects of phraseology. The amendments of the Lords were considered by the Commons during the following week, and just as the Lords supported everything proposed by the leaders of the Opposition so the Commons supported by majorities equally sweeping everything proposed by Mr. Gladstone. The amendments remedying defects of phraseology were welcomed, and many of those dealing with minor points were accepted as they stood, or with slight modifications. The main amendments, dealing with what Lord Salisbury called the glaring injustices of the Bill, were dealt with in two ways—some were altogether rejected, and some were met with concessions. Many of the concessions thus made were received with so much disfavour by the Irish party and by some extreme Liberals, that not only had the Government to reconsider some of its own amendments, but the debate was so protracted that it was only terminated by a Committee being appointed in the middle of the night to carry the Bill as amended to the three Peers who were sitting up in a state of extreme misery to receive it. As the Government had announced that it had stretched conciliation to the utmost possible point, and the Bill must now stand or fall as it was, it was expected that the Lords would accept a necessary evil, and let Mr. Gladstone have his way. This was not, however, at all the mood in which it was found that Lord Salisbury and the Opposition were prepared to deal with the Bill as then submitted to them. Where the Government had made no concessions, the glaring injustices complained of were once more summarily removed. Where the Government had made concessions, these concessions were sometimes rejected as insufficient, sometimes accepted with modifications, and sometimes accepted as they stood. Lord Salisbury adhered to the decision he had announced that the Government should have the responsibility of the measure, but only after the Bill had been shaped so that things to which he specially objected had been removed.

The history of the principal amendments may be summed up as follows. Estates or holdings managed after the English fashion were taken out of the operation of the Bill—that is, estates where the improvements had been created, to which Lord Salisbury added "or acquired" and substantially maintained, or, as he preferred to put it, in the main upheld by the landlord. The Lords inserted a clause giving the landlord who had bought up the tenant-right a claim to be repaid out of the purchase-money paid by a new tenant. This was struck out in the Commons, and reproduced by the Lords in the mitigated form of a provision that, where the holding is sold for the first time under the provi-

sions of this Act, the landlord may apply to the Court to apportion him any part of the purchase-money to which the Court shall think he is justly entitled. The Lords inserted and the Commons accepted a provision that the landlord's rent should be a preferential charge on the purchase-money in case of a sale. The new scale for disturbance was struck out by the Lords, restored by the Commons, and again struck out by the Lords. The same fate met the provision that the Court should, in settling a fair rent, have regard to the interests of the landlord and tenant respectively, and the provision enabling the Court to quash existing leases unfairly forced on the tenant. The Lords inserted an amendment that the rent as fixed by the Court should not be reduced on account of any money paid by the tenant to any one else than the landlord. The Commons rejected this, but proposed that the tenant should have no allowance for improvements for which he had been compensated by the landlord. The Lords restored their amendment in the shape that the amount paid for the holding should not of itself, apart from other considerations, be deemed a ground for increasing or reducing the rent. The Lords struck out the clause giving holders under existing leases a right to continue as present tenants on the expiry of the lease. The Commons restored the clause, with a proviso that, at the end of a lease the landlord might resume land which he needed for his own occupation, but without power to relet, except under a present tenancy for fifteen years. The Lords insisted on the clause being altogether struck out. It was finally agreed that there should be an appeal from the Land Commission to the Irish Court of Appeal in other cases, but not in any respect of questions of disturbance, or on the amount of fair rent, or any question of value or damages, or any matter left to the discretion of the Court. The Lords struck out the condition in regard to the purchase of estates, that three-fourths of the tenants should concur in an application, and it was proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and accepted by the Lords, that the necessary number might be reduced to one-half in special cases with the consent of the Treasury. In the same way it was ultimately agreed that the landlord should have access to the Court not only when he has demanded an increase of rent refused by the tenant, but also where he has failed to come to an agreement with the tenant as to what is a fair rent. Both Houses agreed that the tenant might erect new dwellings on his holding in lieu of old ones; but the Commons proposed and the Lords rejected a proviso that the tenant should be allowed to use as dwelling-houses buildings not so used previously. The Lords struck out the proviso that during the first judicial lease fixed by the Court the landlord should not have power to resume, except for the benefit of the labourers. This was restored by the Commons, and again struck out by the Lords. Lastly, Mr. Parnell's clause was struck out by the Lords, and altered by the Commons so as to give the tenant a respite from all proceedings, including those in bankruptcy, but the power of the Court was limited so as to protect him in cases in which the Court might see its way to stating that a judicial rent would be fixed within three months. The Lords again struck out the clause altogether. It was obvious that when the Bill left the Lords after the consideration of the Commons' amendments there were many disputed points on which the Houses had come to an agreement, and that where they still disagreed there were points on which further discussion might lead to an agreement, such as the definition of an English-managed estate, the apportionment of purchase-money by the Court where the landlord had bought up the tenant-right, the declaration that the money paid for a holding should not in itself increase or reduce the rent, the liberty to the tenant to use pig-styes as homes, and the Parnell clause, which in the shape it left the Commons mixed up other creditors with landlords, and made the protection of the tenant depend, not on the justice of his case, but on the state of business in a Court. On the other hand, there could be no hope that the Government would consider the Bill to be its Bill if the provisions directing that regard should be paid to the interests of the tenant, as well as to those of the landlord, those protecting the leaseholder, and those respecting the scale of compensation for disturbance, were omitted.

For a day or two after the action thus taken by the Lords the air was filled with disquieting rumours. It was said that a serious political crisis had arisen, that the Bill was lost, and that the Lords had placed themselves in decided antagonism to the Commons. Those, however, who took the trouble to examine in detail the amendments of the Lords were aware that on many points the Lords were incontestably right, and that, if a proper spirit of reasonableness and conciliation was shown by the Ministry, and accepted with good temper by the Lords, there was no real reason why the Bill should be considered in any serious danger. When Mr. Gladstone rose on August 15 to move that the Lords' amendments should be considered, refused to make any general statement, and insisted that each amendment should be judged on its merits, it was evident that such danger as there might have been had passed away. Mr. Gladstone, in his blindest manner, explained that there were concessions he could not make, but that there were several important amendments made by the Lords to which he could not make the objection that they injured the Bill. The amendment of Lord Salisbury substituting "in the main upheld" for "substantially maintained," with regard to English-managed estates, was rejected, as was the clause giving the Court power to pay out of the purchase-money of a tenant-right what had been paid by the landlord; that altering the new scale of compensation for disturbance; Lord Pembroke's amendment as to deterioration; Lord Lansdowne's

amendment as to resumption during the first statutory term, while the giving the position of a present tenant to a leaseholder whose lease has expired was subjected to a limitation so nominal—namely, that the lease in question must fall in within sixty years—that the clause as drafted by the Government was actually restored. (On the other hand, the provisions inserted by the Lords extending the definition of game to wildfowl, and authorizing the landlord to apply to the Court in case he cannot agree with the tenant as to a fair rent, were accepted, and the Government agreed that tenants' improvements, paid for or otherwise compensated by the landlord, should not be taken into account on behalf of the tenant. Mr. Russell's words, that the Court should have regard to the interests of landlord and tenant respectively, were reinserted; but Lord Salisbury's important amendment, that the sum paid by the tenant should not be deemed a ground for increasing or reducing the rent was accepted. Lastly, Mr. Parnell's clause as to the staying of actions was entirely omitted. The extreme section of the Irish members were vehement in their outcries at what they called the surrender made by the Government; but it was evident that, not only must any concessions made by the Government in order to get the Bill through be accepted by their followers, but that the Bill had really been much improved by the Lords. With some slight modifications, the Bill as now sent back to them was accepted by the Lords. The long contest was at an end, and the Irish Land Bill only needed the Royal Assent to become law. No sooner had this result been achieved than the interest of members in their work, which had been extraordinarily prolonged, collapsed altogether. The remaining fortnight was occupied almost wholly in routine business, such as the conclusion of Supply, the Indian Budget statement, and the Appropriation Bill. For a time it seemed as if the Irish members were determined to resist the progress of business, in order to complain of the refusal of an amnesty to all the suspected persons imprisoned in Ireland under the Coercion Act. Virulent attacks were made by some of them on Mr. Forster, and duly resented by Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt. But, almost the only event of practical interest was the defeat of the Government on the motion of the Attorney-General for an Election Commission at Wigan. The Lancashire Liberals resisted the proposal, and, with the aid of the Conservatives and a few Irish members, defeated it by a majority of six. Of the minor measures passed at this eleventh hour, only the Newspapers (Law of Libel) Bill, the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill, and the Supreme Court of Judicature Bill deserve notice.

The Session was not without serious troubles and difficulties for the Government. The Land Bill cost it a painful separation from the Duke of Argyll, who preferred to end his long and faithful intimacy with Mr. Gladstone rather than be responsible for a measure which confused the elementary notions of property. He was replaced by Lord Carlingford, who was specially fitted to represent the Government when the Irish Land Bill reached the Upper House, but who could ill replace the general power in debate of the Duke of Argyll in an assembly where the Ministry has little debating power at its command. The Duke had spoken with the fulness of his copious and laboured force when, at an earlier period of the Session, the Government was attacked in the House of Lords for its abandonment of Candahar, and was defeated by a majority more than double the slender muster of its supporters. The counter vote of approval was proposed and carried a month later in the Commons. It was impossible, perhaps, that a Liberal Government should have retreated from the pledges which it had given at the time of the elections and subsequently, and opinions might reasonably differ as to the policy of leaving or not leaving Afghanistan to itself; but when Sir Charles Dilke made capital out of the alleged recall of General Skobelev, he took refuge in an argument false in itself, and signally refuted by the subsequent advance of Russia, which has gained a position commanding not only Merv, but Herat, while the victory of Ayoub Khan has apparently placed Afghanistan at the feet of the only Afghan who has ever beaten a British army. The Transvaal was a still more thorny and disquieting subject. At the end of last year the insurgent Boers had suddenly attacked an English regiment, and an English officer was soon afterwards foully and treacherously murdered. It was announced in the Queen's Speech that the authority of the Crown must be upheld before any concessions could be made, and Mr. Gladstone pointed out, in clear and impressive language, that nothing could be worse for South Africa generally than any arrangements made with rebels in the field. The English public learnt with grief and pain that Sir George Colley, who was in command of the Queen's forces, had sustained first one and then another and then a third defeat, in the last of which he himself perished. Sir Frederick Roberts had been sent out to command the army, which had been greatly increased, and it was supposed that the strength of England would be put forth in an unmistakable way, when the Government announced that it had come to terms with the rebels in the field, that it had determined to give the Boers the independence they demanded, and that the Queen was to retain nothing but a shadowy suzerainty. Lord Cairns immediately reviewed the conduct of the Government in a speech equally elaborate and conclusive; but it was not for months afterwards that Sir Michael Hicks Beach could find an opportunity of moving a vote of censure in the Commons. A faithful majority rejected the motion, and it was evident that Parliament, if not the country, regretted that the Transvaal had ever been annexed, was ready to undo the

annexation, and had no wish that useless blood should have continued to be shed. But no majority and no Ministerial arguments could relieve the Government from the imputation of having, through sheer mismanagement, sacrificed uselessly the lives of British soldiers, and subjected a British force to humiliating defeats. The Government said that before those defeats it had begun to listen to the appeal of the Boers for an arrangement; but, if so, it had no excuse for permitting operations in the field which, if unsuccessful, as they proved to be, would be very damaging to England, and which, if successful, would have made an amicable arrangement superfluous or impossible. In a smaller way the Government was much inconvenienced by the proceedings of Mr. Bradlaugh, who, when a Court of Appeal decided against his contention that he could legally affirm, resigned his seat, was re-elected, although by a small majority, presented himself at the bar of the House, and asked to be allowed to take the oath. Mr. Gladstone contended that legally he was entitled to take the oath; he was a new member, and, when a new member offers to swear, no one can inquire as to the secret and inner meaning he attaches to the words he uses. Sir Stafford Northcote contended, and was supported by a majority in the contention, that, although this was quite true of new members generally, the House could and ought to take notice that Mr. Bradlaugh was a person who the House had already voted should not be allowed to take an oath which he had declared to have no meaning for him. Fresh legislation, as Sir Stafford Northcote pointed out, was the only means of solving the difficulty. To this Mr. Gladstone agreed, and the Attorney-General at once brought in a Bill allowing all members to affirm. But it soon became evident that the unwillingness to see an atheist take his seat did not reside so much in Parliament or the Parliamentary Opposition as in the constituencies, both Liberal and Conservative. The Bill of the Attorney-General was first allowed to languish, and was then withdrawn, being killed, like so many other Bills, by the one monster Bill of the Session. Mr. Bradlaugh, having again presented himself to take the oath, was formally excluded by the House from entering it. So long as the Land Bill was in progress he bore his exclusion patiently, but he has very recently made a foolish attempt to brave the authority of Parliament, and has met with the mild punishment which he courted. It is some consolation in a disturbed time that he is now of much less importance than he was a short time ago. The same, too, may be said of the Land League fraction of the Home Rule party. Long ago Mr. Shaw, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Mitchell Henry, and all the Home Rulers of position and respectability, openly broke with the Land League and Mr. Parnell. The score of members who still obeyed Mr. Parnell, and obeyed him perhaps more blindly than ever, carried obstruction to lengths unknown before, abused the Government and every member of it with the coarsest vituperation, plied Mr. Forster with annoying questions, and denounced him as the curse of Ireland; but their power of mischief grew gradually less after obstruction was overcome, when Mr. Forster was supported not only by Mr. Gladstone, but by the general sympathy of the House, when it became obvious that the Irish people did not approve of the vexatious resistance offered by Mr. Parnell to the Land Bill, and, above all, when it was found that the extreme wing of the Irish party was having recourse to dastardly attempts at assassination and destruction of English public property. The attempt to blow up the Mansion House was followed by the attempt to blow up the Town Hall at Liverpool, and then again by the attempt to introduce into Liverpool explosive machines from New York. The assassination of the Czar and the attempted assassination of the American President necessarily awoke society to the new dangers with which its chiefs are in these days surrounded. The Home Secretary, with the marked concurrence of the House, showed a firm front to these lawless assailants of society. He warned the public that the dangers of which he knew, and of which the public did not know, were real and serious; he frankly owned that he would have recourse when he pleased to his unpopular, but perfectly legal, power of opening letters; he instituted a successful prosecution against a wretched German who had preached assassination in a paper published in England; and he denounced in the strongest terms the kindred press in America which teaches the Irish in and out of Ireland how they are to bring the English Government on its knees by the free use of dynamite.

During the Easter recess an event took place which profoundly touched English society, from the throne to the cottage, and gave a new and a poorer colouring to English public life. On April the 19th Lord Beaconsfield died, after an illness every turn of which had been watched with keen anxiety and eager interest. Every section of the public paid a ready tribute of admiration to the memory of one who, if not a great statesman, was the most brilliant of party leaders, and who had pursued a striking and original career till he had attained the highest crown of his ambition. All that could or should have been said on such an occasion in Parliament was said by Lord Granville and Lord Salisbury in the Lords, and by Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote in the Commons, and a very small minority was found to support Mr. Labouchere in his opposition to the natural proposal to honour the memory of Lord Beaconsfield by the erection of a national monument in Westminster Abbey. As chief of his party Lord Beaconsfield was not replaced; but Lord Salisbury was chosen to succeed him as leader of the Conservative majority in the House of Lords. For the position thus assigned him Lord Salisbury was marked out by an exceptional combination of intel-

lectual ability, debating power, and high social position, and time has already shown that, in addition to his other qualities, he has the wisdom to know when to yield and the moderation to know when to spare. As the Government, in order to secure the passage of the Land Bill, withdrew all Bills that could raise contention, there was little opportunity for observing how the leader of the majority in the Lords would treat the minor measures of their opponents; but there was no trace of domineering or partiality in the objection raised by Lord Salisbury to the Charitable Trusts Bill, that it made nonentities of local trustees, or in the slight alteration introduced by Lord Cairns into the Court of Appeal Bill when he deprived the puisne judges of the invidious privilege of electing from their body three temporary Judges of Appeal. The death of Mr. Adam, so long the Whip of the Liberal party, called forth a fitting expression of esteem and regret not only from Mr. Gladstone, but also from Sir Stafford Northcote. The Budget was wholly uninteresting, Mr. Gladstone making up for a slight deficit due to the taking off from the Income-tax of the penny last year by an augmentation of Probate duties and a change in the mode of collecting the duties on spirits, and the great reforming financier of the age would have done nothing in finance of which the public could take cognizance had he not proposed a grant to India in aid of the expenses of the Afghan war, which seemed small after all that had been said of the duty of England to avoid charging impoverished India with the cost of an Imperial war, had he not thought of the simple and popular device of making one stamp do both for postage and receipts, and had he not proposed an ingenious scheme for reducing the National Debt by prolonging a portion of the Terminable Annuities soon to expire so as to substitute them for the Consols held by Government officers. Mr. Childers expounded with ability and carried with almost uncontested success his last new scheme for reorganizing the army, and Mr. Trevelyan justified his promotion by a sketch of what has been done, is being done, and is to be done for the navy, which was at once lucid, complete, and interesting. Mr. Courtney has also been twice promoted, and now that he is in the office of which he was at one time the sole critic proved to be in the right, he has an opportunity of fulfilling the high expectations he once raised; while in Mr. Grant Duff, who has replaced Mr. Adam at Madras, the Ministry has lost a member whose zeal and knowledge, alike varied and inexhaustible, gave him a special place in Parliament. It is in the sphere of foreign politics that the Government has, apart from the Land Bill, been most successful from a party point of view. Sir Charles Dilke has parried or answered difficult or dangerous questions with an adroitness and firmness which were never found wanting, and with the happiest ignorance when ignorance was required. Mr. Goschen has led the European Concert in settling the Greek question without war and without unfairness to either of the contending parties, and has exhibited in the settlement of this complicated business a resolution and an alternation of stiffness and pliability which received the cordial acknowledgment not only of Lord Granville, but of Lord Salisbury. When France was found to have embarked in its rash adventure for the subjugation of Tunis, Lord Granville accepted the situation which had been created for him, allowed France *lair play*, and was most polite and considerate to M. St.-Maire, but firmly insisted that England must retain every right in Tunis secured by treaty, pointed out the diplomatic difficulties to which the arrogant assumption of French officials must lead, and declared that the position of England in Egypt must not be assailed, and that she would decidedly object to France as a neighbour to Egypt in Tripoli. The House of Commons has viewed with natural impatience the obstacles interposed by France in the way of a renewal of the Treaty of Commerce, but it only wished to strengthen the hands of the Government when, in spite of the formal opposition of the Ministry, it gave vent to this impatience in a vote which committed it to little or nothing. Nothing has indicated that, to any serious degree, the Ministry has yet lost its hold on the country. On two occasions during the discussion of the Land Bill a section of the Liberal party, more weighty in social position and in private character than in numbers, broke away from the ties that ordinarily bind them, and Mr. Goschen since his return has more than once shown his resolution to occupy an independent ground. But, on the whole, the vast Liberal majority has clung to its chief with singular fidelity and tenacity. When the Ministry begins to grapple with the long series of questions which it came into office to solve, and still more when age or the lassitude consequent on a great and unparalleled effort deprives it of the commanding influence of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, the real struggle of parties will begin.

#### A LESSON IN HUMOUR.

**T**HERE is good authority for not expecting to find figs growing on thistles. But it will be acknowledged by every one that, if a fig were discovered in that unusual position, great and remarkable interest would be felt in it. According to the chief supporters of the present Premier, something like this miracle has recently been noticeable in the case of Mr. Gladstone. Friends and enemies alike have always agreed to recognize remarkable gifts in the right honourable gentleman; but friends and enemies alike have agreed that among those gifts humour is not exactly the most prominent. When Mr. Gladstone attempts to make a joke, his admirers tremble and his foes uplift their horn. The jest

usually consists of the citation or adaptation of comic poetry of a very peculiar kind, so peculiar that it is not known whether Mr. Gladstone keeps a special private poet, or, emulous of Oaehing, elaborates his poetical jokes himself. The celebrated ballad of "The Three Jolly Allsopps," the more ancient, but scarcely less remarkable, ditty in which "bacca" rhymed to "Malacca," are perhaps the most famous of Mr. Gladstone's productions when he is in merry piar. The recognition of humour in either of these unbendings would add a new intricacy to the task of defining that much-debated word. Indeed, the *Daily News*, which may be taken as an indisputable witness in a certain sense, admits that Mr. Gladstone has not hitherto been celebrated as a jester. But now, it seems, all is changed. The stately but aged tree "miratur novas frondes et non sua poma." "Of late Mr. Gladstone has added to his former gifts a playful humour and an irony which has more of good-nature and compassion in it," &c.; while the *Poll Mall Gazette*, obsequiously endeavouring to cap the contemporary which had some hours' start of it, is eloquent about "the heavier fruitages of thought" and "the lighter flowers of imagination." The writer of the Parliamentary summary in the morning journal characterizes the speech on which this estimate is founded as "one of the most humorous ever delivered in the House," which, considering the history of that House, may be said to be strong language. Very luckily the same authority vouches for the verbatim accuracy of the accompanying report. There can therefore be no difficulty in examining this surprising new species of a great genus—the Gladstonian humour. Shakspeare, Butler, Swift, Fielding, Sheridan, Ganning, Thackeray—the diapason closes full in Mr. Gladstone.

It will be admitted by all impartial persons that the Premier had at least something more than a fair chance of displaying the gifts which the gods have, according to his supporters, showered upon his old age, making it veritably the best of life. His theme was Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and the highest respect for the excellence of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's intentions is compatible with a recognition of the fact that those intentions do not invariably result in expression of complete felicity. A well-meaning man dealing with subjects about which most of his hearers know nothing and care less needs a very considerable oratorical or literary talent to escape the possibility of ridicule. Supposing, for instance, that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett had been a Liberal, and that Lord Beaconsfield were alive, and in the House of Commons, the late (in that case future) volume of *Wit and Wisdom* would probably have been increased by not a few sayings which the Parliamentary world would not willingly let die. With a good subject, a sympathetic audience, and a mind focused and divine with political success, it was certainly the time for Mr. Gladstone to show the colour of his humour. He began, "He had some doubt whether he ought not to allow the speech to be buried in the midst of the solemn silence which appeared in all quarters to have been prepared for its interment. (Laughter.)" If there is any humour here it apparently lies in the phrase preparing silence, which has at least the merit of being unusual. Would Mr. Gladstone tell us how to prepare silence? To prepare speech is certainly possible, but the preparation of silence seems a little difficult. Besides, as Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's speech appears to have been diversified, not merely with "Hear, hears," but with "Ohs," cries of "Withdraw," polite contradictions by zealous Liberals, &c. &c., the strict accuracy of the description seems as questionable as its humour or intelligibility. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone had prepared, not silence, but his remark about the preparation of silence, and felt bound to use it. In the following sentence he remarked that "he should not go too far if he were to call Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's speech outrageous." This was certainly running very bad humours on him in Nym's sense, but in any other it can hardly be said that it is very humorous to call a man or a speech outrageous. The next two points which the amateurs of Gladstonian humour laughed at were the statement that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett had come forward to do his duty to his country (laughter), and the statement that there was an audience of only two persons on his own side of the House. (Laughter.) It is, indeed, not impossible that the idea of a member of Parliament thinking that his duty to his country required him to speak when he thought his country was going wrong may have seemed humorous to a few advanced Radicals; but even those gentlemen can hardly, we should think, see anything particularly full of humour in Mr. Gladstone's statement of the fact. Then the Prime Minister said that everything which his enemy asserted he denied, and everything which Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett denied he asserted. A roar of laughter greeted this novel and exquisite device of oratory, which, if we recollect rightly, Mr. Gladstone applied some time ago to Lord Randolph Churchill, so that it is evidently a favourite of his. "I think, sir," proceeded the Premier, "that the application of that succinct formula will dispose of the whole of the oration we have heard." As there could be no conceivable case in which the succinct formula would not dispose of the whole of any oration of any orator in the history of politics and literature, the "laughter" which followed seems a little inexplicable. Besides, Mr. Gladstone has forgotten that there is a still more succinct formula of equivalent meaning, which is also thought humorous in certain circles, and of which his friend and colleague the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is very fond. Then Mr. Gladstone said that it was painful to him to be in a position of mortal antagonism to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett (and his obedient henchmen laughed), and he said that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett referred to the pain he was inflicting upon him, Mr. Gladstone (here they laughed consumedly), and he said that he was truly

thankful for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's sympathy (here they laughed again). "He would," said the Premier, "endeavour to bear up against it till Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett gave him his quietus"; and at this masterpiece of entirely original humour roars of mirth were heard. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett said that Cyprus gave command over the land routes of the future, which is as simple a matter of fact as if he said that Gibraltar commands the Straits. Mr. Gladstone repeated the phrase, and his followers howled with delight. We have no doubt that they privately implored him not to repeat it again, for they really should die of laughing. They laughed when he said that Mr. Warton had arrived with an armful of books, and they laughed when he said that Mr. Warton was reserving his store for one of the later orders of the day. Shrieks of hilarity greeted the statement that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett doubtless had millions in his pocket to make a harbour at Cyprus—a harbour, be it remembered, which Admiral Sir G. P. Hornby, who knows something more about harbours and Cyprus than even Mr. Gladstone, says can be made for a couple of hundred thousand pounds. More shrieks welcomed the quotation about the Spanish fleet, and here there is no fault to find, for there certainly is humour there, though it is hardly Mr. Gladstone's. We do not know that we have space to continue the dissection of this new kind of humour, the finest flowers of which, save one, have been honestly given. That one must not be missed. "I wish to leave these observations free course throughout the whole world, to circulate and distil themselves, if they could or would, into the minds of civilized mankind, in order that the digestions of the various cultivated races might dispose of them in the proper manner." Beyond this it is evident that the force of refined and lambent humour can no further go. The appropriate consecration of the metaphors, the neat precision of the phrase, the infinity of humorous suggestion conveyed, certainly justify the eulogies bestowed on the latest English humourist.

Now we have not the least intention of throwing any blame or ridicule upon Mr. Gladstone for this utterance of his. When a young man who has no particular gifts of eloquence makes an inconvenient speech—and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's speeches, with all their faults, are generally very inconvenient speeches for the present Government—an old man of authority and command of language has, in face of an ignorant audience, no better game to play than to take them good-humouredly, and, if he can, to make fun of them. He is nearly sure of success, because his audience does not know the truths of fact that underlie the awkward manner, and is quite prepared to laugh when the signal is given. Mr. Gladstone's jests are on a par with Sir Charles Dilke's elaborate ignorance of the contents of the *République Française*—a reactionary paper, edited and inspired by persons whom Sir Charles holds in horror—of the methods of communication between London and Meshed, of the antecedents of Herr Most, &c. They are polemical utterances, and quite fairly polemical. If members of the British House of Commons choose to know nothing about very obvious and simple facts, they invite their leader to exploit their ignorance in the way most convenient to him. But what is to be said of the admiration which holds up utterly commonplace exertations in dialectic sarcasm as evidences of a precious and delicate faculty of humour vouchsafed as a last and crowning gift to a great master of eloquence? The concluding sentence of Mr. Gladstone's speech is really worth quoting as an instance of the playful irony, the good-natured humour, and all the rest of it:—"Let him learn this—that if he really wants to make an impression on the world; if he really wants to give aid to his friends and to inflict disaster on his adversaries, the very first lesson he must learn is to restrain his universal and sweeping propositions within bounds of fact and actual experience, to submit himself to be taught by the lessons of the world and the lessons of the day, and to learn and know that moderation, reserve, consideration for those with whom you have to deal and the endeavour to bring your propositions into exact conformity with the circumstances of the case, are for him and for everybody else the very first conditions of useful and durable success." Admirable advice, truly—but humorous? The speaker of the Midlothian speeches counsels moderation, reserve, consideration for those with whom he has to deal. Mr. Gladstone complains of universal and sweeping propositions. The Minister who had humbly to apologize for the impolicy and inaccuracy of his onslaughts on a friendly Power talks about the importance of bringing your propositions into exact conformity with the circumstances of the case. There is certainly humour here, but it is of the most unconscious. There is also certainly something else than humour—namely, an exuberance and a loquacity which—but here we are plagiarizing. Only let it be said that if this is going to be the humour of the future, we sincerely trust that we shall have as few humourists as possible. Fortunately the past exists—and when Mr. Gladstone or any of his imitators begin a humorous speech, the Librarian of the House of Commons will perhaps see that there are sufficient copies ready in the Library of the *Anatomy of an Equivalent*, of the *History of John Bull*, and of the *Anti-Jacobin*, to counteract any bad effects which the style may produce on the younger members of the House. Perhaps, also, though this is less probable, a slight perception of what is and what is not humour may dawn upon Mr. Gladstone's admirers before long, and they may adjust their standards of imitation accordingly.

## TURTLES AND INSECTS.

MOST readers of *Punch* will remember a picture representing a railway porter holding a tortoise in his hand and addressing an old lady in these remarkable words:—"Station-master says that rabbits is dogs and cats is dogs, but this 'ere's a kinsect, and there aint no charge." This somewhat arbitrary classification has been undesignedly imitated by the Zoological Society, who have placed their new Insectarium in close proximity to the tortoise sheds, and have even devoted a tank in the insect-house itself to some members of the turtle tribe. Few words are so suggestive as "turtle." To the official dinner-out or City magnate it calls up reminiscences of heavy feeds, rapid speeches, and much boredom and indigestion; but the epicure, if he be "healthy, wealthy, and wise," can dwell with satisfaction on "calipash and calipee," and the more dainty fins subtly dressed with truffles. The thoughts inspired by the mention of the delicacy are for the most part pleasant, unless it be to the mariner who, having sojourned at Ascension Island, has lived on nothing else for months, or whose experiences include that of his vessel "turning turtle"—i.e. turning completely over in the water, a manoeuvre which cannot be accomplished without inconvenience to those on board. The application of the name "turtle" to that species of pigeon which is metaphorically used to illustrate happy marriage, of course gives it an entirely different significance to many people; and there is again the Biblical association of ideas, such as occurred to the young traveller in Mark Twain's humorous account of his "New Pilgrim's Progress" through the Holy Land. The youth was sitting pensively in the broiling sun beside a little rill watching a "mud turtle," with the expressed intention of heaving a rock at it as soon as a certain term which he had proposed to himself should expire. Being asked for an explanation of his conduct, he said that Colonel Church had told them at prayers, and had even read out of the Bible, that the country they were in was "flowing with milk and honey," and that "the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." "I've sat there," he continued, "and watched that turtle nearly an hour to-day, and I am almost burned up with the sun, but I never heard him sing. I'll give him ten minutes to commence—ten minutes; and then, if he don't, down goes his building!"

The habits of the turtle may be studied in the windows of certain restaurants, although the limited accommodation cramps the energies even of so sluggish an animal. In the Zoological Society's Gardens some varieties of the species may be seen to greater advantage. There, on a bright morning, the terrapin tanks and the tortoise sheds and paddocks present an appearance of quite unwonted animation. The "old man terrapin," whose general appearance is that of a sandwich roughly constructed out of two pieces of knotty oak-tree bark and old rags, with the edges of the latter left loose, will be seen gaily snapping up little fish; the alligator terrapin, protruding his long neck and tail, and trying to look as much like his namesake as possible, sallies forth from his pond, seeking what he may devour. The monster land tortoisoes feed ravenously on turnips and other vegetables, snapping great pieces out with their parrot-like bills; while the smaller kinds waddle anxiously about, and look, especially from behind, like fat old gentlemen in overcoats, intent on botanical researches. Some of the larger specimens, when engaged upon their morning meal, are the exact counterpart of the one figured in the illustrations to Don Gaultier's celebrated ballad of the "Snapping Turtle," in which the habits and appearance of the ferocious reptile are so well described:—

And the waters boiled and bubbled;  
And in groups of twos and threes,  
Several alligators bounded,  
Smart as squirrels up the trees.  
Then a hideous head was lifted,  
With such huge distended jaws,  
That they might have held Goliath  
Quite as well as Rufus Dawes.

There are no alligators and no trees in the tortoise paddock at the Zoo; but it is a scientific fact that the *Trionyx ferox* will bite a young alligator in half; so that the conduct of those mentioned in the ballad, although eccentric, is not unreasonable. The snapping turtle well deserves its name; for, if works on natural history are to be believed, the fingers of imprudent and inexperienced sailors seem to form its staple food.

The tortoise has not accomplished the feat of taking off its flesh and sitting in its bones, but it has done the next thing to it. It is the first example of a skeleton brought to the surface; the back is incapable of movement, and the scales with which a less ambitious reptile is content have developed into the horny shield which covers it, while the bones of the chest have developed into a box capable of containing the creature, head and legs and all. In fact, if we belonged to a past generation when inane plays upon words were taken for wit, we should have most probably said that the chest of the tortoise is a box to hold its trunk. The horny integument of the *Schild-kroete*, "Shield-Toad," as our Teutonic brethren so graphically call him, is scarcely less rich in associations than his family name, suggesting, amongst a crowd of other memories, the high tortoiseshell combs, short waists, whisk and pump-room manners of the beauties of the Regency. The arrangement for wearing the skeleton outside, and packing the whole body away in the case formed by it, is convenient, but not an absolute protection against foes. The lithe and wily panther, for



instance, has a habit of inserting his paw into the opening left for the protrusion of the head, and thus extracting the animal. The turtle, moreover, is at a decided disadvantage when turned over on its back, which is a favourite method of securing those which come ashore to lay their eggs. Against ordinary dangers the thick shield is a very useful safeguard; but the impossibility of receiving any impression through the skin of the body must have its disadvantages too. How, for instance, does a tortoise manage in those cases which a cow provides against by a rubbing post? Supposing it to be possible for him to suffer from any such inconvenience, he would be even worse off than a mediæval knight armed *cap-à-pie*, beneath whose steel panoply a specimen of the domestic *pulex* had secreted itself.

Of the specimens of the turtle tribe at the Zoological Gardens the most interesting are the alligator terrapin and the salt-water terrapin, both of which we have already described. They are considered a great delicacy in the United States, especially the ragged-edged variety. Of the ordinary edible turtles, better known in this country, the "green turtle" is the best. This species is found in great abundance in Ascension Island, where they are captured and kept in ponds for exportation. Their great tenacity of life facilitates their preservation, and it is a well-known fact that the head of a turtle will live, and snap at anything put in its way, for some time after it has been severed from the body; while the heart will pulsate for hours after being removed. When the season for depositing their eggs in the sand is over, and the turtles no longer come ashore, they are hunted in the water. This is done in boats. The turtle is pursued until fatigue or fright induces it to cease swimming and sink to the bottom, when it is transixed by a heavily-weighted and barbed harpoon, and so secured. Of the land tortoises, the smaller ones, often sold in great numbers in our streets, are, for the most part, brought over as ballast. They are a very useful addition to a lawn or grass-plot, killing the worms and noxious insects; and, as they live to an immense age, and require no attention at all, they are not an unprofitable investment.

The Insectarium is well worth a visit for its more immediate and legitimate contents. Here are to be seen many sorts of beautiful butterflies and moths—both British and foreign—in various stages of development. The present time is very favourable for observing them, as they are now just leaving the chrysalis state. Then, again, there are tiger beetles darting fiercely about in jars of water; and specimens of the curious leaf insect, which can hardly be distinguished from the leaves of the tree on which it feeds. But most curious and interesting of all is a little colony of trapdoor spiders' nests; unfortunately, without inhabitants. This insect, which is a native of Jamaica, digs a hole in the ground, and lines it with a silken web; the mouth of this is closed by a trapdoor, with a hinge, which permits of its being opened and closed with perfect accuracy. The door is circular, and is made of alternate layers of earth and web. The trapdoor spider gains its livelihood by hunting at night and by catching insects in the nets which it spreads beside its door. The Society also possesses a specimen of a gigantic spider from the West Indies, whose ordinary food is cockroaches, but which is said to be able to kill and devour a mouse. In the Fiji Islands, where cockroaches are a real pest, spiders of this kind are a blessing to society, and no housewife would dream of allowing their webs to be disturbed. The tarantula, of uncanny reputation, is also there, but not alive. The spider is so called from the town of Tarentum in Italy, amongst the inhabitants of which the belief existed that a certain nervous disease was produced by its bite, which could only be cured by music. The insect is really perfectly harmless to man, and the epidemic was due to hysterical excitement.

The arachnida are most interesting insects, and many a half-hour might be worse spent than by watching the habits of a spider which has taken up its residence among the plants in the conservatory or on the window-sill. Very carefully does he choose the most convenient hunting ground, and that where flies do chiefly congregate. With great pains and ingenuity does he carry out stays to distant twigs, and with great perseverance and mathematical precision does he weave the bands between until a perfect polygonal reticulation is made, terminating in a point in the middle, which he twists and pulls until the whole structure is taut. Then, having tested its strength in all parts, he rests satisfied with his work, and lies in wait until some heedless vagrant fly entangles itself in the meshes of the outspread net. In a moment the spider is all excitement and activity; if the capture be small enough, he carts it off with lightning rapidity to his lurking place, and feeds on it at leisure. If, on the other hand, it be large and unmanageable, he makes for it at once, attacks it fiercely, and fastens on it until it is dead, thus securing his net from damage by the struggles of the fly, and, at the same time, a hearty meal for himself. The Insectarium is a valuable addition to the attractions of the Society's collections; it is at present only in its infancy, but will, no doubt, develop into an important establishment. The more facilities there are for the minute and accurate study of the lower forms of life, the more will the conditions of the highest form, the human, be understood. From this point of view turtles and insects are alike able to impart many a valuable lesson.

## POCOCURANTISM.

IN one of the letters "to an old pupil" published in *Arnold's Life and Correspondence* we have a vigorous denunciation of what the writer calls "Pococurantism." And as the "value of Veneration" is given in the Table of Contents as the subject of the letter, his biographer must have understood him to mean by pococurantism the opposite quality. His own description of the fault he is criticizing harmonizes with this estimate. He identifies it with the Horatian maxim of *Nil admirari*, which he calls "the Devil's favourite text," and the best he could choose "to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric part of his doctrine." He speaks of it partly as a special vice of the age, partly as a defect incidental to early life; it "is much the order of the day among young men." He had even observed inchoate tendencies that way among his boys at Rugby, and was "always dreading its ascendancy" there, though there were some who struggled nobly against it. As to the thing itself, he says he has "always looked upon a man infected with this disorder of anti-romance as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature and his best protection against everything low and foolish." He adds that such men may well call him mad, but he thinks their party are not yet strong enough to get him fairly shut up, and till they are, he shall "take the liberty of insisting that their tail is the longest." The outburst is a very characteristic one, though it may possibly enough surprise some who have been accustomed to regard Dr. Arnold simply as a modern Radical and Broad Churchman. This would be a most inadequate view of his real position. That "the bump of veneration" was strongly developed in his nature there can be little doubt, though he did not greatly venerate some objects for which several of his early Oxford friends entertained a high reverence, and was in the habit of dealing hard blows at the idols he wished to demolish. But it would be altogether a mistake to regard him solely or chiefly as an iconoclast, and we may safely add that, if he had been such, he would never have succeeded in eliciting the enthusiasm and accomplishing the work for which he is still remembered. That a spirit of flippancy and irreverence is a common however ungraceful feeling, not so much of boyhood—in their case it would be the result of evil training or example—as of youth or incipient manhood, is notorious. There is much of course in the newly acquired independence and the sense of rapidly maturing powers of a youth fresh from school or from the university to encourage such a feeling. In wonder, it has been justly said, philosophy begins and ends, and wonder is a reverential attitude of mind, but there is an intermediate stage of development, when confidence, not to say arrogance, supersedes it. Those who know nothing and those who know much have no difficulty in realizing the extent of their ignorance, but those who know a little are not equally ready to acknowledge how much remains unknown. It will be said by many that this sort of temper, or "disorder"—which used then to be called by a shorter and sharper name than pococurantism—was thought specially characteristic of Rugbeians at the university some forty years ago, as distinguished from their Etonian or Harrovian or other public school contemporaries. How far this was so, and how far it was due to Dr. Arnold's influence, are questions it hardly concerns us to revive now; it was clearly not the result he intended or desired to produce. But his letter suggests a wider question, which has certainly not lost its interest, as to the alleged decay of veneration in the present age, and the ethical estimate to be formed of it. The "anti-romance" school are not indeed yet strong enough to "shut up" their more romantic and reverential contemporaries, but it is often said or surmised that they are gaining strength, and we may fairly ask whether their advance, if they are advancing, should be welcomed or opposed.

In a purely utilitarian scheme of ethics the feeling of reverence, if it claims any place at all, must hold a very doubtful one. It becomes at best nothing more than a conviction that those whose superior power enables them to benefit or injure us will, in fact, only do us good. Hence Hobbes defines it, in its religious aspect, as "the conception we have concerning another, that He hath the power to do unto us both good and hurt, but not the will to do us hurt." And it has been plausibly argued that the great evils to which it has given rise, in the way both of religious superstition and political servitude, make it a source of more misery than happiness to the world, while, as it grows out of a sense of dependence, whether on God or man, the habits fostered by advancing civilization are thought to undermine its power in either sphere. A contemplation of the order of nature and the reign of universal and unchanging law has not, it is urged, at all the same tendency to awaken in ordinary minds feelings of veneration as a belief in the constant and direct interposition of Providence in natural phenomena. *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem* is the awe-struck confession of a rude and barbarous age, but those who are familiar with the laws of electricity are content to look at nature, without caring, as the poet bids them, to "look through" it "up to" a higher Power beyond. Sailors, who are usually ignorant men, and are brought into habitual contact with the great forces of nature, are said to be religious or superstitious in the older sense. And thus, too, it is in the secluded mountain paths of Styria or the Tyrol that the frequent reappearance at every turn of crucifix, or wayside oratory, or devout picture, reminds the traveller of the simple devotion of simple men who hear the voice of God in the rolling avalanche and bend humbly beneath His outstretched hand, whether it be lifted

in mercy or in judgment. In the awful gloom of a Gothic cathedral, again, we discern, if it be through a glass darkly, the deep reverential piety of those great mediæval builders who, as Mr. Ruskin puts it, "have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors, but have left us their adoration." And if we turn from the religious to the political order, there too it may be argued that the old world virtue of reverence must succumb to the progressive demands of civil and religious liberty. Loyalty to the person and authority of the Sovereign was a guarantee of civil and social order in an age of absolute governments, but we have learned to substitute, in politics as in philosophy, the supremacy of law for the direct action of personal rule, and those who are ultimately the makers of law, while bound to obey, can hardly be expected to venerate, the work of their own hands. There is an obvious difference in idea between a loyal and a law-abiding people, though the practical result may in either case be much the same. And thus, alike in the religious and the secular sphere, veneration must give place to virtues better suited to our altered state. "The self-assertion of liberty, the levelling of democracy, the dissecting-knife of criticism, the economical revolutions that reduce the relations of classes to simple contracts, the agglomeration of population, and the facilities of locomotion that sever so many ancient ties, are all incompatible with the type of virtue which existed before the power of tradition was broken, and when the elasticity of faith was yet sustained." And thus, to revert to Dr. Arnold's phraseology, "*Nil admirari*, the Devil's favourite text," becomes a necessity, if not a virtue, of a democratic and unromantic age like our own.

There is no doubt much plausibility in this line of argument, and it so far at least holds good that the forms, if not the essence, of veneration must vary with the changed intellectual and social conditions of the day. But for the moralist, who knows, as well from experience as on ethical grounds, that no character can be really great, or indeed be other than conspicuously defective, in which a sense of reverence is wanting, it would be difficult to grant more than this. Not only does a reverential spirit, as it has been observed, present just that form of moral goodness to which the epithet beautiful may be most justly applied, but there is a deficiency, a littleness, a priggishness, a sort of vulgarity, observable about even the highest type of moral goodness attainable without it. It is not too much to say that the man who lacks it "has lost the finest part of his nature," and it is hard to believe that any intellectual or political progress, which deserves the name, can necessarily entail so terrible a sacrifice. That a monarchical is better suited than a republican régime to foster the sentiment of loyalty may be perfectly true, and so far as it is true, affords an argument in favour of monarchy; indeed this is, we suppose, the truth underlying Dr. Johnson's well-known dictum that "the Devil was th' first Whig." Nor can there be any doubt that to ordinary minds the enlargement of scientific discovery does tend, at least while it is in actual progress, to deprive natural phenomena of their moral significance, and thus to lessen religious reverence. And the marvellous rapidity of this scientific movement during the last half century, as compared with any previous period of the world's history, has given to that tendency a disproportionate and perhaps only temporary force. Yet, after all, the principle of religious veneration is no more involved in these recent discoveries than in the first suggestion of the antipodes, so startling to mediæval orthodoxy, or in the revolutions of Galileo. Wordsworth speaks of religion as the "mother of form and fear, Dread arbitress of mutable respect," and the reverence she inspires need be none the less real though its expression may inevitably be varied from time to time. That sense of dependence and craving for a something higher than self to look up to and rest upon, which exists in germ in all but the most debased natures, while it is very differently developed according to character and circumstances, will not suffer itself to be defrauded of its proper satisfaction by the dominance of the ballot-box or the dissecting-knife. And if it be objected that the men of our own time, to whom we should instinctively point as typical examples of this romantic or reverential mind—men such as the late John Koble—belonged to a past or passing generation, and were out of sympathy with the spirit of the age, it is obvious to reply that this is only very partially true. Not a week has passed since a favourite pupil, and lifelong and trusted friend of Mr. Koble, was committed to the grave, who shared to the full, if any one did, his devout and reverential temper; yet the late Sir William Heathcote was at the same time, as Lord Carnarvon described him in the *Times*, the pattern of an English country gentleman and chairman of Quarter Sessions, a shrewd man of business and politician, and in the best sense of the word, a thorough man of the world. We might indeed point to the case of Arnold himself, who was suspected and denounced in his lifetime as an extreme partisan of revolutionary liberalism both in Church and State, but who nevertheless passionately protested, as we have seen, against the irreverent or "pococurantist" temper of the day, in which he detected a grave moral danger. And this strength of feeling on his part is the more remarkable, because he was an ardent reformer, and reverence is not usually the special attribute of reformers, as Mr. Hurrell Froude noted, when he roused the fierce indignation of all good Protestants by dubbing Bishop Jewell an "irreverent Dissenter." Carlyle on the other hand, however small his respect for much of the "moonshine" held in high reverence by many of his devoutest contemporaries, would have deprecated with genuine horror the charge of irreverence. He considered himself indeed the special witness and

prophet of the opposite virtue to a shallow and profane generation, though it must be allowed that he was not always happy in the particular objects he singled out to present for their veneration. And if *nil admirari* be the foundation of diabolical ethics, it may be allowed that to give honour to whom honour is not due is only less injurious to the character than to refuse to honour any but ourselves. The real danger of an age like the present, where many ancient forms of reverence seem to have become obsolete, is perhaps not so much that the value of veneration will be forgotten as that it will be misinterpreted. Goodness alone, whether human or divine, has a paramount claim on our homage, but it is quite possible, not merely to admire or covet, but to reverence power, knowledge, wealth, success, nay even successful villany. To worship a false ideal is sometimes worse, is at best only somewhat better, than worshipping none at all. And such is the instinctive craving of human nature for some actual object of veneration that the frivolous scorn or insouciance which refuses it all legitimate scope will usually be found cowering at last in the witch's cave or cringing before the golden calf.

#### AUTUMN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

FOR those who love a life of vicissitudes and games of chance and skill, there is nothing like a shooting lodge in the Highlands in the autumn. The skill is of course displayed in the shooting. It is true that when there is sunny weather on the opening days, the shooting is as easy as shooting can be. The coveys lie like stones in the heather, till the dogs are actually drawing into the midst of them. The old birds, sticking affectionately to their helpless offspring, defer rising till it ought to be far too late for them, offering the steadiest of marks, as they skim straight away over the moor; while the innocents flutter up in an excited flock. The veriest novice, if tolerably cool, may pick out his brace with fatal certainty; while, should he be unsportsmanlike enough to bluze into the thick of the brood, he may probably gather a shattered handful. The survivors wing a feeble flight and drop well within sight, to be followed up and slaughtered singly. The guns gain confidence as the bags fill, and there are brilliant reports for the local papers. But things are very different when the weather is wet and rough, or as the season advances. It is then that science comes in, with a great deal of quick shooting. The broods that have been shifting restlessly about the hills are keenly looking out for the approach of an enemy. The shoulder of a dog, or the head of a man, shown against the skyline over the nearest ridge, is quite enough to give them the alarm. At the best, they rise at long ranges, zigzagging like snipe as the gusts of wind catch them. Or, in the course of a week or so, they begin to pack, and then they are almost as hard to get at as wild geese. The sportsman's best chance is surprising some solitary old cock, who may fall a victim to his selfish habits, but who has an excellent notion of taking care of himself, and will carry away many pellets of shot without falling. Though the ground you are walking over may be almost overstocked, it is no easy matter getting together even half-a-dozen brace under such circumstances. Disappointment settles into something like despondency, faintly tempered by flickers of hope. As you lose faith in the probability of birds sitting within shot, you can hardly help your thoughts wandering from the business in hand; fatigue begins to tell upon the frame in the absence of sanguine excitement; and the muzzles of the gun-barrels weigh heavily on the arm, while the feet are slipping on the damp heather roots. Yet to fire with the requisite precision you must be ever in readiness; the eyes ranging keenly over the heather within gunshot, with arms and trigger-finger quick to respond to them. So much for skill, which is taxed to the uttermost; for a slow and awkward shot may as well give it up and go home. As for luck, that, as we have seen, depends chiefly on the weather, even so far as the actual contents of the bags are concerned. But big bags and much bloodshed are by no means everything; many sportsmen, and especially those in the decline of life, make shooting a secondary consideration on their annual visits to the North. There are strangers who come on visits to the lodges for the sake of the air and the magnificent scenery; and there are ladies accompanying husbands and fathers, and more passionately in love with the moors than anybody. To these hopeful holiday-makers the weather is everything, making all the difference between some weeks spent in paradise or in purgatory. We do not suppose that any rational being, with a soul for the wilder beauties of nature, would wish to have it perpetual sunshine. A cloudless day now and then is almost perfect happiness, but *toujours soleil* would be depressing in the extreme. Were it for nothing else, the murmuring burns would be dried up, while the tiny waterfalls ceased to tumble; the heather would be scorched into a dismal uniformity of brown; the green tresses of the birch-trees would wither and droop like the broad fronds of the bracken under their shadow; and the emerald meadows in the low-lying straths would be parched into a sad harmony of colouring. We need not, however, exercise our fancy in imagining impossible horrors. There will never be any lack of water in the North, and so much the better. We could ill spare the marvellous cloud effects which are the essence of the charm of Highland scenery; and, had we not experienced the wretchedness of protracted rain, we should never rejoice as we do in the glories of the sunshine. Yet, regarding the matter philosophically as we may, none the less

do we long and pray for fine weather, especially for the occasion of our arrival at our quarters. Let us look on the one side of the picture and on the other.

It is the 11th of August, as we may assume, when, having slept in the hotel at the little town where we bid adieu to the railway, we are awakened by the boots for early breakfast. The blinds are drawn up, and through a flying shower, the sun comes streaming in at the windows. The shower is only the pride of the morning; and there is the promise, nay, the certainty, of a splendid day. We look out across the waters of the firth to the range of blue mountains, bounding the northern horizon, with their summits still swathed in wreaths of mist. The light breeze scarcely ruffles the surface of the estuary, while here and there are patches preternaturally calm. The troops of seafowl are swooping and screaming, and a deliciously penetrating odour comes to us from the seaweed strewn on the beach; for it is low water, and the sea shallows slowly, and a wide stretch of the sand is left bare. Delightful as are the sights and sounds and smells, it seems a sin to loiter within doors on such a morning. Breakfast is despatched, and the "machine" is at the door, drawn by a couple of sturdy Highland "garrons," that will have their work cut out for them before they drag us over the hills, with those gun-cases and portmanteaux that are roped on promiscuously. But there is no hurry, for the day is long, and we are willing to perform much of the drive at a foot's pace. Over the first part of the journey the machine makes creditable play, for the road lies on a flat between the sands and the cornfields. Then passing a little local watering-place in the bottom of a romantic glen, and crossing the bridge over the brawling salmon stream, the road begins to wind upwards through heathery hills. Yet every here and there it dips again to rejoin the banks of a river, which threads at long intervals a series of mountain lochs, alternating rushes and cataracts with stretches of calmer water, where it spreads out over the shallows. The shelving banks of many of the lochs are overhung with clusters of feathering birches; now and again we came upon a piece of oak coppice, or on the weather-beaten firs with warped limbs that have twined their knotted roots round the rocks rising abruptly out of the river. Further on and higher up the country becomes more savage. There is nothing but heather to be seen in the foreground or middle distance, except where the purple moors break away into black, watery bogs, or where you may rest the eye, by way of variety, on the smiling pastures of the strath. But on those higher hills framing the pictures on either side and before us, the heather grows thinner and thinner till it disappears in deserts of stone; and above all are peaks and broken precipices or bald scalps of slaty rock. The sun is gilding those rocks and everything else, even throwing a cheerful tinge of yellow over the peat bogs; the shadows from some floating clouds are flecking the sparkling landscape in places, and filling in grey patches on the blue lochs. As you breathe the invigorating air and are dazzled by the brilliancy of the sun glow, you appreciate all the glories of a perfect day in the Highlands. All animated nature seems as happy as your own party—the hawks and carrion crows hovering in the air; the swallows and insects skimming the water; the young broods of game basking on some bank by the roadside, and the wild ducks rising lazily from the pools, or from among the rushes by some of the burns. They seem to know that the guns are stored away in the cases and that shooting does not begin before the morrow. The lodge for which we are bound stands in a decidedly bleak situation. The only wood is a plantation of stunted larches, serving very imperfectly their purpose of a screen; and the only attempts at ornamental grounds are the gravel sweep before the entrance and a "kale yard" within walls of turf. But to-day, with the grey peat smoke curling up against the mountain in the background, and the sunbeams reflected from the lozonged window panes; with the sparrows twittering from the thatch and the ponies switching their flowing tails merrily in the paddock, it looks the very picture of homelike comfort. With a promising sunset and a high glass, you go to bed full of pleasurable hope for the morrow; and should that sort of weather continue for a week or two—occasional showers are welcome rather than otherwise—the days will glide by on downy wings, while you scarcely note the swiftness of their flight.

That is one aspect of a Highland visit, and though it is the aspect that we naturally love to dwell upon, we must glance in conscience at the other. We may cut short the description of a watery drive from the seaside, for the simple reason that next to nothing is to be seen. The firth is veiled in billowy mist, forth from which come the shrill cries of the seagull; and as the road ascends the fog thickens, while what was a dense drizzle turns into a downpour. "Water, water, everywhere!" The burns are pelting down in a brown flood, as in a broaching of bottomless vats of double stout; and the river is rapidly rising in spate. Except for the steep acclivities and sharp descents, you might as well be driving across a heath in Holland, for anything you discern of mountain scenery. You are principally occupied in adjusting your wraps, and draining off the pools that will collect about your person. The machine drags forward diamally like the forenoon; for the saturated roads make heavy travelling, and it is a sore trial for the horses' back sinews. You gather at last from certain familiar landmarks that you must be in the immediate vicinity of the lodge; but you see very little till close upon it. How small and bare it is, and how dreary it would appear were it not for certain happy associations! Doors

and windows have been tight shut, to keep out the driving rain and the damp; and when you step over the threshold into the little passage there is an odour of mingled peat and spirits and cookery and drying garments from the kitchen which opens immediately upon it. The great peat fire, crackling and sparkling on the hearth in the solitary sitting-room, is a pleasant object, and yet, as you look out through the steaming window-panes upon the watery waste beyond, your heart sinks. For you know that you may be kept a close prisoner for days, with sulky company and anxious thoughts, and, perhaps, on a starvation allowance of literature. As for your thoughts, they may well be full of care, since each stormy day as it goes by must make the grouse wilder and less approachable. So that your sport is not only being deferred, but destroyed, unless the elements should prove less unrelenting than seems likely. But it shows what the pleasures of the Highlands must be, that men should be content to pay an extravagant price for them, and yet run the risk of such periods of disappointment.

#### YACHT-RACING

THAT the racing of large, or, as they are commonly called, first-class yachts will come to an end before many years are over seems by no means improbable. For thinking that this may be the case there are several reasons, the first and most obvious of which is the great expense of building and maintaining a modern racer. Such a vessel, so far from being a flimsy craft, as is sometimes absurdly said, must be extremely strong unless she is to fail after a season or two. Most unwisely, as we think, neither the Clubs nor Lloyd's have attempted to put limits to load keels; and without a heavy lead keel a yacht's chances of success in the contests of our days are small. To stand the enormous strain of such a weight very low down, a vessel must have great strength and be well put together, and in shipbuilding good work means dear work. This system of ballasting with outside lead enables a yacht to carry a huge spread of canvas, and the wear and tear on board a racing craft tell heavily on the owner's pocket. The wages usually paid are extremely high, and the very large spars are not infrequently carried away or injured. A most expensive amusement, then, is big yacht racing, probably much more expensive than it ever has been; but, in spite of long-continued bad times and agricultural depression, there are still some rich men left in England; and, if the sport of yacht-racing were encouraged as it ought to be, no doubt a fair number of first-class vessels would be built. Unfortunately it is not, in spite of the numerous prizes that are given, encouraged as it ought to be. Clubs are, in too many cases, niggardly; and those who manage them are so shortsighted that, to save a little money, they habitually take a course which cannot fail to injure yacht-racing. The famous Rule 8 of the Yacht-Racing Association Rules provides that a yacht duly entered shall be allowed to sail over the course if there are no competitors for her. It is scarcely necessary to point out that this ordinance is a perfectly fair and just one. When an owner has had the trouble and expense of bringing his vessel to a port, of engaging his pilot and extra hands, he ought to be allowed to sail over if no antagonists are forthcoming. If a vessel is so good that no others can compete with her, she ought to be the queen of racing waters until a worthy antagonist appears. Against Rule 8, however, the Committees have steadily set their faces, being terribly afraid that their regattas would be spoilt by sails over. A few regattas might be thus spoilt; but in the long run yacht-racing, and consequently regattas, would gain by a wise liberality. How much they have been injured by the mistaken line of action which has been adopted may be easily shown by referring to what has happened with schooners. Schooner-racing has almost become a thing of the past simply because Committees regarded Rule 8 with terrified horror. Five years ago the famous and hitherto unapproached *Miranda* appeared, and in due course of time it became apparent that other schooners had little chance with her. After a while she found few competitors, and was to a considerable extent debarred from taking prizes because the Clubs would not allow sails over. No doubt a series of sails over by a schooner would have made some regattas in part very tame affairs; but is it not obvious that, if the *Miranda* had been allowed to take prizes all round the coast, a vessel would have been built to match her? The *Miranda* is an admirable yacht, undoubtedly the best schooner yet set afloat, but she would not have been allowed to reap a golden harvest during a series of seasons by placidly sailing over a variety of courses. Some yachtsman would have asked a competent naval architect to see whether he could not equal or surpass Mr. John Harvey's masterpiece. As it was, however, any one who contemplated building a racing schooner must have seen that, in the event of the *Miranda's* retiring, he would be left in a position of isolation, and accordingly no such schooner has been built, and schooner-racing has nearly come to an end. No doubt the *Miranda* is so good that she can take part in mixed races over triangular courses with some chance of success; but on such courses cutters and yawls have, generally speaking, an enormous advantage over schooners, for which the rig allowance does not adequately compensate, and, generally speaking, a two-masted vessel is hardly likely to win many flags in these contests. The unwise niggardliness of Clubs has, therefore, caused

big yachts of one kind well-nigh to disappear from racing waters. Yawls and cutters are less affected by it, as they contend on more equal terms, but if the excellent recommendation of the Yacht-Racing Association were attended to, and if class racing took the place of the mixed races, of which there have been so many lately, either the *Latona* or the *Florinda* or the *Samana* might find herself as badly off as the *Miranda*. It can hardly be disputed that class races are much better tests of the merits of vessels than mixed races; but in class races a big craft may at any time be "left out in the cold," and this fact can hardly have escaped the attention of any one who contemplated building a first class racing-yacht.

Another reason against constructing such vessels is the danger which they incur from the strange carelessness which the Clubs often show in fixing their starting lines. The evil seems to grow worse every year. Because modern yachts are remarkably handy, it seems to be thought that vessels of from ninety to a hundred and sixty tons require no more room at starting than twenties. A case of this kind occurred the other day at Southampton, and there was a collision between the *Miranda* and the mark-boat which caused serious injuries to two gentlemen belonging to the Sailing Committee of the Royal Southern Yacht Club. From the decision of the Council of the Y.R.A., which was very promptly given in this case, it seems clear that the *Miranda* was not in fault, but however much or little the *Samana*, which forced her on to the mark-boat, may have been to blame, there can be no doubt that an accident was rendered probable by the extraordinary starting line which was chosen. Now, as we have said before on this subject, men will not expose vessels worth from eight to twelve thousand pounds to the risk of great damage, and at some regattas the risk of damage is by no means small. Yachtsmen are not encouraged to build or race large yachts by finding that, in spite of the general adoption of the Y.R.A. Rules, recommendation No. 7 of the Appendix is sometimes altogether ignored.

There is another cause, however, quite independent of Clubs, which may tend to put an end to the contests of big vessels. It has lately become apparent that forties built according to the most approved principles may contend with their larger sisters with no small chance of success. This was first made evident at the race for all rigs of the Southampton Yacht Club, sailed on the 12th instant. Three first-class vessels, the *Latona*, *Miranda*, and *Samana*, contended, and ultimately the victory lay with the *Samana*; but all through the race the wonderful *Annasona* had her time well on the leading yachts, and when the *Samana* crossed the line the smaller cutter had some minutes to spare, and the *May* was within her time by a few seconds. A similar result followed in the race for the Albert Cup sailed off Southsea on the 15th instant. The prize was carried off by the *Slouthhound*, which beat by time the *Samana*, *Latona*, and *Florinda*, the *Annasona* being disabled by an accident at the start. Now, these were two very remarkable races, but somewhat similar results have occurred before, though probably in lighter and more uncertain breezes than those which prevailed during the above matches. What happened on the 17th, at the match of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, in which the *Samana*, *Annasona*, and *Slouthhound* took part, was more noteworthy. The wind was strong enough at starting to prevent the two smaller craft from carrying square-headed topsails, and freshened so much that they had to house topsails, and the *Annasona* had to take in a reef. Nevertheless, she won by time from the *Samana*, and at one period of the race actually reached faster than the larger vessel. Now this certainly was a very astonishing performance, for the *Samana*, admirable on all points of sailing, is for a cutter specially good at reaching, and moreover she is, as we need hardly say, but one year older than the *Annasona*, and represents the latest ideas respecting yacht construction. At Weymouth the *Annasona* would have won again had there been rig allowances. It really seems that, with the present scale of time allowance, a forty-ton cutter may be a most formidable rival to the first-class yachts in breezes such as in former days would have made the chance of the smaller vessels utterly hopeless. At present, no doubt, in many matches the forties cannot enter, but, if it is found that they have a considerable chance of success, a great outcry will be raised. It will be argued, not without considerable plausibility, that a restriction is maintained merely in order to keep out vessels which, if admitted, would probably be victorious, and matches from which the forties are excluded will be likened to that race for the Queen's Cup which every year forms the prominent absurdity of the Cowes week.

Many, therefore, must be the objections which present themselves to the mind of the yachtsman who thinks of building or sailing a large racing craft. There is the enormous and constantly increasing expense, and there are the further difficulties caused by the conduct of the Clubs; while apprehension must be caused by those terrible forties, which in vanquishing greatly humiliate the larger vessels. These considerations can hardly fail to tell, and the tiny racing fleet is certainly more likely to diminish than increase. It is true that an 85-ton yawl, of which report speaks highly, has been launched this season; but her appearance will not improbably cause the retirement of some other vessel, perhaps of more than one; and a new forty may be built during the winter which will prove even a greater scourge to her big sisters than the *Annasona*. On the whole, it seems far from impossible that big yacht racing may practically come to an end. The loss of the finest of sports will be a matter for regret; but it is hard to see how it can be averted with certainty, unless

expenses are diminished, unless Clubs become reasonable and liberal, and unless a new system of time allowance which shall satisfy everybody is instituted—changes not very likely soon to come about.

#### THE DRAIN OF GOLD.

WITHIN the past three weeks a great change has come over the London money market; the discount rate of the Bank of England was raised last week from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent., and again on Thursday from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent.—a rise of 60 per cent. in eight days. And the outside market has followed the lead of the Bank, or rather it somewhat outstripped it, for during the first half of this week the rate in the open market was higher than the minimum of the Bank. This has been brought about by the beginning of a drain of gold to New York. To some extent, no doubt, the withdrawals of gold on Italian account contributed to the result. But these were small in themselves; and, if they had stood alone, would have had little effect. The real operative cause is the drain to New York, the magnitude and duration of which cannot be foreseen. When the great panic occurred in New York in 1873 the workmen who, under the Protectionist system, had been attracted in crowds to the large cities found themselves thrown out of employment and in danger of starving, and, to avoid the danger, were obliged to migrate to the West, where they settled upon the land, and pushed cultivation into the wilderness at a very rapid rate. They were favoured by abundant harvests. At the same time a series of exceptionally deficient harvests occurred in Europe, and gave rise to a vast demand for American food products. Thus the agricultural development of the Western regions of the United States was stimulated, first by the industrial depression, which drove hundreds of thousands of workmen from the cities to the extreme West, and, secondly, by the demand in Europe for agricultural produce. The agricultural population was greatly enriched, and their prosperity in turn gave a stimulus to trade generally. At the beginning of 1879 a new cause came into operation, which imparted a fresh impetus to the revival that had already set in. This was the resumption of specie payments. Since then the prosperity has gone on increasing until, perhaps, the world has never seen so large a population in such universal enjoyment of well-being. The great activity of trade generated has naturally required a much larger volume of money in circulation than previously sufficed. The immense harvests needed more labour, and the demand for labour, of course, sent up wages. At the same time the movement of the crops from the West to the Atlantic seaboard compelled the railways to employ larger numbers of servants, to run more trains—in a word, to increase the accommodation they gave the public. In like manner, the canals and river steamboat Companies, the dealers in grain and pork and cattle, the wharfingers, and, in short, all engaged in the trade, had to employ additional labour at higher wages. The cessation of famine in India just then also restored prosperity to the cotton industry, and consequently augmented the demand for American cotton. In addition to all this, the construction of railways, suspended since the panic of 1873, was resumed with greater activity than before. The growth of population, the increase in the area under cultivation, the rise of new cities, the settlement of new territories, and the accumulation of wealth, rendered necessary additional railway accommodation, and the American people threw themselves into the work with their usual feverish activity. It is estimated, for instance, that in the current year not less than ten thousand miles will be added to the railway system of the United States. The rise of wages which we have been tracing brought with it a rise of prices. And, furthermore, for some time there has been great speculative activity in the stock markets, such as we have witnessed here at home. In all these ways there has been a vastly increased demand for money. Every employer of labour has had to pay, not only more workmen, but higher wages to each; and, although the banking system of the United States is highly developed, and banking accommodation extends even to the new Territories, the banking legislation of the United States does not favour the expansion of the bank-note circulation, and thus coin has had to fill up the place not occupied by paper. According to a return just furnished by Mr. Knox, the Comptroller of the currency of the United States, the circulation of the United States at present amounts to no less than 286,102,170*l.*, of which 104 millions sterling are in gold and about 34½ millions sterling in silver coin. Nearly the whole of the metallic currency, in the aggregate, as we see, almost 138½ millions sterling, has been added to the circulation since the beginning of 1879. Previously to that year, as our readers will remember, the money of the United States consisted for eighteen years of inconvertible paper. Soon after the Resumption Act was passed in 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury set about accumulating gold to serve as a reserve when resumption should be carried out; and therefore for about six years the whole produce of the gold mines of the United States has been retained in the country. At the same time there has been taken from Europe during the past two years about 35 millions sterling in gold, while, since the passing of the Bland Act, the greater part of the silver production of the United States has also been retained at home.

It would have seemed probable that this enormous increase of



the currency would have sufficed for all the needs of the United States, although it is true that in the past ten years over 10 millions have been added to the population, and emigrants are pouring into the country at the rate of nearly two thousand a day. It seems, however, that the inflation of prices has gone on even more rapidly than the addition to the currency, and that still more money is wanted. Accordingly, the drain which we witnessed last autumn and in the autumn before has again set in, and during the past fortnight about 2½ millions sterling in gold have been shipped from London, Paris, and Amsterdam to the United States. According to all appearance, too, the drain is likely to go on for a considerable time longer. To some extent this demand for gold in the United States is being caused by the attack upon the President's life. It will be recollected that in the spring Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, succeeded in refunding the Five and Six per Cent. Bonds falling due this year at the reduced rate of 3½ per cent., and he decided to pay off out of the surplus revenue accumulated in the Treasury about 19 millions sterling of these bonds. A portion of these were called in and paid off in July, and another portion in the early part of the current month, but the rest do not fall due till the 1st of October. Mr. Windom has felt himself bound to keep in the Treasury enough of gold to pay off the holders of these bonds, should they present them at the beginning of October. Had the President been in good health, there is little doubt that, when the stringency in the money market of New York set in, he would have authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to offer to redeem the whole of the bonds at once, with the object of relieving the money market. But during the illness of the President it is not possible to call together a Cabinet Council, and without authorization from the President or from the Cabinet, Mr. Windom long hesitated to take the step which he must have seen was advisable. At length, however, he has decided to pay off without rebate the holders of Five per Cent. Bonds falling due on the 1st of October. It is too soon yet to know how far this decision will affect the money market. The holders of the bonds are not always those who want money, or who can employ it to the most advantage in the short loan market. Many of them may therefore prefer to keep their bonds, receiving up to the 1st of October the full interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum; consequently it may be that the relief to the market will not be as great as at first sight it promises to be. Still, the offer in itself will have a reassuring effect. Some of the holders may reasonably be expected to take their money and surrender their bonds, and the money which is paid out of the Treasury will help to relieve the market. It would further appear that just now the consumption of commodities in the United States is enormously increasing. During the past three weeks, for instance, gold has been withdrawn from the New York Associated Banks at the rate of about 940,000*l.* a week, making a total withdrawal of about 2,820,000*l.* in the three weeks. In the corresponding three weeks of last year the amount so withdrawn but little exceeded 800,000*l.*, and in the corresponding weeks of 1879 the amount was only about 650,000*l.* As it is much more convenient and much cheaper to remit paper than to remit gold when the purpose is to make payments in the interior of the Union, it is probable that these large withdrawals were not intended for remittance to the West or South, but to a large extent were for the purpose of paying Customs duties on goods which were previously warehoused, and which are now going into consumption. If this be so, it is clear that, were the President in good health, he would take steps to pay out the coin which is locked up idle in the Treasury. At present it is as absolutely out of the reach of the money market as if it were sent out of the country. Last year and the year before Mr. Sherman relieved the market by large purchases for the Sinking Fund. But at that time the President was in good health and Cabinet Councils could be constantly held, whereas now whatever step Mr. Windom takes he has to take on his own responsibility. As he is new to office, it is natural he should not like to risk unusual responsibility, especially as large claims for the redemption of bonds will come upon him on the 1st of October.

As to the probable amount and continuance of the drain, we are inclined to think that it will be considerably smaller than in the past two years. Both last autumn and the autumn before the withdrawals exceeded 15 millions sterling. But we are inclined to think that in the present autumn little more than half that amount will be taken. One of our reasons for this opinion is the enormous increase of the currency of the United States, which we have shown above. In two years and eight months the total amount of cash in the country has been nearly doubled. It is in the highest degree improbable, therefore, that very much more money can be needed for the purposes of trade. Another reason we have for our opinion is the large amount of money which the Secretary of the Treasury is bound to pay out within the next couple of months. As we have been showing above, the stringency in the New York market is partly caused, or, at least, is aggravated, by the large payments of gold out of the banks into the Treasury, the money so paid in being there kept, locked up and idle. But the Secretary has still to redeem in the course of the autumn about eight millions sterling of debt. The letting out of so large a sum must relieve the market, and, therefore, render unnecessary such immense imports from Europe as took place during the past two years. Furthermore, we are inclined to hope that, instead of taking gold this autumn, the Americans will, to some extent at least, rather take goods from this country. As we have been pointing out, the consumption of goods in the United States is very large at present and seems to be

increasing rapidly. If the money market does not become so dear as to injuriously affect trade, this demand will increase, prices will rise, not improbably until they reach the level which will admit of considerable imports from this country. The enormous construction of railways, to which we have already referred, is necessarily raising the price of iron and steel, and we hope to see before the year is out a considerable demand for British steel and iron. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that the debt due from Europe to the United States will not be as much this year as it has been during the past two years. The American harvest is not as abundant this year as for some years past, while European harvests are better. Unfortunately, the weather we are now having is injuriously affecting our own harvest; but, in any case, Europe will have larger supplies than it has had for some years back. Therefore, it is to be assumed that the debt due from this country to the United States will be less, and consequently that the United States will not have the same power of taking gold from us. Lastly, if the drain of gold should continue, and should make money dear in London, it may be taken for granted that the export of gold to the United States would be stopped. There would be no profit in taking gold from a dear market to send it at a considerable cost to another market where it would not give a larger profit.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE new play, *Sedgemoor*, by Messrs. W. G. and F. O. Willa, given at Sadler's Wells on the 20th, is very properly divided into four acts. As it really consists of two quite distinct plots, each of which has a half of the play to itself, the equal division makes it easy for the critic, and perhaps at some future time may make it convenient for the authors, to reduce it to its natural elements. By the addition of a few lines the first half might be made into a melodrama complete in itself. The second half might then be made into a comedy of intrigue by the somewhat longer process of making the characters probable and the dialogue natural. As it is, the two are essentially independent of one another, though artlessly tagged together, and the characters are mere mouthpieces for the sort of humour and sentiment which was thought likely to appeal to the pit and gallery of Sadler's Wells. As the piece stands, the first is by much the better of the two parts. It is not that the melodramatic incidents possess the merit of originality, for every one of them has been drawn from that fund of recognized stage effects which is the common property of all playwrights; but they are combined with a certain dexterity, and, helped by a little good nature on the part of the audience, make a very tolerable whole. A Somersetshire gentleman, of the name of Sir Gilbert Evelyn, has taken the convenient opportunity of Monmouth's revolt to be absent from home without informing his wife of what he is doing. Before his return Monmouth reaches his house wounded and lying in disguise, and persuades Lady Evelyn to hide him, under promise that he will leave as soon as the husband returns. Scarcely is he safe in the cupboard, which has hidden so many inconvenient people on the stage, before Sir Evelyn does come back and gives his wife, or rather the gallery, a very high-flown account of the battle—so called—of *Sedgemoor*. His narrative is adorned with many contemptuous speeches about Monmouth. Lady Evelyn is engaged in persuading her husband to leave the house when a party of soldiers, under command of Sir Gilbert's old friend, Colonel James O'Brien—a comic Irishman with a song—arrive and propose to search. On the assurance of Lady Evelyn, an assurance that Monmouth is not there, given after a delay that should have aroused the Colonel's suspicions at once, the King's officer weakly agrees to make no search. But Lady Evelyn's son betrays the secret by calling attention to a stain of blood on the ground where it has fallen from Monmouth's wound. The concealed rebel is discovered. Sir Gilbert, like so many husbands in melodrama, takes his wife's fault on himself, and is consequently handed over to the tender mercies of Joffreys. Here ends the first act, with an effective "curtain." The action of the second passes at Court at Whitehall, and begins already to wander somewhat from the directness of the first. Various historical characters are introduced under strange disguises. Mary of Modena, who made such a good thing out of selling the rebels to the planters in Barbadoes, appears as a sovereign full of tender compassion; Father Petre, more appropriately as the wily Jesuit of tradition; Catherine Sedley, as the young and beautiful mistress of the King, to the ineffable surprise of Sir Gilbert Evelyn, who must have been strangely innocent for an ex-guardian of those days; and, most wonderful of all, Sunderland, as an empty-headed fop. All these persons engage for different motives; Sunderland, because he wishes to seduce Lady Evelyn; Catherine, because she loves Sir Gilbert; Father Petre and the Queen, because they wish to ruin Catherine, in attempting to save Evelyn. But, in reality, they have nothing to do with it, and are there only to supply the "germs" for the third and fourth acts. Sir Gilbert is saved by the extraordinary skill of Lady Evelyn in cross-examining Monmouth, who is made to confess in that last interview of his with his uncle, that it was she who hid him.

We confess our inability to follow the story from this point. The stream of the plot branches out into a species of delta. The intrigues of Petre, of Catherine Sedley, and of Sunderland keep on clashing together till the arrival of the Prince of Orange puts an end to the play. Sir Gilbert Evelyn, who is a greater fool

than any of Wycherley's country husbands, is persuaded that his wife is false. He lives with the King's mistress without the King's knowledge, intrigues with the Prince of Orange while remaining a friend of the loyal Colonel O'Brien, is condemned to death without trial for each of these offences, repents of his misconduct to his wife, and is saved in the nick of time.

As, at least in part, the work of one of the few writers who are supposed to prove that the dramatic literature of England is not quite dead, *Sedgemoor* should be entitled to be judged as literature. But, as far as it proves anything, it is that the playwright of to-day considers that his craft privileges him to neglect both style and character. If he combines a certain number of situations into a more or less coherent story, so as to put the strong ones at the ends of the acts, that is enough. That the *dramatis persone* should have some approach to reality, and that their talk should be in the English of this or any other time, is apparently not thought necessary. The dramatist may deal as he pleases with the mere facts of history, and we care very little that Mr. Wills makes Monmouth say that his death will leave his father childless; nor is it any great matter that intriguing with a king's mistress is represented here as a sort of high treason, and that the articles of war are supposed to be in force in James's army. But the characters and the language of a time are not to be played with. No novelist would be pardoned for making an empty fribble of Sunderland; and, if he ventured to introduce Catherine Selley, he would be held to be bound to invent some wit for her, though, historically speaking, he might be excused from making her beautiful. But Mr. Wills has no scruple about dubbing two mere dummies with these well-known names. As for the English of the play, it belongs to no period whatever, being merely Mr. Wills's variation on the sham Elizabethan style of Sheridan Knowles. With an abundant literature at their hand to show them how the English of 1688 talked, the authors of *Sedgemoor* make their personages use the wonderful conventional style of Knowles's "poetic drama," which is on a par with that of the historical novels published weekly with illustrations for the benefit of ingenuous youth. Messrs. Wills are so overpowered by the necessity of being poetical, that they cannot let Lady Evelyn talk about the avenue to her maid without calling it "yon vista of ancient elms." Sir Gilbert swears "by the rood," and all the rest of the conversation walks on the same high stilts. Of the rendering of the parts it is not necessary to say anything, except that it is a fine specimen of the kind of acting in which a violent pose and a loud voice express all and every emotion.

*Claude Duval: or, Love and Larceny*, was obviously composed to give the largest possible number of young persons, in very short dresses of more or less crude colours, the greatest possible number of opportunities to troop on and off the stage of the Olympic. The piece, which is described as "A New and Original Romantic and Comic Opera," is, however, no doubt also intended to have a plot. There is a story—a series of incidents which follow one another without much apparent connexion, and which in succession give occasion for a song and the appearance of the young persons aforesaid. Claude Duval's hand captures one Charles Lorrimore, who is flying from a prosecution for high treason for the crime of being an adherent of Lord Clarendon's. The capture is a fortunate thing for Lorrimore, for Claude Duval turns out to be his friend, Sir Harry Villebois, with whom he has "ruffled it" in town. The friendly highwayman at once puts himself and band at Lorrimore's disposal to secure his escape, and obtain for him his lady love Constance, niece to one McGruder, a Puritan of the regular stage type, whom the fortune of war has put in possession of Lorrimore's family estate. By the most fortunate chance in the world, Duval is engaged in a scheme to rob McGruder. From this convenient beginning the events follow their natural course. The robbers go to McGruder's, or rather Lorrimore's, estate of Mildon Manor, and soldiers come after, not them, but the fugitive lover—how directed does not appear, but very conveniently for the production of situations. They are accordingly produced. The generous Claude very unnecessarily allows himself to be captured in Lorrimore's place. Of course he escapes, also of course the robbery of Mildon Hall brings about the discovery of title-deeds which put Lorrimore again in possession of the home of his ancestors, a pardon arrives just at the right moment, and all ends happily.

The thread of this not very remarkable story is spun out by various incidents. McGruder, his sister, and niece are captured by the robber gang in the first act to afford a chance for a very indifferent copy of what the playbill, perhaps ironically, calls one of Mr. Frith's "wonderful" pictures. A great deal of time is occupied by McGruder's sister, Mistress Betty, who is that theatrically useful character a middle-aged coquette, subdued by the "new and original flattery" of being told she might be her niece's sister. The choruses and songs, all to airs which sound very much like an echo of some one passage of Offenbach's music, take up a certain amount of time. But the predominating feature of the piece is the chorus of "village maidens" in the short dresses. They keep coming on at every moment, standing aimlessly round the other characters, or going through a series of constrained swayings of the body called "incidental dances." The actors loyally did their best for the jests of the piece. They paused before them to attract attention, and then brought them out like pistol shots; but, in spite of their efforts, Mr. Stephens's puns were very dreary. The performers seemed to suffer from a depressing sense that no exertions of theirs could infuse life into their parts or music, and that was perhaps

the efficient cause of the flatness of their acting and singing. Not even the horse on which Claude Duval rode on to the stage could atone for the continual presence of Joe Miller and the disfigured ghost of Offenbach who are, between them, the real authors of the piece which bears the name of Messrs. Stephens and Solomon.

## REVIEWS.

### BREWER'S ENGLISH STUDIES.\*

THIS collection of the late Mr. Brewer's minor works—for the main part of his work, we need hardly say, must be sought in the publications of the Record Office—will be welcomed by all English students who believe enough in their own language, history, and letters to think them worth taking seriously. Those who expect essays to be amusing, in the nineteenth-century sense of the word, will indeed scarcely be satisfied by this volume, though it has precisely that kind of interest for cultivated readers which our fathers of a century ago did call amusement. Mr. Brewer's historical judgments may cause graver searchings of heart in some quarters. His consummate knowledge of the facts and materials of English history is beyond dispute. But it is easy to see that he was in no wise in sympathy with the school of which our chief living historians stand at the head, whose method and results have been popularized by Mr. Green's *Short History*, and which is followed by a great majority of recent writers on the subject. We cannot find that Mr. Brewer ever openly broke a lance with Mr. Freeman or Professor Stubbs; but he fell upon Mr. Green in the *Quarterly Review* with something like a furious joy of battle. It is not our purpose to discuss the merits of either this controversy or the unsparing criticism of Macaulay, not the less pointed for not being always express, which runs through the essay on the Stuarts. We can only remark in a general way that Mr. Brewer shows now and then at least sufficient bias to counteract that of the Whig historians whom he censures; and that, when he endeavoured to reduce that lamented and ill-used monarch James II. to nothing worse than a well-meaning and respectable bore (but such a bore that it was a positive virtue in Charles II. to endure him), Mr. Brewer must have for the moment forgotten the existence and contents of a document of some historical and constitutional importance which must have been not unknown to him—we mean the Bill of Rights. But all this may not unnaturally be disheartening to a young reader. He may say to himself, "Here have I been all this time learning history from the most approved masters, and on what I was given to understand was the latest scientific method. I am well up in the *Norman Conquest*, and the *Constitutional History*, and the *Select Charters*, to say nothing of essays and minor works of my masters like the *Growth of the English Constitution*. And here is an equally learned person, who has passed a lifetime in original historical work, and tells me it is all wrong. Here are the latest doctors disagreeing over the Stuarts, just as people did when the Jacobites had barely ceased to count in practical politics. Is not this new scientific study of history altogether vanity? The old-fashioned sort of history was less troublesome, and, after all, not much less true."

After some such manner we may conceive an ingenuous young man to commune with himself; and we can conceive that, unless his teachers have been careful to mark the limits of what they could teach, his soul may be disquieted for a season. If he has been taught dogmatically to accept the results of a real master's work at second or third hand without entering into the master's evidences and reasons, his faith will probably be shaken, and it is quite right that it should be. If, on the other hand, he has been taught to verify and encouraged to criticize, he will know that the business of history is to give the truest account that can be attained of human actions and motives, not to supersede individual judgment of them. So long as men differ in their opinions of the public men and affairs of their own time, so long will they also differ as to the public men and affairs of the past, nor will any possible completion of our knowledge prevent them from differing. It is true that we know many things which the actors in a great historical crisis could not know as we do. The counsels of both sides, the confidences of statesmen, the reports of indifferent observers, or of foreigners intent on purposes distinct from those of either contending party, lie open to us. But, on the other hand, the actors knew much that we do not know, nor can we see things as they saw them. It is almost impossible for an English lawyer, looking back two centuries and a half, with the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement between, to realize how the legal disputes of the Crown and the Commons under the first two Stuarts would have appeared at the time to a judge really anxious to be impartial. The same causes which lead men to take sides on questions of their own time, make the material facts are notorious or easily ascertained, and lead them to do the like as to questions of past history. It is impossible for a man from being a *historian*, from detecting the impossibility of a version of facts which may once have been true, to

\* *English Studies on English in English Literature*, by the late J. A. Brewer, M.A., &c. Edited by Henry Wace, M.A., &c. London: John Murray.

it will not hinder him from adhering to one party more than the other. It is easier to be judicial as to past events, not so much because we are better informed, or because our feelings are less affected by them, as because there is no immediate pressure on us to make up our mind. The moral and political interpretation of facts remains a matter for each man's moral and political temper; it cannot be reduced to a possession of positive knowledge. In short, the lesson we find in the antagonism of the late Mr. Brewer to other leaders in English historical study—we may as well avow for our part that they are *nostra scholæ antea*—is that both those who are misguided enough to teach opinion instead of fact, and those who are unfortunate enough to learn it, are exposed to considerable discomfiture sooner or later.

Leaving the more or less debatable ground of the essays dealing with controversial politics, we turn to the other features of Mr. Brewer's work. Under the title of "New Sources of English History," there is a most interesting account of the Record Office and its contents; a subject on which no one was able to speak with fuller knowledge than Mr. Brewer. The following passage may be taken as a representative one:—

The collection is enormous. Into this vast receptacle the Law Courts, the Treasury, the Admiralty, the War Office, the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, have disgorged their voluminous contents. The public acts of this nation, from the Domesday of William the Conqueror to the Coronation Oath of Queen Victoria, the publications of the great machine of government, with all its complex operations, are here chronicled and recorded in all their immense variety from day to day and from hour to hour. Here is to be traced the open and the secret history of the nation; its transactions at home and abroad; its most subtle and mysterious negotiations; the employment of its treasures; the number and disposition of its forces; the numbers of its population; the distribution of its land, its forests, and its manors; the rise and progress of its nobility and great families; its proceedings in Parliament; its charter, its patents, its civil and criminal judicature. Whatever, in short, this kingdom has for eight centuries done or proposed to do by the complicated functions of its Government and Administration, restless as the sea and multitudinous as the sands upon its shore, is here committed to safe, silent, and impartial witnesses. Stored up in iron gratings, classified and arranged, preserved, as far as human skill can preserve them, from innumerable perils, the public records of this kingdom now slumber in their new repository of stone and iron undisturbed except when removed from their shelves to gratify the curiosity of the antiquarian or assist the researches of the historian.

With materials so vast, yet so important, two questions have perpetually arisen from early times: first, how are they to be most carefully preserved? and next, how turned to the best account? Happily the nation has suffered little from foreign invasions. Such misfortunes as have overtaken Strassburg, and destroyed its libraries and its manuscripts, are comparatively unknown here. Even in the Civil Wars of the sixteenth century, and in the Great Rebellion of the seventeenth, though the rage of party might dismantle or destroy mansions, monasteries, and cathedrals, it left uninjured the national monuments. Whether Roman, or Protestant, Cavalier or Roundhead, gained the ascendancy, all alike in turn respected the archives of the kingdom, and preserved them from sacrilegious violence. Their worst enemies have been of an ignominious kind—rats and mice, fire, damp, and mildew: the negligence in some instances, the misplaced confidence in others, of those who were appointed to preserve them. Dispersed in various quarters of the metropolis, some at the Tower, some at Carlton Ride, some in the Chapter House at Westminster, others at the Rolls House; exposed to weather, dust, and smoke; stowed away in such boxes, and hampers; unmanageable from their vastness and unwieldiness; little known, and therefore attracting little attention—successive Governments were contented to believe that these monuments were in some sense preserved, and equally contented that they should be of no use to any one.

The explanation of the peculiar social and personal interest of the State Papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is also worth citing. In those times "it was the custom of the Government of this country to confiscate all the letters and papers of attainted persons, without distinction. Thus it was that the diaries, the household accounts, the private correspondence of the accused were transferred to the Exchequer, and there they remain to the present day." The principles on which the Calendars of State Papers have been arranged and edited are fully explained in the course of the essay. A still more interesting essay, perhaps, is that on Hatfield House. Details are given, partly from papers in the Record Office, partly from MSS. preserved at the house itself, of its building under Robert Cecil's direction; and from this Mr. Brewer passes on to the political correspondence in the same collection—"a visible and material bond that brings the present, by undying sympathy, into close proximity with the past"—and proceeds to a spirited and closely-reasoned vindication of Cecil's character and policy, particularly as concerning his dealings with Essex, whose misfortunes were brought upon him, as Mr. Brewer contends, almost entirely by his own want of "a little temper and a small modicum of discretion." The romance of the Queen's ring and the Countess of Nottingham is dismissed as altogether incredible, both from its intrinsic difficulties and from the lateness of its first appearance. By the way, a ring purporting to be the identical one in question was exhibited to the Archaeological Congress at Bedford the other day. "The bricks are there to testify it, therefore deny it not."

In the essay on Shakspeare, followed by a more popular lecture on the study of Shakspeare, Mr. Brewer goes into various matters in which, though what he puts forward is often striking and generally sound, his mastery is less assured than in the strictly historical field. One fact of some importance unknown to the Shakspeare commentators is brought to light by the aid of unpublished papers in the Record Office—namely, that the Lucys of Shakspeare were not merely private enemies of Shakspeare on the stage, but had a standing feud with the family. With regard to the supposition that Shak-

speare spent much of his time in patching up other people's plays, which had already been broached when Mr. Brewer first published this essay ten years ago, and has since waxed to a monstrous growth under the care of the "New Shakspeare Society," it is pointed out in a note that, considering the rapidity with which Shakspeare's undoubted work was produced, it is incredible that he should have had time or occasion to do anything of the kind. In the lecture (originally delivered to a Shakspeare Reading Society at King's College, London) consideration of the advantages to be derived from reading Shakspeare aloud leads to a digression of two or three pages on "the singular indifference with which the human voice has been treated" in modern English education. Mr. Brewer complains that those who do profess to teach elocution attend too much to emphasis and too little to modulation, which is likely enough to be true. He even suggests that it is a defect in modern languages that they need emphasis at all. In Greek it was sufficiently marked by the relative position of words in the sentence, and the speaker had nothing left to modulation to think of. And in our own day, we may add, any one who attends to good French speaking or recitation will hear that a Frenchman, as a rule, has much more of modulation at command than an Englishman, and relies much less on emphasizing particular words. But there is no reason for treating emphasis and modulation as natural enemies, which Mr. Brewer almost does. Still less can we follow the learned author in a note appended to this lecture, where he finds a new and profound moral significance in *Romeo and Juliet*, holding that Shakspeare's true intention in that play was to expound a social and religious theory of wedded love. However, every writer on Shakspeare is entitled to at least one paradox.

The essay on the Royal Supremacy brings us back to historical ground. It is less extensive than its title would naturally import, being in truth a demolition of Mr. Froude's apotheosis of Thomas Cromwell. In "Passages from the Life of Erasmus" we have a sketch of Erasmus's work in New Testament criticism. The difficulties of a sixteenth-century scholar are vividly brought before us by Erasmus's journeyings. He had once to go with great reluctance, and at great inconvenience, from Brussels to Basel, facing the three things he detested in Germany—the stove, the thieves, and the plague—to get his Greek Testament printed, because there was no fount of Greek type in the Low Countries. A lecture on the study of history, delivered by Mr. Brewer at the Working Men's College, is rather disappointing; it contains over-coloured statements of the race-theory of history which Mr. Brewer would hardly have cared to defend in more finished work. On the other hand, the lecture on the study of English history which immediately follows it is very good. Mr. Brewer's advice to people who really want to learn the history of England is to construct their history for themselves before they read systematic books at all; and he points out how it can be done to good purpose without using any but the most easily accessible materials. The advice was given to working men; but we think schoolmasters who wish to train their pupils' mind and judgment, and not merely stuff their memory, may find in this lecture of Mr. Brewer's some profitable hints for their teaching. We cannot repeat the details here; but the principle is to mark down the leading and undisputed facts, have them always at hand, and think over them for oneself. "Take care of the great facts," said Mr. Brewer, "and they will take care of the little ones"—a saying as true as it is full of comfort for the unlearned, with which we may fitly close this notice of a learned man's remarks.

#### IONIAN ANTIQUITIES.\*

THE fourth volume of the *Ionian Antiquities*, which follows its last predecessor after an interval of forty years, contains a fuller account, for which the expedition of Mr. R. P. Pullan has furnished materials, of those temples in Priene Teos and the Troad which have for so many years occupied the attention and consumed the funds of the Society of Dilettanti. This new volume must be regarded in close connexion with those which preceded it, and of which it is the complement, possibly the last chapter; and we must judge it in this light. From the first the excavations and the publications of the Society of Dilettanti have had a character peculiar to themselves; and we therefore prefer, before speaking of the book which is our immediate subject, to say a few words as to the history of the Society which brings it out. And we do so the more readily because the Society of Dilettanti is not one which chooses to thrust itself into notoriety, but is content to do good work slowly and unostentatiously, after the fashion of bygone times.

The Society was founded in 1734 by some gentlemen who had travelled in Italy, and was intended to be at once a social club and to operate for the encouragement at home of those artistic tastes which had given the members so much enjoyment abroad. A bias towards dining has always marked the Society; and, when we look over the names of the early members, we may judge that the high thinking encouraged by it was not accompanied by plain living. But in a few years a disease crept into the Society, and, as often happens in the case of individuals, stimulated it to take exercise. This disease was nothing less than a plethora of money. In 1764 the members,

\* *Ionian Antiquities*. Vol. IV. Published by the Society of Dilettanti. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

after proposing various plans for disposing of their superfluous funds, resolved to send "a person or persons to certain parts of the East to collect informations relative to the former state of those countries," and in particular to procure exact descriptions of ruins. The party sent out consisted of Ohandler, Ravett, and Pars, and the expedition had very valuable results. Pars in particular, being a young draughtsman full of talent and energy, did good work. At Athens he had himself slung aloft close to the frieze of the Parthenon, to the great disgust of the Turks dwelling on the Acropolis, whose inmost recesses he overlooked from his lofty station. There he made exact drawings of the Panathenæic frieze, which are still of great value to the archaeologist. From Athens the party went on to Ionia, and there discovered in the temples of Teos and Priene a field for the activities of the Society which had sent them out, as well as materials for the first volume of *Ionian Antiquities*, which made its appearance in 1769. This publication seems to have given a bent to the hitherto somewhat random efforts of the Dilettanti. Henceforward they took as their province Attica and Ionia, and in those districts mainly confined their attention to the remains of ancient temples. It is true that, though from the sumptuous plates with which the huge folios of the *Ionian Antiquities* are so liberally provided we may gather information as to the schemes of ancient cities, their theatres, agoræ, and gymnasia, nevertheless the chief attention of the editors has always been concentrated on the religious buildings.

In 1812 took place the second expedition equipped by the Society, the party consisting of Gell, the "rapid Gell" of Byron, and the architects Gandy and Bedford. The results of their researches in Attica and on the Ionic coast were given to the world by the Dilettanti in two splendid works—the *Antiquities of Attica*, and the second and third volumes of *Ionian Antiquities*. At about the same time they also published two volumes of plates of ancient statues in public and private collections in England, prefaced by dissertations by Richard Payne Knight on the history and meaning of ancient sculpture. And at a somewhat later time (1851) they brought out, in a style worthy of it, the beautiful and complete work of Penrose on the *Principles of Athenian Architecture*.

The third expedition of the Society was sent out in 1862, under the direction of Mr. R. P. Pullan, who made excavations and researches at Teos in 1862, and in 1866 at Priene, on the site of the temple of Athene Polias, and on that of the Temple of Apollo Sminthius near Hamaxitus in the Troad. The task set before Mr. Pullan was the more complete examination of the same temples which had been before visited by the agents of the Dilettanti, an examination carried on alike with spade, measure, and pencil. As an excavator Mr. Pullan at Priene was not brilliantly successful, although many important inscriptions and some sculptures of value have been recovered, and liberally presented by the Dilettanti to the national collection. But as an exact and careful investigator, both at Priene and elsewhere, he has merited the highest praise.

The recently-published volume contains a number of plates and woodcuts, the latter mostly from photographs of sculpture, the former from drawings by Mr. Pullan and Mr. Falkener. These plates furnish the architect with every detail which can be ascertained in regard to the three Ionian temples investigated. The text includes, besides Mr. Pullan's report of excavations, a paper by Mr. J. Fergusson on the origin of the Greek orders of architecture, short histories of Priene and Teos by Mr. C. T. Newton, a memoir on the proportions of the several temples by Mr. Watkins Lloyd, and a paper by Mr. Penrose on the entasis and height of the columns of the temple at Priene.

On the first page of the work, in the preface, we notice two considerable inaccuracies. The expedition of Ohandler is assigned to the year 1734 instead of 1764; and the second volume of *Ionian Antiquities*, published in 1797, is said to be the outcome of Gell's expedition of 1812. Mr. Fergusson's dissertation, which comes next, would require for satisfactory discussion more space than we can spare. We confess that a bold piece of theorizing seems to us oddly out of place in a monumental volume and on a folio page. We are so used to reading sweeping statements and novel imaginations in an octavo that there they do not shock us; but there is something so solemn about the vastness of these folios—such a deliberate intention about them of lasting for all generations, and looking fresh a century hence—that we cannot help wondering at Mr. Fergusson's boldness in choosing such a vehicle for his theories. Not that we are disposed to quarrel with them in the main, however we may object to a passage here and there, more particularly perhaps to the foot-notes. Mr. Fergusson maintains an entirely Egyptian origin for the Doric order of architecture, and treats with summary contempt the views of those who suppose that it arose out of wooden construction. And certainly the argument on which he most relies—the progressive attenuation of the Doric pillar in the course of Greek architectural history—does seem to show that the original which first suggested it was of rock or brick rather than of wood. Nevertheless there are in Doric construction certain reminiscences and traces of wooden architecture which require a more careful explanation than Mr. Fergusson is disposed to give them. As to the derivation of the Ionic order we more readily agree with him.

Mr. Newton's historical sketches are, as a matter of course, thoroughly good and scholarly. To his dissertation on Priene a charming bit of historical colouring is lent by the account of the discovery of the coins of King Orophernes. It appears that in 1870 Mr. Clarke was at Priene, and visited the site of the Temple of Athene. As he stood amid the stones of the base whereon the

colossal statue of the goddess had stood, stones dragged out of position by Greek masons in their Vandalic ravages of the site, he saw on the ground a coin which turned out to bear the portrait (and a wonderfully fine portrait) and the types of Orophernes. On searching he found other coins of the same king, all placed under the stones of the base itself. Now it seems from this probable that King Orophernes dedicated the statue of Athene erected on the base. Turning to history, we find it recorded that Orophernes was a claimant of the throne of the kingdom of Cappadocia about B.C. 160, and that he deposited a sum of 400 talents with the people of Priene—a trust which they kept with a fidelity unusual in antiquity, choosing rather to incur a war with Ariarathes, who was then actual ruler of Cappadocia, than to give up to him the treasure. History tells us that the Prienians at last restored the deposit to Orophernes himself, but does not tell us what reward they received for their honesty. But this silence of history is filled by the testimony of a handful of coins, which show that the Cappadocian in gratitude presented to the people of Priene and their goddess, in whose temple the money had very likely been kept, a colossal statue of the Deity herself. Little discoveries like this help wonderfully to give vividness to ancient history. It is also interesting to note that, according to the testimony of Pausanias, the colossal statue of Athene Polias at Priene was an admirable work of art; for this proves that artists of Asia Minor were capable in the middle of the second century B.C., a time usually supposed to have been one of great artistic barrenness and degradation, of producing a colossal statue which won continued admiration even in the critical days of the Antonines, when there was so strong a prejudice in favour of what was archaic in art. After well weighing this fact, we shall be less astounded at the beauty of the Pergamene sculptures recently acquired by the Museum of Berlin.

The remaining chapters, which mainly consist of dissertations on proportions in Greek temple-architecture, we must leave to the judgment of the few who have specially studied such matters. An examination of Greek temple-building finally resolves itself into somewhat complicated arithmetical computations. Unfortunately, in the case of these Ionian temples the data are to a large extent wanting, many important members of all having entirely disappeared, so that the results of Mr. Lloyd's calculations can at best be only approximative. It is, moreover, noteworthy that canons of proportion are not so closely observed and followed by the architects of these Asiatic temples as by those who planned the Athenian masterpieces.

On the whole one cannot but be proud, from a national point of view, of the publications of the Society of Dilettanti. A club of private English gentlemen, they have produced works which, in completeness and in costliness, deserve to stand by the side of the state-aided publications of foreign countries, even those of Russia. Although the main object of the Society has always been of a social character, it has enrolled among its members some of the best names in classical archaeology of past days, and quite recently has received into its circle some of our ablest younger Grecians. If it is now disposed to continue its activity in the same line, or even to extend it, the field lies very open. Greece may be said to be overrun as a field of archaeological discovery. If a statue shows its head in Athens, it is pounced upon and fought over by members of the French school, members of the German school, members of the Parnassus Society, and a crowd of miscellaneous aspirants. But Asia still remains, though it is impossible to say how long it may continue open. Cyprus, Æolis, Phrygia, all invite research, and would furnish remains of inestimable value. If the Dilettanti chose to be active, their command of funds would enable them to attain much on which younger and poorer societies, such as that lately founded for the "Promotion of Hellenic Studies," can only cast their eyes with longing.

#### LIEUTENANT BARNABAS.\*

MR. BARRETT has, in the latter half of his third volume, gone a great way towards spoiling a really clever novel. There were certainly one or two considerable faults even in the earlier parts, but they were not by any means so great as to swamp its merits. If we had found it needful now and then to skip, yet on the whole we were interested and amused. Everything seemed to be in fair progress for a prosperous ending, when, on a sudden, the author chose to go on a new tack, and to desert the course over which he had hitherto carried us in an easy enough voyage. The harbour was almost in sight, the wind was blowing fair, nothing was needful but to let the ship sail quietly and steadily on, and in no long time master and passengers would have been landed in comfort and harmony. But "lo! a violent cross wind" came and blew us into far different regions. To drop our metaphor—as all wise people do when they have got all out of one that they can, and find themselves, moreover, in danger of getting entangled in it—we passed from a story that was cast in the old humorous type into one that was modelled after the latest school of sentiment and folly. The author apparently was struck with the thought that there is a fashion in writing as in everything else, and that, whatever liberties a man may allow himself for a time, he must in the end submit to the law as it is laid down in the circulating libraries. In the morning every one may wear

\* *Lieutenant Barnabas*. A Novel. By Frank Barrett, Author of "Folly Morrison." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.



as loose a coat as he pleases, in almost any colour, and of almost any cut; but when evening comes on, and the dinner hour is at hand, then we have all to conform to one and the same strict model. So, no doubt, it is with novels. Society will allow of a considerable freedom as the story opens, and even as it is carried on; but in the conclusion there must be no license, and silly sentiment in all its dulness must be allowed to assert its rights. The fair reader, as she closes the book and sends it back to Mudie, will not be defrauded of her sigh or her tear. The hero and heroine, of course, need not be killed, but may be happily married; but there must be at least one melancholy death, just before the wedding, to give a proper relish to the entertainment that the author provides. We are willing to hope that it was much against his will that Mr. Barrett yielded to the requirements of the age, and that in pleasing his readers he by no means pleased himself. He was, indeed, in a position of some perplexity. For, while his hero's half-brother was, in spite of one or two great failings, a virtuous man, his hero's half-brother's half-brother was a most gross and desperate villain. This ruffian would, by a novelist of the old school, have been swung off at Newgate or Tyburn without the slightest feeling of remorse, amid the hearty curses of the mob and to the great satisfaction of the reader. But such an ending would be too vulgar for our more delicate sentiments, and, moreover, it would have been, no doubt, very unpleasant, if not indeed very painful, for the virtuous half-brother. The difficulty is, therefore, got over in a most ingenious manner. The villain could not be allowed to live—that was clear enough—for he was bent on murdering the hero, and had twice already nearly carried out his purpose. His half-brother need not be allowed to live, for he was a good deal in the way, as he had been foolish enough to fall in love with the heroine, who was herself in love with his virtuous half-brother. Besides it would have been very painful for him, as we have said, to remain in a world out of which his wicked half-brother had been swung on a rope. His feelings and ours, too, are spared in the most ingenious manner. The disgust of a public execution and the disgrace of outliving a brother who had died on the scaffold are cleverly evaded by a murder and a suicide. The villain makes a third attempt to murder the hero. The virtuous half-brother, knowing that his half-brother by his mother's side was bent on killing his half-brother by his father's side, knowing moreover that the heroine was not for him, disguises himself in the hero's coat and hat, throws himself into the path of the villain, and gets at once shot by him through the heart. The villain, though he was not touched by the slightest tinge of remorse, happily draws his second pistol, and at once shoots himself through the head. The story, we feel, is brought to an impressive and yet cheerful end—for the villain had begun to bore us greatly—as we read that “he closed his eyes, and put the muzzle of his pistol slowly to his mouth; then with his thumb he pressed the trigger.” The rest is left to the reader's imagination, except in so far as he is assisted by four stars, which have the concluding line all to themselves. Whether they signify the scattering of the villain's brains, or the happy marriage of the surviving half-brother and the heroine after a decent period of mourning, we are at a loss to say.

The scene of the story is laid at the beginning of the century. We cannot allow that Mr. Barrett is very successful in bringing back the age of which he writes. In the year 1800 a gentleman was not likely to flatter his hostess by saying that “the King of France had no better cook than hers”; nor was she likely to mention “the prodigious fortune of the Marquis of Westminster.” The King of France and his cook were in that year things of the past; while the Marquess of Westminster belonged to the future. A gentleman living in Edmonton would not find his letters and the *Times* lying on his breakfast-table when he entered the room, unless, indeed, he breakfasted at an hour when most people were thinking of dining. The West-end road by which the highwayman goes by Hornsey Wood was not made till nearly thirty years after the date of the story. We feel confident that the word “financier” did not eighty years ago bear the meaning that Mr. Barrett gives it when he joins it with “banker.” Not even would a highwayman in that age have so grossly abused our language as to call a thing “reliable.” The hair of heroines, moreover, at that date was raven black. A case or two of auburn locks, perhaps, might be found in a rustic beauty, but “soft gold red hair” was not invented till nearly three-quarters of a century later, while aureoles were as unknown as even the Marquess of Westminster. The ladies do, to be sure, all drink dishes of tea and not cups, but one swallow does not make a summer. Nevertheless, though Mr. Barrett is not very happy in reproducing the age of which he writes, yet, till he comes to his fatal conclusion, the age in which he writes is successfully kept in the background. We feel sure that he has a far stronger taste for the great masters of humorous fiction who were once the glory of our country than for the feeble sentimentalists, with their ridiculous affectations, who are at present its disgrace. Had he carefully kept to the great writers, and never allowed his taste to be corrupted by the bad school of our days, we are confident that he could have produced a story of real power and merit. As it is, there are in *Lieutenant Ernshaw* two or three characters which are drawn with great skill, and more than one scene of a humour which unfortunately is only too rare. The hero, Tom Talbot, and the heroine, who always passes by the name of Lady Betty, are both good in their way—so good, indeed, that, as we close the book, we seriously trust that the four stars, which we have already mentioned, signify their marriage, and not the villain's scattered

brains. The love scenes between them are very prettily managed, and the difficulties which the heroine has for nearly two volumes in convincing herself that she does really love her gallant admirer are described in a way which ought to have a particular charm for all young ladies. Then, too, the mysterious and most alarming disappearance of the hero for nearly the whole of the third volume, if not managed with any great art, ought to be delightfully exciting for all those who do not begin each story by at once turning to see how it ends. In the present case, however, the end, with its four stars, is not made so clear as to spoil the mystery even for the over-curious. The best characters by far are not the hero or the heroine, not even the half-brother who murders, or the half-brother who is murdered, but an old doctor named Blandly and one Toby Slink, a simple country lad, who is tricked by the highwayman into being his squire. Poor Toby begins before long to suspect his master's real trade, but he is so frightened by his threats that he is not unwilling to accept all his statements as gospel. He thus repeats to an Irish pedlar the story which his master had told him:

“Well, there's a rascal who owes him a lot of money, and—and he's looking about for him, and—and—and he don't seem to quite remember the looks of him, and—and—and when he meets anyone all alone, he just looks in his pocket to see if the money belongs to him, and—and if he's in doubt he takes it.”

“I understand the natur' of the master's misfortun' exactly; and what might you do all the time?”

“Why I just stand ready to help master, if needs be; for if we meet the right rascal after all, it's more an' likely he'll try to get away without paying.”

One of his reasons for running away from his home and his old master had been the unkindness of his sweetheart. He managed to steal back to her one evening and to renew his courting. The whole scene is very prettily and humorously told. He began by telling her that she was like the young woman in the printed ballad he had given her last Maidstone Fair, who had led her sweetheart to rob and murder his uncle all for love. “If one day,” he added, “I'm hanged at Tyburn, you'll read your own name in my dying speech and confession.” Mr. Barrett, by the way, is again out in his dates when he more than once makes Tyburn the place of execution in 1800. But to return to our lovers. “You are not a murderer, Toby, are you?” the girl answers. “No; but I won't answer for what may happen. I'm going the road to ruin fast. I don't go to bed at eight o'clock now. . . . Look at me! I'm not what I was—a simple, innocent countryman.” He then reproaches her with not having altered. “Have you lost a single pound since I have been away?” “I can't help it, Toby,” she replied. “I didn't eat anything for a whole day after you went away, but the next morning my appetite was too strong for me.” At last they are reconciled, and he makes her a present of some ornaments, but she wants to know how he had earned the money to buy them. “Give 'em me back, Jenny,” he said, “you shan't wear 'em, dear.” Before long he sends her a token which she need not be ashamed to wear, he says, for “it was bought with my own money honestly, mending the pigsty for Mrs. Smith, the sexton's wife, who is writing this letter for me now.”

In pleasant contrast with this simple countryman is the whimsical, but most tender-hearted, old doctor. So pleasant, indeed, is Dr. Blandly that we can only regret that he lived eighty years ago, and died a bachelor. We should have liked to join him, or some chip of the old block, had there been one, in the fishing-parties to the Lea River, and in the snug little dinners, with the bottle of old Madeira, in the old country-house in Edmonton. We must leave our readers to make his acquaintance themselves, and we can assure them that, in the pleasure he will give them, they will be inclined to overlook the faults, grievous as they are, with which our author brings his story to so weak an ending. We must not, however, follow him in making our last words our worst, but must thank him for a tale which, looked at as a whole, is both amusing and original.

#### FARRAR'S MERCY AND JUDGMENT.\*

IT is not very obvious at first sight why this book has been written. Dr. Farrar published three years ago, under the not very lucid title of *Eternal Hope*, five sermons preached at Westminster Abbey on the subject of future retribution, which were understood by most of his hearers as conveying a denial of the doctrine of eternal punishment, and would have been so understood probably by his readers, but for an explicit and apparently somewhat inconsistent disclaimer of “Universalism.” Dr. Pusey brought out last year “in reply” to this volume, which had attracted an attention due more to the author's position and rhetorical power and the place where the discourses were originally delivered than to its intrinsic weight, a thoughtful and learned work entitled *What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?* And Dr. Farrar now informs us in his prefatory chapter—as he had already stated in letters to the *Guardian*—that while his present work “in form is a reply to Dr. Pusey, in reality my convictions are almost identical with his, except on minor points of history and criticism.” But it is so, why publish it at all? The fact seems to be that Dr. Farrar, among whose many unquestionable gifts that

\* *Mercy and Judgment. A Few Last Words on Christian Eschatology in reference to Dr. Pusey's “What is of Faith?”* By F. W. Farrar, D.D. F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. 1881.

of an accurate and philosophical mind can hardly be reckoned, and who has evidently taken up theological questions *pro re nata* rather than from any special sympathy or familiarity with that branch of study, does not very clearly appreciate either Dr. Pusey's point of view or his own. In spite of his reiterated and unquestionably sincere assertion that he is not a Universalist, he propounds views which to ordinary readers will appear scarcely distinguishable from Universalism. So far as we understand him—and his language gives one the impression of a writer who is swayed more by strong sentiment than definite conviction—he certainly regards Universalism as an open question, and this is a conclusion not identical with Dr. Pusey's, who regards it as a condemned heresy, but directly contrary to it, nor can the opposition be called "a purely verbal" one. We are not of course going to enter here on a discussion as to what is the truth on the solemn subjects in dispute between them, nor is there any occasion for doing so. The question of what is the "orthodox" doctrine, in the sense of the received belief of the Christian Church from the first, is a matter not of opinion but of fact, capable like other facts of critical investigation, and to this test both writers profess to be appealing. Dr. Farrar insists again and again that his "views are in the strictest accordance with all that is required by the Catholic Church," with the teaching of "her four great Councils and authentic creeds and formularies, of writers of all ages who have lived and died in full communion with the Catholic Church" with what has constantly "been taught by Christians within the pale of the Catholic Church." But the force of this appeal to Catholic tradition is seriously weakened by his elsewhere repudiating the notion of making "the truth of any doctrine depend on the decisions of Councils," or of there being any ground why "the ecclesiastics of the sixth century"—or, we presume, of any earlier one—could claim any clearer illumination than those of the nineteenth. Moreover, among "the views of those who have died in full communion with the Catholic Church" are cited the testimonies of Luther, Calvin, and a host of foreign Protestants and English Dissenters of various sects, who can only be included by a definition of "the Catholic Church" which would make it coextensive with the widest pale of nominal Christianity. And the test applied in this vague sense loses all distinctive value. Nor is this all. There is, as we have already intimated, no less vagueness in Dr. Farrar's treatment of the point to be proved than of the criterion to be applied. He begins by assuring us that he has never denied and does not now deny "the eternity of punishment," which it was the object of Dr. Pusey's book to vindicate. But he at once goes on to say that he "understands the word eternity in a sense far higher than can be degraded into the vulgar meaning of endlessness," the point at issue not being whether eternal has not "a higher meaning"—as every one admits it to have in reference to eternal life—but whether it does not in any case include the meaning of endless. When, again, Dr. Farrar says, "I have never even denied, and do not now deny, even the possible endlessness of punishment"—which, however, he calls elsewhere "an immense and startling dogma," not taught but contradicted by Scripture—the words we have italicized show that he is treating as a mere subordinate detail the main issue of the contention between himself and his opponents.

There is the same incoherence in his treatment of the question of Purgatory, which recurs again and again in the volume, and on which he professes to agree with Dr. Pusey, especially as to its involving "a future purification, instead of a state of probation, for those who have not utterly extinguished the grace of God in their hearts." Certainly we had imagined, like Dr. Pusey, that he very strongly insisted in *Eternal Hope*, and in his paper in the *Contemporary Review*, as does Dr. Plumptre, whom he quoted, on a fresh probation after death. He now tells us that "he had scarcely referred to the idea of probation at all, and certainly had laid no stress upon it." Yet so little does he seem even now to realize the radical difference between the notion of a purgatory for those who die imperfect—which has been very generally held in the Church, with many variations as to minor points of detail, and is strongly advocated by Dr. Pusey—and that of a second probation for all who have failed on earth—which is the very view rejected by Dr. Pusey and condemned in the case of Origen—that he habitually confuses or interchanges the two ideas in the course of his volume. In the very next page, *e.g.*, to that from which we have just quoted, he tells us that his views on the point are "substantially the same as those of Dr. Plumptre," though Dr. Plumptre himself is fully aware of the fundamental distinction referred to, for he published in the *Contemporary Review* a long correspondence between Cardinal Newman and himself about it. Elsewhere he speaks of "many a change in Hades before it is easy to distinguish between the best of the evil and the lowest of the good," which can only point, if the words have any meaning, to a second probation in Hades; and yet only two pages before he had again declared that Dr. Pusey's view of "some purification of imperfect souls in the world to come" conceded all he asked. We read, again, that St. Augustine's doctrine of "that terminable retribution, that purgatorial fire beyond the grave, was my main thought in *Eternal Hope*"; but St. Augustine, who was the first to put into definite shape the doctrine of Purgatory as afterwards maintained, condemned the teaching of Origen in the strongest terms. Yet Dr. Farrar speaks in the formal "Statement of his Eschatological Belief," at the end of the volume, of repentance being open to sinners "at least until the Great Judgment in the Intermediate State beyond the grave"; and says, still more explicitly, that "the great separation of souls into two classes will not take place until the final judgment." This is not Augustinian

but Origenist doctrine, and the two, we repeat, are fundamentally different, and involve totally diverse conceptions, ethical as well as dogmatic. We have dwelt thus fully on these contradictions because they not only illustrate the author's vagueness of treatment, to say the least, but illustrate it in connexion with what is an integral portion of the very subject in dispute. It would be equally easy to point out, were there room for doing so, how constantly what Dr. Pusey had shown, and he had himself admitted, to be mere "accretions" of the disputed doctrine, and no part of it, whether true or false, are here mixed up with it in inextricable confusion, as though "the doctrine of endless torment for the vast majority is material flames"—which Dr. Pusey does not defend any more than himself—was the real issue to be decided. While, again, he repudiates both Universalism and Annihilationism, many of the authorities he cites are avowed Universalists or Annihilationists.

Nothing can be further from our purpose than to insinuate any charge of disingenuousness against the author. That his want of precision is largely due to an intellectual habit of mind, better suited to hortatory eloquence than to theological discussion, is more than probable; partly the fault may arise from hasty composition, which will also help to account for the manifold detailed inaccuracies throughout the book. Thus, for instance, in three successive passages John Scotus Erigena is called "the greatest and acutest of all the Schoolmen," and is cited as a very high authority on doctrine. Now, in the first place, Scotus Erigena stands outside of Scholasticism properly so called, and he is so far from being a high doctrinal authority that he was not only notoriously heterodox, but has been very generally charged with pantheism, to the verge of which he approached on the most favourable estimate; even Neander, who defends him, admits that pantheism is the only logical result of his system. The quotation from Bishop Butler's *Analogy*, which is probably borrowed from Dr. Plumptre, and is twice repeated, about the advantageous tendency of virtue "to amend those who are capable of amendment" in the next world, by example or otherwise, is wholly irrelevant, for Butler was expressly speaking, as the context proves, of "other orders of creatures" distinct from man. Still stranger is the citation from Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints* to prove that "the circumstance of a material fire" in hell is "a mere scholastic question." The statement may be correct enough, but the passage cited has nothing to do with it, for the very sentence before that quoted shows that the author was speaking, not of hell, but of purgatory. It is a still graver mistake, when reference is made to two passages in posthumous works of the late J. S. Mill, to show that in his opinion "every other objection to Christianity sinks into insignificance compared with" the doctrine of endless sufferings in hell. In both passages the whole stress is laid on the predestination of "the great majority of mankind" to those torments, two of the "accretions" which had been inculcated on the elder Mill by his Presbyterian instructors. With similar recklessness Dr. Farrar says, "Dr. Pusey and Mr. Oxenham seem to fancy that the opinion" that the majority will be lost "is in some way connected with Calvinism," and then goes on to insist that "it is centuries older than Calvinism." Of course it is; and neither of the writers mentioned had said anything else. Dr. Pusey merely observes that "it is further aggravated by engraving into it the heresy of Calvin," and Mr. Oxenham that "it has been widely held, both among Catholics and Protestants, though, for reasons," which he proceeds to explain, "chiefly among the latter." These are but a few specimens, culled almost at random, of inaccurate use of authorities, nor would it be difficult to show, from the context or from collations of other kindred passages, that several of Dr. Farrar's patristic citations, borrowed probably at secondhand from Mr. Jukes's *Restitution* or some work of the kind, cannot possibly bear the sense here assigned to them. It is characteristic again of Dr. Farrar's method of argument that, while he dismisses any scriptural phrases found in Fathers or Schoolmen with the remark that "it is not proven" they meant any more than he supposes Scripture to mean, and are therefore "metaphorical" and "indecisive," yet when they interpret the language of Scripture by terms of their own, he equally dismisses their statements, as "unsanctioned by Scripture." In other words, if they adhere to the exact words of Scripture, their statements prove nothing; if they use terms of their own, they have no right to use them, and therefore prove too much. Thus again, when Justin Martyr uses an expression which, by divorcing it from the context, may be twisted into favouring Annihilationism, it is eagerly seized upon; but when he positively insists on future punishment being "endless" (*aidios*), as contrasted with temporary punishment, Dr. Farrar "cannot see that he necessarily meant endless in all its strictness." With similar inconsistency Theodore of Mopsuestia and Diodorus of Tarsus, both of whom were condemned as heretics at the Fifth General Council, are counted "among the best and greatest and most authoritative of the Fathers" when they favour Universalism; but when Tertullian and Minucius Felix and the forgers of the Clementines speak strongly on the other side, we are at once reminded that the first "lapsed into heresy," while the two others "are both heretics and slanderers," and cannot therefore be allowed to have any authority at all. That is very like saying that a heretic with Universalist leanings is thereby purged of his heresy, whilst the faintest suspicion of an heretical taint suffices to put an advocate of the opposite doctrine out of court. Josephus, who asserts emphatically the Jewish belief in eternal punishment, is, with the same ingenious perversity, put aside as "an untrustworthy witness" because he is in the

habit of falsifying Jewish opinions, in order to please his Pagan masters, which only adds further weight to his testimony on a doctrine peculiarly distasteful to the Romans.

It is only fair to acknowledge that, in spite of the defects already noticed, the general tone of this book is more temperate and judicial than that of *Eternal Hope*, and that Dr. Pusey, as a rule, is treated with scrupulous courtesy. Still the author sometimes allows himself, especially towards the close of the volume, when his pen seems to run away with him, in some strange outbreaks of temper. Thus in one place a Scriptural argument, which derives from St. Augustine to Dr. Pusey have usually—and very reasonably—held to be a weighty one, is flung aside as “a stock sophism,” and “a plea ignobly selfish.” Another Scriptural interpretation is contemptuously dismissed with the remark that “the Bible does not lend itself quite so easily to the manipulations of the *odium theologicum*,” as though the *odium antitheologicum* was not in the present day at least equally common. A favourite argument of St. Augustine’s—questionable perhaps but very generally urged—“it is difficult to treat without scorn,” and he is himself “the great repository of arguments on this subject alike doctrinally, morally, and exegetically false.” Nor is Dr. Farrar much more tolerant of the supposed lapses of contemporary authors. One of those already named is charged with making “an assertion which can only be due to the blindest prejudice,” and “is at any rate most astonishingly false”; to us it appears a truism. The views of a second—one of the leading Nonconformist divines and preachers of the day, and a singularly temperate writer—are threatened with “the speedy extinction which awaits wilful error” (the italics are not ours), and here again the incriminated statement appears to us obviously correct. But we have no desire to dwell on blemishes of this kind, which the author himself will probably regret. Into the doctrinal merits of the controversy this is hardly the place to enter. But we must observe that, as regards the appeal both to Jewish and early Christian eschatological belief and the dispute about the case of Origen, which occupy a large portion of Dr. Farrar’s as of Dr. Pusey’s book, the latter writer appears to us to have, in spite of some incidental mistakes, very much the best of the argument. Nor is there anything in the three chapters devoted to Scriptural exegesis, which are perhaps the weakest in the volume, to shake the force of a remark of Dean Goulburn’s, in the preface to his recent volume of *Lectures on Everlasting Punishment*, “that the real objections to the doctrine lie deeper than any Scriptural texts, and that, were only Scripture itself in question, no doctrine but the old-fashioned orthodox one would have ever found acceptance.” It is difficult to resist the impression that Dr. Farrar has again and again, however unconsciously, read his own meaning into Scripture rather than found it there. That this is notably the case as regards his very perfunctory treatment of the critical word *αἰώνος* might be inferred from the fact that so distinguished a Greek scholar as the late Rev. James Riddell of Balliol has shown, in a note extracted by Dr. Pusey, that even in classical authors “*αἰών* had very early the sense of unlimited duration, and further that, in proportion as, in the hands of philosophers, this conception was more and more consciously dwelt upon, *αἰών* had this sense more and more precisely fixed upon it.” His inadequate appreciation of the force and extent of the Scriptural argument is sufficiently evidenced by the author’s assertion that the texts urged in support of the received doctrine “are few in number,” and by his way of confining his argument to these few texts, ignoring many others, and also ignoring what has been urged on the other side from the cumulative force of Scripture teaching as a whole. He seems also to have very imperfectly apprehended the ethical bearing of the argument. Such considerations must not of course be pressed beyond their due limits, but still great weight must attach to such a judgment as that pronounced by the late Professor Mozley, who was one of the last men to be dominated by imagination or passion or prejudice or mere routine orthodoxy, and who was not at all unconscious of the difficulties of the subject. Yet he has left on record his deliberate conviction that “the release from the notion of eternal punishment would be felt by the great mass as a release from the sense of moral obligation, and relying on the certainty that all would be sure to be right at last, men would run the risk of intermediate punishment, whatever it might be, and plunge into self-indulgence without hesitation.” He adds still more strongly that “a general relaxation of moral ties, a proclamation of liberty and security, the audacity of sins which had before been abashed, carelessness where there had been hesitation, obstinacy where there had been faltering, and defiance where there had been fear, would show a world in which the sanctions of morality and religion had been loosened, and in which vice had lost a controlling power, and got rid of an antagonist and a memento.” Such considerations should, at least, have their weight with a writer whose real antipathy to the received doctrine is based far more on its alleged “danger,” as revolting and abhorrent to the moral sense, than on Scriptural or traditional difficulties, though he, of course, does his best to enlist the sanction of Scripture and Tradition on his side, and is fully persuaded of his success. Dr. Farrar is always a picturesque and interesting writer, and his manifest sincerity cannot fail to conciliate sympathy, but he appears to us to do himself least justice when he essays theological discussion, for which neither his antecedents nor intellectual bent give him any peculiar aptitude.

#### NOS AUTEURS DRAMATIQUES.\*

M. ZOLA has long been very ill satisfied with the present condition of French dramatic literature, and he has also for long been giving emphatic utterance to his dissatisfaction in the columns of the *Voltaire* and the *Bien Public* in the form of critical articles. If the amount of anger caused by criticism is any test of its value, M. Zola is entitled to be gratified by the testimony borne to his own; for, though we may hesitate about accepting his estimate of the effect he has produced, there can be no doubt that he has succeeded in making a great many gentlemen very angry. According to M. Zola himself, the main, if not the only, occupation of the literary world of Paris has for some time been the answering of these articles and the calumniating of their author. He has held the honourable, though painful, position of the prophet of *naturalisme*, rejected with violence by a vain people. The facts are probably somewhat short of this; but, none the less, many of his contemporaries have agreeably flattered his not inconsiderable sense of his own importance by showing themselves severely hurt by his strictures. The effect produced by his articles may be attributed to other causes than the force of his criticism. A writer who disposes of M. Victor Hugo by bawling at him “Bourgeois! bourgeois! bourgeois” may be trusted to cause a smart shock to most Frenchmen of delicate nerves, which will not be soothed by the condescending praise of other passages, or by such a summing up as this:—

La représentation de Notre Dame de Paris m’a, en somme, confirmé dans mon opinion que le théâtre de Bouchardy vaut le théâtre de Victor Hugo. Il n’y a qu’une différence de style. Quand le poète écrit lui-même Ruy Blas, il rime un chef-d’œuvre de poésie lyrique. Quand il laisse coudre de sa prose dans Notre Dame de Paris, il obtient un mélodrame des plus médiocres.

Loud critical pretensions on the part of a writer who classes together, for the purpose of judging a dramatist, an original play, and an adaptation to the stage by somebody else of one of the dramatist’s romances, must have been found, we can well believe, singularly irritating. Of the rest of M. Zola’s critiques of Victor Hugo—as we do not propose to refer to them again—we need only say that it includes a charge of literary dishonesty. How the writer deals with lesser men may be judged from his treatment of the acknowledged chief of French literature. He recognizes a certain merit in MM. de Goncourt, and even great merit in the fine naturalism of Erckmann-Chatrian’s copious eating and drinking which make the dramatic action of *L’Ami Fritz*; to M. Théodore de Banville he condescends as a very big dog might to a very small and amusing puppy; but, as a rule, his tone towards contemporary dramatists is accurately described in the following words from his own preface:—“Une légende veut que je me sois montré à leur égard d’une brutalité de sauvage, rongé de jalousie, sans la moindre idée critique qu’une envie basse de tout détruire.” What M. Zola’s motives may be we shall not presume to decide; and indeed we believe him sufficiently well satisfied with himself to deserve acquittal from the charge of jealousy; but how far he deserves the charge of underbred insolence in his tone towards his contemporaries our readers can judge from the following quotation, taken from the chapter devoted to M. Victorien Sardou:—

Il n’y a actuellement que deux situations possibles pour un auteur dramatique: tout sacrifier au succès, dégringoler jusqu’en bas la pente du médiocre et se consoler en ramassant des bravos et des pièces de cent sous; ou bien vouloir tenter la littérature sur les planches, tâcher de mettre debout des personnages en chair et en os et risquer alors les plus abominables chutes qu’on puisse rêver. M. Sardou, par tempérament sans doute, a choisi le chemin bordé de fleurs. C’est tant pis pour lui. A mesure qu’il avance le public lui demande des farces plus grosses. “Allons, plus bas! plus bas! agenouille-toi davantage! plus bas encore! dans le ruisseau! C’est notre bon plaisir; nous aimons les gens que nous salissons.” Et il ne peut se relever dans l’orgueil de son génie libre et indompté, car c’est lui-même qui s’est mis à genoux le premier pour montrer ses plus jolis tours.

M. Zola is quite as merciless towards the critics. They are, he is never tired of saying, a race of imbecile persons oppressed by conventionality. They “pataugent” (our author is very much in love with the verb *patauger*) “là devant avec des cris de volailles effarouchées.” They would dearly like to say that Molière could not write a play and that Racine is dull, if they only dared. In their dealings with the modern stage their one object is to crush everything that has the slightest originality—an accusation which, he seems to think, has never been brought against critics before. The whole is seasoned with loud-mouthed expressions of contempt and personalities of the kind likely to commend themselves to a writer who believes that the workman of the outer boulevards challenging another to the fray is a “true hero of Homer.” This sudden intrusion of the *savate* into the rapier practice of French literary warfare must have been disconcerting, and sufficiently accounts for what success M. Zola has had in causing pain and annoyance.

We have dwelt at length on M. Zola’s tone towards his contemporaries, because we believe that his critical method owes all the originality it possesses to this “brutalité de sauvage.” Putting that aside, there is nothing in his book with which we are not already perfectly familiar. That the characters of a play had better be original, and must be true to their surroundings and consistent with themselves; that the plot should be coherent and the

\* Nos Auteurs dramatiques. Emile Zola. Paris: G. Charpentier. 1881.

climax produced by the most simple and natural means possible, are the truisms on which M. Zola clamorously insists, as if they had not been the commonplaces of criticism from the beginning of time. Their virtue is in the application. Now M. Zola's way of applying them is to make one or other the one thing necessary, according as he wishes to praise or blame. *Les maitres* are lavishly praised, with the generosity it is so easy to show to men who are no longer rivals. The moderns are rebuked for not doing what it was right in the men of Lewis XIV.'s time to neglect. Blots which have been perfectly obvious to everybody are pointed out with a great parade of original acumen and a plentiful seasoning of terms of contempt. And withal M. Zola cuts the ground from beneath his feet by denying that there are any general laws governing dramatic literature. They vary completely, according to him, with every generation. It was a mistake to reprint these articles. Literary mud-throwing is an effective way of attracting notice, but it depends on its suddenness for most of its effect. In an isolated article a good loud personality covers many critical sins; but in a collection want of coherence in the ideas is apt to become painfully obvious. Of course, M. Zola, who, as we know, on his own authority, is a scientific writer, has judged his contemporaries "en homme de méthode," as we learn from the same competent witness. Only unfortunately, when we have come to the end of his survey, we find the method still to seek. He supplies us with a literary confession of faith which resolves itself into his favourite formula, that we must look at man as he is; but, when he himself sets to work to show how this is to be done in the theatre, this test of the truth of all literature seems to be very uncertain in its working. He finds the *Misanthropes* and *Les Horaces* very admirable in their analysis of character, and still more for their contempt of stage effect. The second half of his praise does not seem very consistent with his admiration of Molière's skill in constructing and developing a play. He makes no attempt to reconcile the first with his theory that *naturalisme*—the vulgar copying of life, and any sort of life—is the one end of literature. On the contrary, he fiercely defends Corneille against an imaginary critic for not making *Les Horaces* like any world except the poetic one of tragedy. To be sure, when M. Zola is not using the works of *les maitres* as missile weapons against M. Sardou, his opinion undergoes a convenient change. He finds the characters of Shakespeare and of M. Victor Hugo, whom he apparently classes together as dramatists, not enough like life. He is arguing here, with exceptional courtesy, against M. Théodore de Banville in favour of his great principle, the necessity of scientific accuracy in the literary representation of the world. The utter want of any sign of this in their personages annoys him, and he is of opinion that they lose by it. Compare them—at least compare "les matamores d'Hugo" with "César Birotteau, ce gigantesque lutteur," and see how mean they look in comparison, says M. Zola. It is, of course, necessary to M. Zola's literary theories that Balzac should be accepted as having drawn life with a vulgar accuracy, and how enormous a supposition that is we need not say; but we might at least expect him to have some understanding of the characters of the writer whom he clamorously proclaims as his master. The epithet of gigantic as applied to poor César Birotteau, who mistook the wild dance of impracticable schemes in his brain for "la substantielle action du talent," may cause some doubt as to the value of M. Zola's praise, endless and noisy as it is, of *La Comédie humaine*. As we are on the subject of M. Zola's adoration of Balzac, we cannot avoid making the pedantic criticism that, however he may be inspired by the master's spirit, he does not appear to have much knowledge of the details of his work. Having occasion to rebuke M. Octave Feuillet for his certainly excessive fondness for introducing duels, he ventures the statement that there is but one in the masterpieces of Balzac. Of course M. Zola may have an esoteric interpretation of the word masterpiece; but it would certainly appear from this that he has never read either *Le Père Goriot*, *Un grand Homme de Province à Paris*, nor *La Peau de Chagrin*. He observed that M. Zola has already put Molière and Shakespeare side by side; and as he classes Victor Hugo with Shakespeare and Bouchardy with M. Victor Hugo, we get, on the principle that things equal to the same thing are equal to one another, a very curious classification. Corneille, Molière, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, and Bouchardy, that is how M. Zola's critical faculty ranks the masters of dramatic literature.

What is the naturalism that M. Zola seeks and does not find on the theatre? His pompous phrases about scientific accuracy and "le document humain" throw no light on the question, being, like the schemes of César Birotteau, a mere movement *in vacuo*. The nearest approach to a clear definition is, we believe, to be found in his criticism of M. Emile Augier. He gives a qualified admiration to *Les Femmes d'Alger*, but reproaches the author for his want of courage in not pushing it to the extreme development of which it was capable. Why mask the figure of Séraphine behind Térèse? Why, having had the opportunity to be so utterly foul, keep within even wide bounds of decency? Our stage, says M. Zola, *meurt d'honnêteté*, is dying of mere decency. We will not give human beastliness its fair share—that is, much the larger part—of our literature. This criticism, repeated on many other pieces, contains the real creed of the naturalist school. Life for them means the diseases and the corruptions by which life is ultimately destroyed.

## CANONICITY.\*

IT would be interesting to learn what reasons moved Dr. Charteris to select the word "Canonicity" as the title for an expanded and amended edition of Kirchhofer's *Quellensammlung*. The word is scarcely Protestant, it is certainly not Presbyterian. All orthodox Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Plymouth Brethren agree in their uninquiring adoption of the traditional and ecclesiastical "canon" of Holy Scriptures as final and authoritative; but we cannot help thinking that the words "canon," "canonicity," and "canonical" must grate upon their ears and come hesitatingly from their pens. The Swiss Professor, to whom Dr. Charteris and many others are so largely indebted, simply called his book "A Collection of Sources for the History of the Canon." He was too exact a thinker not to perceive that a *Canon*, in its historical meaning, and a *Sammlung*, as he employed that word, are in no sense equivalent expressions. The founders and early legislators of Presbyterianism carefully abstained from taking upon themselves the dangerous responsibility of using the phrase "canonical" in their dogmatic definitions concerning the authority of Holy Scripture. Dr. Charteris has included amongst his other additions to Kirchhofer a collection of extracts from authoritative documents of the last three centuries—Orthodox Eastern, Tridentine, Old Catholic, Lutheran, and Reformed. He locates the Church of England—after the absurd fashion universally current amongst German theologians until recent years—amongst the subdivisions of an ecclesiastical solidarity called "the Reformed Church." Such an ecclesiastical solidarity never existed outside the brains of Presbyterian theorists, though the Scottish and English Presbyterians, during the session of the Westminster Assembly, strove hard to compel the English Parliament to make this theory the basis of its ecclesiastical legislation. The non-Roman part of Western Christendom, according to this theory, is divided into two Churches—the Lutheran and the Reformed or Calvinistic; and the ancient national Church of England is nothing more than one of the subdivisions of the *Reformirte Kirche*. The theory is always confirmed and illustrated in German text-books by a comparative presentation of the *Confessio Helvetica* I. and II., *Confessio Gallicana* (Huguenot), *Confessio Bohemica*, the Scottish Confessions of Knox and of the Westminster Divines, and many others, with the *Confessio Anglicana*, meaning by the latter the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. It is evident from Pardovan's collections (Book I. Tit. xviii.) that the Scottish Presbyterians, both in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, had an ambitious dream of Scotticizing the whole of Western Christendom, or at least of non-Roman Christendom, by persuading "the Protestant Princes and Commonwealths" to convoke "an Universal Assembly of the Church of Christ in the world, which was commonly called an Ecumenic Council." All "National and General Assemblies and Convocations" were to be represented at it. Every independent sovereignty in Europe, though it included less than fifty parishes, was to send "at least a representative of the Church therein by one pastor and ruling elder." It was assumed that the Presbyterianism of Scotland was the *jure divino* ideal toward which all other Reformed Churches were feeling their way, and "there being an universal harmony in all the Confessions of the Reformed Churches, the work of a General Council as to matters of faith would in all probability be sweet and easy." It was probably intended that when Pan-Presbyterianism of the Scottish type had spoken once and for all ecumenically, "the magistracy" should be urged to place its sword at the service of "the ministry." The Scottish Presbyterians, as Robert Kaillie's letters show, put great faith in the sword. They relied on the Princes and Commonwealths to make short work with Papists, Lutherans, Anglicans, Independents, Anabaptists, Quakers, and all other gainsayers contrary to "the best Reformed Churches." The word "canonical" was used by the Swiss (of semi-Lutheran Basel) in 1537, by the Scots in 1560, by the Swiss (of Zwinglian Zürich) in 1566, and by the French (at La Rochelle) in 1571. We read in "Reformed" formularies of "Scriptura canonica," of "ces livres canoniques," and of "those books which are the ancient and have been reputed canonical." But when we turn from these "Reformed" confessions to the Thirty-nine Articles, we find a most notable difference of language. The Anglican Article VI. grounds the acknowledgment of the "canonicity" of the books named in it upon the tradition, the consciousness, and the living witness of the historical Catholic Church. "In the name of the Holy Scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church." It is worthy of observation that the careful and systematic Winer, in his *Comparative Darstellung*, though he cites portions of Articles VI., XIX., and XXI. in order to prove his foregone conclusion that the Anglican branch of the *Reformirte Kirche* agrees in its doctrine on Holy Scripture with all the other branches of that imaginary entity, actually omits these important words. The citation would have spoilt his theory. The sentence in the Latin—"eos canonicos libros V. et N. Testamenti, de quorum autoritate in Ecclesia nunquam dubitatum est"—occurs word for word in the *Confessio Württembergica*; and it happens that this confession was drawn up by the Lutheran

\* Canonicity: a Collection of early Testimonies to the Canonical Books of the New Testament, based on Kirchhofer's "Quellensammlung". By A. H. Charteris, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.



Brenz and the Swabian theologians, and received the specific approbation of the Lutheran theologians in Saxony, including Melancthon. This fact smashes to pieces the hypothesis that the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession may be bracketed together as documents of an imaginary universal Calvinistic "Reformed," or anti-Lutheran, Church. The old Scottish "Confession of our Faith, ratified and approved by the Estates in this present Parliament" (1560), uses a very different language. In that document "the inhabitants of the Realme of Scotland, professors of Christ Jesus," after declaring the authority of the Scriptures "to be of God, and nether to depend on men nor angels," go on to say, "We affirme, therefore, that sike as allege the Scripture to have na other authoritie but that quhilk it hes received from the Kirk to be blasphemous against God, and injurious to the trew Kirk." We need scarcely say that neither Papists, Lutherans, nor Anglicans in any formulary have made any such allegation as the "trow Kirk" inferentially charges upon them. The later "Pan-Presbyterian" document, the Scottish-English Confession of the Westminster Assembly of Divines—composed when Puritanism, by the power of the sword and secular law, seemed about to realize a part of its ambitious dreams—begs the question of canonicity, while it scrupulously avoids the use of any such uncanny word. The Westminster Confession had in England a secular side. It was professedly a revision of the English Thirty-nine Articles, which the Parliament had handed over to "the divines" for correction and improvement. "The authority of Holy Scripture," said these authentic fathers and doctors of the Presbyterian Churches, "for which it ought to be believed and obeyed, dependeth not upon the testimony of any man or Church, but wholly upon God (Who is truth itself), the author thereof; and therefore it is to be received, because it is the Word of God. We may be moved and induced by the testimony of the Church to an high and reverend esteem of the Holy Scripture." We can imagine Selden or Lightfoot, or some other of the few critics and scholars in that solemn assembly, quietly observing, *sotto voce*, "So we are to believe that it is the Word of God because the Scottish Commissioners tell us that it is; for the Ecclesia of the Anglican Article VI. we are to substitute Knox, Baillie, Calamy, Nye, Marshall, and our contemporary Scottish and English Presbyterians." Of its authority "there was never any doubt in the (Presbyterian) Church," and the ground of their freedom from doubt—their "Canon," in fact—is stated in the words, "It doth abundantly evidence itself to be the Word of God."

How did these particular books, excluding others in some points similar to them, and sometimes treated as parts of the same whole, first acquire the title and the quality of "canonical"? What is meant by the "Canon," as applied to the recognized books of the Old and New Testaments? What authority presided, what principle of selection guided, during the building up of the Bible as we now have it, and as the Presbyterians accept it? Why were these particular books accepted, and why were other books rejected, in the process of constructing that whole which Dr. Charteris names "Canonicity"? These questions have been answered by Credner, Bleek, Oehler, Woldemar, Schmidt, Schenkel, Dr. Westcott, and many others in widely varying ways. But Dr. Charteris has not attempted any answer whatever; though, after the completion of his work, he seems to have been struck by the oddity that he should have compiled a book of 500 pages and called it *Canonicity*, without anywhere telling us what "canonicity" means. We presume that a remark in his preface is due to his late perception of this extraordinary omission. "It was originally intended," he says, "to have a chapter on the avowed grounds of the reception of the Canon in Christendom, especially since the Reformation." The authenticity of Scripture must be determined either by an objective or a subjective standard, or canon. A man may believe the Epistle to the Romans, or any other book of Holy Scripture, to be a part of the authentic Word of God, because the Church, or the entire Christian society, has always and everywhere believed it to be so, which is the "canon" implied in the Sixth Article. Or a man may believe a book to be part of God's Word because it evidences itself as such to him—because, as Coleridge puts it, it has a power of "finding us," or, as Luther put it at various times, because it "preaches Christ," or is "worthy of apostolical dignity." The testimony of the Church and the testimony of individual consciousness may of course concur; but it is impossible to derive any fixed and universal conception of canonicity from the latter alone. The "canon" for all Christendom cannot be set up by any one individual Christian. Dr. Charteris, however, is singularly loose in his employment of the phrase. He uses it when "authenticity," or "divine inspiration," or some other term, would be far more descriptive of his meaning. Thus, speaking of the Epistle to the Hebrews (p. 272), he observes, "The chief interest in this epistle attaches to the history of opinions on its canonicity." He here uses the word "canonicity" as a mere synonym for authorship or for apostolicity, or for authority on a level with that of the Epistle to the Romans. He fails to see that there can never again be any doubt as to the "canonicity" of this Epistle. It was at one time canonical in some churches while not yet canonical in others; but now every Church in Christendom has long accepted it as "canonical." It has been put into the "canon," and there it stands, and, as we suppose, ever will stand. No question, therefore, can be raised as to its "canonicity"; all that can now be asked is whether it obtained that canonicity on sufficient or (as Professor Overbeck of Basel has just asserted) on insufficient grounds. A modern Presbyterian would do wisely

to follow the prudent example of John Knox and the divines of the Westminster Assembly by not committing himself to the use of these dangerous words, unless he can show that "canon" means nothing more than a catalogue of selected books. But even this conclusion would have appalled Knox and the Presbyterian reformers, who, as Professor Given of Magee College tells us in his new book on the Canon, "set Canonical Scripture above the Church." Another eminent Presbyterian, Dr. Cunningham, determined that "canonicity" means "apostolic authorship." Dr. Given, perceiving that this theory does not "meet all the requirements of the (Presbyterian) case," substitutes for it "inspired authorship," and declares this to be "the main constituent in canonicity." Thus they go round and round in a censeless circle. For who decided which authors were and were not inspired? Who settled what books should be included in the select catalogue?

The materials which Dr. Charteris has brought together make up a very useful and much wanted work. Kirchhofer's book, published nearly forty years ago, is now very scarce. On comparing the two works together, we find that Dr. Charteris has omitted the parallel columns of Latin translation which Kirchhofer so diligently placed side by side with his Greek excerpts. Kirchhofer's quotations have been most carefully verified and corrected by the use of later and better texts. But, after conceding to the reviser all that is due to him—and much is due—we cannot regard Dr. Charteris as a substitute for Kirchhofer. The Scotchman has omitted much that is valuable in the Switzer's work. Dr. Charteris tells us in his preface that Kirchhofer was greatly indebted to Lardner; but he omits to tell us (what Kirchhofer relates in his own modest "Vorwort"), with what diligent labour the Swiss Professor verified every sentence which he quoted. Whenever he cited a passage from any Father, he read through the whole treatise or writing in which it occurred, and he made a point of writing out the excerpts from the original, even when he found them in Lardner or Orrelli. In many cases we find that the notes of Dr. Charteris are mere translations, abbreviations, or paraphrases of Kirchhofer's notes. A reader who has not the German book at hand may easily attribute to Dr. Charteris a great deal which is not properly his own. This assertion may readily be proved by a comparison of Charteris and Kirchhofer on some particular section. Thus, in the section on the Epistle to the Hebrews, Tertullian and Cuius are cited, and each citation is followed by a critical remark, which the reader will naturally attribute to Dr. Charteris, although it is freely borrowed from Kirchhofer, while no other reparation is made to him beyond the faint confession in the title-page and the preface. In the citation of Hippolytus, in the same section, Dr. Charteris was of course able to avail himself of help which was not open to Kirchhofer. In the citation of Dionysius of Alexandria, Dr. Charteris is very thin and generalizing, while Kirchhofer is full and elucidatory. Sometimes Dr. Charteris has curiously failed to avail himself of the good matter with which Kirchhofer has provided him. Thus, in the section on the Catholic Epistles, the author of *Canonicity* makes the jejune remark that "the origin and meaning of the term *Catholic* are obscure," although he had Kirchhofer's clear elucidation before his eyes. He must have seen it, for in the remainder of the same note he adopts Kirchhofer's citation of Clement of Rome and of Photius on Clement of Alexandria. The contrast betwixt the two is perhaps nowhere more striking, to the advantage of the Switzer, than in the poor notes of Dr. Charteris and the full, pithy, and suggestive notes of Kirchhofer upon the Shepherd of Hermas, in the section upon the Apocalypse, and in their notes upon the citations from Irenæus in the same section.

#### COLONEL PLAYFAIR'S MEDITERRANEAN.\*

THERE is something very pleasant during the inclemencies of an English summer in reading of the sunny regions which surround the great inland sea. Colonel Playfair's Handbook comes to us like the "beaker full of the warm South" for which poor perishing Keats longed. Just as the poverty-stricken bibliomaniac delights to read the catalogues of sales he cannot afford to attend, so when east winds blow and the showers fall, and the August fire blazes on the hearth, there is a sad sort of comfort in calculating the expenses of "a 150-ton schooner yacht," learning that it is well and sufficiently manned with a captain, mate, six seamen, cook, and cook-boy, and that a cruise of eight months may be managed for some 1,600*l.*; or of going through the list of the isles of Greece, and joining an imaginary shooting party on the Albanian hills; or of laying out seven days' excursions in the bay of Naples. The fascinations of a guide-book to stay-at-home travellers are, of course, all the greater when the book relates to out-of-the-way places, and when the information is pleasantly conveyed. Colonel Playfair seems equally at home in Constantinople and Tunis, in Ephesus and Oreete, in Jaffa and Dalmatia. He tells us impartially about the great places and the small ones; about those engaging little islands which surround Libya; about the interior of Cyprus, about Oran and Scio. That one man should in the compass of an ordinary lifetime have visited all the places described seems impossible; but if Colonel Playfair writes in part from hearsay, it does not in the least diminish the value of his work. The north coast of Africa is of course most familiar to a consul at Algiers; but the account of it is not disproportionately

\* *Handbook to the Mediterranean.* By Lieutenant-Colonel R. Playfair. London: John Murray. 1881.

long. The chapter on Malta is the first satisfactory description of that most interesting island which we have met with in any guide-book. The Suez Canal is not in the Mediterranean, but the history of the undertaking is not out of place *à propos* to Port Said. Grenada is now so easily visited from Malaga that the book would have been incomplete without some notice of it, though it lies a long way from the coast. The guide, in short, is chiefly intended for people who go down to the sea in yachts, and so far as can be seen without actual yachting experience of it, is admirably adapted to fulfil its purpose. It is fully furnished with maps and plans, and has charts of ports showing the depth of water, as well as a chapter devoted to an account of the safe anchorages in the Mediterranean.

The reader naturally turns at the present conjuncture to the account of Tunis. In it we do not find any mention of the redoubtable Kroumirs; but there is a paragraph relating to the Khomair tribe, "the most warlike and the most inimical to strangers of any on the N. coast of Africa." Colonel Playfair is much less likely to make a mistake as to an Arabic name than are the French authorities, and no reasonable man can doubt the existence of the Khomairs, though few reasonable men believe in the existence of the Kroumirs. Of Biserta and its famous harbour we have a full account. It is situated only thirty-six miles from Tunis by land. The name seems to be a corruption of Iippo Zarytus, or Iippo Diarrhytus. It is not to be confounded with the other city of the same name, Iippo the Royal, now generally remembered as the bishopric of St. Augustine. The situation of the town is very picturesque, as it is built on each side of a canal which leads from the lake to the sea, with a European quarter adjoining on an island. The harbour or lake now called Tinja, formerly Hipponitus Sinus—Colonel Playfair says "Hipponitus Pallus" (*sic*)—might, in the hands of a European Power, "become one of the finest harbours and one of the most important strategical positions in the Mediterranean." The French are about to prove the truth of this opinion. The pursuit of an ardent "love of glory," so they have lately assured the world, has led them, of course without any of those vulgar commercial objects which England pursues, to annex this "finest harbour in the Mediterranean." Its length from east to west is about eight miles. Its breadth is about five. A small portion of the strait or canal which connects it with the sea is shallow; but a few days' labour only will be required to deepen it, and the greater part of the passage is as deep as the lake within—namely, from thirty to forty feet. "A comparatively small expenditure would be required to convert the lake into a perfectly land-locked harbour, containing fifty square miles of anchorage for the largest vessels afloat." It will be strange, indeed, if the "love of glory" does not induce the French to incur this expenditure, and thus, so to speak, mask Gibraltar, Ceuta, and Malta. Colonel Playfair hardly does justice to the beautiful scenery of this coast, as viewed from the sea. Travellers proceeding to the East by any of the ordinary routes enjoy the exquisite colouring of the mountains and headlands when the vessel passes near the shore more than any other part of the voyage up the Mediterranean. The numberless little islands, long forgotten, which dot the deep blue sea, all of which have their English nautical names, their modern Arabic names, and their ancient names, are situated in such deep water and among such favourable currents that some navigators prefer even to run a little out of the course in order to pass among them. Colonel Playfair hardly mentions the romantic island of Galita, now uninhabited, and omits Galitona altogether. He names the Fratelli, the "Dog Rocks" of the English sailor, and says that one of them exactly resembles a high-backed chair; but he might have noticed the interesting, if comparatively trivial, point that the other has a hole completely through it. Then there are Zembra and Zembretta, and Kameta, pierced with a natural arched canal, and a round dozen more, some of which are crowned with pirates' castles on lofty cliffs, and others are low and green, covered with soft grass, on which for centuries, perhaps, no civilized foot has trod. They are now, perhaps, to be trodden by the civilized foot of the French Zouave. More charming headquarters for a yachtsman it is impossible to conceive than might be made of, say, Galita. A hut to contain stores, and occasionally to afford shelter in bad weather, would enable an adventurous sailor to make a series of delightful excursions among the other islands and on the mainland. The ancient remains all along the coast and on along the coast of Tripoli are of surpassing interest to the historian and antiquary, and are, moreover, as picturesque as any an artist can find in the whole Mediterranean. Perhaps the French may be able to make Tunis as comfortable for English winter visitants as they have made Algiers, but we must hope they will be able to do it without imitating the Turks in their oppression of the natives. Full particulars of the excursions to be made in the country round Tunis are to be found in the Handbook.

A considerable part of Colonel Playfair's first division relates to the Greek islands. It is curious to compare his notes on the state of the people and their surroundings with those of older writers. Thus Tournesfort, who went through almost all the Archipelago, describes the Turks and their Government much as Colonel Playfair does, though there is an interval of one hundred and eighty years between the two travellers. There is the same peculation, the same dishonesty, the same carelessness of the future. In M. Tournesfort's day there was more cruelty. Impalements and the "gauche" are not commonly used now, except in places remote from Western influences. But the massacre of Scio took place not so very long ago; and the miserable state of Crete is at the

present day as nearly as possible what it was at the beginning of the last century. But the Greek islands seem little superior to the Turkish, except in a certain possibility of improvement, a promise unfulfilled, which is absent from everything Turkish. M. Tournesfort says of Argentières, or Kimolos, that "the women have no other employment but making love and cotton stockings." Colonel Playfair says of the neighbouring island of Thera, or Santorin, that "knitting stockings is one of the principal industries of the island." No doubt love-making flourishes there as well, though the modern author discreetly mentions the stockings only. Another quaint passage in Tournesfort relates to the volcanic rise of new islands, and this Santorin is still, as it was in his day, particularly celebrated for its "ups and downs" in the world. "What a fearful sight," he exclaims, "to see the teeming earth bring forth such unwieldy burdens! What a prodigious force must there needs be to move 'em, displace 'em, and lift 'em above the water." Of the port he says it is no wonder that it has no bottom, and adds, "I can't imagine whence it got the seeds of plants it was adorned with." Colonel Playfair's account is not so lively, but as a matter of fact it is curious to find him confirming Tournesfort's assertion that the harbour has no bottom. "The half-moon harbour . . . is the crater of an extinct volcano, and is in parts unfathomable." Shortly after Tournesfort's visit, namely, in 1707, a new island, Kaumene, rose to the surface; and from 1866 to 1870 a similar power was at work, adding to and altering the shape of the various islands and rocks which surround the harbour. The islanders must carry on their double occupation under difficulties. Even love-making can hardly thrive where "water and firewood are very scarce"; the unfortunate inhabitants, whom Colonel Playfair describes as an honest and industrious community, are obliged to obtain these commodities from Ios or Amorgos, yet they are passionately attached to their "lone volcanic isle." The neighbouring island of Naxos has an interest to the historian altogether apart from its connexion with the desertion of Ariadne—whom, by the way, Colonel Playfair never names—in the strange mediæval story of the Dukes of Naxos. "About 1204 it and several of the adjacent islands were seized by a Venetian adventurer named Marco Sanudo, who founded a powerful State under the title of the Duchy of Naxos. Favoured by Venice, his dynasty ruled over the greater part of the Cyclades for three hundred and sixty years, and finally succumbed to the Turks in 1566." Tournesfort tells us a little more than this. Marco Sanudo was a noble Venetian, and obtained his title of duke from the Emperor at Constantinople. The islands of the Duchy were partly dismembered among his posterity, Paros going to another family, who retained it till the Turkish invasion. But Naxos had twenty-one dukes before Crispo. Selim II. turned him out, when, as Tournesfort tells us, "he died of grief at Venice." When the Lusignans reigned in Cyprus, and the Veniers in Paros, and the Sanudos in Naxos, there must have been in the mere daily life of the islands materials for romances such as would furnish the world with a new Boccaccio or a new Chaucer. Some of these things are still on record for those who know where to look. Tournesfort says of Naxos and its dukes that "F. Sauger, a Jesuit missionary very much esteem'd in the Levant by the name of F. Robert, has happily cleared up the succession." Yachting under Colonel Playfair's guidance, pleasant as it will be, would have a large addition to its enjoyments if the romance of every islet were thoroughly set forth. But to have packed so much into so small a space, and to have made so few slips worse than a misprint in five hundred pages, chiefly consisting of names, dates, geographical and topographical figures, is enough to reflect credit on any author.

#### FOLK-LORE OF SCOTLAND.\*

THIS, the last contribution to the publications of the Folk-Lore Society, is a collection of all the popular superstitions, many of which are still current among the people of the north-east of Scotland. Mr. Gregor has obtained his knowledge of their "lore" by mixing with the "folk" himself, so that all that he has written down concerning them has been gathered either from his own experience or noted down from the lips of old people who could tell him of such customs of their youth as had been discarded by a younger generation. Fishermen and sailors, warlocks and witches, and all such animated depositories of legendary lore, have been his everyday acquaintances, until, as he himself says:—

The North, with its hills, and vales, and woods, and rocks, and streams, and lochs, and sea—with its fairies, and waterkelpies, and ghosts, and superstitions—with its dialect, and customs, and manners, has become part of myself. Everything is changing, and changing faster than ever. The scream of the railway whistle is scaring away the witch, and the fairy, and the waterkelpie, and the ghost. To give an account of the olden time in the North, as seen by myself and as related to me by the aged, is the task I have set before me.

Life in this same olden time must have been even more burdensome than we find it in these days of ours. Endless were the ceremonies that had to be gone through to ward off ill luck and to propitiate the unseen powers to send good luck to every undertaking that a human being could propose to himself from his cradle to his grave. We do not on examination find among these superstitious beliefs much that is peculiarly distinctive of the

\* Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland. By the Rev. Walter Gregor, M.A. London: Folk-Lore Society. 1881.

district in which Mr. Gregor has collected them. They seem to be most, if not all, of them common to the whole of Scotland, while the dread of supernatural beings and belief in the powers of magic may be found in the tales of all nations. It seems strange that a people so practical as the Scotch should be so pre-eminently superstitious. But certain it is that many customs supposed to bring luck still linger among them, and their efficacy is largely believed in by the common people, although of course the strange rites and ceremonies of Halloween and Hogmanay night, as the last night of the year was called, have now degenerated into mere excuses for jollification, and are observed more in a spirit of sport than with any earnestness of intention. Yet the time is not long past when the powers of darkness were acknowledged as having more power on these two nights of the year than on any other, and were sought out and consulted in a spirit of awe and trembling that bore witness to the reality of the belief in their existence, and in their power to forecast the future fate of those who sought after them. In most cases these incantations were gone through with the object of finding out the future partner for life. And no doubt they frequently brought about their own fulfilment. For in a country neighbourhood where all the lads and lasses were known to each other, it would doubtless be very soon known to both the parties interested that fate had thus linked them together. Most of the rites peculiar to Halloween noted in Mr. Gregor's book are immortalized in Burns's poems. The credulity of those who practised them, with the deceptions to which they fell victims, give a fine subject for the poet's satire.

The chapter on Leechcraft contains some very astounding prescriptions. That they actually and frequently wrought cures affords additional testimony to the great effect that the mind has in healing actual bodily disease, if only the patient have full faith in the entire efficacy of the remedy. This healing power of faith, which doctors are day by day admitting more as a reality, throws light on the popularity of the miracle wells and healing shrines on the Continent, and forbids us to condemn as mere random lying the tales that are told of the astonishing cures effected by them. There are many such pilgrimage wells in Scotland cited by Mr. Gregor, although their healing efficacy was supposed to be an inherent virtue in the water, and not dependent on the favour of a saint. Some of these wells were surrounded by stones shaped like the several parts of the human body, called the "eye-stone," the "head-stone," and so on; and it was a necessary part of the treatment, after washing with water, to rub the part affected against the stone that bore the same form. This is the superstition of the Vei stone in the New Hebrides. Some offering was always left behind by those who tried the curing powers of the waters, even if it were only a rag from the patient's clothes. These tributes were hung up near the well, and every one abstained from disturbing them, as it was believed that whoever did so would get the disease that had been cured in the former patient. Just the same sort of thing was done as early as the time of the Romans. Votive offerings of hands, feet, almost every part of the body, have been excavated in the island sacred to Esculapius in the Tiber. The mode of cure in vogue then, however, was for the patient to go to sleep on the sacred spot, when it was revealed to him in a vision what he must do to ensure recovery. Among the cures for the whooping-cough, which are very numerous and improbable, we do not observe one which was in favour in some parts of Scotland. This was to sew a living caterpillar between two pieces of flannel, and wrap it round the patient's throat, leaving room for the animal to crawl round. By the time the grub died the whooping-cough was cured. Three roasted mice were an infallible cure for the whooping-cough. The same remedy is still much esteemed in Norfolk. There, however, swallowing one mouse is considered enough. The charming of warts is one of those perfectly unreasonable modes of cure that often prove efficacious when medical treatment fails. Dr. Carpenter cites as an instance of this strange truth the case of a girl who was cured of twelve warts by a friend who merely counted them, and then with an air of importance wrote the number down on a paper, assuring her that by Sunday they would all have disappeared. And so it proved. By the day named they were all gone, though the girl's father, himself a surgeon, had before tried to remove them with caustic and other applications in vain. If so very simple a prescription was enough to charm away a dozen of these unpleasant excrescences, we cannot wonder that the more elaborate forms of exorcism here enumerated should prove equally efficacious. In Switzerland the approved mode of charming a wart is to rub it with a snail and then put the snail on a thorn bush. Indeed, charm cures for other diseases are not by any means obsolete. In Yorkshire it is still believed that a set of mole's feet tied in a bag and worn round the neck keeps away cramp. And it is quite accepted as a fact by some persons that to carry a potato in the pocket secures immunity from rheumatism. These cures, like the miracle wells, prove the power that the will, if concentrated in sufficient force, has to cure any local affection of the body. The most remarkable case of this on record is the way in which the Prince of Orange cured the garrison of Breda of the scurvy by sending them a small phial of a decoction of camomile, wormwood, and camphor. It was diluted with a gallon of water to every three drops of the tincture, and served out as medicine to the sufferers, who from that day began to recover. Unfortunately the mind has even more power in inducing disease than in curing it. Hence the belief in witches' power of working ill, which disgraced the world so long, and in which Scotland had a melancholy pre-eminence. There, till quite

recently, every village had at least one old woman who was not "canny," whom it was well to keep on good terms with in case she should wish you some bodily ill. Mr. Gregor cites the case of a manse into which a tombstone had been built by the masons in revenge for the omission of the "fooin pint" at the laying of the foundation. This, it was believed, would make the house unhealthy, and the sad effect really followed. The ministers who lived there were very short-lived.

But, besides those superstitions common to all Scotland, there is one part of the book which can lay claim to a more special interest, as it refers to the beliefs current among the fisher part of the population, which seem to be peculiar to themselves. Fishermen and sailors are proverbially superstitious, and those of the east of Scotland are no exception to this general rule. Great ceremonies were observed at the launching of a new boat, and the greatest care had to be taken to avoid doing anything that might bring ill luck to the boat or the fishing. The boats were liable to be affected by an evil eye or an ill foot, like any land undertaking, but there were evil influences to be dreaded that were local in their application. For instance, it was believed to be unlucky to have a white stone among the ballast, but this was only in some villages. Great care had to be taken to avoid any one who was believed to have an "ill foot," and, if any one got this reputation, he was dreaded and shunned by all his neighbours. There is an amusing story told of two men in one village who both had the unenviable distinction of having an ill foot without being themselves conscious of it. They both set out one morning early to rouse the village for the fishing, and each meeting the other and knowing his ill repute, they both turned back, so that a fine morning's fishing was lost to the village. Indeed, there were so many untoward circumstances that might prevent the success of the fishing that it is quite a marvel how they ever contrived to catch any fish at all. When we read that a fisherman would have returned, under fear of being drowned, if any one asked him where he was going as he went down to his boat, one cannot but wonder how he ever contrived to elude that very natural inquiry. Odder still was the ban put on certain words, as will be seen from the following extracts:—

When at sea the words, "mini-ster," "kirk," "swine," "salmon," "trout," "dog," and certain family names, were never pronounced by the inhabitants of some of the villages, each village having an aversion to one or more of the words. When the word "kirk" had to be used, and there was often occasion to do so, from several of the churches being used as land-marks, the word "bell-hoose," or "bell-oose," was substituted. The minister was called "the man wi' the black quyte." A minister in a boat at sea was looked upon with much misgiving. He might be another Jonah. . . .

It was accounted unlucky to utter the word "sow" or "swine" or "pig," particularly during the time when the line was being baited; it was sure to be lost if any one was unwise enough to speak the banned word. In some of the villages on the coast of Fife, if the word is mentioned in the hearing of a fisherman, he cries out "Cold iron." Even in church the same words are uttered when the clergyman reads the miracle about the Gadarene swinery.

The word "hare" also might not be named at sea. In some cases superstition got the better of the greed of gain which commonly makes the Scotch snatch eagerly at any advantage, however petty; for a boat that had been wrecked, and lives lost in it, was allowed to go to pieces on the shore; not a stick of it would have been used, even for firewood, by any inmate of the village; though, if it were sold to some one from another place, the spell of ill luck was broken, and it might be mended and used without danger. We have not space to follow Mr. Gregor into each division of his subject. He has arranged his materials dictionary-wise under their several headings, so as to facilitate the search for information on any subject that comes within the range of his work. His book is a useful contribution to the works of the Folk-Lore Society, as he has thus saved from oblivion many curious customs and superstitions that have now passed out of use and ere long would have also passed out of mind.

#### AMONG THE HILLS.\*

IT is by no means an easy task to write a review of a work such as that before us, which, although it professes to be a story, and, in fact, presents itself to us in all the outward semblance of a two-volume novel, is really nothing more than a collection of sketches which, were it not for a certain connexion between them, would be best described as independent studies of character. For story, in the generally accepted sense of the word, there is none. A certain number of incidents are recorded which are, however, altogether subordinated to the development of the characters with whom they are connected, and are often left more or less incomplete. We are more than once led on to expect something in the nature of a *dénouement*, or something which shall serve as a key to some combination of circumstances that may develop into a story; but we are speedily undeceived and brought back to the contemplation of one or another of the characters with which the writer has, not without considerable pains, endeavoured to make us acquainted. In order, therefore, to accomplish anything like a review of the book, it becomes necessary to deal with each of these characters as a distinct and separate creation, and to dismiss from our mind any idea of story, plot, or "situation."

We are told in the opening pages that the heroine of the so-

\* *Among the Hills.* By E. Frances Poynter, Author of "My Little Lady," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

called story is one Hester or Hetty Adams, the orphan niece of Mrs. Adams, the dressmaker of the little village of Haysted. She is introduced to us in a somewhat apologetic manner as neither beautiful, intellectual, nor saint-like; and further acquaintance with her has certainly the effect of confirming the accuracy of this description. She is, in fact, afflicted by the physical deformity of a hump-back, and by general bad health; and her mind, as sagaciously observed by Mrs. Adams, is as crooked as her body. There certainly does not appear to be the making of a heroine about Hetty Adams, and had we not been otherwise informed, we should have been inclined to select for that distinction her cousin Jenny Adams, Mrs. Adams's own daughter. It may perhaps be convenient to explain at once that there are four principal characters in this village idyl, represented by Hetty and Jenny Adams on the one hand, and by David Griffiths, the village schoolmaster, and Richard Armstrong, a somewhat idealized watchmaker, on the other, the latter of whom, as Hetty is to be considered the heroine, must certainly be regarded as the hero of the drama. The other characters, one of whom, Reuben Frost, seems an attempt at a copy of Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice*, are merely accessories, and require but little notice.

The story then, for such we must call it for the purposes of a review, opens with an introduction to the interior of Mrs. Adams's house, during the month of July. Mrs. Adams herself is a kind-hearted, matronly sort of person, with a tendency towards the enunciation of homely domestic platitudes, and a common-sense view of life which is often sorely tried by her niece Hetty's crooked disposition and unaccountable habits. Of Hetty herself we have said enough for the present, and it is a relief to turn to the contemplation of her cousin Jenny, a bright, good-looking, and lovable country girl, with a sweetness of disposition tempered only by an exaggerated development of her mother's common sense, which induces her to take a somewhat hard and fast view of life and its obligations that is not usually found in a young woman of her age. But there is a freshness and simplicity about her that quite compensates for any little severities of character; and she is, in fact, a very charming delineation of a modest village beauty. Of the two principal male characters, Richard Armstrong, the watchmaker, is a young man of twenty-five, and David Griffiths, the schoolmaster, a middle-aged man of forty-five or thereabouts. Armstrong lives in a cottage with his little niece Nessie, who is also more or less of a cripple; and Griffiths resides at the school-house with his sister, a sort of feminine edition of himself. Armstrong, it is hardly necessary to say, is soon discovered to be in love with Jenny, who in her modest and unaffected way is quite disposed to reciprocate his affection. Hetty, we are sorry to say, is without an admirer, though this was perhaps only to be expected. But her life, unenviable as it seems, is not without certain peculiar elements of interest; and her mind, crabbed and distorted by ill-health and brooding over her bodily infirmities, has sought refuge in a miserly accumulation of money, earned principally by fancy embroidery, executed late at night in the solitude of her own room, for which she finds a ready sale at the hands of a rich old lady in the neighbourhood, who is always ready to give her orders and pay her handsomely for her work. This money of Hetty's becomes, in fact, the turning-point of her life. She all of a sudden falls in love with Armstrong, having been touched and softened by some kind words addressed to her by him at a time when she felt she did not deserve them, having been found by him in the act of bullying poor little Nessie, the sight of whom, reminding her as it does of her own infirmities, has always hitherto engendered in her a feeling of anger and detestation. Now, however, she forces herself to be kind to Nessie for Armstrong's sake, and the two become great friends. Hetty lays herself out in every way to please and attract Armstrong, and soon succeeds in persuading herself that she has done so. Armstrong, who appears to be very fond of talking about himself, is to a certain extent attracted by her quickness and readiness of comprehension, but, of course, has not the remotest idea of making love to her. In the meantime, however, his real love affair with Jenny somehow hangs fire, causing a certain amount of gentle discomposure to that exemplary maiden, who moreover is not slow to notice the dead set made by her cousin at Armstrong. And the latter having said something to Hetty which is misconstrued by her vivid imagination into a direct confession of love, she is for a short time in the seventh heaven of happiness, and considers herself in the light of Armstrong's affianced bride. It has, in fact, been hinted to the reader that there is one slight obstacle to Armstrong's free action in love matters in the shape of an already existing wife, who has behaved badly and is living apart from him; and she presently appears upon the scene in person. But with an amount of consideration for her husband's interest that must be held to atone for much previous misconduct, she arrives at his house one night in a dying state, and before morning Armstrong is a free man. The circumstances of their married life have not been such as to call for any great display of emotion or regret on Armstrong's part; and he soon takes an opportunity of declaring his love for Jenny, in a manner, however, which we cannot but consider as somewhat pedantic and disappointing. By a combination of circumstances which, although carefully explained, we can hardly accept as possible in a little country village where every event of the slightest importance is known and discussed almost before it has happened, the fact of Armstrong being married and of his wife having returned to his house to die has not come under Hetty's cognizance; and almost at one and the same time she hears the news of this episode and of his pro-

posal to Jenny. She does not at first, however, display the emotion that such startling announcements might be expected to produce; and things go on much as usual for a few days. But the arrangements for the marriage of Armstrong and Jenny are retarded by the necessity of sending Nessie away to a certain watering-place recommended by a doctor as likely to restore the use of her limbs. This requires money, which Armstrong has not at present got; and everything appears likely to come to a standstill on this account, when Hetty, hearing the state of the case, resolves in a sudden inspiration of generous feeling to sacrifice her cherished savings for Nessie's benefit. So she carries the money off to Armstrong's house one evening, and with a few broken words of explanation, which, however, are sufficient to give him some idea of her feelings towards himself, places it at his disposal. He is completely taken aback; and, though of course most grateful to her, firmly refuses to accept it. He is at this moment called away on business, and Hetty hurries off, leaving the money behind her. But she has hardly reached home again before a reaction sets in. She begins to realize that she has lost her love, and given up her gold, and has nothing left in the world. The thought is maddening; and she determines to try and get her money back again. She knows that Armstrong is not at home, and she steals back to his house with the idea of recovering her beloved treasure. She finds the house empty, and the bag of sovereigns just where she had left it. But at this moment Armstrong returns, and she feels that she is detected. What happens to her afterwards readers may be allowed to discover for themselves.

It will be seen from the above outline that, as we have already intimated, *Among the Hills* is not by any means a story of thrilling interest. The writer has, in fact, sacrificed everything to the development of the leading characters, and in this respect the reader is bound to experience a certain sense of disappointment. Even when our interest begins to be awakened by something approaching a "situation," it soon fades away, and we find that a good opportunity is wasted in order either to make way for the display of some fresh idiosyncrasy on the part of the heroine, or to enable one or another of the male characters to indulge in some fresh dissertation on things in general. Even the final love scene between Jenny and Armstrong, where the way is cleverly enough prepared for what might be a pretty and effective picture, is rendered tame and uninteresting by the tiresome propensity of the swain to wander off into his eternal lucubrations about himself, his views, and prospects; and the whole thing becomes flat and spiritless. We are disposed to regret this all the more that the book displays throughout some descriptive power; and it might have been just as easy for the writer to have thrown some real interest into the story as to make it what it is, a mere medley of characters. Nor are these very characters by any means absolutely perfect; and they themselves suffer as much from being overdone as the story suffers from their undue prominence. Jenny Adams presents, as we have said, a pretty and charming study; and we feel sure that we have before us a picture drawn faithfully from real life. About Hetty we are not quite so certain. But in her anxiety to make her into a heroine the writer has gone too much into details, the result of which is that we are apt to get somewhat wearied of Hetty and her eccentricities; and the character would, we think, have been far more forcible if less elaborately worked up. On the whole, however, it is a clever sketch; and in criticizing it we are bound to take into consideration the difficulty of dealing successfully with a somewhat uninviting subject. We cannot consider the male characters equally successful. That of Armstrong appears to us unnatural, if not altogether inconsistent with his position in life, although we are told that he has received a good education, where and how is not recorded. His dialogues with David Griffiths are in fact more suggestive of the discussions one might expect to hear between a smart young undergraduate with a tendency to advanced ideas and a learned college don than of conversation between a well-educated mechanic and a village schoolmaster. As regards the schoolmaster, we should not wish to speak so decidedly, for he is evidently a man who has seen much of life; and he describes himself as having passed through phases that may be allowed to have had the effect of raising him to the intellectual position in which he is presented to us. As, however, we never quite get at the whole of his history, we can only sum him up as an interesting but somewhat unfinished character, and there leave him. As a story, *Among the Hills* can hardly be pronounced a success; but as a study of quiet village life, interspersed with decidedly good descriptive passages, it certainly deserves some praise.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS (1) was one of the few Southern officers of the United States army who adhered to the Federal side in the great struggle between North and South. Thoroughly master of his profession, unflinching in his devotion to the cause he had deemed it his duty to embrace, his services in the war were of the greatest value and ultimately obtained the fullest recognition. He died in the summer of 1870, and now, in default of an abler biographer, Brigadier-General Johnson, who served under and with him thirteen years, pub-

(1) *Memoir of Major-General George H. Thomas*. By Richard W. Johnson, Brigadier-General U.S.A. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.



lishes this memoir, which is practically, so simple and uneventful was the remainder of the career of General Thomas, little more than a history of his campaigns in the Federal service, swollen by a mass of letters and speeches in which his contemporaries expressed, after his death, their opinion of his merits. Major-General Thomas was born in Southampton, County Virginia, on the 31st July, 1816. He went to West Point in 1836, and after completing his studies received in 1840 a commission as second lieutenant in the 3rd Regiment of Artillery. He distinguished himself in the war against the Floridan Indians and in the Mexican war, and was sent to West Point in 1851, being then Captain Thomas, as "Instructor in Artillery and Cavalry." In 1855 he was appointed Major of the 2nd Regiment of Cavalry, a regiment just organized under a recent Act of Congress, and here the more interesting portion of his career commences. The Colonel of the regiment was Sydney Albert Johnstone, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, Robert E. Lee. Of this period in his hero's career Brigadier Johnson tells us too little. There must surely be letters extant which would show what were the relations between Thomas and his superiors during the five years they were together, and it would be exceedingly interesting to know what the eminent men who were so soon to take divided courses thought and said at the commencement of the conflict. All we are told is that Lee, who was then Colonel of the regiment, General Johnstone being in command of California, was summoned from Texas, where the regiment was then stationed, to Washington in February 1861, by General Scott, Thomas being at that time on leave of absence. What remained of the regiment, Texas having joined the seceding States, reached New York in April 1861; Thomas was appointed on the 3rd of May Colonel, and in the course of the month joined General Patterson at Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania. Henceforward the story of General Thomas's life is a chapter in the history of the great war, which Brigadier Johnson tells at great length, with the aid of Thomas's official reports, but upon which we cannot follow him here. The conduct of General Thomas as a military commander is a question for soldiers by profession. There is, however, one incident—the crowning achievement of his career—which possesses general interest. Brigadier Johnson prints the telegraphic despatches in which Secretary Stanton and General Grant complain of what they call General Thomas's inaction and excessive caution in not attacking Hood at Nashville. The reply of General Thomas to these complaints and threats is a remarkable testimony to his ability and to the firmness of his character. Menaced with dismissal—twice at the instance of Grant, always careless about human life, and thinking only of his own particular operations, orders superseding him had been issued—he replied frankly that he was quite willing to resign his command, but that he could not attack until he was better prepared. Grant, finding out what sort of a man he had to deal with, gave up the idea of superseding him, and resolved to go himself to Nashville. Before, however, he started, he received intelligence of the crushing and complete victory Thomas had won. In a characteristic letter expressing his regret at being unable to assist at the unveiling of the statue of Thomas at Washington, General McClellan speaks of the "magnificent self-possession" with which General Thomas "disregarded the attempts of men ignorant of the circumstances or incapable of appreciating them to force him to give battle prematurely." Major-General Thomas was thanked by Congress for his services, and at the close of the war was appointed to the civil and military command of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. He seems to have discharged his difficult functions very successfully; but he was greatly annoyed, his biographer tells us, by attempts made to bring him forward as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. General Johnson records a conversation with him, which is so characteristic of the man that it is worth quoting:—"I will have nothing to do with politics. I am a soldier, and I know my duty; as a politician I would be lost. No, sir; not even if I were elected unanimously would I accept. I want to die with a fair record, and this I will do if I keep out of the sea of politics and cling to my proper profession." The modesty and good sense of General Thomas were further shown in his refusal to accept the command of the army which President Johnson, who had had some misunderstanding with Grant, desired to confer upon him. Major-General Thomas died at San Francisco, where he was stationed in command of the Military Division of the Pacific, in May 1870. His death was sudden and premature, for his age was only fifty-three; but he died with the "fair record" to which he aspired.

Major Jones, who is United States Consul at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, prefaces his recollections of the army of the Potomac (2) with a "brief record" of the political struggle which ended in the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States; a struggle in which, although he had not attained "the required age of citizenship," the author took, he tells us, an active part. Other chapters on slavery and emancipation, war and credit, serve the same purpose of needlessly increasing the size of a book which, so far as it gives us Major Jones's recollections of his life in the army, is lively and readable, and the general tone and temper of which are creditable to the writer. *The Emigrant's Friend* (3), of which Major Jones is also the author,

is intended as a guide to those persons who propose seeking their fortunes in the United States, and they cannot do better than attend to its hints. Major Jones warns the would-be emigrant not to leave the mother-country without fully and anxiously considering the subject in every aspect. He bids him "look at the dark side of the picture—the broad Atlantic, the dusty ride to the Great West, the scorching sun, the cold winter—coldest you ever experienced—and the hard work." "You may take my word for it," he says, "they work harder in the new than in the old country." But if people are bent on emigrating, Major Jones supplies them with valuable information in the shape of a description of each State and Territory, showing how far each is suitable for the emigrant in the matter of cheapness of land, climate, &c., and in useful directions as to the voyage, the journey from the seaboard to the West, and the commencement of his new career.

The promise of Captain Wilhelm's handsome volume (4) is, we are sorry to say, not kept. The reason is very simple. *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint*. Captain Wilhelm undertakes a great deal too much. He not only offers the "student of the science and art of war, persons interested in the local or reserve forces, libraries, as well as the editors of the daily press," *A Military Dictionary and Gazetteer*, which must in itself be a work of great magnitude to be of any use; but he further supplies them "with historical accounts of all North American Indians, as well as ancient warlike tribes, and a concise explanation of terms used in heraldry and the offices thereof." The natural result is that the book is very imperfect. The information given is in the main correct enough, but the information which those persons for whose benefit the book is designed are most likely to need is too frequently wanting.

The *Annual Report of the Chief of Engineers, United States Army* (5) is in every respect but its portentous length a pattern of what official publications should be. Only two hundred and fifty of the two thousand six hundred pages which are contained in its three volumes are, however, occupied with the Engineer's Report. The remaining pages contain the *pièces justificatives* in the shape of maps and reports from the Engineer's subordinates. The burden of the Report is the lamentable inefficiency of the Seacoast and Lake frontier defences of the United States.

The *Young Nimrods* (6) is an uppretending book in which the publishers have utilised a number of illustrations which had already done service in some of their other publications. The text appears, indeed, to have been written up to the cuts, some of which have really nothing to do with the subject of the book, although Mr. Knox has, with a courage which does him credit, worked them all in. Boys of the old as well as of the new world will find the book very interesting.

*A Handbook of Nursing* (7) is an admirable manual for the use of professional nurses. The directions are singularly clear and full. They appear, so far as laymen may presume to judge, to comprise every case of difficulty which can present itself to a nurse; and the fact that they are published under the direction of the Connecticut Training School for Nurses may be taken as evidence that they come up to the present standard of what we may venture to call the science of nursing. We must demur, however, to the designation of the book as for family and general use. The minute descriptions of the duties of the midwife and of the nurse who attends cases of lithotomy or ovariectomy, useful as they must be for the professional nurse, disqualify the book for family and general use.

The *Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking* (8) is the most disagreeable contribution to what for many is a fascinating class of literature that we have ever met with. Mrs. Campbell occupies a considerable portion of her little book with a pretentious description of the process of digestion, and an unnecessarily full account of the various operations which go on in that great laboratory, the stomach. The information she supplies on these points will not assist any housekeeper to select provisions or cook them properly, and we feel the deepest sympathy for the American householder, if such a man there be, whose wife studies Mrs. Campbell's precepts and endeavours to apply them.

We have received the second volume of the *Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army* (9). It contains nearly a thousand pages, embracing authors and subjects from Berlioz to Cholas. The general arrangement is excellent, and, what is a matter of great importance to students of medicine, the *Index-Catalogue* is not confined to books, but gives the subjects of the more important papers published in the medical periodicals of all countries, and the names of the contributors. We have also received No. 10 of Bibliographical Contributions to the Library of Harvard University, entitled *Italielliana; a Bibliography of the*

(4) *A Military Dictionary and Gazetteer*. By Thomas Wilhelm, Captain Eighth Infantry. Philadelphia: Hamersly & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(5) *Annual Report of the Chief of Engineers, United States Army, for the year 1880*. In Three Parts. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(6) *The Young Nimrods in North America: a Book for Boys*. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(7) *A Handbook of Nursing for Family and General Use*. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(8) *The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking*. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(9) *Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army—Authors and Subjects*. Vol. II. Berlioz—Cholas. Washington: Government Printing-Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(2) *Four Years in the Army of the Potomac: a Soldier's Recollections*. By Major Jones. London: The Tyne Publishing Company.

(3) *The Emigrant's Friend*. By Major Jones, United States Consul, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. London: The Tyne Publishing Company.

*Publications of James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips* (10). This little brochure, which is reprinted from the *Bulletin* of Harvard University, will possess considerable interest for all students of Shakespeare.

*Friends* (11) is worth the little time required to read it, and will deeply interest many who do read it. *The Georgians* (12) shows some promise. The author succeeds in the description of Southern life, but fails in telling his story. *A Gentleman of Leisure* (13) recounts the adventures of an American who, brought up in England and saturated with all the prejudices against his native land which, it appears, prevail in English aristocratic circles, visited New York upon business, was introduced into the best society of the Empire city, fell in love, and finally determined to enter Congress.

We have also received *A Book of Love Stories* (14), by Norah Perry, and *My College Days* (15), by Robert Tones, an old man's recollections of Hartford and of Edinburgh, where he began his studies in 1836.

Longfellow's *Leaflets* (16) are selections from his prose and poetical works, prefaced by a short memoir and copiously illustrated.

*The Hawaiian Almanac and Annual* (17) contains much statistical and other information which will be useful to all persons interested in the islands over which King Kalakaua rules.

We have received translations of two works which, so far as we are aware, have not before made their appearance in an English dress. Mr. Charles S. Sargent, Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard College, has, at the instance of the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, translated from the French *A Treatise on Pruning Forest and Ornamental Trees*, by A. Des Cars (18). Mr. Sargent, who strongly recommends the method advocated by his author, suggests in his introduction that the time is close at hand when his countrymen will find it profitable to plant and rear new forests according to scientific principles.

*Synnöve Solbakken* (19) is the first volume of what is apparently intended to be a complete edition of the works of the famous Norwegian poet and novelist, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. The general accuracy of the version may be taken to be guaranteed by the co-operation of Mr. Bjørnson with the translator, Professor Erasmus B. Anderson.

Among the periodical publications which have reached us is the August number of *Harper's Magazine* (20), the most generally interesting paper in which is an account, very copiously illustrated, of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, in October 1781. The centenary of this very important incident in the war is to be celebrated with much ceremony. We have also received *The Penn Monthly*, for July (21), which may be recommended for a remarkable paper on the "Need of a broader political education," by the Hon. Norman B. Eaton; *The American Art Review* (22), which maintains its high standard of excellence; and No. 6 of *The Southern Historical Society Papers* (23) for the current year, a publication to the value and interest of which we have already drawn attention.

(10) *Library of Harvard University.—Bibliographical Contributions.* No. 10. *Halliwelliana: a Bibliography of the Publications of James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips.* By Justin Winsor. Cambridge, Mass.: University Press. 1881.

(11) *Friends: a Duet.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(12) *Round-Robin Series.—The Georgians.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(13) *A Gentleman of Leisure.* By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *A Book of Love Stories.* By Norah Perry. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(15) *My College Days.* By Robert Tones. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880.

(16) *Leaflets from Standard Authors.—Poems and Prose Passages from the Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Compiled by Josephine P. Hodgdon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(17) *Hawaiian Almanac and Annual for 1881.* Honolulu: Thomas G. Thrum. London: Trübner & Co.

(18) *A Treatise on Pruning Forest and Ornamental Trees.* By A. Des Cars. Translated from the Seventh French Edition, by Charles S. Sargent. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(19) *Synnöve Solbakken.* By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated from the Norse. By Erasmus B. Anderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(20) *Harper's Magazine.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

(21) *The Penn Monthly.* For July. Philadelphia: Stern & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(22) *The American Art Review.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

(23) *The Southern Historical Society Papers.* Richmond, Va.: Secretary Southern Historical Society.

We are informed that the Author of "Practical Keramics for Students," reviewed in the SATURDAY REVIEW, July 2, 1881, is not Charles A. Janvier, but CATHERINE A. JANVIER, the mistake being due to the English publishers.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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For further particulars apply at the School, 10 Aldermanbury, E.C.

GUILDHALL, August 1881.

FRED. A. CATTY, Hon. Secretary.

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THE  
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LAND REFORM.

THE latest commonplace which Liberal candidates and orators are expected to repeat has been sanctioned on several occasions by Mr. GLADSTONE; and perhaps the vague demand for changes of various kinds in the Land Laws may consolidate itself into a troublesome agitation. Land reform, as it is sometimes called, admits of several meanings; and it must be practically interpreted by reference to the political and economic conditions of the present time. The profound and widespread agricultural distress of the last two years will be greatly aggravated by the inclement weather which has lately prevailed; and it is not surprising that farmers should listen favourably to any proposal which purports to relieve them in a greater or less degree from their present difficulties. At the same time, theorists and demagogues already speculate on the application to England and Scotland of the anomalous principles of the Irish Land Act. The promoters of the measure affirmed and exaggerated the proposition that the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland depended on customary tenure rather than on contract, and that it was therefore reasonable to recognize claims for which, as they admitted, there would have been no foundation in England. Now that Irish landlords have been deprived of rights which had until lately never been questioned, the assailants of landed property are busily obliterating the distinctions which they had during the late agitation elaborated with incessant activity. Taking advantage of the existing agricultural distress, the agitators insist that the supposed defects of English tenure shall in turn be corrected by legislation. In Kent a kind of Land League has already been formed, on the Irish model, for the purpose of depriving, not the landlord, but the tithe-owner, of pecuniary rights secured to him by statute law. The Farmers' Alliance, though it cannot be accused of proposing spoliation by means of illegal violence, has sometimes countenanced utterly unjust demands for the compulsory transfer of a share in the ownership from the landlord to the tenant. It might have been supposed that English occupiers under lease or agreement could only found pretensions on the terms of their contracts. It is within the competence of the Legislature to regulate the terms on which land may hereafter be demised; but orators who assert that the system of English land tenure is the worst in Europe cherish more ambitious aspirations.

Those who contend that the need of changes in the law of land are urgent cannot, if they understand their own language, refer to theories as to the future devolution of property. It is evident that the immediate abolition of settlement, of entail, and of all similar institutions, could only operate gradually and at comparatively distant periods. The numerous advocates of schemes which might possibly facilitate the subdivision of the land have rightly or wrongly persuaded themselves that the abolition of life estates would encourage the expenditure of capital on land. Even if their conjectures are well founded, the result can only be attained by slow degrees. It is hardly probable that Parliament would at a single stroke deprive of their property all owners of land in remainder or reversion, and even if life tenants suddenly became owners in fee, only a small portion of the whole number would take advantage of their sudden change of condition to sell their land piecemeal. The full effect of even so violent a change

in the law would not be felt for one or two generations. The adversaries of the existing system often expatiate on the alleged efficacy of law in guiding and forming opinion or custom; but the tradition of centuries will be for some time as efficacious as new-fangled legislation, and as long as any liberty of disposal remains, the old English desire to found or maintain a family will tend to prevent or delay the dispersion of large estates. Some years may probably elapse before democratic agitation is directed to its ultimate object in the compulsory division of land on each transmission by descent. The social revolution which would ensue is easier to foresee than the economic consequences of discouraging farming on a large scale. It is uncertain whether any legislative measure will render possible the transfer of the soil to a large number of freehold cultivators. For the present purpose it is sufficient to know that the abolition of large estates and of large farms cannot be urgently required, because it must, in default of a violent revolution, be effected slowly, if at all. The agitators who have secured for their movement the ready sympathy of the PRIME MINISTER must have other innovations in view. They are much less interested in the prohibition of life estates than in the imposition of disabilities on landlords for the supposed advantage of tenants.

The removal of alleged impediments to the liberal expenditure of capital on the improvement of land may perhaps be a proper object of legislation; while, on the other hand, the proposition that the land ought to be made to produce as much as possible is altogether untrue. It might as well be said that it was the duty of Lancashire to produce the largest possible amount of cotton goods without reference to the cost of material or manufacture, or of the profit to be obtained. There are probably cases in which life tenants are unwilling or unable to make an outlay which might be profitably undertaken by an absolute owner. That such instances are comparatively rare is proved by the notorious fact that the largest estates, which are almost always subject to settlement, are the best managed. The proposition may be open to dispute, but the controversy has at this moment little practical importance. The great majority of landowners are impoverished; and most of those who have extraneous means at their disposal have now little temptation to invest capital in improvement of land. Few tenants are disposed to pay interest on any expenditure of the kind; and it matters little except to himself whether a proprietor with half a dozen farms thrown on his hands is a life tenant or an owner in fee. The landed interest flourished while settlement and entail were generally practised, and it is reduced to distress not by bad laws, but by bad seasons, coinciding with American competition. The suffering is not confined to the class which depends on the receipt of rent; for farmers complain sometimes, perhaps not without exaggeration, that with recent crops and recent prices they are unable to pay their working expenses. It may be true that the large farmers are the heaviest losers; but it is not necessary suddenly to alter the opinion which has till of late been generally held, that cultivation, in common with other branches of industry, is most profitably conducted by the scientific methods which are only within the reach of capitalists. Even in the amount of gross produce English agriculture has compared favourably with that of countries which are cultivated under a different system; and it is not less

abused to test the advantage of large or small holdings by the total amount produced than to apply a similar standard to a manufactory without reference to cost. The fabulous times in which every rood of ground maintained its man must have witnessed the greatest possible waste of labour. It is perhaps useless to expose fallacies which are not sincerely propounded by the instigators of popular clamour. The Radical clubs and their sycophants are bent on attaining results which are remote from the application of capital to land.

The precedent which demagogues desire to apply and extend is not the legislation which in some countries has been directed against perpetuities or against trusts, but the Irish Land Act, and the recognition of a joint property with the owner to be acquired by the occupier. Some speakers at meetings of the Farmers' Alliance have claimed, not only a tenant-right unknown to English law and practice, but a power of compulsory purchase of the landowner's interest. The cant phrase of free trade in land is often used to express a state of things in which absolute ownership would be prohibited, except when it was combined with occupation of the soil. Measures of this kind are said to be urgent, because it is thought possible that they may be passed at a time when opinion and moral sense are vitiated by anomalous legislation. There never was, in truth, a time in which it was less necessary than at present to interfere for the benefit of the tenant-farmer with his relations to his landlord. In England and Scotland there is no question of evictions, or objections, for the main difficulty of the landowner is to keep his tenant on his farm. The occupier, even when he holds a lease, is not practically bound by its provisions. If he is farming, or if he professes to farm, at a loss, it is impossible to insist on the literal performance of his engagements. The tenant from year to year has a still more direct control of the terms of any bargain which may be made. The time is perhaps past for enforcing restrictions on the mode of cultivation, which nevertheless often embodied the soundest agricultural traditions. Landowners now have to be satisfied with reasonable security for the payment of a moderate rent, and they probably trust to the character of the tenant for any protection which they may hope to obtain against the deterioration of the soil. The only plausible demand of agrarian agitators is that the Act passed some years ago for the protection of unexhausted improvements should be made compulsory. The mischievous tendency of modern legislation to interfere with independent action is illustrated by the objections which have been made to the permissive character of the present law. If a tenant on taking his farm contracts himself out of the Act, it is reasonable to assume that he has received an equivalent for the benefit which he renounces; but there is no doubt that, as a general rule, the outgoing tenant is equitably entitled to repayment for outlay of which he has not already received the full benefit. In many districts the custom of the country gave the tenant ample protection before the passing of the Act. The desire of some prudent landlords to escape from the provisions of the law is founded on their knowledge that they might often have to pay for imaginary improvements. At the end of a tenancy a farm is, in the majority of cases, in worse condition than at the beginning; for unexhausted improvements in many instances consist of the partial destruction of the property which was originally transferred from the landlord to the tenant; but compensation would almost always be demanded. A scrupulous Minister would ascertain in the first instance the nature of the demands which he undertakes in general terms to concede.

#### DECORATED SPEAKERS.

THE custom which ordains that at the end of a Session, especially a very busy or in any way a very remarkable Session, honours and decorations shall descend on the members of that party which has a temporary majority in the House of Commons, is, in itself, a sufficiently graceful one. When, at the beginning of this week, a batch of peers was announced, nobody found fault with the additions to the much-threatened Upper House, and nobody was surprised that these additions had allowed themselves to be added to it. The chief organ of their own party, indeed, told the new peers that it was principally satisfied with their elevation to the House of Lords because they

were of no possible use out of it; but that was only part of the game. *Qui dit pair dit vaurien* is the latest Radical proverb, and the unfortunate objects of Mr. GLADSTONE's desire to be a fountain of honour got the benefit of it. But it may be repeated that nobody was surprised at the creations. That Mr. GLADSTONE should periodically struggle to find persons good enough to swell the minority in the House of Lords, and that these persons should in a considerable number of instances swell the majority instead, is a regular and recurring scene of the political drama. That Scotch and Irish peers should be glad to escape from the MAHOMET'S coffin in which they hover between commoners and peers of Parliament; that a hitherto unsuccessful candidate for a great historical honour should meanwhile accept a lesser one, that a representative of the CLIFFORDS should not consider himself altogether out of place in the Upper House—all this was reasonable enough. It was rather more surprising when a day or two later the announcement was made that the SPEAKER of the House of Commons had accepted the Grand Cross of the Bath. There is certainly a precedent for such a thing, and there is nothing more comforting to a well-regulated mind than a precedent. But that the SPEAKER, who is supposed to occupy such a position already that when he chooses to vacate it a peerage is his almost by right—that, in particular, a SPEAKER who is heir-presumptive to one of the oldest of English baronies should think it worth his while to accept this decoration, certainly seemed a little odd. It is needless to say that the Grand Cross of the Bath is a most honourable distinction; but honour, like other things, is relative. In certain professions, and especially in the army, it is the very highest non-hereditary honour to which a good servant of his country can aspire. It may now and then be taken by a great noble as a mark of personal eminence. It has been known to be selected in preference to any hereditary honour by politicians of merit, but of fortune insufficient to support honours which are transmitted by descent. Mr. BRAND does not come under either of these heads, and so it has not unnaturally been thought that it was odd of him to take it, and odd of Mr. GLADSTONE—if in Mr. GLADSTONE anything could be odd—to offer it.

Not a few critics have gone further than this process of lifting up the eyebrow. On the extreme right and on the extreme left heads have been shaken at Mr. GLADSTONE and at Sir HENRY BRAND. It is remembered that the present Session has not been an ordinary Session in which the SPEAKER has been a god of EPICURUS, not to say a Grand Lama. He has been a very active principle, indeed, and the Government has been indebted to him for very vigorous action. He has suspended, we forget how many members; he has attempted and carried a mild *coup d'état*; and he has occupied (so it is whispered by malcontents) the position of an agent of the Government of the day rather than of a sublime and independent power, to whom Governments and Oppositions are not, except as things that sit by a purely arbitrary accident on his right hand and on his left. All this being, or being supposed to be, the case, suspicions appear to have entered the minds of certain guardians of the commonweal. Everybody is quite certain that the motives of Mr. GLADSTONE and of the SPEAKER are super-excellent, but everybody does not seem to be quite certain that they may not be open to misconstruction. Will not future Speakers be bribed by these glittering baits to make themselves tools of a Ministry? Will not the suspicion of a G.C.B. dangling before his persecutor embitter the mind of the first Irish member whom Sir HENRY BRAND's successor—may he be distant!—suspends? Will not Mr. BRADLAUGH's spirited addresses be filled with the darkest imputations when he perceives this lavishing of the favours of a corrupt Court upon his chief persecutor? These and other questions of the kind appear to disturb the minds of some of our contemporaries very much indeed, and they are even more disturbed about the future than about the present. The stars and ribbons of the different orders will, it would appear, be wandering fires to draw Speakers away from their duty, and in times to come Speakers will have more of this miscellaneous duty to do than ever. The precedent is very sad one, and much to be regretted by all lovers of the British Constitution on one hand or the Bill of Rights, the other—things which are here mentioned not in the least because they are opposed to each other, but because they are perhaps the favourite symbolical forms in which



the two opposite parties choose to consider or at least to talk of the same thing.

It would probably be difficult to find a more wrong-headed way of thinking or of saying a somewhat sensible thing than this objection. The idea of a Speaker being corrupted by a yard of ribbon, and a certain amount of jeweller's work, still more the idea of future Speakers vying with each other in prostituting their office for the sake of these decorations, is, perhaps, one of the most fantastically absurd that has occurred to presumably sane persons of late. We are to suppose a Speaker laboriously counting up the number of members suspended by his predecessor, and wondering whether the same number will do for his own promotion; looking at his watch, to see whether the precious decoration depends on his stopping a debate an hour or two later or earlier; diligently marking a dictionary of Parliamentary and unparliamentary terms, so as to be quite sure of stretching a point in favour of Ministers and against their opponents, lest haply he miss his G.C.B. Sensitive politicians of this stamp may be assured that they quite mistake what they have to fear. When there are Speakers of the House of Commons capable of making themselves tools of Ministers for the sake of Grand Crosses of the Bath, it really will not matter much whether Grand Crosses of the Bath are given to them or not. The ribbon and the cross and the collar will only be the sign and symbol of a degradation already accomplished, and that degradation is not at all likely to be hastened by the granting of the decorations or retarded by the refusing of them. The real reason for objecting to the proceeding is that it seems to argue on the part of the responsible Minister an entire blindness to the nature, not merely of the office of Speaker, but of the particular dignity conferred on him. It has been said that honours are honourable in an altogether relative degree. Everybody knows the story of ELIZABETH declining to bestow a peerage because, having knighted the proposed peer, she had nothing further to do for him. Supposing the story authentic, and the view of ordinary knighthood which it suggests actually current, the distinction now conferred on a ten-days' Solicitor-General, or a mayor of a provincial town who happens to welcome a royal personage, or a sufficiently busy and pushing secretary of a congress of seismologists, would have been perfectly appropriate to the SPEAKER. It would have been none the less, but rather the more, appropriate because he had done his duty in a trying time. For it is a new and dangerous doctrine that a Speaker, by keeping order in Parliament, confers a favour on the Ministry of the day or does a service to them. It is the duty of the Ministry to support the Speaker, not of the Speaker to support the Ministry; and his services are rendered to the Crown and the nation, not to any party. The Speaker in repressing disorder is warring against a public enemy, and rewards bestowed on him are in the same category as rewards bestowed on a general for good conduct in the field. But it does not follow that exactly the same reward is appropriate in the one case as in the other. The general is often a man comparatively destitute of social rank, and a decoration which confers social rank at the same time that it expresses the favour of the Crown is therefore becoming to him. There is no social rank among commoners to which a Speaker while he is a commoner is not superior, and to tie a string of letters after his name and a string of silk round his body is therefore a ludicrous piece of ignorance rather than of impolicy. But possibly the sense of the honour which any mark of his own approval confers has outweighed everything else with Mr. GLADSTONE.

#### THE LEWISOHN CASE.

SINCE the prorogation of Parliament any hope of redress for his past expulsion from Russia which Mr. LEWISOHN may have entertained must be disappointed or suspended, when the limited toleration extended to him has expired. It is only by means of questions repeatedly asked in the House of Commons that the Foreign Office can be induced to persist in the ungrateful task of remonstrating with the Russian Government. Lord GRANVILLE scarcely be expected to undertake the conduct of a personal controversy of secondary importance; but on reading over the papers which have been published, with his consent, he may, perhaps, think it expedient to remind his representatives at St. Petersburg that a supercilious

indifference to the grievances of British subjects is not calculated to win the approval of their superiors. Mr. LEWISOHN, a London merchant and naturalized British subject, having a year ago arrived in St. Petersburg from Nishni Novogorod and Moscow, received notice to quit the capital in twenty-four hours, and to leave Russia without delay. It is not disputed that the only ground of his expulsion was that he is by origin and creed a Jew; nor have the Russian authorities either apologized for their harsh proceeding, or allowed Mr. LEWISOHN to return to Russia for the prosecution of his business. In answer to a note addressed to the Russian Foreign Office by Lord GRANVILLE's direction, M. DE GIERS replied that he had given the necessary permission; but he afterwards found that the document which he had signed contained only a reference to the Minister of the Interior. On receiving the order to leave St. Petersburg, Mr. LEWISOHN called at the English Embassy, where he was informed by a person whom he supposed to be a member of the official staff, that foreign Jews were not allowed to stay in the capital. His informant was, as it afterwards appeared, only a servant; and it is not worth while to inquire whether he was to blame for Mr. LEWISOHN's misapprehension. The *Chargé d'Affaires* unreasonably reproaches Mr. LEWISOHN for not having sent a message to some member of the Embassy; or for not having applied to Mr. PLUNKETT himself, who happened, without Mr. LEWISOHN's knowledge, to be staying in the same hotel. He adds that he might, if he had known of the occurrence, probably have obtained, as a favour from the police, permission to Mr. LEWISOHN to prolong his stay. There might, perhaps, have been some inconvenience in the acceptance as a favour of a concession which has since been demanded as a right.

In his first communication to the Foreign Office Mr. PLUNKETT broadly asserted that the expulsion of Mr. LEWISOHN was conformable to law. The legal adviser of the Embassy, a Russian advocate, having by Lord GRANVILLE's direction been consulted, arrived at an exactly opposite conclusion. The question turns on the terms of a treaty between Great Britain and Russia, and on certain regulations which contain the conditions on which passports are issued. British subjects visiting Russia are, by a kind of favoured nation clause, entitled to the same privileges with natives; but native Jews in Russia are liable to all manner of restrictions and disabilities, and the Russian Government probably holds that their alien co-religionaries are not entitled to be placed in a better position. The legal adviser, by whose opinion the Embassy ought to have been guided, distinctly states that the expulsion and the prohibition to return are both irregular. Throughout the short correspondence the English officials at St. Petersburg were apparently biassed against Mr. LEWISOHN, not because he was a Jew, but because he gave them trouble. It seems from some incidental notices that the American Minister is not equally cosmopolitan in his sympathies; but, although he has repeatedly protested against similar hardships inflicted on Jewish citizens of the United States, he appears thus far to have obtained no redress. It happened that many years ago a discussion involving the same principle arose between the English and American Governments. The authorities at Charleston imprisoned certain coloured sailors who came to the port in an English vessel. The Government of South Carolina contended that the laws affecting negroes applied to foreigners as well as to natives; and the Federal Cabinet, with which the negotiation was of course conducted, to a certain extent supported the claim of the State. The matter was probably at last settled by some compromise.

Mr. LEWISOHN is one of many sufferers by the want of legal sanction to the covenants and customs which are figuratively described as international law. If the Russian Government thinks fit to practise injustice within certain undefined limits towards British subjects, the English Government can only endeavour to persuade or convince the EMPEROR and his Ministers that they are in the wrong. It is impossible to go to war because a Jewish merchant has been vexatiously interrupted in the conduct of his lawful business; and, unfortunately, there is no minor penalty for the violation of international right. From the nature of the case it would be difficult to resort to reprisals, which indeed are seldom employed, except on the verge of war. Lord PALMERSTON, to a certain extent, secured to English subjects the traditional privileges of Roman citizens by his willingness to prosecute quarrels on sufficient reason. Mr. GLADSTONE on more than one occasion proved, with his customary eloquence, that England was not the Roman

Empire; and that Englishmen were not entitled to exceptional privileges; but the bold spirit and patriotic bearing of the Foreign Minister were then much more popular than the self-denying spirit of the dispassionate philanthropist. Mr. GLADSTONE scarcely understood that, notwithstanding appearances, Lord PALMERSTON was as prudent as himself. The cause of the Portuguese Jew who had a claim on the Government of Athens was taken in hand, not for his own sake, but because the English Minister wished to address a warning through the Greek Government to France. Mr. LEWISOHN represents no cause, except that of the Jewish community in England, which, with all its wealth and influence, would neither expect nor desire a vindication of its claims by warlike demonstrations. If, as seems probable, General IGNATIEFF or his colleagues refuse to listen to Lord GRANVILLE's arguments, nothing remains but to acquiesce in wilful injustice. In some instances petty affronts are offered by one Government to another for the purpose of furnishing the means of future concessions. No other motive can be plausibly suggested for a petty discourtesy and for a wanton display of intolerance and injustice. It has been generally supposed that the Russian Government was inclined to treat Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues with almost ostentatious deference.

In the course of correspondence or conversation M. DE GIERS stated, in excuse for the harshness of Russian legislation, that the Nihilists were largely recruited from the ranks of the Jews. It is possible that the Government may really attribute revolutionary tendencies both to native and foreign members of a community which is systematically persecuted in different parts of the Empire; but even a Russian police functionary knows that London merchants on a large scale have no subversive designs. It is much more probable that their combinations excite the alarm or envy of commercial rivals who may perhaps find means of obtaining official support. The policy of discountenancing and annoying the chief money-dealers of Europe must admit of some explanation, though it can scarcely be justified. The so-called Jew-baiters of Germany share and cultivate a popular prejudice from which statesmen of the highest rank appear not to be wholly exempt. The objects of persecution are the humbler class of small capitalists who, like their coreligionists in almost all parts of the world, have a monopoly of the business of local money-lending. Russian Ministers are less in the habit of consulting the tastes and wishes of the vulgar; and the Government certainly disapproves of the outrages which have been perpetrated against the Jews in the Southern provinces. It is, after all, possible that the expulsion of Mr. LEWISOHN may have been caused by some petty squabble or jealousy between different departments. The regulations provide that passports issued to persons who appear by their names to be Jews shall be submitted to the Minister of the Interior, that he may decide on the expediency of permitting them to reside. Mr. LEWISOHN's passport, issued by the Foreign Minister in Downing Street, was regularly viséd at the Russian Embassy, where perhaps the Jewish appearance of his name may not have been noticed. A similar oversight may account for his freedom from annoyance during his stay at Nishni Novogorod and at Moscow. A touchy subordinate in the Ministry of the Interior possibly regarded as a grievance the omission of the proper officers to transmit the document to his department; and it would be consistent with the true official temper to resent the negligence of some local underling at the expense of the holder of the passport when race and religion pointed him out for persecution. If it is in such cases impossible to secure redress, the next alternative is to make every breach of international courtesy or right as troublesome as possible to the offending Government. Foreign Ministers will be less inclined to interfere with the rights of British subjects if they know that a miscarriage with reference to a passport is likely to be followed by a long correspondence. They may also, perhaps, from time to time glance at the notice papers or reports of the House of Commons containing questions which are followed by unpalatable discussion on Russian misgovernment. One such case as that of Mr. LEWISOHN destroys the effect of half-a-dozen reassuring communications addressed through Under-Secretaries of State to the House of Commons.

#### THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

*QUI vivra verra.* Dr. BRADLEY is Dean of Westminster. We do not ask, as an inquisitive paper once did on the morrow of an unexpected choice of a Presidential candidate, "Who is FRANKLIN PIERCE?" for Dr. BRADLEY's name is well known to all who are interested in academical success. But we may ask why is Dr. BRADLEY Dean of Westminster? Daily omniscience has told us that there is to be no breach of continuity between him and Dr. STANLEY. This is consoling; but we should like to be quite clear as to what is to be continued. We have often spoken of Dr. STANLEY, and always with plainness of speech. We have admired his brilliancy, activity, learning, and devotion to his view of duty, without shrinking from pointing out the perils into which his eccentricities might have led the Church and himself. Now, we should like to know whether Dr. BRADLEY is to continue the brilliancy or the eccentricity? On this the world is profoundly ignorant. It has a general idea that Dr. BRADLEY is a Broad Churchman, as Dr. STANLEY used also to be called. But when a man has been ticketed a Broad Churchman with nothing added to the description, the whole definition, for practical purposes, has still to be constructed. Unfortunately for this process, in the case of Dr. BRADLEY, the materials, as far as we know, have not yet been produced, when the question is of his fitness for an ecclesiastical post of peculiar responsibility. Dr. BRADLEY, after a term of under-mastership at Rugby, achieved much reputation by his discharge of the semi-secular duties of Head-master of Marlborough School, and he was called upon a few years back to infuse modern ideas into University College, Oxford, which had long been reposing under Dr. PLUMPTRE's dignified presence. It cannot be forgotten that, so lately as in the present year, the merits of the Master of University College were further recognized by the addition to his labours of the responsibility of a stall at Worcester Cathedral, a post of which the duties can be so arranged as to afford pleasurable change of occupation and of scene to heads of Houses during the Long Vacation. Stalls are given for very various reasons, and they are emphatically a kind of patronage which is indulgently criticized if the recipient can show any reason for the preference. Dr. BRADLEY was certainly a man of merit, and Dr. BRADLEY's merit seemed to have been adequately recognized by his finding himself in the prime of life Master of University College and Canon of Worcester. Now, after a very short tenure, both posts are vacant, and we have to welcome in Dr. BRADLEY the successor of WILBERFORCE, BUCKLAND, TRENCH, and STANLEY. Mr. GLADSTONE may have struck on a rich vein of virgin ore. If so, there will be plenty of voices to praise his prescience. But, if the result be limited to the adequate performance of routine duties, curious people will ask why two corporations like University College and Worcester Cathedral were both of them disturbed, while so many divines who have done great things for religion in the direct way of their Churchmanship have been overlooked in the selection for a post which requires many more qualifications than those only of a successful schoolmaster.

It would be no answer to such inquiries to point to the list of Deans all round and ask whether Dr. BRADLEY was not at least up to the mark of the more distinguished moiety of them. A Dean of Westminster is as much more than merely a Dean as the Comte d'ARROIS was more than a Count, or MONTMORENCY, "premier Baron Chrétien," more than such another Baron as one of the Exchequer. When we say that this special Dean is necessarily by office, and ought really to be in character, a great personage, we use an expression which, under apparently vague language, is thoroughly expressive to the intelligent. It is for those who offer Deaneries of Westminster and for those who accept them to see that posterity shall not be compelled to hold silence over the ancient boast that the Dean of Westminster is a great personage in Church and State.

#### M. PAUL BERT.

M. PAUL BERT has been delivering a discourse in aid of a secular school in Paris which may prove to have more influence upon French affairs than all the directly political speeches which have been called forth

by the recent elections. Its importance is derived less from the contents of the address than from the fact that, these contents being what they are, the address should have been delivered by a man who is generally looked upon as the next Minister of Education, and delivered in the presence, and honoured with the express approval, of a man who is generally looked upon as the next Prime Minister. In fact, M. GAMBETTA almost gave M. BERT a Cabinet office on the spot. "Your cheers," he told the meeting, when the speech was ended, "do more than crown M. BERT's past; they illuminate his future. His eloquence is of the kind that makes us all better and stronger." After this we must suppose that M. GAMBETTA adopts as his own all the main lines of M. BERT's discourse. He may attempt, as his custom is, to back out of them hereafter; but he will find that M. BERT's words will be remembered by others, who will not fail to pin him down to all that M. BERT has said and that he has accepted. It is difficult to find an English parallel which will at all reproduce the strange state of things which these facts indicate, and yet not seem preposterous. M. PAUL BERT and the yet greater man before whom he was speaking have certainly taken off the gloves. They evidently mean fighting, and as becomes men in this attitude, they are careful to leave no one in doubt as to who it is that they are about to attack. There is an end to the old subterfuge about "Clericalism" being the enemy. The object of their hatred is neither Clericalism nor even Catholicism, but Christianity.

M. BERT's speech markedly divides itself into two parts. There is the part which is meant to amuse the audience, and the part which is meant to define a policy. In the former he naturally devotes himself to attacking Catholicism. It is the only religion about which the majority of Frenchmen know anything, and it unfortunately furnishes him with just the material which he is in want of. If only half M. BERT's quotations are from books which are really used in Catholic schools, the authorities who allow them to be used deserve the gravest censure. No doubt they produce a very different effect when they are all brought together than when they are scattered over a mass of instruction, the general tone of which is simpler and healthier. But the boasted organization of the French Church was turned to very little account when it suffered the kind of literature which has served M. BERT's purpose so well to come into use in French schools. Many, perhaps all, of the solutions of moral puzzles which M. BERT quotes are harmless enough so long as they are confined to the writings of casuists. But it certainly seems unnecessary to inform small children of the conditions under which the taking of another person's property is not stealing, or restitution of the thing stolen not a duty. Children thus brought up are just as honest as other children, but an ingenious advocate has no difficulty in convincing a free-thinking audience that such teaching is no better than that given by a professional thief. The prudishness which is near akin to prurience is not uncommon in France, but it would undoubtedly have been well if French religious literature had in this respect been more Catholic and less national. M. BERT, however, is hardly the man to cast the first stone, for more than one of his allusions would have commended themselves to his hearers on the ground of indecency, if they had not had a stronger claim to their admiration on the score of profanity. Others of the religious books in use in French schools seem to be written much in the tone of the publications of the Salvation Army, though the terminology has to do with railways instead of with troops. Travellers to Heaven are told the price of the various tickets, and are given their choice between the express train of poverty, chastity, and obedience, which carries only first-class passengers, and the fast train of piety, devotion, and the sacraments, which carries first and second-class passengers. In fact, the familiar language of a railway time-table is consistently reproduced; the scholar is incited to diligence by the reminder that on this line there are no sleeping carriages, and consoled by the assurance that the passenger for Paradise need not take a return ticket. If the clergy who have so long marched wherever Cardinal DE BONNECHOSE tells them had been added to make a tour of inspection of all the schools of which they have till now had the control, M. BERT might have been deprived of some of the most telling parts of his speech.

It is not these things, however, that make the speech important. It is that when M. BERT becomes serious, and sums up the reasons which make him think religious instruction positively mischievous, it turns out that it is not the absurdities or the excrescences of Catholicism that really move his indignation, but its essence. The fundamental vice of religious instruction, according to M. BERT, is that it teaches self-distrust, instead of self-confidence, and leads men to look to prayer instead of to their own exertions. The teaching of the Church rests on grace, and grace is only another word for caprice; and upon faith, which is the mother of superstition. The State has at last banished this mischievous education from the public schools; its business must now be to give such an education in place of it as shall put French children beyond all danger of ever again listening to the sorcerer. If this is to be the accepted aim of the new Republican majority, it is not easy to see how they can long resist the argument which the *Justice* has already founded on M. BERT's speech. Religious teaching, says M. BERT, with M. GAMBETTA listening and assenting, is anti-social and corrupting. Why then, says M. CLÉMENTEAU's organ, do you—MM. GAMBETTA and BERT—advocate the payment of many thousand functionaries to give this teaching to the nation? The inconsistency is too flagrant to be long endured by a logical Assembly. The State may conceivably pay for the teaching to those who like to learn them of mere harmless absurdities; it ought not to pay, and certainly will not long continue to pay, for the teaching of absurdities which, instead of being harmless, are radically wicked and demoralizing. Church and State must at once be separated, and the separation must be justified on the ground that the Church is too immoral an institution for a moral State to have fellowship with. The attitude of the Republican party towards French Catholics will be very much that of the United States Government towards the Mormons. It may not be convenient to turn them out of the country at this moment, but they will only be allowed to remain there until the time has come for dealing with them as they deserve.

In the present case, however, it is not a strange and unpopular sect that is singled out as the victim, but the Church which was till a few years ago the Church of the French Government, and by inference of the great majority of Frenchmen. Only a month or two back indeed the present MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS spoke of the five-and-twenty millions of French Catholics. Unless M. GAMBETTA is more than ordinarily indifferent to the charge of inconsistency he must either deny the accuracy of M. ST. HILAIRE's figures, or avow that he regards those twenty-five million Catholics as so many brands whom it is given to him to snatch from the burning. Either way the prospect for France is not hopeful. If M. GAMBETTA is convinced, or is prepared to act as though he were convinced, that Catholicism, which in this case means Christianity, is now the religion of a mere minority in the country, and that it is consequently safe to declare open war against it, there is at least a possibility that he may be deceived. If he is satisfied, or is prepared to act as though he were satisfied, that, even if these wicked Catholics are still in a majority, it is the duty of the good and pure minority to do instant battle with them, there is the certainty of a severe and prolonged conflict. Neither alternative promises anything but confusion. The Church in France, be its demerits what they may, is the one institution that has come down from the past; and if it is to be violently uprooted, it must be at the cost of a revolution. The forebodings of those who warned M. THIERS that the Republic could never be Conservative will have been realized to the letter, and it will only remain to be seen whether M. THIERS was equally right in his belief that, if the Republic were not Conservative, it would cease to be.

#### THE DEADLOCK IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN essay by Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in the *Nineteenth Century*, on the deadlock in the House of Commons, is, like all his writings, eloquent, thoughtful, and suggestive. With the causes of the evil, which have no practical importance because they cannot be removed, Mr.

HARRISON deals but slightly; yet he is fully aware that recent changes in the constitution of the House have fundamentally affected its character. "The traditional 'House of Commons,'" he says, "came from a single social class trained in the same ideas, and having the *esprit de corps* of a governing order. It no longer has that character, and it is losing it with every change in the franchise." The consequences were anticipated by cold-blooded politicians when some years ago Lord RUSSELL, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. DISRAELI were, like rival candidates for the office of unjust steward, squandering for their own political advantage the trust which had been committed to them by their employer. The process is about to be carried further by the extension of household suffrage to counties; and the zeal of local agents in claiming the franchise for lodgers will leave little room for change when, in accordance with Mr. GLADSTONE's expressed wish, the country is governed by universal suffrage. It may be hoped that Mr. HARRISON exaggerates the antipathies between the different classes who have to fight out their battles in the House of Commons. The unhealthy condition of society, and the mischievous results of the supremacy of numbers, cannot profitably be discussed, because the progress of democracy is irrevocable. It may be less impossible to improve the procedure of the House of Commons than to elevate its character. There is a model in its neighbourhood, which unfortunately it cannot be compelled to copy. "No one," says Mr. HARRISON, in reference to the Irish Land Bill, "can dislike more than I do the object and spirit of the majority in the House of Lords. But a man must be blinded by party rancour who fails to see that the Land Bill was (in method) discussed in the Lords in the way befitting a real Senate. Two sittings were given to the most vigorous, exhaustive, and acute consideration of its essential principles. The speakers were men thoroughly in earnest, intimately acquainted with the subject, and capable of giving both masterly criticism and masterly defence. No other men could get a hearing." One result of "a discussion which, in mere point of method, was a perfect model of practical business," was that clubs led by blatant demagogues demanded the immediate suppression of the House of Lords. In that Assembly, while it is still allowed to exist, freedom of debate will perhaps find its last resort. It is doubtful whether, if Mr. HARRISON is right, it will long continue possible in the House of Commons.

Mr. HARRISON rightly judges that the impediments to the conduct of business in the House of Commons are not confined to the wilful obstruction which has been practised by a small knot of members. Garrulity, vanity, and faction account for a great part of the waste of time, expressing themselves in unnecessary speeches, and in the abuse of the right of questioning Ministers. A more general cause of the inability of the House to discharge its proper duties is, according to Mr. HARRISON, the usurpation by the House of Commons of the executive power, including habitual interference with the details of administration. In this respect he holds that the House of Commons would exercise one of the worst kinds of despotism, except that it is incapable of discharging the functions which it has assumed. Its vexatious interference with the powers and duties of government is copiously illustrated; but Mr. HARRISON is mistaken when he includes private business among the distractions of Parliament from its proper work. Private Bills and opposed Provisional Orders are exclusively entrusted to small Committees, which deal judiciously with the issues submitted to them. It is not necessary now to discuss the question whether any other tribunal would be preferable. For the present purpose it is enough to say that private business never clashes with the consideration of public affairs. The practice of putting useless questions to Ministers might easily be checked by appropriate Standing Orders; nor is it probable that any proposal for the remedy of the evil which may be made in the next Session would be rejected by the House. As Mr. HARRISON remarks, the leaders of the Opposition seldom ask questions; and they would willingly restrain ambitious members belonging to the rank and file of their party from interfering with the conduct of business.

The principal changes which Mr. HARRISON recommends are the same which have often been discussed. He considers that the *clôture* or power of terminating debate is indispensable, and that it ought to be entrusted to a bureau

majority of the House. It is probable that after the failure of other schemes the experiment will be tried, with the obvious risk of limiting freedom of debate. It is, perhaps, not likely that for the present a majority would arbitrarily silence its opponents, though as the gradual degeneracy of Parliament coincides with successive extensions of the franchise, respect for the rights of political adversaries may become as obsolete at Westminster as at Birmingham. A House elected by the managers of Radical Clubs is not unlikely to imitate the spirit and practice of its constituents. It will in the meantime be in the power of an obstructive faction to compel the application of the silencing system, for the express purpose of depriving a minority of its legitimate freedom of discussion. The remedy which Mr. HARRISON thinks most likely to be effectual is the reference to Select Committees of all the matters which are now discussed in Committees of the whole House. The Committees are, by an undefined "combination of selection and lot," to be made at once competent and independent of the Government. The proposed machinery would not be easily arranged; and every Committee would be subject to the disadvantage of party division. It is customary when important political questions are referred to a Committee to provide for the representation of both parties, but to give the Government a majority of one. The result is that not unfrequently the Report is carried on a strict party division. If some of the members were selected by lot the result would be the same, for as soon as the list of members was published the nature of the Report would be confidently anticipated. The members of Election Committees were selected by lot, and consequently in the years which followed the Reform Bill the decision almost always coincided with the interests of the majority. In later times, it is true that the morality of Election Committees improved, but they were bound to decide judiciously according to the evidence. A Committee on the Irish Land Bill would conscientiously and certainly have distributed itself according to its party connexions.

If the Report of a Committee on the clauses of the Bill were to be binding on the House, a Government Bill might as well be sent to the House of Lords on the day after the second reading. If Mr. GLADSTONE had referred the details of the Irish Land Bill to a Committee including a majority of his supporters, the few provisions for the protection of the residuary rights of landlords which were inserted at the instance of the Opposition or by the House of Lords would not have been included in the Bill as reported. On the other hand, it would have been absurd to nominate a Committee which, by the operation of a ballot, might have contained a hostile majority. In either case the result would have been that the House, unless discussion were prohibited under the Standing Orders, would inevitably have revised in detail the Report of the Committee. It is not necessary to interpret incidental and fragmentary criticisms as attempts to confute Mr. HARRISON's conclusions. It is not until a detailed measure is proposed for consideration that it will be possible to form a confident opinion of schemes for restoring the efficiency of the House of Commons. Mr. HARRISON has not generally been regarded as an enthusiastic admirer of any Parliamentary system. At present his confidence seems to be reposed exclusively in the virtue and wisdom of Mr. GLADSTONE. The qualified eulogy which is bestowed on the House of Lords perhaps indicates a conviction that a true aristocracy of the wisest and best would govern States better than the multitude and its delegates. The incompetence of representative bodies must be diminished or corrected by the strictest control which can be devised in the form of regulations. In the process of alleviating Parliamentary despotism the majority will become still more absolutely despotic. An Opposition is, perhaps, more disposed to talk than a Ministerial majority which can have its own way by voting in silence. The signal will be given at the proper moment by a beneficent Minister, who perhaps greatly dislikes contradiction. When Mr. GLADSTONE, in his opposition to the Divorce Bill, first exemplified the facilities for delay afforded by the forms of the House, he scarcely foresaw the necessity of more troublesome opponents.



THE *DOTEREL* COURT-MARTIAL.

THE court-martial which has been sitting since last week to inquire into the loss of the *Doterel* seems likely to answer only an incidental purpose. The cause of the explosion is apparently beyond the reach of discovery. Whatever the motive power was, it did its work too completely to leave many indications from which its character or origin can be inferred. There is nothing to show that it was due to any Fenian agency, but on the other hand there is nothing to show that it was the work of any other agency, and in a matter of this kind suspicion is almost as alarming as certainty. If we assume an explosive machine to have somehow been secreted on board the *Doterel*, it might have led to a disaster indistinguishable from that which actually happened. Consequently, unless it can be shown that the explosion came about in some other way, the Fenian hypothesis will be just as likely as, though no more likely than, any other hypothesis. The practical inference from this state of things is simply that, if there be any precautions to be taken against designed explosions, it will be well to take them with the same care and persistence as though the loss of the *Doterel* had actually been traced to this cause. We know the kind of threats that have been uttered, and we see that something has happened which, for anything we can prove to the contrary, may have been a fulfilment of these threats. That is warning enough for reasonable men, and we cannot imagine that any petty ambition of being superior to Fenian scares will prevent the naval authorities from exercising the fullest supervision over every possible—or impossible—means by which the Fenian pledges may be redeemed.

The incidental purpose which the court-martial may be made to serve has nothing to do with any particular theory as to the cause of the explosion. Attention has often been drawn to the demands which modern ships make upon the knowledge and care of all who are concerned in navigating them. These complicated machines are full of contrivances designed to make them destructive to an enemy, but almost equally well fitted to make them destructive to their own crews. Their magazines and coal-bunkers are so many theatres of possible combustion, the safety of which is only assured by constant supervision of the ventilation which is to prevent the accumulation of explosive gases. From the captain down to the lowest sailor who can by possibility have the ventilating apparatus under his charge, the crew of the ship ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the machinery by which ventilation is provided, and with the way in which this machinery is called into use. Judged by the old standards of seamanship, this is but dull work for a sailor to be employed in, but the importance of its being well done, and the tremendous consequences that may follow upon its being ill done, are of themselves sufficient to give it dignity and interest. Knowledge of this kind does not come by chance, or even by use. It must be imparted, in the first instance, by those who are responsible for these ships being what they are. A man may as well expect to know how to take a watch to pieces without previous instruction from a watchmaker as to know all the precautions that are requisite to ensure the safety of a modern ship of war without previous instruction from the constructors from whose designs and under whose supervision she has been built. When a ship is put in commission, as much care should be taken to inform the officers and men of what has been done by her builder to guard against explosions, and what is required from them to ensure that the safeguards provided are put to their proper use, as to acquaint them with any other part of their duties. The evidence given before the court-martial certainly shows that nothing of this kind was done in the case of the *Doterel*; and though it is of course possible that the *Doterel* was in this respect an exceptional vessel, it is disturbing to find that even one QUEEN'S ship can be a problem to all concerned with her.

That this is not too hard a word to use of the *Doterel* is shown again and again in the course of the trial. One point in particular has been constantly pressed on the witnesses by the members of the court—a point, be it observed, of very great importance as regards one of the possible causes of the explosion. The foreman of Chatham Dockyard, under whose supervision the *Doterel* was fitted out, described early on the second day of the trial the

ventilating arrangements of the magazine. Later in the day the carpenter of the ship was called. He stated that he was thoroughly acquainted with the construction of the magazine, that he had examined it twice before the *Doterel* was commissioned, and that he saw no ventilators. Upon failing to find any, he spoke to the foreman of the yard; and afterwards, when the ship was at Plymouth, he spoke to the foreman afloat and to the Gunnery Lieutenant, but nothing was done, and the magazine remained unventilated. At this point the foreman of Chatham Dockyard was recalled, his evidence read over to him, and he was asked whether the ventilator described in his evidence was actually the fitting placed in the *Doterel*. He then declared himself willing to state on oath that it was—partly, apparently, on the ground that, as a ship goes on towards completion, “special draughtsmen are appointed” by the Chief Constructor to make correct and authentic “drawings of everything accomplished.” The Gunnery Lieutenant at Plymouth was then called. He stated that, on the arrival of the *Doterel* at Plymouth, he had been informed by the carpenter that no ventilating fittings had been arranged in the magazine, and had reported this to the inspecting officer. More than this, he had himself, “immediately on entering the magazine, noticed a want of ventilation.” The next witness was the foreman afloat at Plymouth. He remembered nothing of the communication made to him by the carpenter of the *Doterel*, but he contributed a very remarkable communication of his own. Several vessels of the *Doterel* class have been fitted out at Plymouth, and he believes from general knowledge and examination of the drawings that their magazines are provided with no means of ventilation. Ventilation, in fact, is a luxury reserved for larger ships. At all events, he is able to state positively that nothing of the kind is shown in the drawings. Apparently, therefore, the same drawings convey quite opposite ideas to the officials at Chatham and the officials at Plymouth. The latter are at all events of one mind upon this question. Two other foremen were called and declared that in none of the ships of the *Doterel* class fitted out at Plymouth—eleven in number—have any ventilating arrangements been fitted to the magazines. On the other hand, the leading shipwright at Chatham declared that he had himself fitted the ventilator to the magazine of the *Doterel*. Thus the conflict of testimony is in every way complete. The officials at Chatham and those at Plymouth alike base their statements on knowledge of the drawings made of the fittings of each ship as it is being built. From Chatham we hear positively that ventilation is always provided for; from Plymouth that it is never provided for. This may conceivably be explained on the supposition that at Chatham ships of the *Doterel* class are built in one way while at Plymouth they are built in another. Even in this improbable event, however, the difference should be recognized, and it should be known at once from the fact that a ship was built at one dockyard or the other that her magazine is or is not ventilated. In the case of the *Doterel*, however, this knowledge would be of very little avail. The conflict of evidence comes much nearer home. Whatever be the custom as regards the class of ship, it is stated in the most positive way that ventilators of a specific kind were fitted to the *Doterel*'s magazine, and it is stated with equal assurance that no such ventilators existed. Even if these discrepancies admit of reconciliation, it is highly discreditable that they should be there to be reconciled. Let it be conceded that it is a matter of no importance whether magazines are ventilated or not. In that case why should any examination of a ship be undertaken to ascertain the presence or absence of a wholly unimportant particular? The repetition of this process must tend to engender habits of carelessness and to leave the officials uncertain whether the inspections they are making are serious or formal. The facts revealed by this court-martial give a very unsatisfactory picture of dockyard administration. It seems to be characterized neither by unity nor method, nor even by an honest admission that these qualities do not exist, and consequently that provision has to be made for doing without them. It is not a matter for shame that the cause of the explosion on board the *Doterel* should remain unknown. What is a matter for shame is that it should be equally unknown whether an omission which might have been a cause of the explosion was or was not made in the construction of the ship.

## THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD REPORT.

THE complexity of modern administration is nowhere better shown than in the Reports of the Local Government Board. Both the elements which make up this complexity are to be found there. The multiplicity of the subjects dealt with is extraordinary, and the multiplicity of the authorities which have to deal with them is scarcely less so. Everywhere the central authority is seen to be divided between the desire to make the local authorities do their work and the fear lest, in compassing this end, it should unwittingly be led on into doing it for them. Indeed, philanthropists are constantly irritated by the delays and compromises to which this conflict gives birth; and it is hard, no doubt, to construct a theoretical justification of it. But, considering how much uncertainty there yet is, and seems likely to be for some time to come, upon some of the most important matters with which local administration is concerned, the delays may be welcomed, even if the compromises are still held to be unfortunate. It is alarming even to think of the condition the country would now be in if the suggestions which have successively found favour with sanitary and Poor Law reformers had been carried out with the vigour belonging to a strong central government. Even the natural progress of what was at the time supposed to have been sanitary improvement did much to make typhoid the household word it has now become; and, if the Local Government Board had existed fifty years ago, and had been continuously ready to guide itself and the country by the latest light for the time being, we might have succeeded in acclimatizing two or three more diseases of the first magnitude. Even the magnificent system of drainage which makes London the admiration of a sewage-troubled world is now viewed with just suspicion by every one except the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, while for those who have the unhappiness to live in the neighbourhood of Barking suspicion has already passed into certainty. If local authorities had been as energetic all over England as they were in London, we should be universally reconsidering the disposal of our sewage. This unpleasing subject makes pretty large demands on us as it is, but at any rate the majority of the bodies which have to work out the problem need not be troubled by the thought that their former labour has gone for nothing. It is consideration, not reconsideration, that they are asked to undertake.

The Report of the Local Government Board for 1880 shows no great change in the statistics of pauperism. The expenditure for relief was slightly higher than during the previous year, as it had been in each of the preceding years. It takes some time, apparently, for trade movements to make themselves felt upon the class which supplies paupers. The prosperous years at the beginning of the last decade are not those which show the most satisfactory figures. It was not till 1877 when trade had again become depressed, that the poor-rate reached its lowest point. Since that year it has been steadily, though slowly, rising. The distribution of the cost between in-maintenance and out-relief has greatly changed during the last ten years. Under the former head the charge in 1880 was 15 per cent. greater than it was in 1871; while under the latter head it was 26 per cent. less. The evidence of statistics has not, however, completed the conversion of the Guardians. In the South-Western counties 78 per cent., and in Wales nearly 85 per cent., of the total relief is still given outside the workhouse. But for this it might be thought that there was no resisting the example of the Metropolitan Unions. In 1871 the total cost of indoor and outdoor relief was 848,507*l.*, in-maintenance taking 436,208*l.*, and outdoor relief 412,299*l.* In 1880 the sum spent in outdoor relief had fallen to 198,422*l.*; and, on the theory in favour with country Guardians, the total cost of poor relief ought to have greatly increased. Instead of this, it had fallen to 712,197*l.* It is fair, however, to say that the London Guardians have been exceptionally helped in their progress towards sound views on this subject. If they had had nothing but theory to guide them, they might not have moved much faster than their neighbours. Fortunately for the metropolitan ratepayers, a large part of the cost of in-maintenance is borne by a common fund raised from the whole of London. The Guardians of each Union have thus a direct interest

in offering "the house" to paupers. They may still in their hearts believe that outdoor relief is cheaper than in-maintenance. They would perhaps say that the difference between the words used to describe the two processes proves this, since, while the outdoor pauper is "relieved," the indoor pauper has to be "maintained." But this argument is of little worth in presence of the fact that the cost of relief is borne by the Union, whereas the cost of maintenance is borne by the common fund. The Unions which show most enlightenment upon this subject are those from which least enlightenment might, *a priori*, have been expected. The average proportion of outdoor to indoor paupers for all the London Unions was nearly 52 to 48; but in the great East-end Unions of Whitechapel and St. George's-in-the-East it was 23 to 77 and 18 to 82. The lesson to be derived from these figures is that, wherever aid is given to local rates, it should be made dependent on the adoption of some sound principle which would have small chance of finding favour with local ratepayers except under the gentle pressure of pecuniary aid. It used to be said that the indisposition generally felt towards the workhouse was largely due to the cruel separation of husband and wife which was enforced there. No charge made a greater figure in the furious indictments of which the Poor Law of 1834 was so long the object. Under an Act passed in 1876 the Guardians have a discretionary power to allow husband and wife to live together in the workhouse when either of them is infirm, sick, or above sixty years of age. This relaxation of the law has had an unexpected result. It has decreased the number of applicants for outdoor relief. "In many instances," says the Report, "old people have complained of being separated merely for the purpose of obtaining outdoor relief, as, when it has been explained to them that the law permitted them to be together in the workhouse, they declined to accept the offer."

The most interesting feature in the Poor Law side of the Report is the account given by Mr. HOLGATE, the Inspector of Pauper Schools for the London district, of the experiment which the managers of the Kensington and Chelsea school district are making at Banstead. The 600 children under their charge are housed, not as is the case with the other metropolitan school districts, in one large school, but in twenty "village homes," each standing in its own plot, with its own flower garden and playground, and forming part of a village street, with chapel, school-rooms, infirmary, and shops for industrial training. Ten of these homes are for boys above seven years of age, the other ten being reserved for girls and infants. Each of the boys' houses has accommodation for 36 children under the charge of a married couple, as father and mother of the family; the "father" being employed during the day as an industrial teacher, the "mother" superintending the cooking and management of the house. The girls' houses contain 24 children, each under the charge of a "mother." The girls take care of the infants, and are taught cooking and household and laundry work. Some of our readers may remember the excitement caused some years ago by the late Mrs. NASSAU SENIOR's attack upon the system of bringing up pauper children in district schools. After all deductions had been made for unconscious exaggeration, and for a faulty method of collecting statistics, two of Mrs. SENIOR's charges remained substantially unimpugned. The girls brought up in these huge buildings, where the employment of the best mechanical aids is a necessary part of economical management, cannot receive the kind of instruction which is calculated to fit them for the work they will probably have to do when they go out into life. The cooking appliances which are needed to prepare a dinner for 1,000 children have nothing in common with the humble grate in a poor man's cottage or a small tradesman's kitchen. If a girl learns how to manage a gas stove or the latest improvement in slow-combustion ranges—and the probability is that she will not be allowed to meddle with either—it is a hundred chances to one whether what she will have learnt will be of any use to her afterwards. This was one of the faults which Mrs. SENIOR justly found with the district schools. The other was the mixing up of orphan and deserted children—who have virtually become wards of the State, and so have a claim to be protected from bad companions, so far as it is possible for this to be done—with the children who come in with their parents for a short time, who are

usually vagrants of the lowest type, and who yet have all the influence upon the regular inmates which is given by superior knowledge of the world outside and a larger experience of life. In both these respects village homes are superior to district schools. They are small, and so admit of being worked by small appliances, and by hand instead of by machines. They are distinct from one another, and so admit of more careful grouping, according to the antecedents of the inmates. Mr. HOLGATE is evidently impressed by the objections to which he thinks that the system is open on the score of expense, and he does not seem to attach sufficient force to the weighty arguments which can be used in defence of it, even from the point of view of ultimate economy. At present the experiment is only in its infancy, but it is one that deserves to be watched with sympathy as well as interest.

#### SOME OXFORD CHAPELS.

WE hardly know any buildings more completely *an generis* than the typical Oxford College Chapel, such as the Chapels of New College and All Souls. We question whether the type referred to is to be found anywhere in England but at Oxford. As a rule, like causes produce like effects; and the circumstances of mediæval collegiate life were much the same at both Universities. But the builders at Cambridge contented themselves with the simpler plan of the unbroken parallelogram, the antechapel being formed by screening off one or two of the western bays. Even Henry VI.'s colossal chapel at King's is of the same unambitious type. It is one long hall from end to end, without aisle or transept. The side chapels are entirely external to the main walls, filling the recesses between the gigantic buttresses which sustain the vault. The Chapel of Jesus is a cruciform conventual church, adapted in the fifteenth century to collegiate use, and therefore forms no real exception. At Oxford, too, we find this simpler arrangement, as in the former chapel of Balliol, and those of St. John's, Jesus, and University; but the grander and more fully developed type was evidently the favourite, and continued to be adopted from its introduction by William of Wykeham at New College, at the end of the fourteenth century, till the beginning of the seventeenth century at Wadham, and almost its close at Brasenose. At Queen's, also, we learn from Logan's bird's-eye view, an "outer chapel" of the New College type was added in 1518 to the simple oblong chapel of rich decorated architecture finished in 1382, almost contemporaneously with Wykeham's buildings.

The plan of these buildings is, in block, that of a cruciform church, deprived of its nave, such as Merton Chapel at the present day, and of Bristol Cathedral before its recent completion. But the similarity is superficial. The western limb is no transept, but a very short nave of two bays, the apparent transeptal projections being formed by the aisles. If carried further westward to their normal length, these chapels would become churches, comprising an aisled nave and an aisleless chancel, of the common type. The superficial likeness to the arrangement at Merton, which is an unfinished building, consisting of the choir, transept, and central tower of a cruciform church, of which the nave was never built, has led some to the erroneous conclusion that Wykeham, struck with the convenience of this plan for collegiate purposes, adopted it with modifications in his chapel at New. This theory, however plausible, is completely refuted by chronology. The buildings of Wykeham's "New College," more properly "Seinte Marie College of Wynehestre in Oxenford," the fulfilment of his grand design for raising the standard of education in England, were completed when on the vigil of Palm Sunday 1386 the first warden and fellows entered on their new home. The cloisters, the last completed portion, were consecrated by Nicholas, Bishop of Dunkeld—one of Edward III.'s creatures, unrecognized by the Scotch Church—October 19, 1400. At this time Merton Chapel consisted of the choir only; nor was it till about seventeen years later that the suspended work was resumed, the transepts not being finished till 1424, when the whole was "rededicated with great pomp." The central tower is later still, dating 1448–1450. We may therefore safely ascribe the plan of this chapel to William of Wykeham. The great convenience of the spacious antechapel for the performance of the various functions, almost as much secular as ecclesiastical, of which college chapels were the appointed place in mediæval times, was self-evident. The college chapel, as Mr. Clark has reminded us, was the recognized place for meetings, acts, disputations, lectures, and even for dramatic performances. When Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge in 1564 the *Avulularia* of Plautus and other plays were acted before her in the antechapel of King's, and that, too, on a Sunday evening. Ruggles's *Ignoramus* was performed in the same sacred precincts before her successor. There is survival of the custom even to our own day in some colleges, in the election of Fellows, the signing of leases, and the delivery of declamations on secular subjects in the chapel. Still, the incongruity between the sacred and the profane was less conspicuous when secular actions were transacted in an antechapel, separated by a screen from the chapel proper. The suitability of the plan is proved by its having been adopted successively by Chicheley at All Souls and by Waynflete at Magdalen, as well as in the already men-

tioned additions at Queen's. It was also revived at a much later date (1613 A.D.) at Wadham—that remarkable and, at first sight, almost staggering reproduction of pure Perpendicular forms and details side by side with a composition of the most debased character—where the two side arches, dividing off the aisles of the antechapel, are evidently copied from those of New, and in less completeness at Oriel; and, last of all, in 1666, in that strangely heterogeneous, but not unpicturesque, medley of the classical and Gothic styles at Brasenose. The former chapel of Exeter, built in 1624 (which has given place to Sir G. G. Scott's attractive, but somewhat tame, adaptation of the Sainte-Chapelle), a building remarkably good for its date, which we should have been glad to see preserved, had exceptionally the antechapel at the side, forming a south aisle, divided from the main body of the chapel by a row of pillars and arches.

It was a further recommendation of Wykeham's design that by this lateral extension of the antechapel the architectural effect of the western façade was greatly augmented, and the chapel assumed much greater dignity and importance than if it had terminated in a simple gable. No one can have noticed the grand effect of the west end of New College Chapel, towering above the low cloisters, or that of Magdalen Chapel from Pugin's entrance gateway, without appreciating the feeling which dictated the arrangement.

The one modern chapel in which the typical Oxford plan has been in any way attempted is that of St. John's, Cambridge. Here, however, Sir Gilbert Scott has preferred the rudimentary Merton type. The western wings are real transepts, opening into the lantern space by broad single arches, and there is a tower which would have been central if the nave had been built. The effect is stately, but, as at Merton, incomplete.

The earliest colleges at Oxford, very humble foundations, had no chapel. The members worshipped in an adjoining parish church. When chapels began to be added they were nothing more than small oratories. To Wykeham must be ascribed the introduction of the more stately ideal to which, after his time, most of the subsequently erected colleges sought to conform themselves. According to his arrangement, the two edifices essential for the common life of the society, the hall and the chapel, formed one continuous building standing end to end. At University and St. John's the chapel stands to the east of the hall, and an east window, that feature so specially dear to the English mind, was possible. This arrangement was also adopted by Hawksmoor in his stately classical design at Queen's. But in the three earlier examples of New, All Souls, and Magdalen, either local circumstances or the caprice of the designer dictated another arrangement. The chapel is placed to the west of the hall and ends in a dead wall. The absence of an east window, however, instead of being allowed to be any injury to the architectural effect, has given an opportunity for adding greatly to its internal magnificence. The end wall afforded a field for that luxuriance of tabernacle work, in which the architects of the Perpendicular period revelled, and which may be regarded as the chief glory of the style. When fresh from the carvers' hands, every niche filled with its appropriate statue, the whole glowing with colour and bright with gilding, and rich with "busy entail," few more magnificent spectacles can have been presented than the reredoses of these chapels. The whole end-wall was the reredos, and the composition, rising tier above tier from basement to roof, displayed the combined skill of architect, sculptor, and colourist, at its highest and best, in a triumph of decorative art.

But while few of our mediæval architectural works can have been more deserving of admiration than these noble chapels, few have suffered more seriously, first from brutal violence, and afterwards from well-intentioned, but almost more mischievous, restoration. The rich tabernacle work and statues which were their chief glory—and of which Wykeham had such a tender care that he specially forbade the scholars at New College to jump down violently from the hall tables lest they might endanger the images on the other side of the wall—were to the first reformers, and even more to their Puritan successors in the seventeenth century, monuments of superstition, which it was their sacred duty to tear down and destroy. Everywhere the same work of destruction was ruthlessly carried out. Not only were the images removed, but the tabernacles were so completely broken up that the whole end-wall became a hideous ruin. The fragments of the magnificent canopies were huddled into the vacant hollows of the niches, like so much rubble, and to give the mutilated building some semblance of decency the whole was neatly plastered over and whitewashed. At New College, in 1695, one Henry Cook, a favourite artist of William III., who employed him to repair the Cartoons, of which he executed the copies now in the Taylor Gallery, for the Duke of Marlborough, was entrusted with the work. It was his fancy, in complete defiance of the original design, to "represent the concave of a semi-rotunda, in which the east end of the chapel was supposed to terminate." In the centre was "the Salutation of the Virgin." At All Souls the artist employed was Robert Streater, Serjeant-painter to Charles II. "A very civil little man and lame," writes Pepys, "but lives handsomely," who is chiefly known to us by the vast allegorical painting with which he decorated the ceiling of the Sheldonian Theatre, "his principal performance," says Walpole, "but a very mean one." Pepys tells us that some connoisseurs of his day pronounced it "better done than those of Rubens at Whitehall"—an estimate he did not fully share, though "certainly very noble." In 1664 he debauched the whole end-wall of the chapel with a vast picture of the Resurrection, and did his best to spoil the fine hammerbeam roof by

stretching canvas over the rafters, painted with mock "caissons," or sunk panels. Streater's work within a quarter of a century of its execution was obliterated by Sir James Thornhill's wondrous "Apotheosis of the Founder," with its clouds and streaming draperies, descending angels and soaring souls, which has only in our own day ceased to disfigure the chapel. At the same time, figures of the Latin Fathers in sham canopied niches were painted by him between the windows. A rich Corinthian marble altarpiece was set up by Dr. Clark, and Bishop Goldwell's screen separating the chapel from the antechapel was replaced by one certainly of exquisite though inappropriate design by Sir Christopher Wren. The windows were filled with dull chiaroscuro glass, resembling those Indian-ink drawings on which our grandmothers wasted so much time, of which some remnants are, or were lately, still to be seen; and which, in our memory, darkened the whole chapel at Magdalen. These costly decorative works—so strangely does taste change—were once regarded as investing the chapel with "the affecting character of solemn simplicity"; "whatever the visitor forgets he remembers the beautiful chapel of All Souls." About the same time that Cook was covering the chapel of New College and Streater that of All Souls with their tasteless productions, Isaac Fuller was doing the same at Magdalen. With a sublime audacity, he chose the Last Judgment for his subject, with the intention, we are told, of giving to the untravelled some idea of the design and colouring of Michael Angelo's work, occupying a similar position in the Sistine Chapel; "an attempt," writes Walpole, "in which he certainly failed." Addison sung the praises of Fuller's picture, as an immortal work, in sonorous Latin verses "done to order," describing it rather as it ought to have been than as it was. It was evidently a very commonplace performance, as little to be regretted as Cook's and Streater's. Of course whatever new woodwork was added was designed in the classical style. Happily the old stalls and panelling were retained at All Souls, but, in violation of all harmony of style, a Corinthian cornice was made to surmount them.

These tasteless changes were made, as we have seen, at the close of the seventeenth century. A hundred years later the Gothic revival had set in, and the Colleges were in a hurry to undo all that their predecessors of the Restoration period had done. James Wyatt, "the destructive," was in the zenith of his popularity. First New College Chapel in 1789, and then in 1793 that of Magdalen, were placed in his hands to "bring back to the Gothic model," as far as was compatible with "the improved taste of modern times." Wyatt's operations at Oxford were less destructive than at Salisbury or Durham, and though the work was feebly done, and the greater part of it was executed in cement or "Coade's artificial stone," it was not entirely devoid of merit. We are at least indebted to him for the abolition of the huge wall-paintings which darkened and disfigured the chapels, and for the restoration of the exquisite tabernacle-work, discovered in a fragmentary condition beneath the plaster, to something approaching its original beauty of design. For the feeble imitations of groining worked in plaster, "contrary," in Mr. Cockerell's words, "to the geometrical and structural principles of the style, without model or authority," there is no defence. But ribbed vaulting was then considered essential to the completeness of a Gothic building, and as these chapels were intended to exhibit the perfection of the style as conceived by Mr. Wyatt, the old hammerbeam roofs, designed when the style was a living one, were unhesitatingly condemned as unworthy of their position, and a lath and plaster sham substituted. The west window of New College had its tracery mutilated to receive Reynolds's "Nativity" and "washy Virtues," by which it was converted into "a transparency suited to a nocturnal illumination at some public rejoicing." This coloured picture, false as it is to the true principles of architectural decoration, was considered so fine that an arch was formed in the middle of the organ to give a view of it from the altar—a puerile conceit which, we need hardly say, has been done away with in the recent admirable repair. At the same time, with all its glaring faults, Wyatt's restoration must have left both these chapels much better than he found them. Such works are not to be judged of by our present standard of taste and architectural knowledge. Wyatt, it is true, had far too little respect for antiquity. But he was not quite the "monster" it has been the fashion to call him—

Nulla virtute redentum

A vitiis.

While the sister chapels at New and Magdalen were passing through the restoration fever, All Souls happily escaped the infection. We have seen that it was universally regarded as entirely the perfection of religious art. To touch it would have been sacrilege. So it has remained to our own day, with our truer knowledge of mediæval art and higher powers of execution, to bring back Chicheley's beautiful chapel to something approaching its pristine condition. The restoration has been admirably done. Unstinted munificence supplied the necessary funds, and the most accurate taste presided over the carrying out of the work. The result has been the reproduction in the elaborately carved reredos, which is the chief feature of the chapel, of what is perhaps the more gorgeous example of mediæval tabernacle work in England. As a composition we must confess that we think it inferior to the reredoses at New College and Magdalen. In these the niches run in horizontal bands stretching continuously across the screen; at All Souls, though the niches are, as a rule, on the same horizontal level, they are divided from one another by vertical mem-

bers running from floor to ceiling, so that the whole design is broken up into long vertical stripes, set aside by aids, with no necessary connexion between them. The want is felt of strongly accentuated cornices and plinths to bind the niches together and give unity to the composition. It also suffers from over-elaboration. There are no plain surfaces left, and the eye is fatigued by the want of repose. Even the vertical members, or monials, which separate the compartments, are hollowed out into little niches containing statuette. Simple mouldings casting decided shadows would have been in every way preferable. It seems almost ungenerous to criticize a work of such splendour, carried out with such unstinted munificence; but it is not the first time that real effect has been sacrificed to over-elaboration.

Singularly enough the College was quite unaware of the treasure that lay hid behind the plaster coating, and its discovery was due to an accident. During the progress of the repair an awkward labourer thrust a scaffold pole through the plaster. A huge rent was made, and revealed the mutilated remains of a gorgeous composition of tabernacle work axed off to a general surface. It was felt at once that so glorious a work must be restored. The Chicheleian Professor of Modern History took up the matter with a zeal and determination that no coldness could quench or difficulties conquer. Earl Bathurst, once a member of the foundation, munificently undertook the whole cost of the restoration. Sir Gilbert Scott diligently pieced together the broken fragments, and made out the original design. A sufficient sculptor was found in Mr. Gellowski, a Pole of Jewish extraction, by whom, with the exception of one, the work of Count Gleichen, the whole of the statues were carved, the Warden and Fellows, we are told, sitting for the likenesses; and the work went on uninterruptedly to its conclusion. The design of this magnificent reredos, which seems to have been originally erected by the benefaction of Bishop Goldwell, of Norwich, comprises a central and two lateral compartments. The latter exhibit three tiers, each of four niches. The Crucifixion occupies the centre. Above this are two rows, each of five niches, the Doom filling the crown of the composition immediately under the roof. Immediately above the Crucifixion the niches contain the four Latin Fathers, to whom the chapel is dedicated, with St. John the Baptist in the centre. Above these come the Twelve Apostles, St. Michael occupying the central niche. The two lower tiers in each of the lateral compartments are filled with historical personages connected with the epoch of the foundation of the chapel—Henry V. and his Queen, Margaret of Anjou, John of Gaunt, Edward Duke of York, the Dukes of Bedford, Clarence, and Gloucester, Archbishop Warham, Cardinal Beaufort, and others. The first niche on the north side is appropriately assigned to a statue of the restorer of the screen, Earl Bathurst. Both in design and execution these statues are above the average. A perfectly plain panel immediately above the altar mars the completeness of the design. It is not easy to determine how it should be filled, and it is better that it should remain a little longer blank than that it should receive any inappropriate decoration. Every other part of the chapel has been subjected to a thorough restoration. The hammerbeam roof, relieved of Streater's painted canvas, once more shows its ancient pitch. The chiaroscuro windows have given place one by one to Clayton and Bell's more appropriate glass. The great window of the ante-chapel had already been filled with a design by Hardman, at the cost of the late Warden. The beautiful ancient glass of the ante-chapel, transferred from the dark chocolate backgrounds in which it had been set at a period when it seemed to be thought that a window was made, not to transmit the light, but to obscure it, has recovered its old richness and translucency. A magnificent mosaic pavement of rich marbles has been laid down in the sacristy. The stall-work and benches, somewhat plain for their position, have been thoroughly cleaned and made good. In short, the chapel now seems to want nothing but a larger resident body to worship regularly within it.

The restoration of New College Chapel speedily followed that of All Souls. This may be more rapidly passed over. The same architect, the late Sir Gilbert Scott, was employed; and, with one exception, the alteration of the pitch of the roof, the work has been executed with the good taste and fidelity characteristic of his works of restoration. Where the original pitch was so plainly indicated by the obtuse gable, it is unaccountable that Sir Gilbert Scott should have changed it. The roof, of the hammerbeam type, is, in itself, almost as perfect as a roof can be. Both in design and execution, it is quite worthy of the chapel. But the consequence of deserting the old pitch is that from the west a queer little peak, like a cocked hat, appears above the gable, while within a waste of plain wall intervenes between the arch which surmounts the tabernacle wall of the east end, and the timbers of the roof. The woodwork of the stalls is excellent, and adds much dignity to the interior, but it rises somewhat too high and interferes with the lower divisions of the windows. The organ, with its two glorious towers of white metal pipes, is a grand contrast to the petty Gothic work and peep-show arrangement of the old instrument. The stonework of the west window has been restored. It would, we suppose, be too bold a step to remove Reynolds's transparent pictures. If nothing else, they mark an epoch. We could wish that the empty niches had been peopled with statues. This has been done with admirable effect at Magdalen, and it cannot be much longer delayed at New. The restoration is manifestly in-



complete till this is done. Surely if there is no Lord Bathurst to undertake the whole, individuals might contribute one or two statues each, and so the whole series might be executed. Empty niches are as meaningless decorations as pictureless frames. At Magdalen, while the statues have been restored, Wyatt's sham plaster graining still remains. We trust that Society will not much longer delay the substitution of an open wooden roof, avoiding the mistake in the pitch made at New.

We have left ourselves small space to speak of the new College chapels which have risen in Oxford during the last quarter of a century; Mr. Butterfield's at Balliol and at Keble, and Sir Gilbert Scott's at Exeter. The chapel of Exeter, though showing the least originality, is decidedly the most pleasing. The exterior of Keble Chapel, with all its richness of detail and carefully studied parts, lacks beauty of proportion and due subordination of members. It is too tall for its length, the windows are too high from the ground, and the whole design wants repose. The western transept is decidedly ill-proportioned. The interior, with its air of subdued richness, is more satisfactory. But greater simplicity would have been equally desirable here; while more modest proportions would have rendered it more suitable to its purpose, and allowed the preacher to be audible to his congregation. No one can doubt the originality of Mr. Butterfield's invention. His designs are as far as possible from the commonplace. But his talent is an eccentric one, and, while his works excite admiration, they often fail to please. At least this is the case with his later buildings. St. Augustine's College at Canterbury, one of his earliest works, has not been surpassed by anything he has subsequently executed, and still remains his most pleasing design. Balliol Chapel, though far from being a faultless building, in its modest dimensions, simplicity of design, and restraint of ornament, is much less open to criticism than its taller and more pretentious sister.

#### ARIADNE AT NAXOS.

IT is never well to puzzle readers, and therefore we shall explain frankly and at once that Ariadne is the Hon. Auberon Herbert, and that Naxos is, locally speaking, to be found in the neighbourhood of Burley, Ringwood, Hampshire. The woes of the Cretan princess have made or marred the fortune of many a poet and painter, but we do not know that they have ever been more strikingly bodied forth—in a kind of parable or analogy certainly—than by Mr. Auberon Herbert in the letter he wrote to the *Times*, and which the *Times* printed last Wednesday. Mr. Auberon Herbert's political afflictions have not, if there be any truth in the legend which speaks him the founder of a very Conservative Club at Oxford, been altogether constant, and it is very likely that Ariadne herself had looked with favour on other youths before Theseus. But Mr. Herbert seems to have thought, as doubtless Ariadne did, that between himself and the Radical party *c'était pour toujours*. Unfortunate Mr. Herbert! He must long have been murmuring to himself one of the quotations which, in Herodotean phrase, it is not lawful to make, because they have been made so often before, and have asked, "Where is that party now?" He is in Naxos (speaking now politically), but Theseus and the ship and the crew are not. They have gone off, leaving Mr. Auberon Herbert, in his own expressive words, "a prey to a vague feeling of wonder as to what has become of the party to which he once belonged." That Ariadne herself would in the original circumstances have written to the *Times* is extremely probable; that Mr. Auberon Herbert, finding himself deserted, and his party cheerfully sailing off into the blue distance, should do so, was unavoidable. For Mr. Auberon Herbert's only method of addressing his fellow-countrymen is in the columns of the newspapers. He has wooed constituency after constituency in vain, and when he attempted to "orate" in person at the Oak of Reformation in Hyde Park, he was threatened by an unfeeling public with the Serpentine. So it is in the newspaper that he announces his woes, and speaks of Theseus and the party more in sorrow than in anger, and more in wonderment than in sorrow.

The opinions of Ariadne as to the moral and intellectual character of the crew that marooned her were probably not favourable, nor are Mr. Herbert's. He sees, it seems, among the Liberal party "many opportunists, many sentimentalists, many uninquiring adorners, many believers in pills for the earthquake, many successful prophets of coming weather, many skilful navigators of tides and currents in their downward direction, many tacticians and party organizers, many well-drilled rank and file, and many unconscious Socialists just not yet developed into coherence and logic." But he does not see many people who know their own minds or are constant to their own principles. The blasphemy against Theseus personally which follows is so terrible that we hardly like to quote it. Mr. Gladstone is described as "often feelingly alluding to his inner convictions, which seem to be invariably opposed to the measure he has in hand, and which can always be conveniently dismissed." We should rather have said that Mr. Gladstone's convictions could always be summoned at a moment's notice, and were always favourable to the measure he has in hand; but then we do not speak from the point of view of Ariadne. After some irony about Saturn, and a further description of Mr. Gladstone as "a person quite capable of making the best of both planets," Mr. Auberon Herbert ceases to wait, and wants to know. He is prepared with eleven interrogatories, which he wishes to administer to the faithless party. "Are there

any Liberal Free-traders?" is the first; and the second, "Did these Free-traders vote for the Land Court and Mr. Gladstone's other mediæval institutions?" Here it may be observed that Mr. Auberon Herbert is rather hard on mediæval institutions; but from his own point of view the hit at the departing party is just. "Which has demoralized his party at short notice most successfully—Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone?" Which has submitted most uncomplainingly to personal government? "Which believes most in the all-embracing virtue of organization? Which cares least what it does, if it beats its rival? Which has the most defective memory for its old arguments?" &c. &c. Then Mr. Auberon Herbert wishes to know "which is to be preferred, cynicism in deceiving others or enthusiasm in deceiving oneself?" This is, of course, Number Two in the nature of a Gladstone-Beaconsfield parallel. But, by way of varying the line, Mr. Herbert wants to know whether Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury finds Hiansard the most pleasant reading, and has the greatest difficulty in reconciling sharp curves with straight lines—a question which is very much easier to answer. These rather general demands, which appear to require some such interjectional reply or supplement as Mr. Micawber's famous "Hoep!" to complete them, are followed by inquiries still more pertinent and pleasing. Mr. Herbert wants to know how it happened that all the Three Hundreds and Six Hundreds simultaneously arrived at a unanimous belief in the excellence of such a complicated measure as the Land Bill. He entreates "the great party to which he has the honour to belong"—this is probably ironical, for the great party has evidently left him behind—to tell him "whether it has any clear idea whither it is going," and, obviously with a momentary return of affection, he inquires further whether that party is comfortable when it reflects what it has done. Mr. Herbert, it is pleasant to know, looks with some jealousy on the Liberal party in Saturn, which is presumably constant to the old tenets. He invites (being evidently in a state of the rankest insubordination to the party to which he has the honour to belong) more Liberal members to follow the example of Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Argyll. And then, relapsing into the blasphemous vein before deprecated, he talks about "a state of political Roman Catholicism," "the brass calf of Birmingham," "an Act of fifty clauses, which reads like a theological work dragged up from the depths of the middle ages," &c. &c. *Notum furens quid femina*, and allowance must always be made for the natural disappointments of Ariadnes who see their companions sailing away; but Mr. Herbert is evidently sound at heart, for, as has twice been seen, he despises the middle ages. There is a celebrated period in the history of philosophy when, according to one who certainly had a right to speak, "every one was a philosopher who did not believe in the Devil." Perhaps every one who does not believe in the middle ages, and who thinks them capable of the Irish Land Bill, may still, despite a little passing spleen, call himself a Liberal.

This, however, is not the point of the matter. The point is that "notre âme parle"—we must apologize to Mr. Auberon Herbert for the unavoidably uncomplimentary formula of commendation—"et même il parle très bien." A sojourn in Naxos evidently has the effect of euphrasy and rue on the mental vision. For that the Land Act is equivalent to a flat denial of the principles of Free-trade is simply a fact. That Mr. Gladstone has made his followers at their principles is simply a fact. That those followers have given a more striking example of implicit obedience than any subjects of the Czar or tribesmen of the Old Man of the Mountain is simply a fact. The instantaneous unanimity of the Hundreds touching a measure the hearings of which lawyers and publicists of the first repute scarcely professed fully to understand after long study was certainly wonderful. The great party by which Mr. Auberon Herbert has had the honour to be deserted most unquestionably does not know whither it is going, and some at least of its members are obviously a little uncomfortable at their promenade in the dark. That envy of the Liberal party in Saturn is a well-deserved gibe; the brass calf of Birmingham is scarcely a libel on the caucus; and political Roman Catholicism is a remarkably neat and appropriate term for the present fashionable, if not orthodox, form of Liberal faith. Many, if not most, of these things have indeed been said before, but they have been said for the most part by enemies, wicked Tories, or pococurante outsiders and scoffers who have not the root of the matter in them. But there is nothing in Mr. Auberon Herbert's letter except his inconceivable disrespect to the Gladstonian Church (*extra quam nulla salus*), inconsistent with the purest Liberalism. Nobody can say that Liberals have not always held the principles which he says they have held; no one can say that the practices which he denounces have not a terrible savour of evil about them according to those principles; and though some persons may be very bold and deny the existence of the said practices, their own belief in their denial is not likely to be very strong. Never was there such an example of an elephant (this is a comparison intended specially to make up to Mr. Auberon Herbert for the injurious zoological parallel which the exigencies of quotation forced us just now to draw) making havoc of his own ranks; never had a party, after playfully leaving a faithful friend stranded on Naxos, to listen to such a painful list of accusations shouted down the wind after them. Nor, unluckily, is there much chance of their ordinal being over. The original marooners of Ariadne were soon out of hull, and there was no *Times* newspaper. It is unfortunately impossible for Mr. Herbert to carry out the plan which would evidently be

most agreeable to him, and to seek the purer and more congenial atmosphere of Saturn. The party, it is to be feared, has not heard by any means the last of him. Indeed, the most unwise advances in the direction of "forgivenesses and reconciliation" seem to have been made to him. Two Liberal Associations have recently requested the honour of Mr. Auberon Herbert's accession to their ranks. Mr. Herbert is not stern; he will forgive; but on conditions only. The Associations are to "accept a resolution that the function of the Liberal party is to widen, and not to lessen, the sphere of free action, free contract, and Free-trade." He might as well have asked them to burn Mr. Gladstone in effigy at once. The only comfort for them is that the same remarkable exercise of political judgment and logical faculty which has enabled them to make the changes which Mr. Herbert deprecates may be trusted to keep them, not, indeed, steady to those changes, but constant to the course of their great leader. Mr. Herbert is evidently wanting in that sense of the community of thought and action which great men of all times have acknowledged, though they have felt its influence in various ways. This influence has often been claimed for the services of the Church throughout the world; but M. Duruy found the same effect in the knowledge that all little French boys of a certain age and rank were at a given moment repeating the same passage of Roman history, and the modern Radical finds it in the thought that the Hundreds all over England are pledging themselves simultaneously to a measure which not a tenth of the members have read, and which not a tenth of the fraction who have read it are qualified to understand. Mr. Herbert, we say, does not feel this, nor the sweets of resting in Mr. Gladstone, nor the inspiring effects of devotion to the brazen calf of Birmingham. So the Liberal party has left him, and he is Ariadne. For him personally we have very small comfort to offer. He wants Theseus to come back; Ariadne always does. But unluckily Theseus never comes back, and we really do not know what Dionysus there is left to come to Mr. Herbert's rescue. His case is hard; but he has at least had the pleasure of giving his faithless friends a piece of his mind in a very forcible manner.

#### THE SEAMY SIDE OF SCEPTICISM.

IN the "ages of faith," as is well known, scepticism or heresy—and the two would not then have been very nicely distinguished—was regarded as the most heinous of crimes. It was an outrage alike on human society and on the Divine Ruler of the world, and on both accounts worthy of the severest punishment: a code of law more than Draconian in its severity could provide; the rack, the thumb-screw, and the stake were its appropriate doom. Nor would any well-informed and impartial student of the present day, whatever might have been the case half a century ago or earlier, dream of attributing the cruelties systematically inflicted on sceptics in the name of religion to the mere selfishness or caprice of tyranny and priestcraft. Such influences may too often have been at work; even the best and wisest laws are liable to be perverted by the folly or fault of their administrators. But speaking broadly there can be no reasonable doubt that the conscience of the Christian community was honestly outraged in those days by the avowal of unbelief or misbelief, and that the fate of a condemned heretic excited as little public sympathy or regret as the hanging of a convicted murderer now, probably less. Yet so completely has the whole tone of society, or what Mr. Arnold would call the *Zeitgeist*, changed since then, that ordinary minds in the last half of the nineteenth century find it difficult to conceive, not how there can be any excuse for scepticism, but how any one can have imagined there was anything blameworthy in it. Our representative poet has sung the praises of "honest doubt," and the temper most opposed to doubt is apt to be designated by the ugly name of bigotry. It was said truly enough half a century ago, and it is still truer now, that there seems to be a sort of atmosphere of paradox and unrest hanging around many of the ablest young men of the day, not only as to religious matters, but as to all great moral and intellectual questions. Everything that had been held to be settled for centuries is again brought into discussion. It was even one of the common reproaches hurled by its enemies against the Tractarian movement, and it was repeated by Mr. Froude only the other day, that it sprang out of the sceptical temper of the age and served to promote it, while at the same time it flung back doubters, who were pausing on the very brink of Pyrrhonism, into a blind and fanatical superstition. And there was of course a certain substratum of fact in such criticisms. The "Catholic reaction," in England as in Europe, was a recoil from the advancing tide of scepticism of the eighteenth century, and the pendulum once set moving is apt to oscillate between the rival poles of fanaticism and unbelief. But, to revert to our point, there can be no doubt that the general tendency of the age is to look on scepticism as a phase of mind innocuous, if not even honourable, in which only the blindest and narrowest intolerance can find any ground of censure. We are speaking of scepticism in the strict sense of the word, which means a state of doubt and uncertainty, not of atheism or unbelief, which is as much a state of positive conviction as its opposite. Yet what a modern writer says of scepticism would apply equally in these cases also; "it is as unmeaning to speak of the immorality of an intellectual mistake as it would be to talk of the colour of a sound." And if this

be so, it is very difficult to account for the very different feeling which during many centuries notoriously prevailed on the subject, or for the blame which religious believers still profess to attach, and can certainly cite the highest religious authority for attaching, to scepticism or unbelief as a chronic habit of mind. We find even a man so little of a dogmatist as the late Dr. Arnold denying the existence of "conscientious atheism"—that is, we presume, among those brought up believers—and maintaining that "atheism and pure scepticism are both systems of absurdity," of which the former separates truth from goodness and the latter destroys truth altogether. It is surely hard, we do not say to justify but to explain such estimates, whether in ancient or modern times, if it is really as unmeaning to talk of the immorality of an intellectual mistake as of the colour of a sound.

The fundamental point at issue clearly resolves itself into this—whether there is or is not any moral element in scepticism; if there is not it can deserve no moral blame, and conversely, if there is any ground for blame, the mistake cannot be a purely intellectual one. The writer already quoted goes on to remark that, if a man has sincerely convinced himself that it is possible for two straight lines to enclose a space, we think his opinion absurd, but do not dream of charging him with immorality. But there is an obvious difference in this respect between the nature of abstract truths, like those of mathematics or geometry, and of moral and religious truths. With the former the intellect alone is concerned, but the action of the will can never be wholly excluded from our judgments on the latter. It has been observed for instance that very often the real origin of a man's scepticism is social or political. He dislikes something in the actual state of society, he dislikes the Church as connected with it and supporting what he considers its abuses, and so comes first to hate and then to disbelieve Christianity as the religion of the Church. And again, without being prepared to endorse the sweeping indictment so commonly brought by apologists of the last century to the effect that all unbelief springs from immorality, we may admit that not unfrequently the wish is father to the thought, and a man whose moral or religious practice has degenerated catches eagerly at any plausible excuse for distrusting the authority which has become a burden to him. When therefore Dr. Arnold, whose estimate of atheism we quoted just now, adds that though sincere inquirers may be perplexed for years, or even all their life, with doubts, a good man will never go on from doubt to unbelief, and urges that speculative scepticism ought to be suppressed by the will, there is nothing necessarily unreasonable in such a view of the case, because a moral as well as an intellectual process of some kind is always involved in the transition from doubt either to faith or to unbelief. We cannot be simply disinterested in any question which affects our present conduct and our anticipations of future happiness. Whatever decision we arrive at, indeed, as well as if we determine to form none at all, there are sure to be difficulties left unsolved, such as those surrounding the whole question of the origin of moral evil, and the utmost we can do is among difficulties to choose the least. But whether to a given mind the intellectual difficulties, say of Christianity or of atheism, appear the greatest is a point which is sure to depend in part on the bent of the will. For in religious, as in political matters, or even in questions of taste, the character and formed habits of thought and action inevitably produce a certain intellectual bias which cannot fail to exert an important and not unfrequently a decisive influence on our judgments. And therefore in whatever degree we are responsible for the formation of our character, we must be held responsible for its intellectual results. Hence, again, it very rarely happens that any marked change of religious, ethical, or even political belief, is not the sign or the sequel of a corresponding change of character. It follows, of course, that intellectual error in such cases may at least connote grave moral culpability; it follows also that to cultivate a particular type of character has a direct tendency to foster or induce a particular line of thought. And thus on a broad scale the contrast between the Christian and Pagan type of character, in the early ages of the Church, was noticeable and noticed on both sides alike, and it was not difficult to predict beforehand what kind of persons were likely to accept or to reject the preaching of the Gospel. When Tertullian spoke of *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*, he was pointing to the ethical conditions or characteristics of belief in the new religion.

Moreover scepticism, whether in the generic or the more ordinary sense of the term, may spring from intellectual indolence, which is itself partly a moral fault. Sir Isaac Newton once said—no doubt in an excess of modesty—that any one who chose "to attend" could have made the discoveries he had made, and attention is the meeting point of the intellectual and moral powers. Thucydides again has reminded us of what all observation and experience too abundantly confirm, the very languid interest taken by most men in the pursuit of truth. Interest, habit, passion, custom, love of ease, dislike of change, and a hundred other coarser or subtler shades of sentiment or disposition help to affect our judgment or to disincline us from taking the trouble to form any judgment. It may be replied that such influences would tell against scepticism as well as for it, and might foster that spirit of lazy acquiescence, as distinct from faith, which Tennyson contrasts with "honest doubt." That is true in its measure; but in proportion as the moral energy was feeble, it would tell chiefly on the sceptical side, because, while the intellect perceived, as it could hardly fail to perceive, difficulties on all sides, there would be no motive sufficiently strong to force a doubter to think out

the question for himself. A man with a keen love of truth or of goodness would not rest happily till he had seen his way to some practical conclusion on the main point at issue, although he might be obliged to leave some perplexities still unsolved, but a sceptic whose moral sense lay dormant would be content to go on balancing objections and acquiesce in an otiose suspension of judgment; it would be no pain or trial to him to remain in a state of permanent Pyrrhonism. And this condition of mind can hardly be excused from blame; it springs, not from honest doubt, but from a dishonest reluctance to "face the spectres of the mind" and master them. To be "perplexed in faith" is one thing, to glory in perplexity is another. Scepticism, if we trace its etymology, implies inquiry or investigation, but a sceptic often means a person who has ceased to inquire further, on the assumption that, while the process is laborious, it can lead to no definite result. Scepticism which has passed into the Agnostic phase has ceased, properly speaking, to deserve the name; it no longer searches after truth, but has decided that truth is undiscoverable, or at least not worth the trouble of discovering. "There is nothing new, and nothing true, and it does not signify at all," is a formula as little creditable to the intellect as to the heart. It is no better intellectually than the laziest acquiescence in inherited beliefs, while it paralyzes all moral life. It has been said justly that "the only effect of error ultimately is to promote truth"; but to deny or ignore the distinction between truth and error is "to poison the wells," to undermine the only foundations of morality. It must be remembered also that conviction is a state of mind distinct from the arguments which lead to it, and not varying with their strength. It is quite possible to attain to a clear conviction based on the greater probability, or accumulation of probabilities, without having answered all the arguments adducible on the other side, and in questions resting on moral evidence it is often necessary to do so, if we are to have any convictions at all. We are not of course arguing that people should jump at the conclusions which best accord with their wishes or their immediate interest; far from it. But we do say that a moral element necessarily enters into all such inquiries, and therefore it is a mistake to say, as is much the fashion of the present day, that no moral responsibility is involved in the result.

#### REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS.

TO those of the British public who are much given to reflecting on military matters, supposing any such to exist, there must be something almost ludicrous in the fact that, while everything which we attempt with our regular soldiers on a large scale ends in more or less complete failure, we succeed perfectly when we attempt, even for the first time, anything on a large scale with our amateur soldiers. From the Walcheren expedition down to the present day there has been hardly a military undertaking, whether in peace or war, which has not been attended by more or less bungling and mismanagement. It is true that, by sheer dint of bitter experience gained in repeated failures, we have at length reached the stage when we can despatch a small expedition against a barbarous and unarmed potentate in Abyssinia or Ashantee, and bring it to a successful termination; but we have yet to see the day when we can place even one army corps on the Continent in a condition for workmanlike action. Nor are things managed much better at home as far as the regulars are concerned, though, strange to say, whenever the Volunteer element appears upon the scene we succeed perfectly. The Duke of Wellington used to say that few generals could put ten thousand troops into Hyde Park and fewer still could get them out again. We have, however, put fifty thousand volunteers, assembled from every part of the kingdom, into Windsor Park, and have sent them home again without a single mishap. Again, we have mustered forty thousand Volunteers at Holyrood with equal precision and success. We once attempted what were called Autumn Manœuvres at Aldershot for our regulars, which manœuvres, after numerous displays of primitive, not to say startling, strategy and tactics, were eventually discontinued as having been tried and found utterly wanting in so far as their object—namely, that of conveying instruction—was concerned. We may cite, as a case in point, a cartoon which many of our readers may remember as having appeared in *Punch*, in which the Crown Prince of Prussia, then on a visit to this country, was represented as being appealed to by the Horse Guards and the War Office to show them how to move ten thousand men ten miles. The Volunteers, on the other hand, can form camps of instruction which have stood the test of years, and which, so far from falling into disrepute, appear to become more numerous and better attended every year. This comparison might be extended almost indefinitely, and, as it seems, always to the disadvantage of the regulars. The Volunteers cost a mere trifle—some half a million annually—and the public see scores of regiments of respectable strength composed of stalwart men. The regular army costs an enormous sum—say fifteen millions annually—and all we see is skeleton regiments of weedy boys. It is all very well to tell the ordinary civilian that these battalions at home are merely acting; under the new system, as feeders to those abroad, and that, if he only goes to the East or West Indies, he will see proper establishments of grown men. The ordinary civilian cannot go to the East or West Indies, and, moreover, he naturally likes to see money's worth for money spent. Last, but not least, there remains the fact that, while the

Volunteer, after some preliminary ordeal of ridicule, is now welcomed among us, the regular is still sometimes treated with but scant social consideration. It certainly appears strange that a nation which first regarded the professional soldier with aversion as a menace to constitutional liberty, then with distrust, and which even now does little more than tolerate him as a disagreeable but unavoidable necessity, should so cordially receive and encourage the amateur soldier. But none the less do we require a regular army for India and the colonies, and it is much to be feared that the growing popularity of the Militia and Volunteers is acting detrimentally on our annual supply of recruits. It yet remains to be seen whether the newly organized connexion between the line and the militia will be productive of good results; but we fear that when the novelty has worn off we shall drop back into the old groove, and have to trust to chance and the recruiting sergeant for our supply of recruits for the line.

The success which has attended the two great Volunteer reviews of this year, both as regards transport and organization, suggests the question whether we could not next year attempt something more practical and more ambitious. It is now some ten years ago, if we remember rightly, that a great military novelty was suddenly introduced in the shape of the mobilization scheme. It was ushered in with a considerable amount of parade, and was duly installed in the official army list, where it has remained ever since, an absolute dead letter, until the great majority of the public have forgotten its very existence. Let us briefly recapitulate its principal features. It consists of eight army corps, the head-quarters of which are fixed at Colchester, Aldershot, Croydon, Dublin, Salisbury, Chester, York, and Edinburgh. An army corps consists of three divisions, each division of two brigades, and each brigade of three battalions. Each division, moreover, has attached to it a regiment of cavalry, three batteries of field artillery, one reserve regiment of infantry, and a proportion of engineers, ammunition train, commissariat, and other administrative services. Besides this, the army corps has a special brigade of cavalry, consisting of three regiments, three batteries of horse and two of field artillery, ammunition train, pontoon and telegraph troops, commissariat and administrative services, such as medical, veterinary, field bakeries and butcheries, &c. We may sum up the whole for the benefit of civilian readers by saying that the total comprises about twelve hundred officers, thirty-three thousand men, ten thousand horses, ninety guns, five hundred and fifty waggons, and three hundred carts, and if marching on one road would occupy about fifteen miles in length.

Now, to assemble fifty thousand men, all infantry, for a march past in Windsor Park, and to send them home again, having left them entirely to their own resources in the matter of food, is one thing. To assemble thirty thousand men and ten thousand horses in a given spot, and to supply them with all things needful, say for one week, is quite another. It is this question of supply that has always been our weak point. It has been pointed out with considerable emphasis in more than one quarter that the success of both the Windsor and Edinburgh reviews was due principally to the fact that the War Office and the Quarter-Master-General made no attempt to grapple with it, but informed the various corps that they must make their own arrangements. But, although the military authorities may candidly avow their deficiencies in this respect, a time may come when the difficulty will have to be faced; and bearing in mind how helpless the best troops are without proper supplies of all kinds, it seems to us that every consideration of prudence and common sense alike points to the conclusion that we ought occasionally to rehearse what we may some day have to act in earnest, and mobilize one or more of our army corps occasionally. We have not the smallest doubt that we could assemble thirty thousand men and ten thousand horses at any of the eight given rendezvous, but could we feed them for a month, a week, or even a day? There are other questions besides that of mere food connected with mobilization. If we glance at the scheme as it now appears, we find the whole of the staff of the eight corps represented by expressive blanks. Let us see what the requirements under this head would be. To begin with, the headquarters of each corps requires, besides the general in command, no fewer than twenty-two staff officers, including the non-combatant or administrative element. Each of the three divisions requires twelve, each of the six brigades requires four, as does also the cavalry brigade, giving a total of nearly ninety for each corps, and about seven hundred for the eight corps. Where are all these to come from? Are they really available at any given moment, or should we, when the hour of trial came, be reduced to the old familiar plan of depriving our regiments of their best officers at the precise moment when they were most required to lead their men? We stated just now that for purposes of supply an army corps required about five hundred waggons and three hundred carts; consequently the simultaneous mobilization would create a demand for four thousand waggons and two thousand four hundred carts. Could we depend upon being able to provide these at short notice and to supply them with properly trained drivers? Again, a large proportion of the regiments forming the various corps are militia, some of whom would have to be transported from Ireland and Scotland to the South or East of England. Can we depend upon being always able to muster and transport them? In fact, the more closely the whole scheme is examined, the more points and difficulties of this nature are suggested, the only true solution being actual mobilization of a corps. If the Volunteers of the neighbouring district could be induced to join in the operation so much the better, although it

may be suspected that during our first attempt we should find quite as much as we can do to muster and supply the corps proper. The expense, no doubt, would be considerable; but surely anything is preferable to the happy-go-lucky system of leaving a most complicated, delicate, and difficult operation, on the successful performance of which our national existence may one day depend, unrehearsed and unpractised until it is too late. As the mobilization scheme stands at present it is a delusion, and some day may prove a dangerous snare.

#### PROPOSED CHANGES AT WESTMINSTER.

THERE is an old story of a child which often comes into the mind when "improvements" are threatened. "Mamma, they are always building London—will it never be finished?" was the childish remark. More than quarter of a century ago, in the first number of the *Saturday Review*, a question not yet decided was discussed as to the improvements and alterations then proposed at Westminster. Our concern on that occasion was partly with the new Palace of Parliament; and partly with the parish church of St. Margaret. Both questions are again before the public, and considering our boasted improvement in matters of taste, and the artistic influences of South Kensington, now, we are assured, so widely distributed, it is strange to find the same old arguments used for the same destructive proposals. In 1855 the south side of Bridge Street was still standing; and on the western face of the Clock Tower was a bricked-up archway. Sir Charles Barry had made a design for the completion of New Palace Yard, and from this archway a row of buildings was to extend along the line of Bridge Street to a magnificent gateway, which has never existed except on paper. From this corner gateway, with its side turrets and its high pitched roof, another line of building was to mask the Law Courts, and complete New Palace Yard; which would then have been very nearly of the same dimensions as when it was sketched by Hollar in a well-known print. Hollar's view shows a bell-tower facing the entrance of the Hall, and a gateway of very moderate size at the corner looking on St. Margaret's. The fault of the new design, as we then pointed out, lay, not in its architectural features, which were in every way commendable, but in the absence of any assignment of the proposed buildings to a definite use. No doubt only too many such assignments might have been made. Too many of the public offices were then almost homeless. But the scheme became dormant, and after some years, as if to signalize its virtual abandonment, the brickwork and the archway were obliterated, and the Clock Tower was completed. The row of houses on the south side of Bridge Street meanwhile had been removed, and the present railing and gate made on the site of Sir Charles Barry's proposed archway. The buildings on the north side of Bridge Street have, except a couple of houses at the corner, been renewed in a style which, though it does not exactly harmonize with the Palace, is not wholly incongruous. The ground opposite the west side of the Palace has been cleared and laid out as a garden; and now that the New Law Courts at Temple Bar are nearing completion, the removal of the old buildings which hide Westminster Hall is suggested. In all these plans and schemes St. Margaret's Church has played a conspicuous part. One proposal, twenty-five years ago, was to remove it to Tothill Fields; another to make it the wing of the Palace parallel with Bridge Street. We advocated its retention on its ancient site, both on archaeological and artistic grounds, maintaining that where it is, it affords a measure for the adjoining Abbey, that it need not necessarily be left in so ugly a condition, and that to remove it would be to sweep away a vast body of interesting historical associations. We were able to adduce the opinion of an authority so eminent as M. Viollet-le-Duc in support of our views, and since then Sir Gilbert Scott spoke out in the same sense. It is disheartening after all these years to hear the old arguments repeated, and to find that people who pretend to taste, and who are willing to see their opinions in print, do not scruple to advocate the destruction of so interesting and so useful a building. It is evident, however, that no such idea has entered the heads of those most concerned with St. Margaret's, and the proposal now before the public, that the churchyard should be improved, may be looked upon as a sign that for the present, at least, no scheme for the removal of the church is likely to be entertained. For their support, and for the confusion of the Vandals who desire to make capital for their destructive schemes out of Dean Stanley's memory, we may further remind the men of these latter days that the *Times* of July 30, 1868, contained a letter from the Dean protesting against the demolition of St. Margaret's Church. It is to be hoped, however, that the authorities will be careful in the zeal of their gardening projects to preserve intact the tombstones which bear inscriptions, and that they will, before raising any of them, cause a careful map of the ground to be made, so that the exact site of any grave now existing may hereafter be identified. The additional precaution which we hear is in contemplation would also be very desirable, of inscribing a transcript, if not of the whole of each inscription, at least of its names, dates, and so on, upon some portion of the fabric of St. Margaret's Church.

The origin of St. Margaret's Church is a story of times so remote that we can never now hope to see it fully told. "A theory might be put forward and strongly supported that St. Margaret's existed before the Abbey. But it is more likely that the received

story is the true one, and that St. Peter's was built in a desolate and thorny islet, before parishes existed, and while St. James's Park was in the bed of a tidal estuary. As the Abbey attained importance, and as the adjoining lands were drained, a population dependent on the monks for ghostly, and perhaps also material, comforts would gradually gather round it; and when kings came to worship in the church, and ritual observances increased, the monks would naturally be impatient of the presence of crowds of the poorer laity. Perhaps a chapel of St. Margaret, forming at first part of the Abbey church itself, was assigned to them for separate worship; perhaps as the congregation increased it was removed from the interior to the exterior of the mother building. It is easy to conjecture. We have examples of both kinds close at hand. At St. Alban's the parish church of St. Andrew stood in the north side of the Abbey church, just as St. Margaret's stands by St. Peter's. The two magnificent churches which stand in the same churchyard at Coventry were once the adjunct of a still more stately cathedral. Old St. Paul's, too, had once its satellite. At St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, on the other hand, the parishioners had a portion of the conventual church assigned to them. But on this head we have spoken sufficiently in writing upon the Arundel Church case. We very early find the parish of St. Margaret continuous with the manor of the Abbey, and have it defined as extending from the walls of London to the boundaries of Chelsea, and from what is now Oxford Street to the Thames. St. Margaret's parish has greatly shrunk since the tenth century, though it has still a population about five times as great as that of London. Perhaps the first encroachment was made when the citizens took in the ward of Farringdon Without and Fleet Street, and the church of St. Bride was built; perhaps it was much earlier when St. Clement Danes became a village between the Abbey gardens and the Fleet river. The Dean and Chapter still appoint to St. Bride's as the abbot and monks must have done from the beginning. Many parishes, as St. Martin's before the Reformation, and in the last century St. George's, St. James's, not to name others, have been carved out of St. Margaret's; and the erection by Henry VIII. of Whitehall into a separate royal manor within the ancient manor of the abbot, cut him off from the river at Westminster, as he had already been cut off by the Savoy lower down. But St. Margaret's still comprises the greater part of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and Kensington, Buckingham, and St. James's Palaces. The Palace of Parliament is, we believe, reckoned in the parish, though it might possibly be shown to belong to Whitehall—that is, if Whitehall is considered a separate parish, or rather precinct. The arbitrary legislation of the Tudors and the apathy of the last century leave many such questions in doubt; but, as is well known, the church of St. Margaret has often been visited in state by the House of Commons, and is supposed to be peculiarly dependent for repairs upon the liberality of that august body.

The removal of the Law Courts building from the eastern side of Westminster Hall may or may not be an improvement, according to the way in which its details are carried out. It may or may not be possible to expose in all its simplicity the great length of Richard's hall, with its row of windows. Yet it would group well with St. Margaret's; and, by its comparatively plain outline, afford an excellent foil to the redundant ornamentation of the Palace beyond. When Sir John Soane made the designs—still extant—for Gothic courts and a new Gothic entrance to the House of Lords—which in his day stood nearly where Marochetti's unhappy statue of Richard I. is now—he did but anticipate the general verdict of our day that Gothic is the proper style for Westminster. His designs were only carried out as far as the corner of New Palace Yard, where he had already a polygonal turret to guide his eye. The rest of the Law Courts were as we now see them, a simple, dignified, and not unhandsome row of buildings, in a style which, however good it may be in itself, is singularly out of place opposite Henry VII.'s Chapel. Some classical buildings might have grouped well with Westminster Hall and the churches, and have added the picturesqueness of incongruity to the whole view. But the present Courts have no such charm, and probably no one will ever regret their removal. Sir John Soane deserves credit for some improvements in the Hall. He faced it internally with ashlar, and made fairly well-designed Gothic entrances to the Courts. Some hideous buildings within the Hall at the southern end were removed, and a very serious piece of work was, at the same time or soon after, carried out. This was the re-carving of the marvellous frieze. Few people could imagine that the eighty-four representations, so infinite in their variety, of the badges and crest of King Richard, are only imitations about fifty years old. In all probability some interesting architectural features of the western side of the exterior may be brought to light when the courts of justice are pulled away. A Norman window similar to that taken down or covered up, on the other side, may come to light. So far as we can make out by Billing's plan in Britton and Brayley's book, a row of flying buttresses exists on the western side. They would certainly form a very fine feature in the new view.

It is not quite clear what are the improvements intended in St. Margaret's churchyard. The railings between it and the Abbey precincts might well be removed or greatly lowered. A broad gravel walk to the entrance of the north transept, with its new archways, would have a handsome and imposing effect, although, remembering the hideous havoc which London carbon makes with evergreens, we cannot recommend what under other circumstances would be so congenious—namely, its being bordered



with a row of cypresses; but Lombardy poplars might take their place. The two Strand churchyards show how well other varieties of that tree can stand the air of London. It is to be hoped that the railway past Henry VII's Chapel—the shortest line of railway in the world—may be removed. If trees are to be planted they must not be allowed to obscure the view. As to the tower of St. Margaret's something, we trust, will be done to redeem it from its present condition. The most ardent disciple of the new semi-classical school cannot wish its abnormal ugliness retained. To touch Wren's western Abbey towers would be altogether a mistake; but the tower of St. Margaret's is in an entirely different position. Much might be done to improve it without complete rebuilding; and even those who still advocate the removal of the parish church, in which Caxton and Raleigh are buried, would have little left to say if the tower resembled on a smaller scale that of Magdalene College Chapel, or even that of an ordinary English country church of the better kind.

#### THE HARVEST.

IT is impossible to persuade the public that fine hot weather in the months of July and August does not necessarily ensure prolific crops of corn. It appears to be still requisite to repeat what has been so often said, that all that the finest weather in those months can effect is to bring to maturity in the best condition the crop whose utmost yield has been determined by the circumstances of the preceding months of its growth. It is no doubt true that unfavourable conditions of weather in July and August can materially diminish the yield; but the finest weather, it is also obvious, cannot produce an additional stalk or grain of corn, nor repair any damage or injury which the actual stalks or ears may have previously received. Thus, while the value of sun-heat in July and August is constantly overrated, so, on the other hand, the panic which occurs when frequent rains fall and low temperatures prevail in these two months is often not justified. It is not considered sufficiently that there are farming interests apart from those of the corn-growers. For instance, in the present year, it is most difficult to form a just estimate of the consequences of the untoward and unseasonable weather which set in at the end of July. While it has done mischief, and mischief which is irreparable, to the corn crops, yet it is an incalculable gain that the country has been saved from the threatened drought, that the pastures and grasses, which were dried up and brown, are now clad in rich green, and yielding abundant feed, and that the root crops, which as to some descriptions threatened total failure, have made a very vigorous growth; so that, if the country be now blessed with a few weeks of fine dry weather, it may even yet be found that the damage done by the late rains to the corn will have been balanced by their good effects on the grass and root crops. For it must be remembered that, as to quantity of acres, the grazing interests far outweigh those of the corn-growers. The returns show that there are in the United Kingdom under corn of all sorts little more than 10½ millions of acres; while there are under roots and green crops and in permanent pasture nearly 37 millions of acres. It is true that Ireland, which contributes heavily to the latter total, cannot, as a rule, have too much sunshine; but even in the Green Isle we have read this year of pastures that were as dry and hard as a turnpike road. In Great Britain grasses and pastures constitute six-tenths of all the land under cultivation.

Our most important crop by far in acreage is our grass crop. Let us then, in the first place, inquire what its produce has been. The reply that is to be found in all the reports is that a very small crop of hay of excellent quality has been secured at a proportionately small outlay on the labour employed in making and gathering it. There have been none of the deplorable losses that have been common in late years, by reason of the crop having been spoiled while lying cut, or even by being bodily carried away by floods. But the really important gain on the grass lands is to be found in the fact that the pastures are recovering from the disastrous effects of the very wet summer of 1879. That year appeared to alter the character of the herbage. The persistence of wet encouraged the growth of the poor, hard, rank water-grasses, which obtained possession of the soil, to the exclusion of the grasses which are valuable for feeding. The growth of these coarse grasses was the cause of uncounted loss to graziers; and it is one of the hopeful elements of the future that farmers have been able to eradicate the useless grasses, or have seen them disappear, and that their pastures are reverting to the more profitable herbage. Before the advent of the ruin it was once more observed, as it has been in former hot summers, that, even on the apparently brown and dried-up fields, stock have unexpectedly thriven when they have been plentifully supplied with water. This year will be counted a good one by the dairy and grazing farmers, the more so as their herds and flocks have been more free from the ravages of disease, and that there is now an assured and excellent growth of green crops to carry them over the autumn months.

It is, however, doubtful, judging from the figures of the recently issued "Summary of Agricultural Returns of Great Britain for 1881," whether farmers possess a sufficient stock of animals to avail themselves of this abundant produce. The number of cattle shows little variation from the two previous years. It approaches 6 millions. It was only in the years 1874 and 1875 that this number was exceeded. In 1877 the total was less than that of

1881 by 300,000. It is to be hoped and expected that substantial increase in numbers may be seen in future returns, if the farmers can once obtain confidence that they may rely on immunity from the cattle diseases which have caused them such heavy losses. The diminution in the number of sheep is, however, very marked, and affords an index of the extent of the ravages of the "fluks," which in some cases entirely destroyed, and in others seriously diminished, our flocks in 1879 and 1880. The number of sheep returned in 1881 is 24½ millions, against about 26½ millions in 1880, and about 28 millions in 1879. There is a decrease of 7·7 per cent. as compared with 1880, and of 12·7 per cent. as compared with 1879. In 1874 the country possessed 30½ millions of sheep, so that our stock of those animals now is less by 20 per cent. than it was in that year. These figures suffice to explain the high relative price of mutton. Not the least important gain of the dry summer and spring has been the general re-establishment of the soundness of our flocks, and it is greatly to be desired that our farmers should as rapidly as may be reconstitute their breeding flocks on the scale of seven years ago. The knowledge of the short numbers disclosed by the returns should stimulate their efforts in this direction, and the prospect of abundant keep during the autumn and winter is always a powerful inducement to maintain the flock at the highest pitch. It is deplorable to observe that the crop of lambs has been less by a million than it was in 1880, and a million and a half less than that of 1879. Unhappily, many a flockmaster, who would gladly enlarge his breeding flock either by purchase or by retention of the ewes he has bred, is unable to do so by want of means, the losses of sheep-farmers having been so serious as to reduce their capital to an insufficient sum. In the interest of the consumer as well as of farmers every effort should be made to increase the annual produce of sheep. It is noteworthy that the country had last year (the returns for this year have not yet been issued) upwards of 2 millions of acres more under grass than it had ten years ago, and 1½ million of acres more than in 1874; yet we possessed in that year 200,000 more cattle, and nearly 6,000,000 more sheep than exist in this year 1881. It is clear that our pastoral wealth, as well as our pastoral revenue, has most seriously decreased. We have devoted more land to this branch of farming, yet the stock remaining on this larger area of land is less than it was on the smaller area, and the annual produce of meat from it is less. It has been thought that the unremunerative results of corn-growing had increased our production of meat, but the figures we have quoted show that the supposition is not well founded.

The delay that has been caused by the wet weather in gathering the corn harvest makes it even now impossible to arrive at any correct estimate of the result either in quantity or in quality. It is, however, certain that the crop of wheat has been much overrated, and that the yield per acre of this grain is again below an average. The series of bad crops has been so long that it has disturbed the old standard of what was known as an "average" crop, which, however, is still probably referred to for comparison by authorities. It was the consideration of the very general expression of opinion during July that our wheat-lands were destined to yield large crops which induced the reflection that hot weather in July cannot make a crop of corn unless the materials for it already exist. There was never, in fact, this year, in the view of sober observers, the promise of a large yield of wheat. The plant was defective; it was thin, because it had been injured by exposure to the severe frosts of winter without any covering of snow, which, it will be remembered, was swept off the greater part of the surface of the fields by the violent winds. When it is considered that the roots of wheat descend to a certain depth in the soil, and that the crust or surface of the soil is lifted and depressed by the alternations of frost and thaw, it is obvious that the roots of the plant must be injured, if not broken, by the movement which occurs. Probably it was for this reason that the plant did not develop. All that weather could do for the crop after the injuries it had sustained in the winter was achieved up to the end of July, when a sudden and great fall of temperature occurred. It was noticed shortly after this that rust and mildew showed themselves, with the effect of reducing the quantity of the crop, especially of the late wheats, to a very serious, but as yet unknown, extent. On thin hot lands premature ripening had occurred during the intense heat. In this year generous treatment of the soil has been remunerative. The deep and well-manured lands give the best quantitative results. Very little wheat has yet been threshed, and, where it has been, the yield has been disappointing and unsatisfactory. It is safe to say that the result in quantity is below the old standard of an average crop, but how much below it is too early to pronounce. As to the quality and condition, so great has been the damage done during the last fortnight of August that it would be mere speculation to put forward an opinion. It may be stated of a few samples threshed before the rain set in, that they were of great excellence. But the recent weather has done incalculable mischief to the quality of the grain. There has been very general sprouting, and, instead of being garnered in hard condition, the bulk of the crop will be soft, even if not sprouted, and must be kept in rick for a considerable time, instead of being available for consumption immediately. The recent rapid advance in the price of wheat has been caused by the growing conviction that the portion of our own crop which is fit for human food cannot be brought to market in consumable condition for a long time to come, added to the announcement that it has been the turn of

the United States to have an indifferent crop, and that according to various estimates the exporting power of that country will be from eight to fifteen millions of quarters of wheat less than in the last cereal year. The occurrence of the advance before any of the home crop had been sold will cause the curious result, if the weather should now become fine, and any of the crop can be secured in marketable condition, that farmers will obtain for wheat of defective quality more than they would have been paid for the crop if it had been in excellent condition. But the crisis is most serious, and a renewal of bad weather will unfit the whole of our crop of wheat for bread-making, and our barleys for brewing, and will complete the ruin of our corn farmers. France has been much disappointed in the quantity of her crop, though the quality is good, and will compete keenly with us for the diminished surplus of America. Russia will be able to send us large supplies, as there is, after a series of lean years, once more a good crop in most of the important districts of that territory. It is certain that the price of wheat will be at a much higher level for the year than we have been accustomed to of late. Potatoes, which promised great excellence, have been attacked by disease, and the ripe tubers have begun to sprout, so that the value of this crop is woefully diminished. Barley, which promised to be the best crop of the year, is much damaged, and in great jeopardy. Some has grown out, much is stained, and scarcely any has been or will be garnered in good condition. Oats will give bad results. It is certain that both bread and meat will be dear for the next twelve months.

#### MODERN INDIAN MAGIC.

THE old motto *ex Oriente Lux* will have to be revised so far as its metaphorical application goes. If we have in former days received the germs of religion, science, and learning from the East, we have repaid the obligation over and over again; for it now owes to us, among other inestimable blessings of modern civilization, railways, telegraphs, telephones, foreign bondholders, dynamite, patent-leather boots, and a more or less free press. In one particular, however, it has always been generally supposed that Asia was able to give us a long start. Magic, mystery, and astrology are regarded as the specialties of the East; but even in these branches of "occult science" it appears that India does not scorn to take a lesson from occidental professors. We had lately occasion to notice a publication entitled *The Occult World*, in which we pointed out that the sages and seers of modern India had adopted the methods, and even the idiomatic peculiarities, of New York spiritual circles. We have since received from Bombay a copy of *The Theosophist*, a periodical "devoted to Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature, and 'Occultism,' embracing Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and other secret sciences." We are indebted for this precious publication to a scion of Hindu aristocracy, "one of the grandsons of the 'historic' Gungadhar Shastri, whose assassination in 1815 led, according to Thornton and others, to the downfall of the Mahratta Empire." This illustrious personage takes the liberty of forwarding us a "Copy of a monthly magazine which contains a contribution from my humble pen called 'Materials for a Discussion of the Merits of the Hindu and English Astrology,' corrected here and there in consonance with the original in manuscript. I hope the present made by me now will be as leniently dealt with as my other gift, acknowledged in the issue of your magazine for November 1st, 1879."

The Theosophical Society, of which the paper in question is the organ, was founded by a Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott; the first is described as a Russian by birth, though the name sounds rather Polish, and the other is said to be an American born and bred. We know that it is a weakness of our Transatlantic brethren to bestow brevet rank rather for personal peculiarities than professional services. Thus a retired grocer may be addressed as "Judge" if he have a learned appearance and judicial conversation; while an experienced magistrate, if he chance to hold himself erect and wear a close-buttoned coat, is certain to be dubbed "General." Whether Colonel H. S. Olcott's title was earned in the War of Secession or at the bar of a drinking saloon we are unable to say, but it is quite apparent from the Colonel's communications that he belongs to the "spirit medium" fraternity, and is, therefore, presumably one of the class with whom the police courts have had frequently to deal. The old Act of Parliament which makes persons who practise "palmistry" and sorcery amenable to the law as rogues and vagabonds would seem to have been framed with a special view to the repression of gipsy fortune-tellers and the like. A little extension of its powers would be useful in this country, and apparently in India too. Mme. Blavatsky's chief claim to renown is the invention of a certain Indian mystic brotherhood, who have inherited the wisdom of the ages, and who express themselves in choice American, and, though invisible, spend their leisure in producing raps, flowers, and tea-cups, after the approved manner of the disembodied spirits of modern American necromancy.

The natural impulse is to laugh at such folly; but when two unscrupulous adventurers not only try to pass off upon our Indian fellow-subjects ridiculous balderdash as the learning of the West, but pander to disaffection by openly attacking Christianity and its professors, it is time to consider whether the salutary rules which regulate the vernacular press in India may not be so far extended as to impose some limits on this propaganda of the gospel of tom-

foolery. *The Theosophist* is full of translations from the works of ancient "theurgists," of "spirit communications," and of blatant nonsense of all kinds, flavoured with the pseudo-science and second-hand archaeology which distinguish "trance lectures" and the utterances of "materialized spirits." Our old friend Zadkiel, too, has a good word said for him, our correspondent's article dealing seriously with a comparison of the merits of Hindu and European astrology. "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*" is a trite adage; and we dare say that all this rubbish presents itself to the Hindu mind as serious Western lore, just as the average European seems to imagine that Persian literature consists of a few love songs of an exaggerated hyperbolic style, and that the religion of Hindus and Buddhists is an unreasoning worship of stocks and stones. "The grandson of the historic Gungadhar Shastri," the admirer of Zadkiel's astrology, is not, we hope, a typical representative of the native educated Indian; but the effect of the American-Indian Society to which he belongs, and in whose journal he publishes his astrological twaddle, can hardly exert a wholesome influence upon his compatriots.

One of the pet theories of *The Theosophist* appears to be the prevalence of crime amongst the Christian clergy, and in order to support this thesis the editor has ransacked the police and law reports for various unsavoury scandals and isolated instances of those "black sheep" whose presence in every fold is proverbial. An advertisement of some "Unanswerable Anti-Christian Tracts," by Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, also shows the tone and sources of inspiration of this curious publication.

Works on magic are apt to be disappointing; M. Lenormant's "*Chaldean Magic*," for example, instead of being, as one might be led to expect, a treatise on the art of raising demons and influencing the powers of nature, is nothing more than a series of invocations to Assyrian deities and prayers for the prevention of disease. The learning of the Magi, in fact, seems, after all, to have been a rather "one-horse affair." A more recent writer on the black art, Eliphas Levi, does indeed give some recipes for calling up the foul fiend; but the ingredients he mentions as necessary, including portions of a child murdered under atrocious circumstances, are, as he says, *cases difficiles à procurer*. M. Eliphas Levi is, by the way, represented in the number of *The Theosophist* which is before us by an authoritative description of "a suicide's after state." This document falls far short of the treatment of the same subject by a well-known member of the Norfolk Circuit Bar, who, addressing a jury for the prosecution of a person charged with attempted suicide, explained that by the law of England suicide was self-murder. "Indeed, gentlemen," he continued, "had the prisoner succeeded in his wicked attempt, he might now have been arraigned before you on the capital charge." If our American theosophists would content themselves with introducing into India the improved methods of magical science which Poussin, Robert Houdin, Connus, Dübler, and the rest of the European conjuring fraternity have invented, they would at least have contributed something to the entertainment of their less-enlightened fellow-men. But, as it is, a clumsy attempt has been made to spread the false and pernicious doctrines of "Spiritualism" among the too impressionable inhabitants of India, and to bolster up the balderdash with pseudo-Oriental learning, which will not bear for one moment the test of scholarly criticism. The more legitimate kind of Indian magic is usually much overrated. The "mango trick," for instance, as described by Anglo-Indian travellers, has been always recognized as the most perfect achievement of the conjuror's art. A "native" will enter the "compound" of an European official, and upon the gravel-covered ground will produce from under a miniature tent a mango plant, in its various stages of development from seed to fruit. The "basket trick" is equally famous, and many eye-witnesses have testified how a girl or small boy has been covered with a basket, from which, when the performer has savagely run a sword into it, blood copiously flows; the basket is then kicked over, and found to be empty, while the supposed murdered infant immediately appears from behind the spectators, and hands round the Hindu equivalent for the hat. The snake-charmers are also a renowned body of men, and many are the weird tales told of their skill in luring cobras from their holes by the power of music, and of handling the deadly reptiles with impunity. More recent investigations by experts have proved these tricks to be of the most ordinary kind. The European conjuror looks with envy on the convenient but primitive costume of a loin-cloth which his Oriental confrère wears, and sighs at the thought of the more limited capacities of his own dress-suit for the accommodation of botanical specimens. The Indian magician, on the other hand, would be only too glad to possess the improved basket of Colonel Stodare and his successors. As for the snake-charming, the fact that the last troupe of Indian magicians who visited this country took their *thanatophidia* to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park to get the fangs of their serpents extracted throws some light upon that branch of science. It is, nevertheless, true that snakes are peculiarly susceptible to music, and a half-witted countryman in Devonshire was some years back severely injured by an adder who had danced out of a wood too readily to the music of the yokel's inviting flute. Man is naturally prone to superstition, and in his earlier stages of culture will invent the strangest theories to account for the phenomena which he sees around him. From this point of view the most childish beliefs and grossest superstitions are interesting subjects of investigation when they are known to be "popular"—that is, to be the genuine

outcome of a people's intellectual growth. But popular superstitions which are invented and fostered by impostors and adventurers for fraudulent ends are very different matters. So much of the old leaven of superstition is left in us that any new doctrine, however preposterous it may be, is sure to find adherents; and even scientific men, in their keen search after truth, are willing to investigate the "experiments" of the most impudent charlatans. The spread of education, however, and the consequent advance of popular common sense, is a sufficient antidote to this in European countries; but we shall be grievously neglecting our duty if we allow such trash to be circulated in India under the name of science and "theosophy."

#### THE NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

ON Monday last the National Land League of Great Britain met for the first time in Convention at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Like most things of Irish origin, the Convention and the League appear to be very oddly named. The National Land League of Great Britain might be supposed to have something to do with the land of Great Britain, and with British Nationalists. Apparently, however, it has nothing at all to do with them. The National Land League of Great Britain is an elaborate arrangement for drawing subscriptions from England and Scotland, and paying them over to Ireland; at least, such is the inference to be drawn from the statements made at the meeting. All that Great Britain has to do is to pay, to admire, and perhaps at some date more or less distant to imitate, but the imitation is postponed. The bright particular star of the Convention was to have been Mr. Parnell, but Mr. Parnell has found the occupation of devising fresh epithets of the substantive-adjective kind for Mr. Forster and Sir William Harcourt too agreeable and too popular in Ireland to abandon it. A pale reflection of the great man, therefore, shone in the chair of the Convention—Mr. Justin McCarthy being once more driven by a hard fate to quit the pleasant paths of novel-writing and easy history and to play the patriot. The League, indeed, had a speaker on its side and in its presence who is a speaker of a calibre very different from Mr. Justin McCarthy's. That agreeable historian, whose chief political function is in some mysterious manner to "draw" the present Prime Minister whenever he speaks in Parliament, declined to interpose between the audience and a great orator. The great orator, Mr. Joseph Cowen, spoke, and it may be suspected that the Irish part of his audience were rather disappointed with him. Mr. Cowen's sentiments, indeed, were all that could be desired, but they were expressed in language scarcely sufficiently peppered to please the hearers who hang upon the lips of Mr. Healy, Mr. Sexton, and Miss Anna Parnell. There was nothing about the wolf-dog of Irish vengeance; holy dynamite was spoken of rather with apologetic disapproval than with anything else; and Mr. Forster was argued with instead of having substantives tacked to his name, tin-kettle-and-dog fashion. If we may venture to attempt an exercitation in the inimitable style of Irish patriotism, it may be suggested that many a listening Irishman must have gone away sighing to find that the brightest jewel in the garland of the smoky North had been emasculated by the poisonous contact of the effete and bestial Parliament of Westminster. However, there was balm in the Tyneside Gilead. Mr. Healy was there, and Mr. Barry and Dr. Commins—all tall men of their tongues and masters of metaphor. The easy transition, in especial, in which Mr. Healy remarked that the church bells were ringing, and that they—it is not clear whether the bells or the ringers were meant—would pull down landlordism, must have been a welcome relish to the Irish palate after the tamer and more consecutive rhetoric of Mr. Cowen. The oratory, like the whisky, which an Irishman loves is of the torchlight procession order, and he is not comfortable without the heat and light afforded by that style.

It was probably the depressing influence of the land of the tyrants which sobered the speakers at Newcastle. In Ireland itself the stream of eloquence has flowed full and free. It is perhaps unwise in Mr. Dillon and his friends to have established a custom of drinking "Our imprisoned brothers" in silence. A toast drunk in silence must be nearly as distasteful to an Irishman as a toast drunk (as he would himself say) dry-lipped. Mr. Dillon, however, whose state of health—victim of Saxon cruelty as he is—seems to admit of public speaking to a surprising extent, took up his parable at Dublin, and succeeded in exhibiting himself in the light of a very practical statesman indeed. Mr. Dillon, like all his party, dislikes the Land Bill as not going far enough. But, unlike some of his party, he is too much of an irreconcilable to advocate acceptance—without, of course, any gratitude—and advance notwithstanding. So he is going to retire from public life for a few months (voluntarily this time), and see what happens. What is to happen was candidly stated at about the same time by Mr. Parnell in another part of the country, in pursuance of the plan by which he is seeking to procure the return of Colonel Knox for Tyrone. The new Liberator made some very outspoken statements. The League, it seems, no longer aims at reducing rents; it aims at abolishing them altogether. That intimate acquaintance with the intentions of the Almighty which all demagogues possess enabled Mr. Parnell to inform his audience (not, indeed, for the first time) that God made the land for the tenants, and not for the landlords. It may be observed, in passing, that the not unfrequent case of a landlord who lets some of his

own land and rents some of another person's must introduce a delightful intricacy and confusion in attempts to carry out the Divine will on this hypothesis. Mr. Parnell also, as a matter of course, informed his hearers that the Irish Constitution was suspended; that hundreds of the best and noblest of the Irish race—that race may well pray to be saved from the compliments of its friends—were immured in dungeons; that Mr. Forster's Christian name was not William, but Buckshot, &c., &c. These somewhat withered flowers of eloquence, however, merely surrounded the very plain statement above given, and the equally plain statement that the people were to press on to do the work. Therefore, consciously or unconsciously, the Newcastle Convention, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Dillon have arranged a very neat little programme for the autumn and winter. The National Land League of Great Britain is to collect as much money as possible for pressing on the work, and to get as much sympathy from extreme Radicals as may be got. Mr. Parnell is to take his coat off more than ever. Mr. Dillon is to retire from public life and look on benevolently while the work is being pressed. The object of that work is the utter abolition and total prohibition of rents. All this is quite explicit and obvious. The exact meaning of pressing on the work may, indeed, escape the notice of the incurious, and, though the story is an old one, it may be as well to tell it once more.

The policy of the Land League now consists of two separate lines of action—the one avowed, the other sometimes faintly disavowed, but none the less vigorously pursued. The avowed line is at first sight so suicidal that it is not very easy to understand it. The encouragement—but that is far too mild a word, and we ought rather to say the prescription—of refusals to pay rent has already resulted in the transference of hundreds of holdings from the tenant to the landlord, or his representative the emergency man, and is daily resulting in the transfer of more—that is to say, scores and hundreds of tenants have deprived themselves, and are depriving themselves, of the benefit of the Land Bill. That Bill, it is to be remembered, makes a remarkably handsome present to the tenant, but the present is strictly conditional on the payment of such rent as may be judicially fixed for the future and the conclusion of an arrangement with the landlord for the past. Both these things are incompatible with the present programme of the Land League. The consequence is that, as soon as the Act is set to work, scores and hundreds of tenants will see their neighbours, not merely in possession of the actual advantages conferred by it, but in many cases receiving solid sums of money as the price of those advantages. It is impossible to imagine anything more calculated to ensure a feeling of exasperation compared to which the exasperation which brought about the agitation of last year was a mere trifle. Nor is it in the least likely that the agitators themselves are blind to the fact. Some of them, at least, are not fools; many of them are perfectly acquainted with the probable working of the Act and the certain working of their own precedent provocations to resistance. All of them know their countrymen and the methods which those countrymen usually take to press on any work that may be recommended to them. It can be doubted by no reasonable man that the policy of refusing rent and allowing farms to be sold which the League has long pursued is only very remotely a direct policy. The protest against landlordism is nothing, the exasperation certain to be produced is everything. Among the numerous demerits of the Bill the ease with which it could be worked to this bad purpose was not the least, and has not been the least often pointed out. It is now certain that the Land League has deliberately chosen this weapon, which will of course cut both ways, and cause incalculable misery to its deluded partisans, but which it may well count on for the purpose of renewing the precious seed of outrage and crime which has already brought so abundant a crop.

Three interesting examples of the method of pressing on with the work which is likely in this case to be pursued have occurred during the last few days. There is no need to speak of such things as ordinary Boycotting, or as the destruction of hundreds of acres of good food for man and beast either by refusal to save it or by positive violence. The Irish peasant has had the example of confusion between what is and what is not his own set him in too high quarters for him to deserve much blame for mere crimes against property. But the other day there seems to have occurred in a town in Ireland one of the most remarkable incidents which even Ireland has recently beheld. A woman might have been seen pursued through the streets by a mob of some hundreds of men, hustled, threatened, and finally just able to reach her own house alive. The crime of this offender was having done some work for a Boycottee, and this was the way in which the chivalrous sons of Ireland punished her. Then there was the case of the unlucky old man who was dragged out of bed, who had lime flung in his eyes, and who escaped the most hideous of painful deaths—his eyeballs were literally burnt out when the body was found—simply owing to the fortunate accident that, as he was suffering from heart disease, the fright killed him out of hand. Lastly, there is the instructive story of the tenantry of Sir George Colthurst, who committed the unpardonable sin of making a bontire and dancing and drinking porter round it in honour of their landlord's wedding. It was, of course, clear that men so lost to decency ought to be punished; but the manner of the punishment in a land supposed to be under civilized and orderly government is, to say the least, remarkable. A party of men with blackened faces, and fully armed, surrounded the recreants, and simply poured a volley into them, finishing up with sticks. This story is, like the last, almost incredible; but we have seen no con-

tradition of it, and the softened version last published admits that at least one bullet found its billet, and at least four other persons were severely thrashed. The three together show what is likely to be the state of Ireland during the winter, when the Land League will have at its disposal, not, as it had last winter, comparative hives and men in actual possession of their farms, but experienced rioters, encouraged by months of impunity and enraged in many cases by expulsion, without hope of relief by the Land Bill, from their homes. This is the war in which Englishmen and Scotchmen are invited by Mr. Cowen to help, and this is the war against which the Government will have to make head. Their success last year is, of course, a very encouraging omen of their success this year.

#### THE LONG VACATION.

THE best thanks of the Bar, at least of the working and junior portion of it, were due to Mr. H. Fowler for his recent attempt to obtain by means of the new Judicature Act some modification of the present inordinate legal holidays, notably of that effete institution the Long Vacation, which is now dragging its slow length along. On a modest proposal to reduce this period of more than three months' enforced laziness by a fortnight, Mr. Fowler was beaten by a majority of eight. It was, perhaps, too much to expect that the House of Commons, which has known so little rest throughout the whole of a preternaturally protracted Session, should look with a favouring eye upon any proposition designed to curtail holidays of any sort whatever; but Mr. Fowler has obtained a pledge from the Attorney-General to bring the matter before the proper authorities and to give his support to some arrangement calculated to allay the existing dissatisfaction. This is something, and perhaps the result may be even more satisfactory in the end than the abbreviation of the Long Vacation by one short fortnight; but we are unable to appreciate the ground on which Mr. Fowler's suggestion was presumably opposed and negatived. It was said that the judges had accepted office on certain terms, one of which was that they were to be entitled to certain specified vacations, like a housemaid who, on taking a situation, stipulates for so many Sundays out, and that it would be discourteous to them to interfere with those vacations without first consulting their lordships. This idea appears to us as fallacious as that of the "original compact." Judges take office well knowing that their tenure is subject to alteration at the hands of Parliament; and, owing to the numerous deaths among the occupants of the judicial bench of late years, a very large proportion of the existing staff of judges have been appointed since the passing of the first Judicature Act, which was always supposed to have sounded the knell of the Long Vacation; though, like many other abuses, it has been long in dying, and even now shows signs of lingering vitality—if, indeed, a thing so deadly-lively can be said to have any vitality in it. Moreover, we think the greater courtesy to the judges would have been to presume them willing to undertake any reasonable amount of extra work which was shown to be necessary in the public interest. Mr. Warton's epigrammatic and sweeping aspersion on the judges, that "they came late, lunched long, tried slowly, and rose early," may be very clever, but it is scarcely justified by fact; judges, as a rule, work very hard when they are at it, and it is only necessary to name Baron Huddleston to have an instance of a judge fulfilling his own duties and those of a brother judge, practically at the risk of his life. Mr. Justice Cave, again, has not hesitated to devote six days a week to getting through the business which devolves upon him as the only judge in town, and Mr. Justice Williams has shown readiness to come to his aid. So it is scarcely fair to represent the body of judges as stickling, like lazy journeymen, for the smallest amount of work and the largest amount of pay. And if the judges are content to cede some portion of the seventeen weeks out of the fifty-two during which legal affairs are at a standstill, to whose interest is it to maintain the existing period of lethargy? Not to the interest of the suitors, assuredly; they suffer in every way. Plaintiffs are kept out of their rights, defendants have the terrors of an action hanging over them, both sides have to refresh the minds of their counsel before they can recall the details of briefs cast aside for the Vacation, and the impossibility of getting anything done while the Courts are up forces many a settlement in which the advantage is not always on the same side as the right. Then it must be the legal profession which craves for rest to this extraordinary extent. There is no reason, at any rate, why the solicitors should do so. Solicitors are gregarious animals, and usually hunt in couples at least, and the members of the firm might perfectly well arrange to take reasonable holidays at different times, so that one should be always grinding at the mill if grist was forthcoming. In fact, the exigencies of family business preclude the possibility of solicitors ever shutting up shop altogether; people will get married and die even in the Long Vacation, and so the cessation of contentious business means only to the solicitor a temporary falling-off in his earnings, without a corresponding amount of relaxation and freedom.

But how about the Bar? Doubtless the magnates of the profession can earn enough in the existing sittings to enable them to contemplate with complacency and even pleasure the periodical recesses which amount to a third of the whole year.

But we doubt whether they are many in number. Few men are absolutely content with that which they have; the spirit of the sailor who would still wish for a little more rum and a little more tobacco is not confined to the nautical profession; the incomes, even of the acknowledged leaders of the Bar, are not what they used to be, and the number of Q.C.'s now in town who are always just going away but never go would seem to indicate a hankering even in high quarters for some alteration of the existing state of affairs. If, however, a man, by his position, or by reason of private means, finds himself able to subsist for a year on two-thirds of a year's work, nobody can complain if he plays for the other third of the year. He may be able to eat without working, but that is no reason why he should seek to take the bread out of other men's mouths. Legal tradition assigns the largest amount of the support given to the existing vacations to those members of the Bar who are making the largest incomes, and are in a position to influence the "proper authorities" referred to by the Attorney-General, and if this suspicion be well founded a state of affairs is revealed curiously akin to Boycotting or Trades-Union tactics. To the less favoured barristers, who are dependent on their profession and have still their way to make in it, the frequent and lengthy times of inaction are a sore trial and hardship. It is bad enough when no courts are sitting; but in the Long Vacation the drawing of pleadings, the especial perquisites of the junior Bar, is practically prohibited; interrogatories cannot be delivered, or, if they are delivered, answers to them cannot be compelled; the work at judges' chambers and in the Chancery Division has by successive encroachments been cut down to the smallest possible limits, no application being entertained which does not fall within the arbitrary definition of urgency, and the penalty of dismissal with costs being imposed on the daring intruder who ventures to disturb the repose of the Vacation with anything outside that definition. Moreover, a large proportion of this work, though urgent, is of a purely formal nature, and does not necessitate the aid of counsel. And so—save for an occasional County Court summons, a little conveyancing, or the very small chance of a reference when there are no causes to be referred and no judges to refer them—there is nothing for the unfortunate barrister to do. He has even no opportunity of letting people know he is in town and eager for work; yet he must live somehow. The Long Vacation brings no exemption from the claims of butchers and bakers; the barrister and his family unhappily cannot hibernate during its continuance; indeed, in the natural course of events, expenses would be increased at this time of year by the occurrence of the annual holiday or outing which the aforesaid family might have if the head of it could earn the necessary money by staying in town. But, stay if town as he will, there is no money to be made; the Temple and Lincoln's Inn are as deserted day after day as the streets of the City are on Sunday; the wretched man sits gloomily in his chambers, like Mariana in the moated grange, waiting for the solicitor who cometh not, until, like her, he is tempted to wish that he were dead, or to don his forensic wig and gown, and, taking the wife of his bosom and his olive-branches by the hand, to parade the streets and pelt the first-floor windows with the piteous cry, "We've got no work to do."

This has been a bad year for barristers, as it has been for everybody else, and the resources of the profession were perhaps never in a condition less favourable for enabling them to tide over the interval between July and November. It is like starving in sight of plenty to see the long lists of arrears in all the courts, and know that they cannot be touched for three months, and are moreover blocking the way against new work. The condition of things is so anomalous that one marvels how it has been suffered to endure so long. Barristers and judges are not peculiarly constituted persons who require periods of rest never dreamt of by the doctor, the clergyman, or the business man. A month or six weeks at a time is holiday enough to bore most people to distraction, and the idea of a young professional man engaged in a career, success in which is proverbially slow, being debarred from making any exertions or sacrifice towards attaining that success during a third of each year would be ridiculous if it were not sad. The best that can be said in favour of the present system is that it is rendering the interests of the many subservient to those of the few.

If extra judges are necessary for sittings in Vacation, which we do not altogether believe, the expense incurred in providing them would be amply compensated by the increased rapidity with which work would be disposed of; suitors would no longer have cause to grumble, and experience would soon show that, even allowing for the absence of those lordly practitioners who might still consider it necessary to deprive the tribunals of their presence during the off season, the Bar is competent to furnish a perennial supply of leaders and juniors capable of protecting the interests of their clients.

#### THE WAR OF RATES BETWEEN THE AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

INVESTORS in the shares and bonds of American railways I have been surprised during the past couple of months by a heavy fall in the value of their property. They were less prepared for this, because the prosperity of the country rather led them to believe that railway property, if it did not continue to rise, would at least steadily maintain its value. We saw last



week, when discussing the drain of gold, that the prosperity of the United States has seldom been equalled and never surpassed; that there has been an enormous demand in Europe for grain and other produce; and that the home, as well as the foreign, trade is most active and most profitable. It was not unreasonably expected, therefore, that railway earnings would have been very large, and, consequently, that the prices would have tended to advance. As a matter of fact, railway earnings in general have been steadily augmenting, and promise to augment still further; but there has been a falling-off in what are called the trunk lines. This has been in a large measure due to the "cutting of rates." The trunk lines are those which connect the ports on the Atlantic coast with Chicago and the West. They are five in number—the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Erie, and the Grand Trunk of Canada. To prevent suicidal competition, these five Companies entered some years ago into what is called a "pooling" arrangement, regulating the charges each was to make for conveying goods and passengers. In very active times, when there is a full amount of business for all, it is, of course, easy to keep up this arrangement; but when for any reason the traffic falls off the arrangement is speedily broken by one or other of the parties. Last winter was the most severe that has been known in the United States for a very long time, and it was also most protracted. The consequence was that in a great part of the corn-growing regions of the North-West locomotion was for a long time suspended. When at last the frost broke up and traffic was resumed, the lakes and the canals were able to enter into competition with the railways. Thus the railways lost their usual spring traffic, and found themselves all at once obliged to divide traffic with the canals. At the same time the water competition was increased in a new direction. The improvement made at the mouth of the Mississippi by Captain Eades has permitted a considerable part of the trade that formerly flowed to the Atlantic seaboard to be directed down that river, and from New Orleans to Europe. This year this trade has assumed such large proportions that it has begun to tell upon railway traffic, since it helped to withdraw from the trunk lines a portion of the traffic which would otherwise have come to them when the frost broke up. Furthermore, the extremely severe and prolonged winter compelled the farmers of the great grain-growing States to use for fuel much of the Indian corn which they would in a more genial season have sent to the South and the East. At all times much of the Indian corn grown in the United States is consumed at home, either as food for pigs and cattle or as fuel; and during the late winter a greater proportion than usual was used as fuel, both because the severity of the winter made fires more necessary, and because it saved the transport of other kinds of fuel. In these several ways—by the long and protracted winter, the competition of the lakes and of the Mississippi, and the diminution made in the stock of grain by the consumption at home during the winter—the amount of traffic to be conveyed by the railways between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard was decreased. The result was that some of the railways, more particularly those which have a small local traffic, underbid their competitors, so as to secure for themselves a larger share of the business going. For a while the other Companies contented themselves with complaints; but after a time they also began to reduce their rates to the level of the "cutting" lines. Mr. Fink, the Commissioner appointed to regulate the rates to be charged, called a meeting of the Directors of the Companies and reduced the rates. No sooner had he done so, however, than the system of "cutting" began again, and the several railways engaged in a bitterer struggle than before with one another to see which could outdo the other. Various attempts have been made to restore the old arrangements, but they have failed—Mr. Vanderbilt, who has control of the New York Central, steadily refusing to agree to a pooling arrangement except on his own conditions.

To what extent stock-jobbing operations may promote this war of rates we will not undertake to say; but there can be no doubt that, apart from such operations, there are very good reasons to expect the war to last for some time longer. In the first place, the severe winter has greatly damaged the crops in the North-West. As we explained last week, the United States have been favoured for four successive years by the most abundant harvests, and they have still further been favoured by the demand in Europe, owing to deficient harvests here. This year, however, it seems unquestionable that the United States harvest is a very short one. The early set-in of winter prevented the sowing of winter wheat to the full extent that was intended; and the intense cold, the heavy snowstorms, the long lying of the snow upon the ground, and the violent floods which followed, not only interfered with the spring sowing, but seriously damaged the winter wheat. The result is that the present crop is shorter than any that has been known in the United States for some years past. To estimate accurately the extent of the deficiency is impossible, since for stock-jobbing purposes very conflicting reports have been circulated. A ring in New York is endeavouring to avail itself of the attempt upon the President's life and of the war of freights to beat down prices of stocks lower than they have already fallen, and for this purpose is giving currency to the most unfavourable accounts of the probable yield of the crops; and in addition to this there is a wild speculation in grain at Chicago, and those engaged in this have an interest in magnifying the damage that has been done. But there can be little doubt that the harvest is a short one; probably we shall be within the mark if we say 20 or 25

per cent. smaller than last year. It is to be borne in mind, of course, that the increase in the acreage under wheat during the previous four years has been enormous, and that a falling-off of 20 to 25 per cent. would still leave a crop perhaps larger than that of 1878. Still the fact remains, that the crop is much smaller than was anticipated, and that, accordingly, there will not be as much grain to be conveyed to the seaboard as there was last year. It would also seem that the Indian corn crop is short. Indian corn is not exported to anything like the same extent as wheat. A very large proportion of the wheat crop is grown for consumption abroad, but the proportion of the maize crop so grown is very small. An immense proportion, however, of the crop grown in the West is consumed in the East and South, and there will be a falling-off in this traffic on the railways to the East and South. As we have said before, it is impossible to depend upon the estimates that are published of these crops; but a deficiency of 10 per cent. is probably not an exaggeration. Thus, with a smaller amount of grain to be carried, the railways have to meet the new competition of the Mississippi. Of course, the warehousing and shipping facilities in New Orleans are not at all equal to those of New York. Even, therefore, if it were cheaper to send grain down the Ohio or the Missouri to the Mississippi, and from New Orleans to Liverpool, than to send it by land from Chicago to New York and thence to Liverpool, it cannot always be done. Still the competition of New Orleans has begun to exert an influence on the railways. It seems reasonable to expect, then, that the traffic from the West to the East will be less than it has been for a couple of years back. But, on the other hand, it is not to be lost sight of that the bad weather we are experiencing now in Europe will enhance the demand for American grain. And the surplus from past abundant harvests must still be large.

But the main reason why we expect the war of rates will continue is Mr. Vanderbilt's determination not to enter into a compromise upon the old conditions with the other trunk lines, to which the New York Central is superior in every respect. The line runs through the only natural opening in the Alleghany Mountains, and consequently the grading is very slight everywhere between New York and Chicago. The New York Central is, therefore, able to work at a lower cost than any of its competitors. It has, moreover, two sets of lines each way, and is thus in a position to run a passenger and a goods train side by side both ways at once. Practically, therefore, its earning capacity is fully double, or rather more than double, that of any of its competitors. In addition, it has an enormous local traffic, it has a splendid terminal position in New York, and it has a right of way in many directions which its competitors do not possess. Mr. Vanderbilt is thus in a position to give the law to his competitors—that is to say, he is able to carry goods from West to East and from East to West at a cheaper rate than any of his competitors, and consequently he is able to continue the war of rates longer than any of them, and at less loss. But Mr. Vanderbilt asserts that by continuing the "pooling" arrangements he is enabling his competitors to increase the business of the ports of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston at the expense of New York, and thereby to draw away permanently from his own line a large proportion of the traffic between the East and West. Probably he would not have continued the war of rates for this reason alone, since he must have long been aware that the whole arrangement in this respect is disadvantageous to himself, and yet it was not he who began the "cutting." But the large dividends which the several trunk lines have been distributing for the past few years have tempted other competitors into the field. Plans have been formed for establishing new trunk lines, and subscriptions from the public are invited to enable these plans to be carried into execution. Mr. Vanderbilt sees that the compromise between himself and his old competitors not only enables these to reap large profits at his expense, but also invites new competitors into the field; and as the amount of business is scarcely sufficient for the five lines which now exist, it is quite clear that it will be entirely insufficient for the larger number it is proposed to build. He has made up his mind, therefore, to nip these plans in the bud by making the public see that he has it in his power to destroy the profits of all his competitors without any serious loss to himself. It is said that at the present rates he can still pay 8 per cent. upon his own line, while many of his competitors would scarcely pay their working expenses. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that the line runs through the richest and best settled districts, especially in New York State, and that consequently he has so large a local traffic as to make him to some extent independent of the through traffic. It is probable, then, that he will continue the war of rates until the plans for constructing new trunk lines are definitely given up. And as long as he chooses to continue the struggle it must go on. Disadvantageous as is this struggle to the owners of railway property, it would seem that it ought to be favourable to the general public, inasmuch as it reduces very considerably the cost of conveying grain from the West to Europe; but, as a matter of fact, the exports of grain from the United States have not increased. Apparently the American farmers have persuaded themselves that prices must rise; that the shortness of their own crop, with the deficiency in Europe, is such as to make a considerable rise of price necessary; and they have consequently held back. How long this will last remains to be seen. We ourselves do not believe that a considerable rise of price will be maintained, and we expect that those who are now holding back will find before long that they have made a mistake. But, in the meantime, this holding

back of stock by the farmers adds still further to the difficulties of Mr. Vanderbilt's competitors. While they are carrying grain at so greatly reduced a charge they are not getting such an increase of quantity as would make up for their loss.

## REVIEWS.

### CUNNINGHAM'S BRITISH INDIA.\*

IF a Judge of the High Court at Westminster should take to writing a series of political disquisitions on disputed subjects, he might become a mark for criticism. To stir up old controversies, to mete out censure to both parties, to forecast the issue of vexed and undecided problems, would, in some quarters, be deemed incompatible with the pure and impartial administration of the law. A Judge, it would be argued, both on the Bench and off it, should be rather seen and felt than heard. But a Judge of a High Court in India is in a different position. Let him deliver justice impartially to white and black, to Anglo-Saxon, Talukdar, and tenant, and he may write and say what he likes. In fact, it is almost impossible that a man of active sympathies and liberal education should not take more than a mere judicial interest in the knotty questions which are constantly rising to the top of the vast ocean of Indian litigation. The devolution of property, the absurdities of Hindu and Mohammedan law, the influence of different systems of landed tenure on the well-being of the people, the trammels and tyranny of caste, the revelations of police-courts, the insight into agricultural life disclosed by "judicial rents" which have been fixed in Indian law courts for nearly ninety years past, the evils of deficient as well as of excessive and needless legislation, are all subjects on which we should welcome the opinion of high judicial officers, sufficiently secure by their very position against temptations to venomous and embittering controversy, and yet not too far removed from sympathy with hard-worked magistrates and oppressed but silent tillers of the soil. Many are the improvements in Indian law and administration which have been due, in some measure, to the exhaustive Minutes of Judges who have desired to improve impolitic and unwise enactments which they have yet sternly and rigidly enforced. Mr. Cunningham's present work is not as amusing as his *Dustypore*, but it is as worthy of perusal as that racy picture of life in the Punjab and the hills. Its material is taken from the best sources. The style is unimpeachable. Nothing could be better in its way than the vivid picture at p. 259, of the rise, progress, and devastation of an Indian famine after the failure of the regular rains. Huge masses of figures are admirably arranged with order and precision. As might be expected from the experience and training of the author, it is emphatically a tale about British India, reinforced by a knowledge of English literature, and written from the standpoint which we might expect in an M.P. or an Under-Secretary of State. Throughout there is an entire abstinence from those phrases culled out of the official vocabulary, so significant to the Commissioner, so perplexing to the English critic. Instead of a proverb from Sir H. M. Elliot's Glossary, or a quaint couplet in Hindi or Sanskrit current in Behar and the Doab, we have half a dozen lines from the *Agamemnon*; instead of the opinions of "crack settlement officers" we have quotations from Ricardo and the *History of Agriculture and Prices* by Rogers; and instead of anecdotes collected in the bazaar and the Tabail, we have a digest of the labours of the Famine Commission and a compendium of many instructive but shapeless Blue-books. The text is disfigured by very few errors, and even these partake more of the nature of inadequate or misleading comments than of positive blunders. In p. 125, however, the change of a single letter produces a ludicrous effect. There is, we are informed, a fund entitled "Baboo Begum's Stipend Fund." Translated literally this would mean "The Gentleman and Lady's Fund." The real reading is the Baboo Begum, an elderly female of rank, a connexion of one of the Nawabs of Bengal, who lived and died many years ago at the palace at Morshedabad. In the same place the "Nizam Stipend Fund" should be termed the "Nizam Deposit Fund." The Stipend Fund is secured by treaty and amounts to sixteen lacks of rupees. The Deposit Fund is drawn on, not for stipends but for marriages and burials and so forth, and consists of escheats and lapses from unpaid stipends of the Nawab's family and dependents. It has formed for the last forty years an unending grievance for the Nawab for the time being, as that personage would wish for nothing better than an unchecked license to squander these accumulations in a reckless and Oriental fashion. From a side-note on page 202 it might be imagined that Sutte was only put down when the Penal Code came into operation in 1860. Every Anglo-Indian is fully aware that it was abolished in the British territories by Lord William Bentinck in 1829, and that it has been discouraged in native States by warnings and manifestoes from the Foreign Office ever since this last date. From another passage (page 143) it might be apparently concluded that the Salt-tax is only fifty years old. In one shape or other it has existed for more than a century of our rule, and the Mohammedan rulers imposed

an *ad valorem* duty of 5 per cent. on the same article. We may also take exception to the remarks that the old Sikh Government of the Punjab was addicted to "crual rack-renting"; and that of all branches of our administration no part has inspired greater confidence than the judicial Courts. The opinion of the able officers who established order and law all over the Punjab after 1849 was, that the Sikh Government, though full of anomalies and abuses, by no means bore hardly upon the mass of the people, and as for our judicial Courts, they were only twenty-five years ago the very worst parts of the Anglo-Indian machine. Cumbersome laws, unsuitable procedure, decrees which, if they were understood, were incapable of speedy realization, and, with bright exceptions, Judges, who if Englishmen were pure but muddle-headed, and if natives were sharp but corrupt, formed a blot on our proceedings that defied all the efforts of reformers. It is very true, as Mr. Cunningham puts it, that of late years there has been a measureless improvement in law, simplicity of procedure, native purity, and legal knowledge. But the persons who made "a deeper impression on the native mind," or "inspired greater confidence," were of a very different type. They were administrators like the late Lord Lawrence, often in the camp, every day on horseback, and never inaccessible. They made roads, they put down gangs of robbers, and they carried out a patriarchal sort of justice which we can assure the author is no "fiction" at all; while they laid the foundations of social order and prosperity by assuring to agriculturists in huge provinces the possession of their holdings, and by fixing precisely, for a term of years, the rent or revenue they were bound to pay to the State.

We have no space to enter into the financial statistics of revenue, debt, population, temporary and occasional loans, foreign and internal trade, numbers of yards of white, grey, and coloured goods; estimates and budgets, prospective and realized, with which Mr. Cunningham's pages are filled. They will be of the utmost value to men who wish to understand British India, to appreciate the trials of our rulers and delegates, to make a speech or support a theory. What concerns us here is the general truth and accuracy of the author's review. It is an emphatic protest against the lugubrious vaticinations of such credulous sceptics as Mr. Hyndman and others. It was perhaps hardly necessary that the author, in remembrance of labours shared with others on the Famine Commission, should devote a page or two to explode the silliness of one of his colleagues' proposals for the regeneration of India. That James Caird, Esq., C.B., should, after a few months' superficial acquaintance with a most tremendous subject, gravely propose to redeem the Land-tax and to revert to payments in kind instead of money, simply proves of itself that the author of these imbecile suggestions had not mastered the beggarly elements of Anglo-Indian administration. We sometimes wonder why, in the multitude of questions now addressed to the Indian Secretary of State, some audacious member did not ask for a return showing the amount of Mr. Caird's salary and its exact equivalent in priggish advice. On the other hand, we are compelled to say that Mr. Cunningham's review of our financial and administrative position in India is somewhat too favourable. Very likely his totals of figures are correct to a fraction. In much that he urges as to our eventual and actual solvency, the lightness of taxation compared to the populousness of many provinces, the manageable proportions of the funded debt, we heartily concur. When money is wanted by the Viceroy or the Secretary of State, it can be got at a rate which now rarely exceeds 4 per cent. But, when Mr. Cunningham assures us that the Indian Government is "in the happy position of the proprietor of a vast undeveloped estate, who has only to decide to which of various schemes of profitable improvement his surplus rental shall be devoted," we at once put in a demurrer. The lot of Indian financiers of late years, with famines, wars, and half-finished works of probable utility, like the policeman's in the song, has not been a happy one. We should be more inclined to liken the Indian Government to a solvent Company which has been started to develop some valuable industry or to explore some rich mines, with but a limited margin of working capital. The ore may be there and may promise a rich dividend if it only can be got at. But, meanwhile, the capital of the shareholders has been expended in construction, wages of miners, keeping off Red Indians or other wild tribes, paying high salaries to competent engineers; and there is no ready money available to increase the steam-power, to set up the mills, to crush the quartz, and to convey the ore to the seaboard by railway or canal. Then, again, Mr. Cunningham dwells much on the admitted fact that India has hitherto been a purely agricultural country. The old native manufactories, such as they were, have died out or have been superseded by European fabrics. He admits that famines have occurred there with greater regularity and far more terrible effect than comets, inundations, or earthquakes. Since the beginning of this century there have been eleven great famines which have affected large provinces. Some part of India, he insists, suffers from famine two years in every nine; a famine of some sort or other may be expected every eleven or twelve years; and a great famine—such as that which devastated Madras in 1876-7, or Bengal in 1774—may come twice in a century. With all these averages and certainties, it seems idle to dilate on happiness of proprietorship. It is admitted further that, though Zemindars and Talukdars revel and riot in wealth, and tenant proprietors can be given security of tenure with far greater benefit to the State and to others than in Ireland, there is

\* *British India and its Rulers*. By H. S. Cunningham, M.A., one of the Judges of the High Court of Calcutta, and Late Member of the Famine Commission. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

about one million of mere labourers who exist at the very lowest level compatible with continued existence, who remain thin and hungry in times of plenty, and die off by scores and hundreds in times of dearth. But, though we recognize the gradual improvement of such classes, the rise in wages, the multiplied conveniences, the increased facilities of intercourse, which ameliorate their lot, we by no means anticipate that deserts and jungles are to blossom like the rose merely because a geological surveyor has "prospected" iron in one mountain range and coal in another. Indian coal has hitherto been unfitted for sea-going steamers unless mixed with English or Australian coal. Seams of iron have long been worked, and found to be thin and profitless; and, even if minerals can be raised at a profit, the obstacles are so many, and the disturbing agencies so certain, that we can never anticipate such a rapid and sure development of these industries as will pay for the past and provide for the future. Most experienced Governors have been anxious to encourage private enterprise in these directions, to simplify the law of contract, to prevent disputes between labour and capital, to facilitate the sale of waste lands to capitalists, and to invite individuals and Companies to complete works which the executive Government has been absolutely compelled to begin. Mr. Cunningham's view of a beneficent administration is the very reverse of all this. Government, he says, has reformed the Post-office, constructed long lines of railway, succeeded in irrigation where Orissa and Madras Companies have failed, and so, as a deduction, intending speculators ought to have no more cakes and ale. We entirely concur with him in opinion that the Indian Government, from its large field of official selection, from its ability to dispense with quick returns, and from its more thorough knowledge of the native temperament, is likely to succeed where Mr. A. and Mr. B. would probably fail. But it is quite impossible for even the best of Governments to keep a community in perpetual leading-strings, and to manage every conceivable form of industrial and commercial enterprise. It may be said with more truth that, from the days of Lord Canning, the Government has pledged itself to welcome every project of social development on the part of the independent and unofficial community which can be prosecuted with a due regard to the rights, equities, and interests of the native races.

Other reforms are suggested which can be carried out, though not perhaps in the precise shape indicated. There is room for a new administration on the scale of a Lieutenant-Governorship. The Province of Orissa would, as proposed by the author, be ill-mated with the Central Provinces, with which it has no natural connection and from which it is divided by unhealthy and inaccessible jungles. Besides, the civilization of Orissa stands on a higher level than that of a province devastated by Mahratta raids and pestilences, and still tenanted by Gonds and overrun with deer and bison. A much sounder proposal, not noticed by the author, would be to separate Behar or a large part of it from Bengal, and, with the Province of Benares and a few other districts, to form a new Government midway between Calcutta and the Upper Provinces. But in all these proposals for the remodelling of the Empire, there is invariably some corner or district which obstinately refuses to fit in with the rest; and the native community, we are bound to add, look with dismay and bewilderment at these inexplicable movements of pieces on a chess-board, which in their eyes are not reforms at all, but mere occasions of worry and vexation. That Madras, like all other Presidencies, should have Commissioners to supervise the Collectors and to become active agencies for local reform and communication with headquarters, will hardly be denied; but when we are told that "promotion by merit should be more strictly enforced" we are reminded that "merit" is occasionally very difficult to define. Doubtless this term is often synonymous with ability, vigour, and experience; but cynical men, especially bachelors, who are passed over in selection for the Board, the High Court, or the Secretariat, have been known to mutter that "merit" in the successful candidate means a musical taste, social talent, an engaging address, or an attractive and pretty wife. In his recommendations for the direction of native agriculture by a separate department of the State, Mr. Cunningham goes somewhat beyond the requirements of the native population. Possibly to a cursory view native agriculture, with its light instruments, milch kine yoked to the plough, want of rotation, and general simplicity, may appear unscientific. But there are a good many substantial proprietary tenants from whom even the Famine Commissioners might take a lesson. They know all about the lay of the land, the gradients for service of water, and the suitability of different crops, and they are not insensible to the necessity of manure for such productions as tobacco, sugar-cane, the poppy, and the better classes of cereals and pulses. And when it is said that the Indian soil requires a plough to go deep into the clay or loam, and not one that produces a series of irregular scratches first lengthways and then across the field, we may remind the authorities that no Indian ryot will use a plough which he cannot carry to and from the field on his own shoulders, or which cannot be easily repaired or constructed by the carpenter and blacksmith of the village. A model farm or two, an agricultural show with prizes for fat oxen and gigantic sugar-canes, and a Secretary or Commissioner for Agriculture, are reasonable and moderate reforms; but financial exigencies, as well as sound judgment, will prevent most Governors from recommending a regular staff of agricultural officials with "one person in each village" legally responsible for such returns. It is, perhaps, inevitable with writers who have had no practical experience of village and bazaar life that they

should want all reforms at once. But no one is readier than Mr. Cunningham to draw attention to the solid progress made since the Government was administered directly by the Crown. It has been often said that though more has been done in India since the Mutiny and the abolition of the Court of Directors than in the previous half-century, yet, without the wise and discreet old East India Directors, there would have been no country to hand over and no people to govern. And we have just seen a remarkable State paper drawn up by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir A. Eden, which truthfully and modestly sets forth various improvements carried out in that fine province in the exact direction recommended by Mr. Cunningham. Canals have been deepened and new ones commenced. The Burdwan and Hooghly districts, ravaged by a low kind of fever for years, have been supplied with fresh water from a river that has its source in the hills to the west; irrigation has advanced in Behar; branch railways have been completed in Tirhoot, in Northern Bengal, and between the important towns of Patna and Gaya. One new line is under construction to the south of Calcutta, and a Company has been started to carry another through a rich and densely populated neighbourhood to Jessore and beyond. If we differ from Mr. Cunningham in regard to the fitness or urgency of some of his proposals or the measure of his helpfulness, we are prepared to endorse his main conclusions. India is not irretrievably insolvent; her administration, though not a miracle of unvarying success, is a marvel of conscientiousness and ability as well as a material increment, not, indeed, to the finances of the English Treasury, but to the national credit and to the political estimation in which England is held on the Continent.

#### SINNING, OR SINNED AGAINST? \*

THE first two chapters of this long story will, we are persuaded, more than satisfy most readers. Patience can indeed do great things in carrying us through the opening scenes of a novel, but patience has its limits. A writer who is bold enough to make a great call on our memory as she introduces us to her characters ought at the same time to give us some good grounds for hoping that our trouble will not be all in vain. A reader is not like a schoolboy who can be forced to learn off by heart long lists of irregular nouns and verbs, long before he can be made to understand of what advantage the knowledge can be either to him or to any one else. Happily for those who are grown up, this is a free country, and no one can be compelled to master the genealogy of a shoal of stupid heroes and heroines. A parson when he has got us once seated under him may calmly announce that he intends to divide his discourse into three main parts, with half a dozen subdivisions to each, and a few plain practical remarks by way of a conclusion. A sense of propriety and a regard to respectability will keep us, he very well knows, from flinging open the pew-door in a panic, and from tearing down the aisle out of the church porch. But with novelists the case happily is different. Let them from the very beginning make it quite clear that they intend to bore us to death, and we and they part company at once. A book is pitched down with even less trouble than it is taken up, and a foolish novel always receives the most unceremonious treatment. The first page of the story before us was enough to raise a strong suspicion of its stupidity, for it introduced us to a truly beautiful and soothing view on a calm summer evening. The sun was setting, and of course setting in glory. The distant foliage was darkening, and the windows of an old mansion were gleaming. A river was giving a village a gentle, loving embrace, and a grey old church, like the guardian spirit of the place, seemed to watch over some trim cottages and a few more pretentious houses. The smith's forge had a bright glow within, the parsonage was pretty, the doctor's house had staring green shutters. The purple shadows of evening fell in the valley, the hills and the sky were still aglow with the sun's parting radiance, and the scene was homelike and tenderly beautiful. All this kind of thing is as familiar to us as the language of an estate agent or an auctioneer. It is the usual preliminary to a stupid story. We pass on, and we find that this village has not only a Squire's modern mansion, but an Old Manor House. Round this ancient dwelling the author at once throws an air of mystery. It stood empty, it had great staring dead-eye windows, the grounds round it were neglected and weed-covered, and by it was a lightning-seathed trunk, riven and completely bare. In it there were plenty of long passages and old nooks and corners of wasted space. It was such a house as flourished in the days of Mrs. Radcliffe, and one of these old nooks or corners plays, of course, a most important part in the tale.

So far we had had pretty plain sailing; but, when we passed from the two houses to the Squire's family to whom they belonged, then our troubles began. If the reader is daring enough to venture into all the mazes of this story, we would advise him to follow our example, and from the very beginning to make out a kind of family tree. Should he fail to do this, we are confident that he will carry in his head no clearer notion of the plot than the schoolboy, a week after he has passed an examination in English history, does of the descent of Henry VII. from Edward III. We begin with the late Squire's father's rich wife.

\* *Sinning, or Sinning Against? A Novel.* By A. C. P. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1881.

He dies and she dies, and then we come to the late Squire himself, John Danvers by name, and his only brother. The Squire marries and has children, and his brother marries and has a son. The Squire's wife dies, and so do all his children but his son George. His brother dies, and, if we are not mistaken, his brother's wife dies also, leaving an only son named John. By this time we have two John Danvers. Happily the nephew becomes a clergyman, so that the reader can distinguish one as Squire John and the other as Parson John. Parson John marries and has three children, John, George, and Mary. By this time we have no less than three John Danvers on hand and two George Danvers. Happily Parson John tumbles downstairs, breaks his back, and dies in an hour. His son, however, gets ordained on the very next page, so that we have a second Parson John whom we must carefully distinguish from the first. More especially is this needful for the credit of the Church, if for no other reason, as it was reported, even after a lapse of many years, that the ghost of the broken-backed Parson John used to come out between twelve and one at night and groan for an hour at the foot of the grand staircase down which he had tumbled. We must return, however, to the time when he died and left an agonized widow, as the author calls her, and three children. George, the second son, became a dashing cornet of dragoons, and his cousin George, the Squire's only son, is also a dashing officer, but of what rank and in what branch of the service we are not told. Mary, the daughter of one Parson John Danvers, the sister of the other Parson John Danvers and of George Danvers the soldier, is soon discovered to be in love with George Danvers the other soldier, the son of Squire John Danvers. We have by this time reached the eighth page of the story, and a little variety is needed. Of Danvers, as of rabbits, there may be enough. We are introduced, therefore, to a Mr. and Miss Monkstone, who rent the Old Manor House, and give at once an agreeable air of mystery to the tale. In the first place, the father does not go to church, though his daughter does. Then they would not visit their neighbours, and of their antecedents nothing could be learnt even by the Squire's London solicitors. They had, of course, a faithful servant, Kitty Perry by name, but from her not a word could be extracted. It was in vain that the butcher's wife condescended to ask her to tea, and that the old lady who kept the grocery store walked home with her from church. When they softly sympathized with her, she put on an air of stolid indifference, and if she were actually questioned about her master she became rather nervous. The Monkstones visited no one but an elderly invalid, who had herself at one time been a mystery. The father had a worn, haggard, and wolfish expression. The daughter, to be sure, had a certain queenly carriage, and a straight nose, but her complexion was of one uniform creamy pallor, and she had no vestige of colour in her cheeks. However, poor Mary Danvers was greatly alarmed to find that her cousin George the soldier—not her brother George, the other soldier, whose opinion in such a case would not have mattered a brass farthing—looked upon her as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The Squire at once took alarm, and gave his mysterious tenants notice to quit at the end of the year.

By this time we have reached the seventeenth page of the story. George, the dashing young cornet, has, the author feels, hitherto been too much neglected. He visits, therefore, his maternal grandfather, and falls in love with a charming young lady, Miss Grace Courtney. As she was only just seventeen the Squire insists that the young people shall wait a year before they marry. The Squire's son George is ordered to the seat of war, wherever that may be, for no war has, we believe, been mentioned. Mary's cheek grows pale and her step loses its lightness. But she is not the only one who suffers, for in her wanderings through the Park she sees one day Miss Monkstone seated on the river bank, weeping bitterly, and passionately pressing a letter to her lips. Time wears on, and by the twentieth page Miss Monkstone falls ill; her faithful Kitty becomes broken-hearted; and her father, on more than one occasion, is seen by one Giles Brown rushing out of his house, tearing his hair, muttering to himself, and gesticulating wildly. It is by no means wonderful that the Squire's patience becomes nearly exhausted, and that he looks forward eagerly to the end of the year's tenancy. He has a good deal to go through with them, unhappy and most respectable old country gentlemen that he was, before he has seen the last of them. One day the faithful Kitty is announced by the servant as waiting below to see him, apparently in a very excited state. He is greatly perplexed, but his niece—the agonized widow of old days—suggests that Kitty shall be shown into her boudoir. On entering she behaved in a most reprehensible manner, for she sank into a chair and began to sob in a heartrending manner. Her young mistress, she at last was able to explain, was missing, while her master had fallen down in a sort of fit. The Squire ordered his carriage, and they all started for the ill-omened place. As the two houses were only about a mile apart, we do not know why the company rode, unless perchance the dignity of the story did not allow them to go on foot. Lager though the worthy old gentleman had been to get rid of his tenant, still more eager must he have been when he found him in the care of the doctor and of Giles Brown. His cadaverous visage was horrible to look at in its contortions, and he writhed his emaciated body about like one in the greatest torture, while he shrieked in agonized accents for his daughter. A search is made everywhere for the missing young lady, and her shawl and boots were found concealed in the hollow trunk of a tree by the river-bank,

where she had some months before been seen sitting in tears. It is not for many a year that her fate was discovered. Leaving her on one side, we come in a page or two more to the death of George Danvers the soldier, the Squire's son, who fell gloriously at the head of his regiment. Before we turn over the leaf the Squire has an attack of paralysis. Parson John thereupon turns up in the midst of all these troubles, and, strange to say, his first enquiry was for the Monkstones. On hearing about them he faints away, and on recovering goes down to the river bank and for hours sits by it, letting the cold February rain beat upon him. Of course a weakening lingering illness was the result of this imprudence. About this time cries, shrieks, groans, and such like were said to be heard in the Old Manor House. We have still a little comfort left in the engagement which existed between George Danvers the soldier, the parson's son, and the charming Miss Grace Courtney. But on the thirty-fifth page this comfort is taken away, for a month before the day fixed for his marriage he writes a broken-hearted despairing letter to say that his engagement was broken off and that he was starting for India. The old Squire hereupon has a second stroke and becomes quite childish. Parson John is, indeed, left us, and he certainly marries, but his wife dies in the next paragraph but one, and his health breaks down. The old Squire dies also, and with his death we reach the end of the first chapter.

The story, however, like the business of the world, in spite of mortality is carried on easily enough. Fresh characters are introduced, and old mysteries are cleared up. Miss Monkstone's skeleton is found at last, and at the same time it is discovered that she had been married to the Squire's son George, and murdered by her father in a fit of madness. This old gentleman certainly keeps up the bustle very well, to use an old stage term. In the third volume, for instance, in the belief that his granddaughter was his daughter, he sets fire to the Old Manor House in which the young lady was living, and nearly burns her to death. Happily he only kills himself. In the end an air of cheerfulness is thrown over the story, as almost every one gets married who is not married already except an elderly maiden aunt, a widowed grandmother, and an aged nurse. A vast number of babies are born, and fresh generations are provided for the author should she ever intend to carry her history still further down. Let her, however, show some mercy. Strokes of paralysis are brought on in more ways than one. Tidings of the sudden deaths of such stupid people as she describes are surely more easily borne than the three closely-printed volumes with which she overwhelms both readers and reviewers alike.

#### FLOWER'S HISTORY OF THE TIN TRADE.\*

IN his recent sketch of the history of the tin trade, a subject which has never hitherto been treated in anything like a full or satisfactory manner, Mr. P. W. Flower has brought together a mass of valuable information throwing light upon the origin, the progress, and the present position of this highly important interest. Ranking after gold and silver first in value among the common metals, at the same time the lightest and most fusible of all, it is only as an alloy or as a coating for other metals that tin comes practically into consideration, being hardly at all used by itself. Ductile as it is, as well as melting at a gentle heat, it cannot be drawn into wire. In its origin, however, it carries us back to mythic or prehistoric times, being found blended with copper in the bronze implements of an age far beyond authentic history, and diffused well nigh as widely as the human race itself. The earliest and most authentic tradition traces the discovery or the introduction of the metal to the Phœnicians, and points to the British Islands as the source to which those adventurous and hardy mariners had recourse for their supplies of tin. Mr. Evans's recent able and exhaustive history of bronze implements has made altogether superfluous any notice of the slight sketch of the earlier authorities prefixed to his work by Mr. Flower, who has little or no pretension to critical scholarship or literary skill, as may be judged from his adoption of the view that the Phœnicians or Phœnicians were a Buddhist or serpent-worshipping tribe who came from a district in Afghanistan (*oph-gana*, *aph-gana*), *gana* signifying a tribe, and *oph*, *aph*, *saph* signifying a serpent, the emblem of Buddha or wisdom. For the practical purposes of his book, however, he is safe in taking up the tale at the point of the Roman trade with Britain, illustrating the mode of transport across Gaul by the aid of Sir Henry James's drawing of a horse carrying strapped to it on each side the peculiarly shaped block of tin of which a pattern was dredged up at Falmouth about the year 1811. His industry has enabled him to put together a fairly connected summary of what is to be known of the progressive trade and metallurgy of tin under the Saxon, Norman, and English kings, partly by the light of royal charters and enactments, together with Acts regulating the coinage and fixing penalties for adulteration. With the history of the stannaries there is bound up an epitome of the mining industry, and not a little of the foreign commerce of Great Britain. From the earliest times are to be seen those strange vicissitudes which in our own age are observed to mark the fortunes of the metal miner. The tin mines of Cornwall, which had been almost entirely neglected under the Saxon dominion, were so vigorously developed

\* *A History of the Trade in Tin: a Short Description of Tin Mining and Metallurgy, &c.* By Philip William Flower. With Illustrations. London: George Bell & Sons. 1880.



after the Norman Conquest that the Archbishop of Canterbury, under whose hands they had been placed by King Richard I., when the country was almost ruined by the Crusades, was able to remit to his sovereign, then abroad, a sum of money exceeding 1,000,000*l.* sterling. In the reign of John the produce, on the other hand, was so inconsiderable that the rent of the tin farms amounted to no more than 100 marks, a fact due, it may be suggested, to the mines being under the hands of the Jews, who found in such bargains a heavy make-weight for their advances to the impetuous monarch. In the next reign immense profits were realized by Richard, Duke of Cornwall, brother to Henry III., the produce of the mines being subject to a royalty of 40*s.* for every 1,000*l.* in value, all the tin having to be brought twice a year to the appointed places, of which Truro was one, to be officially stamped and weighed.

Up to 1240 a monopoly of the European supply of tin was held by Cornwall; but in that year a lode was discovered in the mountains of Bohemia by a Cornish tinman banished from England, either on account of his religion or on a charge of murder. Further discoveries followed at Attenburg, in Saxony, in 1458, and in Barbary in 1640. In Spain the constant invasions of the Moors caused the mines to be neglected. Against foreign competition an Act of Parliament was passed in the reign of Henry VIII., enacting that no person should buy tin or any wares made of tin out of the realm. The enlightened policy of Queen Elizabeth led to the introduction of German miners, by whom many of the Cornish processes were much improved. For nearly two centuries not much has been ascertained beyond the circumstance of a glut in the reign of Queen Anne, who had in stock at one time 5,000 tons of tin, equal to five years' consumption. About the middle of the last century began the competition with Eastern or foreign produce, small quantities of Banca tin finding their way into Holland, and from thence into England; but the Cornish yield happening to increase at the same time by 500 tons, a panic ensued, the importation of Banca falling off from 543 tons in 1787 to 80 tons in 1788, and 40 tons in 1789. The East India Company taking up largely about this time the export to India and China of some 800 tons annually, which they obtained at a lower price than that paid to the tanners of Cornwall, the market was relieved of the Banca trade, and an artificial system was created whereby prices were enhanced, until this interesting traffic was brought to a close in 1817 by the re-shipment of Cornish tin from China to London, underselling the artificially-priced Cornish produce. Our author's figures enable us to follow in ample detail the history of the trade from that time to the present, tracing the increase both in home consumption and exportation, as well as that in the supplies from the East and elsewhere. The Cornish supply, which was 2,500 tons in the year 1800, exceeded 10,000 tons in 1873, and this quantity was more than doubled by importation. The price has ranged from 60*l.* to 150*l.* a ton, the return of produce to the Mining Record Office, to the Stannary Court, and the Duchy of Cornwall amounting in value to 1,084,081*l.* The statement of Banca tin (imported in slabs weighing 1,000 to 32 tons English) sold at auction by the Dutch Trading Company between the years 1857 and 1874, exhibit an average of about 5,000 tons annually, at about 120*l.* a ton. The total imports of tin into Great Britain for 1874 amounted to 9,218 tons, the largest contribution, 4,177 tons, coming from the Straits Settlements; and the next, 2,293 tons, from New South Wales. The tin exported from this country for that year was 155,068 cwt*s.*, of the value of 813,305*l.*

Why Mr. Flower's work, compiled, for the most part, as he incidentally lets us know, so long ago as the year 1875, should have been kept so long from seeing the light we fail to understand. Nor do we see why in the interval he should have limited himself in his cursory notice of the metallurgy of tin to elementary or antiquated sources, such as Dodd's *British Manufactures* and the *Gallery of Art and Nature*, when he had at command the far more advanced and authentic notices of Dr. Percy and of Mr. Hunt in his new edition of Ure's Dictionary. It is, however, not from the scientific so much as the historical point of view that he approaches his subject, dealing more especially with the rise and development of the tin-plate trade, from its first introduction in 1625 from Saxony by Andrew Yarranton, whose early attempts, defeated for a while by counter-patents and the defection of his partners and patrons, were carried to great success a century later by Major John Hanbury of Pontypool, afterwards member for the county of Monmouth, and ancestor of the present family of Hanbury Williams. Hanbury's improvements in the machinery employed, and his invention of the method of rolling iron plates by means of cylinders entitle him to the credit of having practically established in England the art of tin-plating. His portrait, engraved from a family picture at Pontypool, is appropriately prefixed to Mr. Flower's work. To Yarranton, notwithstanding, our author deems it due to assign the title of Father of English tin-plates, as well as that of the founder of English political economy, by reason of his enlightened appreciation of the signs of the times. Fired, when in Saxony, by the news of our ships having been burnt at Oatham by the Dutch, he was led to propound improvements whereby the English should beat the Dutch without fighting. He was the first man in England, writes Dove, in his *Elements of Political Science*, who saw and said that peace was better than war, that trade was better than plunder, that honest industry was better than martial greatness, and that the best occupation of a Government was to secure prosperity at

home and to let other nations alone. Such, Yarranton proclaimed, would be the result of the following improvements:—

1. The Improvement of our Linen and Iron Manufactures.
2. The Settlement of our Navigation Laws.
3. The Establishment of a Public Register for all Lands and Houses.
4. The Cutting Canals and improving the Navigation of our Rivers.
5. A public Bank with a proper issue.
6. A Court of Merchants to decide between Merchant and Merchant.
7. A Lumber House where money should be lent on goods at easy interest.

These ideas were embodied in *England's Improvements by Sea and Land*, by Andrew Yarranton, Gent., 1677, a book so rare as to be lacking in the libraries of the British Museum and the Bodleian. Mr. Flower has done the public a good service by reprinting from the second part the chapters on "the manufacture of iron and tinn." To this curious extract, which treats more directly of the writer's personal wrongs in the matter of his patents than of the processes which he claims to have introduced or improved, are added some further reprints of occasional papers which it was quite worth while to rescue from oblivion, giving, as they do, the fullest and most authentic details to be had of the progress of this important branch of industry. A quaint specimen of the early literature of the subject is a "Dialogue betwixt a Tynn Minor of Cornwall, an Iron Mynor of the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, and a Traveller, A.D. 1677," in which the traveller dwells upon the immense benefits accruing to Germany from the tin-plate manufacture, sixteen pounds a ton being the price of iron, and tin five pounds the hundredweight, albeit the English tin and iron were much better than the German. From the introduction of these superior methods he foresees a sure and speedy recovery of trade in Great Britain, with ample employment for the vast class of useless scholars and supernumerary clergy, of whom he is credibly informed there are thirty thousand with no more than ten thousand livings to share among them. Of a more scientific character is the dissertation of the famous Réaumur upon the elements of the art of making plates, translated from the *History of the Academy of Sciences*, Paris, 1725, in which the writer speaks of the works established by Colbert at Chenevay (Franche Comté), and Beaumont la Ferrière (Nivernois), which had failed from want of protection. They had been limited, it appears, to turning out as white iron or tinned sheets the black plates imported from Germany. The main secret derived from the German workmen is described as the use of fermented rye to produce the sour or acid waters for pickling the plates and fixing the deposit of tin. Other solutions, as alum, salt, and sal-ammoniac, were tried by the great French chemist, but found too weak. Vinegar, which must naturally have been tried before rye-water, was thought too dear, though working more quickly. The grease used for preventing the surface from being burnt gave occasion to many experiments. This was another secret of the German tanners. Réaumur, after mixing sal-ammoniac, soot, and lamp-black with common grease, was given to understand that burnt tallow was the right thing, the cause of which superiority it would, he thinks, be very interesting to know. To this succeeds a description of the manufacture as carried on at Mansvaux, in Alsace, established in 1714 (from Diderot's *Encyclopædia*, 1756), with two illustrations of the works and processes employed for making the bar-iron, hammering it into plates, and dipping them six hours in the cauldron; the "secret," supposed to be copper, being here introduced to assist in the coating. The third extract gives an account of the German and Swedish manufactures, as carried on at Hülff Gottes Irgead, near Platten, in Saxony; Heinrichsgrün and Graslitz, in Bohemia; and Joanneßors, near Forsmark, in Sweden. This was published in Lyons in 1774, from travels made between 1757 and 1769 by M. Jars. Rolling had been attempted in the Swedish works, but had given way to the old process of the hammer. This crowning improvement had still to await complete success, the earliest experiments in England being described in the instructive letter of Mr. Samuel Parkes to B. Naylor, Esq., Feb. 20, 1818, which is the next in order of our author's transcripts. Rolling, both hot and cold, had here been tried, but with imperfect results, not one plate in three turning out thoroughly good. After being steeped in lees of bran and water the plates were pickled in sulphuric acid and water, in proportions judged of by the workman, high wages being earned by a good pickler. Finally came the tinning, burnt grease or any kind of empyreumatic fat being used in preference to tallow. By the aid of diagrams five successive processes are shown through which the sheets had to pass, ending with the listing-pot for the object of knocking off the thin strip of metal formed on the lower edge of the plate as it cooled in a vertical position in the melting-pot. A table of the common names in use for various sizes and qualities of tin-plates, with their trademarks and current prices in the London market, completes this survey. A paper by Mr. Ebenezer Rogers, taken from the Reports of the South Wales Institute of Engineers, 1857, carries on the history of the industry, with the introduction of grooved rolls by Henry Cort in 1783—its establishment at Cyfarthfa under Mr. Richard Crawshaw in 1790 forming a special point of progress. A series of scattered notices fills up the gap between that period and the existing stage of the manufacture, our author closing his work with a popular account of the processes in most general use, with a forecast of what seem to him its prospects from a commercial point of view. He is not, we trust, over-sanguine in anticipating for England the perpetuation of the world-wide monopoly which she at present has to boast; but with the inexhaustible supply which she possesses of a metal so

limited as to its sources, it can only be by a shameful relaxation of her industrial energies that she can suffer herself to be superseded by any foreign rival. Our author's statistics go far to prove that in the tin-plate trade we have virtually an index to the spread of national prosperity, if not of civilization itself. Who can assign bounds to the demand for tinned or canned oysters from Baltimore, lobsters from Maine, salmon from Alaska, peaches from Florida and Maryland? One petroleum firm in the City of New York is said to cut up 600 boxes (30 tons) of tin-plate daily. No less than 1,600,000 boxes are already absorbed yearly by the United States, more than threefold the consumption of the continent of Europe, of which quantity a full tenth goes to pack sardines at Nantes. Australian meat craves an ever-increasing supply, while British biscuits, mustard, and gunpowder range in bright canisters all over the world. The home consumption is variously estimated at between 500,000 and 750,000 boxes per annum; but the returns to Government have not been ample and unreserved enough for any accurate figures to be laid down. Our author deserves the thanks of the public for the pains he has taken in the compilation of so instructive a mass of figures and facts.

#### TRÜBNER'S ORIENTAL SERIES.\*

ORIENTAL learning has at least kept pace with the general advance of science during the present century; specialists will even say that it is one of the most signal examples that can be adduced of the progress of knowledge. It is indeed difficult to keep pace with the constant flow of new discoveries from Assyria and Egypt, China and India, and the fresh lights thrown on the religious literature, and languages of every region of the East. A great part of the difficulty lies in the scattered condition of the newest information. It is impossible for any but a determined specialist to ransack antiquarian and linguistic journals in remote parts of the world for the latest conclusions arrived at on the place of the Samoedion idioms in comparative philology or to search for little brochures on the origin of Chinese civilization or the migration of Aryans to Corea. An Oriental encyclopædia is sorely needed, and we must be grateful to Messrs. Trübner for having in some measure supplied the deficiency. It is true the method of collecting all available information on the leading subjects of Eastern study in a series of independent volumes is not so convenient or so comprehensive as an alphabetically arranged dictionary; but something is better than nothing, and Messrs. Trübner's Oriental Series, besides possessing a profundity and exhaustiveness which could not be attained in a mere article, will provide the materials from which an encyclopædia of the East might be easily compiled.

The two volumes recently added to the series are of very different merit. Mr. Davies's volume on Hindu philosophy is an undoubted gain to all students of the development of thought. The system of Kapila, which is here given in a translation from the *Sāṅkhya Kārikā*, is the only contribution of India to pure philosophy. The exposition is the oldest in existence, and the most authoritative; but it is doubtful how closely it represents the original teaching of Kapila, who lived before the time of Gautama the Buddha, in the sixth century before Christ. The *Sāṅkhya Kārikā* has been several times edited and translated, but hitherto with indifferent success, according to Mr. Davies; and, from the examples he gives of Sir H. Colebrooke's version, and even Lassen's, we must agree with him that the meaning of much of Kapila's system has been misunderstood, even by the most eminent authorities, though the frequent obscurity of the original is a sufficient excuse for considerable misapprehension. Mr. Davies has evidently devoted himself to the elucidation of the seventy-two dicta which make up the work with as much zeal as success; and the comments which are interspersed among the sibylline dicta of the philosopher testify to no ordinary industry and acumen. If in the general analysis (pp. 101-118), and the appendices on the resemblance between Kapila's system and those of Spinoza, Schopenhauer, and Von Hartmann, the author is a little venturesome, and inclined to lay stress on secondary characteristics, it cannot be disputed that the comparison is amply justified by the many points of similarity which are disclosed between the oldest Hindu and the newest European philosophy.

Kapila is purely a philosopher, and the rites of Vedantic religion are an object of scorn to him. He allows gods, indeed, but only as emanations from nature eventually to be re-absorbed like all other forms of matter. The object of philosophy with him is to escape from pain and sorrow, which he regards as inherent in the world of matter. "Our present physical life is a mere bondage; it is full of pain, it can never be the source of anything but sorrow and degradation. The aim of philosophy is simply to free the soul from this and every other connexion with matter for ever. We must seek to cast it away, as men cast off a vile and loathsome garment; and this emancipation must be gained by the soul itself, without the aid—if such aid can be obtained—of any external power or influence." Knowledge, and that of the right kind, alone can liberate the soul from the trammels of the

material world. There is no place for God, or a guiding intelligence, in Kapila's system:—

The one primeval source was simply Matter, and in all its developments was wholly unconnected with the working of Mind. It wrought, and for a distinct purpose, but unconsciously, and by a potentiality which dwelt entirely within itself. How, then, did Nature (*Prakṛiti*) begin to work? Because, says Kapila, though formless, it has modes or constituents of its being. When these are in a state of equipoise Nature is at rest. When the equipoise is disturbed then Nature begins to work. The impelling influence was an unconscious purpose to free the souls of men from all contact with matter, which is the source of pain. For this purpose it first sent forth intellect (*buddhi*), the first-born of all created things. But the nature and functions of this first product are not clearly defined. It has a faculty of ascertainment; and by this Kapila means a determinant power by which the perceptions of sense-objects are defined in an ultimate form, that the soul may look upon them and gain a knowledge of their nature. From intellect, consciousness, or egoism, is evolved. It is from this product of thought that a knowledge of the difference between subject and object is gained. But consciousness, in emanating from intellect, becomes a separate entity, and the intellect works without any consciousness of its working or of its effects. From egoism or consciousness—i.e. conscious mind-matter—spring the *manas* (mind), the ten organs of sense and action, and the five subtle elements. The *manas* is an internal faculty, the doorkeeper of the senses, which are the doors through which the soul gains a knowledge of nature. It receives the sensations which the senses give from outward things, and has a formative power. Our sensations hereby become perceptions, and these, passed on to consciousness, become individualized as "mine"; then by the intellect these individualized perceptions become, in the language of Sir W. Hamilton, "concepts or judgments," and are fit to be presented to the soul.—1<sup>st</sup> p. 106-7.

Mr. Davies does not pretend that this is a complete representation of the ideology of Kapila, but it is as near an approximation as the differences of the terms allow. The system generally is a form of materialism, in which, however, the soul exists apart from consciousness and the outer world; but it is uncreative, and exists only as light does. It dwells apart, like an Eastern monarch, above and superior to nature: it alone sees and can understand nature; and by this learn to know itself, and thus to win that liberation from material bondage which alone can put an end to pain and suffering. "The soul then gains its supreme state of unmoving, unconscious self-existence which it never afterwards loses." In this system all things are made to minister to the soul, and in the words of Hegel, "Everything in heaven and earth aims only at this—that the soul may know itself, may make itself its object, and close together with itself."

It would be worth investigation to discover how far this system influenced the Neo-Platonic school, and the numerous sects of pantheistic mystics who, especially in Persia, combined in so remarkable a manner an originally material philosophy with a theistic nucleus and a strenuous ethical code. In this last they borrowed nothing from Kapila. In his system there is no place for virtue or vice, duty or sin. The soul has no purpose outside itself; it is passive, unsympathetic. Virtue and vice are little distinguished except as matters of sensation; and, as pleasure and pain, they are to be avoided, because they imply action, and action is imperfection. Virtue and vice do not belong to the soul or in any wise affect it. The sense of guilt, implying a moral law, which in turn implies a higher power to ordain it, does not exist in Kapila's system. Even acquiring knowledge and thus delivering the soul from bondage is not a duty nor the neglect of it a sin; it is a matter of individual advantage. Such a system is clearly esoteric, and it is natural to find Patanjali (about 200 B.C.) popularizing it by inserting a supreme Spirit, enjoining intent contemplation of that Spirit as a means to attaining re-absorption therein, and supplying the moral directions which Kapila omitted. These amendments are foreign to the original system, and Patanjali's reformed philosophy has done more harm than good, and encouraged sensuality, hypocrisy, and imposture. The older system of Kapila, however, though it could never have been very widely accepted or understood, presents many points of deep interest to the student of comparative philosophy, and without Mr. Davies's lucid interpretation it would be difficult to appreciate these points in any adequate manner.

Mr. Long's *Eastern Proverbs and Emblems* is a very different kind of book, and ought rather to have been published by some Religious Tract Society than in a series of scholarly treatises and translations. The work was begun twenty-five years ago "in the jungles of India for the instruction of peasants and women" but Mr. Long considers it adapted also for the instruction of "Orientals, Lovers of Folk-lore, Teachers, and Preachers." The last denomination affords a clue to the real design of the book, and the statement that the proverbs in the volume are "limited to those serving to illustrate moral and religious subjects," turns conjecture into certainty. It was, perhaps, unnecessary for Mr. Long to tell us that his proverbs are "not the productions of the book-worm or the midnight oil" (which would have been highly dangerous in the jungle), and to enjoy his little laugh at book-learning, for the constitution of his own book furnishes irrefragable evidence on these points. The truth is that *Eastern Proverbs* consists of a bushel of scriptural texts, arranged in any order, each followed by a little sermon on the subject of the text, to which are appended such proverbs of all nations as Mr. Long deems relevant to the said text and sermon. Let us examine these three divisions *seriatim*. The texts need little notice. They are apparently intended to convey rather the general sense than the precise words of the verses to which references are given; for example, the text "Book-cram" is not even the revised New Testament version of 2 Timothy iii. 7. The short sermons which follow each text seem sometimes, from their subdivisions into convenient "first, secondly, thirdly, and lastly," to be materials

\* Trübner's Oriental Series.—Hindu Philosophy: the *Sāṅkhya Kārikā* of Īśvara Kṛishna: an Exposition of the System of Kapila. By John Davies, M.A., M.R.A.S.

*Eastern Proverbs and Emblems, illustrating Old Truths.* By the Rev. J. Long, M.R.A.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

for rural edification, and are not always to the point. They are very innocent and garrulous, and very dull reading. Sometimes they are enriched with instructive little bits of information, and it was doubtless this part of Mr. Long's work that delighted the peasants and women in the jungle. For example, on the text "The Body a Clay House crushed before the Moth, Job 4, 19," we have remarks on Arabian houses, and the following paragraph on the moth:—

The moth is a small insect which noiselessly and gradually eats through garments, though very feeble, Job 27, 18. The rich are no more spared than the poor, but it especially attacks things not kept clean, and does its work secretly, spoils by degrees; so God gives cleanness of teeth, the palmer worm, the pestilence, Amos, 4, 8; the moth eats the inside when the outside is good, so Sampson [sic!] said when his locks were gone, I will rise up, Judg. 19, 20; so the Jews, 2 Kings, 15.

These frequent references are very troublesome, even though the reviewer always has his Bible on the table before him; yet without constant rustling of leaves it is impossible to discover whether Samson determined to rise up because the moths were eating him inside or for some other cause; and whether the Jews rose up, or lost their locks, or were eaten by moths in 2 Kings, 15; nor is the confusion mended by the accident that Judges 19 has nothing to do with Samson, but relates to a much less agreeable history. Under the heading "The angry fool as a bear robbed of her whelps, Prov. 17, 12," we are treated to a vivid account of the characteristics of female bears under provocation, and the sporting rules of the Russians of Kamtschatka with regard to cubs, and are then enlivened with eight references to the Old and New Testaments, the well-known history of Elisha's she-bear and the forty-two children, allusions to David, Saul, Herod, Jacob's sons, Saul again, and Nebuchadnezzar; after which the following proverbs are given to point the moral:—

*Telegu.* Pouring ghi on fire.

*Gujerat.* Anger and water descend.

*Tamul.* The irascible are like a man on horseback without a bridle.

*Bengal.* A fire in the thatch is quickly kindled; so anger.

*Buduga.* If a jackal howls, will my old buffalo die? If an angry man curses me, what shall I lose?

*Tamul.* Like the man who would not wash his feet in the tank because he was angry with it.

*Modern Greek.* The rancour of a camel is unforgiving.

*Turk.* The torrent (anger) passes, the sand remains.

These proverbs, which form the third division of our subject, as Mr. Long would say, are the best part of the book. It is true no references to authorities are given, and we have no means of ascertaining the accuracy of any given proverb; but if Mr. Long got many of them from his peasants in the jungle, he could not have gone to a better source. The difficulty about the proverbs is that their meaning is not seldom obscure or equivocal, and Mr. Long puts them under headings to which they really bear no relation. They cannot, indeed, be said to be scientifically arranged—nor is the book at all open to the charge of being a scientific work—but there is a certain interest in proverbs quite apart from their context which will induce some readers to pursue the devious route on which Mr. Long guides his disciples. Only let no man take the book, on the strength of the series to which it belongs, for a serious contribution to the history of proverbs; all that can be said for it is that it contains a large number of proverbs, collected from remote regions and rare sources, together with a larger quantity of irrelevant and unprofitable "discourse."

#### RAMBLES AMONG THE HILLS.\*

*RAMBLES among the Hills* take a somewhat wider range than the *Field Paths and Green Lanes* of Mr. Jennings's earlier volume. They lie chiefly between the Peak of Derbyshire and those Sussex South Downs which, though they scarcely suggest the idea of hills to a highlander, were dignified by Gilbert White with the title of majestic mountains. For Mr. Jennings continues his explorations in Sussex—partly, perhaps, because his residence appears to be in that county—and we are very glad of it. We agree with him that, although Londoners will insist on going farther, they may fare much worse, for there is no more attractive scenery of the kind than that which is to be found within sixty miles to the southward of their city. Mr. Jennings has the born vagrant's liking for solitude, and in Sussex he may indulge it to his heart's content. As we know by experience, it is possible to walk through a summer afternoon, within easy reach of such gay watering-places as Eastbourne or even Brighton, and never come across a stray wayfarer who gives you the notion of his being familiar with society or cities. The shepherds leaning upon their staves among their flocks have become misanthropic, so far as un démonstrative demeanour goes, in the course of their lives of self-communing in the wilderness. Their very dogs, when they are not actually upon duty, are rapt in slumber or abstracted contemplation of the clouds; and there is a dead-alive air of picturesque stagnation over the sequestered villages and hamlets with their primitive systems of agriculture. From generation to generation, as Mr. Jennings assures us, and certainly we have no reason to question the fact, the Sussex people have clung to their parishes. Even the Sussex domestic servants, strange to say, have the reputation of sticking to their places. So the old families are slow to be up-

rooted; there are landowners who have been settled from the times of the Edwards, and even earlier, on the acres that have come down to them in direct descent; and when they have parted with their lands they have subsided into humble stations, in place of seeking to retrieve their fortunes elsewhere. A *propos* of an aristocratic-featured shepherd, with whom our author held converse in one of his walks over the downs near Lewes, he remarks that the representative of more than one ancient line may now be found looking after sheep in the neighbourhood of the family hall. "The Tuppins and the Serases, once the owners of broad domains, are gone from the records of the gentry, but are still to be found in the cottages of the peasantry." He numbers among his peasant acquaintance a gentleman-shepherd descended from the former family, who is to be seen toiling after the sheep in all weathers, but whose appearance and bearing would attract attention in any drawing-room where one happened to meet him. But we suspect that Mr. Jennings was the more struck with the man because his case is very exceptional. At least, if well-born shepherds are common on the Sussex Downs, we should say that their manners must have deteriorated, if their physique has not degenerated.

It is what we may call the by-play of Mr. Jennings's books that gives them their greatest charm. A little reading of an ordinary guide-book goes a long way, and the most picturesque descriptions of scenery are apt very soon to pall on one. Mr. Jennings notes all that is best worth seeing, in the way of churches, halls, or natural beauties; he gives sufficiently minute directions for finding one's way across country by field paths, and frequently offers you the choice of alternative routes, summing up judiciously on their respective advantages. But he enlivens his pages by recording his gossip with all manner of acquaintances whom he has made promiscuously; and he introduces delicate touches in his pictures of cottage interiors which, though seemingly slight, are often telling. Sometimes the comic element predominates in these reminiscences of his, though comedy, we should say, is scarcely his strong point. Occasionally the circumstances and surroundings of these accidental interviews are impressive and even melodramatic. Here, for instance, is a random adventure at Hardwicke Hall, which brightens a chapter, though there is little in it. The Duke of Devonshire does a good deal of preserving there, and the coverts seem to have swarmed with hares and pheasants. Consequently the head keeper has by no means a sinecure, though his place may be a profitable one; and he might have said, with Sir Hugh the Heron in *Marmion*, "St. George! a stirring life we lead, who have such neighbours near." Mr. Jennings, in strolling about the ruins, had nearly stumbled into the jaws of a tremendous mastiff. The keeper came to the rescue, and they naturally got into talk. "What a horrible dog!" remarked Mr. Jennings excitedly, by way of opening the conversation. "I don't know what we should do without him!" observed the keeper in reply. And then he went on to comment on the incessant warfare waged with the poachers. He and his men could seldom go out without meeting with a gang. And as the poachers, who came from the neighbouring collieries, are capitalists who have invested in a costly "plant," they seldom care to abandon the field without a battle. On the last hostile encounter, among the prizes of war that graced the keepers' triumph, were no less than five hundred yards of new netting. Mr. Jennings, by the way, who is a man with ideas of his own, was anything but favourably impressed by the exterior of the famous Hall. He quite agrees with Horace Walpole, who wrote of it just one hundred and twenty years ago, "Never was I less charmed in my life." It might be mistaken, Mr. Jennings says, for the work of some modern architect, built for the Nabob of a couple of generations back, who had enriched himself when the pagoda tree was worth the shaking. When one enters the Hall, to be sure, these first impressions are modified. Within may be read everywhere certificates to its venerable age in the panelings, oak staircases, and tapestried hangings.

But Bolsover Castle, which stands within sight, is still more "eerie" within doors than any ordinary old hall can be made, even by black oak panelling and secret chambers. And at Bolsover Mr. Jennings made the acquaintance of an inmate with whom the stalwart keeper of Hardwicke might have been loth to change places, though she had to contend with no enemies in flesh and blood. Bolsover Mr. Jennings describes as "the most weird and ghostly of all the houses I have seen—a place of mystery, where the spirit of the past still holds unbroken sway, and where the influences of modern life appear to be powerless." Once it had been in the same hands as Hardwicke; at least it belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury, the hen-pecked husband of the famous "Bess of Hardwicke." Now it is in the possession of the Dukes of Portland, Bess's descendants in the female line. Mr. Jennings gives a succession of Salvator Rosa-like studies of the gloomy effects of the sombre edifice. There are crumbling gateways and mouldering coats of arms, with long rows of windows of deserted chambers, looking down on terraces overgrown with weeds. "There were fine flights of steps, leading down only to wildernesses of grass and weeds; and here and there on the dismantled walls were broken mantelpieces and cornices, preserving even in decay some remnant of their former beauty." The only inhabitant when he visited the place was an ancient woman, to use language in keeping with the character of the place. She seems to have been but too happy to find somebody to talk to, and did the honours of "the livery and splendour" of the Castle with voluble affability. She conducted the stranger through venerable suites of vaulted rooms, with furniture and mouldering portraits to match. One of the smaller of the quaint

\* *Rambles among the Hills, in the Peak of Derbyshire and the South Downs.* By Louis J. Jennings, Author of "Field Paths and Green Lanes." London: John Murray. 1880.

bedchambers bore the agreeable name of "Hell"; and, although tolerably furnished and hung with pictures, there the haunting sense of some ghostly mystery was heightened. Nor was Mr. Jennings's sympathetic depression altogether inexplicable. "Very strange noises are heard here at night," observed the old lady; "but we do not mind them. They are heard all over the house." And indeed, as it afterwards appeared, she firmly believed that there was a retiring room for ghosts in a walled-up crypt under the echoing floor of the vaulted kitchen. She had repeatedly seen a lady and gentleman—the lady wearing a scarf, the gentleman in ruffles—standing on the threshold of the kitchen door. Her husband and she had tried to trace the sounds to their causes, without success; but latterly they had become used to them and to the apparitions. In fact, if Bolsover is not actually the abode of restless spirits, it ought to be; and Mr. Jennings has written a most sensational chapter, in a style that does credit to his artistic powers. So much so, that on concluding it, in an agreeable horror, we registered a vow to make a pilgrimage to Bolsover in the ensuing summer, although we should not be altogether surprised were we to find on arriving there that leave for the admission of visitors had been withdrawn. We have often fancied that gossiping travellers like Mr. Jennings take a somewhat unfair advantage of the family retainers whose unguarded disclosures they elicit with the intention of chronicling them in detail. It is possible that there may be great people who have a natural objection to having the blaze of publicity flashed by a stranger on affairs which are no concern of the public's.

In striking contrast to their Castle of Bolsover is the chief seat of the Portland family at Welbeck. It is, by something of a political license, by the way, that Mr. Jennings includes Sherwood Forest and the "Dukeries" in *Rambles among the Hills*. Welbeck, as it has been left by the last Duke, might well be dubbed the Portland Folly; and his eccentric Grace had provided the most luxurious accommodation for whole legions of ghosts in distant generations. "Had he been a poorer man he would have ruined himself in bricks and mortar; but, as he enjoyed an income of an almost fabulous amount, he could gratify his vagaries without danger of impoverishing either himself or his heir." There are miles and miles of elaborately built tunnels, there is a vast subterraneous ball-room, a subterraneous chapel with lifts, skating-rinks, and underground conservatories. There is a riding-school lit by seven thousand gas jets, tiled with copper, corniced in sculptured stone, and surrounded by a frieze of fine brass work curiously wrought, with numberless varieties of birds. Near it is a "gallop" under glass; and all these works were completed as carefully as "if they had been intended for the front of the abbey." It has been estimated, "on very good authority," that the cost was something like two millions. By the by, in talking of the Portland family, Mr. Jennings mentions a report which is new to us, but which he asserts is generally believed in the neighbourhood. The people say that Lord (George Bentinck's sudden death is to be attributed to a dose of poison administered to him by the notorious Palmer. "It was known that Palmer had recently lost large sums to him, and it is said that the two men were together the very day before the catastrophe." The book is full of anecdotes and incidents, with suggestive ideas for summer walking tours, and, though somewhat too bulky for the pocket, would be well worth carrying in a knapsack.

#### PUBLICATIONS OF THE ENGLISH DIALECT SOCIETY.\*

THESE three volumes, in spite of their usefulness and value, may probably leave those who consult them at some loss to know why a series of glossaries need travel to a large extent over the same ground, and, indeed, what the conditions may be which entitle a word to be admitted into these glossaries. The Irish people, whether of the Celtic stock or English immigrants, may be fond of comparisons and clever in applying them; but it is not easy to see why the phrase "cold as charity," for example, should find a place in a list of words used in the counties of Antrim and Down. It may be heard there more frequently than in England, but there is nothing peculiar in the usage; and to those who may argue that if glossaries of dialects are to serve any practical purpose a good many entries of the same words must be found in more than one glossary, the answer may be made that much space would nevertheless be saved by the reader referring from one volume to another. As it is, we have two, sometimes three, explanations of the same word, and each of these sometimes supplies information not to be found under the other entries, while the reader is also sometimes referred to quite other sources for information which is furnished in full in some other of these glossaries. A diligent collation of these lists would have saved the reader no small amount of trouble, while it would have added greatly to the usefulness of the lists themselves.

Some objection may also be made to the seemingly capricious way in which words are explained or left unexplained. In some instances a good deal is said about words which can scarcely

fail to tell their own story; and nothing is said of others which look perplexing, and which may have had an interesting career. The glossary entries, again, may be of words which, with some justice, may be regarded as local, or of words which may be found in more or less varied forms in other parts of the country, or which may translate other words, or which may have been bodily borrowed even from a foreign tongue. In each case the fact might have been noted, to the great benefit of all except the scanty number of students who may need no such aid. The editor tells us that the words and phrases in the Antrim and Down Glossary are mainly of Scottish origin, and may be found in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, as well as in some of the volumes issued by the English Dialect Society. But in what sense can such expressions as "art or part," or "clinch," in the sense of a conclusive argument, or "lit," as denoting the moving from one abode to another, be regarded as anything but a part of the common inheritance of all who speak English? Under the entry *thunder* we have simply the citation "He turned up his eyes like a duck in thunder"; but the phrase may surely be heard in every county in England; and so also the phrase "carry on," in the sense of peculiar or wild behaviour, is a familiar sound probably in the ears of Englishmen everywhere. Some of the words, we need not say, are well worth noting. Among these we have the form "enjoin," "injoin," as meaning an ingenious thing or contrivance; and "snig," "a juvenile thief, who steals the kites of other boys by cutting the string and seizing the kite when it falls." This may perhaps be a variant of "sneak," with a local limitation of meaning. In the word "pelt," as in "He ran out in the street in his bare pelt," we have a form which is explained by "poltry"; but it might be interesting to have some account of "barge," which is said to denote some kind of bird and also a scolding woman. "Bunce," the commission given to persons who bring buyer and seller together in a flax-market, is explained as perhaps a corruption of *bonus*, the phrase "bunce the money" in the sense of dividing it being also known. ("Gyly," we are told, means "very well" or "in good health," and answers the question "How are you?" It is probably, therefore, only another form of "guily"; but "gunked," meaning "taken aback," "disappointed," remains a mystery. "Girn" we have in two senses, the one of a noose, the other of a cry; but these are really two words, and it might be worth while so to inform the reader, who might not see the connexion of the second with the large family of words denoting low or moaning sounds.

The glossary of Cornish words brings us to a subject of decidedly greater interest. The remarks which we have already made apply to the list both of West Cornwall and East Cornwall words, though in a less degree, as we might expect, to the former than to the latter. It is well that these lists have been made; for, with railways and the inroads of travellers, the dialect, Miss Courtney tells us, is "fast dying out, giving place to a vile cockney pronunciation, with a redundancy of *h's*." The younger generation are ashamed of and laugh at the old expressive words their parents use." But even now the men of different districts of the further West may be distinguished, not only by their words, but by the local intonations, which impart a singsong drawing character to their speech. The most marked difference, we are told, is found "between the dwellers on the mainland (Penzance, &c.) and the inhabitants of Scilly, or, as they would call themselves, Scillonians. With them *threed* becomes 'tread,' and *threes* 'tree.'" The sentence scarcely makes it clear to which of the two this usage belongs; but the fact may suggest a comparison with the form "Treiskephalai," which Herodotus mentions as the name given to a spot known also as Dryoskephalai, near Plataia; or, again, with the words *Tirimakia* and *Trinakria*. Of the words in the West Cornish list some are remnants of the old language; others are English words more or less changed, and some are French words or phrases disguised. The Dash-an-darras is the stirrup-cup speeding the parting guest, with which the readers of *Waverley* are familiar under the northerly form of Doch-an-dorroch. "Bucca," which is said to mean "a stupid person," and reappears in Bucca-boo, "a ghost, a bugbear," is, as the editor no doubt intended to signify, a variation of Puck as well as of Bug and Bogey; and Allee-couchee, of which nothing more is said than that it means "to go to bed," is merely an importation of the French "aller coucher." "Dring," we are told, is a crowd of people; why should we not be told that it is simply a throng? Under the heading "Seonse" we are merely referred to Coanase; but no entry Coanase is to be found, and for this word we are left wholly in the dark. At first sight the entry "*Dryth*, used by washerwomen when clothes don't dry," looks puzzling; but the editor luckily adds the phrase "There's no dryth in the air." It was possibly the usage of this part of his diocese that led Bishop Phillips to coin the words "greenth" and "blueth" with which he was fond of expressing the characteristics of genuine Devonshire landscapes. Some few words are used with very peculiar meanings. Of miners or others buried by a fall of earth it is said that the country fell on them and killed them; and a house built against a bank is described as leaning on the country. One of the most singular beliefs of the people, suggested by a false etymology, is that which brings a colony of Jews into Cornwall. This might have been more clearly shown by pointing out the connexion between the entries "Jow's bowels" and "Marketjew." The former is said to mean "small pieces of smelted tin found in old smelting works," the further remark being made that "tradition always connects Jews with tin in Cornwall. The idea had its origin from the

\* *A Glossary of Words in use in the Counties of Antrim and Down.* By W. H. Patterson, M.R.I.A.  
*Glossary of Words in use in Cornwall.—West Cornwall.* By Miss M. A. Courtney. *East Cornwall.* By Thomas Q. Couch.  
*Specimens of English Dialects.* (1) *Devonshire.—An Exmoor Scolding and Courtship.* Edited by E. F. Elworthy, Esq. (2) *Westmoreland.—A Bran New Work.* Edited by the Rev. Professor Skeat. London: Published for the English Dialect Society, Trübner & Co.



names Marazion, Marketjew." This, we are told, "is a corruption of the old name Mairaiw, a Thursday's market (Carew). Norden spells it Marajewe and gives it the same meaning"; but it would have been well to add that the supposed historical fact was suggested by a case termination.

The volume of specimens of English dialects is full of interest. The "Exmoor Scolding and Courtship" are two dialogues, not now far short of a century and a-half old, written to show the forms of speech which then held their ground in the north-western corner of Somersetshire. They appeared anonymously, but there seems to be little doubt that both are the work of the "Reverend William Hole, B.D., who was appointed Archdeacon of Barnstable in 1744." The author asserts that he has confined himself strictly to the vernacular, and indeed he resents with some warmth the imputation that the conversations are a mere "arbitrary collection of ill-connected clownish words," and the charge that in the "Exmoor Scolding" in particular "the substantives have frequently too many adjectives annex'd to them, nearly synonymous, and that the oburgatory wench in that part of the country have not such a *copia verborum* as is here represented." From these critics he appeals to the common experience of mankind; but in spite of his pleading the editor rejects as an absurdity the idea "that such long strings of synonymous words as are here put into the mouths of different persons could ever have been heard in real life." In truth, except in so far as it attests the author's diligence in hunting up local words, the "Exmoor Scolding" is not a very creditable performance; and his concealment of his name is in no way surprising. His title-page states that his dialogue is couched "in the propriety and decency of Exmoor language." The words are, of course, ironical; but the editor may well regard the insinuation that the young women of Exmoor generally spoke thus in the last century as "simply scandalous." The dialogue is, in fact, unsavoury from beginning to end, and nothing, he confesses, but the confidence that its form is not such as to attract the ordinary reader, and that students alone will take the trouble to wade through it, would have induced him to touch such pitch. But the book, it would seem, is not thus consulted by philological readers only, if the editor's note in p. 72 be correct, that "the dialogues may now be bought at the railway book-stalls, apparently reprinted from the edition of 1771, with the preface and vocabulary, price sixpence." In other words, the public have the garbage without the benefit of Mr. Elworthy's notes, which would inform them, as Mr. Skeat tells us, "whether the writer is at any moment using the true dialect of the peasantry, or whether he is indulging in literary English, and even inventing here and there forms such as do not accord with the living speech at all." The success of the dialogues from the first is certainly surprising. In the quarter of a century which followed the appearance of the work seven editions were issued; and the impression of 1788 is called the tenth. The edition of 1771 was republished in 1827. The "Exmoor Courtship" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February 1819, and "a new edition" was published by John Russell Smith, London, in 1839.

For the scholar the conversations are interesting chiefly as illustrating the form which the literary English might have assumed but for the circumstances which made the Midland the type of the written language. Had it not been for these accidents, the Southern form would probably have made it, in the editor's words, "polite to say now 'the vield was zowed with zeed; you can see how vast it do growz.'" The notes in the glossary will repay well the attention which may be given to them. But here, too, cross-references to other glossaries might be useful. The word *vung*, to take, occurs in the *Annals of Agriculture*, by Arthur Young, edited by Mr. Britten, who gives only a line to it. Here we have "when the vungst to" in the sense of undertaking sponsorship at the font. "Drenking," again, is the Devonshire afternoon meal of labourers during haymaking and harvest; it would have been well to note that the word exactly translates the *deaves* which Ellis states in his "Husbandry" to have been its name in Hertfordshire. "Bed-alo," "betwattled," and many others, might be cited as instances of words for which such references might have been given with advantage. In the West Cornwall Glossary "betwattled" is merely said to mean mad or foolish; in that of the "Exmoor Scolding and Courtship" it is explained as "seized with a fit of tattling" and so "turned fool." It is a pity that the reader should thus have to piece the information together.

The last specimen here given of English dialects is the "Bran New Wark" of William de Worful, published at Kendal in 1785. This is also the production of a clergyman, William Hutton, Rector of Beetham, in Westmoreland, from 1762 to 1811. It is as devout and earnest as the Exmoor Scolding is profane; but it is to a far greater degree a mere literary production. It contains, however, a large number of strictly local words and forms, with which Mr. Skeat has dealt in his glossary.

#### RUTHERFORD'S NEW PHRYNICHUS.\*

**PHRYNICHUS** is interesting as being the only one of the Atticist grammarians whose works have come down to us. Of the man himself little is known. Photius calls him "Arrha-

bis"; Suidas says that he was a Bithynian. He certainly flourished in the reigns of Marcus Aurelius and of Commodus, and composed an *ἐκλογή Ἀττικῶν ῥημάτων καὶ ὀνομάτων*, which still survives, though in a somewhat mutilated form. Another work of his, the *Apparatus rhetoricus sive Sophisticus*, existed entire in the time of Photius, who was largely indebted to it in the composition of his *Bibliotheca*. A few fragments of it still remain. The *Ecloga* was first printed at Rome in 1517. It was reprinted shortly afterwards at Venice by Aldus, and again at Paris by Vascosan. The edition of Nuñez, of whom Lobbeck in his preface speaks so contemptuously, appeared at the close of the same century. Lobbeck's, which is, of course, by far the most important of subsequent editions, was published in 1820.

Mr. Rutherford tells us, in his preface, that he was prompted to edit *Phrynichus* mainly by the desire to throw light upon the accidence of the Attic verb; and his articles on this branch of the subject give to the work the great value which it undoubtedly possesses. Indeed, if it were not for the sake of completeness, there seems no reason why Mr. Rutherford should not have confined his attention altogether to the verb, for the remainder of both text and notes is for the most part unimportant, or at best contains matter which may be found in a more convenient form in any good lexicon. This remark, however, does not apply to two articles, "The Growth of the Attic Dialect," and "The Lessons of Comedy," which are prefixed to the main body of the work. In the former of these Mr. Rutherford sets himself to prove that the tragedians cannot be taken as evidence in the matter of Attic usage. He contends that the dialect of their *senarii* was as much a literary survival as the Doric of the Chorus, and points out the close affinity of their language to that of Herodotus and of Ionic writers generally. Here, as elsewhere, no labour is spared to make the case as complete as possible. Mr. Rutherford has collected a formidable body of words and expressions which, though obsolete in the prose of the best period, were still used by the tragedians, and also survived in Ionic; but he seems to be rather overstating his case when he attributes those characteristics, such as picturesqueness of metaphor, which generally distinguish poetry from prose, to the tendency of language at the time when the tragic diction was formed, instead of to the simple fact that the Attic tragedians did not write Attic prose. It is unfortunate that Mr. Rutherford is one of those scholars who insist upon the absolute uniformity of Attic accidence, for his hypothesis compels him to reject the authority of many writers beside the tragedians whose names are most closely associated with Attic literature, and were it not for a large acceptance of the maxim of Phrynichus, "*ἡμεῖς οὐ πρὸς τὰ δημαρχημένα ἀφορώμεν, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὰ δοκιμώτατα τῶν ἀρχαίων*," there would be few authors indeed whose works could, according to this theory, be classed as purely Attic. It seems impossible that in the short time which was occupied in the maturing of the Attic dialect the language can have become so stereotyped as to get rid entirely of alternative forms, and the assumption that this actually did happen involves so wholesale a rejection of manuscript authority, that even those who are most thoroughly convinced of the incompetence of late transcribers must hesitate to adopt it. No doubt the best safeguard against ignorant copyists is to be found in the requirements of metre, which in most cases will either prevent the introduction of corrupt readings or at least insure their detection. Hence it is natural that those who most distrust the manuscripts should most frequently have recourse to the evidence of verse. But the tragedians are closed to us by the considerations mentioned above, and practically Aristophanes alone is left. Such, at any rate, is Mr. Rutherford's opinion; and, although it may be objected to on the ground of narrowness, it has much to recommend it, and follows logically from his rejection of the tragedians, on the one hand, and his distrust of the manuscripts on the other. Rejecting, then, with the lyrical portions of Aristophanes, all passages in which the tragedians are parodied, Mr. Rutherford holds up the remainder of his writings as the type and model of Attic composition. But surely it is going too far to say that literary and colloquial Attic were the same, and that "an Athenian comic poet had no occasion to deviate from literary Attic in giving a faithful representation of his countrymen." Even comic dialogue, when presented in a poetical form, must differ in some respects from the language of everyday life; and, whether the difference be great or small, it must be taken as counterbalancing to some extent the more corrupt state of the prose manuscripts. Moreover, if we grant Mr. Rutherford's premisses, it is not necessary to adopt his conclusions in the dogmatic form in which he expresses them. Even Aristophanes affords some exceptions, which cannot be got rid of, to the rules which are based mainly on his authority; and these, occurring in the works of the greatest master of the Attic dialect, at once invalidate Mr. Rutherford's theory in its extreme acceptance. If he were content to regard the "law of parsimony" as the statement of a general tendency of Attic Greek, instead of enunciating it as a hard and fast rule, there would be every reason to accept his opinion when thus modified; for he shows clearly enough that the law in question was gradually establishing itself, and that the writers of the purest Attic conform most closely to it. More than this we are not warranted in asserting, though there can be little doubt that, had Attic Greek maintained its purity for one or two generations longer, the rule would have become absolute.

We have already said that Mr. Rutherford's articles on various points connected with the accidence of the verb are his most important contributions to exact scholarship. We may go further

\* *The New Phrynichus; being a Revised Text of the Ecloga of the grammarian Phrynichus. With Introductions and a Commentary by W. Gunion Rutherford, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.*

and say that there is scarcely one of these articles which will not repay careful study. To § cccii. is appended a most interesting investigation into the question of verbs which are partly deponent, where it is established that all verbs which refer primarily to a physical process are either deponent throughout or deponent in the future. One can scarcely praise too highly the painstaking industry with which materials have been collected and the extreme clearness of their arrangement. It is refreshing, too, to find that Mr. Rutherford does not think it necessary to work out any elaborate psychological explanation of this anomalous use of a deponent future. The Greeks felt that the meaning was most fitly expressed by the middle voice, and the business of the grammarian is to collect instances and formulate a general rule, that is all. Another interesting, though far shorter, article, is that on the use of the aorist infinitive after *μέλλω*. The facts as here collected go far to prove that the modified opinion as to the rigidity of Attic grammar which we have expressed above is the true one. Phrynichus lays down the rule that *μέλλω* must be followed by the present or the future infinitive, and says that the Syntax which admits of an aorist is "*ἰσχυρὸς βάρβαρος*." We find from the passages quoted by Mr. Rutherford himself that in Attic comedy the exceptions to the rule of Phrynichus are four per cent. of the instances. This leaves an overwhelming balance in favour of the rule, but cannot be said to prove its absolute rigidity. Another case of the same kind is that of the Doric future in *-ομαι*. Mr. Rutherford contends that this form is quite inadmissible in Attic, and attributes its frequent appearance in the manuscripts to the ignorance of transcribers. He shows with a good deal of force that the form in *-ομαι* is far more common when it is protected by the metre than when the quantity of the syllable is doubtful; but he is obliged to allow that in three cases Aristophanes admitted the "Doric form *metri gratia*." But surely that which may be conceded to the exigencies of metre cannot be absolutely wrong in itself, and it seems an extreme step, in the face of *φειδολύμεια*, to read *πυύσεται* for *πνεύσεται* against the authority of every single manuscript. Here again, however, the general truth of the rule may be fairly said to be established. One of the most lucid and convincing of all is the article on the true forms of the pluperfect indicative active, in which the Attic terminations *-η, -ης, -ει, and -εον* are upheld. Here Mr. Rutherford's case is doubly strong, owing to the fact that the best manuscripts are on his side. Dawes's happy emendations of Aristophanes, which were afterwards confirmed by the discovery of the Ravenna MS., are triumphantly cited; but one is tempted to inquire, if the authority of manuscripts on such points is so utterly worthless as Mr. Rutherford would have us believe, what weight can this corroboration add to a conjecture which is already in accordance with a good symmetrical theory?

It is needless to multiply instances either of Mr. Rutherford's great ability as a critic, or of those points on which his opinions seem to pass somewhat beyond the bounds of sober judgment. His work must commend itself to all scholars, and not least to those who in some respects differ from his conclusions, for the thoroughness with which every detail is worked up, and the clear concise language in which his arguments are expressed. We cannot, however, help regretting that he should have here and there condescended to ridicule those whose opinions are at variance with his own, in a manner more worthy of a flippant schoolboy than of a mature scholar. It is true that the traditions of his author support the use of such language. Phrynichus himself says that Phavorinus, the rhetorician, and friend of Hadrian, "picked up the form *ἐπείλευσόμενος* out of the gutter," and Lobeck describes Nuñez, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, as "*Homo Hispanus, non indoctus sane, ut erant illa tempora*." But it is neither humorous nor dignified to talk of "nervelless editors who justly trust the pen of a nodding transcriber in preference to their own reason," or to say of certain persons who are supposed to be delighted at discovering a corrupt form that "such grammarians would have worse fortune if they searched for sparks of reason in themselves."

#### ROSE.\*

IT is something in these days to meet with a novel that is neither immoral, sensational, nor vulgar. There is nothing in *Rose* to shock the most fastidious; the plot of the story will give nobody nightmare, and the characters portrayed in the book are those of refined ladies and gentlemen. Its pages are free from the broad repartees that is now so common in novels of a certain type; the tone of the principal actors in its drama is a high one, and there is a happy absence of fast and pathetic characters. Here and there are passages descriptive of lofty aspirations which are highly praiseworthy; the general spirit of the book is far from frivolous; good people and good things are not sneered at, and the volumes might be fearlessly left on the most stainless drawing-room table—even on a Sunday. It seems almost a pity that such a very nice book should fall into the profane hands of reviewers; but now that it has unfortunately done so, it must meet with the same treatment as ordinary books, and be judged by the common standard.

Few scenes are more common in novels than large country houses (country houses are always large in books), and in reading many stories we seem to stay for the time being with the persons

described. We have enjoyed pleasant visits among agreeable people, when reading the novels of Lord Lytton; we have had great fun at the lively houses described by Whyte Melville; we have met amusing assortments of guests when Mr. Anthony Trollope has been our host. On the other hand, we have read novels which took us in the spirit to stay among uninteresting people at exceptionally dull country houses. All the young people were, in such cases, paired off to make love to each other, and we felt no interest whatever in their love-makings. We were told that certain of the guests were exceedingly clever, but we were never permitted to hold any intercourse with them. Our miserable lot was to act as perpetual eavesdroppers to one or other of the silly pairs of love-makers, to be dragged to their picnics, to follow them in their long tedious rides, and to listen to their billing and their cooing on the terraces and in the gardens. We even had to read their love-letters, and to spend sleepless nights with them, while they bemoaned the hard-heartedness or insincerity of the objects of their affections. The last mentioned is the kind of visit that we were compelled to endure in *Rose*. An ordinary reader can, of course, bring such a visit to a close at once, either by shutting up the book or by active skipping; but, to the conscientious reviewer who reads every word of the work submitted to him, there is no such escape. He begins to think that the dreary visit will never come to an end, and he sighs as he reads, after ten chapters of *Rose* spent at Lord Sanford's, that yet another week has to be gone through before a long threatened archery meeting will take place at the hospitable mansion in which he is being victimized, and that in the meantime he is to be taken to a picnic. He has to bear long descriptions of the singing of the beautiful but designing widow, he is told all about the musical powers of the heroine, and he is carefully informed of the state of the weather. To be candid, *Rose* is a very dull book. It consists of only two volumes, but even in that space it is terribly spun out. It is a history of constant misunderstanding between lovers, who seem in almost every chapter to be on the point of understanding each other, when something always happens to mystify them again. At last, of course, all is cleared up happily, and they do those things that they ought to do for ever afterwards. There is a mystery in the story, which is but ill concealed for a volume and a half. We will not spoil the interest of future readers by divulging it, but we may say that it had much in common with that of Nurse Cripps in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, who, when she had the charge of two babies, "mixed those children up, and not a creature knew it."

The hero belongs to the class of beings known as didactic flirts. He is always lecturing and tutoring his lady-love. He tells her that her mind requires cultivation, and he recommends her to read poetry, although he himself is the prosiest of courtiers. He rarely meets her without snubbing her, and her slightest offences are invariably punished by the severe wiggings of her stern admirer. Our sympathies were more aroused by the scoldings to which the poor heroine was submitted than by anything else in the book. In the last chapter we are told that "every one can fill up for themselves (*etc.*) as it pleases them, the future fortunes of the houses of Sanford and Willoughby." We think we could pretty safely foretell the future fortune of the hero and heroine. They would fight like cat and dog. They were constantly misunderstanding each other in their flirtations, and there was no apparent reason why they should cease to do so when they were married. It is true that the lecturing was all on the hero's side during his courtship, but many married men of didactic tendencies could have told him that the "turning of the worm" in the nuptial home is anything but a matter to jest about. Our hero tells his lady-love with whom he wishes her to associate, and what books she is to read. One of the first things he does with her is to put her through a course of Wordsworth. Curiously enough, another man, who falls desperately in love with the heroine, is also fond of the "invigorating lines of Wordsworth." Both the hero and his rival are excellent young men. Indeed all the love-makers are excellent. A lady says of them, "It is a delightful thing to see such a nice set of young people," "they are all so good and so happy." Best of all, in this Utopia there are no unholy jealousies among the rival admirers. One person, however, becomes naughty, takes to gambling, and makes "an unfair use of his father's name" in certain monetary transactions. Whether he wrote that name on the back of a bill we are not informed. Yet even this prodigal becomes reformed at the end of the second volume. The best, and best described, of all the good characters is, to our mind, that of Mrs. Wentworth. The first four pages of chapter xxvii. in the second volume contain her description, and people who do not care to read the whole novel will do well to glance over this part of it. If all the book were as good as this small portion, we should have no fault to find with it. Mrs. Wentworth is a good, plain, motherly woman; well educated, without being a genius; well read, but unimaginative.

Considering that the principles of this novel are so good, it is a pity that its grammar is not a little better. Whatever the failings of a book may be, one would expect its first sentence, at any rate, to be decently constructed. The opening sentence of the novel under notice informs us that "It was breakfast-time," "and, while Rose Willoughby and their guest, Mrs. Churchill, placidly began their breakfast, Miss Willoughby" did such and such a thing. After some study, it gradually dawned upon us that Mrs. Churchill must have been the joint guest of Rose Willoughby and her aunt, Miss Willoughby, although there is nothing in the sentence to tell us so. A few chapters further on we were again mystified by reading of a certain Lady Sophia that "she was not quite so hard and cynical as

\* *Rose*. A Novel. By the Hon. Mrs. Cradock, Author of "John Smith," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1881.

she usually appeared, or as, indeed, she often really was." We have known many hard and cynical women, but we never yet met with one who was not quite so hard and cynical as she really was. In the second volume there is an account of some theatricals, and the author observes that "every one may have been, for once in their lives at least, in the midst of private theatricals." If an author, "for once in their lives," made a mistake of this sort, one could imagine it escaping his notice as well as that of the publisher's reader; but we cannot understand the same awkward slip occurring again and again, as it does in these pages. In the private theatricals already alluded to, the aforesaid Mrs. Churchill acted with great skill, for, "in truth, she was always acting; and practice makes perfect, we are told. Lord Arnold looked as she did the part of a young, affectionate wife. Her beauty was heightened by her dress," &c. We puzzled our heads for a long time as to how Lord Arnold could have looked the part of a young affectionate wife, before we discovered the hidden meaning of the sentence.

There are a good many fresh-coined words to be found in *Rose*. The heroine is said to have been "un-blundery in her gaiety." What, in the name of Dr. Johnson, is the meaning of the word un-blundery? "Un-snob-able" and "un-send-off-able" are bad enough; but they are at any rate comprehensible, which is more than can be said of "un-blundery." We cannot approve of the substitution of such barbarisms as Milord and Miladi for My Lord and My Lady. If the author considers Miladi permissible, why does she not always spell lady ladi? If she writes milord, why does she not make the hero say to the heroine "midarling, midarest, miown, or miangel"? In the two volumes under notice there are many very sensible remarks; but there are, on the other hand, many sentences out of which it is hard to make any sense. There is considerable confusion, for instance, in the following paragraph:—

There are words conveying thoughts, often spoken without thought, and, as it were, unconsciously; and there are thoughts that rest unspoken, or that are but half-conveyed in words; but how often both words and thoughts in society are but the mere passing things of the moment. The words uttered, perhaps, in a flow of gay spirits; the thoughts themselves as fleeting and as little remembered as the carelessly-spoken words. Perhaps it was so now on this evening of which we speak; and yet some of these words and thoughts were things that had an abiding power, a deep and, it may be, a very mournful import to some of those who now spoke, as it might be, with mere evanescent, un-individualized interest.

The recipe for concocting such a paragraph as the above might be as follows—"Take of thoughts and words equal parts, with a flavouring of evanescent, un-individualized interest. Stir well in a mortar!" In another sentence, a little further on, we read of the sea, that it was "tossing up and down with its endless vagaries of light and shade, its regular irregularities of form, and its unceasing variety of graceful curves and fluctuating intricacies of change, alike, and yet constantly differing." This is, to say the least, rather involved, besides being horribly suggestive of sea-sickness. In the next page it is said that "Perhaps the comparison between this open, happy, youthful love, and the circumstances which impelled a mystery as to the love between himself and Emma," &c. How, may we ask, can circumstances impel a mystery? In the same volume we are informed that, at "an archery," Lord Arnold was "to shoot at the same target with Miss Sanford. As the daughter of the house, and cousin to his future bride, he felt it the proper thing to do."

Although *Rose* may not be faultless, it is a comfortable, motherly sort of book; and if it is soporific, it is also innocent, which is more than can be said for half the novels which are published in these days.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

SCOTT observes somewhere in his *Life of Dryden*, as an instance of the improvement of literary morals in England since the seventeenth century, that whereas at that time the announcement that a writer had taken up such and such a subject was a mere invitation for piratical anticipators, in his own day such anticipation was altogether unknown in the case of men of letters of any pretensions to decent repute. It is, to say the least, odd that the letters of the Abbé Galiani should twice have afforded an instance which might seem to show that this etiquette does not yet prevail in France. The first edition, published more than fifty years ago by Barbier, was anticipated by a certain *Sérieys*; and, now that MM. Maugras and Perey have re-edited the correspondence, the appearance of their second volume (1)—the first was sufficiently noticed in these columns a month or two ago—coincides with the appearance in less dignified form of an edition by M. Asse (2). That the two, or rather the three, editors were ignorant of each other's proceedings may of course be taken for granted. Indeed, M. Asse tells us that he knew nothing of his competitors; so that charity will suppose that, after all, the etiquette has not been violated.

The publication, undertaken by various hands, of Saint-Simon's hitherto unprinted works goes on. M. Faugère (3) has just given to the world some more *mélanges* of the most industrious and

astrolibus of dukes, dealing for the most part with the (to him) inexhaustible subject of the privileges of the peerage and the sacrilegious invasions to which they were subject. There is something delightfully Saint-Simonian in this sentence:—"L'hiver dernier a vu naître au bal le mélange des femmes sans filtre avec les tiltrées. . . . bien que cela fut trouvé étrange par qui avait droit de parler avec autorité; ainsi vont toutes choses."

A full and careful account of that singular personage Mme. Guyon, whose influence on many distinguished writers of the eighteenth century from Fénelon to Cowper was so great, has long been wanted. M. Guerrier's book (4) completely answers to the description just given. If it were only for its view of the ever-memorable controversy between Fénelon and Bossuet the book would be worth reading. But the portrait of one of the most remarkable of mystics, and of feminine mystics certainly the most remarkable, with the possible exception of St. Theresa, is its real subject, and a subject ably worked up. The book is not a mere compilation from printed sources, but contains much matter extracted from the manuscript records in which France is so incomparably rich.

M. Duveyrier's brochure (5), for it is little more, is a useful description of what he ingenuously calls the latest "satellite of France." The indispensable accompaniment of a map is, however, wanting.

The publishing house of MM. Didier et Co. has recently produced some very remarkable monographs of considerable extent, dealing biographically with the history of the seventeenth century. M. Chantelauze's works on Marie Mancini and the Cardinal de Retz, M. Bourelly's *Maréchal de Fabert*, MM. Kerviller and Bartélemy's books on Conrart and Séguier, M. Zeller's on the Constable de Luynes, have all been recently noticed here. Now M. Valfrey (6), who has already published a volume on L'ionne's Italian Embassies, publishes another on his negotiations in reference to the peace of the Pyrenees—that peace which was the subject of St. Evremond's masterly letter to Créquy, the first thoroughly literary pamphlet on a great political question that Europe had seen. With certain variations, due to the individuality of the authors, all these books deserve the praise of exact inquiry and of full and careful setting forth of the facts, M. Valfrey's by no means less than the others.

The fourth volume of M. Zeller's elaborate and laborious *History of Germany* (7) deals with the Hohenstauffen period as far as the death of Henry VI. The greater part of the book is of course given to Barbarossa, who has some three hundred out of its four hundred pages. A certain parsimony of citations of authorities of which a history on the great scale cannot possibly be too lavish, is almost the only fault to be found with it from a general point of view. On the other hand, the presence of maps is a welcome feature, and in French histories something of a novel one.

The third volume of M. Gambetta's *Discours et plaidoyers politiques* (8) contains the utterances of eight months only—September 1872 to May 1873—so that the space occupied by M. Gambetta on the shelves of his admirers is likely to be considerable.

The third and fourth volumes of M. Jules Favre's speeches (9) contain not merely the *discours parlementaires*, from which the book takes its title, but also a collection of political miscellanies extending over more than forty years.

We noticed not long ago a reprint of that curious book the *Paris, Rome, et Jérusalem* of the late M. Salvador. Colonel Salvador now comes forward with a volume (10) which is half a biography and half a collection of extracts. It can hardly be said that the subject is of the first interest or importance, except as an illustration of one of the innumerable phases of Jewish mental development in the present day. But as such it has interest.

M. Oscar de Vallée's volume on Andre Chénier and Jacobinism (11) is a book which was worth writing, because few people know much of Chénier except as a poet. Perhaps M. de Vallée has made him a little too much of a far-sighted politician, and he has also not escaped the danger which besets almost all writers on such subjects—the danger of writing with one eye only on the subject and the other on the men and events of his own day. But any honest picture of the results of Republicanism in times past must be instructive and useful in times present, and, as such, his book may be welcomed.

The excellent series of short histories published under the direction of M. Duruy, and which already includes books of such proved value as his own small *Roman History*, as M. Demogeot's *French Literature*, and others, has received an addition, which might have been useful, in the shape of a history of the Ottoman Empire (12), by M. de la Jonquière. Unfortunately the author allows himself

(4) *Mme. Guyon*. Par L. Guerrier. Paris: Didier.

(5) *La Tunisie*. Par H. Duveyrier. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Hugues de L'ionne et la paix des Pyrénées*. Par J. Valfrey. Paris: Didier.

(7) *Histoire de l'Allemagne. L'empire germanique sous les Hohenstauffen*. Par J. Zeller. Paris: Didier.

(8) *Discours et plaidoyers politiques de M. Gambetta*. Tome 3. Paris: Charpentier.

(9) *Discours parlementaires de Jules Favre*. Tomes III. et IV. Paris: Plon.

(10) *J. Salvador*. Par le colonel Gabriel Salvador. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *André Chénier et les Jacobins*. Par Oscar de Vallée. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(12) *Histoire de l'empire ottoman*. Par le vicomte A. de la Jonquière. Paris: Hachette.

(1) *Correspondance de l'abbé F. Galiani*. Par Lucien Perey et Gaston Maugras. Vol. II. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Lettres de l'abbé Galiani*. Par E. Asse. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Œuvres inédites de St.-Simon*. Par P. Faugère. Tome III. Paris: Hachette.

to speak of recent events in a spirit which is not that of the historian, nor even that of the pamphleteer who is decently careful of his facts. When he says that Sir Henry Layard tried to provoke a conflict between the Russians and the Turks at Tchataldja, that England *escamotait l'Asie Mineure*, that English military organization had not progressed since the Crimean war, he does not exactly inspire confidence as to the accuracy of his statements in matters where it is more difficult to check him.

The well-known book (13) by which M. Mézières acquired his chief reputation has reached a third edition, which it very well deserves.

M. Reclus's account (14) of a surveying expedition in the isthmus between North and South America in which he took part is not very remarkable for graphic power, but is unpretentious and interesting enough. Besides its own merits, it has the advantage of frequent illustrations. The survey, it need hardly be said, had reference to the much talked of canal, as to which M. Reclus seems fully to share the views of M. de Lesseps.

The title of M. Dalsème's book (15) might be roughly translated by that of an English book of a not dissimilar kind, *A Book about Lawyers*. But it is also a book about law, about prisons, about the history of the more famous French Courts, about *causes célèbres*, &c. &c. Such a book must necessarily be desultory, but must be very badly done if it is not more or less amusing to turn over. M. Dalsème is not indeed a very sprightly writer, but perhaps that is nearly as much in his favour as it is against him.

We do not pretend to know whether M. de Pontmartin is tired of the title of *Nouveaux Samedis* or whether *Souvenirs d'un vieux critique* (16) is merely intended to express a somewhat different kind of work. As a matter of fact, it does not describe the book with entire accuracy, though much of its contents fairly deserve the title. Such are articles on Berryer, Gustave Roger, Gudin the marine painter, Paul de Saint-Victor, Léopold Double, &c. But many of the papers are simply *Samedis*, and display M. de Pontmartin's well-known characteristics, his strong political opinions, his highly coloured and indeed somewhat *voyant* style, his power of acrid expression, and his frequent acuteness when he can keep his very numerous Charles the Firsts out of the memorial. We have before owned to a peculiar pleasure in watching the manner of M. de Pontmartin's dealing with M. Emile Zola. The treatment is so entirely suited to the subject, the war is carried so far home into the enemy's country, and the censor is so obligingly ready to belabour his foe with arms nearly as rough and as rude as that foe's own, that the sight of the conflict is refreshing. Not merely does this volume contain a most lively *razzia* on the *Roman Experimental*, but it contains also a "letter to M. Emile Zola" in reply to an article of the latter's (given here in full), wherein the author of *Nana* tries to make fun out of M. de Pontmartin's title of Count. It is, however, obvious enough that the scientific novelist and critic is laughing on the wrong side of his mouth, and the workmanlike manner in which M. de Pontmartin points out the fact to him is delightful in an octogenarian, or something like it. M. de Pontmartin has a good many literary sins to answer for, but he at least deserves such absolution as may be accorded to him *quia multum abominatus est* the filthiest trash in the way of novels, and the most impertinent nonsense in the form of criticism which France has seen for many years.

M. Yveling Rambaud (17) professes, and doubtless feels, a sincere admiration for Leech and a sincere desire to introduce him to French admirers of caricature. He might, however, have found a better means of showing his admiration, and of exciting others to share it, than by printing some inedited drawings of the artist, and by making them do duty as illustrations to a kind of cock-and-bull, pillar-to-post *fantaisie* about nothing in particular. We cannot attempt to give the least idea of the literary contents of *En voiture, messieurs*, which has little more coherence or point than a mediæval *fantaisie*, a Renaissance *coq-à-l'âne*, or an eighteenth-century *amphigouri*, except that it has not the amusing extravagance of either. The drawings are evidently very early sketches made before the draughtsman's hand was at all sure of itself, and will not give the merely French reader the least idea of the matured excellence of Mr. Briggs and the children of the Christmas parties. There are, of course, some studies in which Leech can be recognized, such as one or two drawings of footmen—which, by the way, are still more like Thackeray than like Leech—some sketches in the manner of Rowlandson (there is one which looks as if it were a lost plate to *Dr. Syntax*), a Falstaff, which is either a copy or the original of Cruikshank's, and some unmistakable horses. Indeed, the book is of real interest to eyes already accustomed to Leech's completed work, and doubtless also to skilled experts in art. But for the more general reader (and the fantastic setting of the drawings seems to court such a public), who does not know that work, it can hardly give the least idea of the artist's powers or manner.

The fifteenth number of the *Revue des arts décoratifs* is worth noticing for the two reproductions of sketches for tapestry (18)

(13) *Prédécesseurs et contemporains de Shakespeare*. Par A. Mézières. Troisième édition. Paris: Hachette.

(14) *Panama et Darien*. Par Armand Reclus. Paris: Hachette.

(15) *A travers le Palais*. Par A. J. Dalsème. Paris: Dentu.

(16) *Souvenirs d'un vieux critique*. Tome I. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(17) *En voiture, messieurs*. Par Y. Rambaud. Paris: Dentu.

(18) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Part XV. Paris: Quantin.

from Boucher. One is a fortune-telling scene drawn for the Gobelins; the other, "La noble pastorale," a more artificial, but very beautiful, group done for Beauvais. There are some other noteworthy reproductions of decorative designs or objects in the number, especially one of some poppies in repoussé metal-work.

A weekly paper (19) under a once well-known title has just been started in Paris, we believe by M. Saint-Marc Girardin. It contains a useful summary of the political events of the week, a *chronique* of lighter matters, and articles on single points of importance. From the present point of view, it is perhaps worth pointing out that a paper of the kind, well managed, might not improbably secure a considerable foreign audience, who, without caring to add a French daily paper to their present breakfast drudgery, may wish to see *les choses de France* in a French light.

The author of *La chanson des Gueux* (20) seems to find a considerable public for his eccentric and rather wrong-headed but remarkable work. We have before us an *édition définitive* of the *Chanson* itself cleared of the pieces which brought M. Richepin into trouble, and furnished with one of the virtuously indignant prefaces in which French authors excel under such circumstances, and a glossary of the *argot* employed. There is also a seventh edition of *Madame André*, and a seventh also of the younger book *La Glu*, while the covers promise re-issues of *Les morts bizarres* and *Les caresses*, together with a new work which irresistibly recalls the titles (dear to book collectors) which on the works of the early Romantics announced volumes which, alas! have never appeared. *Les blasphèmes* is the formidable name of this promised masterpiece, and M. Richepin is quite capable of acting up to it. Seriously, it is a pity that a writer apparently of some education, and of undoubted talent, should have chosen and clung to the style which M. Richepin affects—a style which too frequently pays as little regard to good taste as to classical French. The worst mark of the beast is not on M. Richepin. He is not naturalist, and he does not talk rubbish about science and experiment. But though *La Glu* would have been duller and cruder in the hands of M. Huysmans or M. Vast-Ricouard, and though it would also in their hands have been destitute of the poetic touches which half redeem it, it must still be said that it is more worthy of them than of M. Richepin.

M. Louis Ulbach makes the republication of his novel *La Fleuriotte* (21) in a journal (we think a provincial one) the occasion of one of those prefaces in which French novelists delight, explaining the "sincerity" of his work, &c. English readers will probably trouble themselves very little about M. Ulbach's sincerity. It will be sufficient for them that he is not a bad novelist of his kind—which is the judicial-sensational kind—and that his novel is far from a bad novel.

With this exception, not very much can be said for the novels we have before us. Devoted admirers of M. Jules Verne may possibly enjoy *La Jangada* (22). It is a narrative of a voyage on the Amazon, full of learned history and geography. We confess we like Mr. Bates's *Naturalist on the Amazon* better. It is very good of M. Maurice Rollin to indicate by his title (23) what he expects his readers to do; but it is possible that some of them will not feel—it is historically certain that some have not felt—much inclination to burst out laughing. *Dans le tourbillon* (24) is a translation of a Russian novel, printed in such illegible type, and, what is worse, in type so crowded together, that we are frankly unable to speak of its merits from adequate examination. M. d'Héricault's book (25) testifies to some reading in the period, and even contains some sketches of character which are not unskillful; but the author has not escaped the strange influence which seems to weigh on almost all novelists who deal with the Revolution. Perhaps the events are even yet too recent, and their influence too unexhausted, for them to lend themselves well to fictitious treatment. *Expédition* (26) is a morbid and wrong-headed book of the analytic kind, in which the heroine loves the hero so much that she elopes with his rival. *Moines et comédiennes* (27) is a comical instance of how things repeat themselves. Mlle. Hortense Rolland is not quite the equal of Eugène Sue; but her book vividly recalls the time when Quinet and Michelet cheered on the dogs of war against the Jesuits. "Les pères Galorites" are a community of terrible ascoutrals who stick at nothing to secure rich inheritances, and persecute the heroine, Diana de Vaux Bois, who is not very much better than she should be, even to the death. There is a pleasing English nobleman with the highly probable title of Lord Lovely. *Petites misères* (28) is a collection of short stories, most of them written with a moral purpose, which the fiction is made to serve not too unskillfully.

(19) *Le courrier du Dimanche*. Paris: au Bureau du Journal.

(20) *La chanson des Gueux*. Édition définitive. *Madame André*: Septième édition. *La Glu*: Septième édition. Par Jean Richepin. Paris: Dreyfous.

(21) *La Fleuriotte*. Par Louis Ulbach. 2 vols. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(22) *La Jangada*. Par Jules Verne. Tome I. Paris: Hetzel.

(23) *Éclats de rire*. Par Maurice Rollin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(24) *Dans le tourbillon*. Par A. Pisemsky. Paris: Charpentier.

(25) *Avantures de deux Parisiennes*. Par Ch. d'Héricault. Paris: Dulac.

(26) *Expédition*. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(27) *Moines et comédiennes*. Par H. Rolland. Paris: Patay.

(28) *Petites misères*. Par H. Lafontaine. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.





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## THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THAT the meeting of the CZAR and the Emperor of GERMANY, whether arranged for Dantzic or for Neufahrwasser, or for any other place near the frontier of the two countries, should afford much occasion for comment was inevitable. Ever since the war of 1870 every conference between the three Sovereigns of Eastern and Central Europe, or any two of them, has always been an occasion too good to be missed by students of what is politely called *la haute politique*. As the premises in that august science are usually matters of speculation merely, the conclusions drawn from them enjoy a happy immunity from refutation, if not from criticism. On the present occasion the absence of the Emperor of AUSTRIA from the meeting has naturally been the subject most fastened upon by critics, especially at Vienna. The Austrian capital is at all times a centre of this kind of political discussion in the air, and, for some reason not very easy to determine, there has of late been little goodwill expressed by the chief organs of Austrian opinion towards Russia, whatever may be the state of the relations between the respective Governments. Just as illwill between France and Italy has given rise to and has been fostered by reports of mysterious surveys by French officers on the Italian frontier, so, not many days ago, capital was sought to be made out of the reported arrest of two disguised Russian officers in Galicia. There is said to be a conviction among long-headed politicians that a collision between Austria and Russia in the Balkan Peninsula is only a question of time, and the prophets of evil are at no loss for many other ominous signs and portents. Therefore, a sudden and unexpected meeting of two members of the famous Triple Alliance, at a time and in a place which made it almost impossible for the third to join them, was a godsend to such persons, and they have improved the occasion accordingly.

It hardly needed official disclaimers to show that there is nothing in this meeting hostile to Austria. Germany is still Prince BISMARCK; and with all signs of failing health and breaking temper, Prince BISMARCK has not yet ceased to be the most practical politician living. He has made mistakes, including some grave ones, but he has never made the mistake of giving up a bird in the hand even for the chance of two in the bush, much less for the chance of a single one of less value. Russia is, no doubt, in mere weight and volume as well as in homogeneity and power of resistance, a far stronger power than Austria, but she is not nearly so important as an ally for Germany. So long as the Austro-German alliance lasts, Germany has almost everything that she can desire secured to her. Theoretical Pan-Germanism is satisfied without having to face the problem of incorporating a practically alien people, proud of centuries of independence and domination, and widely separated in tastes and character from their northern kinsmen. Besides, the weight of a great body of non-Germans who are moderately well satisfied with Austria as she is, but who would certainly be restless under German control, is secured to the alliance. For no one except Mr. GLADSTONE—who probably sees in Austria nothing but the Austria of the Italomania of thirty years ago—ignores the fact that the Government of Vienna has for years had a singular knack of contenting and benefiting the motley populations under its rule. They grumble, it is true, and some of them might prefer

independence, but not one of them would prefer Russia or Germany to Austria. What is more, the commercial and geographical importance of the alliance as it stands is unique. Austria and Germany together interpose a solid barrier between East and West, against which even an impossible combination of all the rest of Europe would probably dash itself in vain. Nor is this alliance, as an active Russo-German alliance without Austria would be, a partnership threatening to other nations; so that while it is in itself almost strong enough to defy such a combination as that just noticed, it is practically certain never to provoke it. It is a guarantee of the peace of Europe, instead of, as the other combination, if made without Austria's privity, would be, an earnest of aggression and of war. Nor is so shrewd a judge as Prince BISMARCK likely to be blind to the peculiar rottenness of a Russian alliance at present. Vast as are the resources of the CZAR'S Empire, the war of three years ago showed with what difficulty they can be brought to bear, even when national enthusiasm supports the effort. The character of ALEXANDER III., moreover, is not exactly calculated to inspire confidence in one so little given to that weakness; nor are his few political antecedents, such as the curious pledge in reference to Central Asia, said to be given through the German Government itself to England, and broken as soon as given, attractive. Lastly, Russians and Germans are still, what Frenchmen and Englishmen have long ceased to be, natural enemies. Their mutual enmity may disappear, as a similar enmity has disappeared in the case just referred to; but it exists at present, and, though everything that fair words and friendly acts can do will doubtless be forthcoming on the German side, it is as certain as anything can be that Austria will not be thrown over for the CZAR.

On the one hand, the meeting is a perfectly natural and intelligible one without any sinister suppositions. No fact in recent politics is better assured than the affection of the Emperor WILLIAM for his late nephew, and the lamentable circumstances of that nephew's death must have deepened rather than weakened the sentiment. For, though fear is a passion probably unknown to the veteran sovereign of Prussia and Germany, the profound and semi-religious impression of detestation which the attempts upon his own life have made upon him is sufficiently notorious. The Russian Imperial family, like his own, is the object of the machinations of miscreants, and the bond of common danger draws the bonds of friendship and kinship tighter. Nobody tries to take the life of the Emperor of AUSTRIA. His motley subjects grumble, as has been said, and cabal, and upset Ministries, and sing patriotic songs in half a score of languages, but not the remotest idea of employing dynamite or gunpowder against their Sovereign seems to enter their heads, and he goes about among them as freely and with as little danger as the Sovereign does in England. He can scarcely, therefore, be supposed to sympathise, otherwise than in a kind of benevolent outside fashion, with the holy war against Socialism and Nihilism, which is believed to be the reigning idea of the Emperor WILLIAM, and which the CZAR carries on in the passive sense by shrouding himself in his most out-of-the-way country houses, with a *consigne* as severe as that which guarded the Man in the Iron Mask. It is not at all improbable that if the meeting has any political sense at all, it may be a sense of this kind. Of late, Prince BISMARCK has been reproached with making friends of

the mammoth of iniquitousness, at any rate of reaction. He changed courtesies with the Pope, and has been amiable to bishops. Russia is much more to be depended upon than ally against anarchists than the Church of Rome, PRINCE, who has heard of Ireland and the Land must be very well aware. As his own objection to these gentry is popularly supposed to be (though from a different point of view) nearly as strong as his master's, it is perfectly natural that he should extend the right hand of fellowship to their most irreconcilable foe. The proceeding cannot be taken as an ungrateful return for the courtesies of the present English Government in the matter of Herr MOST, for PRINCE BISMARCK may quote the assurances of that Government itself to the effect that it is on the best of terms with Russia. It cannot be supposed to be unwelcome to Austria, because, as has been already pointed out, the Austro-German alliance is founded on a basis far too solid to allow the Ministers of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH to feel the least alarm. As for France, the operations in which, with the PRINCE's benovolent approval, she has recently engaged in Africa are likely to occupy her for a very considerable time and to leave her little leisure for criticizing European affairs. There is therefore every reason for a *rapprochement* with Russia up to a certain point, and none against it, except the possible disapproval of the comparatively insignificant body of pure Liberals in Germany. The combinations and re-arrangements of the three Empires during the last ten years have been so numerous that a fresh turn of the kaleidoscope may be awaited with few other feelings than a languid curiosity. It may not be an altogether pleasant reflection that if the three together determined on movements prejudicial to England, it would be, as things stand, impossible for us to stop them; but there is at least the comfort that there is hardly any such movement which is not contrary to the interest of one or other of the three, and that, unless PRINCE BISMARCK has taken leave of his wits, the only combination of two likely to be dangerous is impossible.

#### THE ENGLISH BY-ELECTIONS.

THE Conservative party is probably well enough satisfied with its recent victories to regard with equanimity the drawbacks which ought to temper its exultation. No conscientious politician can sympathize with Sir GEORGE ELLIOT since his adhesion to the cause of Irish disaffection. His natural supporters have reason to complain of a sacrifice of principle which appears not even to have been necessary to his success. The moral value of his triumph is greatly impaired by it. Except for his unworthy deference to a mischievous faction, he was in all respects an eligible candidate; and he conducted the contest with good taste and friendly feeling towards a respectable opponent. Mr. LAING, a Sunderland shipbuilder, was probably not so strong a candidate for North Durham as Colonel JOICEY, who, like Sir GEORGE ELLIOT, was largely concerned in the production of coal. Mr. LAING was also comparatively unknown as a politician; and he had but lately been converted to Liberal opinions. Notwithstanding all reasonable allowances, the considerable majority obtained by Sir GEORGE ELLIOT probably indicates a certain political reaction, or at least the subsidence of the morbid excitement which had been caused at the general election by unscrupulous and long-sustained declamation. The return of Mr. LOWTHER for North Lincolnshire has a more unqualified significance. In that county also the Conservative candidate professed opinions which are erroneous in themselves, and which would be fatal to the future interests of any party which might adopt them; but there is no doubt that Mr. LOWTHER was sincere in his advocacy of protective legislation. The tenant-farmers may or may not have been attracted by the flagrant fallacies which Mr. LOWTHER confidently propounded. It is probable that they sympathized with a hearty and outspoken believer in the kind of doctrines which were formerly held by county members and by the class from which county candidates were drawn. It may be added that Mr. LOWTHER possesses considerable ability, though he has not mastered the fundamental principles of political economy.

The collapse of Lord BLANDFORD's candidature in Cambridgeshire is significant and satisfactory. Mr. BULWER, like Mr. LOWTHER, intimated a strong leaning to Protection, though he seems to have been more fully aware of

the arguments in favour of free trade; but there is no reason to suppose that the constituency hoped or wished for the re-establishment of the Corn Laws. It is more probable that they resented the injury which, under the disguise of a boon, has been inflicted on them by the commutation of the malt-tax for a duty on beer. It is probable that there would have been no opposition to Mr. RODWELL if he had sought re-election; and, much to his credit, he had consistently opposed the attempt to recur to Protection, or, according to the novel phrase, to fair trade. In other respects Mr. BULWER will be in all respects a suitable successor to a member who was originally returned by the tenant-farmers against the wish of the local aristocracy and of the London managers of the party. It is possible that the Cambridgeshire electors may not have forgotten an approaching struggle which concerns them more nearly than any supposed conflict of interests between themselves and their landlords. Mr. RODWELL was recommended to their notice and confidence by the valuable services which he had rendered to the Suffolk farmers during a strike of the agricultural labourers. The same class in Cambridgeshire and in North Lincolnshire may have remembered that the present Government, among other assaults on established institutions, is pledged to transfer the county representation from the present constituency to the labourers in their capacity of householders. As the Ballot has practically deprived county gentlemen of the influence which they formerly possessed, the extension of household suffrage to counties would disfranchise the tenant-farmers. The dangers from below are more substantial than the benefits to be derived from legislation against the landlords. The supporters of the Government may perhaps endeavour to explain their failure by the excuse that Lord BLANDFORD was both a stranger and a recent convert to the Liberal party; but the local managers had deliberately accepted his candidature, though Mr. FORDHAM was already in the field; and proselytes have often been preferred by the Liberal leaders to veteran professors of party orthodoxy. Lord BLANDFORD had of late done his utmost to conciliate Liberal supporters by publishing essays to prove that the accumulation of landed property and the hereditary transmission of privilege were grave political evils. The eldest son of a duke could scarcely bid higher for Radical votes.

The return of the farmers to their natural allegiance derives additional importance from Mr. GLADSTONE's selection of the land laws as the next subject of political agitation for the benefit of the dominant party. It is true that he has not pledged himself as to the special grievance which he proposes to redress, or as to the remedy which may be deemed most popular; but his supporters in the press have repeatedly held out to greedy claimants of their neighbours' property the hope that the anomalous legislation of the last Session may furnish a precedent for spoliation in Great Britain. Mr. GLADSTONE's promises are vague enough to encourage the hopes of two distinct classes who aspire to his patronage. The land-doctors who denounce life-estates, settlements, and entails can urge plausible arguments in favour of their projects, but it may be doubted whether they command any considerable support in the country. Tenant-farmers are for the most part wholly indifferent as to the tenure of their landlords; and probably not one in twenty of their number knows whether his farm is held by the owner in settlement or in fee. It may be conjectured that the learned and tiresome essays which from time to time adorn the pages of monthly Reviews have few readers in rural districts. Direct appeals to the cupidity of farmers, in the form of promised fixity of tenure, or of other legislative restrictions on free trade in land, seem likely to be more effective, but they have not produced their intended effect in North Lincolnshire or Cambridgeshire. The vicious interference with freedom of contract which is there proposed by candidates, and perhaps approved by constituents, applies to the sale of commodities and not to the transfer of land. It is probable that in both counties the determining cause of the defeat of the Liberal candidates was a wholesome preference for the cause which had down to 1880 been sustained by the country party. Liberal apologists will waste their time if they rely on the fact that Sir G. ELLIOT, Mr. LOWTHER, and Mr. BULWER profess doctrines which would be ruinous to the Conservative party if they were held by its leaders.

There are in the Liberal ranks differences as wide as

those which separate Mr. LOWTHER from Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE. Some of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers are moderate politicians, devoted to the maintenance of proprietary rights and of the existing Constitution. Others, with whom the PRIME MINISTER has not yet openly avowed his sympathy, are revolutionists or republicans, with strong leanings to Jacobinism. The Cabinet itself is less completely united in opinion than the Conservative party; but it is true that the errors of Opposition candidates and members tend to weaken the organization in which they are included. Many of the most intelligent politicians, having hitherto inclined to a connexion with the Liberal party, are alarmed and alienated by projected or accomplished innovations, and entertain a profound distrust of Mr. GLADSTONE. By a natural tendency they would gradually merge in the Conservative party, if it were, as in the days of Sir ROBERT PEEL's management of the Opposition, conducted on sound and rational principles. Their adhesion would become impossible if the Opposition were to pledge itself to the obsolete folly of Protection or the nonsense of fair trade. A serious agitation for the imposition of a Customs duty on corn would exclude from office for an indefinite time the party which might share the opinions of Mr. LOWTHER; and it would render impossible the adhesion of moderate Liberals. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, in his late speech at Sheffield, approached too closely, not to a vindication of Protection or of fair trade, but to an apology for the victims of economical delusions. It would be a grievous blunder to furnish a heterogeneous and dangerous majority with a just cause in substitution for envy, hatred, malice, covetousness, and general disregard of vested rights.

#### STATE OF IRELAND.

THE state of Ireland has once more become serious. The proceedings attending the Tyrone election and the disturbances at Limerick have naturally attracted most attention; but they are only the most prominent of a large number of incidents, all tending to show that the Land League has declared war to the knife. It is not very difficult to understand why Mr. PARNELL has put forth such apparently disproportionate energy in the assault on Tyrone. The position was one in which he could, from his own point of view, hardly lose much, and might gain a great deal. Defeat could not be considered very damaging; victory would have added enormously to the prestige of the Land League. It is true that he has not succeeded in seating his man; that he has not even been able to carry out the avowed secondary part of his scheme and defeat the candidature of Mr. DICKSON. But he probably had not the slightest hope of the first result, and he has missed the second so narrowly that his followers will be nearly as much delighted as if he had won it. Mr. RYLETT was a complete stranger to the country—known only as a zealous servant of the Land League. As a Unitarian he was likely to be unpopular both with Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, who divide the anti-Orange vote of Tyrone between them. If he had any other characteristic, it was a leaning to the nationalist ideas which in one form or another underlie the Land League programme. But Tyrone, if not so entirely devoted to unity with England as the counties east and north of it, is certainly not nationalist. On the other hand, Mr. DICKSON was not merely a man of great popularity in Ulster, and a representative of the party whose strength in the county was shown by Mr. LITTON's return. He directly represented the Government which has just given the electors of Tyrone a bribe estimated by Mr. PARNELL, a most unwilling witness, as equivalent to a permanent remission of twelve per cent. of their rents. Yet Mr. PARNELL has succeeded in polling nearly a thousand votes for his own man, and has failed only by a few score in disappointing the candidate who presents himself to receive the reward of the Government largesse. It is an entire mistake to compare, as some critics have compared, the RYLETT votes with those for Colonel KNOX and Mr. DICKSON, and to say "What a defeat for Mr. PARNELL!" The point is that he has effected a lodgment in that part of Ireland which was supposed to be impregnable to him. The campaign, too, has enabled him to develop more definitely than would otherwise have been possible the new programme by which he hopes to outbid the Government, and to render the Land Bill a mere stepping-stone to further his own pro-

gress. The entire abolition of rent, which was talked of, seems to be postponed in favour of the carrying out of a novel interpretation of the new Act as to improvements—an interpretation which, it is hardly needful to say, the Commissioners have not adopted in the Summary just put forth, and are not likely to adopt in actual practice. According to this interpretation, the improvements in virtue of which no rent is to be payable are any improvements effected by the tenant's predecessors, not merely in title, but in mere holding for some centuries past, and all increase of rent effected during that time is to be struck off. Mr. PARNELL calculates that while the Act would reduce Irish rents from seventeen millions to fifteen—a curious commentary on the reiterated statements of Mr. GLADSTONE and his partisans that nothing is to be taken out of the landlords' pockets—his plan would reduce them to some two or three millions; that is to say, the soil would be handed over to the tenants at a rent-charge for the whole acreage of Ireland of about half-a-crown per acre. The bait is a tempting one, and with the more reckless and dishonest of the tenants the proposal may certainly be counted on as a card likely to trump the Government lead.

It is not necessary to suppose that the Land League has given definite and specific orders for a renewal of violence throughout Ireland, in order to recognize the fact that such a renewal has undoubtedly taken place. When a country is so thoroughly under terrorism as the greater part of Ireland is—when grown men and free citizens can write letters like that most ludicrous and yet most pathetic one published a day or two ago, in which the writer says, "I am exceedingly sorry for having earned Boycotting. I ask to be forgiven, and will be good in future"—a very slight impulsion at head-quarters is sufficient to set the ball of outrage and crime rolling. The Limerick disturbances, moreover, show a spirit in the dregs of the populace, as well as in the police, which is to a great extent new. When, last year, troops were employed to protect the original Boycott expedition, it was noticed that little, if any, ill feeling was shown against them by the people. They were supposed to be doing their duty, and were let alone. This seems now to have changed. In almost every quarter of the South of Ireland the troops (especially if their regiments are definitely English and Scotch regiments) are insulted, waylaid, and attacked on every possible occasion; and the feeling of exasperation likely to be produced by this in such young men as most of our soldiers are now may easily be appreciated. But that exasperation seems, at Limerick at least, to have at last spread to the much-abused and hardly-pressed constabulary. Until a regular official inquiry is held, it is impossible to say whether the police at Limerick did or did not get out of hand, and fire without, or even against, orders. The Land League and National organs, which assert the fact, are utterly unworthy of credit, of course; but it does not seem to rest on their testimony alone, and it is unfortunately anything but improbable in itself. As the present policy of the Land League can only lead to the dispossessing of a large number of tenants, the police will naturally become more obnoxious than ever, and the chances of affrays, even more sanguinary than that of Sunday, will grow with their growing unpopularity. The suggestion which has been thrown out for an alteration in their armament seems worthy of serious consideration. Rifles and bayonets have the disadvantage of being almost useless except in the last resort, and in that last resort unnecessarily deadly.

In a prospect which is decidedly gloomy, the brightest spot is perhaps the address, no less politic than generous, with which the Marquis of WATERFORD has accompanied the issue to his tenantry of the Commissioners' Summary of the Land Act before referred to. That Summary is, on the whole, very fairly drawn up, exhibiting the benefits conferred on the tenant clearly, but not exaggerating them, and perhaps calculated to neutralize the unfavourable opinions as to the probable conduct of the Commission which might have been formed from the announcement of the appointment of Assistant Commissioners who are certainly not biassed in the landlords' favour. In order that the Act may work, fairness on the part of the Commissioners, willingness to avail themselves of it on the part of the tenants, and a disposition to accept the inevitable, and to make the best of it, on the part of the landlords, are indispensable. The first must be presumed to exist until it is shown not to exist.

Of the third a happier prerogative instance could hardly have been shown than the example set by Lord WATERFORD. He insists, and is right in insisting, on a proper arrangement being made in respect of the past; but, this being done, he offers to meet the tenantry half-way in the amicable establishment of statutory tenancies, and even goes so far as to promise reinstatement to two evicted tenants. Lord WATERFORD has at the same time come forward heartily to support the proposed Exhibition of Irish products, a proceeding from which no very great practical good may result, but which, if it were left in the hands of the Land League, might be made an engine for working positive evil. By thus assuming the initiative, and putting himself in his proper position as a leader of the people, ready cheerfully to obey the law, such as it is, and not to wait sulkily till it extracts from him what it can, Lord WATERFORD has earned the respect and gratitude of Irishmen and Englishmen alike. If the majority of landlords follow him, the very firmest portion of the present standing-ground of the Land League will be cut from under its feet. But it will still have a strong hold, partly by terror and partly by interest, on the reckless and dishonest, the greedy and the ignorant, whose numbers are unfortunately not small in Ireland. It is sufficiently obvious that this hold will be used and abused to the uttermost. The *de facto* Government of Ireland is not at all likely to give up the reins without a desperate struggle. What is more, it is but too likely to succeed in holding them unless the other Government shows at last a determination to enforce the law and to preserve order. It must be a subject of the deepest regret to every well-disposed person that as yet but few signs of any such determination are shown. The arrests effected under the Coercion Act were well enough in their way; but then Mr. FORSTER seems to think that, so long as he does not let his prisoners go, his duty is done. It is not done, and will not be done until the terrorism of the Land League is entirely broken. At present that terrorism exists in force as full as it ever possessed, and there are but too good reasons for thinking that every day does something more to transform the movement itself from a simple agitation intended to further designs on private property to a practical rebellion against the sovereignty of England and the unity of the Empire.

#### THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

THE virtual annexation of Tunis has thus far not been a profitable experiment, though there is no doubt that the principality will become permanently a French possession or dependency. The result has been contemplated for many years, and it might probably have been attained by more gradual methods on easier terms. Italian rivalry was not immediately formidable to France; and nothing was gained by the dissatisfaction which was naturally produced in England. One of the most awkward and most genuine explanations of the sudden interference with the exercise of the Bey's authority was contained in M. ST.-HILAIRE's statement that the local tribunals had given decisions unfavourable to French litigants. He was understood to refer to the rights in dispute between Mr. LEVY, an English subject, and a French Joint-Stock Company. It would be rash to express an opinion as to the merits of the case, or even as to the law by which it ought to have been decided; but the result is in a high degree suspicious. The former French Consul, now Resident Minister and real ruler of Tunis, has caused the suit to be transferred to a tribunal of his own choice, which has since, as might have been expected, given judgment in favour of the French Company. The decision, taken in connexion with M. ST.-HILAIRE's language, furnishes some excuse for the comparison which French opponents of the Government have drawn between the Mexican expedition and the JECKER bonds on one part and the annexation of Tunis with the Enfidu lawsuit on the other. It is of course possible that Mr. LEVY may not have been entitled to pre-emption of an estate adjoining his own; and it is not improbable that JECKER's claim on the Mexican Government may have been tenable. The private interest and the jobs with which it may have been connected were not in either case the primary cause of a doubtful enterprise; but it was unfortunate that the courtiers of NAPOLEON III. or the clients of M. ROUSTAN should have profited by a questionable policy.

The Kroumirs, whose encroachments on French territory were in the first instance to be repressed, have for some time been forgotten. Some French troops which were sent into their country met with no opposition; and the Kroumirs are as much or as little to be feared as before the beginning of the present complications. No explanation has been given of the relation between the supposed Kroumir outrages and the assumption of supreme authority by the French Consul. The Bey had perhaps not made vigorous efforts to keep the frontier tribes in order; but the laxity of a petty Mahometan Government is not surprising. If the French thought it worth while to punish the Kroumirs, the Bey would have made no objection, although the expedition might perhaps temporarily have violated the territory of Tunis. Not content with the arguments derived from the Enfidu lawsuit and from the Kroumir irregularities, M. ST.-HILAIRE further announced that it had become the duty of France to improve the administration of Tunis, and, generally, as in her own African possessions, to promote the spread of civilization. It is an excellent thing to civilize imperfectly-developed communities, but the rights which are professedly founded on the duty of diffusing intelligence are inconveniently vague and elastic. The same reasons might justify a French or Russian conquest of any part of the Turkish Empire, which is greatly in need of improvement. The English Government wisely declined to offer any objection to the annexation of Tunis, as long as its own treaty rights were respected; but Tripoli might, according to M. ST.-HILAIRE's theory, have required the same treatment as Tunis, with the result of disturbing the temporary equilibrium which has been established in Egypt. It accordingly became necessary to warn the French Government that the further extension of its cosmopolitan benevolence would not be regarded by England with equanimity. M. ST.-HILAIRE returned a satisfactory answer to the effect that the frontier of Tripoli would not be passed by French troops, even if it became necessary to repel aggressions on the part of the bordering tribes.

The effect of the wanton annexation of Tunis has been to irritate the large Mahometan population of all Northern Africa. The Arabs have in many districts committed acts of hostility against the French, and the subjects of the Bey not unreasonably think themselves relieved from their allegiance. Unprotected settlements have been exposed to plunder and outrage; and French detachments have been threatened with opposition, and in one or two instances have been compelled by superior numbers to retreat. The disturbances began during the hottest season of the year, when it was impossible or difficult to pursue Arab marauders. In consequence the revolt has spread to the frontier of Morocco, and it will scarcely be repressed except by a regular campaign. There is no doubt that success will be secured without any ruinous drain on the comparatively inexhaustible resources of the French Republic; but the sacrifice of life and treasure which must be incurred will have been wholly gratuitous. It has been found that the army, although it has of late years been entirely reorganized, has not furnished the necessary detachments without some strain and complication. Complaints have been made of imperfect discipline, and of a want of skill and vigour on the part of superior officers. The losses by disease have been comparatively heavy, although the service has thus far been of an ordinary character. When the temperate season begins, the French troops will undoubtedly assert their superiority; and, indeed, they have already, in almost every instance, repelled attack with little loss; but there is small glory to be acquired, and it is possible that war even with African tribes may not prove popular in France. A quarrel with Morocco would extend the range of operations, and render necessary the despatch of additional reinforcements. The African complications have already on one occasion affected domestic policy. The late elections were hurried on because the Government was unwilling to appeal to the constituencies while war was proceeding. It has often been observed that universal liability to military service would scarcely be tolerable in a State which had to employ its forces in foreign and remote regions. The French army has been organized for purposes of national defence, and for the peaceable occupation of Algeria. A chronic state of warfare in Africa would produce much dissatisfaction.

It argues no unfriendly feeling to cultivate a hope



that the present troubles may impress French politicians with the impolicy of reviving national restlessness and ambition. The late proceedings in Tunis would have been regarded in England with less disfavour if they had not seemed to indicate a departure from the deliberate policy of the last eleven years. For almost the first time in several centuries there has during that period been no reason to apprehend disturbance promoted by France. The covetousness of foreign territory which was stimulated by M. THIERS, and fitfully encouraged by NAPOLEON III., has made room for an indefinite hope of recovering at some future time the German provinces which had long been regarded as portions of France. The goodwill of England was conciliated by the removal of all fear of collision with a Power which seemed to be exclusively devoted to the cultivation of its own internal prosperity. When a clever writer described an imaginary invasion of England, the supposed victors in the battle of Dorking were not Frenchmen, but Germans. The great increase of the wealth of France, and even the formation of a powerful army, have been watched in this country with unbroken complacency. The sudden determination to extend French dominion in Africa naturally caused a feeling of unwelcome surprise. The enterprise implied an indifference to the friendship, not only of England, but of Italy; and the approval of French encroachment which was attributed to Prince BISMARCK was not reassuring. It is now too late to hope that the independence of Tunis will be restored. The Bey's troops are more likely to join the insurgents than to aid in the suppression of the revolt, which is probably, in spite of his professions, not distasteful to himself. The campaign which is about to open will be regarded with but faint curiosity, because its issue cannot be doubtful. The best result would be a conviction produced in the French mind of the advantages of peace.

#### LOSS OF THE TEUTON.

IT is singular, and not altogether satisfactory, to contrast the impressions produced in this country by a railway accident and by the loss of a great passenger steamer. If ten or twelve lives are sacrificed in a collision there is a general expression of passionate indignation against the Company which has, or is thought to have, neglected necessary precautions, and a demand for prompt legislation. The Companies have, in almost every case, to compensate those who have been injured and the families of those who have been killed, and juries show little mercy to the great corporations whose officials have been guilty of carelessness, or have endangered life by parsimony. It is natural and just that this strong feeling should exist, and no one can wish that it should be weakened, or that the smallest disregard for the safety of passengers should go unpunished; but it seems strange that, while so much emotion is caused by loss of life on land, so little is aroused by far greater loss of life at sea. In a bad railway collision fifteen or twenty people may be killed. If a steamer goes down, a hundred and fifty or two hundred passengers and sailors may be drowned; but, strange to say, the greater catastrophe causes far less excitement than the less. General regret is expressed for the victims; but there is no explosion of popular feeling against the owners, who, unlike the Railway Companies, are not usually obliged to compensate the families of those who have perished. It seems to be thought that shipwreck is an unavoidable casualty, and that people who go to sea know that they run a certain risk, and are willing to take their chance. There is some foundation for this view, inasmuch as passenger ships are occasionally lost through mischance against which no skill could provide; but nevertheless it should not receive, as it practically does, a general, if tacit, acceptance. The losses of passenger vessels have been in too many cases due to preventable causes, to causes quite as preventable as those of railway disaster; and when an accident has occurred which might have been avoided, there should be at least as strong a feeling against the Steamship Company which has drowned its hundred as there is against the Railway Company which kills its score; and the owners of a vessel ought to be made liable for the loss of life they have caused in the same way that the owners of a railway are made liable. In one respect, indeed, the former are greater sinners than the latter. Railway Companies, badly as they behave in many re-

spects, do not make fallacious statements about the means adopted to ensure the safety of the trains. They do not say, for instance, that they have perfect continuous brakes while they really have but very moderate brake-power. With ships the case is different. Whenever a great passenger steamer is launched, the public is ostentatiously informed that she is divided into a number of water-tight compartments, so that in the event of a leak, a bump, or even a collision, the vessel will still be comparatively safe. When an accident happens, these compartments usually fail, and the vessel fills and sinks in the ordinary way. The reasons why they afford so little protection are perfectly well known to those who are conversant with shipbuilding; but of course the great mass of passengers are quite ignorant on this subject, and they are habitually deluded about one of the most important safeguards against the dangers of the sea. In other respects the construction of the great merchant steamers is defective; and there is no exaggeration in saying that the loss of life which has been caused by the wreck of these vessels has been in great part due to bad building. It may be added that disaster has also in no small number of cases been in part due to the reckless navigation which is tolerated, if not encouraged, for the sake of quick passages. Quite as much to blame as the Railway Companies have some of the Steamship Companies been, and it is not a little strange that the public judgment should be so severe on the former and so clement with regard to the latter.

In the case of the *Teuton* a large number of men, women, and children seem to have been lost owing to the faulty management of a faulty vessel. The story of the disaster as it stands at present is indeed a most singular one, and it is greatly to be hoped that the official narrative may bring to light some facts which will tend to show that there was moderate precaution in shaping the vessel's course. According to the narratives which have been received, the *Teuton* arrived in Table Bay on the 29th of last month, and sailed on the next day for Algoa Bay and Natal. At 2 P.M. cross bearings were apparently taken, and the course set, Cape Point being then eight miles distant, bearing due north. With two slight variations of course, the vessel steamed on during the afternoon, the headland known as Danger Point being passed at 5.30, at a distance of five miles. At 7.20 the vessel suddenly struck, off Quoin Point, the land being then about four miles distant. She was backed off, seemingly without any difficulty, and the captain steered at once for Simon's Bay, no immediate danger being feared; but in spite of the bulkheads which were thought to give her safety—in spite, it may be presumed, of the pumps concerning which, strangely enough, nothing is said in the report—the water gained steadily, and the speed of the vessel decreased as she sank lower and lower. At 10 P.M. the boats, which had been previously got ready and provisioned, were lowered into the water, and some women and children were immediately sent into one of them. A second boat was receiving its living charge when a strange catastrophe, as yet but imperfectly described, occurred. One or both of the engine-room bulkheads suddenly gave way, and the last reserve of buoyancy being immediately annihilated, the *Teuton* sank like a stone, dragging down four of the boats in her vortex. Into the other three some of the crew and passengers, who were either not sucked down by the ship, or rose again to the surface, managed to scramble, and they reached the land in safety.

Unless the official inquiry should bring to light many important facts at present unknown, it is almost impossible to avoid one painful and obvious conclusion respecting this terrible disaster. From all that is at present known, it seems clear that the loss of the *Teuton* was due to bad navigation, which took her aground, and to defects of construction, which caused her to make water much more rapidly than she ought to have done, and then to sink quite suddenly. Why she was kept so close to the land it is not easy to understand, except on the supposition that everything was sacrificed to a rapid passage. The short voyage from Table Bay to Algoa Bay ought apparently to be quite free from danger if ordinary precautions are observed. The coast is well lighted, and there is no reason for supposing that the charts are imperfect. According to a correspondent of the *Standard* who apparently is well acquainted with the matter he treats, the late Astronomer-Royal at the Cape, Sir THOMAS MACLEAR, took the trouble to lay down a perfectly safe course from one bay to the other. It is known

that there is an extremely dangerous reef off Quoin Point, and a vessel belonging to the same company that owned the *Teuton* was lost on it in 1875. When a ship is taken at night within four miles of a coast off which there is known to be a reef of considerable extent, it is clear that risk must be incurred; it also seems clear that the only reason for incurring that risk must be the wish to shorten by a few hours a very short passage. It may perhaps be proved at the official inquiry that the reef is not quite accurately laid down in the charts, or that there were special reasons for making a quick run; but at present the only possible inference from the accounts which have appeared is that the steamer was kept much too close to a dangerous coast, and grounded in consequence. It is worth notice that when the *Teuton* was near what is known to be a dangerous reef, both the captain and the first mate, whose watch it was, were below, and that the vessel was in charge of the third mate, who probably had much less knowledge of the coast than either of the other two.

The sinking of the *Teuton* within some three hours after she struck was due to the failure, almost invariable in these cases, of the bulkheads. It is said that the vessel was "protected" by seven of these, and we presume, therefore, that she was supposed to be divided into a number of water-tight compartments. What the height of the bulkheads was in the *Teuton* has not been stated. In too many cases they extend but a very little way above the load water-line, so that if one compartment fills and thereby brings down the vessel, the others necessarily fill also. If the *Teuton* had seven bulkheads, there must have been three compartments on one side of the engine room, and four on the other. All these had seemingly filled at the time when the boats were lowered, and then finally the engine-room bulkheads gave way with a crash. The catastrophe shows, as so many other losses have done, that the supposed security obtained by the bulkheads is illusory, and that iron vessels fill with terrible rapidity when once there is a hole below the water-line. Now it is perfectly possible to divide a vessel into compartments which are really water-tight; and what the loss of the *Teuton* suggests is that the inspection of vessels destined to carry large numbers of passengers for long voyages should be far more searching and severe than it is at present, and that information accessible to all should show what precautions have been taken in constructing vessels to ensure safety. It is hopeless, however, to expect that any necessary measures will be taken unless public feeling is more deeply stirred by these great disasters, and unless the same strong and just indignation which is aroused by a railway accident is manifested when a passenger steamer is lost. Whether any legislative or administrative measures can put a stop to the practice of running risks in order to make a quick passage may be doubted; but here, again, public opinion might have a most healthy effect, and a general expression of vigorous condemnation, enhanced by a few verdicts with heavy damages, would have a wonderful effect in moderating the zeal of managers and captains who are bent on giving lines to which they belong a good name for speed, at all hazards.

#### FRENCH CONSERVATISM.

IT is four years since M. THIERS died, and at the anniversary service which was held this day week exactly twenty-two persons assisted, including the servants of the family. A larger attendance would have been obviously inappropriate. Neither Royalists nor Bonapartists can have any specially tender recollections of M. THIERS, and the Republicans are naturally anxious to forget him as completely and as quickly as possible. So long as they remember him they cannot well escape from one of two humiliating alternatives. Either they were altogether in the wrong when they looked to M. THIERS as their leader, or they are altogether in the wrong now that they have rejected his counsel. They are doing the very things which M. THIERS most persistently warned them not to do, and they are depriving the Republic of the precise character which he always declared it must retain if it meant to live. M. THIERS was not gifted with infallibility, and it is quite conceivable that in saying this he allowed his wishes or his prejudices to overpower his judgment. This is not a plea, however, which can be very well put forward by those who called themselves his followers. That the

Republic must be Conservative was the creed of the party quite as much as of the leader. Consequently, since the party has discovered that the Republic must be Radical, it has no choice but to acknowledge either that it was wrong then or that it is wrong now. It may have been wanting in enlightenment not to ally itself with the Extreme Left years ago, or it may be wanting in courage not to refuse that alliance to-day, but it cannot clear itself of both accusations at once. There must be a fair number of Republicans to whom either admission is exceedingly distasteful. The dread of Radicalism which they once professed is not so entirely allayed that they can honestly pity themselves for having ever entertained it. Yet, if they were right in fooling it while M. THIERS lived, there is nothing in what has happened since to make it needless to feel it now. The genuine convert feels a hearty distaste for his former beliefs, but the moderate Republican of four years ago is only half at his ease in that Radical eddy which he no longer attempts to stem. All that he can do, therefore, is to put the facts behind him, and persuade himself, if he may, that opposites are not so very opposite, nor contraries so very contrary. In one respect he is undoubtedly favoured by fortune. He has in M. GAMBETTA a politician who will keep him supplied with an endless variety of phrases that seem reassuring and are unmeaning. The speech at Neunbourg the other day was full of them. M. GAMBETTA wished to comfort his moderate allies, and he completely attained his end. He reproduced in substance Mr. BRIGHT's reminder that six omnibuses could not be taken abreast through Temple Bar. The Republic must go on to some undefined goal, but it must move only one step at a time. This is all that a Conservative Republican—as the term is now applied—wants to reassure him. He asks no questions about the contents of the omnibuses, and he is seemingly quite indifferent as to the direction in which the Republic is moving. The important thing is that the six shall approach the gate in succession instead of all at once, and that he shall be allowed to walk blindfold instead of being made to run. Even the reactionary Right, short-sighted and prejudiced as in many ways it is, is more intelligent on this head than the Conservative Republicans have shown themselves. The Right has at least the wit to see that the six omnibuses will only hinder one another, and that a man who finds himself approaching the edge of a precipice is more likely to be startled into caution if he is running at full speed than if he is sauntering at a foot pace. If M. GAMBETTA proposed to abolish the Senate, to rescind the Concordat, to reduce the term of service in the army, to make the magistracy elective, and to do all this in the year 1881, he would be a less dangerous adviser than he is when he is content with making an advance in each of these directions, and with making even that by easy stages.

It is true that the Conservatives who do not call themselves Republicans are, in their own way, quite as incapable of useful or intelligent action as the Conservatives who rightly hold that their business is to protect the Republic against revolutionary violence of all kinds. If in 1873 the Right had supported M. THIERS instead of overthrowing him, and had devoted itself to strengthening what remained instead of dreaming of impossible restorations, things would never have come to the pass in which they now are. Nor is there the faintest evidence that the Right has discovered its mistake. The attempt to create a Conservative Opposition at the late elections was an entire failure. The various sections of which it was sought to compose it thought a great deal more of their facings than of their uniform. They would be Conservatives if by that was meant being Legitimists or Imperialists; but as to sinking these distinctions, and making a common effort to save the Republic from going from bad to worse, they would have none of it. Even consistent Royalists were rejected as candidates by the friends of the Count of CHAMBORD because they would not make the restoration of the Monarchy the declared object of their policy. Under these circumstances the wonder is that a single seat was carried by the Conservatives. They had insisted on allying themselves with two unpopular causes, and they have reaped the natural consequences of their imprudence. If there was anything certain in French politics it was that the great body of the electors are not prepared to tolerate any reaction as regards the institutions under which they live. Republicans they are, and, as at present advised, Republicans they mean to continue. In this particular instance it was more than

commonly easy to put aside any issues which might have the effect of dividing the Opposition. M. GAMNETTA and his friends had made no secret of their determination to demand a revision of the Constitution, to procure, if not the abolition of the Concordat, at all events its administration by the State in a very unfriendly temper towards the clergy, and to make some serious inroad upon the independence of the magistracy. Here was a plain issue upon which it would have been possible to build up a Conservative Opposition and to have furnished it with an intelligible programme to put before the electors. Even if the electors had shown no more disposition to give this programme active support than they have shown in the case of the Legitimist and Bonapartist programmes which have actually been constructed, a beginning might have been made for the future. The electors might have been fairly warned of the measures which the Radicals have in store, and so have been at least disposed to take alarm when they see these measures actually brought forward. It must be admitted, however, that, so long as the French Conservatives show such entire indifference to the fortunes even of the few candidates who have a chance of being elected, it is not to be expected that they should take any pains to get the right sort of candidate. In two divisions of Paris there seemed to be a chance, at all events, that the Conservative candidate would be successful. M. HERVÉ was in all respects an admirable candidate, and the only reason why he is not now one of the deputies for Paris is that on the 21st of August the Conservative electors were at the seaside or taking the waters. They did not care enough about an election which they professed to think so critical to come home for a night in order to save one division at least of Paris from the Radical invasion. So far as any trouble they chose to take in the matter went, the *Scrutin de liste* might have become law, and all Paris might have been made a single constituency. They threw away the weapon which the retention of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* had put into their hands, and allowed a constituency which they might have made their own to fall under the sway of the enemy. In another division the enthusiasm of the Conservative electors was vigorous enough to bring them to the polls on the 21st of August, but it was not vigorous enough to make them repeat the sacrifice on the 4th of September. If M. GODELLE had retained in the second ballot the same number of votes that he managed to secure in the first, he would be one of the deputies for Paris, and the Extreme Republicans would not have been able to present an unbroken front in the capital. A party which will not make two journeys in a fortnight to secure a great public end deserves the tremendous defeat which it has just sustained.

#### LORD GREY ON RECIPROCITY.

LORD GREY'S letters on the vicious principle of commercial reciprocity are admirable specimens of clear and conclusive reasoning. A veteran confessor of a faith which was preached in his youth, and which is already undergoing a process of corruption, Lord GREY insists on the truth of a simple doctrine which admits of no exceptions. In common with Lord OVERSTONE, like himself an orthodox economist, Lord GREY protested even in 1860, when the French treaty had been recommended to popularity both by its immediate tendency and by the reputation of its author, against an acceptance of the fallacies of which it was designed in some degree to counteract the effect. Mr. CORDEN'S convictions were the same with Lord GREY'S; and his apparent inconsistency admitted of strong excuse, if not of entire justification. The policy which had been steadily pursued in England from the time of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Administration had already given so much earnest of success as to win over many foreign proselytes. One of the most intelligent of their number, then exercising almost absolute power in France, wished to convince his countrymen by experience of the benefits of free commercial intercourse; but the ignorant prejudice which then as now prevailed in France raised a doubt whether even the most complaisant of representative bodies would approve a rational tariff at the bidding of the EMPEROR. Either by design or by accident the Constitution which had been devised a few years before included a provision by which the Government could evade the necessity of legislative sanction. The EMPEROR had retained to himself absolute

control over diplomatic engagements; and consequently he could by his own prerogative conclude a treaty for the regulation of the tariff. Mr. CORDEN on one of his visits to Paris was invited by NAPOLEON III. to co-operate in the trial of his plausible experiment as to the possibility of introducing a more enlightened commercial policy into France. Having consulted his own Government, Mr. CORDEN, with the cordial sanction of Mr. GLADSTONE, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, undertook the negotiation, for which he would have been admirably qualified if only the entire undertaking had not been inconsistent with his most cherished principles.

M. ROUHER, in seconding and executing the scheme of NAPOLEON III., thought himself obliged to humour the popular prejudice by affecting to treat as costly and burdensome concessions fiscal reductions which were primarily beneficial to French consumers. Both the EMPEROR and his Minister were far in advance of the present rulers of France, and probably they would have preferred the method of domestic legislation to an ostensible bargain with a foreign Government; but they could not afford to incur the risk of a defeat which might in other respects have compromised the Imperial authority. Mr. CORDEN necessarily became their coadjutor or accomplice in a harmless plot against one of the few constitutional restrictions which had survived the events of 1851. Lord GREY attributes some blame to the English representative for the provocation which may have been given to the opponents of NAPOLEON III.; but at that time the Empire seemed to be popular, and it was universally accepted. The Orleanists, who had always opposed Free-trade, were altogether powerless, and the Republican party had no bond of union except resentment against the Empire. It is now evident that Mr. CORDEN and Mr. GLADSTONE made some mistakes; but it was then impossible to foresee all the consequences of the Commercial Treaty. There is some difference of opinion as to the dexterity exhibited by Mr. CORDEN in manipulating the details of the agreement. M. ROUHER could not fail to understand that his English colleague had no serious objection to reducing English Customs duties to the lowest point. At the same time it was certain that the clamour of French producers would be less formidable in proportion to the impediments which were placed in the way of importation from England. NAPOLEON III. and M. ROUHER probably hoped that before the expiration of the treaty sound economic doctrines would have made some progress in France. It may even have seemed possible that in twenty years a French Legislature might be inclined to reduce Customs duties without stipulating for an equivalent. In the result an absurdly unequal bargain, if it was to be only considered as a bargain, was concluded between the plenipotentiaries. The immediate advantage to trade contented English manufacturers; and Mr. GLADSTONE expatiated with copious and persuasive eloquence both on the commercial benefits of the treaty and on the social blessings which were to result from the increased consumption of light claret.

As the term of the treaty approached its close, almost all French politicians concurred in the opinion that it would be expedient to obtain additional concessions from England. M. THIERS, who was profoundly ignorant of the rudiments of economic science, stimulated by every means in his power the vulgar delusion. His successors have included in their number some professed supporters of Free-trade; but the Government for the time being has almost always truckled to the producers, at the expense of the consuming mass of the population. The impression which, according to Lord GREY, was a necessary consequence of the negotiation of a commercial treaty proved to be both general and permanent. French Ministers were convinced that the limited facilities afforded to English trade were too valuable to be sacrificed, and that they had the opportunity of acquiring a cheap popularity by imposing additional restrictions. The treaty was grudgingly prolonged for six months, that time might be afforded for negotiation; but during the last Session of the Legislature which has since been dissolved the MINISTER OF COMMERCE deliberately contrived a plan of extorting concessions by forcing the English Government to conclude a treaty in a hurry. The Assembly was not unwilling to extend the term, but M. TIRARD insisted on fixing November 8 as the date of final settlement, except in cases where the arrangement of conditions might be positively ensured. Mr. GLADSTONE had a year before encouraged the belief in his

eagerness for a treaty by introducing the expected reduction of the wine duties as an element of his Budget. The consequence has been that the French Minister has over-reached himself, and that the English Government has for the present declined to continue a discussion which could not be completed within the stipulated time. M. TIRARD asserts that he was prevented by statute from prolonging the term. There is no such prohibition in the Act, but the condition was stated both in his speech and in the *Exposé de Motifs* which, according to French practice, was prefixed to the Act. It is not the business of English critics to inquire whether the statement of reasons is a part or preamble of the Act. It is enough that the French Minister professed to be unable to prolong the negotiation.

It is not improbable that the negotiations may be resumed, as the short-sighted astuteness of the MINISTER of COMMERCE appears to be generally disapproved in France. The English Government took occasion in the QUEEN'S Speech to express its continued readiness to negotiate; but Lord GREY'S reasons for seizing the opportunity of withdrawing from an erroneous policy deserve full consideration. It is as true now as it was four-and-twenty years ago that duties ought to be imposed only for the sake of revenue, and to the amount which may be required for the purpose. It is highly inconvenient to confer on foreign countries a right of objecting to any financial measures which may be conducive to the national interests. If it were expedient to levy increased duties on wine or on silk, the English Government and the English House of Commons ought not to be prevented from exercising their discretion. Experience has fully confirmed the opinion that foreign nations would be encouraged in a restrictive policy by the admission that they were entitled to receive purchase money for a benefit conferred on themselves. Lord GREY, agreeing with the economists of his earlier days, ridicules the belief that any community can be impoverished by the excess of its imports above its exports. Gain consists in receiving and not in giving, though a price must undoubtedly be paid for foreign produce consumed in England. If no public revenue were needed, or if it were provided from some other source, it is certain that the entire abolition of Customs duties would be an unmixed advantage to the community. Any approximation to absolute freedom of importation ought to be regulated with exclusive regard to the welfare of the population. If Mr. CORDEN had held his hand in 1860, foreign countries might perhaps by this time have imitated the policy which, as they would have seen, was enriching England. It may still not be too late to try a sound and consistent policy.

#### THE INDIAN CENSUS.

THE Indian Census has set at rest all doubts as to the accuracy of previous estimates of the population. Including the protected States, the great dependency contains 252 millions of people, or 12 millions more than it contained in 1871. It seems to require, if not a more terrible, at least a more universal, experience of famine than India has yet had to check the natural exultation called forth by these figures. Pleasure in an increased population has probably come down to us from ages when to increase and multiply was the same thing as to subdue the earth, and it has all the strength which survivals usually have. Yet, when we recall all that has from time to time been said about the growing poverty of India, there is something strangely irrational in any such feeling. Unless Englishmen have been altogether misinformed, there are many millions in India who habitually live on the very smallest provision of necessary food and clothing on which it is possible to keep body and soul together. A hot climate is unfavourable to the creation of artificial wants in either of these respects, and the standard of comfort is indistinguishable from the minimum of bare subsistence. What is to happen if a population which has already come to this pass goes on growing? It is estimated that during the last thirty years ten millions of people have died from famine. But for more than half this period concerted action against famine was in its infancy, and the natural check to population which scarcity supplies had not ceased to operate. Now that the State has undertaken to keep the people alive, and is properly anxious to see that what it has undertaken is performed, the influence

of this check will be immeasurably lessened. India is to be insured against famine; and no doubt, so long as the provision of the necessary revenue is made a charge upon the taxation or the credit of the country, the insurance will be effectual. But the more effectual it is, the larger will be the population kept alive to beg and bring forth children. The provision against famine will in part, indeed, consist of those public works which increase the actual produce of the soil. But an unknown percentage of it will be in the nature of positive relief, and from this point of view every million added to the population will yield its quota—probably its disproportionate quota—of new claimants for State aid in every season of scarcity. One resource which is open to the natives of other countries is not open to those of India. Emigration is not popular, and is not likely to become popular. Even if it were, the burden of the difficulty would be only transferred, not removed. We have seen something in the United States and in Australia of the welcome which is accorded to Chinese immigrants by the white labourers already in possession of the field, and though an Indian immigration might not be open to all the objections which attach to a Chinese, the most serious objection of all would be as weighty in the one case as in the other. The moral level of the new-comers might be higher, and their industry might be less irritatingly conspicuous; but the fact that they were ready to work for lower wages than white men would be equally unmistakable, and, once established, would equally mark them out as the objects of white hostility. In democratic communities the voters, if they choose, can say that such and such labourers shall not be admitted into the country, and the fact that the immigrants were equally British subjects with those who shut them out would not make the slightest difference to the result. In South Africa, indeed, the supply of white labour is not likely to be large enough to make this objection formidable, but unless the races of India cling to life a great deal more closely than they have yet done they would probably submit to die of starvation in preference to living under the stimulating control of an Anglo-Dutch settler. Consequently, whether the population of India be or be not too large for the territory which has to support it, there is not much chance that any other territory will be forthcoming to share the burden.

Where there is no help for a thing, it is idle to spend time in lamenting it, and if the figures of the Census stood alone, nothing would be gained by thus insisting on the black side which they present. But there is a difference between absence of lamentation and the open expression of satisfaction over the magnificent results of English rule. It is because symptoms of this latter tendency have shown themselves in some English comments on the Indian Census that it seems expedient to insist on the gloomy possibilities which this Census contains. The discovery that the population of India is growing larger and larger may be of real use to us if we take it as a warning, and not merely as an agreeable testimony to our own good qualities as rulers. These new subjects have either to be kept alive or to be furnished with the means of keeping themselves alive. If we neglect the latter duty we shall not be able, without going back from our word, to neglect the former. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE declares that "vast culturable areas within India itself are seen inviting the plough." Whether this encouraging view of agricultural possibilities in India is nearer or further from the fact than the gloomy pictures of exhausted soils and hopeless sterility which have been drawn by authorities who are presumably equally competent to have an opinion on the subject, we will not undertake to say. If the increase of the population were a matter within our control, it would be of great importance to ascertain on which side the truth lies. But when the population is there, and will continue to be there in larger and larger numbers, the hopeful theory is the only theory which it can be worth while to pursue. If Sir RICHARD TEMPLE is right, the invitation he speaks of cannot be too heartily accepted. If he is wrong, we shall be no worse off for having acted as though he were right. Even if it should prove that these new "culturable areas" show themselves less friendly to the plough than he supposes, much may be done by better treatment of the areas already under cultivation. We say this in reference not merely to the crops already grown, but to the introduction of new crops. Whether the best native agriculture is so



inferior to English agriculture as has often been assumed may perhaps be doubted. What has been grown in India for centuries may perhaps turn out to be as well grown as the conditions of soil and climate and habits of life will permit. But there are other crops which have only been grown in India of late years, and others, again, which can scarcely yet be said to be grown there at all. In both these fields of agricultural enterprise there is certainly room for hopeful experiment. It has not yet been ascertained, for instance, how far the Indian cotton industry can be made to compete with that of America in the supply of the Lancashire market. Mr. CAIRD says that, while an acre of cotton land in Egypt yields 400 lbs. of cotton, an acre of cotton land in India yields only 70 lbs. More than this; while these 400 lbs. are worth 14*l*, the 70 lbs. are worth only 1*l*. Of course, this superiority is partly to be traced to the peculiar conditions of Egyptian tillage. In Egypt the cotton plant is kept constantly moist, because the means for doing this are ready to hand. In India cotton is not irrigated, and, before it can be irrigated, there must be a considerable outlay of capital. Still, though an Indian cotton field may not admit of being made equally productive with an Egyptian cotton field, and though, even if the production were equal, the cost would be greater, and consequently the profit less, it is probable that both production and profit would admit of being considerably increased. Tobacco-growing, again, which is a still newer industry, may prove to be more profitable than some of those which already have possession of the field; and, in the search for better uses to which to turn land already under cultivation, we may occasionally stumble upon uses to which land not yet cultivated may be turned. It is satisfactory to know that the Agricultural Department has already been revived; but the figures of the new Census ought to stimulate the Government of India into giving it greater prominence than it has yet received. It is hardly too much to say that it is the most promising, and ought to be made the most important, of the Government offices—the one upon which money should be most freely spent, and to which the best intelligence at the command of the authorities should be constantly directed. Of all the methods of keeping the people of India alive, the surest is an improved and extended agriculture; and no more than this need be said to prove the paramount value of the department which has this method in its charge.

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE special character of this year's meeting of the British Association cast on the President a task of unusual difficulty. Fifty years ago the Association, developed in the first instance out of a local scientific society, held its original meeting at York. The city of York and the Yorkshire Philosophical Society have now welcomed the Association at its birthplace after half a century of successful and increasing activity. Sir John Lubbock was therefore expected to produce something different from the usual type of the President's address. As a rule, the eminent person who is chosen as President of the Association for its yearly meeting is free to dwell almost exclusively on his own special department. The mathematician may expatiate on the beauties of the fourth dimension, or the biologist on the progress of embryology. But this time the occasion demanded a less specialized and more comprehensive survey. Sir John Lubbock was found equal to the undertaking. His discourse was nothing less than a general account of the progress actually made by science since the British Association was founded for the purpose of advancing it. The labour of preparing such an account, even with all the knowledge and means of assistance which Sir John Lubbock would naturally have at his command, must have been immense; and his disposition of the materials entitles this address to an honourable place among its author's literary performances. The President succeeded in making his review of half a century's scientific work exact without being laboured, interesting without being superficial or extravagant, and concise without being dry. Beginning with his own subject of biology, Sir John gave a sketch of the rise and establishment of Darwinism, stopping to vindicate Mr. Darwin from the gross misunderstanding of the people who still "consider that according to his theory a sheep might turn into a cow, or a zebra into a horse." Let us hope that Sir John Lubbock is, or shortly may be, wrong in counting such people by thousands. From the general doctrine of heredity and the development of species the address passed on to the course of recent special investigations in natural history, the discovery of alternate generations among insects, the fertilization of flowers, and the production of their scent and colours through the preferences of the insects which fertilize them, the germ theory of putrefaction, and the application of that theory to practical surgery, for which the Germans have already coined, after its inventor, the name of

Listerism. The further results which may be expected from Pasteur's latest experiments on protective inoculation were just glanced at. The results of modern anthropology were then passed in review, and the existence of pre-historic man in regions which, now temperate in their climate, have been alternately tropical and glacial since man's first appearance, called for a brief digression into physical astronomy for the explanation of these secular changes. One of the advantages of taking a review from time to time, however summary, of the advance of knowledge as a whole is that it forces on the attention the connexion and working alliance of even those branches of science which at first sight appear most remote. Fifty years ago it would have been difficult for the most acute astronomer or naturalist to see what the variable eccentricity of the earth's orbit could have to do with any tangible problem arising from definite evidences of past life upon the earth. The progress of geology and physical geography next came in for a due share of attention, and here, too, matter was not wanting. The formation and structure of lakes, volcanoes, glaciers, and coral islands have all exercised the thought of eminent men of science in the period covered by Sir John Lubbock's address. A monograph on coral islands assured Mr. Darwin's reputation among specialists long before he was known to the general public. On all these questions great advances have been made good, though many details remain open to discussion. Sir John proceeded to speak of astronomy, and of the new field of knowledge laid open by spectrum analysis. In this connexion Auguste Comte's rash and unscientific assertion, that we could never possibly know anything of the chemical composition or structure of the heavenly bodies, was held up, not for the first time, as a warning to dogmatizers. From the astronomical work of the spectroscope it was a natural transition to the researches of Helmholtz, Clerk Maxwell, and others, on light and colour. The extraordinary conceit put forward by one or two late critics, including Mr. Gladstone, that Homer was colour-blind, was referred to with more respect than it deserved. Something was said of the immense progress made in the theories of heat and electricity, and the impulses given to all branches of physics by the discovery of the conservation of energy. For the progress of mathematics and chemistry Sir John Lubbock relied on memoranda communicated to him by Mr. Spottiswoode and Dr. Frankland respectively. We need not say that he could not have put himself in better hands. He glided lightly over the dangerous ground of the Economic Section, using the occasion, however, to repeat the plea which he has elsewhere advanced more fully for giving a better chance to modern languages and science in the arrangements of our public schools.

After the proceedings had been thus worthily opened, the Sections set to work in their accustomed manner. In the mathematical department the papers read and discussed are inevitably dismissed by public reporters with the safe generality that they are of a highly technical character. But, inasmuch as it is now and then suggested that the Association has degenerated from a working into a talking body, it is as well to mention that Mr. Glaisher reported in this section the completion of an important set of numerical tables, a work of much time and heavy labour, by a Committee appointed five years ago. In the physical branch of this section the question of most general interest was the future of electricity as a means of conducting and applying mechanical power. This, indeed, is a question on which two or three important papers and addresses in different sections (we refer specially to those of Dr. Siemens and Sir William Armstrong, besides that which we are about to notice) converged from their special points of view. Sir William Thomson's address "On the Sources of Energy in Nature available to Man for the Production of Mechanical Effect," was calculated to dash the hopes of speculators in some directions, but held out promises at least as good as any that it discredited. Among the sources of terrestrial energy the tides alone are not ultimately derived from the sun's heat. At first sight the tides appear to be an inexhaustible store of power, and man's failure to use them an inexcusable waste. But, though tide-mills have been made, the difficulties of making them work advantageously are enormous. Sir William Thomson thinks that, under the most favourable circumstances, it would be almost as cheap to reclaim and cultivate the area of foreshore that would be occupied by the necessary works. Then we have, derived more or less directly from the heating work of the sun's rays, wind, fuel, and rain. Wind does much useful work on sailing-ships, and some on windmills; but windmills are (contrary to what the natural man might imagine) decidedly costly machines. Sir William Thomson thinks that if windmills could be made somewhat cheaper—but only on that condition—they might be taken into use to drive dynamo-electric machines for lighting purposes. Meanwhile, windmills may have their day again when coal reaches famine prices; but that is not an agreeable prospect. Then we have rain, either in the form of natural waterfalls, or, conceivably, collected in artificial tanks. The collection of rain water in tanks placed high enough to give a mechanically effective fall is, however, impracticable, as costing far too much in proportion to the power that could be obtained. As to the power of natural falls, it is good where it can be used. Hitherto it has been available only to people who lived close to the fall. But now electricity comes in, and may have a great part to play. As a direct source of power, in the voltaic battery for example, it is at a hopeless disadvantage. The process is, in itself, nothing like so wasteful, in the sense of dissipating energy without useful equivalent, as the working of a steam-engine, but the prime cost of the materials consumed far outweighs this theoretical benefit.

On the other hand, electro-magnetism furnishes the means of converting mechanical work into electricity, and electricity back into mechanical work, "with unlimitedly perfect economy"; and the modern improvements in electro-magnetic machines have made it possible to do this with practical efficiency, and through considerable distances. Hence Dr. Siemens's bold suggestion of treating Niagara as a fountain-head of work to be tapped for the benefit of the North American continent. Sir William Thomson has calculated out the conditions, and finds that the power of Niagara might be usefully applied over a radius of 300 miles from the Falls, covering Montreal, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. He further pointed out that Faure's accumulator enables us to store and distribute electricity at the receiving end without danger or material waste. We are, therefore, authorized by Sir William Thomson to consider New York lighted by Niagara, and even machinery in New York driven by Niagara, as not only a scientific but a commercial possibility. Nothing was said in this address of the possibilities of doing useful work by the concentration of the sun's direct rays, a subject to which attention has been given by one or two French physicists of late years. Experiments made in the South of France and Algiers have, we believe, been fairly encouraging. But Sir William Thomson can hardly be expected, in the latitude and climate of Glasgow, to follow this line of research with any lively interest. Sir William Armstrong, meanwhile, was giving his opinion of the applications of electricity in the Mechanical Section. His judgment was that for heavy work the steam-engine, wasteful as it is, holds its own. In theory the best possible heat-engine can turn only one-fourth of the heat supplied into useful work. The best actual steam-engines utilize only one-tenth. Yet we can afford this waste, because coal costs us little in comparison with other sources of power, and the oxygen of the air, which we use to combine with it in burning and produce heat, costs nothing. In wondering why steam should be so much cheaper than electricity, and even cheaper than windmills, we are apt to forget this gratuitous oxygen. Sir William Armstrong thinks, however, that electricity has many applications to light work before it in the near future, including the driving of small carriages. An electric tricycle—if released from the burden of paying the same toll and being subject to the same restrictions as a traction engine—would be a real boon to many dwellers in country places. On the whole, it is safe to prophesy that when the Association holds its centenary meeting, electricity will have taken a much larger place in the familiar conveniences of life.

A special discourse was given by Professor Huxley on the rise and progress of palæontology, in which he dwelt on the strong reinforcement brought to the theory of organic evolution by the evidence of extinct forms. In the early days of the "Origin of Species" Mr. Darwin's opponents raised objections on the score of "missing links." Since that time, as Professor Huxley pointed out, missing link after missing link between species, between genera, nay, between separate kingdoms of the animal world, as they used to be reckoned, has been supplied by our improved knowledge of the geological record. Professor Huxley reaffirmed, in short, the position which he took up in a discourse at the Royal Institution last year—that if the doctrine of the variability of species had not existed, the advance of palæontology alone would have made it necessary to invent it. At this very meeting, we may add, Professor Marsh, of Harvard, described, in the department of Biology, certain fossil birds, from the Jurassic formation of Colorado, which had so many reptilian characters that it is hard to say that they had quite left off being reptiles. This connexion may shock the people who are fond of birds, and look on the reptiles with the eyes of that gardener who justified his suppression of an unoffending toad by the simple remark, "I'll larn 'ee to be a toad." But palæontology is inexorable; and, if it leads anybody to look more kindly on toads, so much the better.

The mention of missing links reminds us of Section F, named Economic Science and Statistics, which imparts to the proceedings of the British Association a tincture of the playfulness of a Social Science Congress. Mr. Grant Duff did his best to impart gravity to the section by an opening address of a sternly historical character, in which he threw his weight in favour of some better definition of the class of subjects to be discussed. The traditions of Section F and the energy of crotchet-mongers were, however, too much to be repressed; and a certain amount of serious economical discussion was swamped by miscellaneous holdings forth on temperance, free trade, registration of titles, and we know not what more. Finally, the British Association went to church in York Minster, and the Bishop of Manchester (so far as we can make out from meagre and partly discrepant reports) spoke with respect of Haeckel, though not altogether approving his opinions, a thing which certainly no bishop would or could have done when the Association held its first meeting in the same place.

#### THE ART OF POLITICAL CONSOLATION.

THE eccentricities of apology in which beaten parties are apt to indulge are not, perhaps, a very novel subject of study, but the interest of the study itself is perennial. Everybody knows the purpose with which speech was given to man by a beneficent Providence, and on this particular occasion—the occasion of a political defeat—it would seem as if reason itself might be reasonably described as having been bestowed to enable the reasoner to

conceal his thoughts, not from others, but from himself. The three English county elections which have been decided against the Government during the last few days have perhaps been somewhat more canvassed than most by-elections, probably because there is not at the moment very much else to occupy the canvassers; and accordingly there is an unusual opportunity for the student of the art of political consolation. Besides, the study has been of late much facilitated by the very useful and agreeable summaries of provincial opinion with which the *Pall Mall Gazette* provides its readers. It is possible, indeed probable, that we should never have had those summaries if Mr. Gladstone had not discovered the law of the inevitable inferiority of a central and metropolitan press, and in that case more good than usual has sprung from one of the Prime Minister's ingenious generalizations *ad hoc*. For it is a formidable task (though the conscientious politician used not unfrequently to perform it) to wade through piles of provincial newspapers; and, despite Mr. Gladstone, it cannot be said that the search was very often rewarded by the discovery of any pearls of great price.

The principal morning organ of the Government in London contented itself with making the most of Mr. Lowther's and Sir George Elliot's peccadilloes as to Free-trade and Coercion, and with remarking that it was "only Mr. Lowther"; which, considering that the late Irish Secretary is by common consent one of the most effective guerilla debaters of recent days, seems a little rash. More dangerous still for readers who have memories was the remark that even Mr. Lowther would not say that it was Liberalism which brought bad weather. Possibly Mr. Lowther would not; but it is not quite two years since every Liberal organ and every Liberal candidate, save a very few, were asserting in chorus that Lord Beaconsfield's Government had achieved this very feat. However, it is not everybody who has a memory, and there is always the celebrated Baxtorian excuse at hand, "Ah, yes, but I was in the right, and these fellows are in the wrong." The *Pall Mall* itself has been bolder. To begin with, it had fashioned for itself, with much deliberation beforehand, an ingenious theory of by-elections in general, which was ready for application when wanted. To explain, and indeed to understand, this theory is not easy; but it seems to come to this. If more voters vote for your own side than at the last election it is a victory, even if you are beaten, because the constituency is "more Liberal than before." If fewer voters vote on your side, it follows that there is a considerable number who would have voted on that side, only they didn't; therefore, in virtue of this considerable number, the constituency may be reckoned as yours. Conversely, if more voters vote for the enemy, these are deserters from your side, who may still be fairly borne on your muster-roll; and, if fewer, then it is quite clear that the enemy is virtually losing ground, though he may, by the fallacious operation of appearances, seem to be at the head of the poll. If these four principles are examined, it will at once become obvious that there is no possible state of things in which the best may not be hoped for the future. "If a certain number of voters could have been persuaded to poll as they did before," the election would have been ours. That this is undeniable everybody must see, and that it is comforting in the highest degree can only be denied by persons impervious to the force of reason. It is true that the art of political consolation seems sometimes to glide into another art—that which our rude forefathers called the art of political lying. It can hardly be considered wholly legitimate to comfort readers bewailing the fate of North Lincolnshire by remarking that the Lords "ran away" in the matter of the Land Bill, unless the running be taken in a Sheriffmuir sense, "we ran and they ran, and they ran and we ran," which usually happens in most compromises. However, this is a slight digression from the subject, warranted indeed by the example of our authorities.

It is probably old habit which has made us dwell so long on the unimportant utterances of an incapable metropolitan press. Let us turn to the real voice of the nation. The *Manchester Guardian* thinks that "the policy of the Government may have deprived it of a certain number of supporters." Now, as a general election which leaves a Government in a minority of a hundred does nothing more than deprive it of a certain number of supporters, the consolation here seems a little inadequate. The *Liverpool Daily Post* says that Mr. Lowther is "acting dishonestly," which is at any rate short, sharp, comprehensible, and perhaps comforting. The *York Herald* can think of nothing better than that sentence about the tail and the dog, which is perhaps a little stale by this time. The *Northern Echo* says that "the head and front of the anachronism"—a charming phrase which would lose half its charm if it possessed the slightest vestige of a meaning—is that Mr. Lowther is a wily prophet. The *Birmingham Post*, which at any rate deserves the credit of boldness, says that as Colonel Tomline was supported by Mr. Heneage, who had been a very weak supporter of Mr. Gladstone, the indignant electors of North Lincolnshire preferred to vote for Mr. Lowther, whose one political object may be presumed to be to overthrow Mr. Gladstone altogether. This assumes the existence of a great deal of political intelligence in the North Lincolnshire electors, and of not a little in the *Birmingham Post*. The same paper, in discussing the North Durham disaster, deduces from it that "nothing can stop the advancing and permanent triumph of the Liberal cause." The combination of permanent and advancing is perhaps questionable, as the *Birmingham Post* would discover if it offered an Irish farmer fixity of tenure at a "permanent and advancing" rent; but the language is perhaps good enough for the logic. The *Manchester Examiner* says that the Conservatives "have de-

cisely retrieved their position," but scouts the idea in the same breath of this retrieval being a Conservative victory. The *Liverpool Daily Post* is persuaded, by a course of reasoning which the extracts before us do not reveal, that "the country at large has more confidence in Mr. Gladstone than ever." The *Leeds Mercury* says it is all the fault of a leading Radical member and a leading Liberal newspaper; and the *York Herald*, which surely must be edited by the admirable Mr. Pott in his old age, says that the "delirious delight of Conservatives presents many points for study and amusement."

The odd thing in all these efforts at consolation—and it is needless to say that the oddity is not by any means confined to one political party—is the curious incapacity to distinguish between the frying-pan and the fire which marks almost all of them. For instance, let it be granted that Mr. Lowther won North Lincolnshire solely by protectionist heresy, and that Sir George Elliot won North Durham solely by truckling to Mr. Parnell—this last hypothesis, by the way, is arithmetically impossible, but no matter. The apologists we have quoted are more or less sure that this is the case, and they seem to find it consoling. That is to say, rather than admit that a certain number of electors in each case are dissatisfied with Mr. Gladstone's policy, and have ceased to be Liberals, they admit that they have become heretical on two points, one of which at least is vital to Liberalism, and both of which are vital to the policy of Mr. Gladstone. The distinction is remarkably nice, and it would be very interesting to see it worked out in detail by the *York Herald*, which, next to the *Shields Gazette*, for which we have looked in vain in the list of quotations, is on the whole our favourite organ. North Lincolnshire and North Durham are still devotedly attached in a general way to the present Prime Minister, only in a particular way they are irreconcilably discontented with him. Again, the fickleness of county voters is admitted with a sigh, but it is forgotten that if there was one thing which more than another gave the Liberal party what the *York Herald* calls delirious delight at the general election, it was the supposed development of firm Liberal principles in the counties. "After we have taken off your Malt-tax and given you a Ground Game Bill you turn against us," is a third reproachful cry. It does not seem to occur to the reproachers that the conduct of the farmers indicates not so much ingratitude for these benefits as a refusal to recognize them as benefits at all. But all this is exactly the way of the political consoler. He is eaten up with the zeal of finding some other reason for his defeat than the plain and straightforward one that his principles or the Government which embodies them are unpopular. If he can push that unpleasant conclusion back by a row of intermediate reasons sufficiently long to keep it out of sight he does not care whether the reasons lead up to it, after all, or whether they do not. Never mind this election and that election, the country was never more devoted to Mr. Gladstone. Of course the man who makes this practically idiotic statement knows that a score or two more of such evidences of the devotion of the country to Mr. Gladstone would put Mr. Gladstone in a minority; and, if the question were put to him categorically, he would no doubt answer it in the affirmative. But the object, for the present, is to lay a flattering unction to the sore place, and it is laid, regardless of logical consequences. Probably the thing does console some one; if it did not, it would not be persisted in; and, after all, it is thoroughly consonant with the general tendencies of human nature. The cricketer is never, in his own opinion at least, simply bowled by a ball that is too good for him; the whist-player never loses the odd trick by his opponents' better play. To admit this would be altogether derogatory to his dignity, just as it would be derogatory to the dignity of the "Bangay Herald" or the "Little Pedlington Gazette" to admit that their men have been beaten, and there's an end of it. It has been said that there is nothing to choose between the two political parties in this matter; but perhaps that is not quite the fact. If there is one characteristic of the party now in power exhibited most remarkably in its two great orators, and copied most accurately by the rank and file, it is a belief in its own infallibility. Ingenious apologetics are a natural result of that belief. It would be abhorrent to a true disciple of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright to say: "We have made a horrible mess of the Transvaal, and a mess not much better of Ireland. It was a mistake to think the farmers such fools as to take the shifting of duty from malt to beer as equivalent to a remission of it, and it was a greater mistake still to hold out vague hopes when we came into office, which we knew we could not fulfil without making ourselves masters of the weather, and sinking America under the sea." The Government is still the best of all possible Governments, and its merits have only been obscured for a moment in the foggy East by lying dishonest wily Tories. In reply to this the outsider can only shrug his shoulders and wonder at the consoling effect of an hypothesis which seems to amount to this, that a section of the Liberal party, considerable enough to turn the scale, is gullible by the first loud promises, and can be made blind to the merits of the best of Governments by the first industrious person who takes the trouble to blind it.

#### WEIMAR.

WEIMAR, as Carlyle said of poetry, is "an attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious." The place is small, the population and commerce are scanty, the wealth is inconsiderable, and yet within its narrow limits no cabinet

picture is more nicely composed or finished. Hereabouts lies a district of duchies—Darmstadt, Cassel, Meiningen, Gotha, Brunswick, Weimar; and the princes, not being much encumbered with serious affairs, have given themselves, after the habit of the small Italian States of a former day, to elegant trifles and dilettanteism. Some have indulged an innocent passion for collecting clocks, watches, planetariums, and porcelain; others, such as Weimar, have collected great men; while one, Saxe-Meiningen, has of late devoted itself to training a troop of players. None ever rode a hobby or carried out an idea with more thoroughness than Weimar; letters were revived through illustrious persons residing on the spot; "culture" became the end of life; nature was enhanced by art; great products of genius were nursed, though in the narrowest of cradles. The Weimar of the present is what geologists might call a "raised beach"; the ocean has receded, leaving a dry shore of shingle with scattered fragments of mammoth skeletons. But the encircling landscape renews spring by spring her youth; leafy paths and babbling brooks remain to the Weimar of to-day what they were to Goethe and Schiller.

The slumbrous, grass-grown streets of Weimar at every turn speak of the dead; the statues of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder are in the public places, and in the Ducal Palace four rooms are decorated with frescoes illustrative of their works. Their houses are still kept up, and, with a poetic fitness, a local Shakespeare Society meets in Schiller's old abode. All travellers go to the prettily planted cemetery to see within the chapel crypt the tombs of Goethe, Schiller, and of the patron Duke, Karl August. Herder lies in the old Stadtkirche, and a tablet in the nave bears within the emblem of eternity the watchwords "Leben, Licht, Liebe." This church is also memorable by the possession of the chief art treasure of the town, "the Crucifixion," the masterpiece of Lucas Cranach, who here appears as the chronicler of the Reformation. The full-length, life-size portrait of Luther standing before the cross is "a master work of the first rank." The painter includes his own portrait; in the chancel lies his tombstone with full-length effigy, and in the principal square stands his dwelling; its handsome proportions tell that the arts in those days were not badly housed in Weimar.

The art collections in Weimar are choice rather than extensive. In the Duke's Palace, invaluable in the history of painting, are the original drawings in black and red chalk, by Leonardo da Vinci, of the heads of the Apostles in the Last Supper. The handling has an uncertainty and want of style which might indicate a copyist; but Dr. Ruland, whose authority is in high esteem in England, pronounces here on the spot in favour of their authenticity. He holds that existing defects are due to ill-usage in past times. These magnificent drawings, on the scale of the wall-painting, have certainly of late been in safe custody; formerly they were in the Ambrogian Library, Milan, and afterwards they passed through the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, so they come with fair credentials. It is cause for regret that permission has not yet been granted for taking full-size photographs of them; such studies ought to be seen in facsimile in every art library in Europe. Goethe with his wide-sweeping vision surveyed the career of Leonardo, and shows more than his accustomed knowledge in a review of the "Cenacolo," written at Weimar after his visit to the convent in Milan. The critic had scarcely sufficient technical skill to inspire the confidence of artists; but these heads in the Ducal Palace sustain his discriminating judgments. He points out how Leonardo reconciles individual character with generic form, and thus rises above the level of ordinary life. Within the little world of Weimar was fought out the battle of the schools; and Goethe, superior to considerations of mere consistency, in this essay as in other writings, is divided between realists and idealists.

The handsome Museum and Picture Gallery erected by the reigning Grand Duke conforms to the phases of æstheticism prevailing in Weimar. Scarcely a trace of the Gothic revival which has changed the face of other capitals is here found in the streets; and accordingly the sister arts, when seeking local habitation, selected as an architectural style one of the many versions of the Italian Renaissance which of late years has obtained currency throughout the German Empire. We can imagine Prince Bismarck to be afflicted with as strong a dislike of all symptoms of Gothic as the late Lord Palmerston. And as is the style of the Museum, so are its contents; they declare more positively than any other collection of equal size the epoch of the classic Renaissance which obtained supremacy in Germany towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. Foremost stand the wondrous designs of Carstens, who, guided by Winckelmann and inspired by Michael Angelo and Raffaele, and with a persistency only possible to a German, elaborated as slowly as surely these famous compositions from Dante and the stories of the Argonauts and the Centaurs. To understand Carstens, an artist who commands among his countrymen ever-increasing veneration, it is needful to visit Weimar. These drawings are about contemporaneous with Flaxman's designs, and were made, as a matter of course, in Rome. Carstens and Flaxman took their inspiration from the same originals. On the whole, the classic revival in England proved of more worth than that in Germany. Goethe, who in Italy had preceded Carstens by some ten years, was in complete mental concord with the artist, and became the means of securing for Weimar these pictorial expressions of poetic thought; while in Rome he was on the look-out for treasures, but his visits were too fugitive to bear much fruit. To the same school as Carstens, only less severely classic, belongs

Bonaventura Genelli. His somewhat romantic compositions in the Museum, wherein figure freely Satyrs, Centaurs, Bacchus, and Apollo, are conceived in the spirit of beauty, and come as the offspring of fancy and imagination. Genelli lived ten years or more in Weimar, where he died in 1868 at the age of seventy. Friedrich Preller survived just ten years later; the two friends lie in the cemetery which holds the ashes of the illustrious men of "Northern Athens." Among the more recent products of the Weimar School is the "Genelli Frieze," compositions after the style of Greek vases dedicated by Preller to his associates; the two artists were brothers in labour as in love. This pictorial narrative, after the fashion which obtains favour in modern Germany, depicts the life of the human race in the general, interspersed with the individual life of Genelli in the particular. Cupids, as might be expected, play conspicuous parts, and the draperies occasionally are scanty. Preller was the latest *genius loci*, a veritable product of the soil, and the Genelli Frieze now decorates the walls of his pretty villa in the chestnut avenue leading to the Ducal Belvedere.

The religious as well as the romantic phases of pictorial art in modern Germany also find a place in Weimar; indeed the two schools unite in a florid wall-picture in the Court Chapel by the local artist Professor Wislicenus, ex-director of the Düsseldorf Academy. Yet Christian art never held paramount sway, and the grand designs by Cornelius for the projected Campo Santo, Berlin, command a position within the Museum chiefly as creations of the imagination. The four Riders of the Apocalypse, here on a small scale, well known in replicas and reproductions, is accepted as one of the grandest and most original designs of our century; it breathes the spirit of the olden Teutonic days; but the drawing, when compared with Dürer's version of the Apocalyptic vision, shows the advance made by modern Germans on their forefathers, at least in the science of composition. Cornelius had little cause for gratitude towards Weimar, and the honour done to these ripe fruits of his old age serves as poetic justice to his memory. When a youth in Frankfort he sought fame and fortune by illustrating *Faust*, and his designs were brought by the friendly hand of Sulpiz Boisserée to Weimar, and handed with suitable prelude to the poet. Goethe did not find much to his liking; his inclination was towards the classic; and so he writes a cold patronizing letter which reveals the colour of the prevailing taste among reigning critics and princes. After a preliminary compliment to the pervading spirit of the olden time found within these designs to *Faust*, Goethe advises Cornelius to guard against the disadvantages of this line of study. His words read strangely by our present lights. "The German art of the sixteenth century," writes the Weimar oracle, "which lies at the basis of your work, cannot be accounted complete in itself, because it was but in process of development, and never attained the perfection of Italian art. Specially you must exercise your sense of the great and the beautiful by means of the most perfect examples of ancient and modern art." He then advises a pilgrimage to Rome, "where the creations of classic times and the works of the great painters will open to you a new world." Accordingly Cornelius, following in the footsteps of his critic, took the Italian journey, and in due course we hear of him at the house of Niebuhr on the Palatine Hill; a company of artists and friends are assembled and they read and discuss the "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Niebuhr did not hesitate to assert that the arch-critic "was utterly destitute of susceptibility to impressions from the fine arts"; and Cornelius broke into loud lamentations that Goethe should have taken a one-sided view of Italian art, that he should extol Palladio at the expense of the Gothic and the Middle Ages, while all joined in mourning over "the fatal Court life at Weimar where Samson had been shorn of his locks." Cornelius before quitting Frankfort had written a reply of characteristic independence to his censor; he expressed the hope that the time might come when in his own art he should attain the position held by Goethe in literature. The aspiration was realized when at length Cornelius won as his title "the Goethe of Painting."

The busts, portraits, and drawings in public and private collections make the illustrious dead living personages; the face of Dante is less often looked on in Italy than are the heads of Schiller and Goethe in Weimar. In the Museum is preserved the likeness of Goethe's mother, a woman of "mother wit," enthusiastic, we are told, yet shrewd and simple. One who made acquaintance with her features exclaimed, "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is." Also of rare value in the literary history of the place are the drawings from the life of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. Very striking is the pencil sketch, made by the friendly hand of Preller, of Goethe after death, lying as a demigod with a laurel wreath round his brow. The original is in private hands. To the Museum belongs a drawing of equal import in a different way—Goethe, in picturesque costume, reclining at his ease among the ruins of the Roman Campagna. And almost of autobiographical interest are sundry sketches by the poet's own hand, which plainly tell how wise was his determination to abandon the profession of art for literature. Strangely enough, these painstaking pencillings have none of the dash and devilry pertaining to the passionate youth and to the "Sturm und Drang" period; neither in composition nor in the relation of the parts to the whole do they evince that sense of situation which might be anticipated in a dramatist. The scenes chosen are often local; sometimes they reproduce stirring incidents in which the poet was a sharer with his noble patron. Materials are lying at Weimar which would furnish a more complete life of Goethe than any yet written; Lewes's clever sketch would bear further details.

Weimar has of late years further added to her treasures by wall-pictures that mark an epoch in European art. "The *cyclos*" of sixteen compositions by Friedrich Preller, decorating the corridor of the new Museum, are connected with interesting personal incidents. The painter was picked up as a charity-school boy in Weimar, and his talents attracted Goethe, who prevailed on the Grand Duke to train up the lad as an artist, to provide him with a pension, and to equip him for Italy. The sage was at that time engaged on inquiries concerning colour and atmospheric phenomena, and he employed Preller to make studies of clouds and skies. The painter took the poet as the pattern whereon to shape his career; the doctrines propounded concerning nature, types in creation, the correspondence between mind and matter, and the relation of the subjective to the objective, Preller sought to develop through his art. And as in Weimar literature had taken a dramatic form, so did he strive as it were to dramatize nature, and to use a landscape picture as a stage whereon to enact the drama of humanity. Correspondent with the mental sphere in which he had been cast, the theme he elaborated was less historic or political than poetic. The prescribed mission of his life was to depict the wanderings of Odysseus; he followed in the footsteps of his hero; in the bay of Baia, in Capri, on the shores of Salerno, he made countless studies; in the Vatican he drew from the antique; and so he collected as his materials the most lovely forms in nature and the highest types in man. The great "*cyclos*" of wall-pictures painted in a wax medium resembling Mr. Gambier Parry's "spirit fresco" follows Homer's entire narrative, beginning with the return of Odysseus from Troy, and ending with the hero in Ithaca. The praise of these pictorial achievements rung throughout Germany; but Goethe had been dead forty years before this fruit of his teachings came.

The Theatre still enters largely into Weimar life; in front of the present structure stands Rietschel's marble group, Schiller and Goethe hand in hand, as in the days when under their conjoined management were produced *Egmont*, *Wallenstein's Lager*, *Maria Stuart*, and *Wilhelm Tell*. On special occasions all the resources of the stage are concentrated on *Faust*, including the Second Part, and people from neighbouring districts flock into the little town as to a festival. Open-air theatricals were formerly the rage, and in the grounds of the Belvedere there still remains a mimic theatre—the stage, orchestra and seats moulded in the green turf and backed up by trees. Also the sylvan retreat at Tiefurt was a favourite haunt of the Muses, and tradition to this day points to the spot where Schiller recited the *Bell* to an audience standing on the grass. Nature, too, has her share in recalling the past. It is nearly a century since Goethe, with the eye of an artist, planned and planted the Park—a cunning feat in landscape-gardening, an epitome of woodland beauties, with a river winding through the midst. It has been said that the life of a tree survives dynasties, and these noble and graceful growths outlive fleeting generations, as if to carry to completion the scheme of their planters. Goethe and Schiller in these cool sequestered shades found relief from the heated air of the Court; as poets and as thinkers they sought repose and loved simplicity. Still there stands almost untouched the rural Gartenhaus, a leafy cradle wherein was nursed nascent science; the garden seats are yet inscribed with verse; but the flower beds have degenerated into a wilderness of weeds—a strange homily on Goethe's hobby, "the metamorphosis of plants"! Weimar, little altered, would seem now as in former days to say to the outer world, Politics and business are but vanities—life is best realized through art.

#### LORD DERBY AT SOUTHPORT.

THE opening of the new Liverpool docks supplies an almost ironical commentary upon some of the lamentations we have lately heard about the decline of English trade. The Chairman of the Dock Board assured the Prince of Wales that the occasion of his visit far surpassed "in magnitude and importance any occasion of former times." The new docks, he said, add immensely to the area in which ships can be received, and still more to the power of receiving them. In addition to ordinary traders, they are capable of receiving those renowned lines of steamers which carry on communication between the Mersey and the ports of British America and the United States. This is hardly the speech of a man who thinks that the prosperity of Liverpool is a thing of the past. If these steamers are to go on running something like reciprocity in trade must still exist, whatever may be the case as regards duties. There must be a point at which a nation which has no longer the wherewithal to pay for what it buys must cease buying. No array of figures showing the excess of imports over exports can affect this certain fact. The increase in the imports may ultimately come to an end, and, if the power of exporting comes to an end, it certainly will do so. But, so long as it continues, the balance of trade will maintain itself somehow. No doubt Liverpool on Thursday was in a state to take a more than commonly cheerful view of everything. But after every deduction has been made for the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and for the generally festive character of all the day's proceedings, the fact that the new docks have been built in times when the darkest predictions as to the course of English trade have been freely uttered and readily believed remains as a useful make-weight. Things may not be going as well as some of us could wish, but they must certainly be going a little better than some of us seem willing to allow.



The note of prosperity which—in spite of some appearances and mazy protestations to the contrary—these new Liverpool docks must be admitted to give, is repeated at Southport. It may be taken as certain that nearly 25,000*l.* would not have been laid out in building new markets if local opinion did not recognise a corresponding increase of trade in the recent past, or foresee it in the near future. No doubt Southport is a watering-place, and prosperous watering-places tell of pleasure rather than of business. But it is of pleasure which rests on and presupposes business. If Lancashire trade were as bad as is sometimes said, Lancashire traders would not have so much money to spend on the amusements of their wives and daughters. Southport has been more fortunate than Liverpool in finding a prophet ready to discern and interpret the signs of the times. Lord Derby made the opening of the market an occasion for a speech marked by much of the shrewd common sense which is usually claimed as his distinguishing characteristic. No place, however prosperous it may be for the moment, can “detach its destinies” from those of the country to which it belongs; and, before venturing to cheer the people of Southport with the near hope of better days, Lord Derby chose to inquire into the present and probable condition of England as a whole. Is there any solid ground for the despondency which is so generally expressed, if not so generally felt? Is English agriculture about to be destroyed by foreign competition, and English trade about to be ruined by foreign tariffs? Lord Derby does not think that either of these fears has very much foundation. As regards agriculture, he attributes the present depression entirely to bad seasons. Such a succession of them has not been known in our time. But, then, before our time there were seasons equally bad, which in time were followed by good seasons; and, as there is no reason to suppose that the English climate has permanently changed, the bad seasons from which the farmers have been suffering for the last four or five years will in their turn give place to good seasons. Lord Derby does not commit himself to any particular kind of crop. He does not say that wheat-growing or cattle-breeding will ever again be the business it has been. But he points to the growing population, and to the fact that the majority of this population live in towns; and upon these two data he builds the conclusion that the cultivator who has that insatiable market to supply can never be beaten out of the field by rivals 5,000 miles off. Englishmen eat other things besides meat and bread and things that do not easily bear transport from long distances. The demand thus created must be met somehow, and met by cultivators near at hand; and, with this necessity in view, land, in Lord Derby’s estimation, is as good an investment—the price being taken into account—as ever it has been before. As regards trade, Lord Derby holds that facts and figures combine to tell a similar story. To his mind the excess of imports over exports only proves that our foreign trade is exceedingly profitable, and that we have enormous sums invested in foreign countries. The tests he prefers to appeal to are the deposits in the savings banks—43,000,000*l.* in 1870, 78,000,000*l.* in 1880; the statistics of poor relief—1,079,000 paupers in 1870, 837,000 in 1880; the consumption of a popular luxury, such as tea—117,060,000 lbs. in 1870, 158,000,000 lbs. in 1880; Income-tax returns—445,000,000*l.* in 1870, 578,000,000*l.* in 1880; increasing population; high price of Government securities—in short, all the outward and visible signs of prosperity, coming when, according to many popular prophets, there is nothing but loss and eventual destruction awaiting us. In the face of these signs, “it is almost childish to despond and lament, because five years of exceptionally bad weather and disturbed trade have caused severe suffering to some classes.” The strong man not accustomed to illness is not easily persuaded that the petty ailment by which he is tormented and weakened will pass off and leave him as well as ever. This, according to Lord Derby, is the condition of England to-day.

It is most useful to have these encouraging views pressed upon our attention by so capable an advocate as Lord Derby, and with most of them we entirely agree. Indeed, Lord Derby’s figures afford irresistible proof that England has not yet begun seriously to decline in strength or prosperity. There is another side, however, to the picture which may supply a necessary modification in one or two of Lord Derby’s conclusions. The very circumstance that there was never a time when land was likely to be a better investment suggests that the prices which make the purchase of land so profitable cannot possibly have the same effect as regards its sale or its cultivation. The landlord who is willing to part with his land on easy terms has probably not found it possible to get his old rents, and the farmers who have refused to go on paying the old rents have probably not found it possible to do so and yet make a living out of their farms. This state of things represents a kind of distress which Lord Derby’s language seems scarcely adequate to describe. It may be a temporary distress as regards the community at large, but it is more than a temporary distress as regards some of the most valuable classes of the community. It seems quite possible that landowners and farmers may be in the position of the original shareholders in certain railways. If we take the present price of the stock, compare it with what it was twenty years ago, and note how steadily it has risen in the interval, we naturally congratulate the fortunate holders. But the good investments of twenty years back represent an equivalent number of bad investments dating from a still earlier period. The original shareholders lost their money, and those who saw the prices to which stock had fallen in consequence no doubt said, and said

quite truly, that there never was a time when railways were likely to be a better investment. The difference in the present case lies partly in the magnitude of the classes affected, and partly in the relation which their losses bear to their means. There were many railway shareholders; but what were they in comparison with the country gentry and the farmers? What was lost in railways was usually the savings made in the course of earning a livelihood; what is lost in land is usually the means of earning a livelihood as well. There is a little of what may be called the gross produce fallacy about this part of Lord Derby’s speech. Land in England may yield as large a profit in the future as it has ever yielded in the past, but if it yields it to a differently constituted society, the happiness of the community may possibly be less. At all events, it is not a matter for wonder that the particular classes who can see no place for them in the England of another generation should be tempted to take this gloomy view.

As regards trade, Lord Derby’s position is less assailable. The figures he gives do seem to show that, in spite of hostile tariffs, the advance has been great and continuous; and that, though the rate of progress is less rapid than it once was, it is, on the whole, progress still. The very magnitude of the interests affected by these tariffs is not unlikely to prove their salvation. France and the United States cannot afford to ruin their best customer. If they came anywhere near to it, we might fairly hope that their own trade would be so much injured in the process that they would have to change their fiscal policy from considerations of the purest selfishness. English trade had still more to suffer as regards America when the necessity of meeting the expenses of the Civil War sent the tariff to a point of which the wildest Protectionist had never dreamed. Yet there was not as much murmuring then as there is now—the reason, perhaps, being that then no hope was entertained of getting retaliatory or compensating duties imposed on this side, whereas at present a large number of persons are unduly sanguine upon this head.

#### FRENCH SLANG.

IT is natural that a guild, fraternity, or society should develop its own technical words and phrases, by means of which its members can converse with each other on business without being understood by *cowans* and intruders on their mysteries. When the *imperium in imperio* is a distinct nationality, like the Jews or gipsies, the native language is ready to hand for the purpose; and, becoming corrupted as the tribe assimilate themselves more and more with the people amongst whom they live, it degenerates into a mongrel dialect such as English Romany, Rothwulch, and other cryptic tongues. Such a means of intercommunication is obviously a necessity of existence to thieves and other extra-social orders, and their secret talk filters through by a very natural process into the conversation of the dissolute, though not exactly criminal, ranks of society. From these various elements a more general “slang” is gradually evolved, and, commending itself to the “gilded youth” whose notion of “seeing life” is confined to mixing with the dregs of the population, it rises in time to the surface, and words originally devised to cover some disgraceful thought or act are made part and parcel of the common parlance of the better classes. In no country is this more marked than in France, where even such purists and masters of the language as Théophile Gautier do not scruple to make use of *argot*. Concerning the derivation of this word philologists are at variance, but the most rational derivation seems to be from the old word *argue*, like *argutie*, “a quibble,” which has the same origin, and *parler argot* would seem to have been primarily equivalent to making use of some subtlety of speech. French Argot is a composite dialect containing seven distinct elements:—1. Old French or Provençal words; 2. Substituted expressions; 3. Arbitrary modifications of words; 4. Alliterative or onomatopoeic sounds; 5. Jeux de mots; 6. Reminiscences of history, politics, the drama, literature, &c.; and 7. Foreign words imported into the language. To the first class belong such words as *fiche*, now constantly in the mouth of every Parisian, and serving for almost every conceivable verbal expression. As early as the fourteenth century we find a *Maréchal de Boucicaut* forcing the Saracens to beat a retreat *et à se fiche dans des jardins*; later on he pursues them *et fiche en prison ceux qu’il attrappe*, just as a modern gendarme *fiche son homme au violon*—the latter word meaning the police station. The substituted expressions are either arbitrary or represent some function, quality, or aspect of the original word, such as “ticker” in English for “a watch,” and *tuyau de poêle*, like the American “stove-pipe,” as French slang for a hat. The modified words are still more arbitrary, such as *connobrer* for *connaître*, *icigo* for *ici* and the like. Of the imitative sounds *frou frou* for the rustling of silk is a sufficiently well-known example. The *jeux de mots* are sometimes very recondite in character; for instance, in the middle ages *maille* was the name of a coin and the *haubert* was a coat of mail; from this comes the modern word *aubert* in the sense of money. Another curious word for money in Argot is *brisie*, “embers”—that is, “the thing which makes the pot boil.” In English slang “coals” is used in exactly the same sense and the Romanians have translated it into *vongar*, with the identical meaning. Amongst these plays on words may be reckoned anagrams and “back-slang,” such as *linapri*, “prince,” and *arsouille* (for *souillart*), “blackguard,” also a mediæval word. To the “reminiscences” belong such names as Tartuffe, l’*échinelle*, and epithets like Gambettiste, Badinguiste, and so on.

the *propos* of the last expression, it will be remembered that Badinguet was the name of the mason disguised in whose clothes Napoleon III. escaped from the prison of Ham, and stuck to him as a nick-name ever after. During the Italian campaign the Emperor called up a soldier who had distinguished himself for bravery in a certain engagement, and, fastening the cross of the Legion of Honour to his breast, asked him his name. The man hesitated, looked foolish, and at length flatly refused to tell it; but on being commanded to speak out, and asked the reason for his reticence, he naïvely remarked, "Moi aussi, je m'appelle Badinguet." The foreign words in French slang are very numerous, and English has contributed a large share, "dandy," "handicap," "jockey," and the like, being quite familiar to the frequenter of the Boulevards. One would at first sight be inclined to derive the French *chic* from the English "cheek"; but it appears that the English is itself the derived word, *chic* being an old Romance word signifying *finesse* or subtlety, and forming the root of our own word *chicanery*.

Argot is, as might be expected, peculiarly rich in idioms for expressing the various stages of alcoholism. Thus, at the outset one is said *être bien*, *avoir sa pointe*, *être monté*, *en train*, *poussé*, *parti*, *lancé*, or *en patrouille*. A little later the patient is *légèrement ému*; presently he becomes *attendri*, a condition which is presently followed by that state of self-contemplation which Hans Breitmann has so beautifully expressed in his meditation upon a rocky Æolian harp:—

Und so mit dis toxigation  
Which hardens de outer Me;  
Ueber stein und schwein, de weine  
Still harps out a melodic.  
Boot deeper de Ur-lied ruget  
Ober stein und wein und schweins,  
Dill it ended where all peginnet,  
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,  
In de dipsy, dreamless sloomper  
Which units de Nichts and Seyns.

In this philosophic stage it is said of the individual *il voit en dedans*. Arrived at this stage he is decidedly *émêché*, and may expect *mal aux cheveux* in the morning. A somewhat more sombre view of life is suggested by the number of words for assassination—*faire nuer*, *refroider*, *chouriner* or *souriner*, *capahuter*, and so on; while the synonyms for thieving and cheating are simply innumerable.

The Parisian Argot is widely extended in its range. The famous Vidocq, in his work *Les Voleurs*, says:—

La langue argotique semble aujourd'hui être arrivée à son apogée; elle n'est plus seulement celle des tavernes et des mauvais lieux, elle est aussi celle des théâtres; encore quelques pas, et l'entrée des salons lui sera permise.

This was in 1837; in 1842 Nestor Roqueplan showed that Vidocq's prediction was already fulfilled; and Balzac, who appreciated the liveliness and energy of the disreputable tongue, speaks as follows:—

Disons le, peut-être à l'étonnement de beaucoup de gens, il n'est pas de langue plus énergique, plus colorée que celle de ce monde. . . . L'argot va toujours, d'ailleurs! Il suit la civilisation, il la talonne, il s'enrichit d'expressions nouvelles à chaque nouvelle invention.

As far back as the time of the First Empire, Argot seems to have found its way into the drawing-rooms, as the following anecdote sufficiently proves. M. de Beaumont, who was then Chamberlain to Napoleon, announced one evening at a reception at the Tuileries, "Mme. la Maréchale Lefebvre!" The Emperor advanced courteously and said with marked emphasis, "*Bonjour, Madame la Duchesse de Dantick!*" On this the Duchess turned round to the too laconic official and said, "*Ah! ça te la coupe, cadet!*" which may be freely translated, "that's one for your nob, young chap!" But then the *habitudes* of the courts of the *Monapartes* were for the most part what Balzac calls *grognots*, "not up to much." Popular cries, often arising from a trifling incident, contribute a number of strange idioms to Parisian slang. Some years back a countrywoman was noticed bustling about a railway station in the capital, vainly seeking for her husband whom she had lost, and crying "Où est Lambert?" This tickled the fancy of the crowd; the words flew like lightning over Paris, and formed for years a good-humoured though somewhat idiotic form of "chaff." As great a popularity, though shorter-lived, was achieved by the admiring phrase of "Oh, c'to-tête!" ("Oh, what a head!"), with which a *gamin* greeted the turbaned head of the Sultan of Zanzibar as it was protruded from the window of the railway carriage on its owner's arrival in Paris. Among the popular French slang words for "head" we may notice the term "coco," given—like our own "nut"—on account of the similarity in shape between a cocoanut and a human skull:—

Mais, de ce franc picton de table  
Qui rend spirituel, aimable,  
Sans vous alourdir le coco,  
Je m'en fourre à gogo.—H. VALÈRE.

Another word is *binette*, though this perhaps refers rather to the physiognomy in general. In the *Dernier jour d'un condamné* we read:—"Vous demandez ma tête, monsieur le procureur du roi. . . . Je regarde votre binette et je comprends votre ambition." *Binette* was the name of a fashionable Court hairdresser in the time of "Le grand monarque." Another of these popular Paris sayings is "*et ta sœur?*" which is as insulting a remark to a Parisian as the apparently harmless remark *sala*, "brother-in-law," is to a Hindoo.

Simple expressions are sometimes made to bear a much greater amplitude of construction in Argot than in the common lan-

guage; thus *As-tu fini?* an abbreviation of *as-tu fini tes manières?* is used as an ironical hint that the interlocutor is only wasting his words in endeavouring to convince the speaker, as "Rires; cris; as-tu fini? . . . A la porte! . . . Asseyez-vous dessus!" The last idiom, which recalls our own expression "to sit upon," means to impose silence on any one:—

Asseyez-vous d'assus  
Et que ça finisse.  
Asseyez-vous d'assus  
Et n'en parlons plus.

It is curious to note how the same slang expressions occur in languages widely remote from each other; *ba sar i kasi nishatan*, "to sit on any one's head," is, for instance, an old Persian idiom for repression or punishment. The familiar action of coachmen to quiet a fallen horse may have something to do with this, although the incident recorded in the "Bab Ballads" can scarcely be common all over the world:—

Her parents incessantly thrashed her;  
On water and bread  
She was sparingly fed;  
And whenever her father he lashed her  
Her mother sat down on her head.

The vulgar English idiom, "Do you see any green in my eye?" has its exact counterpart in French, though the two peoples appear to have arrived at it independently. Monselet has the following passage:—"Et quand tu m'auras bien aimée, en serai-je plus avancée, je te prie? Regarde donc de quelle nuance est mon œil." One may also say simply *mon œil*; "Quand le démonstrateur expose la formation des bancs de charbon de terre, mon voisin s'écrie avec un atticisme parfait: *Oui, mon œil!*" This extract reminds us of the story of the undergraduate who, being asked in *vind voss* examination on the New Testament, "Who were the sisters of Bethany?" placed one forefinger beside his nose, and retorted, with a knowing wink, "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" Indeed there is scarcely a locution that does not suggest some English parallel. Monselet's words, "En serai-je plus avancée?" for example, naturally call up an inimitable picture in *Punch* of a tenant's dinner, at which one of the "quality," addressing his next-door neighbour, remarks what delicious claret it is that they are drinking. "Yes," says the farmer, sententiously, "*but we don't seem to get no forrarder.*" As a test of national disposition Argot is scarcely inferior to the traditional ballad. Parisian slang especially is very characteristic of the people who make use of it; it is lively, witty, and energetic, often something more than *un peu risqué*, but always amusing. Apart from its philological interest, and the necessity for at least a slight acquaintance with it for understanding popular French literature, *la langue verte* will well repay investigation.

#### BREAKFAST.

THE first idea that occurs to an Englishman in connexion with eating is, of course, his dinner. This is a vast subject in itself, and one upon which alone whole volumes might be, and indeed have been, given to the world. But however vast the subject may be, and however conflicting the theories that have from time to time been advanced by the professors of the various schools of gastronomy, it will be found that the arena of discussion has of late years become somewhat narrowed, and that there is now a pretty general consensus of opinion as to what may or may not be safely indulged in at this supreme moment by an average mortal of the nineteenth century. Nor do modern habits admit of much divergence of opinion as to the time when the all-important meal should be enjoyed; for, to whatever extent we may rail at the increasing lateness of the dinner-hour, we do not, as a rule, exhibit any inclination to adopt the only means of remedying it—namely, an alteration in the hours of our daily vocations, whether in the way of business or pleasure. Luncheon is, in the eyes of a professed gastronomer, an ignoble meal, suited only to the capacities of ladies and children, and not deserving of the concentration of the higher powers of the mind, or the more profound resources of the culinary art. It is, moreover, to most men an uncertain and moveable feast, and many get on very well without any luncheon at all, or with the lightest possible form of refreshment, that can hardly be called a meal. It is, perhaps, just as well for themselves that this should be so, for when a man once takes seriously to three or four courses and "vintage wines" at luncheon, the chances are that it is all up with him, and that indigestion has marked him for his own. But breakfast in one form or another is an absolute necessity, and the first meal of the day may fairly claim to be considered, if not altogether equal, as at least only second in importance, to the crowning ceremony of dinner.

Important, however, as it undoubtedly is, there is no meal respecting which there is a greater diversity of opinion, or upon which it is more difficult to lay down any abstract rules that shall be generally acceptable. Hardly any two persons entirely agree in their views as to what is the most desirable form of breakfast; and if a searcher after the ideal were to follow all the advice open to him, the chances are that he would either never breakfast at all, or would rush into such extremes as would bring him and his breakfasting to an untimely end. A good deal of this uncertainty is doubtless due to the changes of modern civilization. In the days of our forefathers, breakfast was almost as solid, if not as pretentious, a meal as dinner;

and the modern trifler with his tea and toast reads with astonishment of the consumption as a matter of course of huge rounds of beef and tankards of ale at an hour when he is usually wrapped in slumbers from which it would be most painful to him to be aroused. It must, of course, be remembered that these heroes of the knife and fork were probably snug in bed and well into their first sleep at a time when a modern evening is only just beginning; and, after having risen in what we should call the small hours of the morning, they would naturally be not disinclined for some refreshment of a solid and sustaining nature as early as six or seven o'clock. There is something about these old-world repasts that is pleasantly suggestive of the rudest of health and of active outdoor exercise; and the mind is apt to dwell fondly and perhaps regretfully on the records of gastronomic feats that modern habits have rendered a thing of the past. For he would be indeed a bold man who should attempt to combine the daily routine of social life at the latter end of the nineteenth century with a breakfast of cold beef and ale; and should he survive even a very limited course of such treatment, he might congratulate himself on being the possessor of an iron constitution, and on being absolutely impervious to the attacks of indigestion. Degenerate as we are, however, we have not lost all traces of the good old-fashioned breakfasts of the middle ages, which still survive to a modified extent in many country houses throughout the kingdom. And what is generally known as a "country-house breakfast" is perhaps, after all, the pleasantest way of indulging in this necessary and much-debated meal that is still open to us. There are, in the first place, many of the surroundings that existed in the old days, in the form of fresh air, exercise, and fairly reasonable hours. A quiet country life is essentially conducive to good appetite and good digestion; and the overstrained man of business finds that a few nights' quiet sleep, with a complete rest from brain-work, will enable him to tackle his breakfast with a zest that is unknown to him in London. Given good health and a pleasant party, there is certainly something peculiarly cheerful and exhilarating about the breakfast hour on a fine morning in the country. The chances are that there is something going forward in the way of sport or other recreation which provides a topic of cheerful conversation to every one as he appears in turn. If it is summer, there is very likely a cricket match or lawn tennis party coming off, affording an ample field for friendly discussion and good-humoured "chaff." One gentleman, who is known to be no great hand at breakfast at any time, is entreated not to eat too much for fear of imperilling his chances of a long score; another is warned that it is likely to be a very hot day, and that he cannot be too careful of his complexion; while a third, who is notoriously addicted to the good things of this life, may find himself beset by a circle of importunate friends, who press upon him everything there is to eat on the table, exhorting him to keep himself up and fortify his system against the coming fatigues of the day. Nor is the occasion one to be missed by the ladies of the party, to whom the day's programme offers ample opportunities for the exhibition of their prettiest and most becoming dresses. It has long passed into a tradition that Englishwomen are the only members of their sex throughout the world who are able to stand the ordeal of early morning hours. What, indeed, can be more bewitching or more dangerous to the peace of mind of a susceptible bachelor than the first appearance of a fair English girl on a fine summer's morning, with all the accessories of a fresh and simple toilet, relieved, perhaps, by a dainty rose or a ribbon of the representative colours of the house or club, with the fortunes of which she is sure to identify herself during the day in the keenest and probably the most unreasonable manner? There is no time during the day when there are more opportunities for paying those little attentions which are so pleasant to all parties concerned. There are few houses where, after breakfast has got well under way, the servants are not banished from the room, whereby the attendance on the ladies devolves upon the gentlemen of the party; and, although ladies are not as a rule great breakfast-eaters, there will probably be ample opportunities for any one who is really anxious to display his devotion. In short, breakfast affords an excellent field for flirtation, and a great deal of quiet "business" can be effected at this early period of the day.

Nor do the changing seasons in any way diminish the social attractions of the country-house breakfast-table. It may be a question, indeed, whether there is not more real joviality about it in autumn or winter than in the balmy atmosphere of mid-summer. There is now something to be shot or hunted; and this alone is sufficient to impart a zest and a pleasurable bustle to the occasion which hardly any other form of amusement can supply. Apart from the actual importance of the particular sport on hand, the real or imaginary spice of danger attaching to it affords a further opening for the interchange of tender expressions, whether spoken or merely implied. A gentle entreaty to be careful with "that dreadful horse"—a sort of double-barrelled compliment, by the way, as implying not only that the person addressed is an object of attraction to his fair neighbours, but that he is about to bestride a quadruped requiring exceptional equestrian skill—or an anxiously expressed hope that the bold battue-shooter may not be brought home with a charge or two of shot distributed about his person, are very powerful weapons in the armoury of feminine allurements; especially when, as is often the case where hunting or shooting is the order of the day, an early and informal breakfast is instituted, ostensibly for men only, but from which it is understood that ladies, if they have any particular reason for

getting up early, are not to be altogether debarred. What can be more overpowering or more calculated to make a hesitating suitor cast all prudence and caution to the winds than to find that a fair damsel has got up at an unearthly hour on a cold winter's morning for the express purpose, as she is pretty sure to let him know by some means or other, of seeing him off or of ministering in some way to his comfort. Many a man's fate has been sealed in this way; and it would, indeed, require exceptional sternness of disposition not to be overcome by such a touching manifestation of regard.

All this will, however, be looked upon as sheer barbarism by the true philosopher and skilled breakfast-eater, who, as a rule, prefers, on the grounds both of health and comfort, to take his morning meal in the strictest solitude, and who would consider the surroundings of such a breakfast-table as we have referred to calculated to upset his organization for the rest of the day. As he sips his carefully-prepared cup of cocoa, or loiters over his morsel of fish or other light and easily-digested adjunct of a repast which would have been looked upon by his great-grandfather as only suitable for an invalid, he will probably shudder at the idea of a noisy party at such an hour in the morning, and congratulate himself on having sufficient judgment and strength of mind to keep aloof from such preposterous orgies. There can be no doubt that his view of the case, though perhaps somewhat unsocial, is by no means without justification. It is impossible to deny that a solitary breakfast has advantages which to many may seem altogether to outweigh the frivolous attractions of a gregarious meal. For to enjoy the latter thoroughly, it is in the first place necessary to be in the possession of good health and a fair amount of animal spirits; and there are few of us who do not occasionally get up in the morning with a disposition to shun our fellow-creatures, and a longing to be left in peace until the day shall be a little older and we feel strong enough to battle with what it may bring forth. There are some, moreover, who may be inclined to shrink from the enforced publicity of the social breakfast-table in the matter of their morning letters, which in many country houses, especially those where old-established customs are rigidly maintained, are timed to appear when breakfast is about half over and conversation is perhaps beginning to flag. There is doubtless much that is impressive about the entry of the confidential upper servant with the post-bag, and the solemn unlocking thereof by the master of the house; and the subsequent distribution of its contents is probably to many the most exciting moment of the day. But, should it happen that your letters contain bad news, or even such intelligence only as requires your immediate and undivided attention, the laughter and chatter going on around you will sound all of a sudden strangely discordant, and your only object will be to escape as quickly as possible to the solitude of your own room. Or you may have your own reasons for not wishing that a certain handwriting or a certain monogram should be observed by that charming lady by your side, who nevertheless will have seen it, and formed her own conclusions on the subject, before you have had time to take possession of the letter; and you feel, as you open it with a feigned indifference, that all hope of secrecy on that subject at any rate is at an end. If by any chance there is no letter for you at all, you are conscious of being an object of somewhat contemptuous pity, not only to the trusty domestic who passes you without thrusting his salver under your nose, but to the company in general; and your sentiments, which under the influence of a good breakfast and pleasant society, were beginning to expand into general philanthropy and a disposition thoroughly to enjoy yourself, are changed into envy, hatred, malice, and a general feeling of bitterness and discontent. All this is happily avoided in those well-ordered establishments where the post comes in quite early in the morning, and where you can have your letters brought up to your room before coming down to breakfast. But even then you may be called upon to face a mixed company and to join in conversation or laughter for which the perusal of your letters or the state of your health has rendered you singularly indisposed; and you may find yourself wishing that every British subject was compelled by legislative enactment to breakfast alone. On such occasions, indeed, you may be tempted to contrast your present position somewhat unfavourably with the freedom and independence of a bachelor's life in chambers or lodgings, and to register a vow, to be religiously observed until some unusually pleasant invitation causes you to throw your good resolutions on one side, that you will henceforward eschew country-house parties and live the life of a recluse. For it need hardly be observed that, in order thoroughly to enjoy the advantages arising from a solitary breakfast, it is necessary either to be a bachelor or to have acquired a state of independence that is vouchsafed to few married men.

It would seem hardly fitting to quit this subject without some reference to a particular form of breakfast which, although now happily gone out of fashion, will be remembered by many still living, and which indeed appears to have been much in vogue among an otherwise intelligent and sensible class of men up to within the last thirty or forty years. We refer to those matutinal gatherings of which we read in biographies and memoirs, convoked at the house of some leading luminary in the literary or political world, which, commencing at the normal breakfast-hour, were prolonged far into the day. We are usually given to understand that on these occasions the flow of wit and anecdote was brilliant and unceasing, though it must have been rather trying to be expected to be brilliant or amusing so early in the morning. Anything more hopelessly uncomfortable or more entirely out-

posed to all accepted theories as to what is conducive to health and digestion it would be difficult to imagine. Of all modern social inflictions to be avoided on the score of general discomfort, an average wedding-breakfast is about the worst. But these convivial or literary breakfasts must have been even more trying in some respects; for, as a wedding-breakfast does not usually take place till at least the middle of the day, there is generally the possibility of getting through a certain amount of the day's business beforehand. But if you are invited to breakfast at nine or ten o'clock, and sit over it till about the modern hour for luncheon or even later, the chances are that by this time you will be hopelessly demoralized, and that the rest of the day will, for all practical purposes, be gone. In these days, in fact, such a thing would be out of the question, for no one except the veriest idler could afford the time for such an entertainment; and to ask a party of friends to breakfast with you, unless for some very special purpose, would be regarded as a somewhat questionable form of hospitality. The practice undoubtedly survives to a certain extent in such comparatively old-world retreats as the Universities, where not only is the greater part of the morning often taken up by a meal that, for the solidity of its component parts, would not have done discredit to the ancestors of the party, but where it is the fashion to indulge in such strange mixtures both of solids and fluids as would have tried the digestive powers of a fox-hunting squire of the seventeenth century, and would in all probability be fatal to any stomach but that of an undergraduate. But, as a feature of general society, the breakfast party is a thing of the past; and in the interests of our health and our digestions it is to be hoped that it will never again come into fashion.

#### METUALI FARMERS.

PERSONS who have not visited the least-known parts of the Lebanon chain can form no idea of the pleasant life of its mountain-farmers. It is a pastoral existence combining the attractions of Northern Italy with a finer climate than that of the Venetian Alps, with greater freedom, and with the traditional charm of the East. Here, and here only, can we see the Arab mares with their foals roaming free on the hillsides, the flocks of goats following the tune of the pipe, the oxen treading out the corn, and the full grapes pressed into the cup. Here the trickle of a water sweeter than wine springing ice-cold from the rock, and the cries of the kites borne up from the valleys on a breeze fresh with the scent of pine-woods and of the sea, are the only sounds that break in on a lazy mid-day silence unknown to cities. In the distance the snow-topped peaks of Ain Etla and Jebel Sunneen form a fine background for a picture that changes with every curve of the mule-paths—a picture of no very striking beauty perhaps, but still one that has its own unique fascination. Nowhere else can industry and desolation be seen at such perpetual strife; every inch of the higher ground has to be disputed with the stubborn blue rock, and a Norfolk farmer would be ashamed of his annual grumbling were he to see the land which, taking the good with the bad, can give from ten to thirty per cent. on outlay. The comparative poverty of the earth is, however, compensated for by the magnificent climate, and soil which would be worth little elsewhere yields double and treble crops on the Syrian slopes. The mulberry trees stripped in early spring give a second leaf harvest in autumn, and the Franjeeyeh grape may be said to bear for two-thirds of the year, showing new leaves, buds, unripe fruit, and matured clusters on the same vine. The hollows which have caught the rains, and the strip on either side of the smaller streams, may be sowed and reaped twice between February and November with almost any cereal. The most usual products are wheat and barley, which will grow with little care, and are sure to command remunerative prices, besides supplying the wants of the grower; but we have seen capital heads of maize lining the watercourses in sheltered divides, and tobacco will often flourish freely even on the high grounds.

The race of cultivators who enjoy these natural advantages are frugal almost to a fault. Men worth a couple of million of piastres will dress and live in a style below that of an English ploughboy. Although imbued with a certain traditional sense of honour on some points, they are almost without that pride in their belongings which should distinguish their social status. Abundance to eat and drink, and freedom from oppression, constitute the *summum bonum* of their existence. True, they have a sturdy independence which is pitifully conspicuous by its rarity throughout the Ottoman Empire, but this is not the healthy sort of pride one would like to see among them. It is merely a result of their immunity from the grinding of the supreme Government, for, with the exception of some of the outlying districts, most of the mountain-farms are beyond the jurisdiction of the Vilayet, and exempt from its taxation and tyranny. The difference between properties where the foot of the Effendi does not forbid the grass to grow, and those where he claims a seigneurial right, is most striking. The threshing-floors of the former are scenes of festive gatherings, where each man winnows out his corn and carries home his full measures untroubled by officials. At the haydars of the latter the revenue officers, in costumes that have seen better days, with pen and ink, sieve and shovel, set apart the Sultan's tenth, and stamp his heaps with the ponderous wooden seal, leaving the hated "Vilayah Souria" to warn off peculating fingers. We need hardly add that the rightful taxes are the smallest burden these villages have to bear.

We are speaking now, however, of the true Lebanon farmer, and we will take for illustration the natives of a small village in the Kessrouan, which shall be nameless, and which will suit our purpose as well as another. Most of its inhabitants are Metualis, the only Christian tenant being an ancient Maronite miller. His co-religionists who once dwelt there have been slowly ousted from the field by their neighbours, who are better farmers, and who, when once they acquire a working majority in a district, soon get it all to themselves. Besides pastoral and agricultural pursuits, few or no industries appear to exist amongst the Metuali. Every man is his own mason, carpenter, joiner, and tailor. The houses are very roughly thrown together, built of limestone hewn out of the ground, if not picked off its surface, each piece being piled on as it happens best to fit into the angles left by its predecessors. Inside, the walls are plastered with a composition of mud, lime, and straw, and the door generally boasts a couple of supporting posts, on the tops of which the largest stone in the building is laid crosswise. The windows are merely left out in the course of construction, and in their place are a few pieces of plank nailed together with the idea of fostering a delusion that the weather can be kept out at night. The dwellings of rich and poor differ but slightly, only that the former will perhaps have frescoed figures daubed on the wall in red and blue paint, and a trestle or two, on which a mattress makes apology for a divan. As a rule they are all cleanly to look at, though experience will possibly force the traveller of to-day to complain, like his first forerunners, "de la grande planté de mouches, et de puces grans et grosses qui estoient dans l'ost." Household utensils are few and primitive. The *batterie de cuisine* is inexpensive, consisting in four bricks and a dozen iron spits, with perhaps a universal saucepan. A flea-brush made of the twigs of a sticky plant stands facing a red jar, containing the day's water supply, in the opposite corner, and the furniture is complete. For visitors a table of a foot high may be produced and a mat unrolled, but such a display is extraordinary, and chairs do not enter into the compass of imagination at any time. For out-of-door work all implements that will admit of it are made of wood most deftly fashioned. In dress the Metuali are as modest as in their other surroundings. That of the women is simple, and does not give much scope to vanity. It consists in a bodice cut very low and very narrow in front and drawn in tight to the figure at the waist, while a skirt, generally of the same piece, covers a pair of ample trousers. Their head-dress is merely a coloured kerchief tied over and under the two plaits of hair which are allowed to hang down the back; and some wear curls on either side of the temples in imitation of the Bedouin girls. An amber or glass-bead necklace, a brass ring, and a bracelet or two of debased silver, are the usual ornaments. Earrings are not very commonly to be seen. The costume of the men is more picturesque than that of their wives and sisters, and the grace with which these sons of the mountain carry themselves even in rags and tatters is surprising. No painter or sculptor need seek a finer model than a Metuali shepherd springing from rock to rock, and stopping now and again with upraised arm to recall his flock to their duty by voice and sure-aimed stones. They almost all dress alike in loose blue pantaloons tucked into huge knee-boots made of half-tanned leather, and always used as protection against snakes. A variegated waistcoat will sometimes cover a shirt, and oftener do duty for one; while over all is the black-striped *abbas*, a heavy blanket-cloak, of no particular shape, which serves equally to guard against the heat and the cold. The head is protected by the becoming *kefia*, which is a square scarf made of silk or cotton, and bound over the forehead by a double coil of thick woollen rope dyed black, and sometimes as large as an inch in diameter. This coiffure, which will make an ugly man look well, is admirably adapted to set off the bronzed beauty of the mountaineers, who are, however, utterly indifferent to its ornamental virtues as compared to its comfort by day or night. The outfit is completed by the belt of many colours, holding the *galion*, or pipe, and the indispensable knife, with the addition sometimes of a pistol and brass shield-shaped cases for powder and shot.

It is easily to be supposed that a life so rude as theirs leaves little time to the Metuali for the cultivation of the higher accomplishments. Not one in fifty of them can read or write, and a sharpened memory is the only account-book they can keep. To such a pitch is this faculty heightened in some instances as to be little short of marvellous. We remember the steward of a large estate who rendered his complicated accounts weakly without notes of any sort, and it was avowed that he could recapitulate the items of any villager's debit and credit, together with the expenditure of his master's establishment, for the last ten years. They are quite aware of their want of mental training, and are ready to express shame when reminded of it; but they will always excuse themselves on the plea of no need existing to stimulate them towards bettering their education. Their amusements consist in the most primitive dancing and singing. The chant of the women is inferior in point of art even to that of the Ghawazeyeh, but it is far sweeter, as they do not aim at the metallic nasal twang so much prized in Egypt. When singing in chorus, they trill a refrain to each verse very much in the style of a Swiss jodel, which has a pleasing effect, especially at night, when the facial exertions are not apparent. Their dance is of quite a rudimentary kind, and has neither grace nor quaintness to recommend it. Although, as a rule, no woman is allowed to dance in the presence even of her own husband, or indeed of any near male relative, the rule is not



strictly observed, and we have seen man and wife perform their antics in company, notwithstanding, too, that he was a priest of his sect. The usual dance of the men is more grotesquely feeble than that of the women, and half a dozen mountaineers joining hands and stamping round a circle to the accompaniment of clapped hands is a ludicrous spectacle to be compared to nothing but the gambols of tame bears, as we are accustomed to see them swaying to the flute of the Savoyard. The enjoyment they themselves derive from the exercise is nevertheless unbounded, and in ten minutes they will work themselves up to a frenzy resembling that of the Dervishes. Occasionally such a performance possesses an attraction in the person of a skilled piper, whose music is really good, when the listener, like Evelyn on hearing the Marseilles galley-slaves, will be astonished how he plays "both loud and soft music very rarely." Another amusement, which is at the same time an occupation, is the chase. Some of the farmers grow so fond of sport as entirely to neglect Ceres for Diana, and the grain ripens and falls ungarnished while the sportsman is skulking after partridges, or lying in wait for larger game in the forests. Here wolves and bears are to be found, but they are seldom killed, owing to the poor quality of the weapons and the toughness of the quarry. Not long ago a bear-hunt was successfully terminated after two days' hard work, and at the cost of a man's life, when the animal's skin was found to contain fifteen bullets—a result which would scarcely encourage future meddling with the destroyers of the maize crops. Most of the guns are single-barrelled, of prodigious length and of antique build, but, notwithstanding their clumsiness and flint locks, a good shot rarely misses his aim with them. Like all other matters of Eastern life, the departure for the chase has its special formalities, and the distinction between the valediction addressed to a sportsman of repute and that to a novice must be strictly observed. The greatest insult that could be offered to the former would be to dismiss him with the words *Neshoofuk*, or "We shall see what you can do," it being well-known that he never returns empty-handed; and, on the contrary, by saying, *Awanyduk*, or "according to your custom," to a mediocre gun we pay him the most delicate flattery imaginable. These small set modes of expression are innumerable, and make one of the greatest difficulties in the way of a foreigner's acquitting himself politely in Arab company. At the same time it must be extremely convenient to a people of limited ideas to have speech and answer apportioned out for every occurrence of daily life.

Turning for a moment to the social relations of the Metuali, we remark that they are marred as usual by religious crotchets, though not to so great a degree as in the case of genuine Mohametan of the true Shiite sect. The women are treated more as companions to the men than as toys or slaves, and, except at harvest-time, when they work hard in the fields, they busy themselves actively with domestic cares and with the housing of cattle and tending of poultry. Though the law does not hold the Metuali to monogamy, whether by poverty or by inclination he usually restricts himself to one wife. She, in return, is generally very fond of him, and is perhaps a better wife than mother, which is not often the case under the Koranic dispensation. Many couples come together originally in virtue of the curious custom of the *Metn*, or law of possession, by which a father gives up his daughter for a term of years on payment of a sum fixed by written contract. At the expiration of the time the girl is returned, and, if her temporary owner has not been pleased with her, she is again in the market, either to re-enter into *Metn* or to be married. No stain whatever attaches to her. We know of a case in which a man paid off a heavy mortgage by means of his three daughters, marrying them all well finally. Consequently, a Metuali father will mostly be better pleased to see himself blessed with handsome girls than with stalwart boys—another anomaly in the East. The results of this system, strangely enough, do not seem to be so prejudicial as might be supposed to the primitive society in which it is carried on; for it naturally happens, in the majority of cases, when a woman has borne children to a man which he must support, that he is not willing to repudiate her, but prefers to keep the mother with the family, and so the *Metn* becomes the preliminary to marriage.

Though we do not wish to enter into the wide question of land tenure in Syria, we may perhaps say a word as to the conditions on which the tenant-farmers of the Kessrouan hold and cultivate their land. Most of them are little more than badly-paid labourers under a large proprietor, whose principle is as follows. The tenant is put in possession of a house and a few acres, for which he pays a fixed rental to the owner, and from which he has to make the best profit he can. This is generally small, and in bad years an ugly deficit makes recourse to the usurer a necessity. The nearest money-lender is of course the proprietor, who advances sums sufficient for the working of his own farms at a remunerative interest, taking meanwhile the prospective crops as surety. He thus receives at once the rent of his farm, a high interest for capital, and the whole of the produce, leaving the farmer perhaps still in debt. The system seems infamous at a first glance, but it is not so utterly bad as it appears if the proprietor is tolerably just. Some there are whose aim is merely to extort as much money as possible, and under such men the life of the poor is little better than slavery; but the majority content themselves with getting quick and large returns for their expenditure, without pressing too much on the peasantry. We then see the agriculturist living from hand to mouth, it is true, but in comparative ease and comfort, and the proprietor netting from fifteen to twenty per cent. on his capital. Such a rate may astonish Western speculators, but it is a common one in Syria, and a

short while ago the writer was offered twenty-five per cent. on undeniable security. Those who practise extortion, and have "their backs in a niche," as the Turks say of people enjoying protection in high quarters, frequently get forty and fifty per cent. without any risk. If the season is bad the owner's pocket does not suffer so much as the tenants' mouths, and we regret to say, in many instances, their backs also. All things considered, we cannot wonder at the objectless existence led by the sons of the soil; we can only pity them, and admire the spirit and gaiety which centuries of oppression have not been able to kill.

#### THE MONEY MARKET.

THE money market just now presents an interesting subject of study. A month ago the Bank rate of discount was as low as 2½ per cent., while in the open market the rate was no more than 1½ per cent. On August 18 the Bank rate was raised to 3 per cent., and a week later to 4, while the open market rate for a time closely followed the Bank rate. This week, however, the open market has been less firm, and the rate has fallen to 3½ per cent. Still within a month the Bank rate has risen 60 per cent., and the open market rate has more than doubled. But for all that, money for very short periods, as a day, a few days, or a week, can hardly be lent at all. In the short loan market of London such a contrast between the rate of discount and the demand for loans is not uncommon, and it points to a very general expectation, or, at least, apprehension, that money is about to become scarce and dear. When such an apprehension arises, all who think that they will need money make haste to supply themselves by the discount of bills, add as they do this only as a precaution, they naturally desire to place the money out at interest until they shall want to make use of it themselves. A number of people over-supplied for the moment, and eager to earn something by lending out money, yet unwilling to part with it for any length of time, necessarily reduce the rate of interest, and create an impression that there is a plethora of loanable capital. In the present instance the cause of the apprehension which has brought about the state of things on which we are commenting is not to be found at home. If the market were under the influence of domestic causes only, the Bank rate need not have been raised. The genuine demand for banking accommodation is no greater than it was a month ago. The improvement in trade, which began exactly two years ago, has not yet reached the stage at which it would affect the value of money. It undoubtedly continues, as is proved by the Board of Trade Returns issued on Wednesday, which not only show that the exports this year exceed those of the corresponding period of last year—as they, in turn, exceeded those of 1879—but, what is more significant, the excess last month was greater than for any previous month, demonstrating that the improvement is gaining momentum. And the evidence of these figures is supported by the railway traffic returns, and, indeed, by all available statistics. But, although the improvement continues, it is not yet marked enough to raise prices and wages. And, until these are raised, improvement in trade does not affect the value of money. Nor does it seem probable now that we shall witness this autumn a more decided improvement. Had the harvest turned out as good as at one time it promised to be, it is likely that trade would have received a great impetus; for the farmers, though not recouped the losses of previous years, would have regained courage, and their ability to spend more would have reacted on all classes. But the rains of August have rendered inevitable a continuance of the agricultural distress. A more decided improvement in trade is therefore not likely, unless, indeed, it should be brought about by increased purchasing from abroad. Dearer money, therefore, from an increased trade demand is not to be looked for. And the rampant speculation of the early summer, which forced up Stock Exchange securities, and gave rise to eager bidding for loans, has died out. Thus, as we have said, the causes tending to enhance the value of money are not to be found at home. These causes are simply the bullion movements, generating a fear that we shall be left without a sufficient supply of gold to sustain our banking system.

There is a steady demand for gold for three separate countries—Italy, the Argentine Confederation, and the United States. The Italian demand is limited in amount, and not urgent, and therefore, if it stood alone, would produce little effect. It was originally for sixteen millions sterling, of which three or four have already been obtained, and, consequently, only about twelve millions are now required. Moreover, there are nearly two years allowed within which to provide them. The demand, being thus measurable, is not calculated to excite alarm. The demand for the Argentine Confederation, again, like that for Italy, is for the purpose of resuming specie payments. But it is much smaller than the Italian, and, therefore, still less calculated to disturb the market. It is the drain to New York which has so suddenly and strikingly enhanced the value of money, and which, being an unknown quantity, is puzzling the most experienced observers. A fortnight ago, when the drain had but just begun, we stated our reasons for thinking that it would prove much less than was then generally supposed, and so far the event has confirmed our anticipations. Now, however, we would express the opinion that the drain, though checked, is not ended. In all commercial countries it is matter of experience that an augmented demand for currency

arises in the autumn. We feel it in England in October, and in Ireland and Scotland in November; whereas in America it is most marked in September. The explanation of the phenomenon is that the crops ripen all over vast regions so nearly at the same time that labourers cannot pass in any considerable numbers from district to district. Harvesting operations are going on at the same time over very extensive areas, and delay even for a day when the crop is ripe may be fraught with ruinous consequences. Hence there is an eager demand for labour, and wages rise in a few days a hundred or even two hundred per cent. Every one able to work is thus tempted into the fields, and the weekly wage expenditure is doubled, trebled, or, it may be, quadrupled. To pay these enhanced wages, the farmers must have actual cash, either coin or notes. In a country of the immense extent of the United States it naturally takes a much longer time to get back to the great cities the cash thus taken out than it does in a small island like Great Britain. Moreover, in the United States the cultivated area is yearly being pushed further and further into the wilderness, away from the region of banks. Thus the demand for cash is increased, and its return is delayed. Further, a very large proportion of the American harvest is grown for European consumption, and there is always a rush to get as much as possible of it to market early. This in its turn gives rise to another expansion of the currency. The dealers in the Far West have to pay cash to the farmers; they have also to pay for transport, storage, and so on. And as soon as the grain crops are "moved" the cotton crops begin to be garnered and sent to market. Thus harvesting practically does not end till Christmas, though the real pressure, as we have said, is felt about the third week in September. We are thus very close to the time when the stringency in the New York market ought to be greatest, but as yet there is no appearance of stringency. The rates for call money in New York are telegraphed 3 and 3½ per cent., the money market is reported to be easy, while the sterling exchange, the indicator whether gold is likely to be taken from Europe, is moving upwards. Even in the West the money market is not stringent, nor is there a large efflux of cash from New York. In Chicago, indeed, there is a very active demand for loans, but it is caused by a wild speculation in wheat, designed to force up prices. The speculators are endeavouring to keep back supplies, and thus to make the markets artificially bare and compel the public to pay exorbitant prices. To carry out the conspiracy, of course, they need immense funds, and they have borrowed fabulously. But it is incredible that a plot of this kind can for any length of time affect the money market.

So far, therefore, there is no symptom of such a tightness in the New York market as would lead to a heavy drain from Europe, and the reasons we assigned a fortnight ago for thinking it probable that stringency will continue to be prevented are still in full force. The Secretary of the Treasury has to redeem the bonds which have been called in for payment, and though they are being presented very slowly, they still will continue to come forward and to afford relief to the market. Besides, he has a large surplus of revenue over expenditure, which he will no doubt employ in buying bonds for the Sinking Fund. Lastly, he has to pay for several millionsworth of bonds formerly held in Europe, and sent over for redemption. Add to all this that the speculation for the rise which was carried on upon the New York Stock Exchange for nearly two years has during the past two months given place to a speculation for the fall; and that consequently there is not the demand in New York for loans for the Stock Exchange, which last year and the year before contributed so powerfully to enhance the value of money. But if it thus be true that money is not dear in New York, and is not likely soon to become dear, it does not seem probable that much gold will be sent thither from Europe. At the same time it is necessary to bear in mind that the damage done to the English wheat crop by the rains of the past few weeks will inevitably lead to a larger and earlier importation of American wheat than would otherwise have taken place. Had August been dry and hot, our own farmers would have sent their wheat to market without delay, and the foreign imports would have been postponed. But now the home wheat is too soft to be fit for grinding until mixed with a drier and harder grain. Consequently we must obtain early supplies from the United States, which thus acquire the power to take gold in payment. We have grounds for the belief that they will exercise the power sparingly, but the fact remains that we shall be in their debt, and that we must pay them somehow. There are three ways of paying them—by means of gold, of Stock Exchange securities, and of commodities. Could we choose, we should prefer commodities, and we are not without hope that we shall be able to sell to them an increased amount of commodities. But, doubtless, the Americans will take likewise both securities and gold.

#### THE BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

FOR the first time there has been a festival and competition of the Orphéon Societies of France, Belgium, and Switzerland in England. The effect has been to make the town of Brighton for some days more like a town seen in a dream than anything in common experience, the curious contrast of the ordinary life of an English fashionable watering-place with that of a small Continental town *en fête* being at once interesting and bewildering.

The King's Road has been invaded by Fanfares and Harmonics, headed by their banners; the footpaths have been crowded by French and Belgian-speaking men in every variety of costume, from the full evening dress or frock-coat, black trousers, and white tie of the *bourgeois* to the ordinary clothes of the peasant in his best, finished off by a fancy cap. The Orphéon organization includes all classes of society, and by its good arrangement and uniformity of rules and regulations helps the formation of musical societies throughout France, Belgium, and Switzerland. These societies find rules ready to their hands, and receive a stimulus to work from the frequent contests which are held always under the same conditions in different small centres, as well as from the greater competitions which from time to time take place in the larger towns. From these contests the successful societies carry off crowns of honour, palms of honour, and medals, which, being fastened to their banners, are proudly displayed on Sundays and fête-days in their native town when they give concerts in the public gardens.

Some five or six and twenty of these societies have now come to Brighton; they include brass bands, brass and reed bands, string bands, and choral societies. As may be imagined, they vary enormously in merit, but even the worst appear to have worked hard, and gained much. By the rules of the contest, every competing society has to pass a test in reading at sight. A piece of music, specially composed, is given out; ten minutes are allowed for the performers to read their parts, and the conductor to study the score, and then the piece has to be performed. All these societies, composed, although they are, of *bona fide* amateurs, many of them lads from the plough-tail, are able, at all events, to attempt this feat. To attempt any detailed criticism of the performances of the separate societies would be to usurp the functions of the jury, and would be indeed impossible, since the contests were held at four different centres. All that we can say is, that many of the bands would contrast favourably with good military bands in any European service, whilst some of the choral societies present were extremely good. All showed good training on Wednesday afternoon, when some pieces were performed by about twenty different bands, massed together under a conductor strange to them all. The general effect was so good as to show that all taking part in the performance played as professional musicians should play—by reading their music and watching the conductor. Two concerts have been given at the Pavilion in which some of the bands and choral societies have taken part, aided by some solo singers from the Grand Opera, Paris. The music chosen was generally trivial and uninteresting, but the performance was above the average of professional concerts of the same class. As the interest of this festival is in the doings of the amateur musical societies, the professional singers must be passed over; but it would be ungracious not to notice the very dramatic singing of the air "Ah, mon fils," from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, by Mme. Appia, at the concert on Tuesday evening.

When we ask ourselves what lessons we can learn in England from this visit of Orphéon Societies we find ourselves in doubt and perplexity. We have hardly any form of centralization of the same complete character in this country, with the exception perhaps of the Tonic Sol-fa, which only deals with choral societies; and, further, we have not in this country that life of leisure without idleness which is to be found in even large provincial towns in France and Belgium; so that, on the whole, we fear that we should never be able to compete with the instrumental societies of the Orphéon, as a band cannot be formed unless the members have ample leisure for private practice of their respective instruments. As far as regards choral societies, which make but little demand on the time of members except that given to combined rehearsals and practices, we think that already we possess many purely amateur and provincial bodies which would, to say the least of it, quite hold their own with any choir which has been heard at Brighton this year. Undoubtedly such associations do tend to do good to the cause of musical art. It is perhaps unlikely that they should produce any first-rate instrumentalist or composer, but the spread of technical knowledge of music which they produce must increase the critical power of the general public, and so react on the musical profession at large for its good. An indirect support of this view is given by the interest which has been taken in this Brighton festival by the leading musicians in this country, most of whom have accepted the post of members of the jury, and have in consequence devoted more than two days to hard work including many hours of listening to bands and choral societies performing the same music one after another. The prizes were distributed to the successful competitors on Wednesday night by the Mayor of Brighton at the Pavilion, amidst great excitement amongst their members and friends, the society of Ixelles in Belgium being very cordially cheered by their French and Swiss rivals, when their chief received the many prizes won by their band.

Although on the whole this meeting has passed off well and brightly, yet there have been some perhaps unavoidable breakdown in the organization. It would not be graceful or courteous to point these out, were it not that we hope that we may again have the pleasure of hearing one of these contests, and that by calling attention to defects we may help to remove them at some future festival. We therefore feel bound to take notice of the report that on Monday night many members of the Society were unable to get beds at all, and wandered about the streets all night. Whether this report be true or not, it is quite certain that much delay and inconvenience was caused at the concert by the omission of the seemingly obvious precaution of posting an interpreter at

the principal doors, which led to performers being sent wandering round the building and amongst the audience; while, again, there was no one at the post-office able to speak a word of French, so as to help the struggling crowd of people anxious to get their letters and money. Yet another effect of small faults in the machinery of the organization was that the printed programmes of the concerts were no guide to the performances given, which "by no means tended to the good temper of the audiences."

The sad accident at Charenton had caused the death and injury of many who were to have taken part in the festival, and subscriptions have been started to relieve the distress caused by this fatality. Several of the societies and some of the solo singers remained in Brighton in order to give a concert on Thursday in aid of the fund. In spite of this gloomy incident, and in spite of the slight failures in the machinery for their comfort, all the competitors seemed happy and pleased with their visit, and, indeed, had so strong a reserve of energy and good spirits that many of the bands gave open-air concerts on the beach entirely on their own account.

## REVIEWS.

### GARDINER AND MULLINGER'S INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH HISTORY.\*

THIS *Introduction to the Study of English History* is made up of what are in fact two distinct works united for convenience in one volume, with a single index, and having only the further connexion of a common object:—"to provide some help for students who, having gone through the ordinary school course, wish to devote themselves to the special study of some part of the history of their country." The first step towards special study is to know what to study; and the second part of this book therefore contains a treatise on the authorities, contemporary and non-contemporary, for English history. This is the production of Mr. Mullinger, whose work, according to his colleague Professor S. R. Gardiner, is to be considered as "the kernel of the volume." Mr. Gardiner himself contributes the essay which precedes Mr. Mullinger's work. His conception of his subject will be best explained in his own words:—

No one can really study any particular period of history unless he knows a great deal about what preceded it and what came after it. He cannot seriously study a generation of men as if it could be isolated and examined like a piece of inorganic matter. He has to bear in mind that it is a portion of a living whole which is under his observation. The work of the constructive imagination comes in where the work of investigation ends. In the end this is a work which every man must do for himself. He will have to pick out from the manifold facts of history those which seem to him to be more important than the others, and it will never happen that any two men will be precisely agreed as to the relative importance of any set of facts. Yet it may not be altogether useless to those who are girding themselves to the task to have before them an attempt to trace the life of the English nation by one who has at all events given much of his time and thought in an attempt to realise to himself what that life has been.

This is a claim only too modestly urged. No historical student but will be grateful for the guidance of one so competent as Mr. Gardiner. Of his accuracy and research, of his peculiar impartiality, combined with great power of entering into the feelings of the past, it is superfluous here to speak. They are well known to all who have studied the yet incomplete series of works by which Mr. Gardiner has added so much to our knowledge and understanding of the Stuart period. It will be noted that in the extract just given the author speaks of "the work of the constructive imagination"; but for the reassurance of those who may think that the constructive imagination is apt now-a-days to play too large a part in the writing of history, we must say that he also impresses upon the student "how much his power of judging fairly the characters of history depends upon complete accuracy in the matter of dates and places"—words which cannot be too much laid to heart.

To give within the limits of a review any adequate notion of an essay which extends over the whole of English history, with an introductory chapter upon "The Ancient World," is of course out of the question. What perhaps most strikes one at a first reading is the skill with which the author has managed to make his essay vivid and interesting without the introduction of anecdote or of "word-painting"—in short, without ever stepping out of the character of an essayist and commentator. Sentences sharply expressed and full of thought and meaning might be extracted from it in numbers. Here and there indeed we mark a slip into that carelessness of composition which is the besetting sin of the present day. "He shrunk from the jealousies of the great English families, from the rough animalism of English enjoyments, from its want of polish and culture, and from its low ideal of the religious life." If it relates, as grammatically it should, to "animalism," it is difficult to conceive "animalism" as a thing that forms ideals, high or low. We question whether Chut could *allay* divisions, though he might re-unite or efface them. And it is at least awkward to say that "William II. threw himself into sheer oppression." We should not pause to make mere verbal criticisms, were it not that this carelessness on the part of good writers is a great and

growing evil. Two criticisms on matters of fact also suggest themselves. We are surprised to find so accurate a writer repeating the common mistake of calling Pandulf, at the time of John's submission, the Pope's Legate, a position to which he did not attain till later. On the next point we only suggest a doubt. Pointing a contrast between the ideals of the Church and of the State, Mr. Gardiner says:—

The great earl who stood up against Henry III. was known as Sir Simon the Righteous. The great king who took up and accomplished his task was known as the English Justinian.

This implies that each epithet was contemporary. The first of course was so; but the second has a more modern sound. If it is really of the period, we should be glad to know where it is to be found.

Within our limits, we can but direct attention to the passages dealing with controverted points or to a few bits of special power or striking thought. We turn to see Mr. Gardiner's views on the Teutonic Conquest. Here his characteristic caution shows itself. "Over all this tract," he says, speaking of the eastern side of our island, "the Low German speech of the invaders was to be heard. To what extent the British population had disappeared is a matter of controversy. It is a point on which no certain knowledge is attainable." But, while he commits itself to no theories as to the more or less complete extermination of the conquered, he points out that "the general result is certain. . . . The Celtic element, whether it was larger or smaller, was absorbed, and left scarcely a trace behind." When we come to the political institutions of the Teutonic conquerors, we find that Mr. Gardiner's views as to the Witan are rather those of Canon Stubbs than of Mr. Freeman. On the whole, throughout the pre-Norman period, Mr. Gardiner has evidently been chiefly influenced by the Canon, with whom he has probably more mental affinity than with Mr. Freeman. Though the latter has taught everybody Old-English history, though all writers on the subject are more or less his disciples, there seem to be few whom he has inspired with his own feelings of affection, enthusiasm, and loyal devotion for the Old-English people. At any rate, Mr. Gardiner plainly holds that, from Edgar to the Confessor's time, they were but a sluggish and *born* set, with a very imperfectly developed sense of nationality and an insufficient "moral and mental standard." He acknowledges the lordship of the West-Saxon kings over the Celts of Wales and Scotland; but it is almost in a spirit of levity. Edgar, he admits, treated the Celtic kings "distinctly as his inferiors"; but he disrespectfully adds that "it was perhaps well" for Edgar "that he did not attempt to impose upon them any very tangible tokens of his supremacy." The one "tangible token" on record—the triumphal progress of Edgar on the Dee—Mr. Gardiner rejects as a legend. Harold receives a fair allowance of laudatory epithets; but after all he is but "the ablest man of an unprogressive race," bringing no new ideas into politics or war—a view much resembling that taken by Mr. Green.

The Norman troops attacking, or flying in simulated rout, at the word of Duke William, or exchanging the combat of the horseman for the combat of the archer at his word, deserved, at least in a military sense, to win. William put his mind into the battle, Harold could but give his example.

Warmth and enthusiasm are not wanting to Mr. Gardiner when he comes to speak of the Church and of its services in consolidating England. His defence of monasticism—a fair and reasonable defence, and not a panegyric, for he admits the obvious faults of the system—is specially noteworthy. Another excellent passage is that in which he draws a comparison between the monks and the friars, "the last helpful gift of the medieval Church to the world." With the beginning of the fourteenth century the true work of the medieval Church ends, and there is nothing which fully takes its place. Mr. Gardiner indeed appreciates better than most modern writers the ideal of chivalry, which, as he says, "was to the medieval warrior very much what monasticism was to the medieval Churchman," and which, albeit in many respects unquestionably inferior, was yet, he considers, in some points higher than the monastic ideal. But this appreciation of the good side of chivalry does not lead him to extend his approval to the Hundred Years' War, which he, like Mr. Green, regards as almost wholly evil. To our thinking he is too hard upon Henry V.—

More unprincipled war there never was. It had not even the excuse which the war of Edward III. had, of the necessity of giving protection to the English trade with Flanders.

In fairness it should be remembered that Henry V. must have grown up, like other Englishmen of his time, in the belief that to conquer France was the mission and vocation of England. That Englishmen should rule in France seemed then as natural and justifiable as that Englishmen should rule in India now. Nor does Mr. Gardiner ever seem to take in the fact that it was the French who broke the treaty of Bretigny, and that, technically speaking, Henry only continued an existing war. Though he is less rigorous towards Edward III., even there he hardly sets the case in a fair light. There is not a word of the assistance given by Philip to the Scots, no apparent consciousness that the actual breach of the peace came from Philip. It is easy for a writer to set up a theoretical standard of morality unknown to practical men at the time—indeed far above that followed by the men who do the rough work of politics and war in our own day—and then to condemn them for coming short of it. Mr. Gardiner's remarks on the Hundred Years' War should be compared with those, made, we venture to think, in a more reasonable and truly historical

\* *Introduction to the Study of English History.* By Samuel R. Gardiner, Esq., LL.D., Professor of Modern History in King's College, London, and J. Bass Mullinger, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

spirit, by Mr. Freeman in his first series of *Historical Essays* and by Canon Stubbs in his *Constitutional History*, especially at p. 73 of his third volume, where Henry V. is judged with perfect fairness.

On the other hand, we turn with satisfaction to the passages dealing with Wycliffe, with the Peasant Insurrection, and with the general social movements which were connected with Lollardism. The modernization of the famous doctrine of Dominion is particularly happy:—

Stripped of its scholastic and ecclesiastical form, Dominion founded on Grace was the doctrine with which we are so familiar at the present day, that no authority or institution can, in the long run, justify its existence except by the services which it is capable of rendering.

Mr. Gardiner's account of the Star Chamber, whose dominion, hateful as it became, was originally "founded on grace," will be read with great interest, this being a subject on which he is known to be strong:—

Henry VII., indeed, did not leave the constitution quite as he found it. Lawyers tell us that the court of the Star Chamber was derived from the ancient jurisdiction of the Privy Council. But it was reinvigorated by Act of Parliament in the early part of the reign of the first Tudor king, and, for all practical purposes, it may be held to date from his time. Consisting, at first, of certain royal officers and one of the chief justices, and ultimately, of all privy councillors together with the two chief justices, it was a tribunal formed to take cognizance of all cases in which justice was not to be had from the ordinary courts. It could not take away life, and, till later times, it did not claim to punish by more than fine and imprisonment. The full exercise of the powers which had been given to it was a healing measure. Wherever a powerful landowner enjoyed or bullied juries, wherever faction banded men together to oppress the innocent, the Star Chamber righted the balance. Hurried off to Westminster, the offender found himself in the presence of judges whom no bribery would influence, no threats divert from their course. The time might come when the king would separate himself from the national feeling, and when such a court might convert itself into an instrument of oppression. For the present the Star Chamber was the weapon with which the oppressed armed the king, that he might strike the oppressors down.

The chapter on the Tudor Monarchy, from which this extract is taken, is one of the best parts of the book. The strange and complex character of Henry VIII. is well interpreted, though not after the manner which would satisfy Mr. Froude, whose feelings will perhaps be shocked by the blunt and uncompromising way in which Mr. Gardiner puts things:—"Henry threw off the authority of the Pope simply because he was tired of a staid and elderly wife, and had fallen in love with a flighty young woman." At the same time his nobler side is recognized, and the picture presented of him is a striking and probably a true one.

We have left ourselves no space to dwell upon Mr. Gardiner's treatment of the struggle between the first two Stuarts and Parliament. How ably and how impartially—unless it be objected that he perhaps hardly does justice to Laud and the High Churchmen—he treats that period, can be imagined by all who have read his previous works. Nor can we quote, as we should like to do, the passage at p. 173 on the characteristics of what may be conveniently termed the Hogarth and Fielding period. The essay virtually ends with the Congress of Vienna, though the concluding paragraph lightly sketches the state of things down to our own day.

As it is, we fear we have been somewhat neglectful of Mr. Mullinger, whose part of the joint work, though likely to be of great use to the student, does not afford so much material for comment. To some extent it may remind the reader of Mr. Gairdner's recent book on the Early Chroniclers of England, but with a considerable difference. Mr. Gairdner's book is a popular and entertaining account of the "early chroniclers" from Gildas to Holinshed; Mr. Mullinger is drier and briefer; his treatment of his subject is less biographical, more purely literary and critical, and he is more strictly a guide to the student in choosing what to read, and in estimating each author's value as an authority. His plan moreover is a much larger one, as he takes in the authorities for the whole of English history, starting with modern writers upon the science of language and the comparative history of institutions, and thence proceeding to "Contemporary Writers," first among them Cæsar and Tacitus; "Non-contemporary," but still ancient writers, such as Gildas and Bede; and "Modern Writers." These last are only mentioned when they are really good authorities. Histories, "such as those of Oldmixon, Barnard, Henry, Hume, Smollett, and Sharon Turner," which have "become, for the purposes of research, confessedly obsolete, not simply from their defective method, but as derived from a very imperfect acquaintance with the original manuscript sources," are not included. The care with which the contemporary sources of information are distinguished from those of later times is an excellent feature; and the criticisms on modern works are judicious and impartial. Some account is also given of the various collections and editions of our old writers. In conclusion, we may say that this work will be a great help to every one who wishes to know more of its subject than can be learnt from the ordinary school books. Mr. Gardiner supplies an admirable general idea of English history, as it presents itself to his mind. Mr. Mullinger puts the inquirer in the way of forming, if he so chooses, an opinion of his own.

#### RUGBY, TENNESSEE.\*

THE history of a nascent community has about it the same kind of interest which always attaches to the earlier portions of a biography. We delight to hear of the infant ways and

sayings and doings of great men, and of all for whom we have reason to feel any special regard. What "the young Alcibiades," to use the favourite phrase of biographers, did or thought may be more eagerly read about than the account of his performances in mature life. Hope and the beginnings of a career have charms which do not belong to certainty and success. Where little is yet done everything remains in expectation; and imagination may be permitted a freedom of play to which a stop must be put when good intentions are realized or when bright projects have failed. The President of the Board of Aid to Land Ownership, Limited (a Company incorporated in England, and with powers from the Legislature of Tennessee), cannot, however, be accused of holding out a too brilliant inducement to intending settlers. The invitation to the new Rugby is not for those who wish for swift and easy fortune-making, but only for those who are ready to toil and be patient in the acquisition of wealth. The young men of England educated at our great public schools are informed of a spot in the New World to which they may transfer their intellectual culture and their physical training, to lead a life of some mental activity and of hard, useful labour, in which they may gradually exchange dependence upon others for competence, and do good work in reclaiming an untouched soil and in developing the wealth of one of the finest districts of the United States.

It is not, of course, to public school men alone that the offer is made; but the name of the new settlement, no less than the arguments used in its favour, indicate them as the class from which recruits are chiefly expected to come. Every nation almost has in all periods of history sent forth its excess of population to occupy fresh regions, and colonization, with more or less of goodwill towards existing occupants, has been the normal mode in which the geographical extension of the human race has been effected. There is nothing, therefore, peculiar in the fact that our own country should still be seeking what has always been the natural remedy for a people unable to find room in their native land. But that which is without precedent is the great number of persons for whom their own country is now unable to find remunerative employment, and whose social position and education unfit them for any but what are usually taken to be the only fit occupations for gentlemen—the Church, law, medicine, the public services (civil, naval, or military), or the higher kinds of commerce. Our old friend Will Wimple of the *Spectator* is selected as a type of the idle younger son of the landed gentry—willing to do serious work, but unable to find any. It is admitted that the prejudice against engaging in trade which until recently subsisted in our upper classes is now nearly extinct, and that many more ways are now open. But it is also affirmed with truth that the ways are not enough for the wants of those who would follow them. For to the ranks of the gentry are now added the wealthy professional, commercial, and manufacturing classes, who send their sons also to the public schools to be educated along with the sons of the old county families. Mr. Hughes holds that the spirit of our highest culture—that is, in his opinion, the spirit of the public schools—and the spirit of trade do not agree together, and thus one way is practically closed, even if want of capital or private connexion did not otherwise effectually bar the entrances to a life of successful commerce. Now, taking the spirit of trade in its best sense, and declining to believe that all trade pursuits in England are so tainted with fraud and corruption that no honest man of any grade can engage in them with a good conscience, it may be asked whether the spirit of the public schools may not be in fault as well as that of trade. There is still existing a pleasant belief that an English gentleman is the best specimen of the human species under civilization which can be produced, and that he is the product of the English public schools, because no other country of Europe has similar educational institutions. Probably the typical "Christian, scholar, and gentleman" of the last generation or two knew, or, at any rate, cared more for, Greek and Latin, and had played much less at cricket and football, and pulled much less in boats than his son did or his grandson may now be doing. The author of *Tom Brown* is bound to maintain that Arnold was the leader of a great reformation—indeed, to be compared to a Luther, while Rugby is the Wittenberg of the educational change—and no one can grudge him the pleasure of having said so in an address about the new colony recently delivered at his own old school. But we have surely had something too much of this; and it has to be considered whether public schools, like many other cherished institutions, are not now on their trial; and whether they really do give the best education, in the sense of best fitting their pupils for the future duties of life. It is conceded that, in one respect at least, they do not; their spirit is antagonistic to the spirit of trade. Does their attempt at teaching Greek and Latin, and their extravagant addiction to sports, however manly, justify their claims to being exclusively in the right, and to withdrawing from home influence for so many valuable months and years the best of the male youth of our land? There is an element, too, of sham and pretence even in the great schools, which must be heartbreaking to their able and conscientious masters. So many parents do not really want their sons to be taught Greek and Latin, or, indeed, anything else that is taught. They look chiefly to the friendships which, it is hoped, may be formed, and to distinction in the boats or in the cricket field. The recent most reasonable demand for a better knowledge of French in candidates for commissions in the army has not been met generally as yet in the right mode by the public schools. On the Continent French and Germans and Italians are beginning to teach their children English; they know the use of it. We do

\* *Rugby, Tennessee.* By Thomas Hughes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.



not teach modern languages as they should be taught in what are our best places of education. An English army under conceivable circumstances might fare as badly without officers knowing French or German as the French army did ten or twelve years ago, when its officers knew no German. An English public school boy is ludicrously helpless in travelling on the Continent. He is supposed to know some Latin and Greek—which in reality he probably does not—but of French and German, which he might much more easily learn, he is practically ignorant.

Many of the schools now have workshops in which the use of carpenters' and other tools may be acquired. Unless room is made for this additional distraction from the other business of the place by diminishing both the compulsory work and the compulsory play, it is difficult to see how due attention can continue to be given to it. The suggestion also cannot fail to arise whether the knowledge gained in the workshop is, after all, a proper element in a liberal education, and ought to find a place in the curriculum of a public school. Poor Louis XVI. was certainly not a better king for his pursuits in lock-making; St. Paul did not make tents with his own hands, nor did Demosthenes actually work in his father's forge. If the thing could be done seriously, it would no doubt be a better preparation for some powers of utility in after-life if the time now so largely and enthusiastically given to football and cricket could be given towards obtaining some practical acquaintance with mechanics and other useful branches of physical science. So it might be better, if possible, to have the means of acquiring some knowledge of farming and gardening; but again the question arises, Would this supposed useful knowledge be really of any use? Diocletian did not take to planting cabbages until he had ceased to be Emperor, and he had no intention of turning market gardener. And, after all, the best place for learning foreign languages must be in the countries where they are spoken, or, at any rate, under the tuition of a native at home. The best place for learning mechanics must be in a real workshop; and to fit young gentlemen to become farmers at Rugby, Tennessee, or elsewhere, the training of real farm life in England must be superior to anything else.

As might be expected, the great trading classes of England do not find much mercy at Mr. Hughes's hands. The denunciations of Carlyle and Emerson against Mammon-worship are quoted; and little credit is given for the existence of any true desire to carry on in a faithful tone the operations of trade and commerce without which the world could not live. In addition to former evils, the upper section at least of the traders is now being drawn in to share the besetting sins of the class who alone formerly sent their sons to a public school. The richer among them send their sons to Eton, Rugby, or Harrow, or to some other of the old foundations, or to one of the many new schools which have been laid down on their exact lines; and here, it is said, they learn to love luxury and to dislike commercial pursuits. At the same time are springing into existence hundreds of new colleges or revived grammar schools, all endeavouring to be as much like the old schools as they can, and for the most part officered by men who have been trained in them. Does not all this inspire the thought that there is more urgent need to reform our schools at home than to provide colonies in which the wants of their old pupils are to be specially provided for? And this thought may well be entertained while fully recognizing the manly and generous feelings which are fostered in our public schools, to which the country has in past times at least owed so much.

The handicraftsmen of England, as might also be anticipated, do not fare so ill with Mr. Hughes as those who used formerly to be called their betters. Nevertheless, it is not asserted that they are faultless. Their work is sometimes scamped; the honesty, simplicity, and thoroughness fondly believed to have been universal in the olden time are not now always to be found. But a glorious future may be anticipated when "labour will be king," and then all will be righted. This happy forecast of the future may, however, be advantageously read along with Mr. Hughes's notion of the history of the past, for its value can then be more exactly appreciated. According to his strange and perverted reading of it, the gentlefolk of England, having had the undisturbed management of public affairs up to 1830, landed the country "on the verge of revolution and bankruptcy." Again, for the last fifty years the trading or middle class have had their share in government, and they have "brought trade to such a pass that an honest man cannot live by it." And "the sanguine hope" is encouraged that the handicraftsman "will use power less selfishly than the previous owners of it"—as if such things as Trade-Unions and criminal interference with the rights of private labour had never taken place. But, for the present at least, it is not for these, our masters of the future, that the advantages of Rugby, Tennessee, are set forth.

The account given of his visit last year by the President of the Board of Aid of Rugby is genial and amusing, as it was sure to be—only we read with regret his report of the increase of gambling on board the best American liners. It is perhaps not surprising that this should be so during the enforced idleness of a voyage across the Atlantic; but it is rather surprising that it should be encouraged under the excuse that a percentage of the winnings is almost always paid to a charitable institution. The danger of learning a pernicious habit should not be permitted to exist; and the practice must be a great nuisance to those on board who do not play. Among the pleasant matters mentioned, not the least is the fact that the hotel at New Rugby is called the "Tabard," after

Chaucer's old hostelry, and was so named on the suggestion of one of the American members of the young settlement—who also contributed to its fabric some relics which had been bought by him at the sale of the materials of the ancient inn in Southwark. To the book is appended what is called a glossary, being in fact an index of its contents, and from which more can be got almost at a glance in the way of information on the contents of the volume than is usually the case. It seems a good plan, and deserves imitation. It deserves especial recommendation for the convenience of reviewers who may desire to eviscerate a new book without reading a line of it, as well as for its proper and legitimate uses. An intending settler may get from it nearly all the details of the prices and other things which he wants to know. The climate is excellent and the country beautiful. The variety of produce which may be raised with advantage is considerable. The vegetation is magnificent, and the wild animals are enough to afford fair sport. Upon the insect fauna the glossary only speaks once, but that mention is favourable; and, imitating the well-known account of the snakes in Iceland in Peter Horrebrow's Natural History of that country, it contains the highly satisfactory heading "Mosquitoes:—None." It is only unfortunate that the appearance of the book should have been followed at a very short interval by decidedly discouraging news as to the fortunes of the new colony. Let it be hoped that the depression is but passing.

#### IVY, COUSIN AND BRIDE.\*

AN industrious novel-writer who does not repeat himself is by no means a common person, and Mr. Greg seems to be becoming an industrious novel-writer, while he most certainly does not repeat himself. Except for certain probably unconscious touches which show not dissimilar ideals of character, *Ivy* is entirely different from *Errant*. The latter was emphatically a story of incident, of numerous characters, of events occurring during a long period of time. *Ivy* is as emphatically a novel of character and situation, minute in its touches, limited in its scope. If we say that Ethert Glynne, the hero, is remarkably like Lionel Darcy, we shall probably make Mr. Greg rather angry; and we shall make him still more angry if we say that the likeness consists in a certain wrongheaded obstinacy of character for which the author has a lurking sympathy, though he distinctly protests in this book against the supposition of this sympathy. Mr. Greg, who is apparently a practised reviewer (he makes statements in his book which render the inference permissible), must surely know that any experienced critic can distinguish at a glance the characters which a novelist depicts because he likes them and sympathizes with them, from those the creation of which is a mere exercise of his art, and those in which he is purposely gibbeting something that he does not like. But if there is this likeness between *Ivy* and *Errant*, it is the only one; for the new book to all intents and purposes breaks quite fresh ground.

The central point of the situation which Mr. Greg has taken for study is not, perhaps, absolutely original, for novelists before him have chosen the subject of a marriage which, owing to misunderstanding, is a marriage only in name. The way, however, in which this central motive is set to work is quite new. Ethert Glynne is a young man of talent, who has written books that do not pay, and has burdened his very small means by adopting the daughter of his old tutor. So, though he is the nephew of a very wealthy baronet, and next heir but one to the title, he is glad to accept the post of what may be called devil to the editor of a newly-started Tory newspaper. Of this newspaper and its ways Mr. Greg has given a minute and curious account. We rather doubt whether its principle—which combines an almost entire severance of the different departments under responsible chiefs with what may be called the council system—would work in daily journalism, but it may be granted that, if it could be got to work, the result would be probably a good deal superior to the general run of newspapers. However, the *Courier* plays but a subordinate, though a not unimportant, part in the novel. For some reason, inexplicable to Ethert, his uncle and aunt (who have always been very kind to him, and as liberal in point of money as his somewhat intractable nature would let them) oppose the scheme of his proposed attachment to the staff of the *Courier* very decidedly. He has two cousins, both young. Charles, the heir to the baronetcy, is about eighteen; Ivy, his sister, who is a special pet of Ethert's, though in a very different way from that in which he looks on his protégée and adopted daughter Meta Mordaunt, is a year younger. To Glynne's intense surprise, the family lawyer plumply asks him, "Why do you not marry your cousin?" and his uncle and aunt, their ambassador's errand having been fruitless, repeat the proposal, Sir Charles Glynne even offering to resign his seat in Parliament in Ethert's favour. Now Ethert is extremely fond of Ivy, but not in the least in love with her; while, if he is not exactly in love with the child Meta, he has a kind of indistinct romantic intention to be very much in love with her some day. He therefore rejects the proposed honour with something like indignation, and goes to his newspaper work in London. However, the fates are too strong for him. Charlie Glynne, a reckless rider, is thrown from his horse and killed; Sir Charles has a paralytic stroke, not for the first time; and, Ethert being sent for, Lady Glynne at last makes a clean breast.

\* *Ivy, Cousin and Bride*. By Percy Greg. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1881.

of it. Sir Charles, it seems, is a bigamist; his first wife is still alive; Lady Glynnne is not Lady Glynnne at all; the children are illegitimate; Ethert is heir not merely to the title, but to the estates which are strictly entailed, though Ivy would have inherited had she been legitimate. Not only does Mr. Brand the lawyer refuse to be a party to a fraudulent concealment, but there is another person who knows the secret and regards it merely as a matter of money. Ethert is, therefore, entreated to marry Ivy out of hand as the only means of preventing the stain on her and her mother from being known, of providing for both (for Sir Charles has saved nothing), and of consoling him on his deathbed. Ethert, after no small struggle, makes up his mind to comply; though unfortunately, after the manner of man, he does not do the thing ungrudgingly. He commissions Lady Glynnne to go through a process of explanation which (inasmuch as it is agreed that Ivy is to know none of the actual particulars) is certain to be more or less of a farce, and, considering Lady Glynnne's nervous fear of exposure, something even more than a farce. Then he makes his proposal in a singularly ungracious fashion, and is accepted by the unfortunate Ivy, who really loves him, with a certain hesitation due only to her youth and temperament. He accordingly makes up his perverse mind that she, like himself, is the victim of compulsion, and regards the marriage as a hateful bondage. Such is the situation which Mr. Greg develops in his first volume. How he finally works it out, and to what end he conducts it, we shall, as far as details are concerned, leave the reader to find out for himself. Ethert carries out what he regards as his bargain with a kind of wrongheaded persistence which the author makes one of the other characters justly describe as feminine. He refuses to regard himself as in any sense the proprietor of Glynnehurst, the family estate; and while he induces his wife to spend on improvements nearly all the income of the estate itself, which has been much neglected, he insists on continuing his drudgery at the press. Ivy, who desires nothing better than to be his wife, is practically his wife only in name, and is bitterly hurt at the manner in which he treats her. Indeed, if Mr. Greg had asked us to give him a title for the book, we should have suggested "The New Griselda," for nothing more excruciatingly painful than Ethert Glynnne's behaviour to an innocent and affectionate girl could very well be imagined. It is in the delineation of the exquisite wrong-headedness with which Ethert pursues his course of (as he thinks) honourable and virtuous conduct that the specialty of the book consists. Mr. Greg has followed the turns and twists of the character with an affectionate persistence only comparable to that with which some French novelists study elaborate and recondite forms of immorality; and, it is fair to add, with not much less power. Nor is his performance in drawing Ivy's character less remarkable. It is, of course, true enough that while it is the rarest thing in the world to find a woman who can draw a man's character, the novelist of the ruder sex who can draw women as they are are tolerably numerous. But of late years at any rate, very few writers of fiction have cared to draw such a character as Ivy's, in which the old mediæval idea of submissive grace and patient endurance of wrong for love's sake is illustrated rather than any more modern type. In these last two volumes the minor characters play a less important part than in the first, though they contribute duly to cut the knot. Except, however, Lestranger, the editor of the *Courier*, who is drawn as if Mr. Greg would like to say more about him than he actually does say, they are of comparatively little importance to the action.

As in most of Mr. Greg's books, politics play a not inconsiderable part; and the author has availed himself of his opportunity to deal some hard knocks at the side which he does not favour. The description of the late general election as "the only one in the whole history of the country which was won by hard lying" has been anticipated, perhaps, in more roundabout phrase, but hardly in so many words. The admirers of the persons who are thinly disguised as "Philhellen" and "Blight" will not like Mr. Greg at all. More dubious, perhaps (for, after all, there is no reason why a novelist should not have his politics and indulge in them, if he is prepared to pay the almost inevitable penalty of risking his popularity with those who are not critics enough to discard such considerations), are some transparent allusions put in the mouths of the characters to the fortune of his own previous books. There are one or two slips of fact. It has for years been rarer and rarer for journalists of the higher class to qualify themselves by passing through "the Gallery," unless the leader-writer who is nothing but a leader-writer, and who goes to the Gallery to write, is to be considered a reporter. Mr. Greg is under a wrong impression when he says that to gain a Fellowship before taking a degree is "a very rare honour." For many years, at Oxford at least, most, if not all, Fellowships have been open "to those who have passed all examinations required for the degree of Bachelor of Arts," whether they have put on their gowns or not. There is, moreover, one persistent solecism of language which astonishes us in a writer who is generally careful and correct. This is the use of the hideous phrase "it don't," "he don't."

On the whole *Ivy* can be recommended pretty strongly to persons who are able to recognize accurate drawing of character, whatever it is, and still more strongly to those who appreciate pathos. It is no slight proof of a novelist's ability that he should have been able to depict the scenes in which Ivy's affection, sense of duty, and womanly pride struggle with her feeling of the altogether undeserved and unintelligible withholding of her husband's affection. The very fact that, so far as she knows, she is bestowing on him wealth

and position which somehow or other he refuses to accept, and that at the same time the refusal does not seem to satisfy his wayward sense of independence, is sufficient in the case of a girl of seventeen to cause endless bewilderment. Mr. Greg has conducted his heroine safely through the difficulty, and it is only ferocious and shrieking advocates of the equality of woman who will decline to recognize in her a pearl of her sex. As to the character of Ethert Glynnne the case is somewhat different. We shall not say that he is impossible. A young man of some talent, of a rather crossgrained nature, and habitually spoilt by the people round him, might possibly arrive at such a pitch of morbid self-consciousness, of toady-turvised dignity, of indifference to any and everybody's suffering in comparison with the indulgence of his own fantastic point of honour. Whether he could at the same time maintain the nobility and generosity of character which the reader is apparently expected to recognize in Ethert Glynnne is a point of psychological argument on which there is probably no necessity to decide here. We have left unnoticed some minor scenes and characters which are good. Meta, the spoilt darling, reappears in the third volume, and is, in a way, a bond of union, instead of, as might be expected, disunion, between the unhappily matched pair. The way in which this circumstance is made to bring out yet another virtue in Ivy's crown is ingenious, if improbable. It has been laid down that no woman is worth anything who is not jealous, and in that case Ivy certainly suffers. But, after all, Griselda was not jealous; and some people, at any rate, decline to regard Griselda as other than an honour to her sex.

#### COFFEE-PLANTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA.\*

THE Latin quotation with which the author concludes his work might surely have reminded him that a good deal of his experiences have much less of novelty to an Englishman than the journey from Rome to Brundisium had for the contemporaries of Horace. Nearly the whole of the first volume is absolutely unnecessary. About one hundred and fifty pages are occupied with trite and trivial details about the outward journey from Gravesend to Colombo. It was surely needless to tell us what the Essex marshes looked like, how wagtails and larks settled on the ship in the Mediterranean, how very comfortable is thin white flannel in the tropics, and how wonderfully the little black boys dived to pick up small coins in Aden Harbour. All this has been told us over and over again. Even the account of Port Said, the Canal, the miserable Arab villages, and "Ismaïlia," has almost ceased to present any novelty. When the author arrives at Colombo he devotes more than one chapter to a very superficial account of that place, and tells us little about Candy, Buddhism, and colonial hotels that we did not know before. Why he went to Ceylon at all is not very clear. His destination was a coffee estate in Southern India, and he had better have availed himself of the mail steamer to Bombay, and either have dropped down the coast or taken the train to the Madras Presidency and the Nilgiri Hills. Probably by the time he got to India he had found out that the "brown-skinned Hindoos," whom he first saw on the *Almora* steamer at Gravesend, were, in reality, brown-skinned Mohomedans, and we might presume that a notice on a board at a railway station in Ceylon was not written in Canarese, as in the text, but in Cinghalese. In fact, these two volumes contain exactly 732 pages of print, and a single volume of just half that amount would have sufficed for all the author's discoveries of strange facts.

For the author, simple or "griffinish"—to use an Anglo-Indian phrase—as he was on starting for India, was really placed in a new position of influence and authority where he had many opportunities of picking up curious and suggestive facts. Coffee-planting is a recent development of industry in India. Many years ago Anglo-Indians bought coffee estates and bought dear experience besides, in Ceylon, at Pussilava, Katchiganava, Nuwera Ellia, and other places, and a few feeble attempts were made thirty years back to introduce the coffee plant in portions of what is known as the South-Western Agency, in Hazaribagh and Lohardugga in Bengal. But indigo had waxed and waned and tea-planting had risen on the downfall of indigo, and capital had been attracted to Cachar, Assam, and Darjeeling before coffee-planting in Coorg and the Wynnad was seriously taken up as an industry of importance and value. Now, however, it bids fair, unless depressed from its due elevation by gold-mines, to become an additional source of wealth to capitalists, and of employment to adventurous young Englishmen as well as to hundreds of natives. And if Mr. Arnold had resolutely kept from pen and ink, except for the purpose of writing home, till he left Calicut and began to experience the discomfort of travelling in a cart drawn by a couple of oxen, and in the *muncheel* of which Mrs. Guthrie writes so pleasantly, we should not have had to read several hundreds of unnecessary pages and to write a few lines of necessary criticism.

Mr. Arnold's destination was a coffee estate on the Annamalli Hills, a tract situated in the Madras district of Coimbatore, and adjoining the native States of Oochin and Travancore. Indeed the Annamallies eventually blend with the Travancore Hills. The term itself means "elephant mountains," and hitherto this hilly forest has been the resort of the above animals, of the bison and sambur, and of aboriginal tribes known as Kaders, Malassers,

\* On the Indian Hills; or, Coffee-planting in Southern India. By Edwin Lester Arnold, Author of "A Summer Holiday in Scandinavia." 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

Puligara, and Maravara. It was on one of the ridges of these hills that the author began work as a *chik-doree*, or assistant coffee-planter, in a wooden or log hut, which was dignified with the name of a bungalow, though by its description it seems to have been in size and comfort far below the standard of the worst dawk bungalow, in the least accessible districts of Bengal or the North-West Provinces. The sides of the hut were made of poles and saplings, to which a coarse mat was attached. The roof was thatch, and by no sort of means impervious to the rain of the monsoon. We do not read of glass windows, and the beds, tables, and furniture were of the rudest description. The estate itself comprised about two thousand acres, which we gather to have been bought from the Raja of Cochin. The Madras Government, we may observe, is ready to sell its forest lands on the Annamallies at an upset price of 10s. an acre. Of these two thousand acres hardly two hundred had been brought into actual cultivation when the author went there. Indeed the clearance of these dense jungles is no easy matter. There is scarcely anywhere a level spot. The "estate" is a succession of hills and ravines. They often are covered with forest timber, now and then strangled by a huge undergrowth of creepers and shrubs. One of the first objects of the planter is to cut roads in two or three directions, to clear spaces, and yet to leave judiciously belts of timber unfelled, which may serve as a protection from the furious bursts of the monsoon. Then, authorities differ as to the proper size for clearings. Some are for large spaces and freedom from jungle, insects, and weeds. Others prefer small plantations with sheltering trees and plenty of vegetable mould close at hand. Where the jungle has been cut and cleared, beds are prepared for the coffee of which each seed is planted about five inches from its neighbour. Next, the seedlings have to be planted out, and this was done on the author's estate by enclosing the young plants in small wicker baskets filled with jungle mould. During all these processes the native workmen, who are only induced to come up from the plains by good pay and fair treatment, have to be watched, drilled, doctored, and superintended. And in the case of a newcomer, ignorant of the languages and customs, it required close and constant attention to avoid deceit and imposture, and to get a reasonable amount of labour out of a weakly crew of men, women, and children, without hasty resort to intimidation or violence. We must do Mr. Arnold the justice to say that, though he was speedily initiated into native dodges and subterfuges, he appears to have treated his coolies with consideration and kindness, and, though at a distance from policemen and tribunals, never unnecessarily to have taken the law into his own hands. But the defections and tricks of natives are not the only trials of coffee-planters. Though at a considerable elevation, the bungalow was not above the fever-line. Rains beat heavily and winds blew violently on the ill-constructed hut. Mists, charged with malaria, rose from the surrounding jungle. Cholera broke out amongst the natives, as it invariably does when the plainest dictates of sanitation are hourly defied. The daily amount of physical labour exacted from the superintendent and his assistants in making roads, burning stumps, visiting the nurseries and pits, or, we should say, showing several hundred coolies how all these operations were to be performed, was exhausting; and even the frames of active and not intemperate Englishmen are not proof against this daily wear and tear. Other disagreeable incidents occurred. The jungles were full of leeches, which got inside boots and stockings. Amusements and recreations there were hardly any. It is a notable fact that everywhere in India the sportsman has the fewest chances in dense forests, though, from the tracks seen, they may be regularly swarming with game. Elephants crashed through the forest, and occasionally came down on the huts of the coolies; and once an unfortunate native superintendent or *mistari* was pounded to death by a savage and solitary bison. We are glad to say that the poor man's death was speedily avenged by an old Madras *shikari*, who had been employed on the estate as cook. But beyond an occasional Sambur deer, a large squirrel, and, we are sorry to say, a couple of monkeys, no large animals were bagged. When the lagged planters got an occasional holiday, they were glad to spend it in a visit to some neighbouring planter, better furnished with what in late Irish discussions have been humorously termed the "decencies and improvements" of life. These excursions were not accomplished without a good deal of fatigue and climbing; and once or twice the young adventurers got spiked by long jungle grass, or missed their way at night, or had a narrow escape in crossing a raging torrent, or were nearly smothered by the hot ashes, the remains of a fire lit to burn up roots and stems. One ancient settler was driven from the hills by fever, and an incautious young assistant nearly shot his toe off; but the young men kept up their spirits wonderfully, made the most of New Year's Day and other festivals, and behaved as our countrymen have a happy knack of doing in isolated and strange places. The views, especially when the atmosphere had been cleared by rain, were diversified and splendid. There is no snowy range in Southern India, but the eye could take in a succession of green ridges, occasionally dotted with white bungalows seemingly close at hand, but half a day off, and could reach to the distant plains, with their large spaces of cultivation and lines of villages shrouded in palms. Mr. Arnold seems to have had a turn for botany and zoology, and to have gathered rare ferns and lovely specimens of butterflies, some of which were as large as small birds; and he gives an account of a feast held by his coolies, in which one of their number was dressed up to represent the evil spirit of the jungle, and kicked and cuffed; and there

was afterwards a display of fireworks, much beating of tom-toms, and a great consumption of rice. But his means of communication with natives were evidently imperfect, and we gather that his time was so occupied that he had no leisure to lay in any foundation of Oriental lore or to learn grammatically the languages, Canarese and Tamil, with which he had most to do. We are not surprised to be told that hard work, and life in a bungalow not waterproof, brought on repeated attacks of fever. To get rid of a racking succession of cold and hot fits, where the Englishman is his own doctor and rest and quinine are the only specifics, there is nothing for it but a total change of air. Mr. Arnold inhaled sea air at Bejapore and a purer mountain breeze at Ootacamund, of which station he gives a pleasant account; but when once the jungle fever enters the bones and marrow, a sea trip ending at Southampton is the only remedy. We are glad to say that the return voyage is not described at the same length as the outward trip, and we trust that the air of his native country or a second visit to Scandinavia may put Mr. Arnold in a condition to defy fever or to discipline coolies once more in the East.

We have never been of those who anticipate inordinate profits from any new commercial enterprise in India which is pompously heralded as some wonderful combination of native resources guided and controlled by the capital and the superior intelligence of the Anglo-Saxon race. There will always be obstacles and drawbacks to speedy success in any such venture. In older and settled provinces there is the difficulty of complicated land tenures, divided ownerships, and contracts with natives on whom such obligations sit very lightly. There are difficulties about communication, though these are rapidly yielding to the energy of an improved administration. There will always be troubles about the supply of labour. Coolies fall sick, lose heart, die, or abscond, often at the season when everything depends on continuous work. In remote regions, such as the Annamallies, the Nilgiris, Assam, or parts of the Central Provinces, there may not be the same perplexities of ancient tenures and grasping lessors to annoy and worry settlers. Lands here may be bought outright for a moderate sum, and held, as we should say, in fee simple. The jungle of subinfeudation, as it has been termed, has not here sprung up in addition to the jungle of nature, and it will be the fault of the purchaser if it does. But distance, isolation, a climate endurable but alternating between dry heat, choking mists, and drenching rains, and a forest on which the axe makes but slight impression, render the task of the coffee-planter or superintendent by no means light and easy. That there is a hopeful future for coffee-planters we have no doubt. And it may be gratifying to shareholders to learn that young men sent out to a picturesque Hill Station can live in fair comfort on 100rs. or 120rs. a month, or at least that they can have no irresistible temptations to extravagance. But proprietors and shareholders will be better served in the end if they provide their managers with decent residences instead of frail huts of matting and saplings. If comfortable houses can be built everywhere else in the hills, there is no excuse for neglecting this obvious first necessity of a healthy existence at the Annamallies.

#### THROUGH THE RANKS TO A COMMISSION.\*

BY all who take an interest in British soldiers the volume bearing the above title will be read with no little curiosity. It records the experiences and impressions of a gentleman who enlisted as a private in a marching regiment, and, after passing rapidly through the inferior grades, obtained an officer's commission. Those who know little of army matters will find a large amount of information about our soldiers, the details of their daily life, their way of looking at men and things, which is not easily obtainable. Tommy Atkins is not given to keeping a diary, or we might have some queer revelations, for, like the parrot, he "thinks a deal," after his fashion. Officers can have but a superficial knowledge of what passes muster for reflection among the denizens of the barrack-room and canteen. Even those who have risen from the ranks can rarely be accepted as trustworthy exponents of the habits of thought of the class to which they formerly belonged. In our experience, they are almost invariably the advocates of stern dealing towards the soldier, and they are wont to regard him with suspicion. Yet the best officers (of the officer class proper) have, as a rule, found it sound policy to trust largely to the veracity, the honour, and sense of duty of their men; and they have recourse to severity only when milder measures fail of effect.

The meditations of the said Tommy Atkins, so far as we have understood him, are of a peculiar cast; they are certainly not religious, nor are they altogether of a sordid mercenary kind; but they are eminently philosophical, and the philosophy is not speculative, but practical. Making exceptions for the few incorrigible toppers and slovenly ill-conditioned fellows, we affirm that the soldier is a philosopher, and in a certain way he is a gentleman. He does his daily round of duties because he remembers he has taken the shilling, because he knows the duties have to be done, because he sees his officers and sergeants do theirs, because it will be better for him to do them than not to do them, because he knows that after his turn of guard or picket he can have his glass of ale, and can enjoy abundant opportunities of courtship. And that he is a bit of a gentleman he shows by the pride he

takes in looking his best, and doing his best, and in being considered a smart man by the ladies he affects, as well as by his officers.

Some of the statements of the writer must be accepted with caution where he takes us within the veil of the "inner consciousness" of the soldier, and for this reason that his antecedents precluded him from regarding things, even while on equal terms with them, from his comrades' standpoint. As we read we seem to see him continually *trying* to realize what they thought and felt rather than thinking and feeling himself as they naturally did. Credit is given to soldiers as a body in that they do not interfere with or mock at the religious practices of particular men. But the real reason for their abstinence from persecution is most probably this, that to the vast majority religion is a luxury they would rather be without. Soldiers all over the world are unhappily for the most part thoroughgoing materialists. You might with equal justice eulogize them for their parade behaviour as for their religious demeanour when at Divine service. Their conduct on both occasions is regulated by like motives. If anything, it is more uniformly regular and correct while on parade. When a commanding officer sees fit to keep his men out at drill longer than usual, you would never suspect from anything in their attitude that the circumstance is causing them the annoyance it surely does, and that the proceeding will be severely criticized after the "dismiss." But a regiment does not hesitate to let a chaplain know when it has had enough sermon. Very few chaplains can be proof against the shuffling *en masse* of several hundred heavy boots which is sure to take place when the sermonizer has passed certain limits. The writer makes a mistake in saying that a recruit, having on enlistment "made his choice" to which religion he will belong, "he has to stick to it." Soldiers, like other persons, are liable to be overtaken by sudden conversions. As the band accompanies the "Church party," and not the "Catholic party," or the "Chapel (i.e. Wesleyan) party," the first is the most patronized; but, if the church at any station is a long distance from quarters, a change of creed is sometimes found convenient. It may here be stated that the frequently most zealous efforts of the chaplains to do good among the men by going frequently in their midst and making individual friends, are too frequently neutralized by the constant shifting of regiments from one quarter to another.

When a gentleman bred and born, of "quite independent means," fresh from the life of a University, can find so little to complain of in the lot of a regimental private as was the case with this writer, it would seem that the soldier is far better off than most men of his social position. He is required to do one thing—to surrender his freedom—and that not to arbitrary government, but to reasonable control. In return for this, he may rely with certainty on being well clothed, well fed, well educated, well tended in illness, and fairly well paid. In addition to this, through a continuance of good conduct he can better his position very materially. "The food supplied to the soldiers," says the writer, "rather surprised me at first by its goodness. For breakfast as much bread and coffee as could be desired; for dinner a good stew or baked meat, with plenty of potatoes, &c.; and for the evening meal bread and tea. The quality of everything was excellent, and it was only the meat which appeared to me deficient in quantity." Three-quarters of a pound of meat, which is each man's allowance, is certainly but a mouthful for a hungry man, when bone, sinew, and gristle are included in the portion. Actually the meat ration is consumed on an average "in twelve mouthfuls." It is a curious fact that soldiers never drink anything at dinner. "They often get a pint of beer before dinner," but that they consume at the canteen, and "all except the abstainers pay a visit to the canteen directly afterwards, but they have apparently no wish to drink until the eating part of the business is over." There are no keener observers of character and manner than the soldiers of a regiment. "A very ordinary topic among them is that of their officers—almost always respectful in manner. The nicknames most of the officers acquired are rather amusing; and I think it is more frequent to hear their good qualities praised or their peculiarities laughed at, than to hear any blame attached or spiteful language used."

The system of making weekly issues of pay may save all parties a good deal of trouble, but we are convinced that the plan of daily payments is the better one. "Men cannot go as far wrong with 9d. or 10d. as with 5s. or 6s." Some men never seem happy after getting their week's pay till they have got rid of it; and there are certain characters outside the barrack gates who are well aware which days are "pay days," and keep a good look out on those days accordingly. Many, of course, drink their money away; and old soldiers, through much discipline and long habit, contrive to "stow away" an extraordinary amount of liquor, and to preserve withal sufficient steadiness on their legs to allow of their stealing quietly to bed without attracting the sergeant's attention. The latter is often blind of one eye towards this sort of toper, "reserving his notice and authority for the troublesome." Nevertheless, these apparently innocuous men do a great deal of harm among the younger soldiers and recruits, not alone by inciting these to drink, but by the parade they make of unbridled indulgence, coupled with complete immunity from official reproof.

We think it would be a good thing if this volume were published in popular form. Its perusal would help to correct many prevalent delusions as to the condition, manner of life, &c., of the British soldier:—

\* I absolutely deny that there is anything degrading or lowering in the

life and duties of the English soldier. If a man is naturally of a depraved character, he will find opportunities for following his inclinations wherever he may be living. But a steady man can keep as free from lowering habits and bad company in the army as in any other profession. . . . It is not generally known how entirely the distinctly bad characters are left to themselves and avoided by all respectable soldiers, and there is probably no connexion at all between them and their non-commissioned officers except when the latter order them to the guard-room. . . . The next thing which I wish to notice is this; that the life of a sergeant, both as regards his daily duties and daily comforts, is one which any young man of active habits and character who comes from what are termed the working or artisan classes need not despise; and I believe if the true state of the case was more generally known, many men of a better class would make the army their profession. I look back myself with real pleasure to the work and life of a sergeant, and I do not know any occupation or trade pursued by members of the class I allude to that can compare with it. . . . My experience leads me to the firm conviction that it is quite an exception to meet a sergeant who is *bonâ fide* anxious for a commission as a combatant officer. They know that their means would not permit of their living on equal terms with other officers, and that they would be too far removed from their natural life and habits to make such a radical change at all congenial.

We do not know, that, under the present conditions of our social and military system, a gentleman desiring to serve the Queen has much to gain by passing through the ranks to a commission, instead of at once entering upon his natural sphere. The writer had exceptional reasons, inasmuch as he longed to be a soldier and was just too old to get his commission in the natural way; and the ordeal to which he voluntarily, and even enthusiastically, submitted may have been personally beneficial to him. But, while he seems to have done his duty thoroughly, he never was able to feel at home among the privates or even the sergeants. There was always a bar between them and "the recruit with 800l. a year." This recruit had been recommended by distinguished generals to the colonel of the regiment in which he enlisted. The colonel took him by the hand, and promised to look after his interests if he behaved himself; the sergeant-major got wind of this and, as a good diplomatist, was "civil" to the interesting recruit, who, moreover, taught his son arithmetic; the men instinctively recognized a superior being who voluntarily stooped for some occult reason to associate with them, and they did not swear when he told them it was wicked to swear; the sergeants know the gentle recruit was destined to vault over their heads into a seat at the officers' mess, and they seem to have thought it quite in the natural order of things. Altogether we cannot accept the writer as a perfectly legitimate specimen of a man who, unaided, in virtue solely of character and ability, succeeds in gaining a commission from the ranks. Neither is he entitled to speak for the British soldier as one of themselves. He was among them, but not of them. Nevertheless, we commend the volume as the record of an interesting and successful experiment, and as containing much useful information concerning the life and duty of a soldier.

#### THE MAROCCO MISSION.\*

THE State repression of books of travel may perhaps be among the possibilities of the future. The mental disease which seizes upon travellers and impels them to clog the wheels of literature is too trite a subject to require fresh discussion, except in so far as the book before us indicates a new province devastated by the plague. Morocco is the latest addition to the traveller's objects of persecution. We have had several books about it, good and bad, during the last year or two, and now Captain Trotter comes to carry on the attack. Most tourists who scribble books have some excuse or other to offer the public for trespassing on their indulgence; and Captain Trotter, though he does not think it necessary to apologize, has certainly the reason to give for the faith (in his literary deserts) which is in him that his book is the record of a political Mission. The question, however, remains whether the Mission was worth recording. Sir J. Drummond Hay has undoubtedly considerable personal influence in Morocco; and, by persistently hammering on cold iron, it is possible he may eventually effect some improvements in the government of the country and the cultivation of the land. But we are bound to confess that, so far as can be gathered from Captain Trotter's book, the political results of the Mission of 1880 were practically nil. It is true many excellent suggestions were made to the Sultan of Morocco, and many cordial promises of reform were given by his Sherifian Majesty; but it does not appear that matters went much further. Captain Trotter reviewed the royal troops, and pointed out their faults and the remedies thereof in an admirable military report to the Sultan. All his recommendations were cheerfully accepted, and probably as cheerfully forgotten. Two or three little improvements were effected; but there was hardly enough business done to merit a lengthy record such as Captain Trotter has elaborated. The principal results of the Mission, indeed, would seem to have been the frightening of the Sultan with a photographic camera, and the entertainment of the natives by heliographic flashings and the setting up of telephonic communication between different parts of the Sultan's palace. It was, no doubt, an admirable idea of the British Government to introduce scientific novelties into Morocco; but we have grave doubts whether many of the instruments are still in repair.

\* Our Mission to the Court of Morocco in 1880, under Sir John Drummond Hay, K.C.B., Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to His Majesty the Sultan. By Philip Durham Trotter, Captain 93rd Highlanders. Illustrated from Photographs by the Hon. D. Lawson. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1881.



There are, however, other reasons for writing a book of travels besides doubtful "political results." Mr. Watson, for example, in his work on "Washan," gave us a graphic description of the country he travelled through, and a very fair impression of the people. Captain Trotter unhappily does neither. He has not the pen of the ready writer; and though he can tell you in respectable mess-room dialect what he sees, he apparently did not see very much. A traveller is nothing if he is not a keen observer. Captain Trotter reminds us, on the contrary, of our old acquaintance "No Eyes." He does not see anything that we care to hear about, and tells us dreary little anecdotes of the trifling incidents of travel, instead of attempting to introduce us to the strange people and country he is visiting. It is true he laboured under great disadvantages. He had no knowledge of Arabic, though he trots out little bits of dragoman's learning here and there, side by side with very well-worn French and Latin quotations; he was tied to a strictly defined route, and could not go exploring as travellers love to do; he had all the Englishman's contempt for the strange animal that he calls the Arab, and did not greatly fatigue himself by the effort to understand him; he had no preparatory knowledge of what to look for, and was ignorant of those elements of Oriental and antiquarian science which are essential to the making of a good observer in Morocco, though he does not spare us that wearisome padding of history, geography, antiquities, and what not, which every traveller thinks it necessary to thrust, head and shoulders, into his unadorned narrative. With such disadvantages it is not surprising that Captain Trotter has made a dull book, and has added almost nothing to the already existing information about Morocco. The twelve botanical species discovered for the first time in Morocco by Miss Hay form the chief scientific gain of the book; but we think Mr. Lawless's photographs, some of which are admirable, should also be reckoned. They, at least, are worth possessing, and what Captain Trotter does not observe the eye of the camera discovers.

Enough has been said to show that the book is not worth any serious study; but as there are people who prefer what are called "books of the season," however trivial and ephemeral, to the hundred great works that gaze reproachfully at them from the top shelves of the library, it may save unnecessary waste of time if we point out two or three passages in "Our Mission" which are better worth reading than the rest. No doubt, on a hot afternoon it is possible to be amused with Captain Trotter's account of the effects produced by the phonograph and other instruments on the natives; of the Sultan's skill in "dodging" the photographer, and his final triumph in sending three fat wives to be "taken" instead of his own august person. The little incidents of the journey, too, may feed the humorous sense of some readers; and the practice of striking the tent over the occupier's head at an early hour of the morning, irrespectively of the stage he may have reached in his dressing, is suggestive of some striking tableaux. But we have these things in all traveller's books, and Captain Trotter is not good at improving on his predecessors. More serious readers may perhaps value his remarks on the social state of Morocco, the position of the women, the slave market, and the Jews. For ourselves we do not attach much importance to these notices, for a month's visit affords little room for observation, and strong prejudices do not conduce to fair judgments. The account of snake-charming in Morocco, though not new, contains some interesting, as well as some sickening, particulars; and the statement of Sir J. D. Hay that a fowl bitten by a snake died within the hour and its flesh turned black, though its bite had no effect upon the charmer, is important. But the best thing in the book is the description of the performance of the Aissowieh dervishes. The sect is held in the highest reverence in Morocco, and "the inhabitants vie with one another in ministering to its wants"; but the rites are so ecstatic and savage that it is dangerous for a Christian to witness them. It was by a misconception of a request of Sir John Hay's that the Sultan ordered a performance of the Aissowieh for the gratification of the English Mission; but the spectacle was worth seeing, though not desired.

These, then, were the crowd of people who, having hitherto been kept in the background, were now brought forward by their Emkaddemin, or high priests—three old men of great height and commanding appearance, with dark flowing robes and long white beards. At first they were formed up in double rows, facing each other, with the Emkaddemin between them, and began their dance to a monotonous tune kept up on drums and horns. Gradually they kept working towards our tent, stamping their feet to the time of the drums, and throwing their heads backwards and forwards with a corresponding and rapidly increasing motion. . . . The Aissowieh . . . were now reduced to about twenty, those to whom the spirit had not communicated this state of religious ecstasy having had the good taste to withdraw from their more favoured brethren. Those who remained presented a horrid appearance; their clothes hung loosely upon them; in most cases their turbans had fallen off, exposing sometimes a bare and shiny skull, sometimes long dishevelled hair, which, by the constant motion of their heads, now hung in clusters down their backs, now in matted locks concealing their faces. Occasionally three or four would break away from the ring and indulge in a *pas seul* outside it, or else run full tilt with their heads against a tree, and beat the stem with their hands till the blood flowed freely down. The eyes of all of them had now become fixed and glassy, their tongues lolled out of their mouths, and their faces assumed a livid hue, while from the entire circle rose the ceaseless cry of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" . . . The chief method observable in their madness was that they seldom did each other any injury, though occasionally one or two at a time would fall on their faces and commence tearing up the grass, which, with handfuls of mud, they would force down their throats, and digest with apparent satisfaction. On these occasions, if two of them came in contact, one would seize the leg or head of the other, and commence gnawing it in an abstracted manner, inflicting horrible wounds, to which operation his fellow-enthusiast would make no objection. The Emkaddemin would now interfere, and by kneeling on their heads and

other gentle measures quiet them; then by some mysterious exorcism they would recall the men to reason, keeping their eye on them till they sheepishly left the spot and got away behind the spectators. By this means all but four of the Aissowieh were disposed of; those that were left, however, seemed beyond even the influence of their priests, who would occasionally make an attempt to subdue them; but, failing to do so, contented themselves with closely watching, and, when necessary, placing themselves between us and the wretched men, who now looked more like beasts than human beings. In fact, through some freak of their disordered brains, these men had assumed the rôle of wild animals, and were prowling about on all fours, uttering unearthly cries, like hungry beasts in quest of prey. . . . Among our servants were several followers of the sect, who, forbidden to join in the saturnalia, had been looking with sympathetic eyes at their coreligionists. One young boy, however, of about twelve, also an Aissowieh, who has lately been taken into the service of the Khalifa, not being able to resist the fascination of the scene, joined in it, and, having given himself over wholly to the Evil One, was now lying in a state of exhaustion on the ground, his stomach full of mud and grass, and his nice new clothes, provided by an indulgent master, reduced to rags. Towards young Hasan, for so is the youth called, one of the priests now moved, and, taking him up by the waist, threw him as a bait to allure away the fanatics from us. The device succeeded better than we had hoped for; and, with a horrid roar, they threw themselves upon the boy. He remained where he had been thrown, without moving or uttering a sound; and, while the horrid crew were howling and struggling over the mouse before proceeding to tear it to pieces, he sprang from among them into the arms of the nearest Emkaddemin, who, secreting him in his ample robes, moved away from the spot. The vacant despair and then rage of the Aissowieh, when they saw their victim was gone, was indescribable; they tore up the ground with their nails and teeth, and then separating, apparently in search of their prey, were set on by their leaders, who by moral suasion and by physical force, requisitioned from their now sobriety followers, removed the still raving madmen from the scene (pp. 199-202).

One other point requires notice in *Our Mission to the Court of Morocco*. In pp. 80-82 Captain Trotter relates a very remarkable career of a "foreign official," who would seem to have extorted money from the people on false pretences, and marked every pause in his journey by oppression and lies and every species of extortion. Some of the natives seem to have suffered imprisonment, stripes, and even death, through his agency. The story is so circumstantial that it is difficult to doubt its accuracy; but, if it is true, it is surely a public duty to give the name of the "foreign official." He has befouled the good name of Europeans in Morocco, and, if Captain Trotter knows his name and nation, he is surely needlessly merciful in concealing them.

#### ON A RAFT AND THROUGH THE DESERT.\*

IT is no rare thing in these days that an author should seek to emulate the fame of Howick, and both write his book and also supply the illustrations. As a rule, illustrations, especially to books of travel, are merely drawn by the author and transferred from the sketch-book to wood. In one or two recent examples this process has ended in signal failure. We need but remember the exquisite drawings of Lady Anne Blunt in the Grosvenor Gallery last year and the absurd caricatures of them which the English wood engraver produced in the book. In America they do these things better; but wood engraving is rapidly becoming a lost art among us, and even cuts only fit to head a street ballad are so expensive as to be out of the reach of ordinary authors. Mr. Ellis has done wisely in discarding woodcuts altogether. It is a question whether a few of those charming facsimile sketches which illustrate Gallery catalogues, and notably the catalogue of Mr. Ellis's own pictures in Bond Street, might not have produced a pleasing effect in the text. But in Mr. Ellis's very modest preface he makes no mention of such a possibility, and merely says that he adopts etching on copper, "the most artistic form of illustration, because it is the work of the artist himself." This reason would apply equally well to several of the so-called "typo-etching" processes; and we are not quite sure that the peculiar character of Mr. Ellis's work would not have come out equally well, and less expensively, in many cases, without all the trouble involved in biting and polishing and inking and wiping copper plates. No doubt when, as in the volumes before us, a limited number of beautiful prints is produced, the result is eminently satisfactory. Still, we repeat, there is unnecessary labour and expense involved in it. It is impossible to print rapidly from etched copper-plates, and the very first picture in the book, the frontispiece to volume i., beautiful as it is in many respects, is certainly too dark, at least in the copy before us. Still, as Mr. Ellis says, it is the artist's own work, and conveys an impression of truthfulness which no imitation at second-hand, however carefully executed, could convey. Of some of these etchings we can hardly speak too highly. The second print in this same first volume is full of poetry, and, at the same time, as any one who visited Alexandria before the removal of Cleopatra's needles can testify, absolutely truthful. The effect of sunset is given by the simplest means. A few lines only go to make the sky, yet it seems to be full of glowing colour. Behind the doomed obelisk the city stretches out into the sea, and the famous Pharos appears on the extreme point to the right. Another very effective picture is entitled "Bir Edjik," but appears to represent a ford of the Euphrates, more correctly spelt in the text as Bir Edjek. In the foreground are some camels and their drivers seated by the water's edge, waiting for a ferry. In the background,

\* *On a Raft and Through the Desert*. By Tristram J. Ellis. 2 vols. Illustrated by 38 Etchings by the Author. London: Field & Tuer and Hamilton & Adams.

against a sunset sky dark with heavy clouds is the great grey castle—"one of a similar set of castles reaching right down the Euphrates to Babylon." Lovers of the *Arabian Nights* will be disappointed with the mean appearance in these views of such world-famed, romance-coloured cities as Mosul, of which there are two etchings, the first very fine, with one of Mr. Ellis's favourite sunsets, and Baghdad and the Midan and Kathimain, even with its golden domes. But Mr. Ellis's work inspires us with a feeling of confidence, and it is but too clear that the glories of Mesopotamia are among the things that have passed away.

The figure subjects are quite as varied as the views, and differ also as much in merit. Some do not satisfy the requirements of representing the brilliant light of the East; and others do not form pleasing pictures, however faithful they may be to nature. "Baghdadia" represents a lady in a garden, trying the fruit of a dwarf orange tree. Her head is covered by a fez ornamented with coins. She wears a long robe with wide sleeves, very open in front, but with no belt or waistband, and over it a kind of cloak. With these simple materials Mr. Ellis has just failed, but failed by very little, to produce a pleasing effect. The dress is too stiff. Perhaps it was as stiff or stiffer in the original. The eyes and eyelashes are too black—perhaps they were artificially coloured in the lady's own face. Mr. Ellis has, perhaps, sacrificed beauty to extreme accuracy. But to another print none of these criticisms apply. "The evil-eyed old Monsour" sits on his camel and looks from under the heavy shadow of his hood straight out of the picture. There is something very uncanny in his face, which is well contrasted with the equally uncanny face of his camel. This is a clever etching, full of careful drawing, depth, and expression, as well as fidelity to the subject. No one who has not tried knows how difficult it is to draw a camel correctly. Among those of our artists who habitually draw their inspirations from Oriental sources, there are very few whose representations of camels are not ludicrous to any one who has specially studied the ungainly features of that ill-tempered, untamable, growling savage. There was in the late exhibition of the Royal Academy a painting in which a Bedawin was riding on a camel, but it was a soft-furred, rich-coloured, drawing-room kind of beast, neither naked, nor mangy, nor prognathous, nor clipped, nor in fact a bit more like the ordinary camel of commerce than a racing colt, fresh from the trainer's stable, is like a cab horse after years on the London pavements. Mr. Ellis's camels are true to camel nature. Nobody ever saw two camels alike in face, except so far as all camels' faces express extreme disgust and ill humour. Mr. Ellis has varied his sketches accordingly. In the night scene which forms the frontispiece to the second volume are five camels, which leave nothing to be desired in point of drawing and arrangement. Of other figure scenes perhaps the most pleasing show: "Christians at the Church Door, Aleppo," in which a negress dressed in black is finely contrasted with a gracefully-attired damsel in white, while a truculent-looking Syrian, in the costume familiar to employers of dragomans, stands in the paved courtyard beyond. "In the Bazaar, Mosul," is another very pleasing print, the figures graceful, the faces pretty, and with not too much of that attempt to give exact details of costume which often makes travellers' sketch-books into mere collections of fashions.

Mr. Ellis undertook his journey in the first instance with an artist's intention to make drawings and collect materials for pictures. He hopes, he pleads modestly, "that having gone beyond his profession in writing the text of the book, the same generosity will be extended to him as to the army veteran, who, though a man of action and not of words, sometimes finds himself by the force of circumstances in the position of an orator." This indulgence may be the more readily accorded to him because he has neither, on the one hand, attempted fine writing, nor has he, on the other, failed to express what he wished to say in simple and forcible language. His journey is described on an unusually full title-page as having been made through Northern Syria and Kurdistan, and by the Tigris to Mosul and Baghdad; he returned across the desert by the Euphrates and Palmyra to Damascus, over the Anti-Lebanon to Baulbek and to Beyrout. No element of the picturesque was thus wanting in his route, to which additional interest of a painful character was given by the incidence of one of those famines which at short intervals devastate the outlying provinces of Turkey, famines which in nine cases out of ten have their origin in the organized system of robbery which the Turks call finance. After some preliminary excursions from Beyrout, in one of which he visited Sidon, he set out from Iscanderoun about the middle of February 1880, and passing through Aleppo, reached the bank of the Euphrates at Bir Edjek, and that of the Tigris at Diarbekir. Purposing to drop down the stream on a raft from Diarbekir, he was delayed a considerable time by rumours of robbers, who were really only unfortunate inhabitants driven by famine to plunder passing rafts for grain. The Government could not, of course, being Turkish, do much to relieve the people's hunger, but they could and did send soldiers to quell the rising, and on the 18th March, the river being declared free, Mr. Ellis set sail. A Tigris raft, he tells us, "consists of a framework of wood, supported on inflated goat-skins." It is constructed by lashing long straight boughs of poplar together so as to form "a grill with bars eight inches apart, of the full size of the raft." The method of inflating the skins, of tying them under the grill, and of mending them is fully described, and the further process of superimposing a second grill and a flooring of osier sticks. On this flooring Mr. Ellis made him-

self a house, furnished with a stove and other civilized appliances. The osier flooring seems to have been the worst thing about the raft, for it was "very difficult to walk on, as, unless one is very careful, a foot will slip through on to the skins. These give way on each side, and one's leg is in the water in a second. The skins immediately close round the ankle, and it requires the assistance of others to haul one's foot out." On this frail structure, swirling round in eddies, stranding in the shallows, bumping on rocks, the skins, to the number of half a dozen at a time, "going off with a sudden and discomfiting pop," Mr. Ellis remained till the raft, passing out of Kurdistan, entered Mesopotamia, and finally, leaving on the left bank Koyounjik, the ruins of the great Ninevite palace, was tied up at Mosul. Here he found an English lady and gentleman directing the distribution of soup to a crowd of poor people. "The English cheerfulness, mingled with hard work efficiently done, side by side with all the squalor and mismanagement, suddenly coming upon one, made an impression I can never forget."

Mr. Ellis did not desert his raft until he reached Baghdad, and commenced his return journey "Through the Desert," the narrative of which occupies his second volume. The book is full of adventures pleasantly told, and is valuable for its clear descriptions of landscape and buildings. Mr. Ellis's previous training as an engineer enabled him to see things correctly, and his letter-press as well as his sketches is trustworthy accordingly. This is particularly the case where he tells us of the wonders of Palmyra and Baulbek, both of which he visited before he returned to Beyrout, whence he embarked for home at the end of June. His volumes are furnished with an excellent map and a sufficient index. They are beautifully printed in the clearest of type. The white binding has but one fault, that its beauty is too evanescent. Altogether it may safely be asserted that even a reviewer takes leave of such charming volumes with regret.

#### KING LAZARUS.\*

MR. LEITH DERWENT has given us a story that is remarkably full of words. We suppose that, if they were counted, it would not, indeed, be found that there are more words in these three volumes than in any other of the same size. And yet though this, we suppose, is a fact, yet we find it very hard to convince ourselves of its truth. As we closed the third volume, we felt as if we had been pelted with words just as at the Carnival we have been pelted with handfuls of rubbish so fashioned as to look like sweetmeats. Then, changing the comparison, it seemed to us as if we had escaped from a deluge that had almost taken away our breath, and even our senses as it beat upon us hour after hour. We had, indeed, managed at last to reach dry land, and to find a place of safety from its pitiless flood, but the storm had been almost too much for us, and we were little fit, we soon discovered, to give any clear account of what had befallen us. Yet we must gather such wits as we have left, and let our readers know all that we can tell them of this dreadful storm. Should our author go on writing we trust that he will stop short with his ninth story. Let him not come down upon us with all the onset of the tenth wave, or he will sweep us clean away.

*Vastius insurgens decime ruit impetus undæ.*

As it is, even his second wave—for this, we believe, is only the second time that he has written—has been almost too much for us, and has left us nigh spent with a strange kind of ringing in our ears. However, let us not complain. We, at all events, are through the flood, and may hang up our votive garments to the deity that has saved us. If others choose to follow us, and get hopelessly swamped in the passage, they will have only themselves to blame.

*King Lazarus* is, of course, not only words. It is, indeed, crammed as full of rant as any three volumes can well be; and yet, in the midst of this rant, room has been found, not only for heroes and heroines, love-making, and dying, but even for Mr. Bradlaugh, M. Thiers, Marshal Bazaine, M. Gambetta, the leaders among the Communists, and the Franco-German war. As for poor Nature, she is scarcely left for even one moment in peace. She is always being dragged on to the stage, decked in the most brilliant tinsel. The sun and moon have a sad time of it, and cannot be allowed to rise and set, and get done with it once for all. The heroes skip backwards and forwards with startling rapidity from Wastwater, in the Lake country, to London, to Paris, and to the South of France. The sun and the moon unfortunately they can never leave behind them. The reader, so far as we can remember, is rarely so happy as to catch the chief characters on an evening when the moon was not shining. In the opening of the first volume we have the sad wan face of the goddess Luna and its melancholy beauty. We are taken to London, and there we find her sheeting the hero's bed with silver. A page or two further on the moon seems, we are told, to be looking so wearily at him, and next it peers out from the clouds with a wild and frightened glance. Later on it looks with a wan, strange face into decaying châteaux. The sun does not come far behind. It is a sign of splendour and an eye of fire. When it sets it flames as the rage of war. It shines on what the author calls breakfast equipage, and on some primroses that were in the midst of the equipage, and it lingers to set off to the best advantage their paly gold. At one

\* *King Lazarus*. A Novel. By Leith Derwent, Author of "Our Lady of Tears." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

time it sparkles among the shining wealth of the hair of one of the heroines, at another time it kisses a ripple of golden hair that waved near some dark green box-trees. In a third passage we read that her eyes, of a blue between sky and violet, shone out melting and tender from beneath a shining of sun-kissed hair. Again, we find the sun kissing the sea, while the waves entreated the eye to drink for a moment of the foaming light of their translucent green. The following passage is a fair specimen of the author's style when he is describing nature:—

The fairest of May was smiling upon France. On battle-fields that last year's rain of blood had fertilized, the green promise of harvest covered the soil from which dead faces had looked up piteously to heaven; and the beneficent goddess, kindest Ceres, moved in bounty across the land that war had desolated, hiding with vine-leaf and corn-stalk the broad track of ruin that had been left where German feet had marched on Paris. As fair of face as in the days when she was Queen of Nations, France hid the fetters that the Teuton had clasped on her wrists, and the culture of civil war that tore her bosom, beneath a robe of green and wreaths of flowers. It was one of the brightest days of early May, and Nature had still the freshness of spring, but was all glowing and flushed with the approach of summer; and the sky above was unclouded, and the earth all sunny and smiling.

As this description does not end here, but goes on with the shining sky, the infinite azure, the mighty vault and the empyrean of fancy, we might very reasonably have hoped that of the month of May, at all events, we had seen the last. But what is May in France is May also in England; and so in the next chapter we have the dreamlike loveliness of the scenery provided by nature in Devonshire in that month described at greater length than we care for. From Devonshire we return to France, and the tiresome month is not over yet. We have the sunshine of one of the sweetest mornings ever born to May lighting up a hospital with its golden glory, and shining on cattle grazing and labourers singing. In Paris, however, its brightness seemed to grow faint and tarnished, and to change its sweet splendour for a sickly and lurid glare. Even with this description the author is not satisfied. He comes back nearly a hundred pages further on to worry the unfortunate month once more, just as a cat will return to worry a mouse. At last we take leave of May, as "the stars paled steadily out of heaven, and the rising sun first lit up with a herald redness the sky of the east, and then burned up resplendently above the horizon, and flung wide over Paris a rain of light." The reader, who is thankful for the very smallest of mercies, is only too glad to find that by the time it became needful to describe the weather in Wastdale it was on a fresh morning of early June. So pleased, indeed, is he to have escaped from May that he can almost forgive the sun for shining tenderly; nay, he can very nearly command his temper when he reads that where there were roses there fell tender on their lips the kisses of June.

It is not by any means to descriptions of nature that our author's big words are confined. On the contrary, his style is, as it were, always on the strut, and is a kind of crow from first to last. The strut is most on tip-toe, the crow is at its shrillest in those passages where one of the heroes keeps a diary. By the way, this diary-keeping in our heroes and heroines is becoming a nuisance as great as it is common. The practice has spread with great rapidity, and ought to be at once sternly checked. Even a modern novelist has sometimes a suspicion that his finest writing is all nonsense. When such is the case he hopes to lighten himself of some share of the responsibility, and yet to retain all the credit should it, after all, turn out that his suspicions were unfounded, by bringing a poet into his story, and by making him now and then keep a diary. If what is written in it is a mere rhapsody, it can be pleaded that it is, if incoherent, nevertheless in keeping with the character. If, on the contrary, it is inspired, then the author justly puts himself forward as the sole source of the inspiration. In the present case the very first sentence of the diary or journal threw us into a cold perspiration. It came quite early in the first volume, and we could not tell how much there was to follow. "Something in me," records the poetical hero, "seems to have snapt, some harp-string of the brain from which invisible fingers were wont, long ago, to draw subtle music." We pass on to the face of the seraph, Genius, and the glorious way in which, according to this young prig, she had shone on him when he was a mere boy. By this time he was, if we remember rightly, about two-and-twenty. He writes an account of the first French Revolution, full of such passages as the following:—

Not Phosphor, but that Wormwood Star, the light of which fills earth with bitterness, was it that had risen in the firmament; its rays were not the promise of a dayspring of universal liberty, but of night, a night lurid and terrible, when Europe was shaken with the tread of armies, and there trampled upon her prostrate kings a figure as of incarnate War, diademed with an imperial crown, and named of men Napoleon.

He laments at one time that, instead of having won for himself a name in literature, he was but an usher in a school. He might surely, as he wrote such high-flown nonsense, have with much more reason rejoiced that he held in his own hand the rod which his back so well deserved. If, he had known his Boswell, he might with advantage have called to mind the passage in which Johnson is described as saying, "This now is such stuff as I used to talk to my mother, when I first began to think myself a clever fellow; and she ought to have whipt me for it." The usher's head-master, who is represented as a scholar, uses, by the way, the somewhat unusual construction of *vae civitate* (sic). It scarcely seems more accurate than the author's French, of which *ambition démesurée* is a specimen. In one of his most high-flown passages the poetical journal-keeper falls

into even a worse blunder. He writes how "Mr. Thomas Gray has sung to us with no little sweetness and pathos of certain Berkshire careers that jolted and rumbled along the way of life as heavily and uneventfully as one of the village waggons along the London high-road." How a career can jolt and rumble along a way we did not stop to inquire, so pleased were we to find that Mr. Thomas Gray is allowed to have some merit, and is even kindly enough patted on the back by one of the modern school of poets. About Berkshire, nevertheless, we were a good deal perplexed. What had Gray to do with Berkshire, we began to ask of ourselves? Not hitting on an answer, we read on. We came to a sleepy monotone, and the peace of Morpheus, and at last we arrived at "the intrusion of that mendacious and altogether misplaced hypothesis concerning the dust-choked lips of nameless and tuneless Miltons, the idly withered lives of Cromwells . . . genius, the undeveloped genius of some never to be crowned king of men, clayed up in a Berkshire churchyard!" The writer, it was clear, was ranting about the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and was in the belief that Stoke Poges is in Berkshire. It is really too bad of him to fall into such a blunder in geography, for it leads him into abusing Berkshire and her "acred dulness." Now we can assure him that, even in the flattest parts of that county, along the dustiest of her roads, there is no such stretch of dreariness as we have encountered in his journal and in the three volumes of the novel of which he is the chief hero. As for the downs and heathlands of Berkshire, they can take care of themselves. Their wild beauty needs no defence against writers who, ill as they treat common-sense, treat nature, if that were possible, almost worse.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

PROFESSOR MAYOR has expanded a part of his introduction to the *De Naturâ Deorum* into a handbook of Ancient Philosophy (1). He has, he tells us in his preface, been mainly moved to do so by recollections of the days of his own studentship, when he had to attack the subject with no better help than Schleiermacher, whom he could not understand, and Lewes, who kept insisting that philosophy was all vanity and vexation of spirit. Works on the history of philosophy have since appeared which are neither unintelligible nor flippant, but "they are too long, too full, too hard, too abstract, or too vague for a first sketch. What is wanted is something to combine conciseness with accuracy and clearness, something which will be easy and interesting to readers of ordinary intelligence, and will leave no doubt in their minds as to the author's meaning." We are afraid that, when translated into plain words, this means cram, and people who do not approve of that form of education will not thank Professor Mayor for the lift he gives it. The object of setting students to study philosophy is as much to train them by the struggle with difficulties as to give knowledge; and when half the difficulty is removed by neat summaries, the value of the study is proportionately diminished. The reader of ordinary intelligence who prefers many things to philosophy will probably not trouble Professor Mayor's book. The indolent student who wants to be ready with an available stock of knowledge against next examination day will find that it largely saves him the trouble of thinking. He will be further grateful for the service that it is rendered in a pleasant readable style. He must be a very dull fellow if he cannot pick a handy general knowledge of Aristotle (whatever that may be worth) out of the fifty pages Professor Mayor devotes to that philosopher.

The anonymous author of the little treatise on *The Papal Claims* (2), introduced to the public by the Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, claims to treat his subject "with care and candour," and with a commendable desire to avoid "offering what might be regarded as insults to another communion or to its members." To all the praise which can be given for courteous and temperate language the writer of *The Papal Claims* is fully entitled. But we doubt whether much more is to be said in praise of his book. He repeats the already well-known arguments against what are rather vaguely termed the Papal Claims with no originality as to matter and little skill in arrangement. His book is primarily intended for persons wavering as to whether they shall or shall not go over from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, but the form of his argument is not very happy. He keeps on insisting that it is not enough for them to hold the Church of Rome to be better than their own. They must be sure it is all it claims to be. This may be very sound logic, but it does not strike us as the kind of argument likely to affect people in the state of mental exaltation which precedes a conversion and a violent separation from the associations of a lifetime. The style of the book is very dry, and at times inaccurate. The printer is probably partly responsible for the statement that "the condition of the Roman Church at that particular time (i.e. the eighteenth century) was no better, nor, indeed, one might almost say, of any other Church," but the writer must have helped him. There are many other sentences nearly as confused. *The Papal Claims* is the kind of book which will only be read by those who already thoroughly agree with the author.

Lieutenant Robertson has put on the cover of his book a some-

(1) *A Sketch of Ancient Philosophy, from Thales to Cicero*. By Joseph B. Mayor, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1881.

(2) *The Papal Claims, considered in the Light of Scripture and History*. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

what too ambitious title. *Three Campaigns in Afghanistan* (3) suggests a regular military history, or an attempt at one, but what he has written is accurately described in the more modest words of the title-page as "a brief record of impressions" during parts of the late operations round or against Kurum, Kabul, and Kandahar. The writer had the misfortune to be told off for the tedious work of guarding the communications or bringing up supplies, while some of the most stirring events of the war in Afghanistan were being transacted. He was left behind during the first advance after the fight, such as it was, at the Peiwar Kotal, and he missed General Roberts's march to Kabul after the murder of Cavagnari and his suite. But he saw the subsequent operations round Kabul and shared in the march to Kandahar. With all that he missed, enough came in his way to have made a much more interesting book than he has written. He has, we should judge, been in much too great a hurry to get his impressions printed and off his hands. As a natural consequence they want colour and individuality. Perhaps, too, he has not been sufficiently clear as to what sort of book he intended to make, and has fallen to the ground between a purely critical military treatise and a narrative of personal adventure. His account of the most remarkable feat of war of all, the march to put right the state of affairs at Kandahar after Maiwand—about which Lieutenant Robertson has some very sensible things to say—is so general in its descriptions, that any man with a lively imagination and the competent military reading could have given as good an account without having been there. What he has described would apply to any rapid march in a dry country. Making due allowance for what he has not done, Lieutenant Robertson has produced a fairly readable book, which impresses us as the work of a sensible man of more than ordinary reading and some faculty for writing. If Lieutenant Robertson ever has any more personal impressions of war to impart, we hope he will make them fuller, and will contrive to avoid the besetting sin of the writers of "personal impressions"—a vein of small jocularity—more completely than he has done here.

Mr. Cornish's contribution to the series of "Historical Biographies" (4) is just such an account of Cromwell's life as any man of ordinary intelligence who chose to devote a little pains to it could compile out of Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches," with occasional help from Macaulay, Clarendon, and a few well-known memoirs. It is a readable narrative, which would be useful to a boy at school who had no previous knowledge of the Protector's life, but only as giving the facts in a convenient way. No credible account of what kind of man Cromwell was need be looked for from Mr. Cornish. Mr. Carlyle's great work has made it impossible for the author of this biography as for other people to accept any longer the "hypocrite and fanatic" theory; but it is plain that he finds it very hard to reconcile Cromwell's actions with the possession of common honesty. "He," says Mr. Cornish, "is commonly described as a mixture of fanatic and hypocrite. If we say that he was a man of earnest religious convictions, and of deep and crafty policy, justified by self-deceit, we shall more truly express what is meant." Now, apart from Mr. Cornish's mistake in fact—for no writer of any standing for the last half-century has thought of describing Cromwell as a mixture of fanatic and hypocrite—his two sentences are a curious example of the perils which beset the biographer who tries analysis of character without clear ideas as to the meaning of words. His second sentence is a mere re-statement, in a slightly different form, of the ally description in the first. In another place, and in more than one, Mr. Cornish insists that Cromwell, though doubtless an honest man, never could do things in a plain, straightforward way. This, to quote a writer much used by Mr. Cornish, "may be credible to scrubby apprentices of tender years," but to us it seems very like a contradiction in terms. Cromwell was not a pedant, dreaming about ideal States with his elbow on his desk, but a leader in a revolution who had no choice but to work with the tools he found to his hand. To accuse him of being crafty and so forth because he did not choose to risk everything by rushing at insurmountable obstacles, is like accusing a general of being a cheat because he prefers to attack his enemy by the flank instead of in front. Mr. Cornish indulges in a great deal of reflection on the perverseness of everybody who would not keep the straight path. This shows an amiable frame of mind, but it is not the way to teach boys how to get an intelligent knowledge of history. For the rest, Mr. Cornish's narrative is clear, his battles are well illustrated by maps and intelligible. We can particularly recommend his account of Marston Moor as likely to preserve his readers from being misled by much nonsense ordinarily talked about it.

We have lately had occasion to notice some charming little reprints issued by Messrs. Pickering. Another of the series is now before us (5). Of the author little or nothing is known, except that he was in holy orders. Mr. Loftie has gathered in a short preface probably all that can now be recovered regarding him. His "Resolved Meditations" are full of the quaintness characteristic of the age of Euphues, yet his language is that of the best of his contemporaries, "among whom may be reckoned some of the greatest writers England has produced." As a collection of religious thoughts, yet not wholly devotional, "Spare Minutes" is worthy of its place among the well-selected books of this series.

(3) *Three Campaigns in Afghanistan*. By C. G. Robertson, Lieutenant 8th (The King's) Regiment. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1881.

(4) *Life of Oliver Cromwell*. By F. W. Cornish, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1882.

(5) *The Spare Minutes; or, Resolved Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions of Arthur Warwick*. First Printed in 1632, and Enlarged in the following year.

"Nothing is more common nowadays than to hear of the degeneracy of poetry, and the little appreciation bestowed by the public on the lucubrations of our modern bards. And the cry is, generally speaking, well founded. That much of the poetry which is daily poured from the press creates little sympathy is nothing very extraordinary, the apathy is traceable to a very simple cause—the over-supply of an inferior article." With these profound observations Mr. Ross begins an essay on "Hood's poems" (6), and we think it a great pity that he did not pause over them to consider whether as much might not be said about the writers of essays. There is, we can assure him, not only an over-supply, but a glut of inferior articles of that kind. However, as Mr. Ross is assured that "already in fragmentary periodicals and newspapers they (his essays, to wit) have given pleasure to not a few sensible and honest folk," we must suppose that he knows his public. Perhaps the sensible and honest folk of Scotland who read fragmentary periodicals like to find there commonplaces about nothing in particular, flavoured with the innocent humour of the tea-table in the style of an average school essay. They will enjoy being told that Voltaire's "character and principles as a moral being will ever meet the righteous condemnation of all well-constituted minds"; and when Mr. Ross informs them that *La Pucelle* was "produced" about the time that its author was stopped by Friedrich's agents at Frankfort, they will not see that anything is wrong.

In his "Introduction" Dr. Gatty gives an account of the origin of his key to the *In Memoriam* (7), which places his motive in writing it beyond criticism. He says:—"The following notes will testify that since my home was darkened by death, the poem has been a sublime resource and consolation." His Key is meant to be a work of piety and gratitude, and as such is, as we have said, beyond criticism. The value of his work for others will, we imagine, be very small. His Key, apart from explanations of references made by the poet, is little more than a prose paraphrase of the poem.

Mr. John Noble has collected and republished the poems of Thomas Pringle (8), with the view of reviving an interest in them, and of meeting the oft-expressed desire of South African colonists for a collection of Pringle's "South African Poems." Whatever their popularity may be in South Africa, where the uncouth words of which they are full are familiar, we doubt whether their republication will produce any revival of interest in them in England. They had their time of popularity when Pringle's anti-slavery and other commonplaces, versified with more than average skill, were new. The commonplaces of the religious world are changed now, and it has new Pringles. By far the most interesting parts of the book are Mr. Noble's "Memoir of Pringle" and the notes to the poems. Mr. Noble's story gives us a respect for the manly, upright character of the poet, and the notes contain much interesting matter about the early days of our rule in South Africa.

Mr. Tomlinson (9), who takes as his motto Béranger's words, "Mon cœur est un luth suspendu, Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne," has published a small collection of poems which show that he has read a little of Mr. Swinburne, a little less of Mr. Rossetti, and can put commonplace into verse as well as many other hopeful young men.

Miss Mathilde Blind (10) has fulfilled the duty of all well-regulated young persons of literary ambition and published a collection of verse. The smaller ones are devoted, with a loyal regard for tradition, to subjects which are all recognized as the proper commonplaces. The longest of all, which gives its name to the book, is named after St. Oran, apparently the patron saint of minor poets, for it is not written, "Earth, earth on the mouth of Oran, that he may blab no more."

Miss—we think we are safe in saying Miss—E. Fairfax Byrne (11) has produced a poem which, we are sorry to say, is a mistake. We are sorry, because the book shows some power of writing melodious blank verse; and among the characters of the poem one, the heroine's, has considerable sweetness and dignity. But it was not the less a mistake to write it in blank verse, for essentially it is a ladies' novel, with the ordinary faults and the merits of its class.

A prose idyl, which is what Miss Vere Huntly calls her story (12), would appear to be the new name for a very old friend—the ordinary love story written by women who are utterly incapable of drawing the character of a man, and will try to describe society which they know nothing about.

If anybody desires to know what our old acquaintance the fashionable novel looks like when it is transplanted to America, we can recommend him or her to read *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl* (13). It has not been improved by the process.

(6) *Waifs: a Handful of Essays and Sketches*. By W. T. Ross. Glasgow: James Maclehose. 1881.

(7) *A Key to Tennyson's "In Memoriam"*. By Alfred Gatty, D.D. London: David Bogue. 1881.

(8) *Asur in the Desert and other South African Poems*. By Thomas Pringle. Edited by John Noble. London: Longmans & Co.

(9) *First Fruits*. By W. W. Tomlinson. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1881.

(10) *The Prophecy of St. Oran, and other Poems*. By M. Blind. London: Newman & Co.

(11) *Milcent: a Poem*. By E. Fairfax Byrne. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

(12) *King o' Men. A Prose Idyl*. 1 vol. By Vere Huntly. London: Remington & Co. 1881.

(13) *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl*. Edited by Robert Grant. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.



Miss Mary Caumont's little collection of stories for children (14) is neither better nor worse than hundreds of such books.

A new edition of the well-known and popular *Old Oscar* (15), with illustrations by well-known artists, needs no recommendation now.

Mr. Lloyd, who has visited Pontresina every season for eight years past, has spent his time in making a complete study of the country, and publishes the knowledge he has collected in a neat little volume full of facts and well illustrated by maps (16).

Dr. Alfred Wise has published an account of DAVOS PLATZ (17) from another point of view—as a health resort; and, as far as we can see, he has collected all the information invalids need in a small space and a convenient form.

Mr. A. Mayhew has written one of those handbooks so common at this season, and meant to prove that some one particular spot in England is an earthly paradise of beauty, cheapness, and health. His particular happy valley is Birchington-on-Sea (18), and we dare say it deserves the praise he gives it quite as much as other writers' happy valleys do.

Mr. S. Jennings, who, as Secretary to the South Indian Gold Mining Company and another similar undertaking, is an obviously impartial witness, has written to assure the public that the South-East Wynaad is full of gold, and will surely make the fortunes of everybody who has the intelligence to work it (19). His hopeful view of the subject is presented to the public well printed, well illustrated, and bound in an equally appropriate and splendid gold cover.

The "Foreign Countries" Series (20) falls into the same mistake as many of its fellow popular series, and gives the same amount of space to each of its subjects, without much regard to their relative importance. Though the last published, that on France is not large enough for its subject; too much of it is taken up in mere talk about the country, and useful information is sacrificed to that.

It is worthy of notice as a sign of the times that such a production as Mr. Macfie's *Cries in a Crisis* (21) should reach a second edition, and that, too, in an enlarged form.

The supply of handbooks to show mankind how to do everything that man can need to do is extraordinarily abundant at this time. Two persons of the name of Jerrold (Tom and Jane) have published a nicely got up work on Household Horticulture (22).

A plainer work, of greater usefulness, is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. (23)

The same firm have also added another to the hundreds of books on cookery (24) which are intended to teach what cannot possibly be learnt from a book.

To this class of work belongs Mr. S. H. Jeyes's "Guide to Studying for Classical Scholarships" (25).

Mr. Smith's Grammar (26) is a useful school book and a work of altogether higher character than these.

By his translation of Hartman (27) Dr. Cassells has rendered a service to others than members of his own profession. His well got-up and very readable book on Deaf-mutism is full of matter which would be interesting to anybody of ordinary curiosity.

Farming, like other things, has its host of teachers ready to show anybody for two shillings or less how to do what was formerly thought to require a seven years' apprenticeship to learn. Mr. R. Warrington treats of the "Chemistry of the Farm" in the usual Handy Book form (28).

Mr. Prout's (29) treatise has all the appearance of being a practical examination of the subject by a man of practical experience.

(14) *Uncle Antony's Note-book*. By Mary Caumont. London: F. V. White & Co. 1881.

(15) *Old Oscar*. By H. G. Reid. Illustrated. London: "Home Words" Publishing Office.

(16) *The Physiography of the Upper Engadine*. By Francis Lloyd. London: Edward Stanford. 1881.

(17) *Davos Platz, and the Effects of High Altitude on Phthisis*. By Alfred Wise, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1881.

(18) *Birchington-on-Sea, and its Banglows*. By Athol Mayhew. London: B. T. Batsford. 1881.

(19) *My Visit to the Goldfields in the South-East Wynaad*. By Samuel Jennings, F.L.S., F.R.G.S. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

(20) *Foreign Countries and British Colonies—France*. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(21) *Cries in a Crisis*, &c. By R. A. Macfie. Second Edition. London: Edward Stanford. 1881.

(22) *Household Horticulture*. By Tom and Jane Jerrold. London: Chatto & Windus.

(23) *Kitchen and Flower Gardening*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(24) *The Cookery Instructor*, &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(25) *Oxford Study Guides—Entrance Classical Scholarships*.

(26) *The Rudiments of English Grammar and Composition*. By J. Hamblin Smith, M.A. Livingtons. 1882.

(27) *Deaf-mutism and the Education of Deaf-Mutes*. By Dr. A. Hartman. Translated by Dr. J. P. Cassells. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1881.

(28) *The Handy Book of the Farm Series—The Chemistry of the Farm*. By R. Warrington. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. London.

(29) *Profitable Clay Farming under a Just System of Tenant Right*. By John Prout. London: Edward Stanford. 1881.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The WINTER SESSION will commence on Monday, October 3, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Mr. J. WARRINGTON HAWKARD, at 4 P.M. The William Brown £100 and £50 Exhibitions are open to all Perpetual Students. The Two Brackenbury Prizes of £20 each, Sir Charles Clarke's Prize, the Thompson Medal, the Treasurer's, Brodie, Acland, Johnson, and General Proficiency Prizes, are open to all Students. The appointments of House Physician and House Surgeon, of which there are Four, tenable each for one year, are awarded by competition, and no charge is made by the Governors of the Hospital for Board or Residence. Clerkships and Dresserships, and all the minor appointments, are given without extra fees. A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN at the Hospital.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, S.W. The SESSION commences October 3. INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Mr. BOND, at 4 P.M.

Entrance scholarships value £80 and £40 on examination. Subjects: Latin (Livy, Book 11); French or German, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Experimental Physics; on September 30 and October 1, 1881, Exhibition in Anatomy and Physiology, 10 Guineas and 20 Guineas. Third Prize and Medal, £15; Chadwick Prize, £25; &c. Fees £100 in one sum on entrance, or in two sums of 50 Guineas payable at commencement of first and second years. No extras except parts for dissection. Special fees for Partial and Dental Students. Classes for Prelim. Sci. M.B. Examination of the London University commence in January. For Prospectus and particulars apply to W. H. ALLCHIN, Dean.

GUYS HOSPITAL.—The MEDICAL SESSION commences on Monday, October 3.

The Hospital now contains 635 Beds, and includes Wards for Obstetric, Ophthalmic, and other special Departments. The Museum of Anatomy, Pathology, and Comparative Anatomy contains 11,000 specimens, 4500 drawings and diagrams, a unique collection of anatomical models, and a series of 600 models of skin diseases. Appointments.—The House Surgeons and House Physicians, the Obstetric Residents, Clinical Assistants, and Dressers are selected from the Students according to merit, and without payment. There are also a large number of Junior appointments, every part of the Hospital practice being systematically provided for instruction. Entrance Scholarships.—Open Scholarship of 125 Guineas in Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. Open Scholarship of 125 Guineas in Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology. Prizes, &c.—Six Scholarships, varying in value from £10 to £50 each, for general proficiency in medical study, the Joseph Moore Prize, the Treasurer's Gold Medal in Medicine, the Treasurer's Gold Medal in Surgery, the Gurney House Prize of £25 for Clinical Study, the Bencey Prize of 20 Guineas for Pathology, the Sands Cox Scholarship of £15 per annum for three years for Physiology, the Michael Harris Prize of £10 for Anatomy. For further information apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E. July 1st.

GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.—A Scholarship, of the value of 125 Guineas, will be offered for open competition on Monday, September 26. Subjects of Examination: Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages. A Second Scholarship, also of the value of 125 Guineas, will be offered for open competition on the same day. Subjects of Examination: Inorganic Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology.—For further particulars apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

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EGYPT.

THE true history of the untoward revolution in Egypt will perhaps not be fully known at present. According to the first accounts, which were intrinsically incredible, the English Consul-General seemed to have made or encouraged concessions to the mutineers; but it now appears that Mr. COOKSON, acting on behalf of the Khedive, evaded or refused their principal demands; and Mr. COLVIN had already endeavoured to obtain the arrest of the ringleaders. The special terms on which the insurgent officers insisted are much less important than the partial success of the revolt. SHERIF PASHA, whose appointment as Minister was one of the professed objects of the insurrection, so far repudiated complicity with the plot as to refuse, in the first instance, to accept the nomination. The absurd demand for a Constitution proffered by the chiefs of a military revolution must, if it was seriously advanced, have been intended to imply the appointment of a Council to be composed of confederates of the mutineers. The audacious proposal that the numbers of the army should be increased to 18,000 men was probably made in earnest, for the purpose of increasing the strength of the temporarily dominant faction. When an armed body assumes the control of affairs in any State, liberty is for the time suspended. It matters little whether the immediate demands of mutinous soldiers are extravagant or ostensibly moderate. Their power to dictate to the regular authorities the terms of any arrangement involves the absolute despotism of their leaders. Although the officers in command of the regiments appear on the present occasion, as formerly, to have stimulated and directed the mutiny, there is reason to fear that the disaffection in the army is general. The principal officers of one regiment have been dismissed by their men for expressing disapproval of the revolt; yet it is possible that the rank and file of the army may be mere instruments in the hands of their disloyal superiors. The Egyptian peasantry has no military propensities; and probably the privates would not unwillingly return to their homes if it were possible to disband them. Neither officers nor soldiers have any associations of military glory, inasmuch as none of them have any experience of war. The auxiliaries which were sent from Egypt to the European provinces of Turkey during the Russian war were, for the most part, kept at a distance from the scene of active operations.

The Egyptian army is not required for purposes of defence or of external warfare. A moderate police force would easily preserve order among an industrious and unwarlike population. The repression of the slave-trade on the Southern frontier, even if it were efficiently prosecuted, would only require a small regular force; and the Abyssinian KING would no longer give periodical trouble if he were made to understand that encroachments on Egyptian territory would be resented by the European Powers. There is perhaps some truth in the assertion of a French journal that the mutiny is to be attributed to the idleness of an unoccupied soldiery; but in time of peace much larger armies have little or nothing to do, and yet they obey their superiors and acknowledge the paramount authority of the Government. The Egyptian officers discovered their strength some six months ago by their successful resist-

ance to an injudicious attempt to disband their troops, when the KHEDIVE had no means of paying them in full. They were then encouraged by Baron DE RING, who was consequently recalled by his Government. It is not known whether on the present occasion they have been excited by political intrigues. According to some conjectures, their leaders have received encouragement from Constantinople, though it is not stated whether their alleged accomplices held any official position. It seems improbable that the SULTAN, who spends his time in guarding against possible conspiracies, should favour a military revolt directed against his principal feudatory; but the secrets of Turkish policy are hard to discover, inasmuch as obvious interests and professed principles afford no trustworthy clue to the practice of politicians. The motives of military insurgents are essentially simple when they have no armed resistance to fear. The colonels of the regiments which besieged the palace and compelled the KHEDIVE to negotiate were primarily actuated by a love of power, and probably of money. If they can compel their Sovereign to change his Ministry they can also insist on an increase of pay, or on more sweeping pecuniary concessions. They are perhaps not sufficiently enlightened to perceive that their triumph is precarious. Any prudent adviser could inform them that the destinies of Egypt will not be permanently controlled by an insignificant body of raw troops or by their undistinguished leaders. The few names of mutinous officers which are mentioned in the reports are wholly unknown in Europe.

It is remarkable that the mutineers professed a friendly disposition to foreigners, or, in other words, to the English and French officials who manage the finances and other branches of Egyptian administration; but SHERIF PASHA, whom they proposed as Minister, affects to be the head of the national party, which, as its name implies, is opposed to European interference. The colonels who conduct the revolt are probably by this time aware that they have nothing to hope from the English representatives. The KHEDIVE might perhaps have defeated the attempt if he had possessed sufficient courage and energy to follow the advice of Mr. COLVIN by arresting the principal ringleaders. M. DE BLIGNIÈRES had, a few days before, left the country for a time, and probably none of his subordinates were qualified by influence or official rank to take an active share in the defence of the Government. Mr. MALET was engaged on a mission to Constantinople of which the purport is not yet fully known. It is believed that the English Government, foreseeing the probability of the revolt, was in certain contingencies prepared to invite the occupation of Egypt by Turkish troops. The measure would, notwithstanding obvious objections or difficulties, probably be the most expedient which could at present be adopted, should the military revolt be renewed. The employment of a joint French and English force would involve more serious complications; and it is impossible to allow the establishment in Egypt of an irresponsible military Government. If a sufficient Turkish force were despatched to Egypt, there would be little risk of resistance on the part of mutinous troops. Many of the regiments would probably refuse to fight, even if the chances of success were equally balanced. That they would expose themselves to certain defeat is in the highest degree improbable. In Egypt the army stands apart from the population, which would not

dream of taking part in any conflict. It is not impossible that the menace of a Turkish expedition would enable the KHEDIVÉ to disband the mutinous regiments.

It is not surprising that some French journalists seize the opportunity of exciting popular jealousy against England. Some of them insinuate that the policy which was never disavowed by Baron DE RING had really been pursued, not by a French functionary, but by his crafty English colleagues. It is, according to the mischief-makers, remarkable that the French Controller should have left Egypt, and that the revolt should immediately have broken out on his departure. It is accordingly suggested that it would be desirable to despatch some French iron-clad ships to Alexandria, and to protest against the employment of Turkish troops to suppress the insurrection. It is unnecessary to inquire whether ill-informed writers share the suspicions which they express. If the test of *cui bono*, or of the party which profits by the transaction, is applied to the mutiny, the English Government must be acquitted of any interest in a most troublesome occurrence. The singularly artificial arrangement which has now lasted in Egypt for a considerable time was chiefly objectionable because it was liable to disturbance. Whatever opinion English politicians may have formed of the stability of the joint French and English administration, they have been unanimous in deciding to prolong it as long as circumstances may allow. It is doubtful whether it would have been prudent five or six years ago to accept the advice which is supposed to have been tendered to Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government by Prince BISMARCK. At that time the French Government would perhaps not have opposed the establishment in Egypt of an English protectorate; but M. THIERS always intimated the repugnance with which his countrymen would have regarded an apparent attempt to profit by their temporary weakness. The consequence of the deference shown by the English Government to French susceptibility was the complicated contrivance which has hitherto worked with unexpected facility. The organs of the French Government express a just confidence in the good faith of England. If both Powers concur in the best means of attaining the common object, the triumph of the Egyptian mutineers may probably have accelerated the restoration of the free action of the KHEDIVÉ. If the English and French Governments were to intrigue against one another, the disloyal officers might perhaps for the moment profit by their disunion. Notwithstanding the suspicious connexion of the name of SHERIF PASHA with the mutiny, it seems that confidence is reposed in his integrity. If the reports of English newspaper correspondents are well founded, the new Minister has persuaded the mutinous officers to submit to the partial disbandment of the army.

#### IRISH MANUFACTURES AND IRISH SEDITION.

IRISHMEN have been doing their best during the past week to relieve Dublin of its reputation of being a dead-alive capital. The meeting for organizing the proposed Exhibition of Irish Manufactures, and the Land League Convention, have, in different ways, displayed the national spirit, and there may possibly be some persons who regard the display as satisfactory. As to the proposed Exhibition of Irish industry, it was obvious from the first that, in the mood in which the most influential organization in Ireland is at present, very little good could be hoped from it. Persons of the moral and intellectual calibre of Mr. SEXTON and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR may think, or at any rate may say, that England is jealous of Irish industry. It is hardly needful to remark that there is no Englishman in possession of his senses who would not be very glad to see Ireland busy, because every Englishman in his senses knows that, until the ruinous concentration on agricultural employments, which cannot possibly support the population in comfort ceases, Ireland will never and can never be contented. The absence of the necessary natural conditions in the way of mineral wealth seems indeed to be a fatal bar to a very great extension of manufactures in Ireland; but some trades are in a measure independent of this, and the combination of agriculture and home manufactures which exists at present in Ulster, and which is also found in some of the most prosperous provinces of France, might probably be extended with much advantage. At any rate, such impulse as an Exhibition can give is grudged by no mortal to Ireland, and the ready response which has been

made by the wealthier classes to the demand for guarantees, compared with the meagre subscriptions of the Land League and the Land League partisans, shows clearly the state of the case. But the League has no intention of being outbidden; and it has been evident from the first that the Exhibition was to be made, if possible, an engine for further inflaming Nationalist passions and for assisting the campaign of Mr. PARNELL and his friends against English rule and English law. The weighty words of Archbishop MCCABE—words which, it is rather painful to think, are in striking discord with other words of dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland on similar subjects—do not express any sentiment that Land Leaguers are likely to share. That the employer must be contented with fair profits, the employed with fair remuneration, and that the customer must not be expected to put up, for the sake of the *beaus yeux* of an imaginary Ireland, with worse or dearer wares than he can buy from Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Americans, are truths too commonplace to commend themselves to the followers of the "Pinchbeck O'Connell."

When the meeting actually took place, the presence of Mr. SEXTON as the chief speaker of the League party would of itself have sufficiently indicated the probable course of events. That this person should—after the atrocious speech in which on Tuesday he recommended violent resistance to the Emergency Committee, remarking that, "if Mr. GODDARD or any of his men lost their lives, it would be a justifiable homicide"—be still at large, despite the Coercion Acts, is an unlucky omen of the probable conduct of the Government during the coming winter. But when Mr. SEXTON appeared with Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. BIGGAR as his supporters, there could be no doubt at all of what would happen. The daily papers have informed their readers very fully of what did happen. Dr. LYONS, the Liberal member for Dublin, was howled down; Mr. O'CONNOR, when appealed to to moderate the rancour of his followers, remarking that "this disgraceful scene should not be permitted, and Dr. LYONS should at once sit down." The Leaguers insisted on the QUEEN, the LORD LIEUTENANT, and all such persons being excluded from the rank of patrons. They yolled down a proposition to admit English plant used in the production of Irish manufactures. Accounts differ as to the constitution of the actual committee which was at last voted; but it is significant that Mr. DAWSON, a Land Leaguer and a member of Parliament, threatened all guarantors who, in consequence of the result of the meeting, should withdraw their guarantees, with Boycotting. This is probably the nearest approach to direct extortion of money by the machinery of the League that has been publicly made; but it is idle to suppose that much notice will be taken of it by the authorities. It is, indeed, very probable that the action of the Land League is in reality directed rather to the arrest of the whole movement, which is inconvenient and unmanageable to it, than to an attempt to assume a control which it has hardly the means of practically carrying out. Unless the League were to Boycott every manufacturer who did not contribute (and it is rather surprising that Mr. SEXTON or Mr. DAWSON did not suggest this means of securing a successful Exhibition), its preponderance on the Committee would hardly be likely to be greeted rapturously by Irish capitalists.

The League's own Convention followed this disgraceful scene at an interval of twenty-four hours. Every means had been taken to give the meeting the air of a distinct protest against English rule rather than a conference of the body which certain English Radicals delight to compare to the early Trade-Unions. In the resolutions proposed for discussion, when they are stripped of their Nationalist rant and of the inevitable adjectives which grace every Irish manifesto, there is sketched out a very practical scheme of preventing the Irish tenants from being contented with the Land Act. The labourers' clauses of that Act—which it may be well to remind Irishmen were the work in great measure of the English Opposition, the Land League and the Government having been equally oblivious of the labourer—are accepted as a whole, because there is a labourers' meeting sitting contemporaneously in Dublin, and it is not safe to offer them less; while the farmers are not prepared to grant more. But, as far as actual tenants themselves are concerned, a line which is not unskilful, and which will very likely be effectual, at any rate in part, is taken up. The farmer is warned that



if he accepts the Act he pledges himself to fifteen years' payment of rent without hope of abatement, and the spectre of American competition is dangled before him, so that he may be afraid to give the pledge. This is, of course, in a different form, the old Land League device of bidding the people refuse to pay rent, in order that they may be turned out of their holdings. If they persist in rejecting the statutory tenancy, they can be forced by the Court to take it or be ejected, and this will swell the band of farmless tenants, who are just now the chief hope of the League. It is true that Mr. PARNELL does not as yet utterly condemn the new Court. He and his friends will present certain "test cases," with the object, doubtless, of seeing whether the Court can be cajoled or bullied into reducing the rents to a merely nominal sum. So little is known of the new Commissioners that it is impossible to say what their stamina may be. But it is perfectly possible to see what would be the result of their proving recalcitrant. The agitators could at once go to the country, strong in the double cry that the people had been deceived, and that, as so much had been wrested from the English Parliament already, it was not likely to resist a further exhibition of the same tactics.

That the actual proceedings of the Convention should, at any rate in its earlier sittings, have been uninteresting enough, is not surprising. It is more remarkable that there should have been one delegate to protest, if only on business grounds, against the mixing up of the direct objects of the League with Nationalist projects, than that even among twelve hundred there should not have been more than one. Mr. PARNELL'S speech was only a paraphrase of his programme garnished with plenty of bitter words for the occasion. The cut-and-dried telegrams from America urging the adoption of something more than his policy, and threatening the stoppage of supplies in case of surrender to the Land Act, could have been foretold in substance, and almost literally by any tiro in politics. What is important is that the organization now stands fully committed to the disruption of the Empire, and to an acceptance of the Land Act only in such a sense that even the present Parliament might probably, if that sense were accepted by the Court, think of repealing or modifying the Act next year. There will doubtless be secessions, or attempted secessions, from the League; but it is altogether erroneous to say that any general dissatisfaction with its irreconcilable policy is being shown in Ireland, or that its tools are turning blunt in the hands of the users. On the contrary, in Munster at least, and in parts of Leinster and Connaught, lawlessness and outrage are steadily on the increase as the nights grow longer; and, though the Government does not refuse help to the gallant efforts of the Emergency Committee in defence of property, it seems utterly unable to devise any scheme of protecting life and limb. Perhaps Mr. FORSTER'S return to Ireland may lead to more energetic action. Except that jesting with the Land League is not a safe amusement now in Ireland, it appears strange that on Wednesday some one did not suggest to Mr. SEXTON the organizing of a special Land League annexe in the Exhibition of Irish Industry. A Boycotted household might well replace the Japanese tea-houses and such like things which have diverted visitors to former Exhibitions; and wax models of dead landlords, specimens of mutilated cattle, and ear-split herdsmen, with pikes, masks, dynamite clocks, and other such implements of the business, would compose a section at least as interesting as some others, and far more representative of the actual industries of Ireland under the sovereignty of the Land League and the Premiership of Mr. GLADSTONE.

#### FRENCH PARTIES.

THE useful map which the *Times* printed in its outer sheet on Wednesday is a conspicuous proof of the growing interest which Englishmen take in French politics. For the first time a great English newspaper has taken as much pains to make the result of a French general election intelligible to its readers as it would have taken had the election been an English one. It has given them a map of France, with the political complexion of every constituency plainly marked. It would hardly have been possible to represent by a system of shading the subdivisions of the victorious party; and the simple division of the deputies into Bonapartist, Monarchist, and

Republican is, for some purposes, the most significant that could have been adopted. It shows, with almost startling clearness, the practical unanimity at which Frenchmen seem to have arrived for the present as regards the form of their political institutions. The white spaces which stand for the arrondissements that have returned Republicans constitute almost the entire map. In the eastern half of France there are only six exceptions, four Monarchist and two Bonapartist. If the Republicans did but know their own interest they would read in this conspicuous triumph the most effectual incentive to moderation. So long as Bonapartists and Monarchists formed a large part of the Chamber of Deputies, and were proportionately strong in the country, it was at least arguable that the Republic could not safely lay aside its militant character. It must remember that it had bitter and formidable enemies, and lose no opportunity of hitting them hard. Now that Bonapartists and Monarchists are alike driven from the field, the Republic can afford to be conciliatory. There is no longer an adversary in arms against it. The result, which has been coming nearer and nearer ever since 1870, is at length virtually accomplished. The Republic is not merely the strongest party in France, it has apparently become France. The opinions of this or that class of citizens, which once perhaps it was excusable to treat as necessarily identified with hostility to the Republic, need no longer be thus regarded. There is not now any organization arrayed against the Republic which can turn these opinions to its own purposes. Whether the Republic has been right or wrong in its policy towards the Church, it must be admitted that there was a time when the Church was the stalking-horse of one conspiracy after another. It has ceased to be so perhaps from no better motive than the dying out of the conspirators; but politicians ought to think more of results than of motives, and to be content to see their adversaries rendered powerless, without inquiring too closely into the reasons which have made them so. At all events, the time has come when overtures of peace might be safely made, and would certainly be accepted. The conflict with the Church, in which the French Government has voluntarily engaged, has been more successful than the German *Kulturkampf*, because the Government might now, to all appearance, conclude a treaty on the principle of *uti possidetis*. What it has gained, it would be allowed to retain. The Jesuits might remain exiles, the non-recognized religious orders might continue dispersed, and yet the Pope would look benignly on the Government by which these things had been done, and the Nuncio would be instructed to say pleasant things to the Foreign Ministry, and to preach submission and patriotism to the clergy.

It is needless to say that these are not the reflections which this map, or the facts which it presents, have suggested to the party in power. A French politician knows of no use to which a vanquished enemy can be put except to be jumped on. The more seemingly hopeless the position of a party is, the more reason there is for insulting it by word and act. It is this that constitutes the real danger of every successful French party. The first thought of no matter who is in power, is how he can make his supremacy felt. To do this it is not enough that he should be free to give effect to his own ideas for his own benefit. They must be made to minister to some one else's annoyance. What the extent of that annoyance should be may differ at different times. The amount of suffering which it pleases the existing Republicans to inflict falls very far short of that which it pleased the Republicans of 1793 to inflict. But the principle which underlies the two processes is the same. The measure of the suffering in each case is not the real or supposed necessity of the situation, but the will of the party which has the power to inflict it. A Frenchman jumps upon his enemy, not because his enemy may rise up and hurt him if he does not, but because he has the power to jump upon him, and feels a genuine pleasure in exerting it. All that the French Government has done to the Church appears to it to be only a reason for doing more. Its object is never really attained so long as it is possible to attain it with more of technical completeness. As yet the attack has been chiefly directed against the regular clergy; but it is plain that the secular clergy will be the next victims. M. CLÉMENTEAU, M. GAMBETTA, and M. FERRY are agreed that something more must be done to punish the Church, and whether the penalty takes the

form of entire repudiation by the State, or of what is euphemistically called a stricter application of the Concordat, is only a question of degree.

The facts of which the *Times*' map is the expression have naturally set the French Monarchists thinking who is to blame for the extremely poor figure they made in the elections. "An ex-Deputy," who is understood to be M. DE FALLOUX, has been saying in the *Figaro* that the whole blame falls on the Legitimists. In his opinion the present business of a Monarchist is to drop all reference to monarchy. Religious and social interests of infinitely greater moment than any form of government are now threatened, and Monarchists ought to remember that they are Christians and fathers of families before they are Legitimists. Had they done so last month, they would have said nothing about the Count of CHAMBORD and a great deal about the religious orders and godless education. The reply of the Legitimists is, that the "ex-Deputy" entirely misunderstands the situation. He writes as though the religious and social interests of which he is the self-constituted champion could be safe under a Republic, whereas experience has shown again and again—what the inner consciousness of Legitimists has always assured them—that in France at all events the legitimate monarchy is the one source from which all good things do come. You, they tell the "ex-Deputy," have no right to call yourself a Monarchist; you are a Conservative Republican. It cannot be denied that the course of events since Marshal MACMAHON's retirement has been more favourable to the Legitimist theory than to that of the "ex-Deputy." Those who, even when M. THIERS was in power, believed, or affected to believe, that the Republic must inevitably become anti-Christian, are not likely to feel their conviction on this head weakened by speeches like those of M. PAUL BERT, or by acts like those of the Mayor who at a recent examination of a Communal School presented prizes to two young citizens who had omitted to make their first communion. Incidents of this kind are the natural weapons of the party which preaches that all other considerations should be postponed to the restoration of the Count of CHAMBORD, because, until that has been brought about, there can be no security for the things that Conservative Republicans profess to value.

Even Prince NAPOLEON seems to have realized that the defeat of the Bonapartists at the elections imposes upon him an act of apparent self-denial. He is about, it is said, to resign his claim to the Imperial succession in favour of his son. His next step will perhaps be to declare that in doing this he has merely got rid of a troublesome and useless burden, and left himself free to serve as a simple soldier in the Republican army. It is pretty plain that the dignity which he thus magnanimously puts from him is to him less than valueless. If his ambition is ever gratified, it will be as a Democratic saviour of society, not as the rebuilder of an Empire. By giving his son the chance of appearing in the latter character, if he should ever be offered an engagement, Prince NAPOLEON does not damage the peculiar and limited prospect which is all that can ever be open to him, while he ceases to irritate the strict Imperialists by playing the part of dog in the manger.

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#### THE TRADE-UNIONS CONGRESS.

THE praise which has been generally bestowed on the Trade-Unions Congress is perhaps not an unmixed compliment. The moderate style of the opening address and of the Report of the Parliamentary Committee has evidently taken newspaper writers by surprise. Having had their own way in recent legislation, the Trade-Union leaders abstain on the present occasion from declamations against capital, and their demands of further privileges are expressed in temperate language. Notwithstanding a disclaimer contained in Mr. CRAWFORD's address, the Trade-Unions and their delegates still devote their exclusive attention to the promotion of the interests of their own class. As it happens that the associated artisans have acquired paramount political power, their organization is formidable and alarming. The managers of the Congress had good reason for excluding from their proceedings apologies for the system which is now irrevocably established. Juridicious politicians long ago recognized the power of workmen to form Unions, with the obvious inference that

it was useless to discuss their moral right to do what they could not be prevented from doing. It by no means follows that the operations of the Unions are uniformly beneficial or harmless. The Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway, who is neither a politician nor a theorist, stated at the last general meeting of the Company that the intervention in one trade dispute of a Union agitator, who is also a member of Parliament, had taken 100,000*l.* from the traffic receipts of the railway. The loss to the traders and to the workmen themselves must have been enormously greater. The transaction is rather representative than exceptional; but it is not likely to be noticed by the speakers at the Congress. Readers of the discussions might almost forget that the chief function of Unions is to render strikes possible and sometimes successful. In promoting such measures as the Employers' Liability Act the Unions are perhaps more legitimately occupied; but their proposal that workmen shall be prevented from contracting themselves out of the Act is more than questionable. Their actual intended interference in general politics will be an unmixed evil.

Mr. CRAWFORD, in his well-written address, quoted, as an instance of mistaken apprehension, Mr. LOWE's prophecy, delivered in 1866, that if the body of workmen were admitted to the franchise, the Union machinery was "ready to launch their votes in one compact mass 'on the institutions and property of the country.'" The Union leaders boast that, notwithstanding their attainment of political power, the Unions have as yet done nothing of the kind. Since the establishment of household suffrage in boroughs there have been two general elections, for in 1868 the new voters were scarcely prepared for the exercise of the suffrage; and the principal change produced was the increased venality of many constituencies. In 1880 the class which supports Trade-Unions responded eagerly to the inflammatory appeals of an orator who for the time descended from the rank of a statesman to the occupation of a demagogue. The same speaker who boasts of the confutation of Mr. LOWE's forebodings demands that, in future, candidates and party leaders, instead of appealing directly to the working classes, shall communicate exclusively with the leaders of the Unions. The result of conceding his demand would be either gross and general corruption of the American type, or a process of "launching votes in one compact mass 'on the institutions and property of the country.'" The speakers at the Congress already insist on the extension of household suffrage to the counties, for the strictly political purpose of extending and confirming the supremacy of the working class over all other sections of the community. In a still more ambitious spirit, and in total neglect of the professed objects of the organization, the Parliamentary Committee demands the enactment of a Land Bill on the model of the Irish Act, although it could in no degree concern the great body of artisans. The cynical cupidity of agricultural demagogues who seek to appropriate the property of the landowners commands the ready sympathy of the Union managers. Tenant-farmers, remembering the agitation promoted by Mr. ARCH, will probably hesitate to accept the support of associations formed for the sole benefit of workmen.

One of the political objects to which the Congress is invited by its leaders to devote its energies is the prevention of every war, irrespectively of its merits or tendency. The pardonable ignorance of artisans furnishes no excuse for a presumptuous claim to regulate interests which they have not troubled themselves to study or understand. No party in England is indifferent to the evils of war; but better-instructed politicians are aware that material welfare, as well as national honour, largely depends on the ability and readiness of a country to defend its rights. Even extreme Liberals who know something of public affairs and of history admit and assert the necessity of maintaining a navy which may be more than a match for that of any single Power. At this moment the influence of England in the regions which include the means of communication with India depends, in the last resort, on the military and naval resources of the Empire. The working classes would be among the first to feel the consequences of the impression which their leaders seek to produce, that the task of protecting English commerce and territory is to be abandoned by the Government. Pure democracy, which is in other respects an admirable system, is

lation is more sensitive to the claims of national dignity. It is perhaps possible to attach too much importance to the crude notions of ambitious and inexperienced orators; but Mr. Lowe's warnings are justified by the vague political agitation which seems to be in some degree superseding the special functions of the Trade-Union Congress. On one point the apparently unanimous judgment of the delegates may perhaps have a useful result. It appears that the manufacturing operatives retain their ancient belief in the advantages of Free-trade. As they are not disposed to join the Fair-trade Protectionists, the factitious movement will probably soon collapse; though the expulsion of certain Fair-traders under the pretext that they had violated Union etiquette by paying their own expenses may be thought to savour rather of individual jealousy than of orthodox abhorrence. It was for the alleged benefit of the artisans that retaliatory or reciprocal duties were to be imposed.

It would be unreasonable to blame one industrial class for combining to promote its own interests, while capitalists employ the same modes of proceeding. The Lancashire cotton-spinners find it necessary to limit or suspend their production, because a body of speculators and brokers in Liverpool have forced up the price of cotton to an artificial level. The defeat of the monopolists concerns the workmen as much as their employers, and they will perhaps be the chief sufferers by the interruption of their industry. They have no reason to regret that the master manufacturers are probably powerful enough to counteract the mischievous ingenuity of the Liverpool gamblers. The question will perhaps be discussed before the close of the Congress, as it concerns the associated trades much more nearly than land tenure, or the theory of peace and war. Other matters of equal relevance and importance will probably not be noticed. The delegates will be disinclined to reopen the question of the expediency of the diminished hours of labour which have been secured by the efforts of the Unions. Mr. SAMSON LLOYD, who lately presided at a Fair-trade meeting, deviated into the more practical inquiry whether English artisans could by fifty-eight hours' labour in the week effectually compete with French rivals working for seventy-two hours. It is not certain that a true answer would be in the negative; and the leisurely classes ought to sympathize with the claims of workmen to reasonable rest and recreation; but there is no doubt that some competent observers watch with anxiety the effect of short hours of labour on English industry. The settlement of practical controversies of the kind by combination is inevitable, and therefore it may be considered reasonable. The wishes of a minority will probably be overruled; but if there were no Trade-Union the great body of workmen might be deprived of the liberty of choice. It is unfortunate that the Unions should, in accordance with the modern custom of all associated bodies, hold Congresses and listen to speeches which are naturally devoted to the exaltation of their powers and their rights, with little reference to their duties. It is necessary to acquiesce in their political activity, but not to think it beneficial.

#### LONDON FISH SUPPLY.

THE Corporation of London has seriously taken in hand the question of the Fish Supply, and their present activity may be accepted as an atonement for much previous delay. So long as the work is done and done properly, it will be only an additional recommendation that it is done by those to whom it belongs by prescription. So far as the Corporation in their character of the market authority are specially concerned with it, the question does not present much difficulty. The two recommendations of a market are neighbourhood to the supply and easiness of approach. The first secures that the market shall be always well filled with goods; the second secures that these goods shall be carried with no unnecessary delay to all parts of London. As regards fish, neighbourhood to the supply can, in London, only mean neighbourhood to the two great means of carriage, the river and the railways. Formerly only the river had to be considered, but of late years the railway has become a very serious rival to the river. What is chiefly to be desired in the interest of the public is that these two sources of supply should go on existing side by side. If

Londoners are to be left dependent on one of the most effectual guarantee of cheapness will be wanting. Competition has a wonderful effect in keeping down rates of carriage; and, though in theory it is the interest of carriers to make their trade as large as possible by carrying goods on easy terms, they seem, when there is no outside stimulus, to care as little for their own interest as if it were somebody else's. Easiness of approach means that the market is in a central position, so that all parts of London get supplied as nearly as possible at the same time, and that the streets leading from it are spacious, so that the fishmongers shall start on their journey with no unnecessary delay. At present none of these requirements are fulfilled in London. There is only one fish market, and that, in its existing state, is eminently unsuited for the purpose. Billingsgate is convenient, so far as situation goes, for fish that comes by water; it is not convenient, even in this respect, for fish that comes by railway. Fish that comes by water has to be landed before it can be sold, and the accommodation that Billingsgate affords in this way is far in the rear of the demand. When the fish has been landed and sold, it has to be carried away, and to carry it away is as tedious a process as to get away from a London crush. The fishmonger has his cart, just as the great lady has her carriage; but, like her, he is separated from it by a swarm of other vehicles, which make movement for a time impossible. Somebody must be last on these occasions, and to the fishmonger being last may easily mean serious loss.

The speakers in the debate in the Common Council seem to have been perfectly alive to the two last faults in the Billingsgate site. The Chairman of the Markets Committee, who wishes to see Billingsgate retained, at all events as a market for water-borne fish, declared that standing room for double the number of vans and carts now attending the market is urgently required, and even made the retention of the market depend on the willingness of the Government to sell the site of the Custom-house to the Corporation. What was not equally well appreciated was the improbability that the same market would be found equally convenient for fish coming by railway and fish coming by river. A great deal of opposition to the retention of the Billingsgate site seems to have been unreasonable. It is surely more convenient, as regards the bringing of fish to a waterside market, that it should be placed as low down the river as is consistent with its being fairly central, and especially that it should be below rather than above London Bridge. A fish market at Blackfriars, which was the waterside alternative presented to the Council, would involve the passage under three bridges with all the consequent danger and delay. No doubt, if Billingsgate cannot be improved so as to make it adequate to the needs of the water-borne fish traffic, another site must be found, and in that case it may be that Blackfriars, notwithstanding the difficulty about the bridges, may prove to be the best site. Mr. RUDKIN painted the advantages of the Blackfriars site in the brightest colours he could command. All, however, that he succeeded in showing was that a market of adequate size, and provided with adequate approaches, would be very far preferable to the existing market. But this is just what nobody denies. Billingsgate, as it is, does not supply the accommodation needed even for water-borne fish; and if that accommodation cannot be obtained at Billingsgate the water-side fish market must be moved elsewhere. What Mr. RUDKIN ought to have shown, but did not, was that this accommodation is not to be had at Billingsgate. The argument that the poor would go in thousands to buy their own fish if the market were made more accessible is nothing to the purpose as regards the comparative merits of the two sites. If Billingsgate were enlarged and provided with proper approaches, it would be nearer some of the poorest districts of London than Blackfriars. Mr. RUDKIN, it is true, went on to say that the fishermen on the Yorkshire coast are prepared to deliver daily at the Blackfriars market all their catch—say 50,000 lbs. of fish at 2½ per lb., so that it could be retailed at an ample profit for 3d. per lb. They would decline, however, to have anything to do with Billingsgate, because the sale there is so uncertain. What we take this to mean is, that at Billingsgate, as it is at present, the sale is uncertain. Probably there is not sufficient provision for the retail trade. The market is too much in the hands of the large dealers, who are not anxious to encourage the trade as

what they call "offal" fish, which stands for any fish other than salmon, turbot, brill, and soles. Probably also, as fish from the Yorkshire coast must all come by railway, the undoubted disadvantages of Billingsgate as regards the disposal of railway-borne fish had some influence in provoking this determination to have no dealings with London so long as Billingsgate remains the one London fish market.

The attack upon Billingsgate and the defence of it seem equally exaggerated, the error in both cases being due to the unwillingness of the speakers to admit that the only adequate solution of the difficulty lies in the immediate establishment of two markets—one for water-borne fish in the immediate neighbourhood of the Thames, another for land-borne fish in the immediate neighbourhood of as many as possible of the railways which serve the fishing districts. When once this condition has been conceded, the retention or abolition of Billingsgate can be discussed simply upon its merits. The issue will then be found to be very much narrowed. At present it is constantly confused by the controversy whether water or land-borne fish form the most important constituent of the London fish market, and to which, in the choice of a site, most deference shall be paid. When it is treated simply as a question relating to water-borne fish, it will, we suspect, be seen that the advantages of a site below London Bridge over one above London Bridge are decisive, and that the only thing to be determined is whether Billingsgate can be made adequate to the demands of the water-borne trade. If it can, the difficulty of finding an equally good site below London Bridge, and the natural unwillingness of a trade to leave a market to which it is accustomed, will probably be found final reasons for keeping the market where it is. It may be well to repeat, however, that this conclusion presupposes that there are to be two fish markets in London. The steady growth of the railway fish trade makes it impossible that it should be much longer sacrificed to the trade in water-borne fish. At present, the latter finds a market awaiting it where the fish are landed, while the railway fish trade has to send its fish to a market far away from the station at which it arrives. If there is to be a single market for both trades, it should, plainly, be at some place where the sacrifice, at present made entirely by one, should be fairly shared between the two. There is no reason, however, why either trade should be called on to make a sacrifice which would be rendered needless by the simple expedient of having one fish market on the river bank and another as near as may be to the railways which bring fish to London. The argument that a double market means double trouble for the retailers might perhaps be disposed of by the adoption of more reasonable hours for marketing in fish than those which at present prevail.

#### THE FAIR TRADE AGITATION.

THE supporters of Protection under its new title of Fair Trade were injudicious in forming a League and in holding a meeting. But for their public challenge, they might have acquired credit for a strength which they have not been able to display. Three county candidates, all of respectable position and considerable ability, had simultaneously expressed entire or partial approval of their doctrines, though Mr. LOWTHER, with characteristic boldness and creditable candour, called Fair Trade by its proper name of Protection. The meeting in London was not attended by a single known politician; and the promoters had not even succeeded in establishing among themselves any preliminary understanding. The chairman was a cooper, who is discontented at the importation of foreign goods, not because a supply of useful commodities is injurious to the consumers, but on the ground that many articles are packed in foreign casks. The packages remain when the contents are extracted, to be sometimes used again by thrifty English producers. The meeting found it impossible to agree even on the fundamental principle of the party that a duty ought to be imposed on foreign corn. One sagacious economist contended that such a duty would only increase the cost of bread by the amount levied at the Custom House. That English corn-growers would add the same sum to their own prices had apparently not occurred to the Fair Trade intellect; yet it is certain that no farmer would trouble himself to cause an artificial increase in the price of foreign corn except for the purpose of adding the same amount to his own charges.

The majority of the League may probably have been less puzzle-headed; but the object which they met to promote is so chimerical that it is scarcely worth while to inquire whether a corn duty, if it were practicable, would be just and expedient. Mr. BRIGHT, with his habitual readiness, described the advocates of Fair Trade as the "baser sort of Tories." It would be more reasonable to say that, as far as the movement is political, its supporters are engaged in a suicidal enterprise.

There is as yet no serious economic controversy, though traders, artisans, and farmers, under the pressure of difficulties, not unnaturally complain of foreign competition. Many of them would nevertheless hesitate to accept the sole alternative of Protection, even if it were not hopelessly beyond their reach. In his eagerness to insult his political opponents, Mr. BRIGHT blunders into a flagrant misrepresentation of the causes of distress. It is true that a series of bad seasons has been almost ruinous to agricultural industry, with the ulterior consequence of diminishing largely the home demand for all products of industry. It is nevertheless absurd to pretend that foreign tariffs have had no share in discouraging manufacturing enterprise. When almost all civilized countries are doing their utmost to prevent the importation of English goods, it would be strange if they wholly failed of their object. Mr. BRIGHT's opinions are in this respect largely affected by feelings of predilection and dislike. He hates English Tories, but he has no alien antipathies. It never occurs to him that Russia, America, Germany, and several English colonies belong to the baser sort of nations because they maintain Protection on a scale which Fair Traders have never contemplated. The gentle and courteous censure which he has sometimes addressed to American Protectionists is converted into passionate spite when he suspects English landowners of a desire to follow the example of Pennsylvanian ironmasters. As a bitter and intolerant partisan, he ought, in consistency, to feel grateful to any section of the Conservative party which strives to render impossible the return of its leaders to office. On one point his opinions happen to be sound; and for forty years he has never ceased to boast of the triumph which he and his friends achieved in the abolition of the Corn-laws. Until lately the effect of his pretensions had been gradually weakened by the conversion of all parties to the truths of free trade. The revival of heresy among the less-instructed class of Conservatives is an un-mixed advantage to the Liberal cause.

It is in its bearing on party politics that the frivolous Fair Trade agitation is chiefly objectionable. There is, for the most part, no serious harm in the public discussion of fallacies which are most effectually exposed when they have become subjects of popular controversy. No long time can elapse before landowners will be convinced that the restoration of any fragment of the old Corn-laws is utterly impossible; and, if imported food is untaxed, the revenue to be derived from other protective duties would be insignificant. Farmers could not be expected to pay artificial prices for manufactured goods, while their own produce was exposed to unlimited competition. The traders who desire to exclude or limit foreign competition are inconsiderable in number and in weight. The real grievance which is generally felt is not that foreign commodities are imported, but that English goods are excluded from foreign markets. English iron-masters and iron-founders would not suffer the less from the American tariff if heavy duties were imposed upon American products. They would, in truth, be doubly taxed, if the price of bread and of meat were raised while the duties on iron and steel remained the same as at present. There can be but few believers in the efficacy of retaliation. The producers who maintain for their own benefit restrictive legislation would derive additional strength from an admission on the part of the English Legislature that they were in the right. If retaliation is ever attempted, it will probably be confined to non-competitive articles, such as wine; and in such cases no relief would be afforded to any domestic industry. There is no danger that the reaction against economic principles should prevail. It is, indeed, unwise to trust to the universal triumph of truth when false doctrines seem to become more and more powerful in almost every foreign country; but truth combined with overwhelming preponderance of force is great and will prevail. No conceivable argument would reconcile manufacturers to taxes on raw materials, or the enormous population of the towns to



duties on food. Those who favour either measure only condemn themselves to political isolation and helplessness.

Before the invention of Fair Trade, reasonable Conservatives and moderate Liberals were gradually approaching to one another in opinion, though the boundaries of party connexion had not been visibly disturbed. Any considerable secession to the ranks of the Protectionists would reopen and perpetuate the division which was fading into a mere imaginary line. Both political sections, if they were united, would not be too strong for the purpose of resistance to revolutionary legislation. Only a few weeks have passed since the enactment of the anomalous measure which purported to find an excuse in the exceptional position of Ireland; and already Scotch farmers have begun to agitate for the arbitrary extension of limited duties to which their claim is strictly defined by the terms of voluntary contracts. The principal organ of the Ministerial party gives currency to proposals for confiscating the whole or the greater part of the property of landowners. Even at the Fair Trade meeting, doctrines which ought to have alarmed the promoters of the League were thoughtlessly propounded. It was suggested that the proposed duty on imported corn would not have been necessary but for the deficient produce of the land as it is divided into large estates. Fair Traders were not likely to know that the gross produce of English land is much greater than that of any country of equal extent. The impending agitation against landowners will rapidly extend to every other kind of property; and there is scarcely an institution in the country which is not seriously threatened. Neither the House of Commons nor the Cabinet is exempt from revolutionary tendencies, and no confidence can be reposed in the impulsive PRIME MINISTER. If the Opposition had a leader like Sir ROBERT PEEL, it would rally by degrees all those who are interested in the rights of property and all friends of the Constitution. A heterogeneous party, composed of all discontented sections of the community, may harass the Government, but it will not be in a position to succeed it. Defiance of economic rules is especially objectionable when the main object of the adversaries of the Government ought to be resistance to interference with private rights. Mr. GLADSTONE has, when it suited his purpose, relegated political economy to Saturn and Jupiter, and he has nothing to fear from those who in another department of legislation arrogate to themselves similar license. The French Legitimists and Bonapartists, who habitually vote with the wildest anarchists for the purpose of embarrassing the Government, have not attained such a degree of success as to render them models for imitation. It would be a serious national evil that the Opposition should, in its conflict with a dangerous faction, commit itself to untenable issues.

#### THE LIVERPOOL COTTON CORNER.

THE English public have become suddenly and painfully familiar with the special dialect of the cotton trade. A week ago there were few people not connected with Lancashire who could have defined the difference between "spot" cotton and "futures." To-day "futures," at all events, have become a household word with vast numbers who are either patiently looking forward to inevitable losses or calculating how much they will have to endure in order to bring these losses to an end. The question has even a more universal interest, by reason of the possible extension of the corner system to still more necessary trades. It is bad enough when the supply of cotton is artificially restricted, and the mills of Lancashire are forced to stop working, in order to bring those who have restricted it to their knees. But, supposing the plan of stopping the mills to answer, it has the great merit that it can be tried. England will not be materially the worse if for the next seven or fourteen days no more cotton is spun or manufactured. But what would be done if the corner, instead of being in cotton, were in corn or in some drug universally used and absolutely irreplaceable? The eaters of bread could not stop the consumption for a week or fortnight. The sick people, to whom such and such a medicine is a matter of life and death, would have to buy it until their means of paying for it were exhausted. To all appearance, therefore, the success of the corner man in either of these instances would be complete. The

whole supply of an article of absolute necessity would be in his hands, and he would be able in consequence to charge his own price for it. This is a perfectly possible contingency; indeed, as regards corn it has once or twice been on the eve of occurring. Consequently the sympathy of the public with the cotton-spinners is of the acutest and most personal kind. The conspiracy they are resisting in Lancashire is identical in kind with those which may hereafter have to be resisted in all parts of the country. Unfortunately, for the reason just assigned, the experience of the cotton-spinners is only indirectly available for other trades. The immediate effect of the closing of the mills cannot be reproduced in the corn trade or the drug trade. There the manufacture of the article must go on, whether the supply of it be abundant or short, and whether the price be normal or extravagant. It is to the effect—if there be any effect—of the collateral agencies which the Lancashire spinners may be able to bring into play that the public will look with most interest, because it is these agencies alone that can by any possibility be invoked in the analogous cases.

What a corner is, is very easily understood when once the term has been explained. The same man, or the same group of men, is at once buyer and seller. He is buyer because he has contracted for the delivery to him of all the cotton, or other goods with which the speculation has to do, in existence at some future time. He is seller because he has contrived in the meanwhile to buy up beforehand all the cotton or other goods which will be in existence at that time. Consequently, when the time arrives, and the dealers who have contracted to deliver the cotton go into the market to buy it, they find that it is already in the hands of the man to whom they have agreed to sell it. Of this circumstance, however, the law takes no cognizance. The dealers have agreed to deliver so much cotton to A., and they are bound to carry out their undertaking without reference to the fact that they must buy it from A. in order to have it to deliver. A., therefore, has it in his power to put up the price of cotton to any point he likes—subject, of course, to the proviso that this point must not be so high as to make the cotton absolutely unsaleable. The present endeavour of the cotton-spinners is to cause the cotton to become unsaleable at a point below that which the corner man has assigned in his own mind. He has calculated that they will endure a certain amount of loss; that, rather than close their mills, they will go on buying cotton from him, even though the price they have to pay for it eats up all the profit they ordinarily make by selling the yarn to the manufacturers. The spinners have now turned round on him. They prefer to bear their losses in a form which they hope will be fatal to the corner man. It is annoying, of course, to have to stop their mills when the necessity for doing so is artificially created, and to allow the capital invested in buildings and machinery to lie idle. But it is less annoying to do this than to go on working and see the returns accruing from this capital passing into the pocket of the corner man instead of into their own. They have accordingly agreed to close their mills for at least a week, and to buy no cotton in the meantime. In this way they hope to bring the device of the corner man to nought. He has raised the price of cotton, it is true; but of what avail will this be to him when the demand for cotton is suspended? He has bought on unusually favourable terms, but, now that the bargain is completed, he will find that he has only got possession of a commodity which he cannot sell, and which is useless to him so long as it remains unsold.

The worst of this method of retaliation is that the real brunt of it falls on those who are not a party to its employment. The cotton-spinner will not be seriously injured by a short stoppage of work. It will merely ensure a brisker demand for yarn when he re-opens his mill. But the workmen whom the closing of the mill throws out of employment are in a very much less secure position. To some extent, perhaps, they may be recouped by better trade and higher wages by and by; but against this chance must be set the unpleasant certainty that they will have to live for a week or a fortnight on credit or on savings which have both been heavily drawn upon by the recent trade depression. It is certainly desirable that this process, however necessary it may be for the moment, should not remain the only method of defeating the corner man. It inflicts a great deal of undeserved suffering on a class which is in no way

responsible for the corner man's misdoings, and it cannot be applied universally. The best cure for speculations of this kind is to be sought in more stringent rules of business, in greater publicity of transactions, and in sharper and more effective expressions of trade opinion. It may be contended possibly that cornering is a legitimate process, and that there is no need to take fresh precautions against it. As regards this plea, it is hard, no doubt, to say what is and what is not a legitimate process when trading on a large scale; but whether cornering be so or not, the excessive inconvenience which it causes supplies a quite sufficient reason for putting it down.

There is no need to go into the morality of cornering. We will assume that the corner man may look at smokeless chimneys, silent spindles, and starving operatives, may know that this is all his work, and may yet feel that he has not the slightest reason for being ashamed of what he has done. But even the exercise of our virtues may have to be restrained if it causes inconvenience and suffering to our neighbours. Irreproachable as the corner man may be from a moral point of view, he is highly inconvenient from an economical point of view, and that is ample justification for limiting his freedom. The Committee of the Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Association ought not to find it a very difficult matter to frame rules which should head the corner man at some point or other in the long series of steps by which he carries out his end. Some method of registration of purchases might be devised which should make it evident whether any unusual amount of cotton was coming into certain hands, and so warn the dealers who have contracted to deliver futures at this or that date to lose no time in obtaining the means of fulfilling their contracts. It is hardly probable, however, that if public opinion goes on condemning cornering with the same decision which it has lately shown, speculators of the class to which corner men ordinarily belong will continue to practise it. Everything, of course, depends on the consistency with which the censure conveyed by these denunciations is applied. To take a very obvious instance, a cotton-spinner will call a corner man a swindler, a shoplifter, a robber; but would he refuse to give him his daughter in marriage? Is his abuse the expression of a genuine belief that cornering is an illegitimate and dishonest use of trade opportunities, or merely of natural irritation at the annoyance which this use of them has inflicted on him? In one word, is cornering swindling? If the Lancashire public has made up its mind to say yes to this question, a cornering syndicate will soon become of as rare occurrence as a "long firm."

#### THE WOES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

THE season of grumbles about the inconveniences of travelling has set in with unusual severity, but with a certain difference. The majority of the complaints which fill columns of the *Times* in September are in ordinary years directed against Continental railways; this year it has been our own railway system which has had to bear the brunt of the attack. There has, of course, been a dropping fire on the foreigner, who, it must be said, as a rule, takes very little notice of it. One Correspondent in particular has drawn a lurid picture of the Lyons Railway, connecting the recent accidents with the corruption of the officials, who, according to him, keep the trains waiting, in order that they may secure higher and over higher bribes for separate compartments, *fauteuils-lits*, and other privileges, which are in turn rendered necessary by the abandoned character and repulsive habits of travellers in the ordinary carriages. But whether it is that, owing to the lateness of the Session, fewer people than usual have yet returned from the Continent, or that the bad weather in August deterred them from going, there has been much less grumbling of this particular class than usual. Very few complaints in particular have been made of what is unquestionably the worst nuisance of Continental travelling, the danger of having luggage broken open and robbed *en route*. This, which is absolutely unknown in England and not very common in France, is of constant occurrence in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, but up to the present time few victims have complained of it.

On the other hand, there is an almost unexampled chorus of grumbling at the arrangements of the English lines, especially at their arrangements with what may be

called regular customers. The burden was first taken up by a season-ticket holder, and season-ticket holders have continued to furnish the majority of the lamentations; but the minority has been sufficiently varied. The numerous and vexatious restrictions imposed upon these contract ticket-holders, the reluctance to meet them halfway in regard to occasional journeys beyond the limits of their contract, the rapacity with which any oversight is punished by the impounding of deposits and the charging of ordinary fares in default of punctual renewal—all these old and well-known complaints have been repeated in every possible variety. A great chorus of wailing has also been set up over the unpunctuality of the service; and here, as usual, the two chief Southern Companies, with London and Brighton as a good third, come in for a greater part of the blame. Several novel points—points of considerable importance to the persons concerned—have been introduced into the discussion, owing to the immense extension of suburban traffic of late years. There is one question, in particular, which seems to cause more heart-burning than any other. The fares to and from stations on the different lines round London are, as every one knows, arranged in batches—that is to say, the charge is the same from any one of a considerable group of stations to any one of another considerable group. But some Companies, if not all, have a strong objection to allowing the return-ticket holder to have the benefit of this arrangement, and insist on the article of their by-laws which states that a ticket is only available to or from the stations named on it. The point has more than once come before the courts of law, with varying results; though we believe that in the highest court to which it has yet been taken in any particular case judgment was given, on the ground of express contract, in favour of the Company. On the other hand, the balance of decisions is decidedly against the Railway Companies on another point very dear to them, the freedom from liability which they claim in case of loss arising from unpunctuality or failure to meet corresponding trains. It is argued, moreover, that many of the regulations, and more still of the practices, of the Companies are altogether *ultra vires*, such as the compulsory clipping of tickets, the refusal to recognize a ticket issued for one train as valid for another, and so forth. Lastly, there is the wide subject of insufficient arrangements for the comfort and convenience of passengers. With regard to actual comfort, a good deal of progress has been made—at least on the Northern and Western lines—in the last few years. But it is still impossible, save on a few rare occasions, to get tickets except by struggling at a window in a limited time and space. There is still an entirely arbitrary power exercised of disarranging and postponing ordinary traffic in favour of profitable extras, such as race trains and the like, at fares which are very nearly, if not quite, illegal. Above all, there is still the absence of the most rudimentary attention to convenience, and even safety, in the matter of luggage. We have said that the English porter or guard rarely emulates his German and Italian compeer in the practice of actual robbery. But it still needs not a little vigilance on the part of the traveller, unless he wishes that, in the words of an old burlesque, "his carpet-bag shall be at Bath, his trunk at Jericho"; and the arrangements for delivery of luggage at the end of a journey are still almost incredibly insufficient. Luggage robberies at the terminus are sufficiently common; the only wonder is that they are not much more frequent. As soon as the train stops, the luggage is disgorged on the open platform from probably three or four different parts of a long train. Sometimes the formality of drawing movable rails round it is observed, and in a few cases numbered check tickets are given; but even then the nearest porter inside is sure to have entire faith in the statements of the first claimant outside. There must be very few people at all accustomed to railway travelling who have not arrested something of their own on its way, perhaps by mistake, perhaps by intention, to somebody else's cab.

As usual, the railway companies, in the exercise of the wisdom of their generation, hold their peace. They know that the grumblers are almost powerless, and that in a short time they will have something else to do than to grumble. If any answer beyond a mere red-tape one is ever attempted, it is of the kind which report ascribes to Sir EDWARD WATKIN on a recent occasion at Hastings. That Cinque Port is a notoriously aggrieved one in the matter of railway service, and it has found the Railway Commis-

mission but a rotten reed. Sir Edward, on a public occasion, seems to have been mildly reproached by the Mayor, and to have replied softly, but with a gentle reminder that he himself and his relations held more stock in the South-Eastern Railway than all Hastings put together. The oddity of this argument, if it was really used, for which of course we cannot vouch, is exemplary. It is as if a tradesman, being remonstrated with for the bad quality of his ware should reply, "Sir, I am very sorry, but you must reflect that I have a greater interest in conducting this business for my advantage than for yours."

Of course the reason why the tradesman does not make a retort, while the railway director does, is that the former has the fear of competition before his eyes, and the latter has not, except in a few cases—in which cases, it need hardly be said, he takes very good care to meet complaint, or rather forestall it, in a very different spirit. The great towns of the North and the Midlands are almost all served by several different Companies. There is therefore brisk competition between these—not, indeed, in the old ruinous spirit of folly which made it possible at one time to travel first-class from London to Liverpool for five shillings, but in the provision of the quickest, most punctual, most comfortable, and most convenient service possible. At this moment Manchester can be reached from London by any one of four of the greatest trunk lines in the kingdom; and the consequence is that in the Midland and the North-Western express trains almost every possible improvement has been introduced. The traveller, even in the cheaper classes, is comfortably seated, can depend on swift and punctual travelling, has for the most part his luggage close at hand in a compartment of the same carriage, and is even furnished with most of the advantages of saloon or Pullman cars. On the other side of London things are changed. There the only competition is for the through Continental traffic, and this is, accordingly, the only class of passenger traffic that is looked after. As for Parliamentary interference, it is theoretically quite justifiable, because of the exceptional position in which railways as trading corporations are put by their Parliamentary powers. But it is very difficult to procure, owing to the strength of the railway interest; and it is not clear that it would be really effectual. The proposed Railway Passengers' Defence Association—a very old proposition, often renewed but always dropping through—might, indeed, do some good by restricting the present undoubtedly illegal encroachments of the Companies and enforcing compensation in every case of breach of contract. But it would not be very easy to organize it, in the first place, and it would in all probability be still more difficult to keep it together.

#### THE HOME OF JOHN BUNYAN AT ELSTOW.

IT was no doubt wrong, but it was very natural, that, in spite of Bunyan's undeniably modern date, a large portion of the attention of the Archaeological Institute, at their recent meeting at Bedford, should be devoted to him; and that Elstow, the place of his birth and his home for the first thirty years of his life, should be a leading object in the excursions. Even Dean Merivale had to devote several paragraphs of his address to the local hero. As every one who made a public harangue at Athens must sing the praises of the goddess Athene, "so," the Dean remarked, "any one speaking in Bedford must magnify him whom we might almost call the patron saint, the pride and glory of the town, the famous John Bunyan." Besides the Dean's address, two of the memoirs read at the meeting were devoted to the same absorbing subject; that of the Rev. John Brown, minister of the chapel that bears Bunyan's name, on "Recent Memorials of Bunyan"; and that of the Rev. James Copner, vicar of Bunyan's native parish, on his "Connection with Elstow." The former paper presented much that was new, the result of Mr. Brown's own painstaking investigations. Mr. Brown showed that, so far from Bunyan being of gipsy descent, as an ingenious American writer has endeavoured to prove, the name Bunyan, in one of its many forms, had been already known in Bedfordshire for full seven centuries, first appearing in the chronicle of Dunstable in 1219, and was repeatedly found in the Records of the Court Leet, the Registry of the Court of Probate, the accounts of the Guild of the Holy Trinity at Luton, and other mediæval documents, as well as in the parish registers of Bedford and other places in the county. "The Bunyans of Elstow—where they were living as early as 1603—appear to have been the poor retainers of a family other branches of which were substantial yeomen in the county quite three centuries ago." The annual parochial returns of the Archdeaconry of Bedford, now for the first time examined, have supplied many hitherto unknown names and dates connected with the Bunyan family. Both

the father and grandfather of John Bunyan were named Thomas. The former was baptized in February 1603 at Elstow Church, where, four-and-twenty years afterwards, May 23, 1627, he took for his second wife one Margaret Bentley, John Bunyan's mother. John himself was baptized at Elstow, November 30, St. Andrew's Day, in the following year, 1628.

Mr. Brown has discovered that Bunyan lost his mother when he was between fifteen and sixteen years old, and that the congregation of which the "holy Mr. Gifford," once a debauched Royalist officer, was pastor, to which Bunyan joined himself and of which he became pastor in 1672, used St. John's Church as their place of worship till the reinstatement of the Rev. Theodore Crawley, who had been ejected by the Puritans, after the Restoration in 1660. Mr. Copner's paper contained little that was new beyond some fresh *scintille* of evidence in support of his theory—ably, and we think effectually, combated by Mr. Brown, and discredited by Mr. Edward Peacock—that Bunyan was at heart a Royalist, and that his seven months' soldiering was passed under the standard of Charles I., and not of the Parliament, and that he was not more than seventeen at the time of his marriage to his first wife, when, without "so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between them," the young couple began to occupy the cottage at Elstow ever since coupled with Bunyan's name.

Elstow, John Bunyan's birthplace, is a little village of old-fashioned, half-timbered cottages, with overhanging stories, projecting porches, and gabled dormers, covered with clustering roses and honeysuckles, clustering round the village-green. The pedestal and stem of the ancient market cross breaks the sward, and at the upper end of the green stands the Moot Hall, a picturesque brick and timber building of the end of the sixteenth century. The church, which rises somewhat shapeless, but not altogether undignified, on the south side of the green, is a mere fragment of that of the nunnery founded here in 1078 for Benedictine nuns, by Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, in vain atonement for the base part which she, a second "Herodias" or "Job's wife," as the Anglo-Norman Chronicle calls her, had borne with traitorous and lying tongue in the judicial murder of her husband Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon—the greatest crime, and, we may add, the greatest blunder, in the Conqueror's life. Elstow, or according to the ancient form found on the conventual seal, "Ellenstowe," like Bridestow, Morwenstow, Edwinastowe, and other similar names, takes its designation, the *stow* or place of St. Helen, from the original dedication of the church in Saxon times to St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. The Church of Rome, with her all-absorbing centralization, has ever shown herself as unfriendly to local saints as to provincial liturgies or national uses. Thus St. Guthlac was almost buried at his own Crowland beneath the later names of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew. St. Peter took precedence of St. Wilfrid at Ripon and of St. Etheldreda at Ely, while his brother apostle St. Andrew was placed before St. David in his own Cathedral of Menevia. In this way the old Saxon chapel of St. Helen became the Church of St. Mary of Elstow, which in due course had to give way at the Reformation to "the Holy and Undivided Trinity."

Elstow Church, in which John Bunyan was baptized and married, and where for many years he worshipped, regarding, as he tells us, with an almost superstitious reverence the "High Place," and all belonging to it, "priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else," in the early days of the "Directory," is the nave of the original nunnery church, preserved at the Dissolution for the use of the parishioners, whose church it had doubtless always been, when the conventual portions were pulled down by the grantees, Sir Humphrey Ratcliffe. This was the most usual mode of dealing with monastic churches in which the parishioners had joint rights with the conventual body. The choir and transepts, with the central tower, where there was one, were pulled down by the grantees, and the materials sold or employed to erect a mansion-house hard by, while the nave was left standing. Examples of this are abundant in every part of England. It is sufficient to name Lanercost, Bridlington, Binham, Dunstable, Leominster, Waltham, and Malmesbury as typical instances. Sometimes, but much more rarely, as at Pershore, Hexham, Boxgrove, and New Shoreham, the arrangement was reversed, the parishioners becoming possessed of the eastern part by purchase or gift as their parish church, the nave, their original place of worship, being destroyed. Where the whole church is left, it is either that, as at Great Malvern and Selby, the parishioners bought the conventual church, no part of which had ever been parochial, and deserted their old parish church, which had stood quite distinct; or that, as at Sherborne, Tewkesbury, Dorchester, and other places, the church having been originally shared between the two bodies, the parishioners bought the monks' church and added to it their own. One more class remains, containing, as far as we know, only Ewenny and Dunster (not to dogmatize about Arundel), where the eastern limb was simply allowed to stand, but regarded as completely distinct from the parochial portion, and allowed to fall into disuse, and consequently disappear.

What remains of Elstow Church is Norman of a very rude type in the eastern part, succeeded by four Early English bays of much better character towards the west, the building having, as usual, grown from the altar end westwards. It has a lofty clerestory, with good shafted lancets at the west end. The absence of a blocked transverse arch at the east end, such as we have at Waltham Abbey and other similarly truncated buildings, seems to indicate that we do not see the whole of the structural nave, but that the conventual

choir having, as usual in Norman churches, stretched over one or more bays of the western limb, these bays were included in the Royal grant and perished with the rest. Analogy would lead us safely to assert that there must have been a central tower. The existing detached belfry, the scene of Bunyan's exploits as a bell-ringer—the fourth being that which tradition asserts to have been his favourite bell—as well as of his graphically depicted struggles of conscience, when, having been convinced of the sinfulness of the amusement, he could not refrain from going to look on till forced to flee for fear that first the bells and then the steeple should fall on his guilty head—may be the result, as at Wyomondham, of some forgotten dispute between the nuns and the parishioners, or be merely, like the similar towers of Blyth, Shrewsbury, Christ Church, and elsewhere, the result of a natural desire for independence. Why it stands where it does, full seven yards from the north-west corner of the church, instead of being as usual attached to the west end, we can hardly hope to determine. Perhaps the ground to the west on which it would have been built belonged to the convent, and the ladies refused to come to terms. The tower is a massive structure, of late Perpendicular date, with widely-spreading buttresses. The rough flagged floor of the belfry, bearing the marks of Bunyan's hobnailed boots, together with those of generations of ringers before and since, happily remains undisturbed, and we can only hope may escape the sweeping restoration which is now threatening to carry away much that is most characteristic in the church itself. Repair was certainly needed. Portions of the building were absolutely dangerous, and menaced a speedy ruin. The interior had a most dreary neglected air, with whitewashed walls, and blocked up or broken windows, and square deal pews lined with fusty green baize. Dirt and squalor prevailed. When, however, we read of the removal of the roof, the pulling down and rebuilding of the clerestory and aisle walls, and the complete gutting of the church, we confess that we tremble lest we should get a new church for an old, with all reminiscences of Bunyan effectually wiped out. The advertisement by an enterprising book-selling firm of an "Elstow" edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, literally "bound in boards" made of the oak of Elstow Church, made us fear that the old seats, including Bunyan's own bench, had been cast out as so much rubbish. We are, however, glad to be assured that these are safe, and that it is only the timbers of the roof that have been thus strangely utilized. The lovely little fourteenth-century apartment, groined from a central shaft, attached to the west end of the south aisle, popularly known as the "Nun's Choir," and sometimes, but erroneously, supposed to have been the chapter-house, is, we are told, receiving careful treatment, the injured vaulting being restored stone by stone. The singular moulded brackets connecting the vaulting ribs with the capital in this room are probably unique. Their loss would be irreparable.

To the south of the church the remains of the Jacobean mansion of the Hillesdens, pieced on to the walls of the nunnery, with their ivy-draped mullioned windows and little domestic chapel wreathed with foliage, form a very picturesque feature. It must have been a grand new house in Bunyan's early days. The cottage where Bunyan was born cannot be identified. That occupied by him after his first marriage, where his children were born and the fierce spiritual conflicts were waged, narrated in his *Grace Abounding*, is pointed out, but alterations and repairs have made it essentially a modern building. Here in the time of the late Dean Bowers of Manchester, who was formerly Rector of Elstow, the very forge used to be shown at which Bunyan worked. This, too, has now passed away. Bunyan was living here in April 1654, when his daughter Elizabeth, who died in childhood, was born. Between that year and 1660 he must have left his native village, and gone to reside at Bedford, where he is stated to be living in his indictment of that year. The site of the house in Outhbert Street in which he resided after his release in 1672 till his death is still pointed out. As is well known, twelve years of Bunyan's Bedford life were spent in gaol, at one time making tagged laces for the support of his family, at another writing the work which, little as he could then have anticipated it, has been translated into almost every language of the civilized world—the Bunyan Library contains a translation into Chinese with Japanese illustrations—and has made his name immortal. This gaol, the "Den," as he calls it in the opening words of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, was not, as sensational writers have loved to represent it, the damp and stifling dungeon on the central pier of Old Bedford Bridge, which was nothing more than a mere town lock-up for casual vagrants, but in the county gaol standing between High Street and Silver Street. This has now been pulled down, and its site has become an open market, and only a small fragment of its side wall remains for the gratification of pilgrims. "Bunyan Meeting" contains a curious museum of miscellaneous articles, such as his apple scoop, penknives, scales for testing the weight of the coins paid him, a curious little cabinet with nests of drawers, and the solid oaken chair with carved legs in which he used to sit. The most interesting of these memorials is the "Church Book," containing the records of the Baptist congregation of which Bunyan had been appointed pastor on the 21st of January, 1672, the year of his liberation from his twelve years' imprisonment. His formal pardon under the Great Seal was not issued until the 13th of September of that year. But on the 9th of the preceding May he had received a license to preach, among about three thousand other Nonconformist teachers, and during this interval his incarceration was merely nominal. This year is celebrated in the annals of Nonconformity as "the year of Liberation." The

Oabel Ministry were preparing for a new war with Holland, to avenge the insults and injuries of 1666. Though they had no love for sectarians, it was expedient to conciliate them, that the difficulties of a foreign campaign might not be aggravated by internal dissensions. So the famous "Declaration of Indulgence" was published by Royal authority; and, in Mr. J. R. Green's words, "ministers returned after years of banishment to their houses and to their flocks; chapels were reopened; the gaols were emptied; Bunyan left his prison at Bedford, the 'Den' where he had been visited with his marvellous dream." The first entry in the "Church Book" is not dated at Bedford, but at the neighbouring village of Gamlingay, where, before his imprisonment, Bunyan had laid the foundations of a congregation, and records the propounding of the desire of "Sister Behemon" to walk in fellowship. As the contrary is not stated, we may conclude that the desire of the fair sister—whose name, so quaintly suggestive of the huge water-beast of the Book of Job, is merely a phonetic form of Beaumont—was granted. A subsequent entry, however, the first in Bunyan's own handwriting, tells us how "at a full assembly of the Congregation was with joynt consent of the whole Body cast out of the Church John Rush of Bedford for being drunke after a very beastly and filthy manner, that is"—the definiteness is worth remarking—"above the ordinary rate of drunke; for he was not carried home from the 'Swan' to his own house without the help of no less than three persons, who when they had brought him home could not present him as one alive to his familie, he was so dead drunke." This Church Book, kept continuously down to the present day, abounds in curious entries throwing light on Nonconformist religious life. We are surprised it has not been printed.

Another interesting document among the Bunyan papers, the only holograph known, is what is erroneously known as "Bunyan's will." It is dated December 23, 1685, the year of Monmouth's rebellion, and is really a deed of gift to his wife Elizabeth, executed when he thought he should probably have to go to gaol again for suspected complicity in Monmouth's designs, with the forfeiture of all his little property. In this, describing himself as "J. Bunyan, of the parish of St. Outhbirts in the toun of Bedford, *Brazier*," he makes over to her "all and singular my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate, rings, household stuffe, apparel, utensills, brass, pouter, bedding, and all other my substance whatsoever, moveable and immoveable." The "one coynd pece of silver commonly called twopence," which, as a *cayarra* or handsell, had been affixed to the seal to put Mrs. Bunyan "in peaceable and quiet possession," has unfortunately been lost. Bunyan's fears of further annoyance proved groundless; and, though he was sometimes driven to adopt disguises to escape threatened danger—the tradition is that he used to go to Reading to preach in a waggoner's frock, with a long whip in his hand—his liberty was never again restrained, and he lived unmolested to within three months of the Revolution. As is well known, he died at the house of a friend, Mr. Strudwick, a shopkeeper on Holborn Bridge, August 31, 1688, of a cold and fever caught in a wet ride from Reading, where he had been to reconcile a father and son. By a happy chance, Mr. Brown has secured one of the worthy tradesman's bills, made out to "Lord James Radcliffe"—afterwards the Lord Derwentwater who suffered in 1716—with a woodcut of the four-storied gabled house, such as the older of us can remember many of in the back streets of London, in which Bunyan died. The billhead runs:—"Bought of John Strudwick, at the sign of the Star, Holborne Bridge, Grocer and Chandler." The copy of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, or *Book of Martyrs*, as it is popularly called, which was Bunyan's companion and daily study in prison, is preserved in the Town Library. Bunyan's signature at the foot of the title-page is laboriously formed in large ill-shaped printing characters, with the date 1662, the work of one by whom the art of writing, if he had ever acquired it, had been almost entirely lost. The margins of some of the ghastly woodcuts of burnings, &c., are scrawled over with rude doggerel rhymes such as the following:—

Hear is one stout and strong indeed;  
He doth not waver like as doth Reed.

Certainly Bunyan improved greatly both as a penman and a poet before he wrote "The Deed of Gift" already described, and composed that little lyrical gem in the Second Part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, recalling Amiens' song in *As You Like It*:—

Who would true Valour see  
Let him come hither;  
One here will constant be,  
Come snow, come weather.  
There's no Discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed Intent  
To be a Pilgrim.

#### THE LOGIC OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

AT last the Machiavellian policy of Mr. O'Donnell has fully succeeded; and his outlay in preparing the cradle, and, so to speak, paying the christening fees, of the Farmers' Alliance at the Westminster Palace Hotel has come back to him with an abundant usury. The Farmers' Alliance has declared for an English Land Bill, and Mr. W. H. Gladstone has, by an interesting coincidence, endorsed the declaration. The political eminence of the Prime Minister's eldest son, despite the elaborate arrangements



for politically educating the house of Gladstone which were detailed the other day to a correspondent by the head of the family, has not hitherto been great. But perhaps Mr. W. H. Gladstone is going to make up for lost time. It is not interesting to act the part of Hector, and amiably ejaculate, "Well fought, my youngest brother!" unless it is quite certain that the difference between Hector and Troilus is properly recognized by the spectators. Mr. W. H. Gladstone has therefore taken a leaf out of his junior's book, and has bettered the instruction, as, indeed, the nation has a right to demand from a man on whom it has actually spent considerable sums—while it has Mr. Herbert Gladstone on the easy terms of what is, we believe, called in trade an "improver." "There is to be a Land Bill for England," says Mr. W. H. Gladstone boldly. "It is resolved that a model Land Bill for England shall be at once prepared," says the Farmers' Alliance. We shall consider the probable contents of such a Bill, as shown in the other resolutions of the Alliance, immediately; but any one curious on the subject may be recommended to look at the comments which the programme has already drawn forth from the Radical press. The general spirit of those comments could not be better put than in the language (also happily contemporaneous) of a certain Mr. Murray, of whom we know nothing except that he spoke after Mr. Sexton at a Land League meeting in Dublin the other day. "Irish lords," said Mr. Murray, "gulped down salmon and trout while their tenants were starving. Landlords were devils." This extremely succinct statement of the question was greeted with cheers; and it seems (at least the latter part of it) to express the feelings of the Farmers' Alliance most accurately. Not being Irishmen, they probably do not suspect any actual duke of gulping a salmon weighing, let us say, thirty pounds. But that landlords are devils sums up the gist of debates, letters, leading articles, and descriptive articles on the subject with admirable force and precision. The attitude of tenants who complain that it is not quite certain whether or not they may let the shooting allotted to them under the Ground Game Act to sportsmen, is of itself a matchless comment on that egregious measure. But the general position of the appetent agriculturist could not be better appreciated than from a certain series of articles which have appeared in the *Daily News*, headed "Dilapidated Husbandry." There is no reason to believe that matters of fact are in the least tampered with in these articles; and the writer's good faith, combined with his firm belief in the "landlords are devils" principle, blinds him in the most agreeable way to the delightful inconsistency of his objections to their devilry. This correspondent finds fault with one landlord because he turns tenants out, with another because he keeps them in. To dismiss a farmer who is unwilling to pay a high rent, and to keep an old servant who cannot spend capital on his farm at a low one, are equal crimes. The writer, however, is most valuable, because a good deal of side-light on the Farmers' Alliance programme is obtainable from him. It seems that the farmers will be good enough not to claim an immediate price for their "goodwill." This, considering that every single farmer in England (with the exception of a few districts in Lincolnshire and perhaps elsewhere, in which it is not pretended that the custom has been infringed) knows himself, on entry into his farm, to be a tenant either at will or for some given period, without the faintest presumption of fixity, may be said to be extremely generous. But what the farmers would like to do is to secure, if not fixity of tenure, at any rate free sale in the following roundabout fashion. They wish to have unlimited right to compensation for improvements; and as it may be inconvenient for the landlord to pay down at a moment's notice whatever a lavish and unskilful tenant chooses to say that he has frittered away on the land, with allowance for the increased value of the land so improved, the outgoer is to be empowered to sell this his "interest." As any one may see, the full tenant-right just granted to Irish farmers is practically included in these two propositions, as far as free sale is concerned, and free sale is beyond question the most important of the three F's.

However, let us go to the Farmers' Alliance itself and its programme. Four resolutions were passed by it last Monday. The first had reference to the drafting and bringing in of a Land Bill for England and Scotland, as just mentioned; and the second completed this by suggestions as to a deputation to Mr. Gladstone, who, by the way, on Mr. Murray's principles, is a "devil" himself. The third resolution is a long one. It has reference to the new cry for Protection, and deals with that subject in the most orthodox Free-trading language. The Alliance, or at least its Committee, thinks that return to Protection is impossible; and, if possible, would hurt agriculture more than anything else, inasmuch as the corn duties would be sure to be repealed at the first convenient moment by either party in want of a popular measure or a cry. It points out that duties on foreign corn would interfere with stock-farming, and that the proposal is really a proposal for keeping up rents. All this is, as we have said, of the purest Free-trade orthodoxy, and it is only at the extreme skirt of the resolution that the least little cloven hoof peeps out. The cry for Protection, it seems, is bad in itself, but it is worse inasmuch as it "postpones the demand for agricultural reform," which, to go back to resolution number one, is "imperatively called for, owing to the prolonged depression in agriculture, followed by another disastrous harvest." By the way, the harvest is turning out by no means so disastrous as it suits folk of this sort to pretend; but no matter. Lastly, the Committee expresses its sympathy with the farmers in Aberdeenshire

in the efforts made to obtain a reduction in rents and a Land Bill for Scotland, and "thinks them for their spirited action." Mr. Bright has since added his congratulations to the Aberdeenshire heroes. The spirited action in question, it must be remembered, has in some cases taken the form of a refusal to pay any rent whatever unless a reduction of five-and-twenty per cent. is granted. This obviously adds fair rent to the catalogue of reforms with which the Alliance sympathizes, and which it considers to be imperatively demanded by some years of agricultural depression and an additional disastrous harvest.

We are accustomed to public and private ignorings of that proverb about gander and goose which some refined persons think so terribly vulgar. But we really do not know that a more naïf and innocent enunciation of the contrary principle has ever been published than this interesting document. It consists, as we are frequently told that all works of literary art should consist, of a beginning, a middle, and an end. The middle is made up, as we have seen, of a learned, elaborate, and orthodox renunciation of Protection and all its works; the beginning and the end, of a passionate demand for the very same protection, only applied in a slightly different way and for the benefit of different persons. "Do not," pleads the Farmers' Alliance, "ask the Legislature to protect this great native industry by artificial devices of taxation, violating the principles of political economy. They will not do you any good. The money will simply come out of the pocket of the nation at large, and, what is more, it will go into the pockets, not of you, but of the persons whom Mr. Murray, of Dublin, calls the devils of landlords." Much admirable argument supports this plea; and if the listening farmer confined himself to resolution number three and hearkened to it, he would doubtless go away convinced that artificial legislative devices cannot fight against the laws of nature, and that he must make his bargains in the open market, take his chance of bad seasons and competition, and trust to stout work and the survival of the fittest, just as his shoemaker and his tailor do. But the Alliance does not dismiss him with such cold comfort as this. "You shall have protection," it says, "only it shall be protection of a different kind. You shall be shielded against the laws of supply and demand, and a legislative sliding scale shall make you impervious to the worst of seasons. It is the devils of landlords that shall pay for all this, and therefore the nation won't object, as it would to taxes on its food." We are bound to say that there is a modest want of explicitness about the programme in this part of it. The beautiful arguments which have just demonstrated the folly and injustice and impossibility of one sort of protection are not applied to prove the justice, wisdom, and efficacy of the other. It may, indeed, be extremely inconvenient for the Farmers' Alliance that they should be so applied; yet we shall take the liberty of applying them. In the first place, the proposed scheme, whatever it may be, will be, and must be, protection pure and simple—that is, the artificial favouring of one class at the expense of another, and eventually of the whole nation. During the last five or six years there has been commercial as well as agricultural depression, from which almost every trade and industry has suffered. There is one in particular which supplies an almost exact parallel to the farmers' case. Cornish miners have been half ruined owing to the increasing cost of mining and the drop in the price of tin through foreign competition. It is said that thirteen thousand miners have emigrated from that single county during the last decade, and hundreds of mines have been stopped just as hundreds of farms are now lying tenantless. On the principle of the Farmers' Alliance the Legislature must step in here. It must not, indeed, put a duty of so many pounds a ton on foreign tin, because the consumer would not like that; but it must arbitrarily reduce the royalties, entitle working companies to compensation from the owners in case of unsuccessful operations, &c., &c. So it must be with every interest all round—except the interest of the landowner, and in the long run, of course, of the "bloated bondholder," fundholder, shareholder, and their likes. Out of these devoted people's property bonuses are to be successively handed to all workers too lazy, too unskilled, too thriftless, or too imprudent to get on. This, of course, is not Protection; perhaps it is Fair-trade? but, whatever it may be called, it is clear that almost every objection which lies to Protection pure and simple lies to it, and others besides. Indeed the two things have already been united by some enterprising politicians at the Antipodes, and perhaps the bright spirits of the Farmers' Alliance have been fired by the example of Victoria, insufficiently as the anti-squatter Protectionist policy has there been carried out. At home, however, the farmer must be a much duller person than he is supposed to be if the ingenious plan of Mr. Howard and his friends succeeds in gulling him. He will probably say that, if he is to be protected at all, he would rather be protected in a form which will at any rate not hurt his moral conscience, whatever it may do to his economical one. We do not believe that, in whatever ill case they may be, the farmers of England are, as a rule, disguised Dick Turpins, with a design on their landlords' pockets. The plan of the Farmers' Alliance, as has been pretty fully pointed out, is nothing more than an ingenious combination of Protection with larceny. It could only succeed at the expense, in the first place, of the landlords, and, in the second, of the consumers generally, who by degrees would find added to the three profits the fourth profit of interest on an artificially created value of tenant-right. But it would have this disadvantage, that while, as the Farmers' Alliance very justly points out, a corn duty, if imposed,

could be taken off again, the tenant-right burden, once imposed, is (without a revolution) a millstone for ever—as has been amply proved in Ireland itself. On the whole, the Alliance would probably have done better to hold its tongue about Protection.

#### A PLEA FOR ASHBURNHAM HOUSE

AMONG the very last utterances of the late Dean Stanley were expressions of anxiety for the fate of Ashburnham House. It is to be hoped that one of the first cares of his successor will be its preservation. It is no secret that the clause under which it is to be surrendered to the School was a surprise to the Chapter. It was put into the Act without their observing it. No doubt, some blame attaches to them or to their lawyers for such an oversight. But the present state of the case, pending whatever action may be taken by the new Dean, may be briefly stated as one in which not only has nothing decisive been done, but the little that has been done is, on the whole, favourable to the chance that Ashburnham House will be preserved. In fact, it is rumoured, and even asserted, that all arrangements between the high contracting parties had actually been amicably made, when the unfortunate meeting of "old Westminsters" took place, and an agreement was prevented. It is to be remarked that this self-constituted committee of old Westminsters was by no means representative. Many former scholars dissented from the proceedings, and it is well known that some of those of whom the School is most justly proud do not hesitate to express themselves very strongly against the scheme. Among those who thus stand aloof from the proceedings of the old Westminsters, a single individual may be named, since his opinion alone will by some be thought sufficiently important to decide the question. That Mr. Poynter, R.A., is understood to refuse to join the opposition to the Chapter is in itself a strong argument. The alternative is disagreeable enough. Any one who takes the trouble to look at what the School authorities have made of the noble apartment ceded to them over the east cloister will be sorry that they should be allowed to touch the venerable remains of the monastic *hospitium*, now in the occupation of Canon Leighton. At the same time, by care, and the appointment of a competent architect, or by the Dean and Chapter insisting on the employment of their own architect, the interior changes may be carried out so as to do little injury to the ancient walls. Such a building as that just completed at the opposite side of Dean's Yard would be more than a local eyesore. It would be nothing short of a national misfortune. The preservation of every old stone of Westminster Abbey and its precincts is a matter in which every Englishman is concerned. And, if the School takes possession of Canon Leighton's house, there will be many apprehensions as to the treatment likely to be bestowed on the ancient range of buildings of which it is the chief relic. In fact, whichever way we turn, we are confronted with difficulties—difficulties which have all their origin in one point, that we are interfering with the ancient Abbey, or, in other words, with the fabric of the one building in England on which every Englishman looks with pride and solicitude.

It is true that Ashburnham House was itself originally just such an interference with the fabric of the Abbey. There is a close connexion between it and the south cloister. The garden wall, with its Norman arcading, is the north wall of the ancient Frater. The front wall, facing Little Dean's Yard, follows the line of the old Misericorde. Here the monks, under their easy rule, assembled to eat the supper forbidden, indeed, in the refectory, but, by special grace, winked at in an adjoining chamber. Within the modern house, when we pass from the magnificent staircase into an ante-room, the depth of the doorway betrays the thickness of the ancient wall through which it is pierced. The architect found it easier to include such a wall in his building than to pull it down. Indeed, perfectly novel in its design as Ashburnham House appears, it is in reality a remodelled house of older origin, an origin worth tracing. In 1533 the Abbot's chair was vacant. For some reason which has not transpired, but which may be guessed, no monk of Westminster was deemed worthy of the place, but the Abbot of Burton-upon-Trent, known from his birthplace as Abbot Boston, was brought in to fill it. About the same time three manors were plucked until a sum of 500*l.* should be made up; 500*l.* answers to a very great deal of money in our modern reckoning, and this sum was to be paid to Sir William Pawlet and one Thomas Crumwell, not then so well known to fame as he afterwards became. The new Abbot was the first for three centuries who did not belong to the house, and he acted the part of the hireling shepherd, whose own the sheep are not. When Thirlby was made Bishop of Westminster, Boston was made the first Dean. He "resumed his patronymic," to use a modern phrase, and became Dean Benson. But he had to turn out of the Abbot's House, which was required for the new bishop, and retired, to use Dean Stanley's expression, to "the remoter part of the monastery." This remoter part was none other than Ashburnham House, then, and long afterwards, known as the Dean's House. Here he carried out many "arrangements," which, though they look extremely ill on the page of history, were yet carefully, and, as the end proved, successfully planned, to save some of the old Abbey estates for the new Chapter. He could not save the Abbot's house, however, which was granted, on Thirlby's translation and the abolition of the bishopric, to Lord Wentworth, who died almost immediately afterwards and was appropriately buried among the

Abbots. Benson survived till 1549, when, worn out with these anxieties, he died and was buried near the entrance to the vestry. A second Dean, the reformer Cox, succeeded and reigned in the Dean's house, and on his flight a third, Weston, who eventually made way for Queen Mary's restored Abbot. Feckenham, whose family name of Howman was, in accordance with the ancient usage, discarded for that of his birthplace, got back the Abbot's house from Lord Wentworth's son and successor, by an exchange for the manor of Canonbury. This second Lord Wentworth it was whose loss of Calais was so much mourned by the dying Queen, and with Mary's life practically ended the reign of the last Abbot. But the house became the Deanery under Elizabeth, and the same Queen founded the institution which now makes a claim to the possession of the older Deanery. At first the School and the Abbey were very closely connected. Dean Goodman was a kind of head-master, and even took boarders into the Deanery; but, to quote again from Dean Stanley, this union "has gradually been disentangled, and at times the interests of the School may have been overshadowed by those of the Chapter." If so, the case before us is an example to the contrary.

It can scarcely, however, even by the most ardent advocates of the proposed cession of Ashburnham House, be looked upon as a gift altogether to the advantage of the School. In a certain sense, it much impoverishes the caputular body, without greatly enriching the educational. The house will be a white elephant in the new hands. To fit its gorgeous chambers for class-rooms, the exquisitely delicate carved work must either be boarded over, or—we shudder to write it—cut away. The fretted plasterwork ceilings will be inaccessible except to pop-guns, but the panelled walls, the pillared alcoves, the dark oak staircase—in fact, all that makes Ashburnham House worth preserving—will be, like dirt, matter in the wrong place. No doubt, the School authorities assert their intention of preserving everything intact; but if they do, it may be retorted, of what use will the house be to them? It is safer in the hands of the Chapter. We cannot conclude that the School authorities will deal more gently with it than they have dealt with the antiquities of their own particular domain. Where, old Westminsters may well ask, is the time-honoured "shell"? Where the open fire-place in the College hall? These are not things removed in the old semi-heathen days before the Gothic revival; but alterations made, as it were, yesterday. If, as some assert, the School is sufficiently well housed already, and wants boarders rather than chambers to put them in, why should Ashburnham House be given up to them to stand empty? The Dean and Chapter can put it to a very good use. The new Canon is homeless, that is, as a canon. Perhaps the new Dean might prefer the spacious chambers and compact plan of the original Deanery to the labyrinthine recesses of the original Abbot's house, with its stairs and passages, its low ceilings, its score and more of half-useless chambers. Ashburnham House would be a model residence for a dean who does not possess the wealth which Dean Stanley lavished so generously. In any case it is an admirable canon's house, and would make a very bad school. The School cannot be honestly said to want another house; while the Canon "in residence" may have to be resident elsewhere. We hear much of proposals for monuments to the late lamented Dean; but so far they have been of a singularly inappropriate character. One of them was to carry out a scheme which Stanley, almost more than any other man, disliked—namely, for the removal of the organ-screen. Here, however, is a worthy object of exertion. Let those who are willing to spend money to commemorate a great man spend a little time and trouble instead, in order to fulfil his dying wishes. There can be no kind of doubt that the whole matter may be adjusted on reasonable grounds. The house may be preserved to the Chapter intact, and no very great injury done either to the interests of the School or to any other part of the Abbey buildings. We speak, not so much in the interests of the Chapter—for whom, indeed, it is not possible to feel very sorry, since it is to their carelessness that the clause in the Public Schools Act is to be attributed—as in the interests of art and historical association. We described Ashburnham House in these columns last spring. Though nothing but tradition can be found for attributing it to Inigo Jones, no mind reasonably acquainted with his rare and precious works can doubt the truth of the ascription, so far at least as the most decorative parts of the interior are concerned. The exterior is interesting and beautiful enough, and may well be older than Jones's time. It is not a great or important building; but neither is St. Stephen's, Walbrook. But Ashburnham House, small and insignificant as it is, stands to modern domestic architecture as St. Stephen's stands to ecclesiastical, as showing the power of a master to produce in a moderate space and with ordinary materials an effect perfectly satisfactory, both in its ornamental details and in the almost scientific beauty of its whole design.

#### THE WANDERING JEW.

THERE are some legends so universally spread through the popular folklore of various countries that one naturally looks for their origin in something more than arbitrary invention or local superstition. To this class belongs the legend of the Wandering Jew—that is, of an eyewitness of the Crucifixion of our Lord, condemned, for having insulted the Saviour, to a joyless immor-

talities and a perpetual wandering over the face of the earth. As early as the middle of the thirteenth century the chronicle of Matthew Paris relates a story of an Armenian bishop who visited England in the year 1228, and being "interviewed" by some monastic clerks, gave an sensational and circumstantial answer to the questions put to him as could be desired. He had seen the remains of Noah's Ark preserved upon Mount Ararat, and he had himself dined with the famous Joseph said to have been preserved from the time of the Crucifixion of Christ, as a witness of that event. The story of the wonderful Jew, as related in the genial after-dinner hours when story-tellers are effusive and listeners most credulous, was told by his host as follows. His name was Cartaphilus, and he was Pilate's door-keeper at the time of the trial. As Jesus was being led from the tribunal, the door-keeper struck him a blow upon the neck and said, "Go on faster; why dost thou linger?" Jesus turned and answered, "I go, but thou shalt tarry until I come." Since that hour Cartaphilus has been waiting, and although he long ago acknowledged the error of his ways and was baptized in the name of Joseph by Ananias—an unfortunate coincidence of names, though the personage who baptized St. Paul, and not the historical perverter of the truth, is meant—the curse has never been removed, and the unfortunate man is still upon his travels. He has been repeatedly interviewed since his *dé-d-tête* dinner with the Armenian bishop, though he seems later on to have given a rather different account of himself, asserting that his name was Ahasuerus, and that he was by trade a cobbler; while he suppresses the incident of the blow. When asked about the events of that remote period, he, as is expected of all good centenarians, shows that his memory is unimpaired by giving exact accounts of all that he saw and heard, including a true and detailed account of the Temple at Jerusalem. It is a pity that those who have preserved the records of these interviews were not more precise in taking down his descriptions, as it would have saved much cost in exploration and much heart-burning and antagonism among archaeologists, could the exact position of Herod's Temple be ascertained from the mouth of one who had actually seen it. As it is, the question of the site of the altar of burnt-offerings rivals the large-end and little-end of the egg controversy with which Gulliver has made us familiar, in its power of engendering bitter and rancorous feelings. It is unfortunate that the narrators of these incidents are not altogether above suspicion. The "Turkish Spy" in 1644, for instance, who gives an account of a personal interview with the Wandering Jew, displays a remarkable ignorance of Mohammedan customs and beliefs, while his knowledge of mediæval Christian history and superstitions is equally noteworthy. Still there seems to be little doubt that impostors did from time to time give themselves out to be Ahasuerus, the immortal Wanderer, and they appear to have found it a very paying business, although it could not have been without its risks, as the mediæval populace must have been sorely tempted to put the pretender's immortality to the test. The very fact, too, of the periodical reappearance of *soi-disant* "Wandering Jews" in various parts of Europe, is a proof of the widespread belief in the legend. How this belief arose, and what were the relations between the story of Ahasuerus, or Cartaphilus, and the popular mythology of Europe, have been recently told by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, a writer who has earned for himself the right to speak as an expert on questions of folk-lore and demonology.

The myth appears to belong essentially to a class of great antiquity, which occurs in every part of the world. Early peoples who had not as yet formulated the natural tendency to belief in the immortality of the soul, were unwilling to allow that their national heroes and the mighty chiefs who had led them to glory and prosperity, had gone from them for ever; and, the wish being father to the thought, such personages were supposed to have sought repose in some secluded earthly paradise, from which they should issue in due time to continue their work of conquest, or to revive the fortunes of the race. To this class belong the legends of Odin, King Arthur, Barbarossa, and Charlemagne; as well as such minor sagas as those of Tannhäuser, Thomas of Ercildoune, and even Ilup van Winkle. Side by side with the heroes too holy or too great to die come the stories of those who for their sins were forbidden the repose of the grave. These are the legitimate congeners of the Wandering Jew, and believers in them could appeal to the Bible for instances of both classes of the undying and unresting ones. Cain, the first murderer, is also the first wanderer; Lamech is another sufferer from the same curse, as shown by the ancient lines:—

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice!  
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech!  
For the man I slew for my own wound,  
The child I struck dead on account of my own hurt!  
Was Cain avenged seven times?  
Lamech will be seventy times seven times!

Enoch, who "walked with God, and was not, for God took him;" Moses, who disappeared somewhere amidst the mountains of Moab and no man knew where his resting-place might be; Elias, who was carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and who in later Moslem legend disappeared in his search for the "water of life"—these are all types of one and the same idea. Early Aryan mythology has a similar story of the mysterious disappearance of the Iranian god-king Yima or Jamshēd, who is bidden away in a terrestrial paradise, and hides his time to usher in again the Golden Age; while later Teutonic myths have a more sinister version of the story in the legend of

the Wild Huntsman who follows the chase amid the storms of the Hartz mountains, and in the fantastic story of the Flying Dutchman, who is beating about in a vain attempt to round the Cape, which is to last till Judgment Day. The popular Messianic idea, also—not the Christian promise, but the Jewish and Moslem notion of a temporal King who shall come to life again to restore the supremacy of his people—and the opposing Antichrist or Dajjal, are types of the same primitive conception. Classical mythology, also, furnishes us with apposite illustrations in the stories of Tithonus, Tiresias, and the Glaucus myth. It is curious to note the close approach which Greek mythology occasionally makes to the Semitic; the myth of Perseus and Andromeda being the counterpart of that of Bel and the Dragon, of Seth and Typhon, of Michael and Satan, and of our own St. George and the Dragon. Perseus is, in fact, a mere anagram of the Phœnician Apollo Resef, whose attributes and story are the same as those of the Archangel.

The legend of the Wandering Jew, however, embodies another and more recent idea; it is the expression of that undying popular hatred of the Jewish race which found vent in the terrible persecutions of the middle ages, and which is again showing itself in the *Judenhetze* which disgraces modern Germany. The Christians looked upon the Jews as a race as the chosen of Satan rather than of Jehovah, and regarded them with a deadly and unreasoning hatred, not only because they had been the instruments in the death and sufferings of Our Lord, but because they were a foreign race, and because the natural instinct of an uncultivated Aryan is to "heave half a brick" at the unknown. A well-known story aptly illustrates the common feeling of the uneducated against the Hebrews. A settler from the backwoods of America came into a town, and meeting a member of the chosen race whose lineaments too surely betrayed his origin, proceeded to inflict upon him grievous bodily injury. On being taken before a magistrate and charged with the crime, he pleaded that the prosecutor was a Jew, and therefore, by implication, a murderer of the Saviour, and consequently deserving of punishment. The humane magistrate pointed out that the era of persecution had gone by, and that, however creditable the Christian defendant's zeal might be, the events which had kindled his wrath had taken place some eighteen hundred years ago. "Now, do tell!" said the ingenuous backwoodsman, "and I only heard of it last Tuesday!" The story, which is probably true, is paralleled by that of the old Englishwoman who, having the same events detailed to her by a sympathetic clergyman, for the first time in her life, said it was all very dreadful, but it was a long way off and a long time ago, and she hoped it wasn't true. The Miracle plays had much to do with keeping alive this race-hatred, and the Jew was long considered to be merely a creature to mock at, to torture, and to rob, and any pain or indignity inflicted upon him was thought to be a work of Christian zeal.

The legend of the Wandering Jew has had great attractions for the poets and artists of Europe. In Germany Schubart first conceived the idea of making "this antique cordwainer," as Carlyle says, as it were, "a raft at anchor in the stream of time, from which he would survey the changes and wonders of two thousand years." Goethe also contemplated a poem on the same subject, but was diverted by the more national legend of Faust. Many others have written on the same theme; but Chamisso, in his *New Ahasuerus*, has perhaps clothed the whole myth in the most picturesque dress. In France its chief exponent is Eugène Sue, whose romance of *The Wandering Jew*, published in 1844, has done more than anything else to revive the popular legend of the middle ages in our own day. His hero is, as Mr. Moncure Conway points out, closely allied to the mysterious undying wanderer, El Khidhr, mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of the Koran. Moses, meeting with an ancient man who, he is miraculously informed, is wiser than himself, travels with him, but not until the stranger has exacted a promise from him that he will not ask any questions, whatever he might see. El Khidhr, in the course of their peregrinations, commits various crimes; and Moses, unable to control his indignation, at length asks for an explanation. The old man then reveals to him that the apparent wrongs were really either retributions or blessings in disguise, and, leaving the Hebrew lawgiver, goes on upon his endless journey through the world. Eugène Sue's Wandering Jew at length finds rest, together with Herodias, who had expiated her foul murder of St. John the Baptist by a similar restless doom. Pierre Dupont's poetical version of the romance, and Gustave Doré's imaginative designs which accompany it, will be familiar to most of our readers. The last, especially, are a faithful transcript of the wild and weird conception which, having its origin in the vague yearnings of a primitive people, has survived until the present time in the ghostly figure of the ancient Jew who literally paid with his life for insulting Our Lord. Mr. Moncure Conway deserves our gratitude for having given a graphic and exhaustive account of this ancient and most curious myth.

#### THE "ENTOMBMENT" AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

MR. J. O. ROBINSON has earned the gratitude of a weary and exhausted public. In the darkest hours of the dull season he has contrived to raise a lively artistic controversy. He has brought into the field the Director of the National Gallery and the ex-Director of South Kensington, and he has drawn from

the *Times* an editorial utterance on the subject of Italian painting which in its own way must be reckoned a literary gem. That Mr. Robinson should have come forward to set the world right upon a question of taste is not in itself surprising. He is wont from time to time to take the national collections under his care. He loves in his leisure to re-arrange the images in the Temple of Fame and to correct the blunders of official catalogues. What to other men might seem an irksome and arduous task is to him a pleasant duty. He is not afraid of agitating the nerves of the British taxpayer. A few years ago he pointed out with unflinching courage that one of the most esteemed pictures purchased for the nation at the Barker sale was in reality a worthless wreck. He now hursts upon the world with a revelation that is even more startling and deplorable. But yesterday it was still possible to indulge the pleasant fancy that we possessed in the National Gallery two examples of the art of Michael Angelo; to-day we awake to find that half of our inheritance is gone. Gently, but firmly, Mr. Robinson has removed the tablet from the frame, and there is nothing for it but to pay to our lost illusion the poor tribute of a passing sigh, and to correct the entry in our catalogues. For in Mr. Robinson's mode of adjusting these vexed questions of art there is a finality of judgment that almost precludes discussion. Mr. Burton has, indeed, mildly protested, but, with more of sorrow than of anger, his touching appeal has been promptly dismissed; while Mr. Poynter, who chose to assume a more vigorous attitude of resistance, has been summarily condemned and removed struggling from the court. We doubt not that both these gentlemen now heartily regret their imprudence, and it is perhaps allowable to hazard the conjecture that neither of them would have had the temerity to question Mr. Robinson's authority if the discovery that he has made were not on the first blush so extremely improbable and surprising. This will be the better understood when we add that it even had the effect of surprising Mr. Robinson himself. For some time, indeed, he has been under the impression that the picture of the "Entombment," now ascribed to Michael Angelo, was the work of his rival, Baccio Bandinelli. Mr. Robinson's "intimate acquaintance with the drawings of the master was the principal cause of this conviction"; but, though thus convinced in his own mind, he refrained from giving public expression to his opinion, from the feeling that he had "absolutely no tangible evidence to offer in support of it." What was so long wanting to set the seal of absolute certainty to his judgment has at last appeared in the shape of a passage from Vasari. It is therein recorded that about the year 1526 Bandinelli undertook to paint a picture for the church of Costello, and he went so far as to execute a preparatory cartoon, choosing for the subject of his design the Dead Christ, with the Marys, and Nicodemus, and other figures. But, having found reason at this time to distrust his own skill in the use of the brush, he determined to call in the assistance of a young painter named Agnolo Bigio, to whom he assigned the task of executing the work in colour. Vasari adds, however, that the picture was left uncompleted, owing to the disturbed state of Florence which followed the sack of Rome in the year 1527. This, in brief, is the substance of the story, as set forth in the biography of Bandinelli; and it is this piece of evidence which leaves upon Mr. Robinson's mind "not a shadow of a doubt" that the picture in the National Gallery hitherto associated with the name of Michael Angelo must henceforth be reckoned as "an historical masterpiece of Baccio Bandinelli."

That Mr. Robinson should believe he has proved his case is of course natural enough; but that he should expect other people to accept his conclusions merely upon the evidence he now offers is truly astounding. It will be seen that we are not here concerned with his own personal conviction based upon a critical study of Bandinelli's drawings. Few men have a wider acquaintance with the designs of the Old Masters; and, if he has satisfied himself that he recognizes in the "Entombment" the characteristic qualities of Bandinelli's art, it is improbable that any amount of discussion would avail to change his opinion. At the same time, it would be extremely interesting to know where the drawings are to be found upon which this singular judgment has been formed. All students of Italian art are familiar with Bandinelli's studies, for they are, as Mr. Poynter has truly said, "as the sands of the sea in number"; but although they are of varying degrees of merit, and exhibit a certain diversity of manner such as might be expected from an artist of imitative rather than original faculty, yet we know of no single specimen of his work which accords in essential qualities of style with the design of the "Entombment." This particular aspect of the discussion only goes to prove how great would be the advantage, both to students and to the public, if the drawings of the Old Masters of which we possess so rich a store in the British Museum could be transferred to Trafalgar Square and exhibited side by side with the finished works in colour. The visitor who could turn from the "Entombment" to study the designs of Michael Angelo and Bandinelli would be at once in a position to appreciate the arguments of those who have taken part in the discussion; and we cannot but think that Mr. Robinson's confident assertions would lose much of their force if the evidence to which he appeals were more readily accessible. But this exaggerated estimate of Bandinelli's place in art is, as we have already said, a thing separable from the main point under discussion. Mr. Robinson is doubtless perfectly sincere when he couples the author of the David and the sculptor of the Hercules as "giants in art who in the flesh were rivals"; but, to the majority of those whom he seeks to convince,

the notion of Bandinelli being a "giant" whose name is worthy to be associated with that of Michael Angelo will seem little short of absurd. If, therefore, the evidence now adduced in support of the new attribution is not in itself conclusive, it is but little likely to acquire any added force from Mr. Robinson's personal views as to the characteristic merits of Bandinelli's style. And that the case, as it stands upon the testimony of Vasari, is ludicrously incomplete has, we think, been simply demonstrated by Mr. Poynter. The description given of Bandinelli's unfinished picture might, it is true, be held to apply to the subject of the "Entombment" in the National Gallery, but it has certainly no special application which can be said to fix the identity of the two works. The theme was one constantly chosen by the painters and sculptors of the time, and the terms used by Vasari recur in almost exactly the same form in the biographies of other painters, so that we have nothing left in the way of absolute evidence save the fact that Bandinelli's picture was never finished, and that the "Entombment" by Michael Angelo is also in a state of incompleteness. Thus it will be seen that we are forced, by the very nature of the case, to test Mr. Robinson's so-called discovery by the light of its inherent probability. All other points being in his favour, Vasari's description might, no doubt, be held sufficient to serve the purpose. It is too vague and general in its terms to serve for the purposes of identification; but if the picture were on other grounds acceptable as the work of Bandinelli, it might plausibly be cited as additional testimony in favour of the proposed change of title. It remains, then, to consider what intrinsic evidence there may be for assuming that Bandinelli could have executed such a work as the "Entombment."

We do not propose to repeat in detail the case against Mr. Robinson's view, which has been already most ably stated by Mr. Poynter. It is undoubtedly true, as he has shown in his letter to the *Times*, that even Mr. Robinson's own estimate of Bandinelli's talent goes far to disprove his supposed connexion with the picture in our Gallery. That Bandinelli was a persistent imitator of Michael Angelo is admitted on all hands, and we may echo the words of Mr. Robinson, who justly observes that "if Michael Angelo had never existed, there would have been little heard of Baccio Bandinelli." Is it, then, to be supposed, as Mr. Poynter pertinently inquires, that at a time when the style of the master had reached fulness and maturity, and when the great work upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel had long been finished, the foremost plagiarist of his art should have chosen to appropriate Michael Angelo's earlier and more tentative manner? Imitation, as is well known, never errs upon the side of modesty. An artist of Bandinelli's rhetorical manner would certainly not have kept in restraint the characteristic qualities of the style he had chosen to copy; and yet, if the picture in dispute is to be accepted as the work of his hand, we must perforce assume that he could at will cast aside all the characteristic vices of his design, and revert to the reserved and almost timid execution of Michael Angelo in his youth. But if it is manifestly improbable that Bandinelli, the imitator of Michael Angelo, should in the year 1526 have produced such a picture as the "Entombment," the assertion that in this admirable work we are to recognize "the style of design and personal peculiarities of Bandinelli" himself is even more surprising and incredible. If we wish to know what are the "personal peculiarities" of Bandinelli's style, we must seek for them in his acknowledged and authentic works. The quality of design is an essential and unchanging element in artistic production which is readily identified, whatever may be the chosen medium of expression. We find in Michael Angelo's sculpture just those excellences of style in the treatment of the human figure which we should be led to expect from a study of his painting; and we have a corresponding right to expect in Bandinelli's painting the very same defects and mannerisms that belong to his work in marble. How, then, will the "Entombment" compare with the kind of laboured performances upon which the artist was engaged at the time? It must be remembered that Baccio had already conceived and partly executed the colossal group of "Hercules and Cacus." He had completed the large model in clay, and had begun to block out the marble; and yet we are asked to believe that the author of a work of this pretentious and exaggerated character, the public exhibition of which in later years evoked, according to his own confession, "more than a hundred sonnets of the most abusive character," was at the same time engaged upon a design of the chastened and severe style that marks the "Entombment" in the National Gallery.

But there is another point concerning the execution of the "Entombment" picture which would seem to tell with equal force against Mr. Robinson's theory. We are told that we have here a work that "reminds one of painted sculpture, seeming to indicate that its author was more familiar with the chisel and the modelling tool than with the brush." This in itself is partly true, but it is a truth that cuts both ways. If, as Mr. Robinson contends, the picture was only designed by Bandinelli and painted by Bigio, why should the painting be lacking in the technical characteristics of a practised executant? Bigio was a pupil in the school of Andrea del Sarto, and he would naturally bring to his task the fruits of his own study. He would of course accept the design entrusted to him, but he would use his brush and lay on his colour according to the system in which he had been trained; and yet, if we examine the panel in Trafalgar Square, we find that it is in the actual handling of the material that there is evidence of a manner



of working inconsistent with the traditions under which Bigio might be supposed to have grown up. It is in the avoidance of those qualities of colour and tone which belong exclusively to the art of the painter, in the absence of those graces of enrichment in detail which a painter of easel pictures would be especially disposed to bestow, that is to be found the strongest evidence in support of the theory that we have here the work of a painter who was also a sculptor, and of a painter whose style was based upon the study and practice of fresco. But, says Mr. Robinson, the picture is in oil, not in tempera, and no certain work by Michael Angelo exists in oil colour. Mr. Robinson here speaks with absolute assurance in a matter upon which practical artists like Mr. Burton and Mr. Poynter show greater caution. It is obviously not quite clear that the picture is in oil colour, nor is the statement that Michael Angelo was never known to have painted in oil quite so certainly true as Mr. Robinson appears to think. The latest biographer of Michael Angelo, who, in company with the Keeper of the Gallery, made a careful examination of the authentic picture in Florence, emphatically declares that it is executed in oil. Nor is Mr. Robinson on safer ground when he insists that the painters of the time never mixed tempera and oil. This, he declares, should be patent to every practical artist; but Mr. Robinson, we can only assume, is not exhaustively acquainted with the methods of practical artists. It is certain that in the present day the mixture of tempera and oil is by no means uncommon, and it is the opinion of one of the highest authorities among living painters that the practice was largely followed even in the time of Titian. In the treatise of Cennini—a work with which Mr. Robinson is doubtless familiar—the author in one place explicitly recommends the use of oil colour to heighten the effect of tempera in the imitation of textures. These facts have, of course, no especial reference to the picture in dispute, but they serve to show that Mr. Robinson is apt to give an air of certainty to very disputable propositions, and that the confidence with which he announces conclusions in these matters must not be taken as the measure of their accuracy.

It will be seen that our remarks on this lively controversy have been limited to a single aspect of the question under dispute. It has been enough for our purpose to set forth the very strong reasons that exist for rejecting Mr. Robinson's authoritative announcement. His so-called "discovery" is, to our thinking, no discovery at all; and, so far from the attribution to Bandinelli having been proved, the issue of the discussion would rather tend to show that, of all the contemporaries of Michael Angelo, he was the least likely to have executed a picture of this character. That it is, in fact, the work of Michael Angelo is a proposition more difficult to establish, and in the absence of positive testimony as to its authorship there is of course ample room for difference of opinion. The reasons in favour of the present attribution have been urged with force by Mr. Burton and Mr. Poynter, and they seem to us to be amply warranted by the inherent beauty of the picture itself. In connexion with this part of the subject, it may be worth while to draw attention to the somewhat remarkable views which have found expression in the *Times*. The great journal is of course not disturbed by the controversy. It smiles benignly on the combatants with the serene tranquillity of the man of business who knows that the issue will in no way affect the price of Consols. But it offers a solution of its own, which it trusts will be acceptable to all parties. The *Times* is not fond of the picture, but the *Times* admires Michael Angelo and admires Bandinelli; and so, as a way out of the difficulty, the *Times*, in its benevolence, tries to comfort Mr. Robinson by telling him that Bandinelli would have been the first to repudiate the equivocal honour which it is now sought to pay to his memory. This is delicious!

#### THE HISTORY OF A WATERING-PLACE.

THE losses of agriculturists and the languor of trade have fallen heavily on important classes of the community, and many people must have been prudently retrenching in conformity with straitened circumstances. Nevertheless we doubt whether a foreigner visiting our country would remark conspicuous signs of distress. Our docks and wharves are as crowded with shipping as ever; making due allowance for the dulness of the holiday season, the business quarters of London are as bustling as before; and factory and foundry chimneys are everywhere smoking, though shorter work is being done than during the leaps and bounds of our prosperity. Farms have been turned into grazing land or have fallen off in point of cultivation; yet even that would only be apparent to the eye of a practical farmer. And still less would our foreign friend be likely to believe in hard times were we to take him on a yachting cruise around our coasts. We should give him a panoramic sea-view of our innumerable watering-places, and leave their imposing sea-fronts to speak for themselves. Those lungs of the great industrial and commercial centres are the sheer product of ease and luxury. They mean a steadily increasing expenditure of money, not unfrequently lavished in fantastic caprices, mainly by hard-working men who get but few holidays. The society is swelled besides by permanent residents who have realised handsome competencies in the colonies and elsewhere. There are many elderly ladies and widows in the enjoyment of such ample settlements and jointures as are only to be met with in a prosperous old country. Poverty there may

be, but it is kept in the background, and there is little or no actual distress. To do us bare justice, it must be said that charity is a British virtue; the hearts of affluent holiday-makers are naturally disposed to liberality; and where the rich and idle are gathered together, there will be ample occupation for the industrious poor. So the English watering-places, unlike some of their rivals on the Continent, are never left quite desolate and indigent out of the season. We do not say they are actual earthly paradises; and we know that even in the height of their merrymaking they may be haunted by the demon of dulness. But assuredly, when seen from the water on a bright autumn day, they are as gay-looking spots as any on the earth. There are the interminable lines of stuccoed crescents and terraces, either skirting sands that are covered with bathing-machines, or built along the crests of breezy cliffs. There is the lively length of the broad esplanade in the foreground, noisy with children, thronged with loungers, resounding with music, and besprinkled with Bath chairs. There may be the harbour sheltering pleasure and fishing-boats, or vessels of a larger tonnage, which was the original cause of existence of the place; and above all, there are the fresh breezes laden with ozone and invigorating scents of brine and seaweed. Preferences, of course, must be matters of individual taste, but all these places must more or less have attractions, even for the fastidious.

An article on Eastbourne which appeared in the *Times* the other day gives a good general idea of the rise of one of these popular watering-places under favourable circumstances. Only thirty years ago the place consisted of but three small groups of straggling houses. Now these isolated villages are being swallowed up out of sight in the ever-increasing growth of brick and mortar. Terrace has been added to terrace, and street to street; open spaces have been preserved, by laying out public and semi-public pleasure-grounds; while many detached private residences, standing in their gardens, seem to carry the freshness and foliage of the country into the very heart of the town. Shops, of course, have been provided in abundance to supply the wants of so many affluent customers; while here and there a many-storied building or an imposing spire, soaring above the roofs and the lines of the chimney-pots, shows that neither church nor hotel accommodation has been neglected. But the progress of Eastbourne has been methodical and extraordinarily rapid, because many circumstances chance to have conspired in its favour. It has great advantages of air and situation, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the Pevensey flats to the eastward; and it is within easy reach of London. But, above all, it found what we consider to be essentials to the rise of a thriving watering-place, in an attractive nucleus to start from and an enterprising and wealthy promoter, with authority practically unlimited. As for the former point, experience shows that nothing is more difficult than to create a pleasure-seeking community out of nothing, in an old country like our own. The hotel built in a healthy and picturesque solitude by some energetic speculator may leave little to desire as to its views and its internal arrangements; but our English holiday-makers, as a rule, are sociable folk, and even the self-deluding misanthropes who think they have had more than enough of the world seldom care to lead the lives of hermit-crabs on the shores of a melancholy ocean. And the inhabitants of the brand-new crescent that has risen in its loneliness by the side of the gaunt hotel are thrown still more entirely on their own resources. The spot gets an evil name from those who have suffered all the torments of ennui there; gradually it comes to be shunned as plague-stricken, and the butcher and grocer, those enterprising pioneers of commerce, reluctantly put up their shutters. But the Duke of Devonshire, who has been the good genius, the tutelary deity of Eastbourne, had the luck to find a charming little village-town as the nucleus of a tolerably safe venture, almost under the shadow of one of his numerous country seats. Old Eastbourne, as it is called, with its old-fashioned houses, interspersed with quaint granges and farmsteadings and ivy-covered barns built of flints, all grouped around a picturesque old church, was a peaceful and inviting sojourn for a village-gentleman. Invalids could take their walks abroad on gravel roads and broad field paths, which were merely washed instead of being saturated by the heaviest rain, and which were sheltered by park walls and plantations, backed up by the crests of the encircling downs; and modern Eastbourne, by the way, has copied the idea in the shady alleys that are planted along the principal streets. For those who would rather be actually on the margin of the beach, the Sea Houses offered, perhaps, superior attractions. Many visitors even now prefer to be housed in the old Marine Parade, where the waves after a storm almost wash into the basements, and which commands splendid views eastwards and towards Hastings. The retirement endeared itself to faithful admirers, who came back in successive seasons to find the little lodgings overcrowded. Then a Grand Parade, with its hotel in the centre, became not an inviting building speculation but a positive necessity. A pier followed in due course, partly paying expenses even then by the trifling charge for admission, and counting hopefully on handsome profits in the future. Before the Grand Parade was the strip of promenade, built on a scale expressive of the sanguine expectations that tend inevitably to fulfil themselves, and constructed of solid masonry to resist the violence of the surf. The impulse that had been given gathered strength year by year, because it was due to permanent causes—namely, salubrity and scenery. We are told that the annual death-rate even now is only 19 in the 1,000, which is perhaps as near an

approach to immortality as English folks can reasonably hope for. Eastbourne, lying upon the chalk, is thoroughly ventilated from the ocean. But in its sanitary as well as its architectural arrangements, it owes almost everything to the lord of the soil. A dominating will and a deep purse carried out exceptional schemes for sewerage and water supply. The drainage is deposited by a system of converging sewers, with an outfall four miles away from the habitations; and practically unlimited water is stored in reservoirs after filtering through the purifying strata of the chalk hills. We do not imagine that the Duke of Devonshire was actuated by pure philanthropy, and we are happy to think that his beneficent speculation must have proved amply remunerative. But it is certain that had the works been undertaken piecemeal by small local proprietors and speculators with conflicting interests, there would have been a decided increase in the death-rate, even with less overcrowding in the season. And now, a respectable municipality having been set upon its legs, and fairly started with a rising income, we hear of the construction of additional sea-walls, parades, and public gardens, at an estimated cost of no less than 34,000*l*.

We have spoken of the scenery, as well as the salubrity, of the place. In its scenery Eastbourne is singularly favoured. Old Eastbourne lies among the spurs of the chalk hills, and actually upon the lower slopes of the Downs. Closing the vista beyond the parades in front of the fashionable marine quarter, is the swelling mass of the grand headland of Beachy; while behind Beachy Head, and the long rolling ridge of the green sheep-pastures that dip among chalky hollows and walnut groves near the railway junction at Polegate, stretches for miles and miles the breadth of the Downs, only broken by the Ouse valley between Newhaven and Lewes. Nowhere in Southern England is the down-scenery more characteristic. Looking along it, from Beachy Head, we see range upon range and table-land extending beyond table-land, with a windmill here and there as a landmark. For the most part it is dotted over by flocks of sheep; but here and there it has been reclaimed, and bears crops of roots or corn. The stranger would hardly suspect that, sheltered deep out of sight, are some of the most picturesque villages and manor-houses in the country, with venerable churches and ancient hostleries. To say nothing of the magnificent prospects over the Channel, there is really infinite variety in what seems at first a monotonous landscape; endless innocent excitements await the explorer; and what is simple love on a first acquaintance is likely to grow into an abiding passion. Yet, strange to say—and it is very little to the national credit—those Downs and their villages are almost as much left to the natives as in the days when the rare visitors to Old Eastbourne came as harbingers of the great annual immigration. The ascent of Beachy Head is recognized as a duty; but all behind is left very much a *terra incognita*. Such inexcusable indolence we believe to be the common vice of the ordinary run of holiday-makers. They take their holidays dully, though sometimes boisterously; they seek refreshment from their toils in new forms of excitement or in something like bodily and mental stagnation; and they neglect the opportunities of awakening the instincts and sensibilities which lie dormant in the routine of their industrious lives. No doubt it is generally and practically recognized that our picturesque watering-places play an important and beneficent part in the great plan of our national economy. But we fear that many of their visitors are perversely neglectful of the most health-giving of the enjoyments that are brought within their reach.

#### TRADE PROSPECTS.

**S**PECIAL speculative interest attaches just now to the condition and prospects of trade. That a great impetus would have been given to trade had the harvest this year been good, very few doubted. A single good harvest, of course, would not have recouped the farmers for their losses in so many successive years; but it would have stopped those losses and would have made good a part of them. It would also have given them courage, infused into them the belief that the long series of bad seasons had come to an end, and that an equally long series of good ones was beginning. It would likewise have restored their credit. Bankers and others would have been willing to advance them the means of putting their farms again in good condition, and of taking advantage of the turn in their favour when it came. Further, it would have increased employment in the rural districts. And lastly, it would have saved much money to the country. Every bushel of wheat which will have to be bought this year because of the rains of the last six weeks, is so much money taken out of the country and spent abroad. Had it been paid to our own farmers it would have been expended here at home, and would have gone to employ British labour and British capital. As it is, it will go to enrich Americans, Russians, and other foreigners. At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that in compensation the rains of August have done some good. The long, dry, cold spring and the intense heat of July had parched the pastures, stunted the hay crop, and almost burnt up the root crops. The damp, warm August vastly improved the green crops of every kind, and though it did not make up for the failure of the hay crop, it yet improved the grass immensely, and therefore provided autumn feeding for sheep and cattle. It is to be borne in mind, also, that the great heat of July hastened the ripening of the harvest in many quarters,

and that not a few skilful and prompt farmers were able to get in their crops before the wet came. It is likewise to be recollected that the harvest is not yet ripe in the North of England, in Scotland, and in Ireland, and that, if good weather should now continue, much of the corn crops in these districts may turn out excellent. But, when all is said, there can be no doubt that the rains of August did great and irreparable damage to the English harvest, and threw the farmer into a state of discouragement and discredit from which he will not easily escape. The question now is whether, in the face of an agricultural distress which has continued for six or seven years without a break, trade can go on improving, or whether the revival that set in two years ago is about to come to an end.

That revival had two distinct causes. First and chief, no doubt, was the reaction from the excessive discredit that followed the Glasgow Bank failure. The discredit which that failure caused in commercial classes was so great, and paralysed trade to so large an extent, that stocks were allowed to run down below the point at which they are usually kept, and it was inevitable that a reaction must come. The moment at which it did come was determined by the purchases of iron on American account. Three successive good harvests had restored prosperity to the United States, and, as usual in all periods of returning prosperity, the Americans took up again the plans of railway construction and extension which they had been obliged to suspend after the panic of 1873. The long and severe depression through which they had passed had put out of working order a large number of their iron and coal properties; and, when the work of railway extension was resumed, they found themselves without sufficient stocks of iron to go on. They had therefore to come to this country and to Europe generally to supply themselves. The large purchases, and the rise of prices which they led to, excited hopes that we were about to witness an immense development of trade between this country and the United States; that these American purchases would not be confined to iron alone, but would extend to almost all British manufactures; and the result was great speculative activity. The hope inspired in this way gave general courage to business men to re-supply themselves with stock, and thus in a moment the discredit that had followed the Glasgow Bank failure passed away. The influence of the American purchases was greatly aided by the large demand that had then sprung up for cotton piece goods in the far East, and more particularly in India. During the famines in India the import of cotton goods had greatly fallen off, people being too poor to re-stock their wardrobes; but on the return of better harvests they began again to purchase largely, and thus it happened that the two greatest industries in England—the cotton and the iron—were simultaneously benefited by large foreign purchases. It is a matter of common experience that when one or two great trades like these suddenly become prosperous their prosperity is transmitted through the various other trades of the country, and, as we have just been observing, had we been favoured with good agricultural seasons, we should now, no doubt, be enjoying a large measure of national prosperity. But just as the harvests have been disappointing, the purchases of iron on American account have fallen off, and there are symptoms that the purchases of cotton goods in India also are decreasing. The American purchases of iron fell off because the great rise of price stimulated production at home, and the American iron works are now able to supply all the native demand. There are appearances, indeed, that stocks are running low in the United States, and we should not be at all surprised if before long the American imports were to increase very largely. They are already increasing sensibly, but for the present the increase is small, while the falling-off, as compared with the purchases in the autumn of 1879 and the spring of 1880, is very great. The cause of the decrease in the Indian imports of cotton goods is different, and we hope will be much more temporary. It is due to the factitious dearth of cotton caused by the great "corner" in Liverpool of which we have all heard so much. In a very short time fully a penny per pound has been added to the price of the raw material in Lancashire, and consequently Manchester merchants are obliged either to produce less or to ask higher prices for their goods. But higher prices very soon begin to tell upon the exports to India. As soon, however, as the "corner" comes to an end, the price of cotton no doubt will again decline to a point which will admit of a large addition to the exports to India. Meanwhile, however, as we have said, both cotton and iron are less prosperous than they were at the end of 1879.

Under these circumstances, it is especially interesting to examine the Board of Trade Returns for August in order to see how the trade of the country is advancing. They certainly give no grounds for the impression that there is any decrease. On the contrary, there is evidence of decided increase. For the month alone the increase in the value of the exports is a little over two millions, or about 10½ per cent., while for the eight months ended with August the increase is somewhat over 2½ per cent. It will be observed that the increase for the month is very much greater than for the eight months. This in itself is a most encouraging sign. It shows that the diminution in trade, caused by the severity of the winter, is passing away, and that the improvement is receiving momentum as the year advances. August, in other words, has seen a larger increase in the exports than any previous month in the current year, and it is a fair inference that the improvement will not suddenly begin to slacken.

Another favourable sign is that the increase is very general. It is not, as was the case two years ago, confined to one or two great industries, but extends to almost every important article of export except cotton manufactures, the reason for the falling-off in which we have just stated. Yet another very satisfactory point is that the exports of iron and steel of all kinds show a very large increase—20 per cent. over those of August of last year—and a considerable proportion of the increase is due to American purchases, suggesting, as we have already observed, that the home supply is beginning to fall short, and that the Americans are again augmenting their purchases from us. The imports for the month show an increase of nearly 5½ per cent., but for the eight months ending with August they show a decrease of a little over 4½ per cent. The imports had shown so considerable a falling-off in the previous part of the year that the increase during August was not sufficient to make up the deficiency. In part the decrease is due to a diminished import of wheat and wheat flour. In raw materials the increase during August is general, except in the case of timber. The rise in the price of cotton attracted large imports of the raw material from India, and to a less extent also from America, Egypt, and Brazil; but, speaking generally, the imports of the raw materials of manufacture show a very marked and very satisfactory increase. Thus, the total increase for the month in the value of the imports is 1,672,000*l.*, and of this 1,510,000*l.* is due to raw materials; while in the food products, properly so called, there is a decrease of 1,336,000*l.*, and in what we may call luxuries an increase of 283,000*l.*; in other specified articles an increase of 665,000*l.*, and in unenumerated articles an increase of 550,000*l.* Thus, the increase in the imports of the raw materials of manufacture is greater than in all other articles put together. All this is a most favourable sign. If trade were not improving, it is not to be supposed that traders would continue to import larger quantities of raw material. And the fact that those imports are increasing is evidence not only of improvement in trade, it also testifies to a more hopeful spirit on the part of those engaged in trade, who clearly must believe that the improvement will continue.

The evidence afforded by the Board of Trade returns is confirmed by the Railway Traffic returns. Thus, for the ten weeks ended September 3, on seventeen selected British and Irish railways we find an increase in the receipts of 371,000*l.*, of which as much as 274,000*l.* is in the receipts from goods, and 97,000*l.* in those from passengers. The increase would be still larger if we were to confine our list to purely British lines, as upon the Irish lines there was a falling-off throughout the whole period. Still the figures are sufficient to show that the movement of goods is much larger than in the corresponding period of last year; in other words, that a larger volume of business is being done. Again, the Bankers' Clearing House returns for June, July, and August show on the 4ths of the month increases throughout, amounting to over 2 millions in June, to over 4½ millions in July, and to again over 2 millions in August. Very little of this increase is to be attributed to speculation, for the settlements on the 4ths of the month are settlements in trade proper. We have purposely avoided reference to the Stock Exchange settlements in these months, which show still larger increases, although the fact that speculation is rife is itself evidence, so far as it goes, of a more hopeful spirit in trade. Unless credit was good, and the business public expected better times, speculation could hardly prosper. The Revenue returns, like those of railway traffic and of the Bankers' Clearing-house, likewise afford evidence of improvement; but as yet it must be admitted that the improvement in this respect is not very distinct, though, so far as it goes, it is encouraging. Altogether, then, so far as statistics go, the condition of trade is healthy and its prospects are encouraging. The unfavourable features are the injury done to the harvest by the late rains, and the danger of dear money should the drain of gold to New York be resumed. For reasons which we have often stated in these columns, we do not think, however, that the drain of gold is likely to assume such proportions as to make money really dear—that is, so dear as to tell injuriously upon the course of trade.

#### THE THEATRES.

A FRENCH writer who recently attempted to make his readers understand what is meant by the "adaptation" of their countrymen's plays to the English stage, gave "arrangé, dérangé, bouleversé, défiguré," as the proper equivalents. These words very accurately describe the process by which Mr. Mortimer has contrived to make *Reclaimed* out of *Les Vieux Garçons*. M. Sardou's comedy is, doubtless, not the kind of piece which it is desirable to see on our stage. Although an English audience recently showed more than toleration for a play in every respect worse, we may hope that the example will not be followed. The success of *Heartsease* should be no precedent for familiarising the English playgoer with plays such as *Les Vieux Garçons*. We have no desire to see either the lively vice which supplies their dramatic motive or the somewhat mawkish sentiment which pleases French audiences established on our boards. Nor do we suppose there are two opinions on the subject. This view of what is fitted for dramatic representation would justify a refusal to produce *Les Vieux Garçons* in any shape whatever; but it does not excuse Mr. Mortimer for adapting it so as to ruin it completely as a play. Even if all that is offensive in his original had been removed, we

should still think the adaptation a mistake. It is surely as easy to write an original bad play as to laboriously "adapt" a French one into absurdity. But, as a matter of fact, what is, or at least is supposed to be, offensive to English audiences in M. Sardou's play has not been rejected in *Reclaimed*. It has only been covered by a thin veil of decent language which, if it is taken seriously, deprives Mr. Mortimer's play of all dramatic life. Those of the Haymarket audience who were not acquainted with *Les Vieux Garçons* must have found it very difficult to understand what *Reclaimed* meant, and the English piece can only be explained by constant references to the French original. The central personage of M. Sardou's comedy is a veteran *roué* who is at last reformed by the purity of a young girl whom he has tried to seduce, and by the discovery that a rival with whom he is on the point of fighting a duel is his own son—of course, the child of a married woman who had been his mistress. The conversion of Mortimer by the innocence of the *ingénue* and the discovery of his relationship to M. de Nantya, the lover, makes one of those sentimental *coupes de théâtre* which the most cynical French audience loves. It is led up to with all M. Sardou's skill in construction, and the details are filled in with infinite dexterity. There is wit, and no doubt a certain truth to life, in the picture given of Mortimer, his bachelor friends, the foolish young married women who play at feeling the "storms of life," and the husbands whom *les vieux garçons* propose to make their victims. But, whether or not a true picture of French society, *Les Vieux Garçons* has dramatic life and probability. The characters are carefully defined in the first act, and, the first act being accepted, what follows is natural and logical.

In his adaptation Mr. Mortimer has carefully eliminated from the French piece everything that gives it dramatic probability. At the very threshold he has committed the mistake of laying the scene of his play in England, and so at once trebling the improbability of the comedy. Mr. Delafield's drawing-room and Colonel Abercrombie's chambers and the things done there all belong to some stage fairland. Then M. Sardou's first act, in which Mortimer (the Colonel Abercrombie of *Reclaimed*) explains his theory of life, and without which the rest of the play is unintelligible, has been suppressed. M. de Nantya becomes Captain Llewellyn. His motive for not taking his father's name is not, as in the French play, an honourable scruple as to bearing the name of the man whom his mother had betrayed. He changes it because his mother has been divorced, not by her own, but by her husband's fault, which seems no reason at all. The Mortimer of *Les Vieux Garçons* gives up trying to dishonour his friend's wife, only to attempt to seduce Antoinette. In *Reclaimed* we see nothing of the designs on Mrs. Delafield, and the Colonel is only desirous to marry Grace. When Llewellyn is furious at discovering that Grace has been in the Colonel's room, and insults him, Abercrombie has a perfectly easy and satisfactory answer. That Mortimer should be unable to find out who De Nantya was is perfectly natural, but it is improbable that Colonel Abercrombie should be unable to discover the origin of his brother officer. But the crowning absurdity of all is Abercrombie's behaviour when he discovers that the man with whom he is about to fight a duel is his son. Mortimer has good reason to be silent, but his English representative has none whatever for not telling the truth. In making the two men brother officers, Mr. Mortimer has gone out of his way to add improbability to improbability. It naturally follows that half the dialogue of *Reclaimed* is utterly without point. The cynical rascality of Mortimer, who believes in no woman's virtue, has neither rhyme nor reason as uttered by Colonel Abercrombie. It is almost superfluous to add that the bright crisp French of M. Sardou is utterly lost in the translation. Attempts at seduction are not things we desire to see familiarized on our stage; but it is impossible to avoid recognizing the absurdity of keeping the machinery of a French play founded on them, and changing the motive. Either most of the characters of *Reclaimed*—and there are many we have not mentioned—are doing nothing at all, in which case the piece has no dramatic life, or they are trying to do something immoral, and in that case we do not see what Mr. Mortimer has gained by all his trouble.

That the part of Colonel Abercrombie was taken by Mr. Hermann Vezin, and was consequently excellently played, is the only feature of the acting which calls for much notice. He acted with grace and finish, and, when his part (we mean the part of Mortimer) called for it, with power. The tedious rôle of Sir John Maudsley was intelligently played by Mr. Alfred Bishop; and Mr. George Weathersby as Mr. Redfern was at least not offensive in his accent or his gestures. The other members of the company, except Miss Cowell, who is colourless, were so in either one or the other, and some of them contrived to be so in both.

Any one who is frightened by the verbose nonsense written about the realism, moral teaching, and so on, of Mr. Sims's *Lights o' London*, may be recommended to go and see the piece, with the certainty of being agreeably disappointed. His moral teaching is good stage sentiment, and his realism is confined to a few scenes from the life of the poor in London, carefully selected, and, so to speak, well washed. The *Lights o' London* is a domestic melodrama, and a fairly good piece of its kind. The characters are all old friends. We have the virtuous hero, who possesses all the qualities that appeal to the gallery, who is at once a gentleman defrauded of his rights and a poor man struggling with malignant persecutors—a claimant, in short, whom the people love as one of themselves because he is not one of themselves. Then

there is his "true wife," daughter of the lodge-keeper to the home of his ancestors. The keeper is a worthy man, who, with a truth to life rare in such cases, resigns himself with much philosophy to thinking that his daughter is the young master's mistress. The hero has a stern father and a wily enemy, his cousin. The cousin, again, has a subordinate villain at his beck and call. This minor scoundrel has a beautiful daughter, altogether worthy of him, who pairs off with the wicked cousin, and all three combine for the ruin of the virtuous hero, with triumphant results up to the end of the fourth act, and well-deserved punishment in the fifth. What the plot of the *Lights of London* is, we shall not attempt to explain. Indeed we doubt whether it can strictly be said to have a plot; but it undoubtedly has, what is of far greater importance in such pieces, an exciting story, plenty of incident, and a soul-stirring crash at the end of each act. There are arrests, robbery, escapes, attempts at murder, and an effectual killing, a rescue from drowning, and a general free fight. The play has the too common fault of dragging somewhat in the dialogue, particularly in the first and third acts, but that might easily be remedied by confining the actors to saying their say only once in these scenes, instead of two or three times over as they do at present. Mr. Sims would also do well to alter the words of his hero's part in one passage of the first act. This young gentleman returns to his father's house in rage, and breaks down in an attempt to maintain a gay and careless air while pronouncing the words—"dress clothes." This is too suggestive of the hero of *Ten Thousand a Year*, who wept over the good dinners he had eaten and would eat no more. But, in spite of occasional tedium and absurdities of detail, the *Lights of London* is an entertaining piece. Mr. Sims has not shown himself a great moral teacher or a powerful realist. He understands his business much better than his injudicious friends, and has written a fairly good domestic melodrama.

The acting of the play is excellent throughout. Mr. Wilson Barrett played the hero, Harold Armytage, with emphatic virtue. As the smiling villain, Clifford Armytage, Mr. E. S. Willard thoroughly deserved the applauding hisses of the gallery. Miss Eastlake moved the hearts of all the audience as the suffering heroine, Bea, and showed a very real power of expressing emotion, not only of the noisier kind. The way in which she "tured" her husband on to thrash his enemy while he had the chance was beyond praise. The minor parts were well filled, and the crowds could not have been better drilled by the manager of the Saxe Meiningen. No better mounted piece has been put before a London audience for a long time past.

The fact that the Park Theatre was fortunately empty when the fire broke out in it on last Saturday night will probably, as usual, make the public overlook the real lessons of the accident. From the rapidity with which the flames spread, it is only too probable that, had the fire broken out a few hours before, a terrible disaster would have been the consequence. As it is, the alarm and disturbance caused to the neighbourhood afford one more warning, if any is needed, to all who have any control or influence over theatres to insist on the adopting of every possible precaution against fire. This moral is neither new nor striking, but as long as it is neglected—as it has hitherto apparently been—it will need repeating. We hope that the assurances given, that the houses now under repair or in course of construction are being properly fitted, are well founded. That all possible precautions have been taken, should certainly be made an indispensable condition for the granting of every licence.

#### THE ST. LEGER.

**M**OST people who attend both the Derby and the St. Leger must have more agreeable recollections of the latter than of the former. Epsom Summer Meeting takes place at the height of the London season. At that time of year people are labouring to earn either money or popularity. The very Derby day itself is a holiday which can scarcely be snatched from the claims of business or society without inconvenience, and there is an unpleasant atmosphere of fuss and hurry about the whole thing. At Doncaster matters are quite different. Everybody—even to the toiler after pleasure—is taking a holiday at this season of the year. Parliament is no longer sitting; there is but little business going on in the City; barristers are not even nominally occupied; and there are no more drums and dinner parties to bore unhappy idlers. There are no debates to be waded through in the newspapers; even the smart article-writers themselves are taking their holidays; and the papers can be gleaned of everything worth remembering in a few minutes. Such being the condition of affairs, it can hardly be denied that the surroundings of the St. Leger day are happier than those of the Derby.

As Midsummer this year the approaching St. Leger had promised to be unusually interesting. In the Two Thousand Guineas Peregrine had been first and Iroquois second, while in the Derby Iroquois had been first and Peregrine second. It was expected that the rubber would be played out in the St. Leger, and that the respective merits of the rival champions would be finally settled. To the great disappointment of the racing public, Peregrine went wrong and had to be scratched for the race. When it was known that Peregrine had failed, many people at first said that the St. Leger would be a gift for Iroquois, and that the race would be without interest; but as time went on they changed

their minds. It was soon remembered that on his two-year-old running St. Louis would have started first favourite for the Derby. Unfortunately, a slight splint on one of his forelegs had required surgical treatment at a critical period of his training, and consequently he had run for the Derby without anything like a proper preparation. Even in this state he had run very forward in that race for a mile, and then he had stopped from want of condition. Objectors were ready to argue that unless the horse had been considered fit by his trainer, he would not have been ridden so forward during the early part of the race, and that it had yet to be proved that he could stay; but that the general opinion was in his favour was proved by the fact that his price in the betting market kept gradually but steadily shortening. One thing seemed certain—namely, that St. Louis had undergone as thorough a preparation as any horse that was to start for the St. Leger, while the training of Iroquois had been interfered with by a cough. If, therefore, Iroquois and St. Louis were equally good horses, it seemed fair to reason that St. Louis ought to be a few pounds the best of the pair on the day of the St. Leger, as Iroquois had been stopped in his work for a short time, while St. Louis's preparation had been uninterrupted. Another horse, whose training had been interfered with during his preparation for the Derby and the Two Thousand Guineas, was Scobell, who had been laid up for a time with a bruised foot. The day after the Derby he had won the Epsom Grand Prize, in which he had given a stone to Ishmael, a horse that had subsequently won the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Yet at Ascot, Scobell had only run third at even weights to Voluptuary, who had been nowhere to him when receiving 4 lbs. in the Epsom Grand Prize; and in the Grand Prix de Paris Scobell had not even been placed. There appeared to be about two stones between his best and his worst form, and it would have been hard indeed to predict with certainty that any horse of his year would beat him if he were well and in his best humour. Ishmael's performance in the Great Yorkshire Stakes was a good one, but its value was questioned by many critics, on the ground that the course was in a very heavy state. In appearance Ishmael did not look like a St. Leger winner; but nothing that was to start looked like a racehorse of the very best class. Limestone was the best-looking horse in the race; he had not been placed in the Derby, but at Ascot he had run Voluptuary to a head, and had beaten Scobell by a length, and at the same meeting he had won a Triennial Stakes very cleverly. At Goodwood he had given Geologist 3 lbs., and beaten him by a neck, and in the same race Voluptuary was unplaced, although he was receiving 3 lbs. from the winner. Geologist had only won one race in his life, and had been very often beaten, both as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old, but he had always been, and still continued to be, a favourite with many good judges. His backers throughout the season had seemed determined that he should win a great race, even when he had evinced no disposition to do so. Voluptuary had not won many races of importance, but he had made most manful running in the Derby, and he had, in different races, beaten Scobell, Limestone, and Ishmael. Privateer had begun his season by winning a couple of races at Goodwood. The same horse ran him to a head in both races; and, as this animal belonged to the owner of Iroquois, it was naturally believed that, if Iroquois was still boldly supported by his stable, Privateer's chance of winning the St. Leger must be a very remote one. At one time there was a strong disposition to back Lucy Glitters at outside prices, but she subsequently ran so badly that she became practically unnoticed. Before many St. Leger's the chief question asked among racing men has been, "Will the mare win?" This year no mare had any pretensions to favouritism. If Thebais, the winner of the Oaks, had been entered for the St. Leger, she would probably have been the first favourite throughout the summer. Up to the day of the race she had won on every occasion that she had raced this season, and she had run over long courses and short courses, on hard ground and on soft. Last year she had lost her two earliest races, but afterwards she had won ten races in succession before the end of the season.

The interest of the St. Leger was not entirely of a satisfactory character. Instead of consisting in the difficulty of foretelling the best of several horses of surpassing excellence and in perfect condition, it lay rather in the question whether the best horses in the race were not, from one cause or another, somewhat out of form. It may, indeed, with justice be said that, between splints and bruised soles, coughs, influenzas, and roarings, the history of the St. Leger of 1881 is one long story of infirmities and afflictions. If the absence of the name of Thebais from the nominations was to be regretted, there was even greater cause for lamentation in the roaring of Bal Gal, who, on her best form of last year, ought to have had the St. Leger completely at her mercy. It is interesting to remember that she beat Iroquois, St. Louis, Scobell, Thebais, and all the best horses of her own age during her first season, and that in some cases she won in a common canter by several lengths. At one time, shortly before the St. Leger, so many of the favourites lay under suspicion of unsoundness, that some people began to think that Bal Gal, roarer as she was, might still have some chance of winning. For a few days every horse was mistrusted, and Iroquois went up and down in the betting in a manner which was enough to puzzle even the best-informed as to his merits and condition. The first favourite changed almost from hour to hour, and the instalment of any horse at the head of the quotations was almost a certain sign that rumours would shortly be forthcoming to the effect that he was unsound, that he had been beaten in a trial, or



that he had lost his form. As may easily be imagined, there were plenty of people ready to take advantage of such a state of things as this; and, when once a condition of panic had been established in the betting market, constantly varying reports were industriously circulated by persons who availed themselves of every opportunity of profiting by the changing prices of the different candidates in the quotations. Early in the Doncaster week, Iroquois was once more firmly established as first favourite, and he maintained his position until the start; but to the very last there were people who continued to spread evil reports about him. They said that he did very little work on Monday morning, that he was taken home suddenly in a suspicious manner to his stables, and that there was a mysterious something the matter with him which precluded all possibility of his winning. It was said that if President Garfield were to die before the race, Mr. Lorillard would not allow his horse to run; and it was even rumoured at one time that Archer was not well, and would not be able to ride the favourite. It was also reported that there was a flaw in Iroquois's nomination for the St. Leger, which would disqualify him if he were to come in first.

The St. Leger day was fortunately fine, and there was a large attendance to witness the race. Fifteen horses came out for the start, and it was the general opinion that in appearance they were rather below than above the average. Iroquois was at last very firm in the betting at 2 to 1; St. Louis and Ishmael were equal favourites at 5 to 1; and Limestone and Geologist at 11 to 1. Next in estimation came Scobell, then Voluntary, and then Bal Gal, at 20 to 1, a shorter price than any that had been taken about her for some time before the race. When they had got off and fairly settled down to their work, Josyan and Falkirk made the running as far as the Rifle Butts. It may as well be said that this statement is made entirely from hearsay, for the atmosphere was so dull and misty that little could be distinctly seen by those on the stands except the start and the last half mile of the race. It is understood that after getting a good start, Iroquois was pulled back, until he was absolutely last as they went over the brow of the hill. St. Louis, Ishmael, Geologist, Scobell, Limestone, and Lucy Glitters are said to have kept forward during the greater part of the race. At the Red House Josyan and Falkirk gave up the lead, and then Ishmael took up the running for about a quarter of a mile, when he fell back beaten, accompanied by St. Louis. Lucy Glitters then led to the distance, where Iroquois came to the front, followed by Geologist. When once Iroquois had come forward, there was no doubt about the result. He was about a length in advance of Geologist as he passed the winning-post, and Geologist was somewhat less than a length in front of Lucy Glitters. St. Louis was fourth, but a bad fourth. Ishmael, Scobell, Limestone, and Bal Gal had nothing to do with the finish.

As a confirmation of public form, the St. Leger was, upon the whole, a satisfactory race. It is, of course, quite right that the winner of the Derby should win the St. Leger. The relative positions of Limestone and Geologist, when compared with their previous running, were rather unaccountable. It would seem that St. Louis cannot stay, otherwise his two-year-old running with Lucy Glitters and Geologist in the Middle Park Plate would be inconsistent with his position in the St. Leger. Geologist has not hitherto been a lucky horse. His race in the St. Leger was the fourth running in which he had been second. His form with Iroquois in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot was proved by the St. Leger to have been correct. At Ascot, Iroquois had given him 9 lbs. and had beaten him by half a length. In the St. Leger, at even weights, Iroquois had beaten him very easily by a length, with perhaps a few pounds in hand. There seemed to be some prospect of the relative merits of these two horses being still further analysed, as they were both entered for the Cesarewitch, Iroquois being handicapped to give 12 lbs. to Geologist.

The result of the St. Leger is a well-earned triumph for the Americans. It is only to be regretted that their representative was subjected to so many evil reports by the scum of the English betting ring. The success of Mr. Lorillard was highly popular, and received one of the loudest demonstrations of applause ever given to a St. Leger victory.

## REVIEWS.

### BREWER'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.\*

DR. BREWER opens his preface with the rather startling assertion that "no history can be compared in interest to that of Germany, and none is so suggestive or dramatic." Such extravagant enthusiasm as this inevitably excites a suspicion that the writer has not been very long familiar with his subject; and the suspicion is confirmed by a closer study of the volume. In one passage Dr. Brewer talks of "reading up" the lives of certain sovereigns "from State papers and other original sources"; but we have observed few traces of "original sources" in any part of his narrative. Its general character suggests that he must have contented himself with the study of a few authorities selected at random, and that his study even of these must have been hasty

and superficial. The history of Germany is very imperfectly understood by the majority of Englishmen, and a trustworthy account of it would be a useful addition to our literature. Dr. Brewer, unfortunately, teaches much that would have to be unlearned by readers who derived their first impressions from him; and he omits still more that is necessary to a thorough comprehension of the governing tendencies in the development of the German Constitution.

We naturally expect that an historian of Germany will begin with a full description of the condition of the country in primitive times. The statements and hints of Tacitus have been interpreted by Waitz with so much learning and insight that the task is now comparatively easy; but the only writer of this name of whom Dr. Brewer seems to have heard is Waitz the anthropologist, to whom, by the way, he attributes one of the works of the author of the *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*. Even without reference to Waitz, a fairly conscientious writer might make the *Germania* the basis of a very instructive chapter. Dr. Brewer, however, has only managed to bring together a few meagre notices, some of which have not even the merit of being accurate. He asserts, for instance, that the ancient Germans at one time "believed in a single supreme Deity," and that they afterwards abandoned "this simplicity of religion" in consequence of the influence of "Celtic and Roman superstitions." A writer who could say this could say anything; and it prepares us for Dr. Brewer's statement that "from the time of Tiberius to that of Charlemagne the political history of the Germans is almost a blank," and that "during this period many petty States were formed." The truth, of course, is that from the third century onward there were far fewer "petty States" in Germany than there had been before. The Germans had learned that they could hope to maintain their independence only by union, and the tribes, each of which was a "petty State," gradually merged their separate rights in those of several important confederations. That "the political history of the Germans is almost a blank" from Tiberius to Charlemagne can only be said if we are prepared to leave out of account the history of the Franks; but it is difficult to understand how this can be done, since the Franks were simply a group of German tribes, and the whole of Germany was ultimately a part of the Frankish kingdom. Dr. Brewer, with the courage of his opinions, passes almost at once from "the Goths and Huns" to Charlemagne, merely filling in the intervening period with some dry remarks on the introduction of Christianity into Germany. The result is that no one who obtained his information from Dr. Brewer's narrative would have the faintest idea of the circumstances in which the kingdom of Germany originated. Although he is in so great a hurry to reach the most commanding figure of early mediæval history, he manifests very little knowledge of the true causes of Charlemagne's importance. Dr. Brewer is careful to tell us that Charlemagne "preferred roast meat to boiled," that "at his noonday meal his attendant brought him up his favourite roast on a spit, hot from the fire," and that "after dinner he took a little fruit, and then a nap for about two hours." We do not quarrel with Dr. Brewer for setting down these details, but they can hardly be said to compensate us for the absence of a precise record of the events of Charlemagne's reign. Nothing in the career of Charles is more striking or significant than his prolonged contest with the Saxons. For more than thirty years they troubled him, but he would not rest until they were finally conquered. He must have had some very strong reason for persisting in a struggle that cost him so many sacrifices, and the reason seems to have been that the predominance of the Franks in Germany was necessarily insecure so long as there was a wild, independent people on their north-eastern frontier. Dr. Brewer appears to regard the wars in Saxony as a sort of accident, and the few lines which he devotes to them are tame and cold. In describing the assumption of the Imperial crown by Charlemagne he has nothing to say as to the underlying causes which led to this great event; and he shows no grasp of the principles which marked the administrative system of Charlemagne and his far-reaching ecclesiastical policy.

In the time of the Saxon and Franconian dynasties the power of the sovereign was usually greater in Germany than in any other European country; but it was gradually undermined, until at last it existed only in name. One of the chief problems of German history is to explain this steady decay of the royal authority, and even in England, thanks mainly to Mr. Bryce, the true explanation is now pretty well known. It is to be found in the connexion of the German with the Imperial crown. Had the German Kings confined themselves to their own country, there is no reason to doubt that they would have been able to subdue the great feudal chiefs, and that Germany would have been united several centuries before the real union of France was achieved. Being Emperors as well as Kings, they came into violent collision with the Papacy; they could not avoid a deadly struggle with the Lombard cities; and they were tempted to waste their strength in Southern Italy. Thus the princes and nobles had innumerable opportunities of usurping royal rights, and the time came when it was too late to undo the mischief that had been accomplished. All this is occasionally referred to by Dr. Brewer, but he does not see that it ought to form the principal element in the mediæval history of Germany. When he reaches the thirteenth century, he is obliged to represent the nation as composed of a great many small principalities, virtually independent; but he gives his readers only a dim and confused impression of the process by which this state of things was brought about. He is not

\* *The Political, Social, and Literary History of Germany.* By the Rev. Dr. Colman Brewer. London: De La Rue & Co. 1881.

more successful in his treatment of the immediately succeeding period. He repeats the praises which used to be lavished on Rudolph I. by Austrian historians; but in reality Rudolph did very little for Germany; he discouraged the cities, the natural allies of the Crown, and was chiefly anxious to secure the prosperity of his own family. Dr. Brewer can hardly find epithets strong enough to express his dislike of Albert I., whom he describes as "big-nosed, loose-lipped, blind of one eye, rude in manners, grasping, selfish, and overbearing." Yet Albert was one of the few sovereigns who saw the importance of the cities, and he made sincere attempts to maintain the public peace. The death of Henry VII., we are informed, "was a great loss"; and he is said to have been, not only "brave and powerful," but "sagacious and just." His justice, however, would have been more readily acknowledged by the princes than by the great towns; and we may question his sagacity in endeavouring to revive the glories of the Empire. The reign of Lewis IV. was rendered memorable by the renewal of what Dr. Brewer calls "The old, old quarrel between Pope and Emperor." "The beginning of the end," he says, "had set in, and the thunders of the Vatican were passed by as the idle wind which no man regarded." This is true; but Dr. Brewer should have accounted for the fact that those Papal claims which had found so many supporters in former times were rejected by the entire German people in the fourteenth century.

Dr. Brewer allows himself ample space to say everything that is necessary for his purpose regarding the Reformation; but here also his knowledge is very inadequate. The Reformation was not, as he supposes, due exclusively to the worldliness of the clergy; many causes combined to produce it, such as the influence exerted by the Mystics on tender and sensitive minds, the devotion of the Humanists to classical study, and the rising spirit of nationality which was shared by all classes. Among the immediate effects of the Reformation were several political movements which might easily have resulted in consequences of the highest importance. The barons, who had always resented the tyranny of the princes, fancied that they might achieve independence; and they had scarcely been suppressed when Germany was convulsed by the Peasants' War. These agitations Dr. Brewer does not even mention, although they are in themselves full of interest, and reveal some of the deepest tendencies of the age. He is silent, too, as to the causes which induced Charles V. to side with the Catholic party. No sovereign after Charles V. had so good a chance of establishing a great and enduring empire; but there were elements, both in his personal character and in his official position, which rendered it impossible for him to take advantage of the opportunity; and Dr. Brewer would have been much better employed in indicating these elements than in retailing a quantity of absurd gossip about the Emperor's last days. When the Reformation seemed to have triumphed, the aspect of affairs in Germany, and, indeed, in the whole Western world, was changed by the Catholic reaction of which Ferdinand I. was the leading representative. Of the significance of this reaction Dr. Brewer has only the vaguest notion; and he does not make even an approach to the comprehension of Ferdinand's austere and fanatical character. He fails also to trace the influence of the Reformation on the relations of the princes to the Crown, to each other, and to the people; and he says hardly anything of the widespread desolation caused by the Thirty Years' War. His treatment of later periods is not quite so unsatisfactory, but it is in no respect worthy of the subject. The commanding element in the history of Germany since the Thirty Years' War is the growing power of Prussia. The general course of events can be made intelligible only if this is constantly borne in mind, and unfortunately it is often forgotten by Dr. Brewer.

The most daring historian might hesitate before deciding to include in his work an account of the development of German philosophy; but Dr. Brewer enters upon the task in a cheerful and confident spirit. He begins with the scholastic philosophy, his contempt for which, whether based on accurate study or not, is expressed in sufficiently emphatic terms. With a fine disregard of the consistency of figures, he denounces scholasticism as a "worthless battle of frogs and mice," an "everlasting disputation about goats' wool," a "theological minotaur," and a set of "cobwebs, to be swept away by the besom of common sense." Of Leibnitz we are informed that "he maintained that there are two kinds of monads or protoplasms, one spiritual and the other material," and that he considered pre-established harmony to be "the cause of the perfect sympathy and joint action of these two protoplasms." Kant's doctrine is summed up in the statement that, in his opinion, "phenomena are outward and sensible, noumena real but wholly ideal"; and Dr. Brewer disposes of Fichte's idealism by the remark that "the telegraph is not the telegram, nor does it make the telegram; it only conveys it or makes it known. So the human faculties do not create what they announce, but only convey the information to the brain, more or less correctly as it may be." The sections on literature are scarcely more luminous than those on philosophy. The works of Goethe and Schiller are described, but Dr. Brewer makes no attempt to investigate the conditions of national thought and life which prepared the way for these writers. Of the two, Schiller is the poet whom he admires the more strongly. He even maintains that Schiller is "the greatest poetical genius of modern times," and that "as a lyricist he is certainly equal if not superior to Goethe." Dr. Brewer has a right to his opinion, but in the

statement of facts it is as well to be accurate, and he is not accurate when he says that "before Schiller was twenty years old he brought out his play called *The Robbers*." He has formed a much less favourable judgment of Goethe, who, he contends, "is waning fast." He admits that *Faust* is "really a great poem, not without dramatic scenes"; but "what its object is," he adds, "it would be hard to say"; and he is convinced that the story of Gretchen (whom he calls Gretchin, and describes as "a soiled dove") "is certainly out of character." After this we are not surprised to be told that Heine's prose is "smart," but that it "has been buried in the limbo of forgetfulness"; and it seems hardly worth while to suggest to Dr. Brewer that in a sketch of German literature there ought to be some explanation of the rise and decay of the Romantic school.

#### FAIRY TALES FROM FINLAND.\*

WE often notice on the part of translators who take upon themselves to usher a foreign author for the first time before the English public a curious carelessness as to the reception which will be given to him. They think that if his name is mentioned on the title-page their duty to him is performed, and they do not care in the least about the impression which the particular work they have chosen may make upon the minds of readers curious to discover the secret of his reputation. The volumes before us form a flagrant instance of the carelessness in question. They introduce for the first time in an English dress the author who enjoys the greatest celebrity among living Swedish writers of the older generation; and it would seem natural to devote a prefatory page to informing English readers who Professor Topelius is, what he has done, and what position these fairy tales take in the body of his writings. But not one word of this is said. In very curious English the translator merely remarks:—"I now venture to submit to the English youth a selection of Zac. Topelii idylls. They have already found their way into the French, German, Danish, Finnish, and Russian tongues, which fact alone should guarantee that, like their kindred of H. C. Andersen and R. Gustafsson, they are endowed with delicate and everlasting beauty." To Mr. A. Alberg, who thinks that the Latin genitive is used in English writing, we might say in passing, Andersen we know and Topelius we know, but who is Gustafsson? This, however, is all the introduction he gives to his author, and even when, in the beginning of "Whisperings in the Wood," among the Swedish illustrations which are used, a portrait of the poet himself is introduced, no reference whatever is made to the fact. We therefore feel it due to the Swedish poet that in welcoming him for the first time on English ground, we should explain a little what manner of man he is.

Zachris Topelius was born in Finland, in 1818, nine years after that province was sundered from the Swedish realm, and by the Peace of Frederikshamn annexed to Russia as a Grand-Duchy. He has therefore been a Russian subject all his life, and cannot, as his great friend and master Runeberg could just do, remember the Swedish armies, under Döbeln and Kulneff, marching through the streets of Jakobstad. But notwithstanding this, he has retained through life a sort of pathetic echo of those great days of dismemberment and defeat, and his intellectual loyalty to Swedish is as deep and pronounced as his personal loyalty to Russia. Topelius is in many respects a typical Finlander; his books express the contentment and pacific sweetness of the Grand Duchy, which alone of all its dependencies has never given Russia any trouble, and which alone has never been tyrannized over or annoyed. The language of Finland is still Swedish in books and in business, in the Universities and in the courts of law. To the occasional suggestions of the Russian authorities that Russian ought to be cultivated, the Finns shrug their shoulders and answer that they have already two languages, Swedish and Finnish, and that life is too short for them to learn a third. A good-humoured appeal on the ground of laziness tickles a Russian tenderly, and it seems likely that Swedish will still be spoken in Helsingfors when Polish is no more heard in Warsaw or German in Riga. For Swedish literature this is a very beneficent providence, since, if we may judge the future by the past and the present, to prevent the Finns from writing Swedish would halve the productive power of the nation. From the earliest times Sweden has welcomed some of her most nervous and most original writers from the eastern side of the Gulf of Bothnia. Jacob Frese, almost the only genuine lyrical poet Sweden enjoyed in the seventeenth century, brought his characteristic Finnish melancholy with him from the extreme borders of Viborg; Kellgren, the most brilliant of Swedish satirists, was born at Åbo; the great lyricist Franzén, Fredrika Bremer, whose name is known throughout the educated world, Runeberg himself, the greatest name which adorns the annals of Swedish literature—all these and many more famous names would diminish seriously by their absence the lustre of their mother-country's history if Finland could have been annexed by Russia intellectually as easily as it was politically.

The writings of Topelius have always combined this Swedish tradition of style with a more secret and intimate tone of purely Finland feeling. He has been content to be a little provincial that he might be the more deeply patriotic; and he is, in fact, the

\* *Swedish Fairy Tales from Finland*, by Zachris Topelius. Translated by A. Alberg. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1881.

most characteristically Finnish poet that exists. His earliest labours were the oral collection of certain fragments of the *Kalevala*, which he was the first to observe, but with which his name has never been prominently identified, because he very early abandoned the whole theme to his friend, Dr. Elias Lönnrot, to whom the world owes the recovery and the publication of that extraordinary savage epic. In 1845 Topelius published his first volume of poems, called *Ljungblommor* ("Heather Blossoms"), songs and ballads of the woodland life of Finland—melancholy, tender, and sonorous verses, which exactly suited the temper of his countrymen, and which are constantly being reprinted. He has gone on writing lyrical poetry in the same key, but never with greater success than in this work of his youth. He has gradually become, as the chief writer of a small community so often tends to become, more or less encyclopædic; his writings embrace philosophy, science, fiction, and politics, all treated in a somewhat popular manner. He has written national plays for the stage at Helsingfors, and one at least of these, his tragedy of *Regina von Emmeritz*, has enjoyed a lasting success. But his most important contribution to literature, perhaps, has been his cycle of patriotic romances, entitled *Fältkärens Berättelser*, or "Tales of a Surgeon," which have found readers wherever the Swedish language is understood. Zachris Topelius is Professor of Latin at the University of Helsingfors, where, since the death of Runeberg in 1877, he is honoured as the principal writer of his native country. Late in life he has discovered a wonderful tact and charm in addressing children. A chatty volume about Finland, *Boken om vort land* ("The Book about our Country"), was so enthusiastically received that the poet determined to address himself entirely to the young, and with that intention composed the short "idyls," or fairy tales, of which two instalments are here presented to English children. They are written in the original in a style so simple and harmonious, and illuminated by so sweet and original a fancy, that the poet loses no dignity as a serious writer by acknowledging them. But to place them before us, as specimens of the works of Topelius, without any account of his career in general, is exactly like translating and publishing *The King of the Golden River* as giving an adequate idea of Mr. Ruskin's general scope and aim.

The manner of Topelius in approaching a childish imagination is far removed from that of Hans Andersen, with whom he has been very inconsiderately compared. To say the truth, the one is a cosmopolitan and the other a local writer. Andersen's wit and rapid ingenuities of plot appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are as welcome to the small Hindoo as to a Danish or an American child. He is intelligible all the world over, and describes a life which, existing nowhere, might and should exist everywhere. To appreciate the charm of Topelius, on the other hand, it is desirable that we should know something of Finland, its desolate forests, its endless network of silver lakes, its gentle heathen population shrinking from sight of civilized things behind the mountains and in impenetrable morasses, its pathetic and yet glorious memories of the war of independence. These are all reflected in the stories of Topelius, and are taken for granted in such a way that a child ignorant of all these might receive the actual story with but a languid interest. Where they more particularly deal with nature, and give personal volition and intelligence to the inanimate world, they remind a reader strikingly of the best and earliest nature-stories of the late Mrs. Gatty—tales to the originality and beauty of which justice has scarcely been done. Topelius introduces us, in his fanciful way, to all parts of his great and melancholy province. Now we are with a herd of reindeer, rushing headlong across the vast frozen lake of Enare, far north of the Arctic Circle, while the dawn streams in crimson upon us from over the snow-white peaks of Mount Peldovi; scarcely one European can be found within fifty miles, and in the huge desolation the smoke of a little colony of Quaius is a rare feature in the landscape. Now we trudge, with a joyous company of children, from the little seaport town of Uleåborg up into the wide defiles where the cranberry grows, acre upon acre, with its pure waxy bell of rose colour in summer, and its rich purple berry in autumn. Now, in more thickly peopled regions, where the torrent has become a river, and lazily drags with it its wandering fleet of planks cut high up in the forest, we stand in the rainbow of the waterfall, where its cool spray mingles with the sharp smell of the saw-mill. Again, from some creek in the Gulf of Finland, under the shadow of the carefully guarded and tended cherry-tree, we watch the white sails flitting across the islands, and the gunboats going out to practise from some islet citadel—Sveaborg or Ruottelinni—which reminds us that Russia has sharp claws underneath the velvet paw she seems to lay so carelessly on the romantic Grand Duchy.

A characteristic story of the last class is "Gifts from the Deep." An old fisherman and his wife are the only inhabitants of a lump of red granite that stands far out to sea at the entrance of a frequented port. This islet, which is called Ahtola, is beautifully described. It contains the hut in which these people and their dog live, a few tufts of grass and sedge, one mountain ash, and four willow-bushes. The only things which grow upon it in a state of cultivation are a few leeks, which the old woman tends, in the shelter of a rock. The couple would be contented with their life if it were not that the old woman had long been secretly consumed by one mad and vain desire to possess a cow. One day a party of students come out to Ahtola in a boat and consume a great quantity of herrings, complaining bitterly that there is no other food to be had, not even milk. They further

explain that the name of the island shows that it is the stronghold of Ahti, who is king of the sea in the *Kalevala*, and they laughingly declare that the good wife should promise gifts to Ahti, and ask him for one of his cows. The students row home again; the old man laughs at their story, but his wife thinks of it over and over again. It is Sunday evening, and as they go out with their nets she murmurs an old incantation very busily, bringing in the name of Ahti. They return home and go to bed, but in the middle of the night they are waked up by a terrific storm; they hurry down to try to save their nets, but they see that it is quite impossible to go out in such a tempest, and presently, when the day dawns, they find their nets unbroken on the beach, bursting with silvery herrings. Behind the rock where the leeks grow, something is moving; the old woman can hardly believe her eyes—it is a cow, and as it complacently munches seaweed she is under no anxiety about its feed. From this day forward the old couple grow in wealth and happiness. Ahti sends full nets of fish every day, they build a house with the proceeds, more cows are washed ashore on stormy nights, and the heart of the fisherman's wife waxes prouder and prouder, till she determines to try and fill up the sea with stones, so as to form a bridge to the mainland. But the stones fall on the face of Ahti and wound him, so that in his anger he removes all his gifts, and she finds herself in her rags in the old hut, and her husband upbraids her with lying so long abed on a Monday morning; for it has all been a dream—cows and new house and fine dresses and all—even the anger of Ahti.

The translation of these stories is not conducted throughout in the same manner as the extract we have quoted from the preface; it is, on the contrary, careful and correct, although constantly betraying the fact that it is a translation. At its best it is, however, only fair to Professor Topelius to say that it gives no idea of his clear and limpid style.

#### MORE ABOUT THE FRENCH POLICE.\*

THE third volume of the *Mémoires de M. Claude*, which has just appeared, will in all probability greatly disappoint the readers of the first two. There are no astonishing revelations, no accounts of patriotic ladies who, while devoting themselves alternately to a conspirator and an emperor, sought to weave a net in which to entrap the latter; and no personage appears so striking as the beautiful and terrible Mme. X—, who in the latter half of the nineteenth century was able to act in real life the part of Lucrezia Borgia, and to inform a gentleman with whom she had breakfasted that he was poisoned, and that, like Mark Twain's duellist, he had better inquire for the nearest undertaker. Of Troppman's crime, the deep political significance of which was to be explained in the third volume, nothing is said, and the stories relating to people still living, which have been hinted at, are not forthcoming. Perhaps the revelations of the communicative policeman were too scandalous, and actions for libel were feared. Perhaps it was found that, with some expansion, there was matter enough for four volumes, and the editor has reserved the most remarkable narratives for the last. In any case, this third volume seems dull in comparison with its predecessors. There are some strange stories which would be worth attention if they could be believed; and there are some very disgusting pages which should never have been allowed to appear, and much information about murderers and thieves; but there is nothing like the wonderful statements respecting the doings and adventures of the rulers of an Empire which were contained in the first two volumes of M. Claude's edifying memoirs.

A good deal, however, can be found in this volume to gratify those who love to look at the criminal side of human nature; and some of the stories told, though not so remarkable as those which have come before, are certainly startling, if true. Unfortunately, it is impossible not to feel the gravest doubt as to their truth, and it seems likely that this volume will be little believed in and that it will shake to some extent belief in the two previous ones. It begins soberly enough, with a sketch of the organization of the French police under the Empire. From this it appears that, besides 800,000 francs contributed by the city of Paris, nearly 5,000,000 francs were allotted to the prefecture from the public revenue for police pay. These sums, however, though certainly not inconsiderable, formed in reality but a small part of the amounts spent on the police service. "Veut on connaître exactement le chiffre des fonds régies par Napoléon III.," says M. Claude; "ils étaient de 14,000,000 de francs." This seems a goodly sum for secret service money, expended on one section of the police only; but of course the question is, whether M. Claude's statement is true. As to this, readers of his narrative—or rather of what purports to be his narrative—must judge for themselves, as probably there are no means of verifying or disproving his figures. If the accounts of the police under the Empire have not been destroyed, it is very little likely that they will be published. After dealing shortly with this part of his subject, the writer proceeds to tell the story of a "nabab" who had five wives living in different countries; to describe the usages of *chevaliers d'industrie*, "picks-pockets," and murderous burglars; to give an account of a case of vitriol-throwing by a jealous wife, and of a vile crime committed with the aid of chloroform. Then come a very dull chapter about "les gens de théâtre et gens de lettres," and a very disgusting one, which

\* *Mémoires de M. Claude, Chef de la Police de Sécurité sous le Second Empire*, Paris: Jules Rouff.

should never have been published. The filthy and abominable story told in this is followed by a portion of the memoirs which ought to be interesting. It is headed "Une arrestation du citoyen Blanqui," and the reader naturally expects to find in it a clear and intelligible account of the manner in which this very famous conspirator was tracked down by the most dexterous of *policiers*; but, alas, he is doomed to disappointment, for M. Claude and his editor offer nothing of the kind. Either the narrative is altogether fictitious, or else the editor has not been able to understand M. Claude's account. The absurdity of the story told will be best proved by a brief analysis of it.

Blanqui, says the veracious historian, took advantage of the general amnesty which followed the rigours of the Espinasse Ministry to re-enter France, and the police were soon informed that he had come from London *via* Belgium, and had made his way to Paris. It was, however, one thing to know that Blanqui was in Paris, and quite another thing to lay hands on him there. He was, says M. Claude, "*passé maître dans l'art de dérouter toutes les pistes.*" As Blanqui passed much of his life in prison, his skill must frequently have deserted him; but nevertheless it may well be believed that he was not easily caught. On the occasion he altogether eluded the favourite Corsican spies of the Emperor, who were set on his trail; but two French detectives succeeded at last in discovering that he was stopping in a house near Montparnasse with his sister and a "*citoyenne Fremau*," who were devoted to him. Strange to say, in spite of Blanqui's well-known subtlety, no attempt was made to seize him on the day of the discovery. Early next morning some police officers went to the house indicated, but, as might have been expected, the bird had flown. Blanqui, "*qui sentait toujours de loin son mouchard*" had doubtless found out during the evening that the spies had been close to him, and had taken the very natural and obvious precaution of leaving the neighbourhood. In the house which had been occupied by him the police found, however, Blanqui's sister, Mme. Antoine, the "*citoyenne Fremau*," and an elderly workman, who, when they entered, was engaged in chasing some silver plate. From not one of these three could anything be extracted; but on searching the workman, a piece of paper bearing what M. Claude calls "*l'anagramme de Blanqui*" was found. It was, in fact, nothing but a series of words, the first letters of which formed the conspirator's name. They were arranged in a column, and were as follows—Bonheur, Loi, Amour, N'ont Qu'Un Instant. This, of course, was not an anagram, but we can forgive the chief of police for not knowing the true meaning of a word coined from the Greek. It is less easy to forgive him for trying to gull readers with a childish story. He asserts that from this paper he discovered what an American would call the location of the redoubtable Republican. Most singular, certainly, was the deduction he formed. The workman, after a time, was set at liberty; but, by M. Claude's orders, was carefully followed, and was seen to go to a house in the Rue des Trois-Bornes. When the *chef de la sûreté* was informed of this, everything became clear to his detective intellect. The "*anagram*" was explained. Blanqui begins with a B, so does Bornes. The conspirator was to be found in some street the name of which began with one of the letters of his surname. With this marvellous indication, discovered by the genius of the great detective, the spies were set to work; and certainly, if a slang expression may be pardoned, they had their work cut out for them, as they had to examine all the streets of which the names began with any one of seven letters. Perseverance and liberal expenditure brought about, however, the desired result. Blanqui was sought in vain under the letter B, under the letter L, under the letter A, but was discovered under the letter N. After a month's hunt he was found in a house in the Rue des Nonandières, and the great detective triumphed over the great conspirator. It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity of this ridiculous narrative. If true, it would mean that Blanqui's friend and co-conspirator was unable to remember his chief's name. He had to carry about with him a paper, which was certain to compromise him if he was seized, for fear he should forget that this chief was one Blanqui. At the same time, he had to remember, unless he kept a directory constantly at hand, all the streets in Paris the names of which began with any one of seven letters. Most readers will find it difficult to understand how such nonsense can have been deliberately published.

This remarkable story is followed by a variety of others, some of which may very possibly be true, and by a horrible account of the last days of M. Claude's friend and protector, the Sénateur de L. so often mentioned in the two preceding volumes. After this ghastly narrative comes a cheerful one, which seems at first sight to bear the stamp of truth, for in it the famed *chef de la sûreté* frankly tells how he himself was egregiously taken in by two arch swindlers at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. He was, he says, walking about the galleries of the huge building on the look-out for the knaves whom it was his duty to hunt down, when he was accosted by a large, red-bearded man who tranquilly announced himself as being Olarscovitch, *chef de police anglaise*, and said that he had been sent to look after the English "*picks-pockets*" who were infesting the Exhibition. M. Claude, unsuspecting for the moment, was easily led to believe the statement, and was delighted to meet the English detective who, he thought, would help him to lay hands on an English thief who had recently committed a serious robbery. An urbane conversation took place between the two guardians of society, and M. Olarscovitch insisted on M. Claude's breakfasting with him forth-

with. The Frenchman politely acceded, and went with his companion to the well-known English restaurant which was attached to the Exhibition, and there Olarscovitch pointed out the prettiest of the barmaids serving behind the counter, and said that she was a clever criminal, and was probably the person who had committed the theft. The girl, asked to join them, came, chatted pleasantly, and explained with agreeable frankness that she was no better than she should be, and that she had been in prison. M. Claude drank some champagne, and noticed that at one time the lovely but abandoned barmaid kept closer to him than was absolutely necessary. Leaving them after a time, and politely saying "Good evening, sir; bonsoir, monsieur"—which was a remarkable salutation, seeing that they had only just finished breakfast—she returned apparently to her work at the bar. Shortly afterwards the Englishman disappeared on a sudden pretext, and before quitting the restaurant M. Claude noticed that the fair barmaid also had gone. He remained, however, unsuspecting until he had occasion for his purse, and then he discovered that his pocket had been picked, and came, not very quickly, to the tolerably obvious conclusion that he, the great *chef de la sûreté*, had been the easy victim of two adroit thieves.

Now at first sight this story might seem to be substantially true—apart from the oddity of the remarkably un-English name—for, when a man describes his own defeat, he is usually speaking the truth. A little consideration, however, will show that it is no more worthy of belief than the tale about Blanqui's anagram. Every Frenchman who holds an office is more or less of a bureaucrat, and it is improbable in the extreme that the man at the head of the *police de sûreté* would at once accept the mere statement of an utter stranger that he was one of the chiefs of the English police, despatched to Paris by the English Government. A representative of the *préfecture de police*, accosted in this manner, would, we venture to say, inevitably have asked the other why he did not present himself in the regular manner, and would have demanded some official guarantee for the truth of his statement. He would have laughed at the production of a card. It is well known that swindlers are invariably ready with cards. Then the story alleges that one of the girls who served at the English restaurant of the Exhibition of 1867, was a notorious thief, and that she suddenly disappeared with her accomplice; and near the end of the volume M. Claude describes how, after they had committed a series of thefts together, this accomplice, who had already committed one murder, poisoned her. If such things had ever happened, they must have been known, and there can be small doubt that the tale of the robbery at the Exhibition and of the subsequent career of the two thieves, is entirely fictitious. Equally unworthy of belief are the statements repeatedly made in this volume, that thieves habitually keep articles of value, which they have stolen, in the safes of the "Safe Deposit Company." Certain of the stories told may be true, or may rest on a basis of truth, but the samples we have given show what nonsense has been inserted, and necessarily throw great doubt on the whole of the third volume. Possibly, as we have said, it is nothing but a result of the process known as bookmaking, and a narrative has been greatly expanded and added to, in order that a fourth volume may be produced. For this, perhaps, something that is really interesting and really trustworthy has been reserved.

#### BOULGER'S HISTORY OF CHINA.\*

THE history of China, like that of most Oriental States, begins in the cloudland of mythology, with Emperors possessing the attributes of gods and the physical features of monsters, who governed their subjects with superhuman wisdom, and lived to preternatural ages. When in after-times it introduces us to sovereigns of mortal mould it causes to pass before us a succession of monarchs, good, bad, and indifferent—their courts, their councillors, their imperial acts, their campaigns, their victories, sometimes their defeats, and their deaths. It is a spectacle of courts and camps. The actors on the stage are in full dress, and leave little room for the people, who for the most part are kept behind the scenes. The reigns and careers of the rulers are pictured in full detail, but the facts which govern their fates are considered unworthy to be brought into the category of living and interesting life-history. Thus there is necessarily lacking in the Chinese annals that living record of the nation which adds so much to the interest attaching to the modern history of European States.

As historical compilations, the Dynastic Annals of China are monuments of patient industry. Each dynasty as it has succeeded to power has published the records of the reigns during the preceding period, and to them have been added detailed accounts of the system of government, the ceremonies, punishments, sacrificial rites which prevailed—together with notices of the astronomical observations, the geography, the literature, the celebrated officials, the neighbouring States, &c., which belonged to the same time. By a careful comparison of these various parts a faithful picture might be pieced together of the history of the age; but no one who has ever dipped into the Dynastic Annals would be bold enough to dream of being able to make himself completely master of more than one or two out of the twenty-four in

\* *History of China.* By Demetrius Charles Boulger. Vol. I. London: W. H. Allen & Co., 1881.



the course of a long life, and therefore any one undertaking to write a history of China from Chinese sources must of necessity confine himself to the records of the reigns of the Emperors, even if he does not betake himself to Oh'u Hi's celebrated epitome of the history of China. This last was the text chosen by De Mailla upon which to found his *Histoire générale de la Chine*, which in its turn has served as a basis for Mr. Boulger's portly volume. We confess that we opened Mr. Boulger's work with some misgiving. The idea of having to wade through an epitome of De Mailla's translation was not encouraging, and we sat down to our task prepared for the worst. But, fortunately for us and for all other students of Mr. Boulger's History, the anticipated successions of dynasties, reigns of Emperors, and courtly acts are evidently in his eyes no mere dry bones of history, but are clothed in mortal form and are gifted with life. He has taken up the study with enthusiasm, and has imbued himself so thoroughly with the national instincts and proclivities that he has succeeded in infusing interest into that which in other hands would have been a monotonous record of facts, and has produced a work which is not only valuable as a book of reference for students, but which, by his manner of treatment and the lucidity of his style of writing, is likely to attract the attention of many to whom the history of China has been as little known as that of the Kings of Dahomey or the Khans of Bokhara.

But, from the nature of the source from which Mr. Boulger has gathered his information, he has been obliged to keep within the bounds set by the Chinese annalists. Like them, he begins with a semi-mythical account of the Emperors Fuh-hi, Shin-nung, and Hwang-ti, and he accepts the inferred belief that the Chinese were the aboriginal inhabitants of China. To this modern research takes exception. A number of ethnological and linguistic facts point to their having left a home in the south of the Caspian Sea, where they had been brought under the influence of Accadian culture. From this resting-place they moved eastward about the twenty-fifth century B.C., probably in consequence of the invasion of Susiana by some possibly Turanian tribe; and finally struck the northern bend of the Yellow River, the course of which they followed until they reached the fertile plains of Shensi. Such an emigration is not unusual in Asia. History tells us that the Ottoman Turks had their original home in Northern Mongolia, and we know that at the end of the last century a body of six hundred thousand Kalmucks migrated from Russia to the confines of China.

It is important also to bear in mind that the Chinese immigrants found the country in possession of a number of Taic tribes, such as the Kwei, Lung, Pung, and Li, all of whom possessed a certain amount of culture. With these tribes they contended for dominion, and by force of a superior civilization gained the mastery over them. The relations thus established produced effects which have left their mark on the history of the nation through all time. In the language at the present day, as well as in the traditions and customs now existing, are reflected traces of this intermingling of races more than four thousand years ago. The admixture of Taic blood was also of paramount importance to the Chinese, and the fact has been too much overlooked that the Chinese owe much of their endurance as a nation, and of their superiority in mental and bodily physique, to the constant introduction of new blood into the national life. During the first centuries of their residence in China they were surrounded, as we have seen, by Taic races, and later on at the close of the Chow dynasty there rose to power the Prince of Ts'in, who occupied the Empire with his subjects, in whose veins ran blood which owed its origin as much, or nearly as much, to the Altaic races which bordered on the modern province of Kansuh as to the original Chinese stock. Mr. Boulger's work affords evidence of the existence also at this time of a purely foreign element in the Empire which had assumed such importance that an edict was issued for its elimination. Fortunately, the edict was recalled before it became law, and the foreigners were amalgamated with the Chinese. In the same way Mr. Boulger tells us of repeated invasions of the Huns, the Yueti, the Sien-pi, and other northern tribes, who recognized no frontier between their own territories and those of China, but kept up a successive interchange of friendly and warlike relations with their southern neighbours. On the southern and western frontiers a like intercourse existed between the Chinese and the bordering aboriginal tribes, so that on all sides there was a constant influx of foreign blood into the Empire.

In the beginning of the tenth century of our era the K'itan Tatars possessed themselves of the northern portion of the Empire, and thus for the first time in Chinese history a confessedly foreign dynasty was established within the limits of China. After two centuries of sovereignty the K'itans had to submit, at the hands of the Nü-chen Tatars, to the same fate that they had inflicted on the subjects of the T'ang dynasty, and in like manner the Nü-chen were compelled to yield in the beginning of the thirteenth century to the overwhelming forces of Jenghiz Khan and his successors. At the fall of the Yuen dynasty (1368) the throne once again reverted to the original line, and for nearly three centuries a succession of Chinese sovereigns ruled over their ancient inheritance. But once again a foreign yoke was destined to be imposed on the patient necks of the "sons of Han," and in 1644 the Empire again fell into the hands of Manchoo conquerors, whose sway is still paramount from Siberia to Annam, and from the China Sea to the frontiers of India.

But through all these changes there runs an unbroken historical continuity, which, however, is not so much apparent in Mr. Boul-

ger's phase of Chinese history as in the life of the nation. In the work before us we hear nothing, for example, of the seal form of writing invented in the eighth century B.C. by She Chow, which exercised such a powerful influence in maintaining the connexion between the several States into which the country was divided during the Chow dynasty, and which contributed so largely to confine the effects of the transference of power from the Chows to the Ts'ins to a change of rulers; nor of that intermingling of races of which we have already spoken, which so effectually mitigated the violence of that and of all subsequent changes. And it is noticeable that not only was this intermingling of races beyond the frontier partly due to these changes, but the success which attended the later invasions of the Empire by the border tribes was directly traceable to them, since at the close of each revolutionary period the leaders of the defeated faction sought refuge from their victors either among the tents of the northern peoples or in the huts of their southern neighbours. The *élite* of the Empire were thus repeatedly driven into exile, from which their descendants returned to fight the battles of their fathers over again. In the same way we hear little of the influence exercised by the teachings of Confucius, Laou-tze, and Mencius on the destinies of the nation. All these subjects are beyond the scope of Mr. Boulger's work, in which we are required, by the necessities of the case, to look from a particular point of view on a particular branch of Chinese history.

But, as this branch of the history extends over a period of 2,500 years, and as Mr. Boulger has instinctively seized on the leading facts relating to it, his work naturally contains much which is pregnant with useful lessons for this and for all ages. One point which stands prominently out in the narrative is the indomitable perseverance with which the Chinese follow up any undertaking, whether of peace or of war, when once they have put their hands to the plough. Whether we turn our eyes to the Great Wall, which stretches alike over mountain-tops, and plains, and valleys, along the entire length of the northern frontier of the Empire; or whether we follow the fortunes of Oh'ang Keen and his companions, who, in the second century B.C., marched across Asia in search of the wandering Yueti; or of General Panchow, who, three centuries later, led an army to the shores of the Caspian Sea; or whether we follow in the track of the armies which at different times invaded Tibet, Corea, Annam, and Burmah, we are met at every turn by evidence of the same steady, plodding fixity of purpose which has been so conspicuously displayed in the recent campaigns against the Panthays in Yunnan and Yakub Khan in Kashgaria. The fact that such a characteristic is the birthright of a nation of three hundred millions suggests at once the possibility that it may become at some future period a lever by which China may move the world. But this can never happen as long as Chinese warriors wear petticoats, or as long as mandarins emulate the example of the Russian Admiral who cheated his Imperial master into the belief that the wooden turrets of the iron-clad *Peter the Great* were solid iron, by substituting gilded pieces of bamboo for the brass "sights" of their new Krupp guns.

Mr. Boulger's present volume takes us down to the close of the Yuen Dynasty, which was founded by the genius of Jenghiz Khan, and we are promised the second volume before the end of the year. His object, he tells us, in undertaking this task, was to popularize the little-understood history of China. In this object he deserves to succeed, for he has presented the long succession of reigns, the constant wars, and the repeated changes of dynasties in a more readable form than they have ever assumed before. Gützlaff's history approaches it nearest, but it falls short of it in general interest. The difference between a literary labour of love undertaken by a writer of imagination, and a work which appears to bear the marks of what the Chinese call "ploughing with the pen," represents the relative merits of these two works. We are by no means inclined to agree with Mr. Boulger's estimates of all the characters he describes, or with his opinion of the importance or non-importance of all the events he chronicles. But nevertheless he has fairly reflected in his pages an epitome of the Imperial annals of the Empire, and has succeeded in bringing dry records, full of difficult and unfamiliar names, into the realm of living history, and in making characters which from the strangeness of their surroundings are apt to be regarded as lay figures stand out from his canvas as real personages.

#### THE TREASURY OF MODERN ANECDOTE.\*

MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS is once more at his old trick of borrowing and blundering. He boasts as to his latest production that his "collection of anecdotes differs from its predecessors in several particulars. To begin with, it is strictly a treasury of modern anecdote. . . . For the most part the anecdotes in this collection are emphatically modern—modern in so far that they are drawn from modern sources. . . . We have drawn particularly," he says on another page, "upon such books as Gronow's *Reminiscences*, Greville's *Diary*, Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, and, to come further down, J. C. Young's *Diary*, and J. R. Planché's

\* *The Treasury of Modern Anecdotes; being a Selection from the Witty and Humorous Sayings of the last Hundred Years.* Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by W. Davenport Adams, Author of the "Dictionary of English Literature." &c. Edinburgh: The Edinburgh Publishing Company. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1881.

Recollections." When we turn to the index we find such entries as the following:—"Rogers, Samuel, his *Table Talk*, quoted *passim*"; "Grondow, Captain, his *Diary*, quoted *passim*"; "Robinson, Crabb, his *Diary*, quoted *passim*."

The compiler, or appropriator, or conveyer, or—to give him the title which he gives to himself—the editor of these extracts believes that the public is tired of the old stories that generally do duty in such a collection, and is ready to welcome this Treasury. "It will be acknowledged," he says, "that for whiling away a dull afternoon or a spare half-hour, few things more suitable could be devised than a book of anecdotes. It would seem that a photograph album is sometimes made to do duty on such occasions; but the superiority of a book of anecdotes will readily be allowed." So far Mr. Adams is certainly modest enough. We will not argue the point, but will readily allow that there is at least one of his compilations which is less dull than a photograph album. But he goes further than this. A wholly new and good anecdote is, he assures us, "welcomed as a 'thing of beauty,' and mentally recorded as a 'joy for ever.'" Now, his anecdotes must be taken as both good and wholly new; for do they not, as he himself maintains, contain the cream of spoken wit and humour, and are they not "emphatically modern"? Let us turn, then, to an example of a "thing of beauty" and a "joy for ever":—

A story has been told (says Lord Wm. Lennox) of a noble lord, still flourishing (1876), who upon saying to a keeper, "I suppose you've scarcely ever met with a worse shot than I am?" "Oh yes, my lord," responded the other, "I've met with many a worse, for you misses them so cleanly."

Does the reader welcome this poor story as a "thing of beauty," and does he record it as a "joy for ever"?

But Mr. Adams's collection has, besides its newness, another great quality. What people want, he says, is, that anecdotes should be authentic. "That is the whole secret of the value and usefulness of anecdotes, that they should be, as far as possible, genuine and traceable. If they are not, they are useless. They may excite a careless or an ignorant laugh, but that is all. . . . It is on this principle that the present collection has been compiled, and it is hoped that it will, on this account, appeal powerfully to the taste and judgment of the true connoisseur of anecdote." Certainly Mr. Adams has traced to what he calls a genuine source the anecdote we have just quoted. We have no reason to doubt Lord William Lennox's statement that in 1876 the noble lord was still flourishing to whom the game-keeper thus responded. But for all that the anecdote seems almost as stupid as Mr. Adams's preface and introduction. His writings, as we have, we believe, pointed out before, certainly have one great advantage. For a time they amuse his readers by leading them to try to track him through all the windings of his blundering. Thus in the introduction we read that "the sayings of academic humorists have an obviously academic tinge; the epigrams of a Parr, a Porson, and a Davidson are the evident product of the scholarly life." Who is Davidson? we began to think. We could make nothing of him, nor did Mr. Adams's index help us at all; for though he boasts of its fulness, yet the name of this academic humorist is not given. At last, by a happy conjecture, we hit on an emendation of the evidently corrupt text that was not unworthy of Porson himself. For Davidson read Donaldson. Of that scholar more than one anecdote is recorded. Still more wonderful are the blunders into which Mr. Adams falls when he recounts two sayings of Sir John Maynard. They are given together, but, unfortunately for our compiler, one comes at the bottom of a page, and the other at the top of the next. On the first page he had given Maynard's name quite rightly, but in a footnote to the second anecdote he calls him "Sir John Maywood." To add to the confusion, in the index the old lawyer becomes Lord Chancellor Maynard. It is hard, by the way, to see why these two anecdotes are given in a collection whose boast it is that it is emphatically modern. One of them certainly is found in Burnet's *History of his own Times*, while Maynard was born in Queen Elizabeth's reign. But to pass on. Our readers may remember that Mr. Adams, in a late work, in which he ventured to speak with an air of authority of Swift, showed himself so ignorant as to confuse the Earl of Orford with the Earl of Oxford. We pointed out his blunder, but pointed it out in vain. In the book before us he again calls Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford. At the same time, whether from mere carelessness or not, he sadly mangles one of Walpole's stories. He thus gives it:—

Grossatesta, the Modenese minister, a very low fellow, with all the jack-pudding-head of an Italian, asked, "Mais qui est ce qui représente mon maître?" Wall replied, "Mais, l'abbé, ne savez vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra bouffon?"

Walpole, by the way, did not write "jackpudding-head," but "jackpuddinghood." That error, however, is of but small moment. It is in Wall's reply that Mr. Adams makes his real blunder. *Bouffon*—or *bouffon*, as it ought more properly to be written—has become in his version *bouffou*, and after the word *Mais* has been struck out, *Mon Dieu*. Mr. Adams, we remember, occasionally works for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He may have thought that *Mon Dieu* was too profane for quotation. In like manner in reporting Thurlow's famous answer to a deputation of Dissenters, he makes the Chancellor say to them, "If you can get your religion established, I'll be for that too." Every one knows the anecdote, and will at once notice the omission of the strong term which his Lordship applied to the petitioners' religion. This squeamishness on Mr. Adams's part is a little hard to under-

stand, as he reports the beginning of the answer correctly enough, and has no hesitation in making Thurlow say, "Gentlemen, I'm against you, by G—d. I am for the Established Church, d—mme." However, he does not treat Lord Thurlow worse than by weakening the force of his language. Other Lord Chancellors do not fare so well at his hands. Lord Eldon, for instance, he says, was born in 1781. Later on he mentions the well-known saying of Horne Tooke at the time of his trial for high treason. The Attorney-General, he says, was "Scott, Lord Eldon." He certainly should have said Scott, or Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. But to pass this by. If Lord Eldon was born in 1781, he was but thirteen years old when he was Attorney-General. In that case the wonder is, not that he had so small a patrimony to leave to his children, but that he had any children to whom to leave anything at all. In another passage we find a story told of Lords Eldon and Leach. Lord Leach is no doubt Sir John Leach. On one page a note to Erskine's name tells us that he was "the orator and wit." On another page a second note tells us that he was Lord Chancellor. Kenyon is simply described as "the judge." Bishop Blomfield three times becomes Bishop Bloomfield, and Bishop Pretyman becomes Bishop Prettyman. The birth of Lord Oastleragh is placed in 1796, so that he was not yet six years old when he became President of the Board of Control. If his life is cut short at one end, Coleridge's is shortened at the other. His death is placed by Mr. Adams in 1824. Has he never read those fine lines of Wordsworth's:—

How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Does he not remember how the poet mourns over Crabbe, Scott, Coleridge, Lamb, and Mrs. Hemans, who had all died within a space of only a few months over three years? But what, after all, are errors in dates compared with the blunder into which he falls when he assigns the line, "Thou great first cause, least understood," to Milton? Author as he is of a Dictionary of English Literature, does he not know Pope's style, and has he never read his "Universal Prayer"? After this even his Latin and Greek, peculiar though they are, scarcely raise our astonishment. Yet we cannot pass them over in silence. He quotes Porson's doggerel lines which begin "Poetis nos letamur tribus." For *nos* he prints *non*. Two pages earlier we have the following specimen of his Latinity:—

Grates agimus (sic) fatis,  
Habnimus (sic) satias.

His Greek, as we might expect, is even worse. *Τί θύηκε Φίλιππος* he gives as the Greek for "Is Philip dead?" His French is scarcely better than his Greek. Thus we find *Comédie*, *Un Héro*, *Pitiè*, and *nous seriez*.

Perhaps the most ridiculous part of the book is to be found in two of the anecdotes which Mr. Adams quotes from Mr. Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*. Every one will remember how Macaulay, when he was about four years old, was scalded by some hot coffee; and how, when asked how he felt, replied, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." This anecdote, interesting enough in its proper place, is given by Mr. Adams as an instance of either a witty or a humorous saying. By the way, in copying it down he manages again to fall into his old blunders and writes of the Oxford (sic) Collection at Strawberry Hill. On another occasion, Macaulay, in his childhood, said to his mother, "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter." This surely is inserted here by mistake. It has got into its wrong pigeon-hole. It has nothing to do with wit or humour, but should appear in *The Collection of the Priggish Sayings of Great Men in their Childhood*. If Mr. Adams has not thought of this publication, we at once place the suggestion at his full disposal, so that he may not be tempted to any further acts of borrowing. It would make a most worthy addition to his already voluminous compilations.

#### BUSH LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.\*

THERE are two ways of giving to the world experiences gained in a strange and colonial life. One is for the pioneer of civilization to sit down and write an unvarnished account of the means he took to "squat" in Australia or to buy and stock a farm in Auckland; the other is to weave a good many real incidents into a story with fictitious names, a love plot or two, and the usual incidents of a modern novel. Mr. Grant has adopted the latter method, and introduces us to a hero, John West, the son of a struggling curate, who had been induced by the glowing descriptions of Mr. Cosgrove, an old schoolfellow, to embark his savings of 1,500*l.* in the purchase of a sheep and cattle farm in Queensland. John West sails for Sydney and then goes north or up-country to Mr. Cosgrove's station of Cambaranga. Here he goes through a variety of incidents; is cheated by his patron; starts a farm on his own account; is initiated into the mysteries of driving herds of half-wild cattle; rides buck-jumping horses; struggles against climate, losses, and adverse fortune; lights at last on a gold-mine; falls in love and finally marries Ruth, the stepdaughter of Mr. Cosgrove. There are one or two other love passages in these volumes. Mr. Stone marries Beattie Gray, and Mr. Fitzgerald is rejected by Ruth in favour of John

\* *Bush Life in Queensland; or, John West's Colonial Experiences.* By A. C. Grant. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

West, and finally marries Mrs. Stone's sister Phoebe. Inevitably, too, in a tale of life in the Bush, there must be a villain, appropriately named Cane, who thinks nothing of shooting half a dozen natives on a prospecting trip, and who, in endeavouring to rob an Englishman named McDuff, ends by shooting him in order to avoid detection. In the original plan of robbery he has for an accomplice Ralf Cosgrove, the half-brother of Ruth—a miserable, scampish, good-for-nothing colonial waif. In the end this worthy couple are not tracked by the police and tried by a judge and jury at Brisbane, but are killed by the aborigines—that is to say, the Myalls or natives spear Bill Cane the murderer of McDuff, and wound the wretched Ralf who dies of fright and exhaustion in the arms of John West. There is nothing in all this which proves any art in the construction of a plot or the delineation of character, though we concede to Mr. Grant no inconsiderable powers of description. But the pictures and episodes of Bush life are really striking and graphically told. There is very little, we should say, taken at second-hand. Some of the descriptions of scenery are admirable; the details of camping out, tracking errant cattle, running up log huts, searching for gold, evading or watching natives, washing sheep, crossing swamps and rivers, are lifelike and unlaboured, and the language is never stilted. We can scarcely doubt that most of the episodes can be vouched for or capped by settlers in the most tropical of our Australian colonies.

We remark that these volumes brist'le with almost as many odd terms as an Anglo-Indian Blue-book about *putni Tulooks* or *puttidari* tenures. And we have specimens of pigeon-English put into the mouths of black boys, which are hardly intelligible with the footnotes. We subjoin a few specimens, freely admitting that some expressions are beyond our power. A *Currobores* we have already heard of in other Australian publications. It is a meeting of the tribes to dance and sing to some air composed by a gifted creature who is suspected of magical art and is *en rapport* with the Spirit of evil. A Boodgerree is apparently the native term for a good fellow, and sounds suspiciously like a corruption of the Hindustani *bahut aacha*, or very good. By a *Cawbawn humpy* is signified a fine one-storied house, with an iron roof and a broad verandah, a residence not often met with in the diggings. A scrubber is not, as might be imagined, a servant of all work, receiving exorbitant wages, but a cow or bullock that has taken to the scrub or bush and has relapsed into savage nature. A calf is said to be "scruffed" when it is caught by the hand, the expression, we presume, being taken from the scruff of the neck. Tailoring cattle means to herd or look after them. *Yabber* is Queenslandish for talk, and *bail* for not, or no; *bong* means dead. A Jack Shay is a tin pot used for boiling water for tea, and so contrived as to hold within it another pot of about half its size. A "crush lane" can be guessed at from the context, which shows that it is a long passage, into which a single bullock or a single horse is admitted. But what are we to understand by the intimation that at the end of this "crush lane" there is "a bail for spaying"? As far as we can make out, it must be a sort of *impasse*, in which cruppers and saucingles and head-stalls are fastened on refractory colts. Similarly we can understand that a grey horse that moves stiffly, humps its back, holds its tail close to the body, and is believed by highly competent judges to be sure "to buck a docker," must be a singularly unpleasant animal to lead or mount. We can conceive none better fitted for the talent of the late Mr. Rarey. In one passage we notice what appears to us a curious error in the points of the compass. An exploring party leaves Brisbane to survey an unknown part of the interior. From some ridges they get to a salt-water creek, and, as we read the narrative, then run down the coast. Here they manage to see the "setting sun, amid a blaze of gold and purple, dipped beneath the waters of the Pacific." How this extraordinary sight could be witnessed from any part of Queensland or its coast can only be explained by the sun rising in the west and setting in the east, as any one may see by a glance at a map. It is curious that a very similar error is to be found in one of Scott's very best novels. The late Colonel Mure, in his *History of Greek Literature*, while explaining away the irreligious and Wolfian theory about the Iliad and Odyssey, showed that more remarkable discrepancies than any in Homer were to be found in writers of a more civilized age, who were provided with many more mechanical aids to correct composition—Dante, Virgil, and Scott—to say nothing of Shakespeare. Now, in *The Antiquary*, in the celebrated scene at the Ilknot Head, where Sir Arthur Wardour, his daughter, and Edie Ochiltree, are hemmed in by the tide, the setting sun is represented as showing his fiery disc above the waters of the German Ocean. Either, then, argued Colonel Mure, in Scott's cosmogony the sun sets in the east and rises somewhere else, or else that famous chapter is an interpolation by a different hand, as so many of Homer's episodes are said to be by some destructive critics.

This is an odd slip for a writer who, as we have said, has a keen eye for natural beauty. The picturesqueness of Queensland lies in its runs and ridges and upland pastures. The author does not write of the aborigines in the contemptuous terms not uncommon with settlers; but his picture of the blacks is not inviting. They emit an odour positively repulsive. Even the cattle dislike it, and sometimes "stampede" when they come across the recent track of a party of pungent aborigines. By sleeping under the skins of opossums and thick blankets, and by living in the close atmosphere of a hut of bark, these tribes lose hair and youth, and their dogs share the same fate and become blear-eyed and hairless. Besides the well-known boomerang, these savages use other weapons, *nul-lah-nul-lah*, paddy-melon sticks, and *heelimen* or shields. They consume

tobacco largely if they can beg or steal it, and live on 'wallabies' opossums, and kangaroos. They are also quick at discovering a "sugar bag" in the woods—in plain English, a comb of wild-honey. Game is, however, not one of the attractions of Queensland. The dingoes or wild-dogs are great nuisances, and prove most destructive to sheep. We are not surprised to hear that they are knocked on the head summarily, like the prowling fox in St. John's speech about Strafford or in Scott's poetry, and are destroyed by poison on a large scale, to which end every shepherd is furnished with a bottle of strychnine, and poisons the carcasses of the dead animals he finds in the Bush. Where population is scanty and the runs are large this practice may be necessary and not prejudicial to valuable life, but it has its obvious dangers. Some idea of a big sheep run may be found from the following figures. Sixty thousand sheep and a few hundred head of cattle, with plenty of horses, can be maintained on a tract of eleven hundred square miles. Of course we hear of difficulties with the "free selectors," who pick out any bit they fancy on the big run, steal the rich man's stock, compel him to buy them out, and behave very much as Irish tenants would do in similar circumstances. A couple of shepherds can look after eighteen hundred or two thousand sheep. They live in a hut with no neighbours nearer than ten or fifteen miles. Food is sent out to them once a week, and once a year they bring in their flocks to be washed and shorn, after which operation they receive their wages, and speedily consume them in drinking some horrible liquor at the first public-house on their road. There is an excellent description of the process of washing and shearing the sheep. The washers are hired for the time, and are known by the expressive appellation of "Knock-about men." They earn five shillings a day and their food. The shearers, as a rule, are of a higher class; some are young settlers anxious for a job. The sheep are dipped, rubbed, squeezed, and shorn, and the wool is then pressed and packed ready for exportation. Washers and shearers have their meals prepared by a cook who must be a man of strong build and resolution, capable at a crisis of quelling any unreasonable discontent at the quality of the tea, the damper or dough, and the boiled beef that make up the staple of Australian fare.

Equally characteristic is the capturing of stray cattle. The "scrubbers" or their descendants are bad neighbours to the tame herds. They induce desertion and often appear to belong to nobody. But they may occasionally command a price in the market, and, at any rate, their capture is desirable or imperative. As they persist in hiding in the scrub except at night, it is no easy matter to circumvent them. But with riders and horses thoroughly trained to their work, the wild herd is intercepted, and driven into the midst of a lot of "couchers" or domestic cattle, after which they seem to lose all spirit and submit to their fate. The "scrubbers" are also termed "clean skins" to distinguish them from the branded and tame animal; and the chapter on impressing, pounding, classifying, and marking the herds is one of the best in the book. Horses, like bullocks, take to the jungles occasionally, and we have an incidental notice of a certain yellow stallion that escaped, was recaptured, and got away again owing to the over-confidence of a stockman. This fine animal, like his prototype in Virgil, in *pastus armentaque tendit equarum*, and was afterwards seen by a forlorn shepherd "attended by a harem of mares as wild and untamable as himself."

The heat and dryness of Queensland are mitigated by something like a rainy season. John West, when sent to count the sheep in a distant station, gets lost in a swamp, spends the night shivering under a tree, and would never have been heard of again but for a friendly black, who catches and cooks an opossum, not to be despised when neither beef nor damper are available. A start for a new country, six hundred miles away in the interior, gives an opportunity for the display of many practical hints about driving herds. The march does not average more than nine miles a day. The cattle, accustomed on the old runs to feed at night, must now learn to feed on dry forage by day and to sleep during the darkness. Very often they are seized by unaccountable panics, and make a rush into space or back to their original run. Fires must then be kept up all night, and the horsemen have to watch in turns to corral and confine the herd within the ring of fire. This sort of thing lasts for days; pasture is deficient, water scarce; the explorers live on salted beef and damper, washed down with "pannikins of stanning tea." To add to their troubles, they are drenched by thunderstorms, and some of the cows provokingly calve. It is said to be told that the young calves have to be killed, as they cannot keep up with their mothers. Here an ingenious artifice is tried. The cows will not follow their companions, but go back to their dead offspring. To obviate this, the calf is skinned and stuffed, and each mother recognizes its particular hide, which is strapped on the saddle of some stockman during the day and put under a tree at night. This is a less painful incident than the attack by an aboriginal tribe on an outlying log hut during the absence of the master. The shepherds are slaughtered, and the young wife saves herself by barricading her house and using a revolver. The offending party is pursued by mounted police, composed of half-civilized blacks, who seem to take a positive delight in slaughtering their own countrymen. We are glad to learn that the retribution was not excessive, and that there is no ferocious joy over a hecatomb of creatures armed with boomerangs and spears against the unerring rifles of the escort.

A work of this kind would have been incomplete without some picture of the diggings. John West and a companion, as we have said, are lucky enough to find an "auriferous deposit" in a creek,

and this is afterwards doubled by heaps of quartz discovered under the nest of a bower-bird. Here they pursue their lucrative toil for some weeks, until they are disturbed by natives and by the intrusion of the murderer Oane, who is not equal to a personal encounter in the daylight with two determined and well-armed gold-seekers. But this is a very different scene from the settlement of a number of miners which has speedily assumed the proportions of a town. And here, of course, we have the huts hastily constructed of saplings and bark, with here and there a roof of zinc; the forges of blacksmiths and the butchers' shops, the general stores, the low taverns with high-sounding names, the profusion of articles that find the readiest sale, from blankets and shovels to potted meats and pickles, the drunkenness and the oaths, the industrious Chinaman, the fraudulent innkeeper, and the various specimens of the mining population racked with fever, soured by disappointment, surfeited with success. The lesson intended is that this venture is one where the prizes are few and the blanks are many. But this whole picture of colonial life may be read without skipping, and we are mistaken if it will not repay perusal much more than nine-tenths of the novels and stories poured out by a mob of authors who delude themselves into the belief that they are able to amuse and instruct society.

#### COLLEGE PLATE.\*

MR. CRIPPS has done good service to his country by his books on old silver. We see already signs of that improvement which he has so urgently and persistently advocated. True, the alleged grievances of the silversmiths have hardly been alleviated, but we no longer hear them put forward as excuses for poor designs and bad workmanship. The improvement is partly due to the progress of public taste, which will no longer tolerate the abominations of Bond Street in racing cups and rowing prizes. And this improvement in public taste is more owing to the efforts of Mr. Cripps than might at first sight have been imagined. His first work, published in 1878, was speedily made use of by compilers at second hand, and formed the basis of a large number of books on silver plate, marks, monograms, and patterns. Thus some knowledge of the subject was disseminated among buyers, and the manufacturer soon found that "cups" must, in order to please the public, have some merit beyond that of merely weighing so much. For many years the date marks had been literally a dead letter to all but an initiated minority. Mr. Cripps made them public property; and people who had pieces of old silver-work began to inquire into their history, and to set a value on them for their age. Mr. Cripps's book which contained the French marks was not so popularly written as his previous work, but it became even more of a prey to the compilers, with, of course, a similar result; and we have before us in the present volume a new proof of the general interest in the whole subject. The South Kensington authorities have laid in a stock of "reproductions" from celebrated English collections, and have engaged the services of Mr. Cripps to expound them. They have employed Messrs. Elkington to make casts of the most remarkable examples belonging to the various Colleges and Corporations of England and Ireland, and are thus "enabled to offer, for the instruction of the public, a remarkable series of facsimiles of the best remaining works of the gold and silversmiths of this country." The little book—it only extends to 155 pages—is full of very satisfactory illustrations, and will give great assistance, not only to the collector, but also to the designer and manufacturer; and it may, we trust, have a considerable influence on the silver-work of the immediate future.

Although the Goldsmiths' Company was incorporated by letters patent from Edward III. in 1327, there are but nine pieces of hall-marked plate known of an earlier date than 1500. The Wars of the Roses seem to have brought about the destruction of all earlier treasures made of silver and gold. The fifteenth-century devastations in England appear in some respects to have been as great as those of the sixteenth; but it is possible that the seventeenth wrought more harm to gold and silver work than either. The Regalia, for instance, must have contained many pieces of the highest antiquity before the time of Charles I. When the college plate was melted down or coined into money in the great Civil war, the oldest and most "gothique" pieces were probably selected for destruction first. College authorities have always been remarkable for their hatred of ancient art, and it is only in our own day that they have destroyed the oldest buildings at Cambridge. Mr. Cripps overstates his case, therefore, when he accounts for the rarity of fourteenth-century plate by the Wars of the Roses. There was probably little produced during those troublous times, though building went on prosperously, and some of the finest works of architecture in the kingdom were designed and carried out by Richard II. and Henry VI. It is incredible that vessels of gold and silver were not provided for the banquets of Westminster Hall, or the services of Eton or King's College Chapels. There are in all some fifteen or twenty pieces of plate of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries preserved among the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and the civic guilds of London, "only two of them, and those about the least ancient, being marked in any way." Of the country corporations, one, that

of King's Lynn, in Norfolk, possesses what Mr. Cripps calls "the most ancient and most beautiful" of such treasures. It is an enamelled cup, said by tradition to have been presented by King John, but really dating about 1350. Whatever doubt there might be about the chasing of the silver is set at rest by the enamel, and Mr. Cripps finds in this cup another proof of the excellence of that branch of art in England in the fourteenth century. It has been usual to attribute many of the best examples to France; but even though the tomb of William de Valence at Westminster may be from Limoges, it is almost certain that equally good work was done as far back as the end of the thirteenth century in England. The Wassail Horn at Queen's College, Oxford, of which Mr. Cripps gives a beautiful cut, is partly of the time of Robert of Eglesfield, the founder in 1340, though the top, decorated with an eagle, is later. At New College the crosier or pastoral staff of William of Wykeham is still preserved, and dates from before 1404, when he died. Very little later is the "standing salt," borne on the head of a huntsman "or wild man," of silver gilt, which was, no doubt, part of the plate given to All Souls by Archbishop Chichele, who founded the college in 1437, and died in 1443. At the same college is a "mazer or bowl of maple wood, with a deep rim of silver gilt," which is probably part of the same bequest, and is undoubtedly English. A mazer at York Minster is of the early part of the fifteenth century, and others are at the Ironmongers' Hall in London, and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, the last-named being mounted on a silver foot of slightly later date. The Ironmongers' bowl is the earliest piece of plate among the treasures of the London Companies. The most ancient maces are probably those discovered in the tomb of James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the church of St. Salvator's College, which he had founded in 1456. One is supposed to be the original from which the others were made. It bears a Latin inscription in Gothic letters, recording its manufacture in Paris for Kennedy in 1461. Mr. Cripps describes a number of cups of cocoa-nut, some of which are preserved at New College, and some of ostrich eggs, but these, being more easily broken than cocoa-nut, are comparatively rare. The ostrich egg was supposed to be the eye of a griffin, and many examples are so enumerated in inventories. The Leigh cup, presented to the Mercers' Company about the end of the century, is the last example dating before 1500 which Mr. Cripps describes. It is still preserved in the hall of "the mystery" in Cheapside. It is of very elaborate workmanship, being sixteen inches high, and bearing evident traces of the Renaissance style, which soon after changed the fashion of all such objects—chalices and mazer bowls only excepted. They continued to be made in the old forms till a much later period. "In England Gothic ornamentation exclusively prevails up to the year 1500; and the line of demarcation is almost as marked as when one turning over the page opens unexpectedly upon a fresh chapter." In searching among the remains of English work of this period we do not find any pieces of the transition. This book contains two illustrations representing chalices—one belonging to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, dated 1507, and one to Trinity College, dated 1527, and both purely Gothic in form and decoration; but from the accession of Queen Elizabeth down to 1580, churchwardens' accounts are full of details of the exchange of such old-fashioned cups for new vessels of the shape required for the use of the laity. At visitations it was strictly asked whether the chalices had been melted up, and "decent communion cups" provided in their place.

The increasing wealth and luxury of the sixteenth century "told with especial effect upon the art and craft of the goldsmith." Five or six hundred, or even a thousand, pounds was the ordinary value, we are told, of the cupboard of plate to be found in the house of a knight or gentleman, or a wealthy merchant, about 1586. The guilds of goldsmiths were in full force, and the Assayer at Goldsmiths' Hall was constantly busy, and constantly, too, if we may believe contemporary accounts, was cordially hated for his zeal in condemning fraudulent work. In 1597 two London goldsmiths stood in the pillory at Westminster and at Cheapside, and lost their ears for offences of this kind. At Christ's College, Cambridge, are some of the earliest and most beautiful examples of the new style. One of these is described as a beaker, with cover, nine and a half inches high, of silver gilt, on a projecting base in the form of a Tudor rose, ornamented in *repoussé*, the top composed of six portcullises, with a finial formed of four Marguerites and a Tudor rose. Very beautiful also is the "Poison Cup" at Clare College, Cambridge. It belongs to the year 1570, or thereabouts, and is of glass covered with a network of filigree, set in bands of solid silver, and raised on three feet formed of cherubs' heads. The handle and cover, of silver, are beautifully chased. The cover is flat, set with a large pointed crystal.

The bulk of the book is, of course, taken up with much later and more ordinary works than these. The Ashmolean tankard dates from 1570, but looks as if it had been made in the eighteenth century, so strictly classical is it in design. The Founder's Cup at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is usually attributed to Cellini; but, as Mr. Cripps remarks, it has been in England "from time immemorial," and looks "perhaps too late in style for the great master, who died in 1571." It is a model worthy of imitation, to judge by the very careful, but perhaps too small, illustration. The forms and workmanship exhibited by these examples continued in fashion through the succeeding centuries, and almost to our own time, and are found in countless cups, salt-cellars, tankards, and other vessels, the best specimens of which are enumerated and often figured by Mr. Cripps. Most of the family plate in use at the present day was made between the accession

\* *College and Corporation Plate.* By Wilfred Joseph Cripps, M.A., F.S.A. London: Chapman & Hall, for Science and Art Department. 288s.



of George III. and the end of the century, and "older plate is very scarce and rare, as the collector finds to his cost." Great punch-bowls seem to have been especially popular with colleges and corporations "in the reign of the late Queen Anna." Immense fountains for wine also occur of this period, such as those made for the great Duke of Marlborough, Lord Chesterfield, and others. One of Mr. Cripps's last illustrations shows the decay of art which set in a little later. It is a ewer, made for the Goldsmiths' Company in 1741, and to an eye educated by the lovely work of Elizabeth's time is simply hideous. Here is the description:—

On the lower part of the vase, a winged mermaid with two tails, accompanied by two boy tritons blowing conch shells. The foot is decorated with marine flowers, shells and reptiles; the upper part of the vase with festoons of flowers and the badges of the Company—namely, leopards' heads. The handle is a very bold half-length of a sea god, terminating in foliage.

Except that the mechanical part of the work is excellent, this ewer might have been made in Bond Street in the reign of Queen Victoria.

#### GALLOWAY'S SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.\*

THIS book is an addition of not immaterial weight to the voices of protest already lifted up in considerable strength against the system of cram and shallow paper-work that has within the last twenty years been spread abroad in this country under the name of education. Mr. Galloway combines the qualifications of a man who has read and thought seriously about the principles of education in general with those of a specialist who can bear witness from his own knowledge to the effect of right and wrong methods of teaching in his own subject. The plan of the book, and the relation of the general to the special part, are thus explained by himself in the preface:—

In discussing scientific and technical education the author felt it impossible to avoid referring to the oldest branches of higher education, classics and mathematics. This was rendered necessary for two reasons; the first being that they are the subjects which have been longest taught in secondary schools and Universities. The Author conceived that, if he could show and prove that eminent authorities on these subjects considered that the modes of teaching them admitted of improvement, which he thinks he has done, it might very fairly be supposed that the teaching of the comparatively newer branches of learning, as those of the Inductive Sciences, might not be perfect. He has also shown, he thinks, from the opinions of the eminent authorities he has quoted, that some of the Inductive Sciences are very imperfectly taught; but he has had to depend upon his own opinion alone for the imperfect way he believes Chemistry is taught.

It will be observed that Mr. Galloway puts his own experience in a rather subordinate place, whereas it is to our mind the really important part of the book. His position, stated in the simplest terms, is this:—"My Lords of the Council, and other persons having authority in the training of youth in these kingdoms, I am credibly informed that your paper examinations and payment by results have more or less failed to give satisfaction all round; and I can tell you as a chemist, speaking from what I myself have seen and know, that they are a failure in chemistry." Manifestly that which Mr. Galloway testifies of his immediate knowledge must and ought to interest us more than what he has read in the treatises and essays of Dr. Whewell, or Sir John Herschel, or Mr. Herbert Spencer, or Mr. Latham, or Mr. Mark Pattison, or Mr. Todhunter. If he had possessed as much literary culture and tact as he does good sense and scientific competence, he would not have overloaded the earlier part of his work with a collection of extracts from almost every recent authority on education and examinations, not particularly well selected or arranged. A hasty reader, judging the book from these chapters, might be tempted to think it a mere compilation, which it is very far from being. Mr. Galloway is not a finished or artistic writer; but when he is speaking of what he knows at first hand he can express himself with clearness and point quite sufficient for his purpose. We cannot help regretting that he has not given more of his space to this, and less to the repetition of topics already familiar to everybody interested in education, and which he is not specially qualified to set forth. People who want to learn the elements of logic and psychology (to which a whole chapter is devoted) will scarcely choose to learn them here. On the other hand, Mr. Galloway's evidence as to what is the state of instruction in his own branch of science, and what it might be, has a peculiar and personal value. And when we say that he tells us what might be, we are understating the nature of his evidence. It is not matter of opinion merely, for he tells what he himself has actually done by a rational method of teaching, sometimes under circumstances that were sufficiently discouraging to begin with. In Dublin, starting from almost nothing, he has turned out students capable, not merely of repeating accounts of other people's work, but of doing original and useful work of their own.

In all these discussions about teaching and examinations there are two distinct branches of the question which are apt to be confounded. We have to consider whether competitive examinations are in themselves the best means, or good means, of promoting education. Then we have to consider, assuming that competition

is to be the rule, how examinations may be made as efficient as the nature of the process admits, and how the process is to be adapted to the different kinds of knowledge. And this is the point to which attention most needs to be directed just now. It may or may not be a good thing to hold severely competitive examinations in mathematics or scholarship. Mr. Galloway appears to side with many distinguished persons who find more harm than good in the practice, and we are not much disposed to quarrel with him on that score. But we need not go so far in order to be with him on the immediate and practical question. It cannot be a reasonable thing to conduct an examination in zoology or chemistry in precisely the same way as an examination in mathematics, and here agitation against a barren routine has a fair chance of being successful, though competition, as a general principle, seems for the present to be firmly established. The truth is that in the older subjects the art of examination has been carried by successive generations of examiners to a higher degree of perfection than has been, or perhaps can be, attained in any of the newer ones. In mathematics and scholarship, as Mr. Galloway truly says, pen and ink are for the most advanced specialist, as well as for the student, the tools of his trade. He is a worker in abstract reasoning and symbols, or in literature and language. Thus it is practicable to make students do on paper, in answer to printed questions, work of the same kind that advanced mathematicians and scholars actually do in original research or criticism; and the conditions, though they must be different from those of original work, are not too dissimilar for the examination to be a real test of power. For the same reasons there is no serious difficulty in excluding cram, in its grosser forms at all events. A University examiner in mathematics or classics who allowed himself to be imposed upon by the sort of thing which not only passes muster but may command prizes in London science examinations (as Mr. Galloway bears witness in one or two curious anecdotes) would simply not know his business. The art of solving mathematical problems may be and is cultivated, but no one can learn it without acquiring real command of the instruments and methods of mathematical reasoning. The art of translating Greek and Latin into English, and English into Greek and Latin, may be and is cultivated; but no one can turn a difficult passage of Greek or Latin into correct and idiomatic English, or produce a respectable Greek or Latin version of a passage from a good English author, without having acquired a real and well-grounded knowledge of the mechanism and structure of the languages. There have been, and there are, persons with a genius for teaching the subjects of classical examinations, like the late Mr. Shilleto, or with a genius for teaching those of mathematical examinations, like Mr. Routh. But such persons must be in the first rank of scholarship and mathematics, and their pupils must be seriously minded to learn. Their teaching is not cramming; its contents and character are determined by the prescribed scheme of the examinations, and exaggerated stress may be laid on this or that detail because it is important for examination purposes, but in the main the instruction given by them is genuine and thorough. Were it not so, it would have no chance. We say nothing here of the intrinsic value of the subjects examined in, and the relative weight that should be given to them; for our part, we believe that the Cambridge course has been vastly improved by the changes of the last few years; but that is not the matter in hand. Even under the old system a good place in the honour lists was an effectual warranty of real grasp and competence in the subjects which the examination professed to test. It is worth noting, however, that the University of Oxford has never relied on paper work alone. Oral examination always has been, and still is, a material part of the procedure of the Oxford schools.

If, then, the Cambridge system was to be extended to the natural sciences, the properly analogous method would have been to require the candidates to show themselves competent in the kind of work that is required of experts in the particular science. As the mathematical student is called on to solve a new problem, and the classical student to interpret a difficult passage, the learner in anatomy should be called on to demonstrate and dissect, the learner in chemistry to analyse and assay. But it is always the easier way, more especially when one is in haste to make a show of results, to copy the details and routine of a system without considering what are the reasons for them in its own circumstances, and whether they apply to the circumstances in which it is to be copied. Accordingly the system of paper work and adding up marks has been applied wholesale to all manner of subjects to which it is very ill adapted, until the climax of absurdity has been reached in the papers issued by the South Kensington Cookery School, which pretend, or a few years ago pretended, to discover the proficiency of young persons in the art of cookery by asking them to describe in writing how they would make an omelette. And so it has been in chemistry and the other sciences. Candidates are asked on paper how they would go to work to test the presence of a given poison in a substance put before them. Mr. Galloway points out that a man may have got up from text-books all about the tests for arsenic, so as to give in writing a fluent account of them which will command high marks, and yet may be perfectly helpless if he is set down in a laboratory to do the thing he has learnt to describe. The competitor in such an examination is under great temptation to neglect knowledge of the things themselves for a show of knowledge of the names of things, and it is to be feared that he often does. He loads himself with a "useless lumber," as Mr. Galloway names it, of facts learnt by rote, and imperfectly understood for want of converse with the facts

\* *Education, Scientific and Technical; or, how the Inductive Sciences are Taught and how they ought to be Taught.* By Robert Galloway, M.R.I.A., F.C.S., &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

themselves. In short, our science teaching has put the cart before the horse. We ought to have adopted the best known methods of teaching, having regard to the nature of each subject, and arranged the system of examination accordingly. We have taken over bodily a system of examination devised for wholly different subjects, at the risk of starving all vitality out of the teaching to make it fit the examinations.

Even within the limits of what can be answered on paper there is great room for improvement. A common fault is to set questions requiring details which no expert thinks of carrying in his head in practice. Thus examinees, Mr. Galloway tells us, are asked to write down atomic weights of elements for which a working chemist would refer to a book. This is like expecting mathematical students to know the table of logarithms by heart, which, we need hardly say, is not the practice of mathematical examiners. It is possible, on the other hand, to imitate their practice by setting chemical questions in the nature of problems calling for a real exercise of thought. Mr. Galloway himself has introduced this with good effect. Again, chemistry cannot be taught by text-books alone; but the text-books may at least be composed on a rational plan. Some of them plunge into a detailed account of the properties of particular elements without giving any preliminary notion of the general properties of matter, of what an element is, or, in short, of the nature of the new field of knowledge the learner is supposed to be entering on. Mr. Galloway gives a specimen of this kind of thing at some length, and his criticism is no more than it deserves. Another of his aversions is the common type of popular science lectures. He finds that persons who have attended these are more troublesome as pupils than those who know nothing, and he regards it as a healthy sign of desire for real knowledge in the people of Manchester that so-called popular lectures are no longer in demand there. Finally, Mr. Galloway pleads strongly for the reconstitution of the Education Office as a substantive department of the Government independent of the Privy Council.

#### A MAN'S MISTAKE.\*

THERE are few men who have not many times in their life fretted over the weak decoction which over-careful hostesses are wont, with an apologetic air, to serve up under the name of tea. The pretence is always barefaced enough. Neither to the taste or smell, nor even to the eye, is it what it says it is. It is, as is known to every one, both to her who gives and to them who take, nothing but warm water slightly coloured and sweetened. It is fit for nothing but the slop-basin, and yet because it is called tea it has to be swallowed down as best it can. Perhaps a fairly good pot had been brewed at first, but the number of the guests had unexpectedly increased and their wants had been supplied solely from the kettle. In tea-making, by the way, this kind of meanness is still tolerated. A host would be scouted who replenished his half-empty beer jug or wine bottle with cold water, and then, giving it a shake and peeping into it, said that he feared the next glass would not be quite so strong as the last. But what he would never dare to do even secretly, his wife, with all the courage of her sex, will venture on with the most barefaced coolness. Perhaps, however—for this also does happen—the number of the guests had been known from the first, but the allowance of spoonfuls had been intentionally kept too low. A little tea had been served out to a big teapot, and a large measure of hot water. The virtue of prudence had been displayed, economy had been exercised, weak nerves had been considered, and the tea—what little there was—had been spoilt. In what way the novel before us—*A Man's Mistake*, as it is called—has been treated we do not know. It reminds us, however, of tea made either in one way or the other. It is, indeed, as weak and flavourless a decoction as we have been called upon to swallow for many a long day. The author, perhaps, began by writing her story in one volume, and then, to satisfy the requirements of her publisher or the circulating libraries, poured in enough harmless twaddle to swell it out to the proportions of three. Perhaps, on the other hand—for her experience as a novelist is by no means small—from the first she meant to make three volumes, but was either unwilling or unable to afford more material than would barely suffice for one. Be the explanation what it may, she has certainly produced a decoction that we have found almost impossible to gulp down. As we tried to swallow it, we were reminded of the miserable criminals who used to be made on the scaffold to take down a bucket or two of cold water by way of torture. Our lot, in one way, was harder than theirs, for by them stood the executioner, who would quickly free them from any chance of a repetition of the enormous dose; while we know only too well that, if our life is prolonged, many a bucketful still awaits us. We should have thought it impossible that such a story as the one before us could find a single reader, did we not call to mind the kind of conversation that goes on day after day in parlours and other places where ladies most do congregate. Men can no doubt in their way be quite as dull as women, but no man could get through even the opening chapters of this story, unless perchance it was some young curate who had been persuaded to read it aloud to a circle of the literary ladies of a village in the fen-country. Even he at last, driven to desperation, would, we are convinced, get a sore throat,

or an inward conviction that all novel-reading was sinful, long before he had reached the end of the book. We despair, indeed, of making our readers understand how tedious this novel is. No sample will show its dullness, any more than a sample could show the dreariness of a wide marsh or a dried-up desert. It must be gone through before it can be really known how vast and how uniform is its stupidity. Yet, for all that, it will have its readers, for, as we learn by the title-page, its author has already brought out so many stories that, while four are mentioned by name, it takes a double &c. to include the rest.

We were almost overwhelmed by the first chapter. In only twelve pages we had given us twenty-one names of the inhabitants of the village in which the man lived who made the mistake, while in the next twenty pages nine or ten more were added. We presently find out that some of these are merely names, for the bearers of them take no part in the story. Nevertheless we could not tell, as we came upon them, which were of importance, and therefore had to be remembered, and which might be safely forgotten. Our memory was needlessly fatigued, and our energies relaxed almost before the flood of twaddle burst upon us in all its fury. It was too much for us, and at first we sank beneath it. When at last we rose to the surface, we were just able to make out that, after all, there really was something besides words, and that there was a plot. It is hard to know who is the hero of the story—Mr. Aubury, who makes the mistake and gives the book its name, or Mr. Moriston, who marries the heroine. She, too, by the way, makes a very great mistake, and nearly marries the wrong man, who also makes a mistake. Her lover, moreover, makes quite as great a mistake as any one else, and so does a lady who loved Mr. Aubury and with whom he was in love. In fact, almost every one makes mistakes, which are only set right by a malarious fever which kills off one woman, and an able doctor who cures another just at the right time. Every one marries in the end who deserves to marry, and so no one is much the worse for all these mistakes but the unhappy reader. For, if they had not been made, it is pretty clear that the book would not have been written; for even our author must, we presume, have something to set her pen going. Mr. Aubury, whether the hero or not, at all events lived in a castle which had been attacked by "the Warwicks and Plantagenets" and battered by Cromwell's cannon in King Charles's time. He was a somewhat melancholy bachelor of middle age, to whom so much of a mystery attached as can be found in the fact that he had never married. To the reader this mystery is before long cleared up, for we learn that he had been secretly engaged to Miss Alvina Olerehart. She, after her engagement, had met with an accident and had become crippled. Though she had been confined to her couch for many years, yet the reader pricks up his ears when he hears that the village doctor said that it was quite possible that after all she could be cured. That, of course, means that, whatever mistake Mr. Aubury may make in the way of marrying, the faithful lady of the strange name will become his wife in the end. A mysterious widow, Mrs. Maria Plummeraleigh by name, happened to visit the doctor's wife. Though her figure was good, it had, we are told, a scarcity of tissue about it. Nevertheless, in spite of her mystery and this distressing scarcity of tissue, every one said that she was just the wife that Mr. Aubury ought to have. No one was more eager for this match than her friend Mrs. Polemont, in whose house she was staying. Many a conversation did these two ladies have over Mr. Aubury, and the style of dress which was most likely to win his eye. One specimen of their talk will perhaps satisfy our readers. Should, however, they find it to their taste, there is, we can assure them, plenty of it to be had:—

"Maria," she said, changing the conversation, "I am so glad I insisted upon your having the navy-blue bonnet. Of all things that put me out of temper, a brown bonnet and a black silk dress do it most effectually. Just come to the glass now and see what a difference I have made in you."

Maria came, little Mrs. Polemont prancing round about her, and giving the bonnet a tilt, now up, now down to see in which position it suited its wearer best.

"Well on your forehead, Maria, is the place for it, because it takes off from the length of your face. And now that people wear their hair down over their eyes so, one looks unfurnished with such a great place seen at the top. You wouldn't like to take to a fringe, would you, Maria? Or else it would become you very well, because of such a quantity of forehead."

Mrs. Plummeraleigh said she was afraid the fringe would be out of place.

"Well, yes, perhaps it would."

Mr. Aubury would have been proof against the navy-blue bonnet, had it not been for two mistakes into which he fell. In the first place, he and his Alvina managed to misunderstand each other. Each thought that the other was tired of the kind of engagement that still existed between them. This however, by itself would never have made him marry Mrs. Plummeraleigh. He had been told that he must engage a lady-companion for his half-sister Linnet, who was a wild young lady of seventeen or eighteen. Linnet and Alvina, by the way, are a queer pair of names for the two heroines of one novel. For all that we can see, Betty and Molly would have done equally well. So awkward was Mr. Aubury in asking the widow with the scarcity of tissue about her to fill this place that he managed to make her think that he was offering her his hand. He did not like to draw back, and so the mistake was made and they were married. He and his Alvina came, however, to an understanding. He told her what a blunder he had made, while "almost a glory"—whatever that may be—"flashed into her eyes for just one moment, and then died away." For the new Mrs. Aubury's life, though she was a young woman,

\* *A Man's Mistake*. By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," "Annette," "Little Miss Primrose," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1881.

and, barring the tissue, in good health, the reader hereupon would not give a brass farthing. She is as certain to die as Alvisia is to recover. As there was a mystery about her, she might be proved to have a former husband still living, but for certain reasons this did not seem likely. Linnet meanwhile had fallen in love with a young Scotchman, as poor as he was heroic. He is made to believe that she has engaged herself to a wealthy lover, while she thinks that he has treated her with scorn. As an easy way out of the difficulty, she at once accepts the offer of a rich but middle-aged and most unheroic wooer; and then, as might be expected, begins to look wretchedly ill and to lose her complexion. Nevertheless, the bridemaids are appointed, the wedding dress ordered, and the day fixed. These things are all very good in themselves; but for poor Linnet there was no longer "any shining of Heaven's blue through thinning boughs, on which the golden glory of autumn lingered, any glamour of mystery, or hope, or wonder, in the way she had chosen for herself." Her situation seemed indeed desperate, and so did the young Scotch hero's. Our only hope was that the middle-aged lover would have a fit, or be pitched off his horse into a stone quarry. His life is spared, however, and yet the engagement is broken off. We must leave something to arouse the curiosity of our readers, and so we will not tell them how this happy result was brought about. The Auburys spend the winter in the North of Italy. The husband discovers his wife's secret, and learns that she had been guilty of the enormity of having once been a lady's-maid. There is nothing, therefore, left for her but to die penitent. This she quickly does by the help of "a malaria fever of a dangerous type." Alvisia soon after recovers from the accident which had so long crippled her, and marries her old lover, while Linnet is reconciled to her poor Scotchman. Even the rich middle-aged lover is provided with a wife, and every one is left happy except the reader, who is so broken in spirit long before he reaches the end that he has not any heart left to rejoice at the deliverance which has at length come upon him.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

**A** CALENDAR by Dr. Ditttrich of the letters and official documents emanating from, or addressed to, Cardinal Gasparo Contarini (1) is rather a work of reference than one for perusal, but may become the groundwork of one of the most important contributions to modern historical literature. Dr. Ditttrich appears to intend writing the life of Contarini, which will be nearly equivalent to the history of the most interesting phase of the Roman counter-Reformation. Luther, in homely but accurate phrase, had brought the Church of Rome to its senses. All men of insight agreed in the necessity of a reformation so far as discipline was concerned. But one party, represented by Loyola and Caraffa, wished to go no further, and to make up for the tacit admission that discipline needed amendment by the sternest severity towards dissentients in doctrine; while another, represented by Contarini, Pole, and Cervini, inclined, perhaps unconsciously, in the direction of Protestantism. Between the two stood the mass of conservative sentiment impersonated in Pope Paul III. himself, a fine gentleman of the old school, who in his heart would fain have perpetuated the traditions of his immediate predecessors, but had the wisdom to discern that this was not possible, and only hesitated between Caraffa and Contarini. The latter was removed by death in 1542, not without suspicions of poison; but the party of conciliation was still strong enough to place the moderate and humane Cervini in the Papal chair as late as 1555, and bigotry only triumphed with his successor, Caraffa. Even the comparatively dry bones of a calendar give a highly favourable impression of Contarini as a man of the purest motives and most amiable disposition, as well as of the most remarkable range of accomplishments. He appears as a classical and Biblical scholar, statesman, administrator, diplomatist; astronomers send him their unpublished works to correct; and he displays acquaintance with the most abstruse intricacies of scholastic logic. By far the larger share of the collection is devoted to the papers connected with his legation to Germany, shortly before his death, which are most valuable for the history of the Reformation in that country. There is, however, perhaps more personal interest in those of a somewhat earlier date, which include more correspondence on private matters characteristic of the writer and his friends, among whom Pole, Cervini, Sadoleto, and Bembo are particularly to be named. Apart from the religious controversies of the time, the tone of their correspondence is quite classical, reminding us of the circles of Cicero or Pliny. Other letters to or from less distinguished persons frequently give a curious insight into the manners and circumstances of the time. Among Contarini's most important correspondents on political business are Morone and Cardinal Farnese. The earliest letters of all relate chiefly to the affairs of the Venetian Republic, for, before his elevation to the Cardinalate in 1535, he was a Venetian senator. The calendar is followed by an appendix of documents of which the full text is given, almost all of great interest. Among the most curious is a report presented by Contarini to Pope Paul III., exhorting his Holiness to relinquish the lucrative extortions of the Roman datariate. Contarini says roundly that the Popes since Paul II. have all disgraced themselves, and adds, *Magnum certe negotium et infinitum, si quis voluerit*

*omnia gesta omnium Pontificum tuari*. Dr. Ditttrich's diligence as a compiler and lucidity as an abbreviator are equally admirable, and it is much to be wished that he may be enabled to fulfil his design of writing the complete biography of his interesting hero.

The life of another remarkable personage of the Reformation era has been ably written by Herr Hermann Dalton (2). Johannes a Lasco, or Laski, is peculiarly interesting to Englishmen from the influence he exerted in the cause of the English Reformation under Edward VI. His counsels are stated by contemporaries to have had much weight with the wavering Cranmer, and to have contributed to the evolution of that Calvinistic element in the Church of England, whose co-existence in her, side by side with antagonistic schools of thought, gives her a character of universality unknown to less comprehensive Churches. Lasco had come to England as a fugitive. The nephew of the Polish Primate, he had surrendered the most tempting ecclesiastical prospects from fidelity to conviction; and, after an eventful career in Friesland, found a refuge in England, where he enjoyed the friendship of all the leaders of the Reformation, and became superintendent of all foreign Protestant congregations. The accession of Mary drove him back to the Continent, and he eventually found his way to his own country, just then the most tolerant in Europe, where his talents and station procured him the undisputed leadership of the Protestant movement until his death. Had the Reformation triumphed in Poland, his name might have been hardly less celebrated than Melancthon's; but the disastrous victory of the Jesuits almost blotted it out until the republication of his works by Dr. Kuyper a few years ago. Herr Dalton, partly under Dr. Kuyper's guidance, has produced a valuable monograph, of which students of the English, no less than the Polish, Reformation will do well to take note.

Fritz Hommel's lecture on the Semitic race (3) may be designed as an indirect protest against the scandalous anti-Jewish agitation in Germany. He has formed a very high estimate of the capacity of the race, even in the fine arts and other departments where they have seldom or never attained supreme excellence, and he protests against Mahomedan polygamy and general depreciation of woman being regarded as inherent faults in the Arabic character. He also contends for the original monotheism of the Semites, maintaining that the polytheism which undoubtedly prevailed among them from an early date was borrowed from the Accadians. There is a useful summary of the peculiarities of Semitic grammar, and a map showing the diffusion of the various Semitic peoples and languages at various periods of history.

An especially Semitic topic is discussed by Dr. F. Delitzsch in his disquisition on the site of Eden (4) as illustrated by Assyrian documents. He rejects the theories which locate Paradise in India, Ethiopia, Armenia, or any country remote from that where the tradition originated, and identifies it simply with the neighbourhood of Babylon; the Pison and Gihon being in his view merely branches of the Euphrates. The resemblance of the story of the Fall to the Babylonian myth of the serpent Tiamat, and other similar analogies, are urged in further support of this theory. About half the volume is occupied by a series of elaborate excursions on Assyrian geography.

Professor Volkmar's "Jesus of Nazareth" (5) is designed as an exhibition of the life and teachings of Christ from the genuine Christian literature of the first century. Unfortunately the Professor's standard of authenticity is so exacting that he hardly leaves himself any materials for his edifice. He allows none of the Biblical writings to belong to the first century except the Gospel of Mark, the Apocalypse, and the greater epistles of St. Paul. There is abundance of acuteness and earnestness in his book, but, considering how generally his conclusions are disputed, a less dogmatic tone would not have been unbecoming. The book will nevertheless be of great value and interest, particularly as the author's views as to the late date of some of the canonical writings, and the consequent claim of semi-apocryphal works like *Hermas* to be discussed on an equal footing with them, render his work more of a review of the general body of early Christian literature than a mere addition to the innumerable "Lives of Christ."

F. Nietzsche's thoughts on prejudices in morals (6) are less searching and also less eccentric than might have been expected from some of the writer's earlier performances. Their character is aphoristic, but they are in general very deficient in the pith and terseness which the aphoristic style requires. Their polemic against received ideas is less vigorous than might have been anticipated, and their profession of originality greater than their performance. At the same time there are many acute remarks, such as the observation that, since Continental princes have generally received a military education, parasites have forsaken Court circles, and must now be looked for at the tables of eminent financiers.

(2) *Johannes a Lasco. Beitrag zur Reformationsgeschichte Polens, Deutschlands und Englands.* Von Hermann Dalton. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Die Semiten und ihre Bedeutung für die Kulturgeschichte.* Von Fritz Hommel. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Wo lag das Paradies? Eine biblisch-assyriologische Studie. Mit zahlreichen assyriologischen Beiträgen zur biblischen Länder- und Völkerkunde.* Von Dr. F. Delitzsch. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Jesus Nazarenus und die erste christliche Zeit, nach den Schriftzeugen des ersten Jahrhunderts.* Von G. Volkmar. Lief. 1. Zürich: Schmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Morgenröthe. Gedanken über die moralischen Vorurtheile.* Von F. Nietzsche. Chemnitz: Schmetsner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Regesten und Briefe des Cardinals Gasparo Contarini (1483-1542).* Herausgegeben von Dr. F. Ditttrich. Braunsberg: Heye. London: Williams & Norgate.

The first volume of Dr. Schultze's work on the philosophy of natural science (7) is mainly historical, and evinces little originality until he comes to deal with modern developments of philosophy. His observations are then sometimes very much to the point, as when, in commenting upon the close approach of Leibnitz to the doctrine of evolution, he remarks that Leibnitz contemplated, as a series of distinct steps, what science now regards as one perpetual transition. He may perhaps be briefly characterized as a Darwinian naturalist whose philosophical sympathies are with Kant rather than with Hume, and who deems that the theory of evolution need not lead either to absolute scepticism or to dogmatic materialism.

Ever and anon in the wilderness of contemporary literature we encounter a book so fresh, so natural, and so pleasing, that it seems to have been transplanted from some other sphere rather than to have sprung up where it is found. Such is actually the case with the charming letters and memoirs of General and Madame von Riedesel (8), for the matter is more than a century old, and the original publication more than eighty; but they are so little known to the present generation as to constitute practically a new book. General von Riedesel, a Hessian by birth, was at the outbreak of the American War of Independence an officer in the service of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Lessing's princely master—a weak extravagant prince who paid his debts, or some of them, by selling his subjects to fight the battles of the English in America. Riedesel was despatched on this service at the beginning of 1776; his wife, with three young children, speedily followed him—an heroic undertaking in those days. From the unwillingness of her female companion to cross the Atlantic, Mme. von Riedesel was detained several months in England, and her memoirs contain several curious traits of English life at the time. Arrived in America, she shared her husband's hardships, including several campaigns, the disastrous capitulation of Saratoga, and a long captivity, much of which was spent in travelling under circumstances of great difficulty. Every page is full of interest, particularly the description of the bombardment of Saratoga—where Mme. Riedesel and her children were the inmates of a cellar—and the incidents of imprisonment. The American officers appear to have behaved with remarkable generosity; and the intense exasperation of the common people against everything British was rather shown by rudeness than cruelty. The charm of the book, however, consists chiefly in the unconscious portrayal of a perfect feminine character in the relations of wife and mother. With no apparent consciousness that she is relating anything remarkable, Mme. von Riedesel portrays a succession of such trials and troubles as have fallen to the lot of few, borne with ease, and even pleasure, under the impulse of the same strong affection which had brought her to America. Her husband's frequent sicknesses and other grievances touch her far more nearly than her own; and her account of them, although by no means highly coloured, affects the reader with her own emotion. Nothing is more effective than her scrupulous avoidance of all exaggeration; with no exercise or affectation of literary methods, her artless narrative is a model of simple pathos. General von Riedesel's share in the book is nearly confined to a military memoir on the capitulation of Saratoga. He returned safely to Europe with his wife, and survived to be once again sold into foreign service, this time to the Dutch. He died in 1800; Madame von Riedesel in 1808.

Mr. Becker (9), it appears, has resided in the United States for seventeen years, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the seamy side of American life and institutions. It is no great breach of charity to surmise that he has not himself succeeded as an emigrant, otherwise he would have had less time and less inducement to disparage his adopted country. A book mainly on so rich a subject as the eccentricities of American professional politicians and the fascilities of "rings" and "lobbyists" cannot fail to be amusing, and might have been useful to the nation concerned, but for the writer's evident malevolence. A long indictment, dwelling ruthlessly upon every real or imaginary shortcoming and ignoring the other side of the question, produces the effect of a long libel, especially when many of the complaints are out of date or entirely frivolous. Mr. Becker, for instance, seems to think a riot in Arkansas, the Mayo of America, a blot upon the whole Union; and is horrified at the haberdashers' stores in the Western cities being served by shopmen, although he admits that the same custom prevails in Vienna—and in London too, he might have added. The most curious point about his book is the occasion of its republication, which seems to be merely the gratification of a grudge of the editor, F. von Hellwald, against the German press in America. Herr von Hellwald, it seems, some years ago took occasion to remark in a German magazine that the American German press was, as a rule, very ignorant, very miserable, and very ungrammatical. The injured journalists responded by a torrent of abuse, thereby establishing the soundness of Herr von Hellwald's criticisms; but he, instead of feeling complimented by this confirmation of his

veracity, republishes Mr. Becker's book and accompanies it with a long prefatory invective, proving no more, we fear, than that he cannot understand a joke. Among the enormous crimes gravely enumerated as calculated to call down the wrath of Heaven on Transatlantic journalists, German and English, are that one of them allows his subscribers to pay in potatoes, and that another compares earthly happiness to the tail of a scaped pig.

Another German traveller (10) testifies, on the contrary, that it is a most unusual thing to find a German denizen of the United States speaking otherwise than with enthusiasm of the country. It is true, he adds, that the German who has not succeeded has commonly perished in the attempt. The author of this observation is a very instructive and entertaining writer, who has made the tour of the world to inquire how the various European nations are acquitting themselves of their mission as colonists. The larger part of his first volume, and the most interesting to English readers, is occupied by a description of his visit to New South Wales and Victoria. We are happy to find his account highly favourable, not merely as regards the material development of the colonies, but as to their social characteristics and the general standard of culture. The physical conditions of Australia will, he thinks, ultimately produce a type of inhabitant resembling the Sicilian or Southern Italian. Some of the traveller's descriptions of Australian scenery, especially of the great cataract in the Blue Mountains, are very striking.

Herr Leopold Katscher (11) has not personally visited China, and his "Sketches from Chinese Life" are consequently a compilation. Their materials are derived to a great extent from Archdeacon Gray's work, the best Herr Katscher could have used, and, being manipulated with his accustomed literary skill, the result is a very satisfactory volume.

The last number of the *Russian Review* (12) contains an article of great interest to English readers, one on the communication between Europe and India through the Tokko-Tartar district, by General Annenkow. General Annenkow considers that the connexion of Russia and India by a railway through the Tekke oasis, Herat, and Candahar, may have a most important influence upon the commercial relations of Europe and the East; and he seems to hint, though he does not expressly say so, that it would supply Russia with a strong motive for keeping the peace in Central Asia and Afghanistan.

(10) *Rund um die Erde. Sitten- und Culturschilderungen aus den hervorragendsten Colonialländern nach ihrem heutigen Standpunkt.* Von Hugo Züller. Bd. 1. Köln: Dumont-Schauberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Bilder aus dem Chinesischen Leben. Mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Sitten und Gebräuche.* Von Leopold Katscher. Leipzig und Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Russische Revue. Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von Carl Roltger. Jahrg. x., Hft. 7. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner & Co.

We have received a letter from a friend of Colonel Olcott, objecting to some strictures which we lately made upon that gentleman and Madame Blavatsky as founders of the so-called Theosophic Society of India. Our remarks were based upon the published accounts of their doings, which struck us as bearing a suspicious resemblance to those of the "spirit mediums" in Europe and America. We are quite willing to accept our Correspondent's statement that Colonel Olcott occupied an honourable position in his own country, and to believe that both he and Madame Blavatsky are credulous enthusiasts, and not unscrupulous adventurers. When, however, people promulgate pernicious theories, and adopt practices which, under another name, have been authoritatively pronounced illegal and mischievous, they must not be surprised if, in the absence of private information as to their biography, they lay themselves open to adverse criticism.

#### NOTICE.

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(7) *Philosophie der Naturwissenschaft.* Von Dr. Fritz Schultze. Teil 1. Leipzig: Götthner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Briefe und Berichte des Generals und der Generalin von Riedesel während des nordamerikanischen Krieges, in den Jahren 1776 bis 1783 geschrieben.* Freiburg und Tübingen: Mohr. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Soziale und politische Zustände in den Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerika's.* Von J. H. Becker. Mit Einleitung von Friedrich von Hellwald. Augsburg: Lampart & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.





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## DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE death of the President of the UNITED STATES causes deep and universal regret, though the shock of the first surprise has passed away. The fatal result was not unexpected. No physician or surgeon can with certain success counteract the effects of a dangerous wound, or the inevitable risks of an apparent convalescence extended over several weeks. The sanguine expectations of his early recovery which were for some time constantly expressed, as if for the purpose of inspiring a confidence which every man wished to borrow from his neighbour, were, it is believed, not shared by competent judges in England. Non-professional opinions are worth nothing in cases of disease; but laymen of mature experience have learnt not to be sanguine in cases so serious as that of Mr. GARFIELD. The death of the PRESIDENT will revive the indignation which was caused by the outrage when it was perpetrated; and there is fortunately no reason to believe that the delay which has intervened will have the effect of saving the life of the assassin. It is satisfactory to know that GUILTEAU has not attracted to himself any portion of the morbid sympathy or interest which sometimes attends the worst of criminals. His act has not been attributed to any motive more romantic than the resentment of a disappointed place-hunter, combined with a vulgar desire for notoriety. It would be a cause for regret if he escaped the punishment which more than any other represents the general horror of atrocious crime. It is the duty of those who administer and execute justice to maintain, as far as possible, the wholesome instinct which rejects all palliations of murder. Within a few weeks, while Mr. GARFIELD was struggling between life and death, public feeling has been less disposed to tolerate threats of similar crimes to be perpetrated in England by Irish ruffians. It is a grave error to believe that Nihilists and Fenians can openly defy the fundamental principles of right and wrong without a demoralizing effect on the society which tolerates their profligate paradoxes. The wretched GUILTEAU might probably never have ventured on his crime if he had not been corrupted by such examples as that of HARTMANN and by the teaching of ROSSA and his accomplices. The doctrine and practice of the Irish Land League may perhaps have had a share in familiarizing a weak and vicious mind with the thought of murder. That body at its recent Convention passed a vote of sympathy with the late PRESIDENT; but the speakers took the opportunity of excusing the not less atrocious murder of the Emperor of RUSSIA. It must be admitted that the doctrines of the League are entirely consistent with its practice.

By a natural and creditable impulse, Americans of all parties have during the PRESIDENT'S illness become more and more cordial in their appreciation of his considerable merits; and a large share of popular sympathy has been extended to Mrs. GARFIELD, who seems to deserve all the praise which her devotion to her husband has earned. Mr. GARFIELD, like some of his predecessors in the Presidency, and in common with many other eminent Americans, earned his livelihood in early youth by manual labour, and contrived to educate himself. In accordance with the same precedents, he became a teacher in a school, a lawyer, an active local politician. He must have already made himself known when he joined the Federal army at the age of thirty, for his merits and his popularity obtained

for him the rank of General before the end of the war. It may be doubted whether any non-professional officer displayed so much military aptitude. Within a few years he rose to be a principal leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives, and he seems to have acquired a high reputation as an election manager, without compromising his public or private reputation for honesty. Immediately before his nomination for the Presidency he had been elected Senator for Ohio, but he never took his seat. At the Republican Convention of last year he was charged with the conduct of Mr. SHERMAN'S interests; and he was consequently the most conspicuous opponent of General GRANT and of Mr. CONKLING. The usual distaste of Conventions to the selection of the most conspicuous candidate rendered it necessary to provide another nominee in the place of Mr. SHERMAN, and the section of delegates which was irreconcilably opposed to General GRANT chose the most respectable of Mr. SHERMAN'S supporters as his substitute. It is the best proof of Mr. GARFIELD'S integrity that during the contest which ensued he was not accused by the opposite party of political or personal misconduct. He seems, indeed, to have possessed both remarkable ability and an unusually pure moral character. Both the Republicans and the Democrats were well represented in the Presidential contest, for Mr. GARFIELD'S political experience might be fairly set off against General HANCOCK'S military services. Even Mr. CONKLING, notwithstanding his disappointment, was induced to canvass for the Republican nominee. The dispute which ensued as to the stipulated price of Mr. CONKLING'S services has, through circumstances, since become obsolete. The only act during Mr. GARFIELD'S short tenure of office which attracted general notice was his appointment for party reasons to the lucrative post of Collector in New York of a local opponent of Mr. CONKLING. The nomination had probably no important significance, but in the result the factitious excitement which subsequently arose may possibly have stimulated the criminal propensities of the assassin.

The universal sympathy and veneration which has been shown to the PRESIDENT during his prolonged sufferings does honour to the feelings of his countrymen. Much official and general inconvenience must have arisen from the suspension of the executive functions for between two and three months. There would have been no difficulty in devising means for temporarily applying the place of the PRESIDENT; and probably might have become necessary, if the illness had lasted much longer, to recognize his present successor as his deputy; but the Cabinet, with the full approval of the country, determined to do nothing which might possibly throw impediments in the way of the PRESIDENT'S recovery. It was known that he continued to take an active interest in public business, and an invalid might probably have been depressed by the knowledge that it had been thought necessary to provide for a long suspension of his official activity. In the same spirit in which the spectators remained silent at the stations which he passed between Washington and Long Branch, the entire nation acquiesced in the expediency of postponing every other interest to the consideration of the means by which his recovery might be best promoted. The genuine sympathy which was manifested in foreign countries, and especially in England—and to which, with characteristic good feeling, the QUEEN has given expression by ordering a Court mourning—appears to have received due recog-

dition from a people which was thoroughly in earnest. It fortunately happened that during the forced retirement of the PRESIDENT, no political question of importance either at home or abroad required immediate attention. The PRESIDENT had the satisfaction of knowing that the country was in full enjoyment of unprecedented prosperity, and that, even if Congress had been sitting, there was no urgent need of legislation. No other great community has the good fortune to be equally independent of Governments and of representative assemblies.

Mr. ARTHUR, who now succeeds as President, has during the late interval of suspense judiciously withdrawn himself as much as possible from public notice. He belongs to the section of the Republican party which was personally opposed to Mr. GARFIELD; but it is not certain that the internal dissensions which prevailed at Chicago implied any conflict of political opinion. Mr. ARTHUR has not attained the same rank as his predecessor, and he has been associated with the less respectable section of the Republican party. But Mr. ARTHUR was by a customary compromise appointed Vice-President on the nomination of Mr. CONKLING, and he had earned the distinction by local activity and reputation for personal integrity and capacity in an important post. Now that he is President, it will be his interest as well as his duty to defend the legitimate prerogatives of the office against Senators and election managers. While he was engaged in organizing caucuses and conventions he probably relied, like other active politicians, on the disposal of official appointments as the natural motive power of American party politics. As President he may not improbably look rather to the public interest, and he may endeavour to promote official efficiency by a reform of the Civil Service. A natural, if not a logical, result of the late disaster will be a disposition to support the President for the time being in the due discharge of his functions. Mr. ARTHUR will be unwise if he fails to profit by a reaction against the Senatorial usurpations which began in the Presidency of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON. His first duty naturally was to define his position to the Cabinet which had been appointed by Mr. GARFIELD. It was expected that Mr. BLAINE would be relieved of his post as Secretary of State, but it does not yet appear that any alteration has been made in the Cabinet.

#### THE NEW RUSSIAN UKASE.

SOME of the fruits of the Dantzic meeting have not been long in making their appearance, and they entirely justify the anticipation that the results of that interview would prove in no respect unfavourable to Austria, and that it was directed, at least in great measure, to the concoction of fresh attempts to remedy the internal disorders of the two Empires. Whether the telegram attributed to Baron HAYMERLE, in reference to the behaviour of Mr. DE GIERs and Prince BISMARCK, be genuine or not, no suspicion seems to rest upon the very cordial despatch of the Czar to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, and this would, of itself, be sufficient proof of that no umbrage to that potentate was intended. Indeed a probable interview between the two sovereigns has since been announced. The new Ukase published at St. Petersburg on Wednesday, and approved by the Czar a week previously (that is to say, just after the Dantzic Conference), has produced a variance of opinion between the evening and the morning organs of Radicalism in London; the *Daily News* putting the natural and historically correct construction upon it, the *Pall Mall Gazette* taking its contemporary to task for ignorance of foreign politics, and for mistaking a mere codification of previous enactments for the proclamation of a new reign of terror. This is not the first time that the *Daily News* has not been Russophile enough to satisfy the ardent devotion of the *Pall Mall* to the liberators of Bulgaria and the conquerors of Central Asia. The morning journal was severely taken to task not long ago by the evening one for its maladroit remonstrances with the Czar on his flagrant breach of the undertaking given to, or at least intimated by, Sir CHARLES DILKE. There is no need to attempt arbitration in this dispute; and it might be sufficient to say that the St. Petersburg stockbrokers appear to have been as ignorant of politics as the *Daily News*, inasmuch as the Bourse is reported to have been depressed in consequence of the Ukase. It is, however, unnecessary to

repeat the arguments of this kind. As a matter of fact, the new Ukase, if it in some respects only repeats parts of the numerous edicts having reference to the government of the interior which have been issued since SOLOVIEV's attempt on the late Czar, repeats them in a combined form, extends their application in some cases, and gives them the additional weight of a solemn enactment. It must be taken, and will be taken, by every one concerned, as a repetition of the refusal of the Czar to deal with the discontent in his Empire by any other means than repression of the most summary and high-handed kind, and as a new blow to the hopes which were entertained at his accession, and which were thought to be justified by documents known to have received, or all but received, his father's assent on the eve of RUSSAKOFF's crime.

It is not possible to anticipate with any certainty what will be the effect of this fresh start in the apparently hopeless crusade against Nihilism. To begin with, the most formidable Ukases are in Russia very often little more than so much ink and paper, owing to the tremendous resistance of inertia, if not of actual ill-will, which the huge machine of Russian bureaucracy interposes in the way of their working. Ordinances quite as stringent, if less regularly codified, and narrower in their application in some cases, were in force at the time of the later attempts on the life of ALEXANDER II.; yet, but for the audacity of the conspirators, and the treachery or human weakness of GOLDBERG, it is not probable that any but the immediate actors in either of them would have been caught. The Ukase, indeed, places or maintains under a modified state of siege a considerable portion of Russia, including most of the larger towns. The officials charged with its execution can arrest, search, forbid residence, transport suspected persons from one place to another; in fact, they can do pretty much what they please with the whole population of the districts under their charge. But the very width of these powers betrays a certain weakness in them. The cook has the most admirable *batterie de cuisine* for dealing with the hare when caught; but he is not furnished with any additional powers of tracking and catching her. Hitherto it has not been that the arms of Russian Governors have been shortened, but that their eyes have been blinded. Their detectives have either not known who were the dangerous persons, and where they were to be found, and what were their intentions, or, if they have known all this, they have kept it to themselves. And yet the Ukase, while thus very unlikely to be fruitful of good, is still capable of being fertile in evil. It is a fresh challenge to the Nihilists, a fresh admission that the Czar and an unknown portion of his subjects are at war, a fresh, unnatural bandage restraining the life of the nation. If it is very hard to catch Nihilists, it is very easy to suppress newspapers, to hunt peaceful merchants about Russia, to deport and intern and arrest and banish, to keep up a feeling of panic among the well-intentioned, and foster the flame of conspiracy in those whose intentions are evil. Whatever may be the effect of states of siege, they are not historically identified with peaceful progress, with the development of half-civilized nations into higher civilization, with financial convalescence, or even with abstinence from hazardous and aggressive foreign policy. It is sometimes argued that England ought to be rather grateful to the Nihilists, inasmuch as they give Russia plenty to do at home. England does not in any case want allies of this kind; but, as a matter of fact, the designs of Russia with which alone England has anything to do are much more likely to be pushed on more boldly than to be checked owing to this cause. To Russia and Austria the troubles of the Czar with his subjects may be a pledge of his good behaviour, but hardly to England.

It is a favourite habit with Radical friends of Russia to compare covertly or openly Ukases against the Nihilists with Coercion Acts in Ireland. The comparison goes about as far as this, that there are prisoners in both cases, and persons put into them. But it would be very difficult to find two forms of revolt against authority more different in themselves, and therefore requiring more difference of treatment, than Nihilism and Land-Leaguism. The Nihilist is frequently, if not always, an atrocious scoundrel; but his scoundrelism, notwithstanding its atrocity, is neither sordid nor self-seeking. His object is not to put somebody else's purse in his own pocket. It is, indeed, very difficult to say what his object in a material form is, and the fanatical intangibility of his creed makes him the very last person to deal with by simple repression.

The more alarmed he seems to be, in the words of the authorities, the more his imagination is roused; the more the force put in motion against him, the more readily does his insane energy of resistance become. Light and air might possibly kill the germs of his disease in those in whom it has not taken deep root; darkness and repression are likely, if not certain, to foster those germs. But the Land Leaguer, though he is very often an atrocious scoundrel too, is a very different sort of person. His objects are purely material. If he is, as his American friends say, a "boss," those objects are political eminence and authority; if he is of the rank and file, they are simply as much of his neighbour's goods as he can get. Such a person is perfectly easy to deal with if sufficient energy be used. Make the prospect of material discomfort and loss more probable than the prospect of material power and gain, and he will be a loyal enough subject, because it is his interest to be so. His motives and views are thoroughly sordid and low, and they must be met accordingly. Of course, it is not impossible that there may be a few visionaries to whom Home Rule, or an Irish Republic, or even (for the tricks of fanaticism are endless) some idealized form of tenant-right is what the vague idea of the annihilation of the social system is to the Russian anarchist. But such persons are certainly very few, and, as far as it is possible to discover, they have for the most part held aloof from Mr. PARNELL's gross and material crusade. The tactics, therefore, which are as well as just in Ireland (half-heartedly as they have been hitherto applied there), are not by any means necessarily wise—not to speak of their justice—in Russia, even if it were possible to carry them out there. Experience seems to show that it is not possible. Whether it be the case that the official class itself is really leavened with Nihilism, or that the ingrained and apparently indestructible corruption of Russian bureaucracy enables the conspirators to secure neutrality, if not help, from those whose duty it is to counterwork them, it is notorious that hitherto the most elaborate and unfettered despotism in the world has fought a constantly losing battle with its foe. The new Ukase is not any more than its predecessors directed in the very slightest degree to the extirpation of the causes of the evil. It does not even take account of the existence of such causes, nor does it amount to more (so much may be granted to the *Pall Mall Gazette*) than a refurbishing and rebrandishing of weapons which have been already tried and found blunt and useless. It is in the fact of this useless renewal, and not in any specific novelty in the attempt, that the unfortunate significance of the measure lies.

#### LAND LEAGUE DOCTRINES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE revolutionary action of the Land League Convention in Dublin might be expected to discourage the agitation against landed property in Great Britain; but combined cupidity and pedantry are still active in urging the application in a peaceable country of the doctrines which have produced the present anarchy in Ireland. On a Highland estate a body of small tenants has, in close conformity with Irish precedent, refused to pay any rent unless a reduction of 25 per cent. is conceded. The arbitrary composition offered for a lawful debt is apparently a substitute for the standard of GRIFFIN'S valuation which has been now shamelessly abandoned by the Land League. In Scotland there happens to be no such assessment; but the principle of robbery may be applied in many forms. It may be hoped that the plagiarists of spoliation will find that the law is still strong enough to enforce the performance of obligations, and to punish the outrages which may not improbably be contemplated. The English Farmers' Alliance, and the Aberdeenshire tenants who command the sympathy of Mr. J. HOWARD and his coadjutors, have not hitherto advanced to the same stage of lawlessness. They hope, indeed, to deprive landowners of a considerable part of their property in favour of claimants who have no moral or equitable pretext for their demands; but the Farmers' Alliance for the present looks rather to Mr. GLADSTONE than to any English imitator of Mr. PARNELL. Predatory legislation, if it can be obtained, will be safer and more respectable than agrarian rebellion; nor, indeed, are the English advocates of tenant-right to be placed on a level with the priests and demagogues who preach plunder and rebellion in Dublin. The proposed

reduction of rents and expropriation of landowners by legislative methods is still the furthest limit to which democratic injustice has reached in Great Britain. Mr. GLADSTONE has, after his ordinary fashion, encouraged agrarian agitation by promising a Land Bill of which the provisions are not defined. His own convictions on the subject have probably still to be formed.

Journalists who support the purely selfish pretensions of malcontent farmers frequently repeat the Jacobinical cant of invidious contrasts between owners who are supposed to be living in luxury and the hardworking cultivators of the soil. The same argument may be more plausibly used against the possessors of any other kind of property. If the acquisition and hereditary transmission of wealth is not to be tolerated, it is idle to denounce, as a special abuse, the least profitable mode of investment. It is as lawful to purchase the right of receiving rent as to become a national creditor, or a holder of shares or debentures in any commercial undertaking. It is conceivable, though not probable, that the Legislature might be justified in effecting a compulsory purchase of the rights of any kind of capitalists; but the Farmers' Alliance and the Aberdeenshire agitators propose to transfer, without compensation, to another class of the community, the property which is vested in the present owners of land. In the Lothians, and on some parts of the Border, there are tenant-farmers who have 10,000l., 20,000l., or, perhaps, 40,000l. invested in their business; and, in the exercise of their undoubted right, they live and educate their families in a style suited to their pecuniary condition. There must be many small landowners who are forced to live in a humbler manner, while the holders of great patrimonial estates of course enjoy the advantages of their position. The tenants have no more right to be further enriched at the expense of the landlords than the occupiers of houses in Westminster or Marylebone to claim an arbitrary reduction of their rents or an extension of their present terms. In Aberdeenshire there are more small farms than in the Lothians, but there are also many large occupiers. The custom of the country is to let farms on nineteen years' leases; and, until lately, the practice was held up to the envy of English tenants. The leaseholder at his first entrance on the farm is often a stranger who has acquired his interest in the open market, and he has not a shadow of claim to the continuance of its tenure at the expiration of his term. It is well known that both in Scotland and in England an agricultural lease is a one-sided contract, inasmuch as the landlord cannot practically insist on retaining a tenant who, finding that he has made a bad bargain, desires to surrender his farm. During the late depression hundreds of leaseholders have demanded and obtained reductions of rent, or entire release from their contracts, with almost as little obstruction as if they had been tenants from year to year. A reasonable claim on the liberality of the landlord has perhaps not arisen as frequently in Aberdeenshire as in the South. Since little wheat is grown in the county, American competition has only affected the farmers through the increased importation of cattle; and there has been no large or permanent depreciation in the value of stock. The bad seasons which have recurred in all parts of the country have been much less injurious to oats and turnips than to the products of arable districts in more genial climates.

The vicious principle of the Irish Land Bill is producing its natural effect in other parts of the country, as well as in Aberdeenshire and Bedfordshire. At a late meeting at Carmarthen, Mr. POWELL, member for the county, courted the favour of the farmers by announcing that they were justly entitled to fixity of tenure; and Mr. DUCKHAM, member for Herefordshire, himself a tenant-farmer, recommended the revival of the REBECCA riots, which involved, as perhaps Mr. DUCKHAM was not aware, one brutal murder. It is unnecessary after recent discussions to prove that fixity of tenure involves both the judicial assessment of rent and the right of selling the tenant's interest, with the result of ultimately raising the rent to the highest point. Mr. POWELL was perhaps scarcely conscious that he was recommending barefaced robbery. The term of confiscation is inapplicable, as it implies expropriation for the advantage of the national Treasury. Arbitrary transfer of property to a class which commands a majority of votes is a more shameful innovation. The Welsh farmers have been, on the whole, comparatively prosperous during the late depression, except in

some districts which have suffered from diseases of sheep. There is no reason to suppose that in such cases the landlords have been wanting in liberality; and, in fact, the tenants are perfectly contented; but probably their honesty may not be proof against the blandishments of a member who proposes to pay his constituents for their votes by handing over to them a portion of the property of their landlords. The Principality is indebted to Mr. GLADSTONE for another mischievous precedent in addition to the Irish Land Bill. The Welsh Sunday Closing Bill is in itself a measure of secondary importance, and it has probably effected its principal object in confirming the political devotion of the Welsh Dissenting preachers to the Minister. It may perhaps also have been designed as a preparation for separate Welsh legislation in matters of graver importance. Mr. POWELL's suggestion of plunder was nominally confined to Wales, though it would be neither more nor less unjust in England than in the Principality. Mr. GLADSTONE, himself a Welsh landowner, may probably have contemplated provincial disestablishment rather of incumbents than of landlords.

The Trade-Unions Congress, among its many political excursions into provinces remote from its proper functions, recommended the enactment of a Land Bill which the managers of the Congress judiciously abstained from defining. The assembled delegates probably disliked landowners as an aristocratic class; but it is also possible that they may have been deluded by the economic fallacies of numerous theorists. In one of their resolutions they expressed the opinion that it was desirable to produce the largest amount of food from the soil; and of course they forgot, in common with their literary instructors, to refer to the cost of production. No other country is so cheaply, and therefore so profitably, cultivated as England. If the soil were made to produce half as much again by the efforts of double the number of cultivators, the result would evidently be an economical loss. That the present occupiers would work to greater advantage under an altered law is in the highest degree improbable; and ambitious tenant-farmers may be well assured that they are not the objects of the sympathy of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, which induced the Congress to meddle with the land question. The artisans probably believe that they would in some indefinite manner derive advantage from the establishment of a peasant proprietary. A middle-class aristocracy of large farmers would greatly resemble the manufacturers for whom the Trade-Unions entertain but a qualified feeling of attachment. The elections in North Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire probably represent the real opinions of intelligent tenant-farmers. They cannot but be aware that, though Mr. GLADSTONE rewarded them by the Ground Game Bill for their support at the general election, he is about to transfer their political influence to the labourers, who will in turn receive some electoral bribe, probably at the expense of their employers. It may also be hoped that reasonable farmers will scarcely demand a right to retain their occupations in perpetuity while they retain the privilege, which they frequently exercise, of throwing up their farms at pleasure.

#### THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

WHEN a foreign Government reaches a decision which is on the whole convenient, it is well not to criticize too minutely the steps by which it has arrived at that decision. The French Minister of Commerce appears to have spent his leisure hours, since the close of the elections, in studying the QUEEN'S Speech. He has, consequently, seen cause to change completely his estimate of the prospects of the commercial negotiations which came to so sudden an end not long ago. He and his colleagues have, it seems, been all along sincerely anxious to conclude a new treaty with England. Had they been left to themselves they would gladly have met the English demands half-way. It is not the will, but the ability, that has been wanting. As Ministers they must be guided by the decisions of their Parliamentary Assemblies; and by one of these decisions the Government were forbidden to prolong the treaty then in force, without an assurance that a new treaty would be concluded at an early date. When the negotiations came to an end in London M. TIRARD was unable to feel any such assurance, and he therefore had no choice but to decline the proposed prolongation. In the QUEEN'S Speech he found all that he wanted. The contingency contem-

plated by the French Legislature had been realized. The required assurance that a new treaty would be concluded at an early date was at length forthcoming, and the French Ministers were free to agree to the prolongation of the existing treaty. M. TIRARD'S statement is entirely correct. The French Government were bound by the decrees of their Parliamentary Assemblies, and the QUEEN'S Speech on proroguing Parliament proved that the English Government wished to conclude a fresh treaty, and therefore presumably would make no unnecessary delay in the negotiations. What M. TIRARD did not explain was why he had himself moved the Chambers to impose the restrictions which he afterwards pleaded as a justification for his refusal to prolong the treaty, and why he had ever allowed himself to doubt the genuineness of the English desire to bring the negotiations to a speedy close. It was not necessary, however, for him to go back upon questions which have now ceased to be interesting; and, if he was not compelled to make the retrospect, it was certainly prudent to omit it.

The negotiations which were opened on Monday in Paris certainly wear a more promising aspect than those which were lately carried on in London. The French Government has, to all appearance, suddenly become really desirous of concluding a new treaty. M. TIRARD proclaims the lively satisfaction felt by the Government of the Republic at receiving the English Commissioners, and his hope that the negotiations will be rendered more rapid and easy by the spirit of conciliation which animates all who take part in them. So far as the French Government are concerned, the uncertainty which has too long hung over the commercial relations of the two countries will soon be succeeded by a definitive system. M. TIRARD will not find any opposition to this result offered from the English side. The English Government have never made any secret of their attitude in the matter. They have from the first declared that they would not accept any treaty which is, on the whole, less favourable to English trade than the treaty of 1860. There are many points even in that treaty which might be modified to the advantage of this country; but the Government has never made the concession of these modifications an indispensable condition to the conclusion of a new treaty. All that they have insisted on is that the existing treaty should not be modified for the worse. Unless M. TIRARD is playing with the English Commissioners, which is scarcely probable, he would not have reopened the question merely to renew proposals equivalent to those which have already been rejected. It may be assumed, with some confidence, that England will not again be asked to accept worse terms than those which are conceded to her by the treaty still in force. What we got in 1860 we shall retain in 1881.

On the whole, this is a result with which we may fairly feel satisfied. Lord GREY has shown that there is much to be said in favour of a refusal to enter into any treaty which binds our hands as regards the imposition of duties on imports; and, if the Commercial Treaty were allowed to expire, it might be consoling to remember that England had, at all events, re-entered the narrow way of economical orthodoxy. It is not improbable that England would, in the end, have suffered less from the failure of the negotiations than France. The falling off in the exports of English goods consequent on the changes in the French tariff must have been followed by a corresponding falling off in the exports of French goods. A customer who will not take his payment in the ordinary trade way is so inconvenient a personage that nobody will buy of him when they can buy of any one else. Special articles, such as the finer Bordeaux wines, would have continued to find a market in this country, and the rise in price caused by the unusual methods of payment that must have been adopted in view of the scarcity of bills of exchange would have been too small to have much affected the sale. But as regards the great mass of goods, what the purchaser takes is largely determined by what the seller has to offer, and every substitute that could have been devised for French produce would have been pushed into the market, as giving the seller less trouble and larger profits. In this way some of the benefits which are claimed for "Fair Trade" would have been reaped by the English producer without the evils which would follow upon any concession to the Fair Trade agitation. English manufactures, which now have to fight a hard battle with French manufactures, would have found themselves favoured by the English middleman on grounds not of



patriotism but of convenience. Even the English consumer might have been the better for the impetus given by the partial closing of the French market to the discovery of new outlets for English enterprise, and in this way of new supplies for English use. It may be objected that, if this picture is true, the renewal of the negotiations ought to be a subject of regret rather than of satisfaction. The answer is that, though, when the bird in the hand has been lost by no fault of ours, it is wise to turn our thoughts to the bird in the bush, we may still feel glad when the bird in the hand has been unexpectedly recovered. The benefits which might possibly have followed upon the abolition of the conventional tariff with France belong to the class of blessings which come from adversity. Under the new stimulus Englishmen might have become more inventive and, in the end, more prosperous than they would have been without this stimulus. But we do not ordinarily throw away what we have gained on the plea that poverty will quicken our faculties; and, in the same way, we may fairly be glad to be spared a certain loss to some branches of English trade, though we have at the same time to forego possible gains to other branches.

Why M. TIRARD, after allowing the negotiations to drop, should afterwards have wished to renew them is not apparent. Nor would it be safe to assume that we have yet seen the last of Ministerial changes of purpose. It may be supposed that the French Government has seen reason to suppose that the nation is less decidedly Protectionist than they had imagined, and that the improved prospects of the treaty are due to this discovery. But the note published in the *Temps* on Wednesday shows that even now the French Ministers are not at all disposed to burn their boats. According to this statement, there has been no concession on either side. The English negotiators have not absolutely rejected the principle of specific duties; the French Government was always willing to prolong the existing treaty, provided that the negotiations for a new one were far enough advanced. It may be, therefore, that the French Cabinet is now of opinion that the nation is a shade more Protectionist than its members thought a week ago, though they still hold it to be a shade less Protectionist than they thought three weeks ago. As the position of this country in the matter is perfectly unmistakable, there is no need to be disturbed at these seeming variations of purpose on the part of the French Government. We wish to conclude a treaty which shall go further in the direction of Free-trade than the Treaty of 1860. We are willing to conclude a treaty which shall in the aggregate go as far in the direction of Free-trade as the Treaty of 1860. We are resolved not to conclude a treaty which shall from this point of view be inferior to the Treaty of 1860. Under the guide of competent experts it is hardly possible that a negotiation carried on upon these lines should go far wrong.

#### LORD JUSTICE BRAMWELL.

LORD JUSTICE BRAMWELL'S intention of retiring from the Bench had been known for some time; and yet his unabated vigour caused a kind of surprise when he actually resigned his office. It is much to be wished that other judges, and indeed all great public functionaries, would follow his example by anticipating the inevitable diminution of their efficiency. It has, indeed, sometimes happened that judges have continued to serve at an advanced age to the public advantage. Lord CAMPBELL acquired a great judicial reputation, though he had become Lord Chief Justice after seventy; and he became a competent Lord Chancellor at eighty. On the other hand, many instances might be quoted of judges who have lingered on the bench in the decline of their faculties to the great detriment of the administration of justice. It was said of one high legal dignitary, formerly an eminent lawyer, that his death, even if the vacancy had not been filled up, was equivalent to the appointment of an additional judge. The decay of the intellectual faculties seems to destroy the consciousness that they are impaired. Lord Justice BRAMWELL may possibly, like some of his predecessors, feel for a time the loss of a congenial employment, but it is much better that a certain amount of energy should be wasted than that a worn-out veteran should suggest a contrast between his former capacity and his senile sluggishness or garrulity.

Lord Justice BRAMWELL would doubtless have been for some years to come as competent as formerly to discharge his duties, but he has acted wisely in leaving the scene of his twenty-five years' labours before any question could arise as to the expediency of his making room for some younger successor.

Only professional critics fully appreciate either the importance of judicial ability or the qualities of different judges. It is not undesirable that there should be on the Bench varieties of faculty and acquirement. Men of the world, trained by long experience of ordinary litigation, are sometimes valuable judges, though they may have little pretension to the character of profound lawyers; but in all cases legal instinct and common sense are indispensable. It is sufficient that a few members of the Bench should provide for the whole body the necessary knowledge of the more recondite mysteries of the law; and the tendency of modern judicial practice is to diminish the importance both of accumulated cases and of remote legal inferences. The subtle process of deducing absurd logical conclusions from admitted principles has fallen into comparative disuse since the removal of a former generation of judges trained in the old system of special pleading. The fine analogies of law may still exercise the keenest intellect without superseding the primary duty of dispensing justice to the immediate litigants. Forty years ago the most successful practitioners were masters of the rules of a highly artificial science; and they addressed some judges who were too weak to detect their sophisms, and others who sympathized with the most elaborate display of far-fetched astuteness. The greatest judges were comparatively exempt from the failing of their colleagues, but the law which they administered was unduly technical and not sufficiently elastic. The legislative changes which have since been introduced have coincided with a growing anxiety on the part of the Bench to render substantial as well as formal justice. The inchoate fusion of Law and Equity has introduced into either system remedies which were not formerly attainable.

Lord Justice BRAMWELL was one of the most learned of lawyers. He was also a man of business and a man of the world, and he had an intellectual, as well as a moral, dislike of injustice. Even if he had been naturally eloquent, he would probably not have yielded to the temptation of courting popular admiration by oratorical exhibitions. He had no sympathy with the desire which he imputed to one of his former colleagues of having every day half a column of the *Times* to himself. His reputation for pointed, vigorous, and sometimes humorous remark scarcely extended beyond the Bar. During his long career in the rank of a puisne judge, he was regarded as one of the three or four most efficient members of the Bench; and on the constitution of the present Court of Appeal his promotion was received with the general approval of the profession. In his later office he has fully justified the expectations which were formed. It may be said, without disrespect to the surviving members of the Court, that it derived a great portion of its strength from the presence of Lord Justice JAMES and Lord Justice BRAMWELL. It is not certain that the constitution of the Court under the Judicature Act has yet reached its final shape. The stages of appeal have been unnecessarily and inconveniently multiplied; and many questions are submitted to the Lords Justices which ought to have been settled in the Court below. It has also become too frequent a practice to carry actions to the House of Lords, notwithstanding the high authority of the Court of Appeal; but the tribunal has disposed of a large mass of legislation, and it has incidentally added much to the body of law. Many theorists have objected to the judicial legislation which has for centuries been the principal element in the fabric of English law; but as long as precedents are held to be binding on coordinate and inferior Courts, it is impossible to discontinue the ancient practice. Even if Parliamentary legislation were more carefully conducted than it is, and were more systematic in its procedure, it is impossible to foresee all the legal issues which are raised and decided in daily practice. Next to the practical administration of justice, the virtual enactment of laws by the application of recognized principles to novel combinations of facts is the most important function of the judicial body, and especially of the Court of Appeal. It is believed that its decisions have been generally sound, and that they command the respect of the profession.

A controversy has for some time been pending as to the best constitution of a Court of Appeal. Several judges have taken part in the discussion on either side; and it would perhaps be unseemly to pronounce a positive opinion on the expediency of entrusting to the same persons original and appellate jurisdiction. Some writers of authority maintain that the ancient arrangement of appeals to the Exchequer Chamber was sound in principle. They consider that a judge relegated to a separate Court of Appeal loses touch of actual practice; and that sustained familiarity with litigants and with juries facilitates the application of general principles to disputed points. It would in any case be necessary to improve on the old system of the Exchequer Chamber, in which a majority of three might overrule two dissentients, in addition to four others of equal rank in the Court below; but the difficulty of framing a plausible scheme would not be insuperable; and the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the Bill which he lately introduced, contemplated the addition to the Court of Appeal of some ordinary judges. It may be true that the judge who hears a case in the first instance has a more difficult task than the appellate tribunal; and it seems to some members of the Bench a hardship that the higher rank should be combined with the discharge of the lighter duty. On the other hand, it must be remembered that most of the Lords Justices have had long experience on the Bench, and that the others have learned their business in active practice at the Bar. It probably seems to laymen that in the judicial division of labour greater skill in the establishment of legal principles is likely to be attained by judges who do nothing else. It will not be disputed that, if a separate Court of Appeal is to be maintained, the judicial qualities of its members are of the highest importance. Lord Justice JAMES has been replaced by one of the ablest judges on the Bench in the person of the MASTER of the ROLLS. The choice of a successor to Lord Justice BRAMWELL, who will almost necessarily be a Common lawyer, is not yet announced. It is not yet ascertained whether Law Officers are likely to seek compensation for the abolition of two high judicial posts by becoming candidates for places in the Court of Appeal. There is no reason to suppose that the ATTORNEY or SOLICITOR GENERAL will be a candidate on the present occasion.

#### FRANCE AND TUNIS.

IT is said that the Bey of TUNIS, believing that he was to be dethroned by the French, had determined to anticipate the affront by resigning. He has since been assured that there was no intention of appointing another member of his family in his place; and the declaration that the French Government is not about to assume the Regency has been voluntarily renewed. The BEY, who seems to have become an adept in the use of the phrases of European diplomacy, declared, in answer to the friendly communication of the French Consul, that he had never for a moment believed in the reports which were supposed to have disturbed his equanimity, and he added that he reposed the utmost confidence in his powerful ally. It is not certain whether the French propose, in conformity to an opinion attributed to General LOGEROT, the immediate occupation of the capital. Although the province is not formally annexed, the French Resident controls both foreign relations and domestic administration, and French garrisons hold all the strong places which they require for military purposes. As the English Government from the first wisely abstained from objecting to the French enterprise, it would be idle and officious to inquire too closely into the mode of establishing French power in Tunis. As violent changes are for the most part dangerous, it is perhaps desirable that the BEY should for the present retain his nominal dignity. The large portion of his subjects who may probably be inclined to side with the strongest will find in the ostensible continuance of their relation to their former ruler a sufficient excuse for acquiescing in the new French dominion. The doubtful loyalty of the Tunisian troops would perhaps scarcely be proof against a demand that they should transfer their allegiance to the foreigner. English experience in India has not uniformly shown the expediency of governing a conquered territory in the name of the native dynasty; but such fictions sometimes facilitate at the moment a transaction which might other-

wise involve a shock. When, half a century ago, the Government of CHARLES X. took possession of Algiers, no similar question arose. The defeated potentate had been the open enemy of the conqueror, and the expedition had been originally undertaken with the purpose of effecting his final overthrow. It was notorious that the provocation which he had given by piratical outrages was a mere pretext for the attempt to rehabilitate an unpopular Government by an appeal to national ambition.

The present French Ministry would perhaps scarcely have engaged in the undertaking if they had foreseen the cost and trouble which have been incurred. No effective resistance could be offered by the BEY; and the campaign against the Kroumirs was not seriously prosecuted. The agitation which has actually been caused among the native population from the sea to the edge of the desert was certainly not expected. There is no reason to suppose that the various bodies of insurgents are, in conventional language, actuated by fanaticism. The French in Algiers have never practised religious intolerance; and the Mahometans in Tunis have no reason to fear persecution of their faith. It is indeed probable that considerable animosity may have been provoked by the wanton desecration of one or two shrines or places of pilgrimage; and in Northern Africa an insurgent chief almost always combines with his warlike character some pretension to be a saint or a prophet. A graver cause of irritation is the imminent risk of subjection to an alien conqueror. The indigenous population of Algeria, though it has long since submitted to French supremacy, has never cultivated European civilization, and it probably sympathizes with the inhabitants of the neighbouring principalities, and with the independent tribes on the border of the desert. The nominal subjects of the Bey of TUNIS fully understand that he has been deprived of his sovereignty; and they are not disposed to submit without a struggle to a foreign conqueror. They probably understand little of the motives which prompted the enterprise. The desire of emerging from an inactivity continued for ten years, the profits to be acquired by speculators in Tunisian bonds or Tunisian land, the future acquisition of great naval stations, would not interest the Arab-Moors of the interior. Nothing is more natural than their resistance to the invader; but they are rapidly discovering their inability to oppose him.

The military operations excite a faint interest, almost entirely removed from curiosity. English politicians are not concerned to learn whether the despatch and recall of certain contingents was a political or administrative mistake. There can be no doubt that the French Government could, if it were necessary, easily provide 100,000 men for an African campaign without impairing their means of defence at home. It has been said, perhaps with some truth, that the shortcomings of the French military system resemble those which received abundant notice in England during the South African war; but Continental armies are maintained on too large a scale to find any difficulty in providing men for a petty war. Whether or not General FARRÉ is a competent War Minister, the necessary reinforcements will no doubt be forwarded to Tunis and Algiers as they may be required. The colder weather will from this time forward enable the generals in command to undertake any operations which they may deem expedient; and defects of commissariat or transport will be speedily remedied. In some instances anxiety has been felt for the safety of small bodies of troops which have been checked or surrounded by numerous enemies. At one time the aqueduct which supplies Tunis with water was cut; and the first attempts to restore it were unsuccessful. Not a single instance is mentioned in which an insurgent force has gained any considerable or permanent advantage. In two or three days the Arabs were driven from the line of the broken aqueduct, and the water at the date of the last accounts was flowing as usual. General SABATIER, whose communications were temporarily interrupted, has been reinforced by Colonel CORBÉAUD; and the reinforcements which are now every day disembarking will prevent the recurrence of unequal conflicts. If the bulletins may be trusted, the losses of the Arabs in every successive skirmish are twenty or thirty-fold greater than those of the French detachments. The statements are the less incredible because the insurgents have neither cannon nor small arms of precision. They are most formidable as irregular cavalry in their attacks on baggage trains and

convoys of cattle; but the increasing number of French troops will finally ensure their superiority.

It will probably be found expedient to ensure the success of the campaign by the employment of overwhelming force. English generals in the Colonies, and even in India, are generally compelled to rely on their advantages in armament and discipline against superior numbers; but there is no advantage in universal military service if such a Power as France has to contend with uncivilized tribes on approximately equal terms. The men are at the disposal of the Government, and the provision of carriage and stores involves only a question of expense. When the insurgents find that at every point of collision they are both outnumbered and outfought, they will probably see the inutility of prolonging their resistance. Some tribes have already tendered their submission; and the stationary population of the Regency has by this time ascertained the imprudence of displaying the sympathies which it may probably have entertained. The French will certainly be victorious in the end; and it depends on the vigour and wisdom of their counsels whether they bring the war to an early termination. When they have firmly established their power, they will have time to consider whether the enterprise was worth its cost. The finances are flourishing, and it would seem that a large expenditure is not unpopular in France. The opportunity of administering a lesson to hostile tribes may perhaps confirm the security of French dominion in Algeria; speculative capitalists will applaud the energy which has doubled the value of their investments; and patriotic vanity will be gratified by the rebuff which has been inflicted on Italy, and, in popular estimation, on England. On the whole, the result of the undertaking will probably afford little ground for the hope that it will be the last experiment of the kind. The revival of the French appetite for glory is a misfortune to the rest of Europe.

#### IRISH JURIES.

THE letter in which Mr. FORSTER declined to accede to the modest request of Mr. DICKSON and Mr. GIVAN, that he would turn the "suspects" loose upon Ireland, was printed in small type in most of the daily newspapers, and received but little comment. Yet it is a document of some value, and, taking it altogether, may be said to be the most satisfactory utterance of the Government since the beginning of troubles in Ireland. Mr. FORSTER points out to the importunate Ulster members that the persons incarcerated are incarcerated not as a punishment, however richly they may have deserved it, but as a measure of prevention and precaution. They are reasonably suspected of being centres of disturbance in the neighbourhoods in which they respectively live, and they are held in custody partly as hostages and partly to prevent their acting as firebrands. To demand an amnesty for them, therefore, is simply silly, and amounts, not to asking pardon for a murderer after his crime, but to asking that, having been arrested in the midst thereof, he shall be replaced at the throat of his victim with knife and all apparatus appertaining to his trade. Of course Mr. FORSTER does not put the matter quite so straightforwardly as this, but he says the same thing in conciliatory language. If Ireland wants the suspects out of prison, she has only got to behave herself. Each district, by refraining from outrage, submitting to the law, paying its debts, and abandoning the conjugation of the verb to Boycott, can have its own hostages back again, on the condition, of course, of re-arrest if disturbances recommence. But so long as outrages, and Boycotting, and resistance to the law continue in any given district, so long will certain representatives of that district continue to inhabit Kilmainham. There can be nothing fairer than this; and the only thing to be hoped is that the Government will persevere in this course, in spite of the ignorance or sophistry of those of their followers who clamour for an amnesty. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was quite justified in complaining that the sweep of the Coercion Act has been far too narrow; but it would be worse still if the fish actually within it were let slip.

Conciliatory as was his language, Mr. FORSTER was obliged to admit that the improvement which it seems he discovered is only partial. It may perhaps be said that impartial lookers-on find a great difficulty in discovering any improvement at all of the kind which would

justify the letting loose of the agitators. What improvement there is is due chiefly to the better organization of the law-abiding inhabitants, and partly to the unsparing use at last, and after the loss of much precious time, of military force. As the winter approaches, outrages again increase. Boycotting, if not individually so oppressive owing to the organization just mentioned, is more widespread than ever, and the defeat of Justice in her own courts is still constant. The Blue-book recently issued on the Irish Jury Laws, containing the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Lords and the evidence taken before it, exhibits this latter evil in its fullest proportions. The evidence is even of more importance than the Report, though this latter cannot be poohpoohed even by the staunchest decriers of the House of Lords as the result of a partisan inquiry. Notwithstanding the Conservative majority in the House, the Committee comprised an actually preponderant number of Liberals (unless Lord DERRY is to be counted as a Tory); and two of the Conservative members—the Duke of MANTHOROUGH and Lord INCHQUIN—were not present on the final question of adopting the Report. This division, too, concerned only a proposal for temporary suspension of trial by jury, for which there voted, not merely the Marquess of WATERFORD, Lord DONOUGHMORE, Lord LONGFORD, and Lord ARDILAWN (who may be supposed to have had political reasons for their votes), but the Marquess of LANSDOWNE, Lord DERRY, and Lord PENZANCE. The body of the Report, setting forth the unsatisfactory state of things as a matter of fact, seems to have expressed the unanimous opinion of the whole Committee. Nor, indeed, would it have been possible for any assembly, unless possessed of the courage of an Irish jury itself, to come to any other decision in face of the evidence. Judges, sheriffs, clerks of the Crown, Crown solicitors, solicitors and barristers unconnected with the Government, stipendiary magistrates, and unpaid magistrates were unanimous in declaring that the present jury list furnishes a class of persons too ignorant to be even safe arbiters of ordinary causes, but utterly and radically untrustworthy in respect of "clean" crimes—that is, outrage and even murder, committed from agrarian, religious, or political causes. The most striking evidence of all was that of Serjeant O'HAGAN, who has since been selected as Judicial Commissioner under the Land Act, and who is loudly claimed by the Leaguers as a sympathizer. Serjeant O'HAGAN, while manifestly disinclined to speak hardly of his countrymen, and while unwilling to recommend a return to the older and more exclusive plan of summoning juries from the higher classes, admits that in a large experience he found it necessary, even in ordinary cases and ordinary times, to guard most carefully against the uneducated and excitable jurors being induced to neglect the evidence, while he frankly admitted that in times like the present convictions in disturbed districts were impossible. This, the weakest evidence in actual expression, is thus really the strongest, and it would very nearly settle the matter even without the enormous and practically overwhelming mass of testimony by which it is accompanied.

The Committee recommend various palliatives, such as the merging of the Grand Jury and Special Jury list in that of the Common Jury, the insistence on a certain proportion of the former element in each case, and the limitation of the present preposterous right of challenging which is avowedly used (we have still Serjeant O'HAGAN as a witness) to "emasculate the panel" by rejecting all men of station and intellgence. But in the contentious portion of the Report before referred to they admit with reluctance that such measures, as well as that of freely changing the venue, though not unlikely to succeed in quieter times, would be useless at present. A considerable enlargement of the summary jurisdiction of magistrates, and, in extreme cases and for limited periods, the suspension of trial by jury altogether, is what they recommend. In this recommendation, let it be remembered, Lord PENZANCE, a decided Liberal, and a lawyer of hardly surpassed experience, and Lord DERRY, whose repugnance to unusual and heroic measures of any kind is perhaps the most striking feature of his character, both agree. Nor is it easy to conceive it possible for any one to read this collection of evidence carefully and impartially without coming to the same conclusion. Trial by jury, after all, is nothing more than a means to an end, and that end is the doing of justice. From the moment when it is proved that it is incom-

petent to bring this about—that, on the contrary, it is simply a convenient instrument for defeating justice—its value and its sacredness are gone at once. This point has been reached in Ireland. There are two main causes which produce the untrustworthiness of Irish juries, one of which is more or less under the control of Government, while the other is almost wholly beyond it. The first is terrorism, the other is ignorance and prejudice. By a great increase of vigour in administration it might be possible to terrorize the terrorists; but the ignorance and the prejudice which, as one of the witnesses before the Committee tells us, make Irishmen of the class from which petty jurors are mostly drawn divide crimes into “clean” and “dirty” are unattackable save by time. As matters stand, the setting of an average Irish jurymen to try an average Irish criminal is a kind of practical fallacy of ambiguity. The law which the jurymen chooses to acknowledge and the law which he is set to administer are two entirely different things. The case is not parallel, as is sometimes argued, with the cases where, owing to a revolution in public opinion, a heavier penalty is imposed by the law than seems generally just, and where juries acquit in consequence. The Irish jury which acquits a man of murder does so not because it thinks imprisonment or fine more suitable to the case than hanging, but because it thinks the murder no murder at all, but a highly virtuous and laudable act. This being the case, it is obviously useless to play at cross purposes. If agrarian, political, and religious motives are to be a good defence to a criminal charge, let them be made so by law; if not, let not the law permit a farce, every repetition of which encourages to lawlessness. The evidence which lies before us shows that a considerable portion of the Irish people are incapable of exercising certain rights. In the interest of those of their countrymen who have reached a higher state of civilization, those rights should be withdrawn from them.

#### INDIAN RAILWAYS.

THE Report upon the Indian Railways for 1880-81 is principally interesting as being the first to contain the newly-devised distinction between “Productive” and “Protective” works. The special discussions connected with Indian famines have already made us acquainted with these terms, but the Railway Report for the past year shows them reduced to ordinary use. “Productive” works, as is explained in the Report, are works paid for out of borrowed money, and calculated to yield within a prescribed time such a clear annual revenue as will cover the interest on the capital expended. Before a railway can be classed among “productive” works, there must be a reasonable prospect that within five years of the line being opened for traffic the earnings will yield interest at 4 per cent. upon the whole capital outlay, including arrears of interest incurred up to that date, the capitalized value of the land revenue, and sundry other charges. In the case of irrigation works, the rate of profit to be ultimately realized is also fixed at 4 per cent., but ten years instead of five are fixed as the period within which this rate must be realized. For the present the Government of India will not borrow for productive works more than 2,500,000*l.* a year, the larger part of which is spent on railways, while the rest is divided between canals and miscellaneous works. Besides works which answer to this definition of production, there are others which will sooner or later yield a revenue out of which interest may be paid on the capital expended, but which are likely to do so later rather than sooner. “It would be difficult in India,” says the Report, “to find a district “where a railway would not be the means of developing “trade and stimulating agricultural produce, and thus “obtain a traffic which would become remunerative.” But to lock up capital in the construction of works which are not immediately remunerative is one of the commonest and surest methods of bringing about depression of trade and general financial distress. A Government which can only just pay its way would be greatly to blame if it started on a wildgoose chase after profits which are only likely to be realized in the next generation. If private investors like to put their own money where it can yield them nothing for half a lifetime, they will be the only sufferers; but a Government which acted in this way would be preparing an inevitable weight of taxation for

the unfortunate subjects whose money it had chosen to mispend.

India, however, is to some extent an exception to this rule; or, to put it more accurately, an immediate profit of a particular kind arises out of works which in other countries would be unproductive. The railway which would be many years before it paid 4 per cent. on the capital invested in it may pay a percentage of incalculable value the very year in which it is opened if it enables food to be brought from a district in which it is abundant to a district stricken with famine. The increase of production traceable to irrigation works may not in ordinary years be sufficiently great to make any conspicuous improvement either in revenue or in trade. But, if it furnishes the people of the district with enough food to support life during a scarcity, and so prevents scarcity from developing into famine, it will have yielded an abundant return on the cost of construction. It has been determined to spend on “protective” works in each year, when there is no famine, half the sum set apart for a Famine Insurance Fund. If this limit is adhered to, and the expenditure is restricted to 750,000*l.*, “a long “time must elapse before a complete scheme of protection “can be finished.” But, if the finances of India go on improving, it may be possible, and certainly would be expedient, to devote a larger sum to this particular class of works. Possibly there are reductions and adjustments of taxation which ought to be made even before any more money is spent on any other object whatever. But the extension of protection against famine may at least claim the second place in the list of objects demanding the attention of the Government. The cost of a preventable famine is very great, both as regards the amount spent and the revenue lost, and any outlay which has the effect of warding off a famine, if it is not extravagant in amount, is really a saving of public money. It may be hoped, too, that the expenditure on productive works will incidentally provide additional security against famine. Thus the Ganges Canal, which was undertaken nearly forty years ago as what would now be called a “protective” work is in a very high degree a productive work also. It not only irrigates considerably more than a million acres, and so is an instrument of inestimable importance, as Lord HARTINGTON has said in a recent despatch, “in securing harvests, in improving “the agriculture, and in promoting the prosperity of “the provinces through which it runs,” but it returned for the year 1878-79 nearly 7½ per cent. on the original cost. At this rate the revenue of the canal will be large enough to pay off all the interest which had accumulated before the canal paid its expenses, and to return 4½ per cent. on the capital. There may be other canals only waiting to be made of which an equally good account may be hereafter given. It is quite right that a limit should be placed even on works which, as in this case, are at once protective and productive; but, by giving the preference to those productive works which are protective at the same time, the construction of protective works may go on very much faster than would be possible if only the allotted 750,000*l.* were yearly spent on them. In future, the Report on Indian Railways will deal with canals and irrigation works as well. They are certainly matters of equal public importance, and information relating to them ought to be equally accessible.

Still, even if the money is laid out in the most prudent fashion possible, a capital expenditure of 2,500,000*l.* a year must leave many very pressing wants unprovided for. The limit is a wise one, but it is not the less a limit; whereas the demand for railways and canals in India is almost without limit. It becomes, therefore, a question of very great interest whether there are any means of promoting the investment of English capital in Indian undertakings which the State may prudently employ. Hitherto the only inducement that has proved strong enough has been a State guarantee; and, where private enterprise will not be content without a State guarantee, the State may as well do the work itself. When Major BARING became Finance Member of Council he was instructed by the SECRETARY of STATE to encourage in every way the raising of capital through private agency, “on “the exclusive security of the success of the under- “taking.” If this proves impossible, Lord HARTINGTON is willing to entertain the consideration whether a modified guarantee might not be given, meaning by this



a guarantee "so restricted in respect to time and to the rate of interest guaranteed as to give the subscribers a real interest in the efficient and economical administration of the railway." Major Baring dwelt at some length upon this point in his Budget statement. He is not very sanguine as to the possibility of developing the resources of India rapidly through private as distinguished from State enterprise, but he thinks the experiment is worth a trial. The gain to the State would be great, and the conditions under which the attempt would be made differ in some important respects from those which were formerly held to make success impossible. Railways in India pay better than they did, and there is at once more capital seeking investment and less opportunity of investing it profitably. The first private Railway Company has been already formed, under the title of the Bengal Central Railway Company, and it has been started with the countenance of Messrs. ROTHSCHILD. If names have any influence, this Company ought to be popular. Major Baring suggests several ways in which Government encouragement might be given to private capitalists short of an actual guarantee of interest. Government officers, he says, may make the surveys and estimates which are required before the public can prudently decide whether to invest money in any particular scheme; the land taken for the line may be given free of cost; and grants of waste land in the vicinity of the line may sometimes be made to the Company. In this way the shareholders would derive profit not merely from the traffic created by their line, but also the increased prosperity of the district through which it passes. Diminution of preliminary cost and enlargement of the dividend-producing area may go far to make Indian investments popular with a generation which is perplexed to know what to do with its money.

#### MANCHESTER SMOKE.

THE Manchester Correspondent of the *Times* has started a controversy of some interest—Ought a wholly new departure to be taken with reference to the prevention of smoke? As the law stands, manufacturers are ordered to consume their own smoke; but the persons at whose instance the prosecutions for breach of the law have to be instituted are themselves very often the most conspicuous offenders against the law. In two recent cases at Salford the heads of the convicted firms had both been Mayors of Manchester, and it is a not uncommon complaint in the district that the "owners of offending chimneys are always to be found in high places." The prosecutions are instituted by a local Nuisance Committee, which naturally represents with substantial accuracy the opinions of the manufacturers whom it is its business to keep in order. What these opinions are may be gathered from some of the reported utterances at a late meeting of the Manchester City Council. It was brought before the notice of the Council that, of 578 trees planted in three years by the authorities, 203, or considerably more than one-third, were dead. This fact might have suggested the moral that what is so fatal to vegetation can hardly be very beneficial to human life or health. This was not, however, the light in which the Manchester City Council looked at the question. They preferred to say with cheerful humility that they could not make Manchester a second Paris, whatever they did. Another speaker compared the opposite evils of smoky and smokeless chimneys, and congratulated the Nuisance Committee upon their wisdom in declining to push their purifying efforts to an inconvenient extreme. This same gentleman declared that the healthiness or unhealthiness of Manchester was merely a matter of acclimatization. There was nothing much the matter with the atmosphere of the city when once you had got used to it. With local opinion in this condition, it is not to be expected that much local energy will be shown in dealing with the smoke nuisance. It is true that the Nuisance Committee has called attention during the year to 4,500 smoky chimneys, and that nearly 700 have been imposed in fines. But the only real test of the adequacy of a system of punishment is the continuance or cessation of the evil complained of. If the Nuisance Committee is so lynx-eyed in the detection of smoke, why is it that so much smoke is still to be seen? It does not appear that in this respect Manchester is any better off than it was before the Act for preventing smoke came into operation.

The remedy suggested for this state of things is the substitution of central for local supervision. The reason why the law is broken is that it is cheaper in the first instance to break it than to keep it. There are ways of consuming smoke which would require large alterations in the construction of furnaces, and there are ways which would require fewer alterations in the furnaces, but would necessitate the employment of a better class of firemen. Both these methods imply an immediate outlay to obtain a distant return. Manchester manufacturers do not as a rule dislike the sight of smoke. It is true that most of them live away from their factories, but the distance is not so great but what some of the smoke follows them home. As they do not dislike it, the only motive other than that of fear of prosecution to which they are amenable is the prospect that, if they make their furnaces smoke-consuming, they will burn less coal or give out more heat. It is probable that in the end this result would be obtained, but the outlay would have to be incurred at once, whereas the interest on the outlay would come in slowly. The consequence is that the manufacturer, ordinarily speaking, is under no effective inducement to make the necessary alterations in his furnaces. Why should he make them? Not to clear the atmosphere of the city, for he is very well contented with it as it is. Not to escape legal penalties, for, with the uncertainty that they will ever be inflicted and the certainty that if inflicted they will not be large, it is as cheap to risk them as to avoid them. Not to save coal, for in order to get more heat out of his furnaces he would have to put more money into them. In the absence of an adequate motive to do anything, the most natural thing is to do nothing, and this pretty well describes the action of the Manchester manufacturers as regards the consumption of smoke.

All this, it is argued, would be completely changed if the prosecution of offenders against the Smoke Prevention Acts were vested in a representative of the central authority. "A Government Inspector and a stipendiary magistrate would make a speedy end of the nuisance." Small as the penalties are in themselves, they would become large by frequent repetition, and, in the end, when convictions followed one another almost daily, the sinners would find it cheaper to make the necessary alterations than to pay the accumulated fines. Without a Government Inspector to undertake prosecutions, a stipendiary magistrate can do very little. The local Committee by whom prosecutions are now instituted can pick and choose between the cases which call for notice, and in the end only a fraction of those which ought to come before the magistrate ever do come before him. It cannot be otherwise so long as the authority which decides when to prosecute and when to abstain represents the average opinion of the city. Manchester is so far improved that there are some cases which there is no desire to screen. They are considered to outstep the limits beyond which disregard of the law ought not to go. A case mentioned by the *Times* Correspondent, in which "dense smoke was emitted for an aggregate of twenty-seven minutes in one hour," probably belonged to this class. Local opinion does not uphold a man in breaking the law for twenty-seven minutes out of sixty. If dense smoke had been emitted, say for ten minutes out of sixty, it is probable that a different view would have been taken. Yet, if a number of neighbouring chimneys are each sending out black smoke for ten minutes in the hour, the ultimate effect upon the atmosphere may be quite sufficiently mischievous. The more energetic the stipendiary magistrate is, and the more determined to put down the smoke nuisance, the more necessary the Committee feel it to deal tenderly with offenders. One manufacturer must not be proceeded against because he has had great difficulties to struggle against; another escapes because his furnaces are old-fashioned and times have not been good enough to allow of their being replaced; a third is really not a worse offender than the two former, and it would be invidious to single him out for punishment. It is easy to imagine the various excuses which an easy-going Committee—wishing perhaps to steer a middle course between over-severity and undue lenity, but thinking the former very much the worst extreme of the two—would accept as, on the whole, sufficient to excuse a prosecution. If the duty were committed to a Government Inspector, there would be none of this desire to screen breakers of the law. He would have a specific work to do,

and he would be stationed in Manchester for the sole purpose of doing it.

There is no question as to the adequacy of the remedy that would thus be set to work. Given a Government inspector prosecuting every case in which the law was broken, and a stipendiary magistrate convicting every defendant against whom a breach of the law had been made out, and Manchester manufacturers would soon find that it was less troublesome to reconstruct their furnaces than to stand exposed to the constant shower of small fines. But when this has been conceded we have not got very far. It is plain that a law of this kind, if it is carried out by the central authority at all, must be carried out impartially. Where would be the impartiality of keeping an inspector and a stipendiary magistrate at Manchester for the express purpose of compelling manufacturers to adopt proper smoke-consuming appliances, and allowing the manufacturers of a score of equally smoky towns to go on polluting the air at their pleasure? If the application of the law is regarded as a disadvantage to the producers of smoke, why should one sort of producers be more hardly dealt with than another? If it is regarded as a benefit to those who have to breathe the smoky air, why should the inhabitants of Manchester be picked out from the rest of Lancashire and Yorkshire for the reception of this special favour? Consequently, the only way of carrying out the law by the central authority in Manchester would be to impose upon the central authority the duty of carrying it out in all specially smoky districts. In other words, a new and very much more stringent statute would have to be passed. In order to carry a measure of this kind through Parliament, there must exist a strong public opinion out of doors, and in the present case where is this strong public opinion to be looked for? Not in Manchester itself; so much is clear from the fact that the ground on which it is proposed to supersede the Nuisance Committee is that the Committee represents local opinion, and therefore is very tender to smoky chimneys. If the Manchester rate-payers were in earnest upon the smoke question, they would take care that an energetic Nuisance Committee was appointed, and then there would be no need of a Government Inspector. Nor is it to be looked for in the country generally; for the obvious reason that people can hardly be expected to feel very keenly for annoyances to which they are not exposed, and which those who are exposed to them do not seem to mind. If the citizens of Manchester had not the power of compelling manufacturers to consume their own smoke, there would be no difficulty in passing a law which should give them that power; but when it comes to appointing special officers to enforce the law on their behalf, it is not wonderful that the country at large should feel that it is not bound to help those who show no disposition to help themselves. No doubt there is a minority in Manchester which would like to enforce the law, but they must not hope to escape from the universal principle that before a minority can give effect to its wishes it must make itself the majority.

#### THE DAMASCUS OF TO-DAY.

ON a moderate computation a horde of some five hundred travellers out of the crowds who annually visit Egypt pass on to visit the capital of Syria. Out of this number we may dread that two or three will enrich the world with new books. We know by experience that nine out of ten will return to their homes in the proud conviction of having become authorities on all things Eastern. The bases of their confidence may be rather shaky; but in the same way that a man who can ask for a glass of water in French can obtain credit for a mastery of the language amongst those who know nothing of it, so a tourist who has enjoyed the foretaste of Paradise which the Prophet denied himself, by violent self-assertion may manage to pass for a wise man of the East amongst his acquaintances who have never gone further than Italy. Because things seen are mightier than things heard, these *illuminati* trade on their week of actual sight to pronounce deliciously sweeping opinions, recking little of possible antecedent theories or thrice-proved truths and caring less for the information gained by stay-at-home friends who read. Talk not to them of books; did they not brave the dangers of the Damascus road in the diligence, raising themselves with enthusiasm at the bidding of their dragoman as the team of six dashed over the Barada, turned the last corner past the Salahiyyeh, and came trotting past the Merj into the oldest city of the world? Who ought to know more about Damascus than the tourist who passes a day or two there under the personal conduct of Cook? What

better judge of Damascus houses than he who is installed in Dimitri's *salon de lecture* with its two raised daises, its central fountain and painted walls? Who is more at home in her bazaars than the man who has strolled through them with his dragoman and bought a pair of red Bedouin boots or a chocolate-coloured kefia? As for the mosques, he paid his fee and saw them all, but did not think very much of them. He admires the irony of the ancients who called their big street "Straight," and is sceptical about St. Paul's window, but thinks there is no harm in the story. Altogether he was never impressed with any peculiar sense of being an actor in one of Scheherzadeh's tales, and was not sorry to leave for Haalbec, for he considers that, however interesting Damascus may once have been, it is not the gayest of resting-places now for a man who goes abroad to amuse himself. So he does not understand the raptures of some writers on the subject, and much prefers Cairo, which has at least a decent carriage road or two and an opera-house.

Have we not heard this verdict often enough to answer for its reputation as that of the majority? Damascus—alas! that we should have to say it—is dying in a feeble old age. Perhaps, therefore, her decadence is rightly judged as being of attraction inferior to the new life elsewhere, especially to the gay butterflies who pass in a day. They see nothing of the reality of Damascene life; and no wonder that the Mosque of St. John, with glimpses of leafy gardens and very dirty streets, seems scarcely an adequate reward for the pains of travel. Yet these are the impressions with which most visitors have to be satisfied; and it is difficult to show them the pleasing side of the picture, which it takes months to learn, in a page of print. It is an incontrovertible fact, even to her greatest admirers, that Damascus of to-day is not the Damascus of the past, nor even of thirty years ago. For most reasons this is a cause for regret; for some it is rather a matter for congratulation. The most unhappy feature in the change is the substitution of copper for gold, actually and figuratively; and the most creditable is the reduction of an outrageous fanaticism within somewhat moderate bounds. Damascus has always been, and probably will continue as long as she exists to be, the most orthodox centre of Muhammadanism with which Christianity has been brought in contact. This contact has been softened down elsewhere long since, but is still rough in Syria. Still, things are much improved, and the favourite myth that no European lady could go beyond her house unattended has been exploded by experiment and practice. Indeed, as a matter of personal observation, it is worth knowing that the bazaars of Damascus are the only ones in the East where a stranger, lady or gentleman, is suffered to enjoy the sweetness, long drawn-out, of a thorough bargain without impertinence from bystanders or officious interference from Jews and brokers. There is always real business being done in coin of the realm and in barter of interior produce against the wares of the storekeepers. Though all are interesting, the most attractive section to a stranger will probably be the Bitt Bazaar, where all manner of stuffs are exposed, and where the din of the auction is to be heard every day. There is no representative of the Stamboul Bezestân, or of the Charshi of Cairo, for the sale of antiquities of native work and articles of *vertu*. Trade in these is limited, and mostly confined to a couple of months of the year, and to the operations of the well-known Abou Antika, whose fortune enables him to ask unheard-of prices in utter indifference as to their acceptance or rejection.

All old work has disappeared, and anything really good in brass, steel, or silk is as rare as it is valuable. The manufacture of the peculiar heavy silks of shot colours has now died out, not being able to survive the competition of third-rate goods from European looms. The Damascus sword-blade has passed into the category of things we often read about, but seldom see, and the brass-workers seem to have lost their cunning. Their present productions are rude in the extreme, and of no artistic merit whatever. At first it may be a matter of surprise that more relics of past excellence should not come into the market, but this must be accounted for by the supposition that there are foreign agents always on the watch to buy for the Cairene trade. In no other way can we explain the notorious fact that, while a year or two of residence in Damascus will not be likely to produce a respectable purchase in brass or silk, beautiful specimens of both these branches of extinct arts are always on view in Egypt, and are replaced as soon as sold. The silversmiths are also poor workers, and their bazaar is disappointing, containing little that is tempting, except perhaps some Bedouin girl's massive silver necklace, which, in spite of its resemblance to a dog-collar, we have seen worn by an Englishwoman with good effect. As a rule, however, barbaric ornaments do not become Europeans, since they show only to full advantage on their rightful owners. For a bright kefia we want an Arab's face and eye, and every one knows how different a clumsy silver bracelet looks on a white arm compared to the same on a fellah's brown skin.

The saddlery shops, which form a long street whose wealth of colour is almost blinding, are well worth a visit. The weight of trappings, fringes, tassels, and bells that a well-conditioned man's horse has to carry in Syria alone could keep alive such an industry. In England and elsewhere the most salient points of a horse are scarcely his feet and his tail, but if *carre-blanc* be given to a Damascus caparisoner he will leave little else of the animal visible. From the frontlet depend heavy fringes to cover his face, and a large breast-band is hung with bells and tassels of unequal lengths, often reaching down to the knees. With all this there yet remains the saddle-cloth on which the greatest efforts are

lavished, till it is braided and broidered and studded with shells into sufficient splendour. The time to see the horses and horsemen of Damascus in their glory is about sunset on the Merj and the neighbouring road, where they are regularly exercised. If the master does not ride a groom is sent out, and the young foals gambol loose by their dam's side till they are old enough to be ridden, which is at an early age. Their education begins often with learning the *rahwân* pace, which is much esteemed. It is generally taught by tying the feet on the right and left side together each to each—the right front to the right hind, and so with the left. An animal who excels in this kind of amble is worth a large sum, be he ever so ill-bred or poor in appearance. The value of the accomplishment lies in its comfort to rider and ridden, for so smooth is the pace that a brimming cup of water may be held at full speed without spilling, and so easy is it for the horse that a well-trained one is supposed to cover the distance between Damascus and Beyrout in eight or nine hours. When we consider that the actual length of road is seventy-two miles, twice ascending and descending several thousand feet in crossing the ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the performance is certainly creditable.

All the beauty and half of the enjoyment of Damascus depends on the river Barada. The justice of the remark of him who was bidden to wash in Jordan must strike any one who has seen the two streams. The Abana is certainly a better river than any in Palestine; and the Damascenes, in their primitive manner, have taken advantage of it to the full, so that it has become part and parcel of their lives. It filters through their Liwans, breaks out into fountains in every court, is a free and lawful drink at every step, is music to the ear and delight to the eye. A maghileh, a cup of coffee, and the Barada comprise the elements of a perfect *kief*. To those who do not know what *kief* is we can only answer that it is hard to be defined, and must be practised to be understood. It is a rest that does not presuppose labour, a relief that scarcely implies previous care, a mental exaltation by mental effort only, and a dream that fulfils itself. It does not exist in the West, for things move too fast there; but it is a treasured possession of the Oriental, which neither armies, treaties, nor fleets can take from him.

Damascus, however, is declining, and one of the outward visible signs is the want of social entertainment. Not twenty years ago scarcely a night passed without a Barmecide feast in some of the cool marble courts, hung with a hundred lamps, and ringing to the tambour, either, and belled ankles of the *Awalim*. Such evenings are rare now, and most of the finest houses are shut or part let at almost nominal rents. Not long ago yearly occupation of a many-roomed mansion with terraced roof, tessellated pavements, sculptured walls, and frescoed ceilings was offered for the not extravagant sum of six pounds. When we think of what such a house would fetch at home, we can realize in some degree the straits of the Damascenes.

Between the failure of the Government to meet the fatal Sirghiz bonds—to take up which men sold the clothes from their backs—the late war, and the opening of the Suez Canal, which has diverted the route of two-thirds of the Hadj, Damascus has been half ruined. The combined result is a quick decay and a paralysis of commerce from which it is doubtful if the community will escape. A helping cause is the limited knowledge of capitalists, who have no idea of other channels for their enterprise beyond those down which their neighbour's money and their own has run away. Because speculation is dangerous for the time being in Ottoman bonds and lands, they rather permit their capital to be idle than invest it in Europe. As money only can breed money this readiness to pinch and even to conceal any that may be in hand leads to an increasing scarcity which presses hardly on all, and most on men of fixed incomes and professions. By fixed incomes we mean those which are fixed on paper at a sum which is rarely received in its entirety. The class who enjoy this imaginary rental are Government functionaries and pensioners, and the new forced capitation loan may be expected to extinguish finally many of their struggling existences. For the few professional men, especially Europeans in Damascus, the case is more painful still. At this moment doctors receive fees in medjidehs for difficult operations, for which twice the number of sovereigns would elsewhere be considered very moderate. We believe the most flourishing medical practitioner to be a native who keeps a pharmacy and dispenses advice and drugs six or seven hours a day at a uniform charge of five francs.

The question which naturally rises is—Can no remedy be found for such a situation? Several present themselves, but their application is easier on paper than in reality. The first necessary step is a rigorous application high and low of that reform for which the whole Empire is crying out—reform in the codes, reform in the courts, reform in taxation, and reform in land tenure. After this we should see with pleasure some free and cheap communication by road or rail with the interior and with the outer world. The isolation of Damascus is wasting her away, and the growing activity of the coast towns proves that even Turkish misrule cannot crush the commercial capabilities of Syria. Let Damascus share some of their ordinary advantages and her own natural ones will do the rest for her. But first we must thoroughly purge the tribunals from underpaid officials whose hands are always open for the bribe, from false witnesses who are bought for piastres, and from all the concomitants of Turkish justice so well known to us by Consular reports and by newspaper correspondence. Although the divergence of the main body of the Hadj is of serious import, we do not think

that this alone could suffice to destroy the city which has existed since the days of the Book of Genesis. The other causes are temporary, and if due encouragement were held out to the Damascenes, and their eyes opened to their own advantage, we are inclined to believe that the crisis might be tided over. We have only to look at the strides made by Cairo in the last two years to learn the effects of improved administration. Add to this cheap and easy communication with the rest of mankind, and we could still prophesy some good days to come for Damascus.

#### THE INCONVENIENCES OF ABDUCTION.

IT has been held by pious journalists that Providence always supplies some subject of public or private interest for discussion in the month of September. The Peage murder, the accident to the steamer *Princess Alice*, the unexpected disasters at Candahar last year, are notable as instances of the forethought of the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft and looks after Newspaper Jack. This year a greater matter has just prevented, and may possibly turn out not to have prevented, the Rev. H. B. Kennard from being the chosen instrument of Providence in discharging this particular part of its functions. It is true Mr. Kennard's mishap was not what the composers of placards love to call a Tragedy. But, if it was not a tragedy, it could fairly come under the other word most beloved of them—it was a Mystery. A great determination of Special Correspondents to Woodford and to 41 Hunter Street took place, and the intelligent reporter seems to have interviewed everybody that possibly could be interviewed. The frankness and communicative disposition of the reverend gentleman principally concerned seems to have saved these inquirers a good deal of trouble. Indeed the graphic nature of Mr. Kennard's "statement," and its abundance of small details, must have made some of his interviewers—though we are wrong here, for he has "left for a further destination, kept secret," and cannot have been personally interrogated—envy and admire him. How he was sitting in his private sitting-room, like the hero or heroine of more than one old ballad, when men of evil intent came to summon him; how he postponed his dinner (always a very unwise thing to do, and only excusable on the score of the natural "flustration" of mind in a man just going to be married); how he went through a painful process of alternately shouting for assistance and being throttled and gagged—the latter not literally, it would appear—all these things appear in his statement, and have been published in the book of the chronicles of daily journalism over and over again. That the inmates of his involuntary lodgings should have thought it quite simple that a mad gentleman should be lodged among them is nothing novel, though it is disquieting to weak nerves. There is a proposition which is too stale for the satirist, but which is solid matter for the social and moral historian of the British people, and that is that a person drowning in two feet of water, a wife in process of jellification at the hands of her husband, and an alleged lunatic under any treatment whatever, are *topus*, and not to be interfered with by any profane outsider. The incidents of the reverend gentleman's incarceration are not very novel either. The heroines of the last century, who were invariably abducted once, if not oftener, in the course of each novel, had special reasons for being shy of the food offered them, which was always of the most costly character. Mr. Kennard, on the other hand, seems to have taken his food freely and to have been fairly well satisfied with it. Bread and cheese and beer seem a meagre compensation to a man defrauded of his dinner; but there might be worse breakfasts than "a nicely cooked mutton chop." Next to the great food question the chief object of anxiety with all abductees (if the word be legitimate) is to try whether their gaolers are corruptible. Fortunately for Mr. Kennard he was—as, indeed, a man usually is on the eve of his wedding tour—well provided with portable property, and he used it with skill and discretion. Five-pound notes judiciously administered are excellent pick-locks; and one of the malefactors, the author of the remark that "money was always a consideration," was either a philosopher or a close student of Dickens, who would have been delighted with him. As a clergyman of the Church of England, Mr. Kennard doubtless had the Danae history in his mind, and applied its lessons exactly as Jupiter would have done if his object had been to get out of the tower and not to obtain admission to it. Classical culture never goes wrong, and the five-pound notes prevailed.

All this being derived from Mr. Kennard's own statement to the police is, of course, legitimate public property. But "Our Own Reporter" would have felt himself disgraced if he had neglected the task of adding private and personal scholia to the text. His energetic inquiries at Woodford and at Hunter Street have resulted in the public being informed of particulars of which it is difficult to exaggerate the interest and impossible to deny the value. One of the Hunter Street revelations is so delightfully characteristic of the average landlady that we can half forgive its publication. "Everything," said the injured woman in question, "that had been asked for in the way of refreshments was supplied." It will be observed that this is corroborated by Mr. Kennard himself, who even pays a handsome compliment to the chops—and it is not every chop which deserves such a compliment; but if you have every refreshment supplied which you ask for, what more can you want? At least such appears to be the argument of this involuntary keeper of a private Bastille, who is, let

us hasten to repeat, a decidedly injured person, and who would probably be very glad if the enterprising kidnappers who have made her house notorious were soundly punished. But there are plenty of other details with which we must confess that we are old-fashioned enough to think that the public has absolutely nothing to do. Mr. Kennard, we are told, has a brother-in-law at Woodford of good position, Manager of Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's brewery. It is not understood that there is any charge against this brother-in-law, and what business, therefore, we should like to know, have newspaper readers with his occupation and position, and so forth? In order to take part in the wedding, Canon Duckworth slept at the Castle Hotel on Tuesday night. It is really remarkable that we are not told what the Canon had for dinner and breakfast. "The most complete arrangements had been made for the occasion" at the bride's house, and "a large marquee had been erected in the grounds for the wedding breakfast." Clearly the importance of this marquee in furthering the ends of justice is something phenomenal, almost equalling the celebrated chops and tomato-sauce. When Mr. Kennard explained his adventures to the Rector of Woodford, the Rector "deeply sympathized" with him, which speaks well for the Rector's heart (always supposing that he was not quoting the Walrus, in a famous and beautiful ballad), but does not appear to be of great importance to the public. That "the further destination of the bride and bridegroom has been kept secret" must be a blow to the gentlemen of the press, and we should not be surprised to hear that some energetic and devoted man had followed their cab, taken a ticket in the same train, and is now keeping his guardian eye and his observant notebook open in respect of their doings. Meanwhile his brethren have fallen back on Mr. Kennard's past. That he is a well-known breeder of cattle is of course again legitimate enough information, because it is *publica materia* already. But we really do not want to know that Mr. Kennard was married thirty years ago (name of lady given), or that he had seven or eight children (this is a vagueness unworthy of the reporter—we ought to have had exact names and ages). Still less do we see the necessity of informing the world that he was engaged to a young lady two years ago, but that the young lady (name and residence given) was drowned while skating. It is just possible—people are such fools—that this young lady has relations who may not exactly like their dead sister's name to be dragged into a penny-dreadful mystery, and whose sorrow—for the fools just referred to do actually sometimes grieve for their friends even at the enormous interval of two years—may be somewhat rudely renewed. But the reporter is quite impartial. Dead or living, it is all the same to him. It is asserted, he tells us, that certain relatives "desired to prevent the marriage on account of disparity of age between the parties, the bride being represented as a mere girl." But this, says he in his omniscient fashion, is evidently erroneous; Miss So-and-so is not a mere girl; he knows her age to a few years; she is from thirty-seven to forty—which is also a fact of great public interest. The reporter thinks it still "uncertain whether legal proceedings will be taken, the prevalent impression being [that is, the reporter thinking in his own miserable soul] that some family secret, which it is desirable should not be made public, is at the bottom of this remarkable affair." Thus far the reporter—probably under the influence of ill-temper at not being allowed to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Kennard on their wedding tour.

We need hardly say that we know nothing and care nothing about Mr. Kennard and his circumstances. The matter having been communicated to the police because, of course, so far public property, and, if it ever comes into a court of law, it will become public property still further. But it would become so, and has become so, only as far as matters authoritatively and officially divulged extend; and all this backstairs tittle-tattle about the age of the present Mrs. Kennard, and the fate of Mr. Kennard's previous betrothed, and the marquee in the grounds, and the deep sympathy of the Rector, and Canon Duckworth's bed at the Castle, and all the rest of it, is simply a fresh instance of the degradation of public taste and the public press. As for the reporter's precious "prevalent impression," and his insinuation that there is some unsavoury family secret, that goes a little further still. If Mr. Kennard is a man of reading, he might repeat the words of a delightful brother of his cloth to a certain Mr. Favesdrop whose spiritual son our reporter is—"Sir, you have dished me up like a savoury omelette to gratify the appetite of the reading rabble for gossip." The reply would probably be that the reading rabble and the reporter himself would have much preferred that the omelette should be unsavoury, and, indeed, the cook has, as we have seen, done his best to convey a flavour of this kind, if only in hypothetical fashion. But, savoury or unsavoury, the whole thing is simply gossip. There are points of public importance involved, of course. The case is an additional illustration of the terrible ease with which the Lunacy Laws can still be made to cover the worst designs, and if Mr. Kennard's statements about the policemen to whom he appealed in vain be confirmed, there is certainly something for Sir Edmund Henderson to do in the intervals of drilling his men and teaching them how to fill up Reports. But both these things can be investigated and remedied without inquiring into the history, ages, and fates of all the young ladies whom Mr. Kennard ever loved, and the arrangements of the wedding breakfast, and the occupation of the victim's brothers-in-law, still more without announcing "prevalent impressions" as to a skeleton in the cup-

board. The fact of the outrage, and the best means of making such outrages more difficult in future, are the matters, and the only matters, of public interest. All the rest is simply a vulgar incursion into the region of private life, deriving its sole interest from the fact that it is such an incursion. That there will always be a demand for rubbish and garbage of this sort is indeed certain; but respectable newspapers, at least, are not bound to comply with the demand. Perhaps the worst effect of the notorious excesses in this direction which have disgraced journalism in England for the last decade is that competition urges the more respectable papers to follow, if only timidly and at a distance, on the trail of the "Society" nuisances.

#### FREEMASONRY.

**A**SIAM sometimes acquires a sort of prescriptive respectability which makes it almost criminal to attempt to throw any light upon its real origin, or to expose its unfounded pretensions. Freemasonry, though not exactly a sham in the full sense of the word, is regarded by the uninitiated as a most ancient and mysterious institution, preserving the traditions of the illuminati from unknown antiquity, the members of which are able to recognize each other by signs never yet divulged to the outer world, and are strong to punish any traitorous brother who should dare to reveal one jot or tittle of the mysteries. These pretensions are sedulously cultivated by Freemasons themselves, and we find persons in all ranks of life, who in other matters are most punctilious with regard to the truth, solemnly countenancing and perpetuating what appears to the investigator from the outside a gigantic and somewhat puerile sham. Almost every Mason, when asked whether the works published upon the subject purporting to give an account of the secrets are correct in their descriptions of the system, will unhesitatingly answer that they are not, but that Freemasonry contains far deeper, and, indeed, ineffable mysteries. Yet, if any one would take the trouble to look over the catalogue of any large library, he would be surprised at the immense list of books which claim to contain full and complete revelations of the mystery of Freemasonry, to say nothing of the authorized text-books for the use of officers and novices which are published by the Masonic Societies themselves. These last are, it is true, rendered unintelligible by the occurrence of frequent blanks, dashes, and asterisks; but the less legitimate publications supply the omissions in what, it must be confessed, is a very consistent and unanimous manner. According to these treatises, the whole mystery consists in teaching the candidate certain signs and passwords by which he may recognize a brother Mason, and telling him a story (really a clumsy fable, based on the Biblical narrative of the building of Solomon's Temple) to account for them. This story is practically illustrated on the person of the candidate, who at one stage of the ceremony is blindfolded and suddenly thrown upon his back in an undignified manner, and, on being restored to the light, is confronted with skull and crossbones and other emblems of mortality. The red-hot poker of popular fancy is not, so far as we know, used in the initiatory ceremony; but the indignities to which the candidate has apparently to submit seem scarcely less foolish and unpleasant than a mild application of the actual cautery would be. It is not our intention to give in detail all these signs, passwords, and wonderful histories, since any one who is curious upon the subject may take up the *Text-Book of Freemasonry*, *Carlile's Manual*, or any other similar book and learn them for himself. Such fables and ceremonies are harmless enough in themselves, but it is really to be regretted that the members of the order have allowed such false notions to prevail with regard to their genuineness and antiquity. These claims are, however, at once demolished when the light of history and common sense is thrown upon them.

A favourite legend with the craft is that Masonic emblems are found on ancient monuments, and that Masonic signs are in use amongst Oriental and savage peoples. The first statement is so far true that the inventors of the ritual have borrowed a few ancient emblems, such as the Pentalpha or Solomon's Seal; but they have employed them without the least reference to their primitive signification. The second proposition may be disposed of by stating that certain natural signs of courtesy and recognition in common use in the East are employed or imitated in quite a different sense by Freemasonry. For instance, the respectful raising of the hand to the breast, lips, and head, in token of complete devotion, with which an Arab greets a superior, might easily be confounded by a casual observer with the gestures by which a Mason alludes to the terms of the preposterous oaths which have been administered to him, and whereby he consents to have his throat cut and many other disgusting operations performed upon him should he ever reveal the "secrets" entrusted to his care.

Another popular error respecting the craft is that its "secrets" and ceremonial are somehow connected with the ancient mysteries of Egypt and Greece. There is not the slightest foundation for such a supposition; for although all secret societies are so far alike that they have their forms of initiation, degrees, signs, and password, there can be no possible point of contact between the secretly taught science and religion of the ancient world and the essentially modern cock-and-bull story about Solomon's Temple which forms the motive for the Masonic ritual. The claims which have been advanced for it, that it was in some way connected through the Crusades with the Knights Templars and other secret



orders, are also without any foundation, the known history of the craft being totally opposed to any such idea. The Knights Templars were undoubtedly connected with the Assassins, and through them with some of the older secret orders of the East; but their story, though most interesting, and one which deserves careful re-writing, has no more to do with the constitution of Freemasonry than it has with that of the "Good Templars" of Temperance notoriety. Enthusiastic Masons love also to dilate upon the various legends which point to the widely-spread existence and influence of the order. One very favourite anecdote to this purpose is that of a French officer during the War of Independence in America, who, having been captured by Indians, was tied to a stake and about to suffer the usual horrible tortures. In his despair he raised his hands to make the Masonic sign of distress, and called upon "the widow's son," when to his delight and astonishment a young Indian chief stepped forward, responded to the sign, and set the prisoner free. It is only fair to say that the story has been proved to be circumstantially true; but, as the investigation of its authenticity also brought to light the fact that the Indian chief had, during a previous visit to Europe, been initiated in a London lodge, the incident does not go far to prove the antiquity of Freemasonry. In fact, it may as well be understood, once for all, that no Masonic fraternity or Society whatever exists, or ever has existed, in any part of the globe, which does not owe its immediate origin to a European lodge.

The secret of Freemasonry is a *secret de Polichinelle*, and is to be read in fifty different treatises, any one of which will enable a reader to make his way into a lodge quite as well as though he had submitted to the inane ceremonies of probation and initiation. If this is not the case, the Society should authoritatively deny its truth, or it will continue to be under the imputation of having for a great number of years made a great fuss about nothing at all. But in the matter of the antiquity of the order no disclaimers which they could make would be of any avail. The story of Hiram Abiff, and of the mysterious pillars Jachin and Boaz which stood at the Temple entrance, as told by Masonic ritual, bear the unmistakable "Brummagem" brand, and will not for a moment bear the test of criticism, either from an archaeological or Oriental point of view. The real origin of the order as we have it now appears to date from about the beginning of the eighteenth century, while an extinct organization which furnished the motive for Freemasonry, though having no immediate connexion with it, is some three or four centuries older. It has been indisputably proved that the institution of Freemasons took its rise in the guild of operative masons which, under the name of the "Fraternity of Masons," was formed by the architect and workmen employed from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century in the building of Strasburg Cathedral. The flower and pick of the profession were engaged upon this masterly edifice, and they were naturally desirous of perpetuating the secret of such good work, just as the *Comédie Française* preserve the traditions of the art of perfect acting. Their example was followed by other groups of masons throughout Germany, and all these different lodges were, some twenty years after the completion of the tower of Strasburg, merged into one association. Their Act of Uniformity was drawn up in 1459, and ratified by the Emperor Maximilian thirty years later by an Imperial diploma. They adopted the instruments of the craft—the square, level, and compasses—as their emblems, and had a secret password, "Liberty," which in itself gives a clue to the ulterior aims of the Society. The Fraternity of Masons lasted until 1707, when it was authoritatively abolished by the Imperial Diet.

These are the simple facts about the origin of the Society, or rather of the Society whose constitution served as a model for the more recent and spurious association which has taken its name. It is not necessary to enter into the question of the so-called higher degrees in Masonry, such as the Knights Templars, Rosicrucians, and the like. Their rituals are even more impudent pretences than those of the craft itself, and exhibit a mixture of arrant nonsense, child's-play, and profanity which is rather shocking than ridiculous. Amongst the edifying ceremonies which accompany the initiation of the "Knights" are parodies of the Holy Sacrament and other solemn services of the Church. Craft Masonry is at least free from the charge of blasphemy, however much it sins in the way of foolish and unwarranted assumption. Some visionary scheme for the formation of a Universal Brotherhood of Mankind, which should emancipate the world from the tyranny of priestcraft and despotism, was no doubt the idea which actuated the founders of the Masonic order, and which made the organization of the then existing guild of operative masons a ready instrument to their hands. The possible political importance, too, of such an institution as offering a ready vehicle for international conspiracies had much to do with the original success of the movement. But the more widely spread the order has become, the more harmless have been its aims, and the denunciations of popes and kings have only had the effect of giving to a number of benevolent gentlemen the fearful joy of half persuading themselves that they are conspirators of a very formidable kind. As a matter of fact, Freemasonry is an excellent Friendly Society, established for charitable and convivial purposes, and possessing a widely-extended and excellent organization, while its so-called ritual, if spurious, is at any rate irreproachable on the score of morality. If the members of the craft choose to meet together in groups from time to time for the performance of a solemn farce, or delight to deck themselves out in fantastic gear, we have no

more right to find fault with them than we have to grudge the Foresters their processions, scarves, bandit-hats, and other paraphernalia at a Crystal Palace fête. The two orders are exactly on a par, with the exception that the Masonic one is the older of the two. It would be more dignified, no doubt, to give up the nonsense and rely upon the intrinsic merits and real objects of the order, but mystery, even when it is such an open secret as Masonry, has its attractions, and probably does conduce towards holding the Society together. When, however, Freemasons lay claim to an antiquity and an Oriental origin which are absolutely delusive, and when they deliberately seek to impose the sham upon the credulity of the public, it becomes a duty to expose the real nature of their pretensions. Masonry is, as we have said, a very excellent Friendly Society, and very widely spread over Europe, and, indeed, wherever Europeans have settled; but it is essentially a European institution, has no claim to a remote antiquity, and has not the slightest immediate connexion with the East or the least pretensions to antiquity.

#### THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

ALTHOUGH some few late exhibits are still arriving, yet the Exhibition may now be said to be practically complete. As might be expected, the greatest display is made by the modern apparatus for the practical application of electricity to commercial purposes—above all, by the different systems of electric light. Whilst fully acknowledging the fact that this Exhibition is one of the most interesting and successful that have ever been held, we cannot help observing that the supposed power of the French nation for organization and classification has failed signally in this instance; for the exhibits are so scattered, so imperfectly attended, and so catalogued that few people except those intimately connected with electrical matters, and having the advantage of personal acquaintances amongst the commissioners and exhibitors, could hope to get much information from the Exhibition. No doubt some of the fault lies with the exhibitors themselves and with the foreign Commissioners; but the French Government is to blame, and it alone, for allowing the Exhibition to be so badly catalogued, and, above all, for granting the concession for printing and selling the catalogue to a private speculator, who has added to it under the cover of the title "*Catalogue général officiel*" and the heading of the title-page, "*Ministère des Postes et des Télégraphes*," some most shameless pulls of some of the exhibits, one in particular being repeated several times under different forms. Imagine an official catalogue, published under the authority of a Minister of State, containing such a statement as this, a statement made before the jury have even been appointed:—"L'Exposition d'Edison est certainement la plus importante, la plus nombreuse, et la plus variée de tout le Palais de l'Industrie"; and again, in the face of the widespread knowledge of the true history of incandescent lighting, this official Ministerial catalogue going on to say:—"Edison est le premier qui ait fait usage, et ses brevets en font foi, d'un filament de charbon incandescent continu, avec une résistance supérieure à dix ohms, dans un vide maintenu par un globe de verre continu, dans lequel on scelle les conducteurs métalliques."

Another point on which both the scientific and the commercial world have good cause to blame the French Government is the delay in appointing the members of the jury. The Exhibition has been open since the early part of August, and yet it will probably be some days before the jury are able to begin their work, although the Exhibition is to close (according to the official notice) on November 15. Now in the important class of electric lights, if the award of the jury is to be worth anything, the most careful and accurate measurements will have to be made. Take any one system—in order to judge of the light, after considering its steadiness and photometric value, the resistance of the lamp when burning, and the current required to work it, ought also to be measured. And in the case of the dynamo or magneto machines employed to generate the currents for the lamps, it is necessary to measure the horse-power absorbed by each machine, and also its electromotive force, together with the current which it produces, in order to test their relative economy. Now all these measurements will take time; the more so as the methods of making them, with the enormous currents and high electro-motive forces of most of the lighting machines, are by no means thoroughly worked out, and have not yet passed into mechanical routine, as have the measurements of ordinary telegraphic currents. It is to be feared that, pressed for time, the jury may content themselves with taking the light and dynamo together, and merely measuring in each system the horse-power required to obtain a given candle power—a test which will no doubt give valuable information for commercial purposes, but which will do nothing to help on invention, as the more thorough and scientific method might have done. Another difficulty stares them in the face. In judging the three forms of purely incandescent lamps shown in this Exhibition—Swan's, Maxim's, Leno Fox's, and Edison's—the length of time that the lamps last is a most important element. Now we believe that some of Mr. Swan's lamps have lasted for several months; so either the jury must leave out the question of the life of the burners, or they must induce the competitors to go to the expense of keeping their lamps going until they break down, perhaps for months after the closing of the Exhibition, and delay

their award in this class until the question which lamp will last the longest is settled. Though this method would be very satisfactory to the public, we fear that it is far too costly and cumbersome to have any chance of being adopted. As against these shortcomings, we must set the excellent plan of having lectures given at intervals by eminent electricians on certain classes of exhibits, which are pointed out to the audience by the lecturer, who goes round the Exhibition with them after the lecture for that purpose.

For the Congress in connexion with the Exhibition, we certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the French Government. The work is now practically finished, although the meetings arranged for Tuesday were given up as a mark of respect to the memory of the late President Garfield. The most important question before the Congress, that of settling the international standards for electrical measurement, has been disposed of, with the result that the British Association units, or "B.A. units," have been adopted; the party desiring to adopt the centimetre gram second, or C.G.S. units, of electromotive force and current having given way, whilst a useful concession has been made to the German party, who supported the Siemens unit of resistance, by defining the length and section of a column of mercury which at a given temperature will have the resistance of one ohm—the British Association unit of resistance.

In the Exhibition itself the sight by night is most wonderful. The whole area of the main hall of the Palais de l'Industrie being lighted by enormous numbers of brilliant arc lights, the entire space is flooded with dazzling white light, the crowd moving through it hardly casting any shadow since the rays cross each other in every conceivable direction. Of course, no measurements having been taken, it is impossible to form any guess at the economy of the different systems of arc light as compared one with another; we can only judge of their brilliancy and steadiness. As to brilliancy there is but little to choose between the different systems; but for steadiness the Siemens, Brush, and Crompton systems are quite the best, with, perhaps, a slight superiority in Mr. Crompton's lamp. In fact, we believe that all that mechanism can do to produce steadiness in the electric arc has been done, though no doubt the machinery employed will be simplified, and that the question of getting a perfectly steady arc light is now one entirely for the manufacturers of the carbon-rods. In the upstairs galleries are some few arc lights, one of the best being that of the système Collin, which is fitted up with glass globes, the upper parts of which are built up of prisms, after the manner of a light-house lens.

In the Belgian section, Jaspar of Liège shows a very good arc light, which is mounted after the principle first used by the Siemens, the light being hidden from the eye and caused to illuminate a white canvas disc several feet in diameter, which thus becomes the source of light for the room. The effect is very agreeable, but the arrangement shown appears to be extravagant in cost, on account of the great loss of light. M. Jamin's system must be classed amongst the arc lights. His lamp consists of two parallel rods of carbon placed between the arms of a long horseshoe magnet, which repels the voltaic arc, and thus keeps it always at the end of the carbons. The idea is ingenious, but the performance of the lamp is far from good, the light being one of the least steady exhibited. Amongst the semi-incandescent lights—that is to say, lamps in which the light is given partly by the voltaic arc and partly by the glow of some body heated by the arc—the Jablockhoff system quite holds its own for brilliancy, although it is surpassed in steadiness by the Lampe Soleil, which consists of two rods of carbon, which press by their own weight on a block of hard marble. This system gives a very soft but bright light, and is quite steady. The inventor asserts that the marble block will last about forty hours, and that the carbons only consume at the rate of one centimetre per hour. The Joel light, which is well known in England, is another semi-incandescent light, but it does not contrast well with the other lamps of the same type, for, though steady, it gives but little light, whilst the Werdermann system, though brilliant, is quite as unsteady as the worst arc light to be seen in the Exhibition. Coming now to the pure incandescent lights, we find but little to choose between them as far as effect goes. We have not had an opportunity of seeing the Maxim light, which we have already mentioned; and Swan's, Edison's, and Lane Fox's lamps are almost identical as far as the light-producing part is concerned. Mr. Edison does not appear to make his lamps quite so hot, and, therefore, so luminous, as Mr. Swan does; and Mr. Lane Fox is almost as cautious. But, on the whole, we must say that the incandescent systems are amongst the most interesting in the Exhibition, and we believe that if the financial managers of the Lighting Companies are only energetic, and also moderate in their prices, no very long time will elapse before all large dwelling-houses and hotels will be able to use this beautiful form of lighting. No one, we think, who could afford to light his house with candles or lamps would hesitate to adopt one of these systems, if he were to see the beautiful effect of the hundreds of Swan lamps which are arranged in festoons round the walls of the Salle des Conférences, in which the Electrical Congress holds its meetings. These lamps are worked by an alternating current Siemens machine, which, by its low resistance, is almost self-regulating, the lamps being arranged in parallel arc in series of about ten in each derived circuit. Mr. Lane Fox's lamps are supplied by a Brush machine, for which a very ingenious current regulator is exhibited, consisting of a resistance formed

of loose plates of carbon, inserted as a shunt in the circuit of the field magnets; these carbon plates can be pressed together by the armature of an electro-magnet, the coils of which form part of the line circuit, the result being that if the current through the lamps grows too strong, the magnet attracts the armature more strongly, thus pressing the carbon plates closer together. This lowers their resistance, and causes them to cut out more of the current which excites the field-magnets, and so reduce their inducing power, and diminish the line current. Mr. Swan exhibits some of his lamps worked by the Faure battery; these are used to light the exhibit of the English Post Office. This is interesting scientifically, but is of no commercial importance at present, the prices charged for elements of the Faure battery by the Société de Force et Lumière, the owners of the patent, being practically prohibitory.

#### ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PEDIGREES.

IN a well-known passage Herodotus speaks of the importance of pedigrees among the Egyptians of his time. He visited Egypt in the very last days of its independence. The last dynasty of native Pharaohs was about to expire. The Persians and the Greeks were hovering on the horizon. The old kingdom had often been attacked, often preyed upon; now it was to be slain and devoured bodily. In a period of decrepitude old glories are fondly remembered. The priests of Thebes who boasted to him of their ancient descent had soon little else to boast of, and when three centuries more had elapsed—a short period compared with the millenniums that had gone before—Lathyrus destroyed the very temple itself over their heads. Herodotus is more than usually quaint in this anecdote. He prefaces it by a statement as to the priests of Hephæstus—that is, of course, Ptah, the god of Memphis. According to them, he says, three hundred and forty-one generations had elapsed from the time of the first king to the time of the priest of Ptah of that date, an equal number both of kings and of priests having held office. He goes on to argue that three hundred generations requiring 10,000 years, and forty-one generations 1340 years, this assertion went to prove that no god had been born during all that time, but only men. He next speaks of the priests of Thebes, and of what they told Hecateus the chronicler. For Hecateus, apparently, Herodotus did not feel any very great reverence. "He talked of his own pedigree, and traced his lineage to a god, sixteen generations back." This was not to the priests of Memphis, but to those of Thebes, most probably in the temple of Karnac. Herodotus also visited Thebes, and conversed on this subject with its priests, "but I did not talk of my own pedigree," he explains. The priests of "Zeus," or Amen Ra, went a little beyond those of Memphis, for they boasted of three hundred and forty-five generations, consisting each of a Piromis, the son of a Piromis. This name, he goes on to explain, answered to the Greek *καλὸς κἀγαθὸς*—in short, gentleman. To each a huge wooden colossus had been erected in the temple. "Thus, then," he adds, "they showed that all these men who had statues were of this sort, that is to say, men, and something very different from gods." There had been gods ruling in Egypt, but it was long before; and the last of them was Horus, the son of Osiris, whom the Greeks called Apollo.

It is curious to observe of this passage that modern research enables us to correct or to supersede it. Assuming that Hecateus and Herodotus were really told such tales by the priests of Ptah at Mennofer, and the priests of Noom at Tape, we must charge them with very unscrupulous practice on the credulity of strangers. But the repetition and interpretation of the word "Piromis" betrays the fact that their dragoman was either himself as ignorant and as confident as the majority of dragomans are to this day, or else that he very much and purposely exaggerated the statements of the priests. "Rome," or a word very like it, meant in the "Gypt" language "man"; "Po Rome" is "the man," as contradistinguished from "Po Neter," "the God." If he lied about Piromis he may not have scrupled to lie also about the three hundred and forty-five generations. The fact remains that the priests of Thebes kept their genealogies, and, had we nothing else to go upon but this anecdote of Herodotus, it would be sufficient evidence as to the point. We have fortunately much more definite and detailed information, and that, too, about a period several centuries before the visit of Herodotus. Under Psamthik I., whom the Greeks called Psammotichus, a certain Ra-uh-het, surnamed "the beloved of Ptah," or *Ptah-mi*, was priest of Ptah at Memphis. Mr. Lieblein, a learned Norwegian, has been at the pains of tracing his descent from a priest whose name he gives as A-aa; but it may be perhaps better transliterated Ya. Mr. Lieblein founds important chronological arguments upon this and similar pedigrees; but we are not now concerned with them. Ya was priest of Ptah in the reign of Rameses II., and sixteen generations later his descendant, Ra-uh-het, occupied the same dignified position. It is clear that if the priesthood was not exactly hereditary, it yet had a tendency to remain in a single family, and so far Herodotus is right, although Sir Gardiner Wilkinson and others have been mistaken in speaking of a priestly or any other caste. There were no castes in the Indian sense in ancient Egypt at any period. The sixteen generations of the family of Ptah-mi at the computation of Herodotus would require nearly five centuries, a short time, indeed, in Egyptian history, but which takes the

family back almost to the beginning of the then subsisting order of things. *Rameses I.*, the grandfather of *Rameses II.*, had established a new monarchy, and from him to *Psamthik* there is no break in the continuity of the history. Five hundred years would take us back in the England of to-day as far as the end of the reign of *Richard II.* Few grand functionaries of State hold now the offices their ancestors held then. *Mr. Lieblein* has made another pedigree which comprises no fewer than twenty-two generations of royal architects, extending from the accession of the twenty-second dynasty to the year *B.C.* 500.

An interesting example of the importance of pedigrees to the historian is afforded in the paper by *M. Maspero*, read at the recent Oriental Congress. It relates to the wonderful discovery made by *Herr Brugsch* in the Theban mountain. We described a few weeks ago the main features of this discovery, and need here only advert to the family relationships detailed by *M. Maspero*. They are those of the priests of Thebes, at a time not comparatively so very remote from that of the visit of *Herodotus*. *Shishak*, a thousand years or so *B.C.*, overthrew a dynasty of "priest kings" who had reigned for a few generations in the Thebaid. To this dynasty is attributed the assemblage of the mummies of its regal ancestors in the hiding-place now at length opened; and the records so preserved enable *M. Maspero* to form a table of six generations, from *Hier-Hor*, the priest who first ascended the throne as king, to *Pi-notem III.* The body of *Pi-notem* has not been found, though it is probably owing to his pious care that this royal sepulchre was prepared. He may have died in exile, or perished obscurely amid the troubles which befel his kingdom.

If we go back a little further in Egyptian history to the time of the twelfth dynasty, the family of *Amenemhat* and *Osirtasen*, the so-called middle period, we find genealogies very carefully kept. The twelfth dynasty was succeeded by a period of utter anarchy and the domination of the Hyksos. It was preceded by a similar period and the domination of another foreign race. It is a period of great interest; for, though we cannot date it or give it a place in history with respect to contemporary events elsewhere, its relative position in the long Egyptian succession is fully ascertained. Moreover it was, almost without doubt, under the first king of this family that the oldest building not a tomb of which any fragments have come down to us, the temple of *Heliopolis*, or *On*, was built. It was during the subsequent domination of the Hyksos that *Joseph* came to *On*, and, according to *Dr. Brugsch*, enjoyed the favour of *King Noob*. The settled times of the twelfth dynasty afford more than one example of a detailed genealogy; but the most curious is perhaps that in the celebrated ptolees of *Beni Hassan*. Here are no fewer than thirty-six excavated tombs in the face of a single cliff. The first to the northward is a mere square opening—the grave, perhaps, of the patriarch of the race. His name is unknown; but his successor, *Ameny*, made the second tomb—one of the most beautiful and satisfactory pieces of work of the kind that the world holds. Fifteen hundred or more years later the Greeks discovered independently the merits of the style which *Ameny* had used, and the columns of *Beni Hassan* have sometimes, by a French perversion of nomenclature, been called *proto-Doric*, though, to use another inflated French phrase, *Ameny* looks down through twenty centuries upon *Phidias*. *Ameny* was Governor of *Sah*, and dwelt at *Shoofoo-Menat*, a place which has been usually identified with *Minich*, but which more probably answers to the extensive mounds of *Ashment*, a village not noticed in ordinary books or maps, and much nearer *Beni Hassan*. From *Ameny* as an ancestor was descended a long line of royal architects, Governors of *Sah*. Some eight or nine of the six-and-thirty tombs still preserve their inscriptions, and in each case the family pedigree is traced to *Bakt*, the daughter and heiress of *Ameny*. A somewhat similar pedigree, but not so circumstantially stated, may be found in a series of tombs at *Elkab*, the ancient *Nekheh*, the City of the Sacred Sow.

The descent of the family of the monarchs of *Ashment* from the lady *Bakt* betrays a resemblance, one of many which may be detected, between the usages of this middle period and those of the infinitely more remote and undateable monarchy of the pyramid-builders. Almost everything, except the unchangeable country and its great river, had changed—religion, language, laws, perhaps even race—and there is, as might be expected, a difference as great between the Egypt of *Shoofoo* and that of *Amenemhat* as between the Rome of *Augustus* and that of *Rienzi*. But the remoteness of both the twelfth dynasty and the fourth from our own time is illustrated by the importance given under each to female succession. Under the pyramid-builders there are several examples, some of them of such a nature as to make *M. de Rougé* inquire if the succession of the throne did not go solely by women. It would be very interesting if the question thus suggested could be distinctly answered. We are so far almost in the dark. Remains of a funeral character in plenty have come down to us, and we have long pedigrees of private persons; but few data have yet been discovered which reveal the laws which regulated the descent of the crown. There were two kings in the sixth dynasty whose father is known to have been king before them. Until then the fathers of no kings are named on the monuments; and it would not be safe to argue from the end of the sixth dynasty as to the usages of the third or the fourth. In *Manetho*, however, there is a curious point, hitherto, we believe, unnoticed. He says of the first dynasty, that *Athothes*, the second king, was son of *Menes*, the first, that *Kenkenes* was son of *Athothes*, and so on down to the end of the dynasty. There are, so far, no

means of checking the accuracy of this assertion. But it may be observed, on an attentive examination of the fragments of *Manetho* which survive, that he does not say that any king of the second dynasty was the son of his predecessor; and that he does say of *Binothris*, the third king of this second dynasty, that in his time it was settled by law that women might wield the royal power. This may be a mere coincidence, but it may also throw some light on the question of female succession as put by *M. de Rougé*, and be further, as the most ancient example of the kind in the world, worthy of the attention of the disciples of the lamented *John McLennan*. It is, in fact, remarkable in how many cases, down to very late times, a person places his mother's name on a monument to the exclusion of his father's. Possibly in the early period daughters and mothers enjoyed rights in this respect very different from those which prevail among us. *Seneferoo* was not succeeded by a son. *Shoofoo* was not father to *Chafra*. But there is reason to suppose that *Mertitafa* was wife to both *Seneferoo*, the last king of the third dynasty, and to *Shoofoo*, his successor, the builder of the great pyramid. She survived her two husbands. Is it possible that from her either or both of them derived a claim to the throne? And when, after *Shoofoo's* long reign, *Chafra* succeeded him, was it because he was related to her—because, perhaps, he had married her daughter? It is more than likely, yet the probability does not amount to proof, and we only know that on her tomb she records her friendship for this king also. Such are the materials for a romance of the dawn of history. The name of *Seneferoo* reminds us of the fact that even then a "royal descent" was matter of pride, just as in the days of *Sir Bernard Burke* and *Mr. Joseph Foster*. *Seneferoochaf* accounts for his long name, and records his illustrious ancestry, in an epitaph which may be thus paraphrased or translated:—"The Royal Architect, chief of the house of *Apis*, privy councillor, decorated with the collar, *Seneferoochaf*, the son of *Nefermat*, the son of the illustrious princess *Nesertkano*, daughter of *Seneferoo*, King of Upper and Lower Egypt. Titles, decorations, royal descents, sinecure offices, all seem to have existed in full blow at a period which some historians do not hesitate to place considerably before the Creation of the world according to the common reckoning."

#### IMPROVEMENTS ON SCOTT.

THE world has to lament over a great loss in literature, and to rejoice over a great gain. Six months of *Miss Braddon's* invaluable life have passed without her writing a novel; and an addition to the intellectual wealth of England which under ordinary circumstances might have been looked upon as absolutely certain, is not forthcoming. This is very sad. It is most painful to reflect that the stock of *Braddon* novels must of necessity be less by one than it might have been; but happily there is much to alleviate the shock which may be caused by this painful news. *Miss Braddon* has not been idle—far from it. If she has allowed six months to go by without adding to those original works of genius, of which, happily, there is already such a very large number, it is because she has been busy improving the books of one *Walter Scott* for the million. A considerable portion of this writer's novels are, it seems, unfit for publication—that is, for publication in penny numbers intended for the working classes—so *Miss Braddon* has set to work to remove what is objectionable. For some time past advertisements have appeared respecting this issue of the *Waverley Novels*; but *Miss Braddon* would apparently have been well content to pursue her work in silence, and would not have appeared in public to explain her object in mutilating *Scott's* books, had it not been for the rude and ungentlemanlike observations of a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This pedantic and unmanly person spoke contemptuously of "*Scott in Pennyworths*," and, after saying some unpleasant things, implied that the publication was a catchpenny enterprise, which in one sense it certainly is. This aroused *Miss Braddon's* wrath, and she turned fiercely on her critic, and vindicated herself in a letter which is likely to afford delectation to many. As was to be expected in the production of a great writer, the conclusion was the most striking part of it. Defending herself indignantly against the charge of seeking to make money by pleasantly arranging *Scott*, *Miss Braddon* said:—"In conclusion, I can only say that, so far from the production of these little books being a catchpenny enterprise, it is a work which never will and never can remunerate me for the labour I have given to it. I have devoted just six months of my life to the preparation of these thirteen stories—exactly the time it took me to write my novel *Flores*; and if my critic had any familiarity with the book trade he would understand the loss involved in this fact." Now this is a very touching and very beautiful passage, and possibly it will survive everything else that *Miss Braddon* has written. Let it be observed, in the first place, how, with the modesty becoming a woman, but at the same time with a recognition of the merit of her own works which is permissible to a great writer, she suggests without definitely stating the immense pecuniary value of one of her books. The ignorant and supercilious critic does not know, she implies, what it is for six months to pass without *Miss Braddon* writing a novel; or what she foregoes and the trade suffers when, at the end of half a year, no masterpiece is ready. Possibly vulgar curiosity may cause a few inquisitive people to regret that *Miss*

Braddon should not have been more definite, and should not have given some idea of how much she and the trade have lost by her abandoning the pen for the scissors; but the regret, though natural, would be a mistaken one. She has rightly abstained from condescending to particulars, and, with the skill of an accomplished author, has left something to the imagination. Those who are not sufficiently imaginative, and who love positive information, must find out a friend who possesses "familiarity with the book trade," and ask what happens when Miss Braddon has not a novel ripe at the end of the usual period, and what is the enormous loss "involved in this fact."

The end of the letter in which this heavy sacrifice is so feelingly referred to is, as we have said, the most remarkable part of it; but the other portions are well worth attention, and are only inferior in interest to the sentence we have quoted. Miss Braddon begins by explaining what it was that first inspired her with the idea of abridging Scott. This was due, it seems, to no less a person than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in a speech which was published, deprecated the quality of the literature of amusement provided for the people. What possible connexion there could be between the very just observations of Dr. Tait and the abridgment of Scott by Miss Braddon is not at first sight easy to see; but, so far as we can understand, the process of reasoning which she went through was as follows:—The people have had literature provided for them; they ought to have good literature; Scott's writings are good, but they might be cleverly abridged, so as to enormous them down to penny numbers; for the task of abridging them, no one can be more competent than she, who is flooded with dazzlingly good literature, and pointed to it as proof of her competence. Of course, it is impossible to form a just opinion of his plays as proof of his competence. "Sir, if I was not already acquainted with your works, the high opinion which my father has of them would induce me at once to accept your offer." In like manner the author of *Vivien* has a very high opinion of the works of Miss Braddon, and considers that gifted lady eminently qualified to re-edit Scott. Now Scott was to be re-edited we are carefully informed. After reading the passage in the Archbishop's speech, it immediately occurred to Miss Braddon "that the *Waverley Novels*—for half a century the delight of the educated classes—might be so condensed and simplified as to give equal pleasure to that vast multitude of readers who have neither enough leisure nor enough culture to enjoy the works of a novelist who dearly loved to expatiate into the domain of the antiquarian and the word-painter, and whose style in all its scholarly exuberance is assuredly far above the heads of the million." We fear that Miss Braddon's style, in its exuberance, whether scholarly or not, will fail to be appreciated by most people. Why a writer of historical novels should not make use of his antiquarian knowledge, or, to use Miss Braddon's phrase, should not "expatiate into the domain of the antiquarian," it is passing hard to see. Without antiquarian knowledge an historical novel cannot be properly written; and Miss Braddon might as well talk of the astronomer "expatiating into the domain" of the mathematician. What the domain of the word-painter may be, as apart from that of the novelist, and how far the latter trespasses when he enters the former's territory, are questions concerning which we must admit the most humiliating ignorance. We presume, however, that what Miss Braddon means is that Scott's descriptions might be cut out or shortened, and that those portions of his romances which show antiquarian knowledge might also be struck out to fit his works for "the million." Now the *Waverley Novels* would suffer if the descriptions were omitted, it is not necessary to point out; but perhaps they are sometimes skipped by very idle readers. With regard to the antiquarian portions of Scott's books her proposition seems truly wonderful. No feature, perhaps, in his works commands greater admiration than the marvellous skill with which he made use of his wide antiquarian knowledge, and to shorten his works by suppressing those parts would be like improving Marryat by leaving out every passage which shows a knowledge of seamanship. Miss Braddon expresses a fond hope that those who make their first acquaintance with Scott in what she calls "this simplified form" will afterwards learn to appreciate him "in all his amplitude of thought and detail." We should think certainly that, if anything could give a distaste for Scott's works, it would be the desiccated Scott which she desires to offer. It is only fair to her to say, however, that she puts forward a reason for her singular view. "Many and many a time," she says, "has she heard readers, not without education, avow that they had tried to read Scott, and could not. His opening descriptions were so long, his dialogue was so Scotch. Like Dr. Johnson, the general reader wants to tear the heart out of a book." We fear that in this case it is not the general reader, but the editor who wants to tear the heart out of a book. What Miss Braddon says about her friends' views is doubtless quite correct. Probably, like most of us, she knows a number of people who, though not without education, are extremely silly. If she takes the trouble to inquire, she will probably find out that amongst her acquaintance there are not a few who find Shakespeare and Pope, and even Byron, too much for them. Would this constitute a valid reason for manipulating these writers, so as to reduce them to the level of the meanest capacity? What kind of literary food the working-man may desire we do not pretend to know, but assuredly he is not so poor in these days as to be unable to buy any book which costs more than a penny, and we venture to say that mauling great works in

order to please him is hardly the way to create a healthy taste. It is, however, a waste of time to argue the question seriously.

How Miss Braddon has executed the abridgments which she undertook *de cœur léger*, and with so profound a belief in her own competence for the work, how the novels have fared which she has re-edited at the rate of about one in a fortnight, we shall not attempt now to consider, though we propose to treat the subject at a future time. We view the task with considerable apprehension, and, indeed, Miss Braddon's proceeding is altogether calculated to strike dismay. Our estimate of her powers might not quite accord with her own; but we freely admit that she is as well able to re-edit a classic as an ordinary manager or actor. Now managers or actors have always thought themselves both entitled and qualified to alter and "arrange" Shakespeare as seemed good to them, and few things are more painful in the literary history of this country than the tolerance with which the treatment of the great master has been received by the public and the critics. Is the bad example of the stage to be followed in literature? Are the works of our foremost writers to be mauled and spoilt in order to adapt them to a supposed popular taste, of which the only ascertainable feature is its intense vulgarity? We hope not; but it is impossible not to see that Miss Braddon's example may have its effect, and that where she has so boldly rushed in many may be found to follow. Most sincerely, then, do we trust that she will desist from self-sacrifice. Why should she inflict great pecuniary loss on herself and demerit the book trade by unwonted silence? Under ordinary circumstances we should not, we confess, pray for a continuance of her masterpieces; but, as things are, we devoutly hope that she may soon return to constructive work. Satisfied with having in six months rendered thirteen of the *Waverley Novels* fit for the working-man, let her, for Heaven's sake, resume her place as an original writer and leave Scott in peace.

#### MOUNTED INFANTRY.

THERE is something very terrible in the regularity with which one military question relieves another. Abolition of purchase, short service, army reserve, linked battalions, brigade depôts, exchanges, mobilization, and autumn manoeuvres have all in turn appeared and been disposed of for better or worse. But the cry is, still they come; for, while we have immediately before us Mr. Childers's grand reorganization scheme, behind us, like Black Care, is seated the mounted infantry man. It is certainly suggestive, and possibly appropriate, that the commencement of the silly season should have been selected for the introduction of this nondescript warrior. Not that this is his first appearance; on the contrary, he has already started up in a casual and fitful manner on more than one occasion, but has always been dismissed and pigeonholed owing to the pressure of weightier military matters. His resuscitation has lately taken place in a long letter to the *Times* of the 8th inst., headed "Mounted Infantry." There were doubtless many who perused the above heading with a feeling approaching to relief at finding that we had any infantry to mount; but their delight must have been quickly dispelled by another letter immediately following, signed by a "Field-Officer of over thirty years' standing," which informed us that, in fact, we had none. The writer of the first letter, Mr. Edward Maxwell (Grant), does not, however, urge that we should in reality mount any of our infantry, which, considering their limited numbers, is perhaps fortunate. He flies at higher game, and his letter, when summed up, is nothing more nor less than a proposal that we should disestablish a portion of our field artillery, and turn the greater part of our cavalry into mounted infantry. Mr. Grant opens his letter by stating that—

Having seen three wars fought out by regular troops, I may consistently claim a practical acquaintance with the subject. As I have served with cavalry regiments, I am not open to the charge of want of practical experience with this branch of the service or of being prejudiced against it. The ideas herein set forth may possibly appear rather sweeping to some conservative minds, but they are based upon years of actual experience in warfare, wherein I had special facilities for making impartial observations and conclusions.

It would possibly have strengthened Mr. Grant's case had he informed us what the particular wars were which he had seen fought out, and in what capacity he attended them. Was he a soldier, an officer, a special correspondent, or an attaché? Nevertheless he certainly manages, as we shall see, to deal one or two awkward thrusts at the cavalry and artillery of the present day, and his letter contains matter for serious reflection. He commences by condemning both lance and sabre, the former as being "utterly obsolete," the latter as being "of so little practical use that there are many close and careful students of modern warfare who strongly advocate its banishment from future armaments." The utter uselessness of both in presence of the modern breechloading rifle is pointed out, and the following four propositions are laid down for consideration:—

1. Shall we preserve the existing proportions between the different arms of the service, modifying those corps which may require improvement in drill and armament, and then add a new grand division of mounted infantry?
2. Shall we maintain the existing cavalry and artillery proportions, and teach part of the infantry to ride and fight on horseback if required?
3. Shall we maintain the infantry and cavalry as they stand to-day, and teach and arm the cavalry so that they shall be competent to discharge the duties of mounted infantry?



4. Shall we make a general redistribution of the proportion between the arms of the services, and diminish the corps which the improved weapons have robbed of a portion of their usefulness, and increase proportionately the corps which have proved the most effectual in modern conditions of warfare?

Of the above alternatives, No. 1 is dismissed on the ground that the present cavalry organization is inadequate to the requirements of the present day, and also because no country could furnish the largely increased number of horses that would be required to create a force of mounted infantry. No. 2 is also put out of court, on account of the difficulty attendant on the selection of properly qualified men from among the infantry. A much more valid ground of objection, which does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Grant, would be found in the fact that in these days of short service the infantry have barely time to become proficient in the numerous subjects which now form part of the infantry soldier's training, nor have we any men to spare from our present attenuated establishments. The third proposition, according to Mr. Grant, furnishes the key to the solution of the whole question. He lays stress on the fact that the lance and sabre are both obsolete, and, as evidence on this head, points to the last Russo-Turkish war, in which he says that neither was used more than once or twice. Accordingly he suggests a careful examination of the weapons used by the cavalry of the present day, and, as a natural result, the substitution of the rifle for cold steel. He also points out that, if we turn our cavalry into mounted infantry, we shall start with the advantage that all the men are already trained to ride. Having arrived at this point, Mr. Grant proceeds to give the various duties of cavalry on service under numerous headings, which arrangement we think we can simplify. Some years ago a German writer on tactics, Von Clausewitz, summed up the value of cavalry in modern war in the following terse sentence—"useless on the battle-field, but invaluable off it." Mr. Grant takes much the same view, and maintains that against the other two arms modern cavalry are simply powerless. The statement is somewhat sweeping, but still there are certain grounds for making it. The wars of 1866, 1870, and 1877 are remarkable for not having produced a single decisive blow struck by the arm during a battle, nor a single effectual pursuit of a beaten army after a victory. On the other hand, it might be urged that these wars were also remarkable for not having produced a single cavalry leader of repute, and that it is a well-known and admitted fact that no arm of the service is so dependent for success on the presence of a good leader. To this Mr. Grant would probably reply that the occasion never fails to produce the man, and that, as the occasion has gone for ever, we shall never again see a cavalry leader of the old school like Seydlitz or Murat. Let us pass on to the second sentence of Von Clausewitz's opinion—namely, that cavalry are invaluable off the battle-field. To this Mr. Grant fully assents, and shows that the numerous duties of foraging, scouting, reconnoitring, screening, pursuing, covering retreats, protecting convoys, and making raids, could be far more efficiently performed by men armed with rifles—in fact, mounted infantry. This concludes Mr. Grant's case against the cavalry, and he has certainly given us matter for reflection. Hitherto the establishment of mounted infantry has been advocated by numerous writers as auxiliary and supplementary to cavalry proper, to be used merely as a means of rapidly conveying men armed with rifles to some vital or important point, there to become infantry, and fight as such. But Mr. Grant would have no compromise of this kind. To quote his own words:—

The natural conclusion of the preceding discussion is manifest; the speediest, cheapest, and best plan for providing the mounted infantry of the future will be to change the armament and drill of the existing cavalry regiments into a homogeneous mounted force, which will combine all the useful features of the old cavalry organization with the new duties of the force universally admitted to be a necessity for the armies of the present and future.

Let us now pass on to the artillery. The authority we have already quoted, Von Clausewitz, described this arm as "worse than useless off the battle-field, but invaluable on it." Mr. Grant here differs, and condemns the arm all round:—

The military attacks and war correspondents who watched the operations in the Turkish Empire during the late war are almost unanimous in their opinion that a very large majority of the shots fired by the artillery on both sides were of no use whatever; in fact, with the single exception of the capture of Telieh, on the Sula road, the Russians might just as well have left their artillery at home. . . . The bombardment of Plevna by five hundred Russian and nearly one hundred Roumanian guns made no impression on the Turks. The Turks had Krupp guns, and, although Russian and Turkish ammunition was not of the best quality, this defect was largely made up by their knowing every range to a foot. Making all allowances for inferior guns and ammunition, the late war in Turkey showed conclusively that breech-loading rifles have necessitated very great improvements in artillery, if that branch of the service is to maintain its present standing.

This is a heavy bill of indictment against the arm. Its uselessness, and worse, off the battle-field is notorious and apparent. It is bulky, cumbersome, and complicated. It consumes immense supplies, occupies great space on the line of march, and requires a constant escort from one of the other arms. These defects have as yet been condoned on account of the great services which it has hitherto been supposed to render on the battle-field. Mr. Grant, however, openly and boldly attacks this theory, and denounces the efficacy of the arm in action. He weakens his case by quoting instances in illustration in which he himself admits that the material employed was faulty. Perhaps we can strengthen it. According to the well-known writer on tactics, the late Major

Home, R.E., the percentage of Prussian losses at the battle of Gravelotte was thus divided among the three arms:—By infantry fire, 94 per cent.; by artillery fire, 5 per cent.; by sword, lance, and bayonet, 1 per cent.; and these figures are fairly representative for the whole war. Five per cent. of the total casualties is surely a very small proportion for so costly an arm as the artillery. Nor is there much probability that this proportion will increase, inasmuch as the newly-established field-firing at long ranges by the infantry will cause the artillery to remain further off than ever. Artillery officers would doubtless reply that the function of the arm is rather to batter down and destroy walls, houses, intrenchments, and material obstacles than to kill men—in fact, it prepares the way for the infantry. Mr. Grant denies that it does this, and we should like to quote some opinions on the other side. In conclusion we will quote Mr. Grant's combined attack on the cavalry and artillery, which commends itself to economists at any rate:—

In fact, the assertion was made more than once during that (1877) campaign, that, unless there was a great increase of efficiency in both artillery and cavalry; if two armies were placed face to face with equally good positions and commanders, and all the artillery, with three-fourths of the cavalry, were withdrawn from one army, and their places filled up with all the infantry that could be organized and maintained with the money expended on the abstracted corps, the latter army would annihilate the one maintaining the existing proportions between the various branches of the service.

As we have already stated, these views are bold, not to say startling; but we can only observe that as yet no foreign Power seems likely to adopt them; and as they are more interested in the matter than ourselves, we would prefer to postpone any action for the present.

#### TACTICS OF THE AMERICAN PROTECTIONISTS.

THE rapid reduction of the United States Debt is making the Protectionists of that country uneasy about the permanence of the system to which they are attached. In the last financial year, which ended on the 30th of June, the surplus available for the redemption of debt somewhat exceeded 20 millions sterling, and in the current year the surplus will be still larger. The refunding operation so successfully carried out by Mr. Windom has just reduced the charge of the debt by somewhat more than 3 millions sterling, and the surplus of 20 millions which was yielded last year will also set free interest exceeding three-quarters of a million sterling. Roughly speaking, therefore, there will be, in consequence of the reduction both of the principal and interest of the debt effected in the past year, an addition to the present year's surplus of about 4 millions sterling. Assuming that the expenditure and revenue will be about the same this year as last, there will thus be about 24 millions sterling available for redemption of debt in the current financial year. Were this sum to be applied to the purpose annually, the whole debt of the United States would be extinguished in a little over thirteen years. According to the last monthly statement of the debt by the United States Treasury, the portion of it bearing interest, with which alone we have here to do, did not quite amount to 321 millions sterling. Of course a surplus of 24 millions a year would extinguish the debt much more rapidly; for each year's purchases for the Sinking Fund would increase the sum available for future purchases by the amount of the interest set free by that year's purchases. In other words, the surplus available for redemption of debt would be increased by every act of redemption, provided that there were no remission of taxation. Besides, it is to be borne in mind that last year's expenditure includes about 10 millions sterling for pensions, and these pensions must decrease rapidly every year henceforward. It is now a considerable time since the great Civil War came to an end; and as the policy of the United States is now one of non-intervention, peace, and retrenchment, the additions made to the annual pensions are very small, while the reductions by death must every year largely increase. Supposing, therefore, that the present taxation were kept up, the total extinction of the debt might be looked for in a very few years. Of course the present great prosperity cannot be expected to last for ever, and it will naturally be followed by depression; but, on the other hand, in bad years as well as good the population will grow. By the end of a few years the population of the United States will probably be not far short of 60 millions, and the wealth of the country will grow still more rapidly. An English-speaking population of nearly 60 millions in so vast and fertile a territory, energetic, hard-working, and enterprising, will, as a matter of course, consume much more largely than the present population. Therefore, with the present taxation the yield will be enormously greater, and, as a consequence, so will the surplus. In other words, the extinction of the debt will in reality be more rapid than we have assumed it to be. But with the extinction of the debt the Protectionist system will naturally come to an end. No people, however much they may desire to promote native industry, will keep up a great taxation for that purpose alone. Unless, therefore, the United States depart from their settled policy of non-intervention and peace, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that with the extinction of the debt must come also the fall of the Protectionist system. The Protectionists see this, and they are laying their plans to prevent such a result.

Of course it is not probable that taxation will be maintained at its present high rate. However anxious the Americans may be to clear off their debt, they will hardly maintain a surplus ranging from twenty-four to perhaps forty millions sterling a year for that purpose alone. It may be expected, therefore, that, now that the total extinction of the debt is so clearly in view, they will set about remitting taxation in earnest. But if Congress is left to itself, it will be likely to select for remission the taxes which press most heavily upon the springs of industry; or, at any rate, if it distributes its favours among the more clamorous and more influential suitors for them, it will no doubt remit customs as well as excise duties. But to remit customs duties would be almost as bad, from the Protectionist point of view, as to extinguish the debt altogether. As the population and wealth of the country grow, the yield of the taxes, as we have just pointed out, will grow also, and therefore every year there will be a considerable amount of taxes to be repealed. Besides, as we know from our own experience, every remission of taxation is followed by such an increase of consumption that the Treasury is very soon recouped for the immediate sacrifice it makes. Supposing, then, that Congress were to decide upon maintaining a surplus of, let us say, 10 or 12 millions sterling annually, and were at once to repeal an equal amount, in the course of a year or two the remaining taxation would become so much more productive that it would be in the power of that body to begin remitting taxes again; and so the result which the Protectionists dread would be reached—a little later, it is true, but still most certainly. They are, therefore, laying their plans for maintaining protection, in spite of the large surpluses which exist.

The plan favoured by them is to remit only what are called "Internal Revenue Taxes"—that is to say, taxes levied within the country itself upon the produce and manufactures of the United States, and to leave intact the whole system of Customs duties. To promote this object they have summoned a great meeting, to be held in New York in November, and they are making strenuous efforts to obtain popular support for their movement. The movement itself originates in Pennsylvania, the great coal and iron State of the Union, which has all along been the mainstay of the Protectionists, but it no doubt will obtain very general and powerful support throughout New England and the Eastern States generally. The older States of the North along the Atlantic seaboard are all of them more or less manufacturing and trading, and are therefore in favour of protection. Nor can it be disputed that the feeling throughout the United States generally is on their side. Americans are all anxious to create a varied industry, so that their country shall be, as they say, "self-sufficing"—that is, shall afford markets within itself for its agricultural produce, and shall not be dependent for any of the great articles of consumption upon foreign nations. Besides, there is a very general opinion that protection increases wages. One of the favourite arguments of the Protectionists is that they desire to keep their own artisans and workpeople from the "starvation wages" of Europe, and that they have succeeded in doing so by maintaining a Protectionist system. Many high authorities, themselves Free-traders, believe that the Americans have really done this—that, as a matter of fact, protection does enhance wages. For ourselves, we cannot agree with this view of the matter. If, as we believe, protection fails to protect, and, in fact, hampers and hinders industry instead of promoting it, it must follow that it tends to lower wages; for whatever prevents the accumulation of wealth must lessen the fund out of which wages are paid, and consequently must tend to lower wages themselves. But, however that may be, the belief is very general in the United States that protection does tend to raise wages, and therefore the working classes generally are in favour of it. It would seem that at any rate the agricultural States of the West and South ought to see that their interest is in preventing the maintenance of protection. Their one great want at present is the extension of railways. The more the West and South are opened up by railways the more quickly will their soil be brought into cultivation, and the more largely will they be able to send the produce to the markets of Europe. But it is clear that protection retards railway construction, since it makes iron and steel artificially dear, and therefore makes more costly the building of railways. Yet the South and West, although they are able, if they unite, to carry whatever measure they please in Congress, do not feel sufficient interest in Free-trade to resist the organized union of Protectionists, and it is probable therefore that for a while the Protectionists will keep their ground. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that the power of the railways in the United States is enormous, and that, although it is the interest of the new railway Companies to get their rails and their locomotives as cheaply as possible, it is the interest of the older Companies to prevent their newer antagonists from fitting themselves out very much more cheaply than they themselves have been able to do. In the United States it is not necessary to obtain the leave of a Legislature to make a railway, and consequently there is no limit to railway competition except that which is imposed by the difficulty of obtaining traffic. But if new Companies could make their lines more cheaply than the old, a temptation would be offered to extend competition; and thus the old railway Companies are protectionists, although in a different state of things it would be their interest to obtain iron and steel as cheaply as they could.

But even if the Protectionists continue for the present to be as

successful as they hitherto have been, the course of events is against them. It is clear from what we have said above that the tactics of the Protectionists, though they may retard the period when protection must fall for want of an object on which to spend the surplus revenue which it raises, yet cannot prevent that period coming very soon. The whole of the Internal Revenue taxes collected last year were under 40 millions sterling. Even if, therefore, the 20 millions stealing of surplus which existed last year were to be swept away at a stroke, the stimulus thereby given to consumption would soon lead to another surplus so large as would afford occasion for a further remission of taxation, and so on. But, of course, no such sweeping remission is thought of. Another point not to be lost sight of is that, if the Protectionists are successful in this movement, they will really only make the final downfall of their system more injurious to themselves. If they were now to allow a gradual reduction of Customs duties, they would gradually be able to prepare themselves for the competition which awaits them, and probably most of the greater industries would find that they were well able to bear the ordeal. But if the Protectionists prevent this, and maintain the customs duties nearly as high as they are for another period of ten or fifteen years, the rapid extinction of debt will then compel these duties to be swept away wholesale, and will inflict, in consequence, terrible suffering upon all persons engaged in the protected industries. It is the great evil of protection that it diverts capital and labour from the channels into which they would naturally flow into other channels in which they maintain themselves only by virtue of the protection; and therefore, when the protection is withdrawn, the industries perish, capital is wasted, and labour, deprived of the employment to which it has become accustomed, suffers great hardship. Even in the industries which would naturally flourish in a country, protection fosters negligence, routine, and slovenliness, and thereby makes the ordeal of competition much more severe than it otherwise would be. For their own sakes, therefore, it would be much better for the Protectionists if they failed in this agitation, and if the Customs duties were gradually reduced and finally repealed.

#### RECENT RACING.

ONE of the most unpleasant race-meetings hitherto held this year was York August meeting. There was no fault to be found with the management, plenty of money was added to the stakes, the fields were numerically strong, and several horses of note took part in the races; but the pleasures of the meeting were completely spoiled by the almost continuous downpour that made the three days miserable. To be drenched to the skin, to get wet feet and to catch a violent cold, is disagreeable enough; but what backers of horses objected to far more was the complete upset of public form, and the consequent defeat of favourites, caused by the heavy condition of the course. With the exception of two virtual certainties on which long odds were laid, all the first favourites were beaten on the opening day, six favourites out of seven were beaten on the second day, and five out of seven on the third and last day of the meeting. Notwithstanding the heavy state of the course, Geheimnis won another race, and although she only won by a head, it was generally believed that her victory was in reality a very easy one. Thebais won the Yorkshire Oaks without difficulty, beating Bal Gal and Lucy Glitters. Be the condition of the ground what it may, this wonderful mare always seems content with it. The Ebor Handicap was won by a lightly weighted three-year-old called Mother Shipton. Hagioscope, who is also three years old, was giving her 18 lbs., and the heavy state of the course made this weight a far more serious matter than it would have been over hard ground. For the Prince of Wales's Stakes 2 to 1 was laid upon Dutch Oven, who had hitherto shown some of the best two-year-old form of the season after Geheimnis. This filly has low sweeping action, which is ill suited for heavy ground, while Nellie, a filly by the Derby winner Hermit, out of the Oaks winner Hippias, is rather a high goer, and when the struggle came Dutch Oven was beaten, and Nellie won by three-quarters of a length. Nellie had 7 lbs. the best of the weights. The Great Yorkshire Stakes was won by Ishmael, Cameliard being second, and Tristan third. Cameliard had won the Glatwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and Tristan had won the Singleton Stakes at the same meeting, a race for which odds had been laid on Peter. Ishmael, it may be remembered, had beaten Charibert at Ascot, when 5 to 2 had been laid on that horse. In the Queen's Plate, Exeter beat Madame Du Barry, the winner of the Goodwood Cup, by seven lengths. A strong horse like Exeter can stride through mud when light weedy animals are puffing and blowing, with weary legs and heaving flanks. It is hard to persuade oneself of the degeneracy of the English thoroughbred when one looks at such a grand horse as Exeter.

After Dutch Oven's unexpected defeat at York, great interest was taken in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby—a valuable race, for which Dutch Oven was made first favourite. Fifteen other two-year-olds opposed her, among whom was the Peine de Oeur colt, who had won two races at Worcester, and the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes at Sandown—a race worth 1,310*l*. Exeter, who had beaten the Peine de Oeur colt

by a head at Lewes, was also to run, but on somewhat worse terms than those under which he had formerly been victorious. As soon as the field had settled down to their work, Dutch Oven and the Peine de Ocurr went to the front, and had the race all to themselves for the rest of the course. There was something of a struggle from the distance, but Dutch Oven had the best of it, and won very cleverly by three-quarters of a length.

On the first day of the Doncaster meeting, in the Champagne Stakes, Dutch Oven met Kermesse, as well as Nellie, her conqueror, at York. Carlyle, the winner of the Priory Stakes at Lewes, Pursebearer, and Shrewsbury also took part in the race. Dutch Oven had beaten Kermesse by a head at Goodwood when receiving 4 lbs. from the last-named filly, and Kermesse had beaten Dutch Oven by a length at even weights at Newmarket. Nellie had beaten Dutch Oven by a head, at an advantage of 7 lbs., at York, as we have already observed. Now all three fillies were to meet at even weights. Kermesse was very reasonably made the first favourite, while Dutch Oven was, with equal reason, a very strong second favourite. Nellie was the only other starter that was at all fancied. Pursebearer made the running over the first half of the course, but the three fillies practically had the race all to themselves. Nellie led after three furlongs had been covered, until they reached the half distance, where she was fairly over-paced by Dutch Oven, who quickly deprived her of the lead. Then Cannon brought up Kermesse, when Archer made a great effort to maintain his lead on Dutch Oven; but it was to no purpose, and Kermesse won, after a hard struggle, by half a length. The three colts were quite outgalloped by the three fillies, and were pulled up a long way in the rear. For the Clumber Plate, Lady Emily was a great favourite, 6 to 4 being laid upon her. In the Priory Stakes at Lewes she had only been beaten by a head by Carlyle, and she had run a dead heat with Marden, who had been second to Geheimniss for the Astley Stakes. She made the running to the bend into the straight, where Candahar took the lead, and held it to the end, winning easily by a length. Candahar is half-bred, and it is said that his dam has been ridden as a charger and driven in a cab. Fourteen horses came out for the Great Yorkshire Handicap. The Duke of Beaufort's Petronel was the first favourite, although he was carrying 6 lbs. more than anything else in the race. He was giving 20 lbs. to Edelweiss, the winner of last year's Summer Cup at Newmarket, and he was giving as much as 36 lbs. to another horse of his own age. He was also giving 6 lbs. to Teviotdale, the winner of the Ascot Stakes of both this year and last year. Various horses made the running, the lead being changed very often during the race; and it was not until the field were within a short distance of the winning-post that the two horses which were destined to fight out the race between them singled themselves out and came to the front. Teviotdale was the first of the pair to make a bold struggle for victory; but Petronel came flying after him, and there was a grand race between the two rivals. Petronel looked about as much exhausted as Teviotdale when the final struggle began, but Teviotdale gave way in the last few strides, and Archer induced the brave black horse to struggle on and to win by a neck. Petronel is a thoroughly game and good horse, and although he won the Two Thousand Guineas last year, he is better as a four-year-old than he was as a three-year-old.

On the day of the St. Leger Eastern Princess beat a large field for the first race. Goggles bolted after passing the winning-post, and, after knocking over and injuring several people, jumped the rails and fell, without hurting either himself or his jockey. Exeter was first favourite for the Queen's Plate, 7 to 4 being laid on him, but the three-year-old Tristan got up to him at the distance, and, passing him as they neared the winning-post, won very easily by a length. This good performance of Tristan's was a surprise, for although he had won races this year, he had been beaten five lengths in the Great Yorkshire Stakes by Ishmael, and he had been unplaced in the Derby. There was a fine race between Strathavon and Beatrice in the Milton Stakes. Beatrice, who is a two-year-old, was leading, as they were running in, when the old grey horse dashed up and caught her on the post, making a dead heat. An even prettier race was the Cleveland Handicap. Four horses came racing up almost abreast, and as they passed the judge's chair there was only a head between each of them. Shrewsbury, who was considered a promising two-year-old, although he had not yet shown any remarkable form, was made the favourite for the Tattersall Sale Stakes; but he was easily beaten by Lord Palmouth's filly, Little Sister. Shrewsbury was second and Pursebearer third. In the Great Lancashire Yearling Stakes, Pursebearer had been second and Shrewsbury third. We described the St. Leger last week. We then observed that the attendance was immense. It is reported that 139 trains left Doncaster on the day of the race, and that 8,300 telegrams were sent from or received at Doncaster on that day.

The two most interesting races of the Thursday were the Portland Plate and the Rous Plate. The former was very appropriately won by a mare belonging to the young Duke of Portland. It is a scrambling T.Y.O. handicap and a large field generally starts for it. It is just the sort of race in which clever jockeyship is shown off to most advantage, and on the late occasion, Archer, getting off well with the most heavily weighted of all the fifteen starters, kept her well in hand until he was within a short distance from home, when he rushed forward and won by three lengths. Considering the weight she was carrying (9 st. 5 lbs.), this was a decidedly good performance on the part of Mowerina. This mare, who occasionally shows fine form, although she very often

gets beaten, was bred in Denmark. As much as 12 to 1 was laid against her at the start, and half the other starters were preferred in the betting. It was observed that neither Archer nor Fordham, who rode the second in the race, wore spurs. Only a head separated each of the four leading horses at the finish for the next race, which again was won by an outsider. Then came the Rous Plate for two-year-olds. The great interest of this race consisted in the fact that the first favourite for next year's Derby was to run for it. This was Mr. Rymill's Bruce, a bay colt by See Saw out of Carine. He had cost 1,100 guineas as a yearling, but it is stated that his owner lately refused 10,000l. for him. There seems to be no disagreement among good judges as to the fine appearance of this colt. Some critics, however, think that his forelegs are none of the strongest. He had been out twice before this season, winning his race on each occasion. He was now to be opposed by Dunmore and Fortunatus, to the latter of whom he was to give 12 lbs. Four other two-year-olds were also to run against him; 11 to 10 was laid against him at starting. He won in a canter by a length, in very good style, but he had to be roused up a little before he could shake off Fortunatus. After the Rous Plate 8 to 1 was taken about him for the Derby, which seems a very short price so long before that race.

At last a turn of luck came for poor Bal Gal. On the last day of the Doncaster meeting she succeeded in winning the Park Hill Stakes, the first race in which she has been successful this season. After all her victories of last year, her career this summer has been a lamentable failure. There can be little doubt that Thebais would have won the Park Hill Stakes had it not been that she put her foot into a hole and twisted a plate when at exercise on Doncaster Heath early in the week, in consequence of which temporary injury she was scratched for the race. Out of a field of fifteen two-year-olds for the Nursery Stakes, a well-bred filly called Vista, against whom 20 to 1 was laid, proved the winner. She looked much exhausted at the finish, but her opponents were even more so, and little Lemaire managed to keep her in front until the winning-post was passed. Petronel won the Doncaster Cup, although Tristan made a gallant effort to beat him. A couple of two-year-old fillies, St. Marguerite and Little Sister, ran for the Wentworth Stakes. The former, who had beaten the latter at Goodwood, had run Dutch Oven to a head, and had made a dead heat with Kermesse, was the favourite; but Little Sister won easily by half a length. The winner's two victories at Doncaster prove her to be a very smart filly.

One of the great interests of the Doncaster week is the sale of yearlings and other thoroughbred stock which takes place every day before the races. That these sales are not flagging is proved by the fact that four hundred and thirty-seven lots were advertised for sale last week. The first day's results were not encouraging to breeders. Yearlings were sold for ten and fifteen guineas; several went for from twenty to thirty-five guineas; out of thirteen yearlings sold, only four went for as much as a hundred, and the highest price obtained for a yearling was two hundred guineas, although it is but fair to say that a foal fetched two hundred and twenty guineas. Matters improved very materially on the day of the St. Leger. The crowd in the sale-paddock was enormous. Mr. Tattersall complained, with great justice, that the mob of idlers prevented intending purchasers from getting within reach of the auctioneer, while it was most difficult for the latter to distinguish the nods of bidders among such a sea of faces. He very sensibly suggested that in future sales at Doncaster a fee should be charged for entering the paddock, or at any rate for entrance to a specially reserved enclosure therein. A colt by Albert Victor was soon knocked down for 1,000 guineas; and shortly afterwards, Acrostic, a very handsome son of See Saw's, went for 1,050. Goldmaster, by Rosicrucian, was purchased by Lord Stamford for 1,200 guineas. An excellent judge of thoroughbred stock considers this colt the finest yearling he has ever seen. The highest price of the day was brought in by one of the Beenharn House yearlings, a filly by Cymbal out of Ursula, that was sold for 1,300 guineas. The next morning the sales were even more successful. Two colts by Speculum realized 1,550 and 1,100 guineas. Ulster King, by Uncas out of Pirate Queen, was bought by the Duke of Portland for 1,000, and a couple of colts by Stirling also brought in 1,000 each. The nine Yardley Stud yearlings that were sold attained the splendid average of 556 guineas apiece. One of these was an own brother to Geologist, but he hardly looks likely to turn out as good a colt as the second in the St. Leger. Two other studs brought in averages of considerably more than 300 guineas, prices which surely ought to prove remunerative to breeders. Two foals by Petrarch went for 380 and 300 guineas. Altogether, more than a hundred lots were sold in the course of the morning, at prices varying from 10 to 1,550 guineas. The highest price realized for a yearling on the Friday was 820 guineas, and the lowest price of the week was reached by a foal that was sold for 5 guineas.

The late Doncaster meeting was unusually successful; the racing was excellent, and the weather was beautiful. It is rather a curious fact, however, that the horses which are commonly considered the best two-year-old, three-year-old, four-year-olds, and five-year-old of the year—we allude to Geheimniss, Thebais, Bend Or and Robert the Devil, and Peter—took no part in the racing.

## REVIEWS.

## EXCAVATIONS AT CARNAC.\*

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to this volume. The author had completed the revision of the proof-sheets only the day before he was seized with the sudden illness which soon proved fatal. The publisher has added a short prefatory note, recording this sad termination of Mr. Miln's archaeological work, and describing briefly the nature and extent of his researches in Brittany. It is a matter of regret that this prefatory matter was not more extensive, so as to put a reader who has not had the opportunity of either visiting Carnac or of reading the author's first work, *Excavations at Carnac* (published in 1877), in possession of indispensable information respecting the localities described and their relation to each other. The absence of this information makes a most valuable piece of archaeological research much less readable than it ought to be. The very title-page introduces us to "the Alignments of Kermario," with no hint of the position of the place or the meaning of the word. Had the author lived, he would probably have added two or three introductory pages—which is really all that is necessary—wherein all these difficulties would have been cleared up. In the absence of such help we recommend those interested in the subject to read the previous work, of which this is really the second part. In the first chapter an excellent introduction to the whole subject will be found, together with a view of the mysterious "alignments" which ought to have formed the frontispiece of the work before us. For the benefit, however, of those who cannot follow our advice, and in order to do full justice to the memory of a distinguished antiquary, we will give a short account of the whole series of explorations which occupied Mr. Miln for nearly six years. In the course of them he was enabled to clear up much of the mystery which has hitherto surrounded Carnac, if, indeed, he did not completely solve the problem which has puzzled so many generations of antiquaries, both French and English. He seems to have been singularly well fitted for the task. Unlike many explorers, he does not start with a preconceived idea, but sets the whole evidence before us just as it was presented to himself, and then states the theory which appears to fit the observed facts most accurately.

It was in 1873 that Mr. Miln first went to Brittany, simply as a tourist. Landing at St. Malo, he visited the numerous places of interest along the coast, and in due time came to Carnac, a small town near the sea on the south-west coast of the department of the Morbihan. It is important, for the sake of the theory afterwards developed, to note the remote position of this metropolis of tombs. Mr. Miln shows that the Breton name signifies "the place of the cairn"; while a village near it, called Oru-Carnac, situated on higher ground, means "the rocky hill of the cairn." In the immediate neighbourhood is a vast multitude of those prehistoric stone monuments which the Bretons call "dolmens," "menhirs," and "cromlechs." The first of these, literally "the stone tables," are composed of large flat stones laid on others set upright, so as to form a chamber, over which a mound of earth is sometimes heaped. About their destination there can be no doubt, for human skeletons are invariably found within them. The monuments, however, which give a distinctive character to Carnac and its neighbourhood are the "menhirs," and the groups of "menhirs" called "cromlechs." The word, meaning literally "the long stones," is applied to the lofty masses of granite of various shapes and dimensions which, set up on end and arranged in rows at regular distances from each other, are now termed "les alignements." It has been estimated that there are about one thousand stones still standing; but a far greater number have in all probability been destroyed for the sake of the material. We know from Stukeley how a similar destruction was perpetrated at Avebury, in Wiltshire. He relates with becoming indignation that he saw the peasants dig a hole at the base of the stone they wished to utilize, push it down, and then split it up by the simple expedient of lighting a fire beneath it. Besides these stone monuments Mr. Miln found a group of mounds situated a mile to the east of Carnac, and named "Bossenno," a word which he considers to be merely the plural of "bosson," a mound or heap. The peasants called them "Cæsar's Camp," and told a wild legend that they had once been "inhabited by the red monks (the Templars), who, having exasperated the country by their crimes, drew down upon themselves a terrible punishment, their neighbours having killed them, and burnt their habitations in one night." The truth of the tale of destruction by fire was amply proved by subsequent exploration. Mr. Miln excavated the Bossenno during the years 1874, 1875, and 1876, and discovered beneath their grass-grown surfaces a series of Gallo-Roman buildings, consisting of a large villa, and dependent structures, the most curious of which was a small temple. The whole had been surrounded by a wall, obviously for defence. The style of the decorations in fresco still visible, and the objects found, indicated a high degree of wealth, civilization, and prosperity. But the most remarkable conclusion drawn from the discoveries made was, that two civilizations and two religions—the Gaulish and the Roman—had here existed, side by side. Ample proofs of this are given in the minute account of the objects found and in the numerous plates drawn by the

author. The buildings had manifestly been burnt, as stated above; but, as no human bones were found, it was concluded that the inhabitants had had time to escape. From the evidence of coins, it appeared that the settlement had been abandoned at the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century.

The further portion of Mr. Miln's researches, the narrative of which fills his second volume, began in October 1877, and terminated in October 1878. During that period he explored the western half of the "alignments," here consisting of ten rows of "menhirs," between the villages of Kermario and Kerloquet—the former of which is about one mile from Carnac to the north-east, and the latter rather less than two miles in the same direction. He was induced to undertake this work by accidentally finding half a Roman tile in a wall among the "alignments"; and on the following day some labourers whom he had sent to dig a trench brought him fragments of Celtic as well as Roman pottery. These indications impelled him, though not without some hesitation, considering how often the district had been examined and described, to submit nearly all the "menhirs," tumuli, and rubbish-heaps within this limited area to a patient and thorough investigation. The objects discovered belong to two classes, the Roman and the prehistoric, and, as at the Bolsenno, the two were frequently found intermingled. This fact was, however, much more remarkable in this district than in the former, because no connexion between the "alignments" and the Romans had ever been suspected before. Now, however, the remains of at least three definite Roman camps were laid bare, in the walls of which "menhirs" had been utilized. This proved that the latter must have existed prior to the Roman occupation, and the weather-worn condition of one in particular showed that it at least must have been ancient when embedded in the wall where it was found. Again, stone weapons and Celtic pottery were associated with bronze horse-bells and Roman pottery. This curious collocation Mr. Miln explains by the ingenious hypothesis that after the Roman occupation the ancient inhabitants of the country, pressed by some of the numerous invasions of the Northmen and other marauders who are known to have ravaged the Breton seaboard, found shelter for themselves and their animals in the disused fortifications of their former masters. Investigation of the "menhirs"—round most of which trenches were dug down to their bases—disclosed remains of charcoal and ashes, with fragments of Celtic and Roman pottery, flint implements, and other objects, among the stones used to prop them up, and sometimes even under them. Thus it would appear that, while many of them are unquestionably older than the Romans, others may have been put up either during their time or even subsequently to it. The ancestral customs of a nation, however, are so persistent, that the fact does but prove that the erection of these stones was regarded with peculiar respect by the original inhabitants, whatever their destination might have been. Mr. Miln considers that this was undoubtedly sepulchral. After showing that the names of the three principal "alignments"—Kerlescant, "town of burning"; Kermario, "village of the dead"; and La Menec, "place of the stones"—all imply death and burial, he proceeds:—

ashes, charcoal, flint chips, pottery, and other objects, are the invariable accompaniments in the dolmens of the rites of sepulture, whether by inhumation or by cremation; and it has been clearly shown, by the numerous excavations of the Polymathic Society of the Morbihan, that the dolmens, whether covered by a tumulus or otherwise, are sepulchral monuments. Now we have seen in the preceding enumerations that we have found all these objects at the base of the menhirs; we have seen that the names given to the menhirs and handed down from a remote period are suggestive of sepulture, and their orientation also is the same as that of the dolmens. We may thus conclude regarding the destination of the alignments that they may also have been erected as sepulchral monuments.

He further shows that at the head of the "alignments" of Menec and Kerlescant the large menhirs form a cromlech, or circle of standing stones. The cromlech, however, unquestionably represented a family tomb in Scandinavia. Here, therefore, we have, according to his view, the graves of the wealthy, while those of the poorer classes are ranged in rows, as in modern cemeteries. The theory is ingenious, and may very likely be the true explanation of these marvellous monuments. One great difficulty, however, forces itself on our mind. We have read Mr. Miln with much care, but we fail to discover that he ever found any vestige of human bones among the ashes at the base of the "menhirs." He caused the soil to be analysed, and the charcoal to be examined microscopically, so that he was enabled to determine that it had been made from pinewood, and therefore the presence of human remains could hardly have escaped him. The ashes of bone are at least as indestructible as those of wood, and had the "menhirs" been used for actual burial, positive traces of it would surely have been found. We readily admit that the presence of the charcoal is very difficult of explanation on any other theory than the one suggested. May it not, however, be sufficient to allow that the "cromlechs" and "dolmens" were places of burial, and that the "alignments" were built to give dignity to them? We once saw a rude rock-tomb on a headland in Denmark, in which bones and flint weapons had been found, and a regular avenue of stones set on end—miniature "menhirs"—formed the approach to it. If, however, we agree to accept Mr. Miln's theory, we have to answer the question, "Why are these monuments concentrated in this region?" Mr. Miln replies, Because the Celts chose it "as a terra sacra or necropolis destined to receive from generation to generation the ashes of their families." He does not insist, as we think he might have done, on the remote seclusion of

\* *Excavations at Carnac (Brittany): a Record of Archaeological Researches in the Alignments of Kermario.* By James Miln. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1881.



ition; but the following remarks, derived from a long and careful study of the Bretons, certainly deserve consideration:—

To the present time, strangers are so impressed by the manners and customs, and also by the costume, of the present inhabitants of this region, all differing from the other parts, that they are at first led to mistake the women for sisters of a religious order. As an instance, I have heard even French tourists addressing Breton women as *ma sœur*. May not the custom, which still prevails, of wearing ornaments embroidered on their garments, analogous to the signs sculptured on the dolmens, be regarded as a corroboration of the above hypothesis? and may not the solemn gravity of their manners and customs be due to the vestiges of impressions and habits which living amidst the tombs had engendered in their ancestors?

Again, it is certainly curious that, though Mr. Miln discovered Roman remains in abundance throughout the region he explored, he should not have found "either stèle, columbarium, or funeral pit, to denote a purely Roman place of sepulture." He believes that, after the departure of the Romans, the conquered race fell upon their tombs and destroyed them utterly, just as they had destroyed their camps at the Boleanno. In conclusion, it should be mentioned, in justice to Mr. Miln, that he contemplated a third work, in which he would no doubt have reconsidered, and perhaps modified, the views expressed in the first and second.

#### A BOYCOTTED HOUSEHOLD.\*

THIS is one of the numerous books which suggest a problem not very easy of solution. Why is it that the most apparently suitable subjects in contemporary or very recent history so seldom turn out well when they are treated as themes for fiction? The same question may be stated in a rather different way. Why is it that the great masters of fiction are, as a rule, so shy of even the most inviting contemporary or recent subjects? The fact on which the second question rests will hardly be disputed; as to that which underlies the first, it is sufficient to say that, with the exception of *Alton Locke* in English and with no exception at all in French, we cannot think of a single really excellent novel which deals, in either of the two greatest literary languages in Europe, with the history of the last half-century except in very subordinate measure. We put aside, of course, the political novel pure and simple, as well as the novel which aims at interesting its readers by presenting slightly disguised sketches of celebrated characters. But, these excluded, the rule pretty certainly holds good. Perhaps there is no reason to go much further than the profound remark of Joubert, that the poet's subject must offer him "a kind of fantastic region which he can expand and contract at pleasure, a place not too real, characters not too historic." What is said here of the poet is evidently true of the novelist also, as far as his mere story is concerned. Miss McClintock is not the first writer by many hundreds, or rather thousands, who has undertaken a task which is thus almost impossible; and it is fair to say that, if she has not succeeded (and she certainly has not), she has not failed as completely as she might have failed. But the fires over which she treads are altogether too recent; indeed they cannot be said to have even the thinnest layer of *cinnabar* spread over them. The reader, unless he is a very singular person, will be too much occupied by the desire to hang the real live men, quite well known to him, who have brought about the state of things she depicts, or (that we may be quite impartial) too eager to crown and reward the heroic ministers of vengeance who crouch behind hedges, and the Spartan damsels who, having been all their lives petted and spoiled by their landlord and his family, are proud to serve as messengers to tell the heroic ministers of vengeance when they can attack with best chance of success, to think of anything else. There is plenty of sympathy aroused, but it is not the proper kind of dramatic or poetic sympathy. In short, the spectator is too much in the mood of the legendary sentinel who shot a luckless Othello in the Southern States, for that he, being a black man, had the impudence to lift his hand against a white woman.

It must, however, be admitted that there are plenty of reasons besides this principal one why *A Boycotted Household* should be something of a failure. The author has not treated her perilous subject in the manner in which alone it could be treated so as to snatch it out of the fire. Even in the historical novel which does not ignore the contemporary difficulty, it is always necessary to keep the historical action and facts plentifully surrounded with incidents and interests, which are to a certain extent independent of it. *The Abbot* would be as dull a book as Mr. Sala thinks it if it were not relieved by the purely personal adventures and interests of Roland and Catherine; and the *Trois Mousquetaires* itself would hardly be what it is if the greater part of the interest were not wholly romantic and fictitious. Miss McClintock has brought on her stage plenty of characters—indeed rather too many for a one-volume novel—but she has not tried to awaken, or has not succeeded in awakening, any independent interest in them. The best character in the book by far, Julia Harvey, the energetic and outspoken daughter of an Ulster baronet who is safe from boycotting, is a character outside the story, playing indeed the part of chorus and of good angel, but nothing more. Her brother Mark, also a character of capabilities, is kept entirely in the background; and few others of the minor personages, except the two butlers of Sir John Harvey and Mr. Hamilton (the Boycotted landlord), have much life in them. The love affairs

are quite plain from the beginning, are interrupted by no accidents worth speaking of, and, indeed, rather deserve the Poet Laureate's expressive description as "vapid and vegetable" in a transferred sense.

There is no reason to doubt that the sufferings of the Hamilton family have had their exact counterparts in scores of Irish homes during the past two years where the landlords have been less wealthy, less heartily backed by their personal retainers, and, let us add, less self-reliant and ready to carry the war into the enemy's country than Mr. Bence Jones, or Mr. Stackpoole, or Colonel O'Callaghan. Frederick Hamilton is a King's County landowner, with no very large estate, with no property whatever outside of it, and with a large and expensive family. When, therefore, the Land League declares war against him, it finds him destitute of the sinews of war, and he and his are reduced to sore straits. His rents are refused, he is rigorously boycotted in respect of service and provisions, he has to apply for a guard of police, and his only support, besides an old Orange butler, is a tenant, also an Orangeman, and the butler's son, who has taken an evicted occupier's farm, and is consequently even more bitterly hated than the landlord. Mr. Hamilton is twice shot at, the second time with fatal results, though not to himself, and he does not appear to possess the invaluable faculty of a light and free touch on the trigger, though his small son Cyril acquits himself admirably in this respect. Such side interest as there is is concentrated on the eldest son Arthur, a very much spoiled and rather worthless young gentleman who comes to a terrible end, and on two of the daughters, who are snatched out of the fire by beneficent "angels," as Mr. Trollope would call them, in the guise respectively of a Manchester man and a young Ceylon coffee-planter. In the noisy, amiable household of the Hamiltons, shiftless and thriftless in their prosperity, but very soon educated in the most surprising shifts and the sternest thrift by rent-holding and boycotting, Miss McClintock had a subject of which some writers, notably Miss Yonge and the late Miss Keary, would have made a great deal. She has not made very much of it. Ellen and Evelyn, the "beauty daughters," are amiable sticks, and though there is more life in the younger members of the family, especially Cyril, it does not come to much. Unquestionably the best part of the book is that where the boycotted household is quitted altogether, and the scene is shifted to the peaceable dwelling of the before-mentioned Ulster baronet. Perhaps a word of praise ought to be given to a rather nice old maid, Mr. Hamilton's sister, who appears to be much more the mother of the household than its lachrymose and feeble mistress. At the same time, it is fair to say that boycotting and slugs from behind a hedge are trying to feminine nerves—and perhaps to masculine ones also.

One usually expects in an Irish novel some relief in the way of comic dialogue and anecdote, and this is not wholly wanting in *A Boycotted Household*. Sir John Harvey's butler, Brynie, may take fair rank in the long list of Irish comic attendants, especially as his comedy is of an unwilling and cross-grained kind, which certainly would not have been found in any of the other three provinces. It is remarkable, too, that Brynie is not an Orangeman, nor even a Protestant. He is, however, a complete household tyrant; and here are two specimens of his asides at the solemn moment of dinner, which are pretty evidently taken from the life. His wife has been ill, and has died, unknown to the family:—

"One evening at dinner," says Mark Harvey, "my father was making himself particularly agreeable to a lady who was staying here. He was telling stories and giving her his views on politics and theology, and we noticed that Brynie grew crosser and more sidgetty as Sir John became more brilliant. At length he came close to Julia's ear and said, in a loud hoarse whisper, 'Tell the master to hold his tongue and eat his dinner—Ann's dead!'"

There is pathos here as well as comedy, and the remark which one of the visitors makes, "There are different ways of showing grief," is true enough. A less tragi-comic interruption occurs a few pages later:—"The only time Evelyn's demureness gave way was when Brynie poked Sir John's plate almost in Julia's face, and said in his hoarse whisper, 'Hoot, hoot, is that the way to help the master? He'll be able for *twiste* as much as that.'" The clever but unfeeling young lady of the story does not give a remarkably favourable idea of the manners of the best society in Ulster when, to one of her admirers, who, after she has said that she hates long ears, incautiously remarks, "Have you never noticed that I have long ears?" she replies, with agreeable smartness, "I never knew an ass that hadn't." There is some humour and even a grain of probability in Mark Harvey's picture of a future race of Irish Americans, more bitter against England than even Mr. Redpath or Mr. Rossa, being composed of expatriated Irish landlords, who alternately plot against the country which has allowed them to be despoiled, and come over to stir the labourers up against the farmers who have profited by the Land Bill. But the best and most racy story of the book is that of some young Orangemen named Fleming, who, being beset by a superior number of Roman Catholics, bade them "go and look at the skulls in the chapel graveyard, and they would find the marks of the Flemings' sticks on them." In this, which is probably authentic, the picturesque side of Irish faction feuds comes out admirably, and it suggests the famous story of the dying Desmond and the "necks of the Butlers."

There are scraps and crumbs of mild amusement of this kind to be picked up in *A Boycotted Household*, but they are few; nor has the author succeeded in giving a very vivid picture even of the sufferings and crimes which she depicts. In particular, she

\* *A Boycotted Household*. By Letitia McClintock. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.

hardly attempts any local description, which, owing to the peculiar cheerlessness of Irish scenery, at least in the parts where the main scene is laid, might, without any abuse of word-painting, have been made to heighten the effect very considerably. To sum the whole matter up, *A Boycotted Household*, while it is not a very good novel, is infinitely inferior as a picture of fact to a dozen apparently authentic and trustworthy accounts of actual transactions of the kind which many, if not most, people have read during the last twelvemonth. The newspaper correspondent, whatever may be his value as a contributor to history, is a formidable rival in fiction, and his existence adds not a little to the difficulty of the attempt which Miss McClintock has made, not altogether wisely, nor yet very well.

#### THE GROWTH OF MOUNTAINEERING.\*

LAST year we noticed divers early accounts of ascents and travels belonging to the archaic or fabulous period of Alpine exploration. We now propose to take for our text some recent Alpine publications exemplifying the state to which the years of a generation of men have now brought the art and pastime of mountain climbing. During that time it has been assiduously cultivated, and it would be difficult to point to any other form of skilled exercise, except perhaps rifle-shooting, which has advanced at anything like the same rate. Mountaineering has fairly cast off the marks of green and unfledged youth, and has put on those of the mature age of reflection. Its votaries no longer humble themselves before an unsympathizing public and beg to be tolerated. Newspaper writers, magnificently ignorant of the difference between a moraine and a bergschlund, have almost left off denouncing the foolhardiness of climbers as the summer vacation comes round. The actual performances, if they have unavoidably lost somewhat in novelty, have gained much in assurance and skill of execution. Increased knowledge and confidence have brought increase of legitimate enterprise: and if in some of the younger and hotter spirits of the Alpine Club daring abounds now and then even to rashness, it is certain that such imprudences and elementary blunders as have led to the majority of the serious disasters recorded in past Alpine history are most unlikely to be repeated. The climber's material facilities have also been vastly improved. Not only mountain inns have been established at points of vantage like the Eggischhorn, the Bel Alp, and the Rifel, but the old sleeping-places in holes and corners of rocks are now for the most part replaced by fairly commodious huts. The Swiss and Austrian Alpine Clubs, in particular, have done excellent work in this way. The old Faulberg hut, the resort of all travellers from the Eggischhorn bound for the peaks and passes to which the Aletsch Glacier is the high road, was luxurious compared to the scanty natural shelter used in still earlier times. Now the Faulberg is superseded by the so-called Concordia Hut, which enables the traveller, if not quite to take his ease at his inn in the "Place de la Concorde of Nature," to sleep in fair comfort between four sound stone walls and with a good roof over his head. The luxuries of this building are unknown to the present writer. But they are in their turn surpassed by the equipment of the Austrian Club huts, which are uniformly lined with planking, besides being furnished with tables and benches; inasmuch that when the President of the Austrian Alpine Club made the acquaintance of the Concordia Hut last year on his way to the Finsteraarhorn, he was indeed grateful for what he found, but missed some of the comforts he was accustomed to.

A corresponding change has come over Alpine literature. The *Alpine Journal* purports to be "a record of mountain adventure and scientific observation"; but the scientific element, taking the term in its widest sense, tends more and more to prevail. The common incidents of climbing are treated as well known, and there is felt to be a certain awkwardness in having to describe them over again. Questions of topography, geology, glacier structure, meteorology, the history of earlier expeditions and explorations, and points in the ethnology and local history and legends of Alpine regions are coming more to the front. The taste for Alpine travel, again, has created a demand for improved maps. Such maps of Switzerland as were thought sufficient for a traveller's purposes twenty years ago would now be thought useless by every one whose aim is higher than the very lowest standard of the hasty tourist. The Federal survey is in the main the standard authority for so much of the Alps as it covers. Admirable enlarged maps of particular districts, prepared from the same materials, have from time to time been issued by the Swiss Alpine Club. Our own Alpine Club published a more extensive map, but on a smaller scale, a few years ago. This, while of course it made use of the Swiss official map, embodied the results of independent observation and criticism. An enlarged edition of it has just been brought out. The scale is still little more than half that of the Federal survey (the proportions are 1 : 100,000 and 1 : 190,000 respectively); but it is large enough to combine clearness with pretty full detail. A carefully planned system of indicating marks adds much useful information without overloading the engraver's work, and names

are always given in their proper local form. This last rule may sometimes offend the ignorant and indolent, but is the only one compatible with real accuracy, and will be approved by all who know enough of the use of a map to deserve to have a good one. Then Alpine bibliography, for which very little has been done, is in a fair way to become of itself a subject of respectable dimensions. The collection of the Alpine Club, though as yet far from complete, has made the beginning of a special library, and counts one or two curiosities in the way of early books; and at least one collection as good or better exists in private hands.

One branch of this literature which to a great extent remains to be made is the history of mountaineering. The late Mr. Longman, not the least zealous of the original members of the Alpine Club, intended to undertake such a work, but was cut short in his preparations for it. Some fragments which he had written were published in the *Alpine Journal*; and the past volumes of the Journal contain in various forms a great deal of material relating to earlier as well as recent stages of mountain exploration which the historian would find almost ready to his hand. In the now current number there may be seen a paper read by Mr. O. E. Mathews, the outgoing President of last year, by way of farewell address, in which he gives "a bird's-eye view of our mountaineering history from the ascent of Monte Rosa in 1855 to the ascent of Chimborazo in 1880." This is a good specimen, being pleasant and unpretending in manner, of the reflective stage into which, as we just now said, the literature of Alpine climbing tends to pass. Mr. Mathews fixes the years 1854-1859 as those in which the chief conquests of the Alps were made. In 1859 an occasional volume was put forth with a certain hesitation under the title of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*. It had a success far beyond expectation, and was followed by a second series in 1862. But one year more passed after this, and the regular publication of the *Alpine Journal* was established. In or about the year 1870 (we are still following Mr. Mathews) the work of exploration was for most practical purposes fairly completed in the Alps, except as to a few outlying portions. But even in the best-known ground novelty has not been wanting to more recent climbers. We speak of absolute novelty; though it is to be remembered that whatever a man does for the first time has the charm of novelty to him, and in that sense it is absurd to suppose that the attractions of the Alps can ever be exhausted. But new lines of ascent have been discovered, new combinations of more or less known routes effected, and in some cases points long reputed inaccessible have been attained. Still greater is the innovation of climbing without guides. A few years ago this was looked on by the best authorities as a thing just possible for experienced men in good training, but too risky to be openly spoken of without deprecation. Now a certain number of amateurs have so happily combined enterprise and prudence as to show themselves fully competent to be their own guides, and have established their method as a legitimate branch of mountaineering, though of course a specially arduous one, and to be undertaken only by men of exceptional qualifications. Mr. Mathews's judicious remarks on this head evince a distinct advance of both practice and opinion.

With all this, mountaineering is far from being at the end of its resources. It is steadily extending in range, and leading guides of Switzerland and Savoy have visited every quarter of the world. "Payot has been in America," says Mr. Mathews, "Knebel in the Caucasus, Cupelin at Teneriffe, Maurer in the Himalayas. Devouassoud has bought souvenirs for his friends at Chamonix in the bazaars of Jerusalem and Tiflis, and Jean Antoine Carrel completed his experiences of the Andes by leaving behind him a considerable part of his well-earned remuneration in one of the pothouses of Guayaquil." What has been done in the remoter mountain regions of the world is a mere fraction of that which remains to do. New Zealand and the Himalayas have peculiar claims on English explorers, and offer an ample field. The last-mentioned case presents, moreover, a new problem in climbing. The question has been raised whether life, or at any rate active exertion, is physically possible at such heights as those of the Himalayan peaks. It is a matter on which we are left to conjecture, and opinion is divided. A majority seems to think it probable that the limit of height above which the air is not dense enough to support life is somewhere below, or not much above, 25,000 feet. A more hopeful minority, among whom is Mr. Mathews, decline to accept anything short of positive experience as to where the limit may be. Formerly the rarefaction of the air was supposed to produce on Mont Blanc, and even at much less heights, a variety of distressing symptoms. The early writers' descriptions of the rarefied air on the heights, and the stagnant air in the "snow valleys," are of the most alarming kind. These symptoms are now seldom heard of, and are ascribed without hesitation, in the few cases where they occur, to the traveller's want of training. The 3,000 feet by which Elbrus overtops Mont Blanc have been found to make little or no difference. Lastly, Mr. Whymper has added important new evidence on the point by his expeditions to the great peaks of the Andes, which are, on the whole, the most notable contribution to mountain discovery since the days when the Alps were a strange world. He has found that to live and climb at heights going up to 20,000 feet it is necessary to become acclimatized. But this may be done in a few days at the cost of temporary prostration, and might doubtless be done more gradually—*as, in fact, it is done by natives and settlers in the country—with no inconvenience at all; and when it is done, walking and breathing are at twenty thousand feet above the sea no more troublesome than at our accustomed*

\* *The Growth of Mountaineering*. By C. E. Mathews. ("Alpine Journal," August 1881.)

*The Enlarged Alpine Club Map of the Swiss and Italian Alps*. London: Longmans & Co. and Stanford. 1881.

*Das Finsteraarhorn*. Von Julius Meurer, Präsident des Alpen-Club "Oesterreich," &c. (Separat-Abdruck aus der Oesterreichischen Alpen-Zeitung.) Wien. 1881.

levels. There is really, therefore, no positive evidence that we are anywhere near the limits of the accommodation possible to human lungs in this respect; and Mr. Mathews boldly prophesies that, "if the highest peaks of the Himalayas are never climbed, the rarity of the air will not be the cause of failure; and if there be no other drawback, then they certainly will be climbed." One other drawback as regards the eastern part of the chain is that it is practically inaccessible from British territory, being in a country to which Europeans are not admitted. To the westward there is no such political difficulty; but the obstacles of distance, time, and cost are sufficiently formidable to make it likely that we shall yet have to wait many years for the Whymper of the Himalayas.

Yet another opening for modern Alpine literature is the description by competent mountaineers of their personal experience and impressions of well-known ascents. The value of such descriptions as literary exercises must depend on each narrator's command of language and power of giving an artistic arrangement to more or less familiar matter. But it is not without scientific importance to establish in this way a sort of continuous comparison of notes. Nothing rests in nature; and the state of the higher mountain regions is subject to changes from which men of science may have a good deal to learn. Certain obvious variations in the difficulties met with by the climber depend on the annual snowfall. But it is quite possible that some periodic law may be discoverable even in the most apparently casual conditions, and we may be sure that no careful observation will be thrown away. Herr Julius Meurer, President of the Austrian Alpine Club, has lately read before his Club and published in its Journal his account of the Finsterarhorn—a good and lively piece of writing, which brings pleasant recollections to the reader who has known the scene in past years. He adds a short but carefully prepared notice of the early ascents and of such of the later ones as are remarkable in any way.

Herr Meurer is evidently a true climber who enjoys his work, and we feel that he well deserved the splendidly clear view that he found at the summit. His opinion of the new "Concordia Hut" has been mentioned above. On his return down the Aletsch Glacier he met a tourist "cradled by the banks of the Spree, as one might guess by his speech," in abject exhaustion and fright, and swearing that not for "die ganze Schweiz mit Haut und Haaren" would he have anything more to do with glaciers. We have not the slightest reason for suspecting Herr Meurer of exaggeration as to this wretched man's condition. But we do suspect that he does not love Prussians; he would not be the only person who does not.

#### LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.\*

(First Notice.)

IN one respect it may be said that the late Mr. Brewer was *felix opportunitate moris*. He lived just long enough to chronicle the fall and death of Wolsey, and left to his successor the task of analysing and calendaring papers of far inferior interest to those upon which he himself was engaged. Unluckily we shall have no more brilliant prefaces to these volumes of State Papers, because there is no statesman to inspire any historian with the same enthusiasm which Mr. Brewer felt for the great Cardinal of York.

We gather from Mr. Gairdner's modest preface that he is not altogether sorry to have been spared the trial of a comparison with his predecessor, and that he acquiesces more contentedly than we ourselves do in the prohibition which the Master of the Rolls has thought fit to issue as regards the amount of introductory matter which may be inserted in these volumes of State Papers. Probably there was no one on whom Mr. Brewer's mantle could fall so gracefully as on Mr. Gairdner. And we should have been glad if the severe rule which restricts the prefaces to fifty pages could have been relaxed in favour of an editor who is engaged on a far more important and more difficult task than falls to the lot of any of the other distinguished persons who are engaged in the production of this series of works. The present editor is working on exactly the same lines as his predecessor, and has to ransack all the great libraries of the country for contributions to his Calendar. In executing this task he must of necessity gain an acquaintance with the domestic history of the country and a grasp over the relations of England to other European nations such as no one else has an opportunity of acquiring. And having thus expressed our regret at the restrictions with which the editor has been fettered, we proceed with our notice of the State papers and other documents which form the staple of the volume.

Two calendars in this series seem to be going on almost *pari passu*, and Mr. Brewer's last volume and that issued by Don Pascual de Gayangos run over the same period, the one calendaring documents from English repositories, the other from foreign sources. Both left off with the year 1530, and Mr. Gairdner's calendar may be regarded as a continuation of both, running as it does over the whole of the following two years. Indeed the most

interesting papers published in this volume are those which have been analysed from the archives at Vienna. We suppose the transcripts have been sent home, and thus we have in this volume by anticipation some of the most valuable papers which will appear in Don Pascual's next volume. We beg, then, to refer our readers to the articles on the State papers in the Simancas archives of October 25 and November 15, 1879, as in this article we shall mainly confine our attention to the accounts of English affairs transmitted by Chapuys to the Emperor.

As to the value of these despatches we must remind our readers that the Imperial Ambassador was sent to England expressly to counteract the King's designs in reference to the divorce of Catharine and to watch all the proceedings of the case. At the point of time when this volume commences, the cause had been advoked by the Pope to Rome. Wolsey was dead, and Campeggio had returned, having done all that Clement ever intended he should do—namely, deferred giving judgment in the Legatine Court. The whole of the year 1530 had been spent in collecting by wholesale bribery the opinions of the Universities as to the limits of the Papal power in dispensing with such a marriage as had been solemnized by Henry with his brother's widow. And the object which, in the first instance, had been to dispose the Pope towards a decision in favour of the King, was now to use them, if necessary, against the Pope, if he should persist in deciding according to justice that the Queen, who had been left a virgin by Prince Arthur, was the King's lawful wife. Henry was still unwilling to break altogether with the Pope; but he was prepared to do that if he could not marry Anne Boleyn on any easier terms. Nothing is more wonderful in the whole history of the divorce than the unbounded influence exercised by this woman over the King's mind. Without feeling obliged to believe the stories of her early life which appear in Sanders's history of the Schism, it is next to certain that she had been guilty of adultery with Wyatt, and that the King knew it perfectly well from Wyatt's own lips. And Mr. Gairdner does not scruple to speak of her as being already in the position of Henry's mistress, saying that it would be mere affectation to deny a charge which was never denied either by the King or by his paramour, though the common report that this was so had been mentioned in at least two Papal Breves, the opinion of the people of England being, what was not far from the truth, that she was a common prostitute who ruled the King at her pleasure. Under these circumstances, it seems as wonderful to us in the nineteenth century as it did to the Imperial Ambassador at the Court of England that Henry should have so persistently desired to make her his queen. The detestation with which she was regarded is well illustrated by a remark made by Chapuys, that upon the narrow escape of the good Bishop of Rochester from poisoning by his cook, a story which is told by the chroniclers of the period, suspicion of Anne Boleyn and her father, then Earl of Wiltshire, of having suggested the act could scarcely be avoided. On the 5th of April following the cook who had poisoned the broth was boiled alive, by an Act of Parliament which was passed after the offence was committed. Chapuys thinks the King has done well to show dissatisfaction at the deed. Probably his account that two of the servants died, whilst the rest recovered from the effects, may be accepted in preference to the printed accounts of the day, that sixteen of them perished by drinking the broth, which Fisher lappily did not taste.

Chapuys's despatches are numerous and tolerably regular, averaging about one every fortnight during the whole of the two years occupied by the present volume. But though there are as many as five letters from Chapuys to the Emperor in the month of January 1531, there is no light thrown upon the disputation which, as we learn from the last published volume of the archives from Simancas, was intended to be held on the 12th of this month. We noticed in our review of that volume (see the *Saturday Review* of October 25, 1879) that Pole was to be Archbishop of York, for the purpose of assisting Warham of Canterbury in deciding the point in favour of the King, after a discussion had been held between six doctors of the one side and six of the other; and we called attention to the fact that only one document had yet been published which refers to this matter. And we were somewhat surprised to find this one document missing in its proper place in this volume, though we afterwards discovered that it has been printed in an appendix. It is a letter from Stokesley to Fisher of January 8. The discussion itself must have been prevented by the refusal of Pole and Fisher to act in the capacity of arbitrator and disputant. We had hoped Chapuys's despatches would throw some light upon the failure of this negotiation; but there are only one or two faint allusions to it, which would have been quite unintelligible but for the existence of this letter; and it is plain that, as the disputation never came off, the present idea was to refer the matter to the Parliament, which was summoned for January 16. We spoke of the remarkable oversight of this document in the Oxford Records of the Reformation. The editor of that volume erroneously placed it in 1533, and that though Burnet had spoken of it in his History and given it its proper date. And it is possible that Mr. Gairdner may have been misled by its not appearing in its proper place in these volumes. Whilst we are pointing out mistakes, we may mention another into which the editor of Burnet seems to have misled the editor of the State Papers. Benedict de Accoltis, who figures in these documents under the sobriquet of "the young man," was not called Benedict Henry. In the document which was printed by Burnet, Benedict II., the

\* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England.* Arranged and Catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. V. London: Longmans & Co.

initial was lengthened into Henrici by his recent editor; but the letter mistaken for H is in reality tt., meaning tituli. The matter is of small importance; yet it seemed worth while to mention it, lest others should be deceived by the agreement of three different persons, who had all read the original document and fallen into the same mistake. We may also notice one other omission of Mr. Gairdner's—namely, the want of a reference in Art. 30 to the thirteenth volume of Baronius's *Annals*, where this document is printed, as containing the Pope's instructions to his Nuncio in 1532, though there can be no doubt it belongs to the month of January 1531.

We learn for the first time from Chapuys's letter of January 23 to the Emperor how the King had attempted to withdraw Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, from the Queen's side, and from that of the 13th that Henry had gone in person to the house of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the same purpose. Soon after this the Act of Supremacy passed, and the Imperial Ambassador was of opinion that it never would have passed if the Pope had shown more decision. He says the last breve the Pope had written was more feeble than the first, and whereas the King had for a moment thought of sending the lady—i.e. Anne Boleyn—away, "she remains more openly acknowledged than ever." And thus Clement's timidity and dissimulation had not only prejudiced the Queen's interests, but his own authority. The King, however, had said that the Act "was not intended to infringe the authority of the Pope, provided his Holiness would pay due regard to him, and otherwise he knew what to do."

The miserable vacillation and timidity of Clement VII. comes out more strongly than ever in these documents, and was entirely seen through by all the Ambassadors at Rome, and taken advantage of alternately by the Emperor and the King of England. No one was better aware of it than Rustace Chapuys; but there were other Imperial agents who did not scruple to tell the Pope in plain terms what they thought about his conduct. Chapuys himself was, throughout the whole time occupied by this volume, at the English Court, and appears to have been admitted to the entire confidence of the Queen. And this enables him to give the most graphic description of scenes which are hardly alluded to at all in English histories. One such occurred on Wednesday, May 31, 1531. On the evening of this day a deputation from the King, consisting of more than thirty dukes, earls, bishops, and other ecclesiastics, was ushered at nine o'clock in the evening, just as the Queen was going to bed, into her presence. They were instructed by their mouthpiece, the Duke of Norfolk, to remonstrate with the Queen on her persistently appealing to the Pope to decide the cause himself, and that specially on the ground that the temporality and spirituality had recognized the king's supremacy in his own dominions. The altercation between the deputation and the Queen is given at full length by the Imperial Ambassador. It must have been conducted in English, and shows that Catharine must have spoken the language fluently, and was remarkably well acquainted with all the points of the case. Single-handed as she was, she was more than a match for all her assailants. She replied seriatim to all that was alleged by the Duke, refusing to recognize any temporal judge in spiritual matters, of which marriage was one, and, then, upon Dr. Lee questioning her word as to the nature of her connexion with Prince Arthur, and Gardiner adding that the presumption of the law would suffice, and that was against her, she told him to go and ventilate his presumptions at Rome, but that she only cared for the exact truth of the matter, which she would affirm on oath, and also bring proofs of in contradiction to all their lies and falsehoods. If half of what Chapuys relates is true, Catharine must have behaved with great spirit. But some allowance must be made for the bias of the witness when he alleges that Stokesley, the Bishop of London, when he heard the Queen's reasons, had not the courage to speak; and, though he may possibly have been an eye-witness of their "secretly nudging one another when any point touched the quick," he can scarcely have heard the conversation which passed between them after the conclusion of the interview. Nevertheless, we will give his account of it for what it is worth:—

As for the most part of the rest, if they had the liberty of speaking their thoughts, they would have inclined to the Queen's side; but, as they could do no more, they testified their inclinations by showing the satisfaction they had at the Queen's answers. Among these was the secretary, Dr. Stephen (i.e. Stephen Gardiner), who at the commencement unravelled these affairs, but is now very much suspected by the Lady. Some said they had worked hard and counselled long, and devised fine plans, but were confounded by a single woman, and all their designs turned topsy-turvy. Of these was Guildford, the Controller, who said it would be the best deed in the world to tie all the doctors who had invented and supported this affair in a cart and send them to Rome to maintain their opinion, or meet with the confusion they deserve.—P. 137.

It is possible the Imperial Ambassador was writing rather what he thought they ought to have said than what they really said.

We reserve the rest of this interesting volume for another article.

#### EUGENE ONEGUINE.\*

IN spite of the exertions of several able interpreters, Russian poetry remains all but unknown to Western Europe. The names of a few of its leading representatives have been rendered more or less familiar in Germany by Bodenstedt, in France by

Prosper Mérimée, and in England by Sir John Browning. But the great majority of its cultivators have never obtained any recognition beyond the frontiers of their native land. Some six score of them figure in the bulky *Chrestomathy* published by Gerbel at St. Petersburg in 1873; but almost utter darkness hides the forms of all but about a tenth part of their number from the eyes of the inhabitants of those parts of the world which are not Russian. Even of the rare exceptions the foreign fame is neither widely spread nor firmly established. Derjavin's ode entitled "God" is said, indeed, to have found no less than five-and-twenty translators in France alone, and to have achieved a brilliant success in China and Japan. And Krilof's *Fables* have obtained a cosmopolitan reputation. But the other works of those exceptionally fortunate poets are as little known away from home, as are the writings of the other votaries of the Muscovite Muse.

The Russian language lends itself with great facility to versification. And the poetic feeling which prevails among all Slavonic races renders the Russian mind very susceptible to the charm of song. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Russia should have produced many minstrels, from the times which preceded the Tartar invasions, when every petty prince kept bards to celebrate his glory, to the present day, when, amid distant swamps and forests, rustic "rhapsodists" still sing the praises of the ancient paladins of Kief, or improvise dirges in honour of deceased villagers. What is more to be wondered at, perhaps, is that Russia should have produced so few poets for whom even their own countrymen can claim the gift of original genius. But the conditions of life in Russia have been against the development of poetic talent. There may be some truth in the assertion which has been often made, that the Russian peasant is brought up in an atmosphere of song. His mother, it has been pointed out, sings time-honoured lullabies beside his swinging cradle; the lads and lasses who are the companions of his youth disport themselves in circling dance to the sound of choral singing; his marriage, so far as domestic rites are concerned, forms the theme of a kind of operetta; and, after he has drawn his last breath, the regrets of his kith and kin find utterance and relief in metrical lamentations. But the popular poetry of Russia belongs to the past. It has no future before it. For from the peasants among whom it has been preserved little, if anything, in the way of poetic composition is now to be expected. The trading classes have produced a few genuine poets, such as Koltsof and Nikitin for instance. But very little encouragement did those short-lived singers meet with among their fellows. The mercantile community of Russia is very little affected by æsthetic tendencies. Among the upper classes, however, a taste for poetry fortunately became fashionable during the reign of Alexander I., and the habit of writing verse maintained itself in the best society during that of Nicholas. The great social and economical changes consequent upon the accession of Alexander II. to the throne were injurious to the manufacture of verse. The minds of men became serious and prosaic, and politics and philosophy usurped that place in their affections which poetry had formerly occupied. Nowadays, in the disturbed state of the land, there is no opening in Russia for a poet. With the exception of satirical verses, little that is metrical is penned and still less printed. But half a century ago it was the custom in aristocratic circles to be poetic, and the leading drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg were described without any great exaggeration as actual "nests of singing birds." Of course, the greater part of the young guardsmen, civil servants, diplomatists, and statesmen, who for a considerable time continued to carol in a highly creditable manner, were mere amateurs. Their devotion to the Muse was not sufficiently serious to induce them to make any really great efforts, and their literary productions very seldom rose above mediocrity.

Only two of their number have made any distinct impression on the Western world, Alexander Pushkin and Michael Lermontof, and each of these probably owes much of his foreign reputation to the fact that he wrote in prose as well as in verse. Of novelettes like Pushkin's *Captain's Daughter* or Lermontof's *Hero of Our Times* it is easy for a moderately skilful translator to convey a tolerably correct idea. But to do full justice to the poetic merits of those masters of language is a task quite beyond the powers of ordinary writers of verse. This truth must be borne in mind by readers of the translation now before us of *Eugene Onéguine*. Colonel Spalding's version is very faithful to the original, remarkably so considering the difficulties with which he has had to contend in the way of metre and rhyme. Of his poetic faculty a few extracts will be sufficient to enable readers to judge for themselves.

The composition of *Eugene Onéguine* extended over seven years. Pushkin began it in 1823, during his twenty-fourth year, at Kishineff in Bessarabia, whither he had been sent as a punishment for having composed and privately circulated an audacious *Ode to Liberty*. Had it not been for the interference of powerful friends, he would have been exiled to Siberia, a fate which he not very long afterwards a second time narrowly escaped. Had he been in St. Petersburg at the end of the year 1825, he must inevitably have been involved in the insurrection which broke out on the accession of Nicholas to the throne. "All my friends were in the plot," he frankly told the Emperor, when asked what his conduct would have been had he been present on the occasion, "and I could not have deserted them." It is much to the Emperor's credit that he was not offended by this straightforward reply. Rumour asserts that Pushkin was indebted for the absence which insured his safety to his thoroughly Russian superstition. He intended, it is said, to pay a visit to St. Petersburg towards the

\* *Eugene Onéguine: a Romance of Russian Life in Verse*. By Alexander Pushkin. Translated from the Russian by Lieutenant-Colonel Spalding. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.



close of 1825, and if he had carried out his plan, he would almost certainly have been one of the victims of the abortive insurrection. Fortunately for him, just as he had started on his journey, a hare crossed the road in front of him. So marked a warning was not to be disregarded. Pushkin turned back, and gave up the journey. If the story is not true, it is at all events probable. The last canto of the poem was completed in 1831, the year of the poet's marriage. By that time the vigorous turbulence of his youth had calmed down, and the cynical apathy which is so apt to beset the Russian mind, especially when exposed to the influence of official employment, seemed likely to ensure him the respect of the authorities during a long career, when his life was suddenly cut short by a bullet in 1837. Like Lermontof, he fell in what seems to have been a quite unnecessary duel.

At the time when Pushkin commenced *Eugene Onéguine*, which he described to a friend as being "something in the style of *Don Juan*," his admiration for Byron's genius was at its height. Count Vorontsoff went too far when he charged the young poet with being nothing more than "le faible imitateur d'un original très-peu recommandable, Lord Byron"; but there can be no doubt that Pushkin was in early life so strongly influenced by the English poet that his originality might well be called in question. At a later period he transferred his literary affections from Byron to Shakespeare, and entertained the idea of composing a series of dramatic chronicles to illustrate various periods of Russian history; and he also found in the folk-tales of Russia, as related to him by his old nurse Arina, a fresh and copious source of inspiration. But the poem by which he is best known, that which Colonel Spalding has now translated, owes its existence in a great measure to Byron, and its hero has very much the appearance of being, as Pushkin himself suggested, "a Muscovite in Childe Harold's cloak."

Eugene Onéguine is a young Russian who grows tired of the quietness and dissipation of St. Petersburg, being grievously afflicted by "the English spleen, the Russian *khandra*"—the latter term being a popular Russian corruption of the word "hypochondria." He retires to a country seat of which an uncle's death makes him possessed, and for two days takes a pleasure in contemplating the beauties of nature. But after the second day he finds himself as much bored in the country as he had been in the capital. His only consolation is the society of his friend Lensky, an enthusiastic young poet to whom he becomes sincerely attached. But one evening he takes it into his head to dance a great deal more than is necessary with Olga Larina, the round-faced and entirely commonplace young lady with whom Lensky is in love. A duel is the result, in which Lensky is killed, and Onéguine becomes more melancholy than ever, being constantly haunted by the image of the friend he has slain. Before this fatal event takes place Onéguine has been much exercised by receiving from Tattiana Larina, Olga's exceedingly romantic sister, a letter in which she informs him, in the frankest manner, that she loves him. He is "touched with sympathy," and finds the strange proceeding not wholly unwelcome. However, when he sees her, he reads her a most decorous lecture on her unconventional behaviour. Had he been of a domestic nature, he says, he would have been happy to marry her:—

If in the scenes of home I might,  
E'en for an instant, find delight.  
Then, I say truly, none but thee  
I would desire my bride to be.

But, as he is a stranger to happiness he continues, and quite unworthy of her affection, she had much better think of some one else. For

What can be drearier than the house  
Wherein the miserable wife  
Deplores a most unworthy spouse  
And leads a solitary life?  
The tiresome man, her value knowing,  
Yet curses on his fate bestowing,  
Is full of frigid jealousy,  
Mute, solemn, frowning gloomily.  
Such am I.

Tattiana ponders over the lesson, and in due course of time marries an elderly general. Onéguine meets her in society, and, in his turn, falls desperately in love with her, and writes to inform her of the fact. An interview ensues, in which she reminds him of his frigid behaviour when she confessed to him her maiden love, and says:—

How meekly then I heard you preach—  
To-day it is my turn to teach.

And of this privilege she avails herself to such an extent that she leaves Onéguine standing "as if struck by lightning fire." The last two stanzas of her speech may be quoted here as giving some idea of the Russian poet's sentiments and his translator's versification:—

Onéguine, all this sumptuousness,  
The gilding of life's vanities,  
In the world's vortex my success,  
My splendid house and gaieties—  
What are they? Gladly would I yield  
This life in masquerade concealed,  
This glitter, riot, emptiness,  
For my wild garden and bookcase.  
Yes! for our unpretending home,  
Onéguine—the beloved place  
Where the first time I saw your face—  
Or for the solitary tomb  
Wherein my poor old nurse doth lie  
Beneath a cross and shrubbery.

'Twas possible then, happiness—  
Nay, near; but destiny decreed—  
My lot is fixed—with thoughtlessness  
It may be that I did proceed.  
With bitter tears my mother prayed;  
And for Tattiana, mournful maid,  
Indifferent was her future fate.  
I married—now I supplicate—  
For ever your Tattiana leave.  
Your heart possesses, I know well,  
Honour and love inflexible.  
I love you—to what end deceive?  
But I am now another's bride—  
For ever faithful will abide.

#### HISTORY OF THE EDINBURGH VOLUNTEERS.\*

THE Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers claim the honour of being the first Volunteer regiment in Britain to appear in arms before the Queen. The history of the regiment has therefore been written by a member of the corps, as a sort of commemoration of the coming of age of the Volunteer movement. In the autumn of 1859, the year in which the Volunteer Circular was issued, the Queen was in Edinburgh, and thus the newly-formed Rifle Volunteers had an opportunity of showing themselves, which they seized with eagerness. They all turned out and lined the road by which the Queen drove from Holyrood to her private railway station. As the order to appear under arms on this occasion was the first battalion order issued, and as it is still a matter of self-congratulation with the members of the corps that the appearance to do "homage to their Sovereign" was their first appearance as a regiment, it might have been thought that such new recruits would cut but a sorry figure, and be more suggestive of the awkward squad than of professional warriors. So far, however, was this from being the case, that the Queen commissioned the Lord Provost to tell them that she had been "particularly struck and highly pleased with their appearance and fine soldierly bearing." Nor was the satisfaction thus expressed confined to fair words merely, for the colonel was knighted, as an acknowledgment of the martial ardour of the corps which he commanded. After such compliments as these, it is not surprising that the Edinburgh Riflemen and their historian resent with scorn the attempts made by other Volunteers to rob them of the laurels won by this "first appearance." Mr. Stephen thus crushes such false pretensions:—"Other corps have claimed the honour of being the first to appear before Her Majesty; but, if so, their appearance was not officially recognized, neither were they under arms at the time." The second appearance of the Volunteers was not altogether so satisfactory as the triumphant success of their first appearance might have led them to expect. They had been drilling diligently for six months since that first famous turn-out for public duty, and had in that time so much improved that the inspecting officer, Major Nelson, wrote thus of them:—

The greatest praise is due to all ranks. The captains commanding companies must have worked with untiring zeal and energy—the drill instructors done their duty ably; but, what is of still greater importance, those in the ranks must have paid willing obedience to their instructors. The very silence on parade—one of the most essential points towards obtaining efficiency—convinced me that the corps was being trained under an admirable and correct military system, otherwise it never could have arrived at its present high state of discipline. Indeed, the progress already made is, to myself, marvellous, and I entertain no doubt whatever of the City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers ultimately arriving at a very high state of efficiency.

Their efficiency was pretty soon put rather roughly to the test. They were set to the task usually assigned to policemen, that of restraining within due bounds the spirits of a well-disposed and jubilant mob. The return of the 78th regiment of Highlanders after their exploits at Lucknow set the whole city in a ferment. The population turned out *en masse* to welcome the return of their gallant countrymen. All the wynds and closes of the Old Town poured forth a stream of dirty and unruly urchins to swell the throng. The lately embodied Volunteers undertook to line the streets and keep in order the tumultuous rabble. Their efforts were not crowned with that signal success which might have been looked for, considering the praises that their soldierly bearing and high state of discipline had so recently evoked from high quarters. The mob drew invidious distinctions between soldiering in earnest and soldiering in play, and, in their eagerness to heighten the triumph of the war-worn veterans, laughed to scorn the restrictions that the amateur warriors attempted to impose. No sooner were the Highlanders seen coming out of Waverley Station than the unfortunate Volunteers found themselves carried away by the crowd they had been set there to control, "to regain their footing, breathless, perspiring, and shorn of caps and belts, only at the head of the Mound, where the crowd lost a little of its density." One officer got so confused by the tumult that he was heard shouting to his company to "fix bayonets." Luckily his men were much too sorely harassed to pay attention to that or any other order. They had enough and more than enough to do in keeping possession of their own arms and accoutrements.

The next event of importance in the annals of the Edinburgh Volunteers was the review in the Queen's Park at Holyrood, in August 1860. They here formed two battalions, and, "being the

\* *History of the Queen's City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade.* By William Stephen. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son. 1881.

first in Scotland, had the honour of forming the right of the first brigade of Rifles, which was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson." Animated by a glowing and patriotic speech from their colonel, who exhorted them to quit them like men, by poetical references to Scotland's scenery and Scotland's history, and to the "glorious spectacle" in which they as the "senior corps of Scotland" were to occupy a "leading place," the Edinburgh Volunteers showed themselves equal to the occasion, and accomplished the arduous duty of marching past the Queen on the parade ground in an altogether exemplary manner. They felt it, however, as a mortifying slight, and possibly a survival of the ancient animosity between the two halves of Britain, that the *Times* "preserved a strict silence on the subject," though "elaborate leaders had been devoted to the Hyde Park display." This same year an application was made to the War Office for "permission to call the Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers a brigade." Though the permission was refused at that time, five years later it was granted, and the Queen honoured the brigade by prefixing her own name to it, so that their honourable title now runs, "The Queen's City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade." The year before this, the regimental band had nobly maintained the fame of the corps by carrying off the first prize in a competition at Glasgow, at which "twenty-five different bands contested for honours." The "quick-step" of the regiment is the old English air "Ninety-five," the same as that of the Rifle Brigade, and, in addition to a brass band, their military ardour is quickened by performers on the bagpipes attached to the corps, as is fitting for Scottish Volunteers.

The brigade sent a detachment of 100 rank and file, with officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and buglers, to assist in the manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain in the autumn of 1872. This, so says their historian, was the "hardest and most genuine military work undertaken by any portion of the brigade," and as such he dwells upon it in some detail, and with evident pride. Here they were linked to companies of real riflemen, and had to go through all the manoeuvres with them just as if they were professional soldiers. As we are told that "throughout Europe the manoeuvres were watched with careful attention by all the leading military authorities," the Edinburgh detachment were no doubt justified in feeling elated at being commended for the steadiness of their march, as they were by the Commander-in-Chief at the review which concluded the manoeuvres. This is the only attempt at active service ever made by the Edinburgh riflemen. It is a pity that their historian did not delay a little longer the publication of his book, as he might then have added a chapter extolling their hardihood in the endurance of really exceptional hardships at the review of this year. Some forty thousand men were exposed to a deluge of rain for two hours before the march past began. By that time the Queen's Park was nearly knee-deep in mud, so that their powers of marching in good order under difficulties were put to the severest test as they passed their Sovereign. It almost seems as if the elements had been in league this year to daunt the spirit of our Volunteer forces in both kingdoms. The heat of the weather in England had been such that, before the Scottish review took place, the most careful preparations were made for the treatment of possible cases of sunstroke. But sunstrokes are rare in Scotland, even in the dog-days; how much more so in the end of August! And to provide against the soaking rain, without which no general holiday in Scotland is complete, no preparations of any sort had been made. The Edinburgh men were better off than the strangers; for, as soon as the march was over, they could go home to get dried. But the majority of the poor fellows who came from a distance had travelled all night, were ruined upon all day, and had to start off, as soon as the review was over, in their soaked clothes on another night journey. That any of them survived such an ordeal speaks volumes for the hardy nature of the race. But the citizens were almost as callous to the inclemency of the weather as the Volunteers. The day was observed throughout the city with all the solemnity of the half-yearly sacramental fast. All the shops were closed, the church bells rang, omnibuses and trams in the principal streets were stopped, and everyone, old and young, turned out to witness the imposing spectacle. It would be difficult to find a plain better fitted for a review than the Queen's Park. It lies close to the Royal Palace, and is overlooked on the south by the commanding heights of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, and on the other side by the Calton Hill. These vantage-grounds were from an early hour in the morning covered with spectators, crowded as close as swarms of bees. The voluntary sightseers were, however, better off than the voluntary soldiers, for many of them had plaids and great-coats, and here and there it was possible to hold up an umbrella, whereas only one regiment of the Volunteers was provided with waterproof capes. The plashing rain damped in great measure the brilliancy of the evening fireworks and illuminations which were to celebrate the great demonstration, but not the spirits of the inhabitants. They, with the genuine Scotch pride in anything national, actually congratulated each other on the cool freshness of the weather, agreeing that it was far more healthy than the English heat.

The annals of any British Volunteer corps, even if it rejoices in the title of the "Queen's City of Edinburgh," must perforce be, as the poet describes the annals of the poor, "few and simple." One cannot but admire the ingenuity and industry of any one who, like Mr. Stephen, has succeeded in amplifying them into a book. Although, doubtless, of deep and absorbing interest to the members of the brigade, it is hardly likely to be found amusing reading by

the public at large; indeed, the only parts of it that can expect to claim the attention of the general reader are the introductory chapters concerning the several calls to arms that have stirred the spirit of the Edinburgh folk before the present "Volunteer movement." The first of these here touched upon was when the strength of the feudal force had fallen on the fatal field of Flodden. The Provost was among the slain. There was pestilence in the city, and the municipal authority was entrusted to a provisional Committee hastily appointed, called the Presidents, and they issued a proclamation which has been cited as one of the most striking illustrations of patriotic resolution, calling on all the citizens to take up arms for the "keeping and defence of the town." At the same time, the women were forbidden, under pain of banishment, from going clamouring and crying about the streets, and were bidden to go to the churches and pray for the king and the army when they were not about their proper work. A town guard of citizens was called into being, by authority of the King, in 1682. This town guard did good service in defending Holyrood Chapel from the fury of a Protestant mob half a dozen years later. In the troubles of the "Fifteen" and the "Forty-five" the Volunteering spirit was stirred up in Edinburgh; but the Volunteers somehow never came to blows with the rebels, even when, at the latter date, these entered the capital. While Buonaparte kept all Europe in awe, and Britain was in daily dread of a French invasion, soldiering was, as every one who has read the *Antiquary* knows, very much in fashion in Edinburgh, as elsewhere. Beacon fires were ready to spread the alarm from hill to hill, as in the days of the Armada. One of these fires was accidentally lighted, and all the forces in the middle part of Scotland were mustered at Dalkeith, and had to lie all night under arms. This alarm brought Walter Scott a ride of a hundred miles, which he accomplished in twenty-four hours—quite a feat in those days—to join his regiment. In the "Radical time" of 1819-20 the Edinburgh Volunteers were employed, in the absence of the regulars, to garrison the Castle. This was the last public appearance of the old Edinburgh Volunteers, who were known as the "Old Blues." Their present representatives, the heroes of Mr. Stephen's volume, have now been embodied more than twenty-one years, and the increase in their numbers during that time, and the maintenance of their martial ardour under the most peaceful circumstances, seem to promise a more enduring existence than that of any corps of Edinburgh Volunteers which has preceded them.

#### IN SPITE OF FATE.\*

WE should be sorry to think so ill of the human race as to believe that there is any man, any woman, or any child, who would, of his own free will, read through this story from the first page to the last. It is not, we are convinced, a book that can be read, at least by a single reader. What a relay of readers might do we will not venture to decide. Let no one be so rash, so confident of his powers of endurance, as to make the attempt single-handed. He must, unless his strength or his folly be superhuman, fail before he has gone half-way through the first volume. Even a big family—a big family, moreover, of grown-up daughters—with the help of a curate or two thrown in, could scarcely manage to get all the chapters read among them, though they were to divide the task into portions suited to the strength of each. It is not only that the book is hopelessly dull, without a single character, a single incident, or even a single line, to rouse for one moment our interest. It is worse, far worse, than dull; it is ridiculously pretentious. Mere stupidity we can bear with, and even pity; but stupidity, when it takes to strut in tinsel and to delight in bombast, when it airs itself with a constant smirk of self-satisfaction—above all, when it insists on wearying us almost to death—shall obtain as little mercy as it deserves. What with the Land Leaguers, with their endless flow of froth; the Fair Traders, and their folly; and the lady novelists, life is becoming a burden. Turn wheresoever we may, we are met on all sides by a flood of nonsense. If, however, as seems too likely, we are to be overwhelmed by it in the end, it will be some little comfort to sink laughing; and so, though our efforts seem all in vain, we shall still keep up a stout heart and have, we trust, a few more flings at folly.

The very titles of the chapters of the novel before us gave us a fair warning of what we had to expect. As we read the table of contents of the first volume, the following we found set out as the bill of fare:—"Clotho holds her distaff. Lachesis weaves the web. The meshes threaten to entangle. The weaving of the woof. The glimpse of the ghost. Commonsense [so written as one word] ignores the Fates. The web becomes visible. Atropos cuts her first thrum. Cavendish Square at last." With Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, their distaffs, webs, woofs, and thrums, the glimpse of a ghost is not out of keeping; but how, the reader may well ask, does Cavendish Square get into such strange company? The explanation is supplied in a very few pages. First, however, we have given us a second heading to the opening chapter. "Clotho holds her distaff" does well enough in a table of contents where brevity is needful, but, like Lord Burghley's nod, unless it is interpreted, its full meaning is not likely to be seen. Accordingly, the author comes to our aid and writes:—"Chapter I. wherein Clotho holds her distaff, and the shadow of temptation looms in the Gilt Hall." By the gilt hall the

\* *In Spite of Fate.* A Novel. By Katharine Clive. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

one link is furnished by which the Three Fates are joined to Cavendish Square. For this hall was a room in the house of an Earl, whose only son was engaged to a young lady who lived in Cavendish Square. Of course the young people never marry; for, in that case, what would have been the use of Olotho, Lachesis, and Atropos? She gets crushed as flat as a pancake—or nearly so, we believe—by the figure-head of a ship, which fell upon her; and he died an earl and a bachelor. How a young lady—a Cavendish Square heroine, too—should meet so strange a fate might well puzzle the reader. The explanation, nevertheless, is simple enough. Her father was an old Admiral, who was given to drink. On the walls of his study he had had the figure-head fastened up. She had tried to teach him a little abstinence, and had at one time greatly cut down his allowance of whisky. But he had fallen back into his old courses, and was once more what is known in teetotal circles as a frightful example. She, one night, when Orion's belt was shining overhead—where, by the way, it never does shine in these latitudes—was struck by an afterthought that she would go and see whether her father's light was burning. In order, apparently, to do this with greater effect, she first unpinned her long luxuriant hair. The light, she saw, was burning, but there was no sound. The natural inference would have been, we should have thought, that the old gentleman had fallen to sleep over his cups; but then, no doubt, he ought to have been heard snoring. It was perhaps for want of this sign of life that her heart at once beat quickly with wild foreboding. "What if Jucoco?" (the leading villain) "had come at last to murder him? . . . What if a Divine instinct, urging her to his rescue, had been speaking in the morbid restlessness which would not let her sleep." However, when she did at length open the door, the sight that met her view was very much what she might have expected. "She saw her father seated in his leather-chair, holding a glass mid-air, arrested in its progress to his lips. Odours of hot whisky and cut lemon told the rest. She rubbed her eyes, and gave a low cry of sudden pain." No wonder that the old Admiral lost his temper. To have his glass of toddy thus arrested on the way to his lips by the sudden appearance of a daughter with her long luxuriant hair unpinned and hanging down her back, rubbing her eyes, and uttering a cry of pain, was more even than a civilian could be expected to bear with patience. In the case of an old tar, it surely almost justified the swearing which followed in his roughest voice. But with swearing he should have been satisfied. He went further, and took to stamping. "Down came the figure-head of his ship, and so its huge sphinx-like face crushed the forehead of Anne Thorne, his daughter." It is, perhaps, some little comfort to know that after that night he gave up altogether hot whisky with or without cut lemons, that he lived and died very penitently, and founded an orphanage.

Our desire to connect Cavendish Square with the Three Fates has led us far away from the opening scene. We must retrace our steps to the gilt hall of the Earl's baronial mansion. Everything, both inside this place and outside, was very stately. Even the village in which it stood was far from "iconoclastic railway companies with their Gothic furor." It is, by the way, not a little refreshing to find this term used in its good old sense. We come across it a second time in the course of a few pages, where we read that "Farmer Tresham was about as much cut out for a farmer as a Goth for a Prime Minister, and did as well in the capacity." The meaning of this latter sentence is not, to be sure, very clear; but, for the sake of Mrs. Malaprop and her Goths, we gladly pass over its indistinctness. The rustics in this village still pulled their forelock when they met their superiors. This habit leads the author into a digression on reverence, and takes her back to the days "when the old Conservative Johnson bowed to lamp-posts." We hope that the lamp-posts were equally reverential and returned the compliment. Be that as it may—for Boswell does not throw any light, we undertake to say, on the question—Johnson certainly would have been astonished enough to learn that he, or any one else, was a Conservative. We shall soon expect to read that the Conservative Lord Mayor Walworth killed the Radical Wat Tyler. It is, however, impossible to make our novelists, and some of our essay writers, we might add, observe the proper terms whenever they venture to touch on matters of history. To return, however, to the earl's village. It had a rector not unworthy of it, who was the very opposite, we read, of "the popular Jonah's gourds." One of this good man's sons disputes with the young lord the position of first hero. He is thus described:—

His youngest son, Edward, like an impudent wild rose on a grafted standard, unexpectedly developed Radical propensities. It was an enigma to the father, though the sequel was plain enough.

A five years' residence at the University of Cambridge will broaden and deepen the quality of expansion in a man sometimes to an unhealthy extent, and revolutionize the whole current of his thoughts to a marvellous degree.

True, Edward might have grown narrower and narrower in a strait coterie, but his nature was too warmly social to be exclusive; his angles were rubbed down by contact with minds of wider growth, ere they developed into prejudices; and so it came to pass that he looked at things, in general, from a different standpoint to his father's.

But Cambridge alone had not worked this change, there was a deep foundation for it nearer home.

Farmer Tresham had a daughter, Edward's quondam playfellow. That daughter was beautiful.

It is scarcely worth while to pause to examine the author's language, or we might ask how the quality of expansion is broadened

and deepened, and how angles develop into prejudices. Let us leave words on one side, and give our whole attention to the lovers. The lady was indeed beautiful, for she had "the aristocratic chiselled features of an Athenian and the dark luscious eyes of a Provencal." When she entered the reception-room at the hall that was given in honour of the young lord's coming of age, "she sailed into it like a second Cleopatra." It was indeed a night of triumph for her, when she, a mere farmer's daughter, drove up to the baronial mansion, its gateway with its blazoned coat-of-arms was gained, and livery servants proclaimed with stentorian lungs, "Mr. Tresham's carriage stops the way." "The strain," we read, "was caught by others and yet others within, till the familiar name sounded strange, and Cordelia doubted her own identity." It seems a strange fashion of introduction to have it bawled out from servant to servant as each guest arrives that his or her carriage stops the way. We are scarcely surprised to find that Cordelia began to think that she had fallen into some enchanted palace and to dream of one day being a countess herself. So rapid and triumphant was her progress that the young lord, "the cynosure of the evening," forgot the young lady to whom he was engaged, and paid all his attentions to Cordelia alone. The countess took alarm, but "feeling unequal to the task of reproving him, sent to the billiard-room for his father. The result was that Lord Arthur, in the midst of his fourth dance with the young plebeian, was brought to a sudden standstill by the apparition of a tall lackey, with an immediate summons to his father's presence." The old gentleman told the young man that he had himself once been in love with a governess—a dark-eyed *spirituelle* beauty. "Our story," he went on to say, "is too sad; I cannot tell it now; a day I must. Suffice it to say she died, and I—and I—married your mother." The young lord is thereupon so much touched that he promises to crush in the bud his affection for the girl who in her features recalled Athens, in her eyes Provence, in her sailing into a room the famous Egyptian Queen, and in her birth one of the commons of Rome. The anxious father was scarcely satisfied. "He ignores the thought of matrimony," the Earl said, communing sadly with the lanterns." Lord Arthur hastens to take leave of Cordelia, and kisses her hand. "How dare you kiss my hand, Lord Wilton," she said; "I am a plebeian; but I am proud." Meanwhile, her old lover, Edward Fenton, did not tamely submit to the slight cast upon him, and boldly accosted the young lady to whom Lord Arthur was engaged. "Would it be asking too much for you to reward a plebeian with a dance?" he said on the spur of the moment, without premeditation." Even had she wished it, she could scarcely have refused on the ground of respectability, remembering, as she must, how much her own father was given to hot whisky and cut lemons.

Endless complications follow the indiscretion of these young people in thus confounding plebeians and patricians. However, in the end plebeian marries plebeian, and the thoughtless patrician, as we have shown, is punished for his neglect of social distinctions by living the life of a penitent bachelor. Perhaps, after all, he was better off than his unhappy father, for if the old Earl had lost his dark-eyed *spirituelle* beauty of a plebeian, yet never had his heir with a suppressed groan to own to a son of his that "she died, and I—and I—married your mother." From that fate he had been saved by the huge sphinx-like face of the figure-head which had crushed the future countess flat.

#### FOARD'S MERCHANT SHIPPING.\*

MR. FOARD'S book may be looked upon as a marvel of industry. So many good books already existed on the subject of merchant shipping that to justify the appearance of a new one it must needs be an exceptionally deserving work. Mr. Foard seems to have felt this, and to have spared no trouble or time in order to rise to the occasion. And in the result he has produced a book worthy to stand by any of its precursors which deal with the same matter, by virtue of its completeness of treatment, its fulness of detail and reference. The enormous number of cases referred to might indeed seem to some persons unnecessary and calculated to encumber the book and confuse the reader; but it must be remembered that merchant shipping law, except for the Merchant Shipping Acts, is built up mainly of cases and decisions affording authoritative interpretation of the terms usually employed in shipping contracts and determining the rights incidental thereto. Moreover, Mr. Foard has not attempted to embody any number of these decisions in his text; he has given the effect thereof in the body of the work and relegated the references, with occasional short explanatory statements, to a body of foot-notes which sometimes usurps well-nigh the whole of a page. Thus the casual reader can study the text alone, while the lawyer who goes to the book for aid in writing an opinion can obtain a clue to all the settled cases on any given point.

As though expressly to complicate matters, a ship occupies by virtue of statute and customary law a curiously anomalous legal position. It is not a mere personal chattel, and it is obviously neither land nor an incorporeal right. It has been much doubted whether a ship comes under the head of "goods, wares, or merchandise." Much of the difficulty which might otherwise arise out of this state of affairs is, however, obviated by the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Acts relating to the ownership and

\* *A Treatise on the Law of Merchant Shipping and Freights.* By James T. Foard, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow & Sons (Limited).

transfer of British ships, conformity to which is necessary in order to secure the benefits of limitation of liability, and so forth. With all these points Mr. Foard deals fairly enough, albeit he shows a tendency to run into statements of the general law which would be as applicable to a ton of coals or a horse as to a ship. This is perhaps unavoidable, but we can see no particular reason for interpolating a chapter on General Average between one on the ownership and another on the bargain and sale of ships. It is the more pity that this chapter on General Average occurs in such an unexpected place, inasmuch as it is unquestionably one of the best in the book. Not only are the principles on which the doctrine of general average proceeds accurately and clearly laid down, but, what is perhaps more valuable, Mr. Foard supplies a carefully tabulated synopsis of losses which by law or custom have been included in, or excluded from, the category of general average, availing himself freely of the American cases, which have always been accorded considerable weight in our courts. Among the methods by which ships can be acquired enumerated by Mr. Foard we are surprised to find included at p. 155 "capture by a merchant vessel bearing letters of marque and reprisal," with imaginary instances of English vessels acting by virtue of such letters. Mr. Foard appears to have totally forgotten the Treaty of Paris, to which England was a party. The omission is the more remarkable as only two pages later Mr. Foard refers to this very Treaty of Paris on the rule of "Free ships, free goods."

Apart from absolute ownership, vessels may be the subject of other legal rights, such as that conferred by mortgages or bottomry bonds. The position of a mortgagee of a ship, like that of a mortgagee of land, may be looked at in two lights, the legal and the equitable. He is the legal owner of the ship, but does not possess all the rights, and is not subject to all the liabilities, of an ordinary absolute owner. He is not in virtue of his position liable for necessities supplied to the ship; nor is he, unless he has actually or constructively taken possession of the ship, entitled to freight earned by her. This last point was only very recently settled by the House of Lords in a case of *Keith v. Burrows*, duly referred to by Mr. Foard.

The position of the master or captain with regard to the ship he commands and the cargo on board of her receives due attention from Mr. Foard. It is obvious that, apart from his ordinary duties in navigating the ship and maintaining order among the passengers and crew, the master may occasionally find himself in exceptional circumstances requiring the exercise of a larger authority than that expressly confided to him. For instance, the vessel may be stranded or damaged far from her home port, and it may become imperative to raise money in order to procure assistance or repair damages. The occurrence of such emergencies constitutes the master the special agent of the owners, with almost unlimited powers. He is bound, if possible, to communicate with his owners and to get their instructions; but when such communication is impracticable, he may of his own authority pawn or pledge the ship and freight, or hypothecate her by means of a bottomry bond. It has been held that in hopeless cases, where there is no prospect of ever getting the ship home, he may even sell her outright, and that such a sale confers a good title on the purchaser.

With regard to the cargo, the master's rights are somewhat similar, though naturally, as the shippers have had no voice in his appointment, a still stronger case of necessity must be shown in order to constitute him their agent, and it must be proved that communication with them was absolutely impossible before any unauthorized dealing with the cargo on the part of the master can be justified. Where, however, these conditions exist, the master may, after exhausting the resources of ship and freight, hypothecate or even sell portions of the cargo in the interest of all parties concerned.

The other duties of "The Master as Agent," such as employing pilots, assisting vessels in distress, and so on, are also fully treated by Mr. Foard in the chapter bearing the above heading. The author adopts a very convenient form when dealing with charterparties. In addition to a general discussion of the subject, for the purpose of analysis he splits up the ordinary form of charterparty into its component clauses, reprinting each at the head of the page until it is finally disposed of. Of course charterparties, being merely contracts between the shipper and shipowner, are subject to any amount of variation in terms; but custom has introduced common forms until a measure of uniformity practically exists, and Mr. Foard's disquisitions thus acquire considerable general value. One or two of his statements of the law appear, however, to require some reconsideration, as where at p. 371 he denies the right of a maritime carrier to contract himself out of all liability, unless an alternative higher rate be paid for carriage; and where he implies, at p. 377, that a claim by a consignor within a certain time specified by the charter party is not necessarily a condition precedent to his recovering for a loss. Unquestionably some doubt exists on these and similar points; and Mr. Foard's suggestion of an International Commission to consider and, if possible, reconcile the various views entertained in different countries on the subject of the liabilities of maritime carriers, seems worthy of consideration.

Bills of lading receive similar analytical treatment at Mr. Foard's hands, and he has in this part of the book been far more skilful in avoiding the introduction of general principles of law, and at the same time making perfectly clear the legal basis on which the bill of lading cases which he embodies proceed. Bills of lading, as being the instruments on which shipowners

mainly rely for the limitation of their liabilities in respect of the goods carried in their vessels, generally incorporate an inordinate number of restrictive clauses, and the way in which Mr. Foard has gone into these in all their intricacies entitles him to very high praise. As a specimen of careful work, we would select his treatment of the clause relating to ~~any~~ freight where the voyage is brought to a premature conclusion, and the duty of the master to tranship goods on to another vessel in order to forward them to their destination. These two points have been the subject of an immense mass of legal discussion and decision; and it must have cost Mr. Foard great labour to reduce the substance of such discussions and decisions within the limits of the pages he has assigned to them.

The last chapter in the book is devoted to the question of stoppage in transitu—the right of an unpaid vendor to stop goods in course of carriage by sea on becoming aware of the insolvency of the consignees. It was long a vexed question whether the exercise of this right operated as a rescission of the contract of sale, or merely reverted in the vendor a possessory right to retain the goods until payment of the stipulated price. Mr. Foard pronounces definitely in favour of the latter view, and, though we are not prepared to contradict his statement of the law, we cannot help thinking that the point is one on which more remains to be said.

We regret to have to notice that Mr. Foard's book is frequently marred by little inaccuracies of composition and grammar for which probably he is only partially responsible; words have crept in or been left out or the wrong word used in many places, and though the sense is generally pretty plain, an appearance of slovenliness is given to the work which has a bad effect.

#### LYELL'S FANCY PIGEONS.\*

THE venerable antiquity of the literature of the pigeon fancy is beyond all question. The Jews had their domesticated pigeons, although not certainly choice fancy pigeons; but among the Romans, both Columella and Pliny attest the extent to which the rage for this speculative fashion was carried among their contemporaries, and it would seem, from the most cursory survey of the History of Fancy Pigeons, that a rivalry in this particular study of a special branch of ornithology has characterized European and English societies for the promotion of the most perfect breeds, and brought fancy pigeons to that pass that the puzzle must be the limit of the survival of the fittest. Mr. Lyell, in his first chapter, on the "Origin of Fancy Pigeons," traces the common original to the British blue rock pigeon, a denizen of our sea-coast rocks and caves, between which and a common blue flying tumbler the difference is slight. Their colour is identical, their size nearly so. The head and beak of the tumbler differ from the rock pigeon, and the pinions of the latter are longer and stronger, as would be the case from their mode of life. Sub-varieties of the blue rock are found in Europe, Asia, Africa. Mr. Lyell marshals carefully the arguments for this common origin which have been so ably summarized by Mr. Tegetmeier, and, amongst others, uses the argument that in domestication man's guiding hand fixes on certain variations on account of their originality. By pairing any curious specimen of a breed with one of a common type, the young may not prove uncommon, but they, paired with the progeny of their own uncommon parent stock, are then apt to reproduce the desired peculiarity. "In this way," continues Mr. Lyell, "I believe every fancy pigeon, however now removed from the blue rock, has been produced; and, judging from the analogy of canary-breeding quoted in p. 5, it does not seem to take very long for nature, guided by the reason of man, to produce the greatest differences in form." To a chapter full of instances of curious sports and strange types of pigeons cropping up in divers places and cases, Mr. Lyell adds as a conclusion the suggestion that, *à propos* of the further search for new and distinct forms, they are to be looked for in Central Asia, or the interior of China, or of Northern Africa. "If any one," he adds, "with pigeon on the brain, time, money, and daring, would penetrate to Timbuctoo, he might there find something worth bringing home with him."

There can be but slight difference of opinion about the accommodation required for domestic and choice fancy pigeons. No one who has considered the origin of the "blue rock," its innate love of salt and gravel, as evinced on the gravel paths of lawns much frequented by the birds in the present season, where the weed peculiar to the gravel is part of the attraction, can doubt that the average pigeon is hardly under conditions of proper aspect, light, and ventilation, though it is worthy, in view of its choiceness, of better housing than the usual resource of wall-boxes, or of the exploded pigeon-houses sometimes called pole-houses; it being a *sine quâ non* with the former that they should not face north or east, and should be made of larch or fir, well jointed, so as to keep out wind, except at entrance or egress. For pigeon-keeping for table purposes a rough cote will be enough, and into it, duly protected, fenced, and provisioned for a few days, the best plan is to purchase young pigeons ready to fly, but not yet having tasted liberty; by which simple means a good number of young will be produced every season. If, however, the aspiration is to pure

\* *Fancy Pigeons: containing full Directions for their Breeding and Management; with Descriptions of every known Variety, and all other Information of Interest or Use to Pigeon Fanciers. Illustrated. By James C. Lyell. London: The "Bazaar" Office, Strand. 1882.*



fancying, it is a case for going beyond wall-lofts, and fitting up with carpentry—cat, rat, and mouse-proof—a building-shed or loft, which will be the better for open air, except perhaps with choice pouters, carriers, short-faced tumblers, jacobins, and fantails. Even then the owner must risk a little with an eye to his place and his birds; and, under reasonable precaution, a small open-air flight will aid the birds in good health. Mr. Lyell, in c. 3, assists his readers with a plan of a tolerably complete pigeonry. The nesting-boxes of this domicile are lucidly described and figured; and the whole process for each pair of nests, in reference to the compartments, to the nest-pans, the hoppers, and the requisite scrapers and shovels, promotive of vital cleanliness, is easily understood, though hard to describe succinctly. Mr. Lyell distinctly bans for the better sort of fancy pigeon what may be called the clothes-peg arrangement on the walls of a pigeon-house for perching.

Amongst other most instructive chapters are those on Selection of Stock, on Feeding and Breeding, and on Diseases. As a rule, pigeons of pronounced markings—i.e. baldheads, turbits, nuns—look best on the wing. Pouters of second quality, half-bred pouters, and carriers are also recommended as capital flyers and *gyrators*. Indeed, the pigeons that become most familiar with their owners are pouters and fantails. And this is well ordered, for the former should be very tame for exhibition, as otherwise they lose beauty and success in competition, whereas the carriers look best wild and alarmed. Ruuts belie the quiet look they carry in the loft, and carriers also are very vicious, as were also trumpeters before the so-called Russian importation, and owls, Oriental frilled varieties, and turbits in a less degree. For pigeons of striking and varied plumage we are directed to archangels, almond tumblers, German toys; for contrasts of colour to nuns, magpies, swallows, &c.; while pouters, carriers, short-faces, burbs, jacobins, fantails, owls, &c., represent high-class pigeons of more difficult production, and so more highly prized. Beside the breeds of strictly fancy pigeons may be reckoned the homing or racing pigeons, which constitute a distinct fancy branch, for which formerly the dragoon, long-beard, and skinnum were used in England, but most use is now made of the Antwerp carrier. *A propos* of feeding, one or two principles should be adopted about the grain on which fancy pigeons are fed. It should not be too new or too old, but kept free from damp, and changed from one bin to another often, or shaken to destroy moths and insects if kept in sacks. Peas are a staple food for fancy pigeons, and Mr. Lyell has excellent experiences of white peas imported from the Continent, which he has found first-rate in pouter-breeding, with Indian corn mixed. Wheat is used freely in summer; barley is a good and cheap food for fancy pigeons; Indian corn or maize is the cheapest of grain for nutritious qualities. Mr. Lyell's experience adds a pigeon grain grown in Bengal, called "mollah," which costs there 3s. to 4s. per maund of 82 lbs., is first-rate food, and might be most profitably imported into England. Except in winter, lettuce and such green stuff may be freely used by pigeons in confinement. Bathing water should be allowed twice a week. Our author sums up "the elements of success in breeding" in well-bred stock birds, properly supplied with good food and clean water, paired with a due eye to their own and their ancestral form, furnished with proper breeding accommodation, and not overcrowded, but kept clean, and tended with every reasonable care by a lover of them.

Time might be spent to advantage in tracing in Chap. VI. the variations of the colours of fancy pigeons on the original blue rock and its Asiatic congener; the blue chequers, the red tints or moalies, which are the most crude and original colours in tame pigeons, and so are the basis of all others. The silver is an offshoot of the blue, the body tint assuming here a dun, the neck and wing bars a deeper hue of the same colour. Similar markings, according to distinct rules, follow the interbreeding of set colours, a notable barred colour being the powdered blue found in the Mahomet. But to dabble in these matters is of no profit to mere amateurs. The road to practical knowledge is a gradual acquaintance with breeding under the guidance of such an intelligent manual as that of Mr. Tegetmeier, which may aptly be supplemented by Mr. Lyell. Mr. Lyell begins his description of every known variety at p. 68 with the Nun Pigeon, and runs over a most voluminous list, concluded at p. 323. The Nun, from its striking contrast of colours, stands high among those toy pigeons which are considered the best for incipient breeders to experiment with; it is a pearl-eyed bird with a tumbler's head and beak. In the black variety, which is the favourite among black, blue, dun, red, yellow-headed, this eye has a narrow blackish cere. The Nun is valued for the number of its coloured flight feathers, which, to be perfect, should be ten on each side; for its *bib*, the head colour extending beyond the throat; and the *shell* (wrongly termed *hood*), at the back of the head. This trim-built bird is a good breeder, and its French and German names dub it "Pigeon Coquille Hollandaise," from its shell crown, and "Das Nönnchen," from its appearance. On account of the less contrast in colour, red and yellow headed Nuns are less prized than blacks; but Mr. Lyell holds that, could red and yellow Nuns be produced as lustrous in colour as the hues some pigeons display, they would be more marvellous than blacks. The Helmet, which comes next in review, is a kindred German tumbler, of the size, head, beak, and body of the ordinary flying tumbler; and Moore describes it as "gravel-eyed." Other toys very suitable for amateur beginners are turbits, swallows, and magpies, the

last a popular variety, very small, with pearl eyes, and bred chiefly in black, red, and yellow. The head is like the dove; wings, flights, thighs, and underbreast, white; and all else of the marking colour divided by sharp lines across breast and shoulders from the white. A remarkable fancy pigeon, most probably named Archangel from its vivid metallic lustre on back and wing-feathers (Neumeister takes its German name, "Gimpel" = bullfinch, as allusive to its colouring), is a native of the Tyrol and South Germany, but is not at all connected with the town so named. Mr. Lyell traces this breed originally to Turkey, and connects them with the famous pigeon-flyers of Modena described in pp. 78-79; and, from finding two pairs of them with a fancier in the North-West of India, he was inclined to believe them an Asiatic production, either Persian or Indian. In style, size, and formation like the common field-pigeon, the Archangel is characterized by its bronzed, burnished, metallic lustre. In style of head this pigeon should be peak-headed, the feathers at the back of it drawing to a finely-pointed crest, the higher-reaching the better. The back, rump, and wings show tints of marked metallic burnish, which are described, when the bird is in motion, "as sparkling like coloured jewels of price." Among others which may illustrate Mr. Lyell's research and extensive knowledge, may be noticed, p. 81, the "Ice Pigeon," so named by German fanciers from its beautiful lavender-blue colour. Its simplest type is clear, light blue, without wing bars, but with dark flights and tail bar. It is of the size of the common field pigeon, but more thick-set and broader chested. This bird is of infinite variety; but, though a pair are pictured to face p. 174 in the pages of Mr. Tegetmeier, we fail to find them described in his volume. Still rarer may be accounted the *Fire Pigeon* (*Die Feuertaupe*) a pigeon which Mr. Lyell owns to having never seen. He quotes Neumeister as reminding him of "a strong tumbler, of the size of a medium field pigeon—head unhooded, feet smooth, colour of the whole plumage black, with an extremely bright, copper-red sheen." This metallic lustre is with the Fire Pigeon more intense than with any other, not only on the neck, but over the whole body, flights and tail excepted. The author of this volume dilates upon the lustre of the rare Fire Pigeon as a sight for a fancier to envy, and does his utmost to stimulate the emulation of those who have facilities of acquiring and breeding with such German toys as these or the Nuremberg swallows.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE supply of new American books at this season is always scanty, and is on this occasion even scantier than usual. The most important of the works (1) sent to us is one of extreme value, but of very limited public or popular interest; a work for which there will be no demand, except from a few great public libraries in this country, but one whose compilation must have cost enormous labour and most elaborate care, and which gives proof in every page of unwearied research in the collection of materials, and most thoughtful and painstaking labour in their arrangement. It is, or aims at being, a complete list of all works published in the United States, and accessible to general readers up to July 1, 1876. Local directories, periodicals, sheet music, unbound maps, and cheap pamphlets are necessarily omitted. But reprints, importations, Transactions of learned Societies, works issued by the national Government, and the law reports of the different State Courts, have been, as far as possible, included. An appendix contains a list of new books and new editions issued since July 1876 by the principal houses, which, as regards those works for which there is likely to be search or demand among those who use the Catalogue, practically brings it down to date. It extends to five large quarto volumes, though this is a matter of arrangement and binding, the work being issued in sheets. The most striking peculiarity in the arrangement of the lists is the employment of two distinct alphabetical orders—one containing the names of authors and titles, the other rearranging the works as far as possible under their subjects. It will of course be the imperative duty of all great public libraries wherein American books are to be found, to procure a copy of this Catalogue for the benefit of their readers. In the British Museum, and the local institutions of high pretension and general use now growing up in most of our great cities, students will be able to refer to its pages and to learn from them what works of importance have been published in America upon the subjects in which they are interested, and where they are most probably to be procured. It is to be borne in mind that, even as regards merely English literature, no inconsiderable part of the most valuable works in many departments of study are of American origin, and also that on scientific, political, social, and practical topics an immense amount of information hardly accessible in any other form is contained in the publications of the Federal and State Governments and in the Transactions of American scientific Societies. A Catalogue which enables the student with more or less of pains and research to discover what books of these classes have been published in the United States, and to form some general idea of their contents, was absolutely necessary to the completeness of our knowledge of any branch of English learning; and Mr. Leypoldt and his

(1) *The American Catalogue, under the direction of F. Leypoldt. Author and Title Entries of Books in Print and for Sale (including Reprints and Importations).* July 1, 1876. Compiled by Lynds E. Jones. New York: Armstrong & Son. 1880.

conductors deserve all credit and no small amount of public gratitude for the service they have rendered.

Another volume of the invaluable, but excessively elaborate and lengthy, Report of the United States Geological Survey (2) has just reached us. It deals exclusively with the geography and geology of the Black Hills in Dakota, whose minerals have rendered the territory here described the scene of unscrupulous encroachment by adventurous miners and settlers upon the Indian reserves, and provoked no small resentment on the part of the waning native tribes, once more driven out of the homes secured to them in nominal perpetuity by the greed of the white intruders. The information given is scientific rather than practical, covering more than 500 quarto pages in large type, and illustrated by numerous admirably executed plates showing the fossils of the region, a great number of which are common to extensive strata in Europe and America. These, however, are almost exclusively shells and other relics of the lower types of animal life, belonging exclusively to the strata which the writer calls Primordial, Jurassic, and Cretaceous.

The only other work of much pretension or value upon our list for the month bears the somewhat inappropriate title of *Primitive Industry* (3). Dr. Abbott deals exclusively with the relics, Neolithic and Palæolithic, of the races which, before the European discovery of America, inhabited the Northern Atlantic seaboard. From this part of the States, for some reason or other, the much more interesting remains of the Mound Builders are almost entirely excluded. How it happened that a race so powerful, extending over so large an area, and with an organization so powerful and a civilization evidently so far developed, should not have crossed the Northern Alleghenies, it is by no means easy to understand. They did make their way to the seaboard of the Southern States, though their principal seats were all in the valley of the Mississippi or in those of its tributaries. It seems certain that they could not have been prevented from access to the sea along the greater part of their Eastern frontier by any rivals then existing. At no time during the height of their prosperity is it conceivable that the Indian tribes should have been able to hold their own against the race which built the huge fortifications and other earthworks scattered in such vast numbers over the interior of the United States, even if, which hardly seems probable, the two races were in any part of that area contemporaneous. And yet the general estimates of the Mound Building period hardly place it so far back as to allow of any vast change in the geographical or climatic character of the country. We can hardly suppose that New England, still less that Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, were then under the sea or covered with the ice and snow of the Glacial period. The relics of which Dr. Abbott has made and examined exceedingly extensive and various collections are believed by him to belong exclusively to the Red Indian race, to whom certainly must be ascribed the later stone and copper weapons, implements and utensils, and, with almost equal certainty, the whole of the much less numerous relics of pottery discovered in the same limited region. It seems plain that in America, as in Europe, there was a primitive age of Stone, divisible in the New as in the Old World into two well-marked periods—that of the rude, chipped instruments, many of which an unpractised eye would not recognize as of human origin, known as Palæolithic, and that of the grooved axes, the polished hatchets, arrowheads, spears, and knives which in Europe seem immediately to have preceded, perhaps to have been contemporary with, the first introduction of bronze. The latter material was unknown to the American tribes; and copper, which was worked in large masses and dug from deep mines by the Mound Builders, seems to have been little used and very clumsily worked—almost entirely hammered—by the Indians. According to Dr. Abbott, few of the hatchets could have been useful as implements of industry. They could hardly have cut down a tree of a foot in thickness without an amount of labour for which the Indians, as known to European experience, would never have had patience. There are, however, gouges and chisels of greater sharpness and higher quality, that have evidently been employed to hollow out canoes from solid trunks at an expense of labour scarcely less than it would have cost to cut down the trees with the hard and tolerably sharp stone hatchets of the later period. The truth may probably be, as the author suggests, that fire was a simpler and more easily available instrument, that the outer part of a tree selected for use was girdled with fire, the charred wood then cut away, and the process repeated until the tree snapped or was pulled down. Pestles and mortars of every form, from the rudest stones partially hollowed by the accidental action of water; hatchets of almost every form and shape, and of every material that the country afforded, from the argillite which seems to have been the sole material of the Palæolithic age to jasper and diorite; arrowheads, more or less elaborate; slate knives, generally of semi-lunar form; ornaments, and minor implements of stone or bone, are found in great abundance throughout the region explored by Dr. Abbott and other labourers in the same field—in such abundance, indeed, as to indicate either that the field of their researches was a central manufactory or that it was more densely peopled than is commonly

supposed or than it is easy to believe. Numerous open-air workshops have been found, where the remains, not only of more or less finished implements and weapons, but of the materials collected and the innumerable chips struck off in the process of manufacture, show that the site must have been occupied for many years by the same or different manufacturers, who must have made a lifelong and exclusive business of supplying their fellow-tribesmen, and possibly more distant tribes, with weapons that doubtless acquired a special reputation. It is quite conceivable that such manufacturers may have enjoyed a special protection from tribes dependent upon them for that success in war, in the chase, and in their rude agriculture which was the first necessity of existence. Nearly every peculiar trace of the life of the Stone ages which recent discoveries have rendered familiar to Europe, except, perhaps, the lake villages of Switzerland, seems to have had its analogue in America, even to the kitchen middens of Denmark. The striking resemblance, and, indeed, practical identity, of implements of every kind in regions so remote, affords matter for very curious speculation as to the connexion of these primitive races in such distant quarters, or the origin of similar devices in similar circumstances and necessities. The latter solution might explain very simply many circumstances upon which archaeologists have built, somewhat too confidently, perhaps, an elaborate structure of inferences.

The majority, we think, of Carlyle's (4) readers would be disposed to question any theory that assigned to him a systematic philosophy, a consistent body of doctrine or opinion, whether upon morals, politics, or social life. Perhaps no man of equal thoughtfulness and power was ever less systematic and methodical in his views. A few distinct and very definite principles, or rather preferences, characterize Carlyle's writings on every subject, his conclusions on almost every question of ethics or history. His admiration of force, his belief that might makes right as between classes, nations, and even individual princes and statesmen, is clear enough in most of his earliest productions, and to the very last never seems to have deserted him, or to have been modified by other and higher considerations. His faith in what he called truth, or rather in consistency of purpose and soundness of workmanship, physical or intellectual, was another equally strong, equally characteristic, and much nobler conviction. But neither idea can be considered as the basis of a philosophy of history or politics, much less of morals, and it would be difficult for the most ingenious and patient admirer to trace any other principle or conviction half so clear, persistent, and definite in the best-considered and most temperate of Carlyle's writings. No man, perhaps, was ever more completely governed by a few violent prejudices thoroughly independent of reason, conceived in very early life or implanted by education, and firmly cherished to the last without an attempt to justify them by argument. To ascribe to such a man anything like a philosophy of his own is to ignore altogether the peculiar bent of his mind and the peculiar effect of his writing. In truth, nearly all of Carlyle's moral teaching that has exercised a beneficial effect upon his age, or is likely permanently to influence even a small body of disciples, might be summed up in a proverb almost as old as the English language—an idea firmly rooted in the deepest subsoil of the English nature—that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. And, indeed, Mr. Mead fails to work out his own purpose in anything like a consistent shape. He scarcely professes to give us a Carlylese philosophy, but rather seeks to show what Carlyle thought upon a variety of unconnected questions, international, social, moral, political, and historical, and to soften some of the most offensive of these opinions—always extreme, and now and then ferocious and irrational—by the quotation of other, sometimes incompatible, utterances on other topics and in other places. His book may do something to familiarize with Carlyle's mode of thought, and with a few of his most often repeated notions, that large class of American readers who would not have leisure or patience to study their author in the original. But the notion of Carlyle's character and position in literature, and his influence as a moral teacher, which such readers will derive from this little work will almost certainly be distorted, disproportioned, and incorrect.

Messrs. Kiddle and Schem's *Dictionary of Education and Instruction* (5) contains a number of commonplaces, and a variety of more or less sensible and instructive quotations upon the general methods and particular subjects of education at large, and of the special kind of education most common in the United States. There is, however, little of definite consistent purpose, little of distinct knowledge or belief, whether as to principles or details, to bind the gathered materials into a single scheme; and the inexperienced teacher who should refer to this Dictionary for guidance, whether as to general principles or special methods, would find himself or herself more perplexed than enlightened.

Miss Oakley's treatise on *Beauty in Dress* (6)—rather upon the practical principles of taste in female costume, the harmonizing of colours and materials, the adaptation of ornaments to complexion and costume, and similar details of the toilet—has at any rate the merit of distinct and dogmatic teaching. The author has no doubt whatever as to the universality of her rules, and lays them

(2) *Report on the Geology and Resources of the Black Hills of Dakota; with Atlas.* By Henry Newton and Walter P. Jenney. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *Primitive Industry; or, Illustrations of the Handiwork, in Stone, Bone, and Clay, of the Native Races of the N. Atlantic Seaboard of America.* By C. C. Abbott, M.D. Salem, Mass.: G. A. Bates. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(4) *The Philosophy of Carlyle.* By Edwin T. Mead. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(5) *The Dictionary of Education and Instruction: a Reference Book and Manual on the Theory and Practice of Teaching.* By H. Kiddle and A. J. Schem. New York: Steiger & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(6) *Beauty in Dress.* By Miss Oakley. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1881.

down with a positive clearness, an absolute conviction, an absence of all doubt or indecision, which will no doubt be comforting to such ladies as have no faith in their own taste, and for one reason or another prefer to depend upon the advice of a book rather than on that of some personal friend, or upon the more usual resource—the fashions they see around them, and the dictation of their milliner. What might be the result of a strict conformity to Miss Oakley's rules, in the case of any individual lady of our acquaintance, we feel by no means certain; and if we knew, which we certainly do not, a lady likely to take such advice with the implicit obedience which the giver seems to expect, we should hardly venture to place the book in her hands lest we should be held responsible for the consequences.

*Woman's Handiwork* (7) is a treatise of much higher pretension and much more general interest. It deals with those decorative arts the pursuit of which is especially and properly feminine—with embroidery, painting, especially on china, fans, linen, silk, and panels, and with the decoration of houses in general. Upon the first topic especially it contains not a little curious and interesting information, describing and exemplifying by a few simple and well-executed illustrations the various forms of ancient and modern work, from the tapestry of the middle ages down to the crewel work of the present year. It will doubtless be of service to many ladies whose taste and inclination for these arts only require the stimulus which such description and information will supply.

Mr. Tredwell's "Plea for Bibliomania" (8) has a somewhat discursive character, and is of extensive rather than general scope. It was originally prepared as a paper for the Rembrandt Club of Brooklyn, setting forth the author's experience in what he calls the private illustration of books, the insertion of original or collected prints and drawings connected with, or explanatory of, the text. From this connective thread the discourse diverges in several directions, generally interesting, because in most cases affording novel and sometimes recondite information, suggestion, or experience.

Mr. Bailey's *Handbook* (9) will, we doubt not, be of service to those who are beginning the very interesting work of a botanical collector. It is, however, distinctly and almost exclusively practical, and therefore little suited to the general reader.

Mr. Brown's treatise on the dangers of sewer-gas (10), its insidious penetration where its presence is least expected, and the means of detecting and repelling its advances, deals with a subject more or less important and interesting to every householder, but one of those with which, unfortunately, individual householders feel themselves almost unable to grapple. The knowledge that any of us may acquire from a work like this, or even from much shorter expositions, of one of the many pests and perils of city life may enable a few energetic people to do a little for their own safety and that of their families; but, as a rule, such knowledge only tends to make the average reader nervous and uncomfortable, without giving him much practical power of helping himself. It is easy to tell us of the nuisances by which the health of dwellers in cities is, or is liable to be, assailed; it is easy to tell us of means by which we may more or less effectually protect ourselves; but the application of these means in each individual instance is apt to be so troublesome and so expensive as to be, for practical purposes, impossible.

Our list is closed by three fictions—*A Fearful Responsibility* (11), recommended by the well-known name of Mr. W. D. Howells; *Patty's Perversities* (12), a story of domestic life, belonging to the "Round Robin Series"; and *Lorimer and Wife* (13), by Miss Margaret Lee, a novelist of some little experience, but one whose name we do not remember hitherto to have seen.

(7) *Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes*. By Constance C. Harrison. Illustrated. C. Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(8) *A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books: a Plea for Bibliomania*. By D. M. Tredwell. Brooklyn: F. Tredwell. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(9) *The Botanical Collector's Handbook*. By W. W. Bailey, B.P. (Naturalist's Handy Series, No. 3.) Salem, Massachusetts: G. A. Bates. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *Sewer-gas and its Dangers*. By G. P. Brown. Chicago: Janson, McClurg, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *A Fearful Responsibility; and other Stories*. By W. D. Howells. Author of "The Lady of the Aroostook," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(12) *Round Robin Series.—Patty's Perversities*. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(13) *Lorimer and Wife*. By Margaret Lee, Author of "Arnold's Choice," &c. New York: G. W. Harlan. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Mile and E.—THE SESSION 1881-82 will commence on Saturday, October 1, 1881. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £60, £40, £40, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20. Tests for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 60 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Four House-Surgeons, and One Accoucheurship; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

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THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM. SESSION 1881-82.

I. DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The SESSION will commence on Monday, October 3, 1881.

Students under sixteen years of age will be required to pass a Preliminary Examination.

II. EVENING CLASSES.

These will commence on Wednesday, October 5, 1881.

The Calendar of the ensuing Session, containing full information as to the aims and objects of the College and the courses of instruction, is now ready, and may be obtained from the Publishers, Messrs. COOPER, BARNARD, Birmingham and Manchester, price 1s.

GEORGE H. MORLEY, Secretary.

**VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER.**

The PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION of the University will be held at the Owens College, on Tuesday, October 4, and the following days. The Registrar will be present for the purpose of matriculating students, at the Owens College, on Saturday, October 1, from 10 to 12, and on Monday, October 2, from 2 to 4 P.M. Copies of the Regulations, &c., for Degrees will be forwarded on application.

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THE

## SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,353, Vol. 52.

October 1, 1881.

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## SOUTH AFRICAN DIFFICULTIES.

THE account of the deliberations of the Transvaal Volksraad is ominous of trouble. The PRESIDENT, though he was a party to the Convention arranged between the triumvirate and the English Commissioners, has, according to some accounts, invited the Assembly to reject its main provisions. The Convention is not valid until it is ratified by the Volksraad; but the representatives of the Boers were bound both in honour and by express promise to use their utmost exertions to procure the necessary sanction; yet, according to the report, the PRESIDENT informed the Assembly that some of the articles were objectionable, and he expressed a probably unfounded belief that the English Government would, if necessary, modify the terms of the agreement. It is not surprising that the Boers should deem it possible to extort from the present Government any concession, however unreasonable; but even the most zealous party politicians in England would be startled by another step backwards. The Commissioners were supposed to enjoy the full confidence of the Government. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON had been recently appointed to the government of the Cape; Sir EVELYN WOOD had, in opposition to his own avowed opinion, loyally executed the orders of the Colonial Office; Sir HENRY DE VILLIERS had been proposed by the Boers themselves as a friendly or impartial negotiator. Mr. BRAND, President of the Free State, as the professed friend of the people of the Transvaal, had advised them to accept the Convention. The Commissioners were for the most part dealing with the interests, not of England, but of the loyal inhabitants of the Transvaal, and of the natives who form the great bulk of the population. Some of the troops which occupied portions of the province have been, perhaps prematurely, withdrawn; but the best security for good faith on the part of the Boers is the presence in Natal of 12,000 English troops. According to the terms of the Convention, the ratification of its provisions, though the Volksraad was at liberty to withhold its consent, was the condition on which the independence of the Transvaal was recognized. According to the letter of the agreement, the rejection of its terms would permit both parties to the convention in which they were left at the cessation of hostilities. The Boers may probably assume that they are in any contingency secure against the renewal of the war. They perhaps overrate, not the tameness of the present Government, but the endurance of the English nation. Since the arrival of the recent news no Liberal writer has ventured to recommend abject submission.

A less urgent controversy on the politics of South Africa has been, perhaps in consequence of the rarity of current topics, inopportunistically revived by the *Times*. That remarkable journal, though it has sometimes been accused of inconsistency, has for many years taken every opportunity of endeavouring to weaken the relations between the colonies and the mother-country. Some plausible arguments may be urged in support of a doctrine, openly professed by a few political theorists, that the dissolution of the Empire would tend to the diminution of expense, of trouble, and of risk; and it is natural that those who hold an unpopular opinion should defend it on all convenient occasions. Complaints of the burden incurred by the retention of the colonies are less intelligible when they are preferred by professed advocates of the maintenance of the Empire. If the connexion with the colonies is not

to be renounced, it may as well be cordial and friendly. There is no public advantage in reminding colonists from time to time of sacrifices undergone on their behalf, or in warning them that they must hereafter provide for their own defence. It is well known that the inhabitants of the great outlying provinces are at the same time sensitively jealous of their independence, and proud of a connexion which implies no inferiority. They resent with equal vehemence supposed encroachments on their cherished rights, and expressions of indifference to their claims on the sympathy of their countrymen at home. Every prudent statesman will be disposed to humour their sentiments, even when he may secretly deem them inconsistent. A journalist in want of a subject, even in the depths of September, might advantageously select some less delicate occasion for the exercise of his ingenuity. The *Times* could scarcely have chosen a more inappropriate text for its customary discourse than the recent transactions in South Africa.

Mr. SPRIGG, lately chief Minister at the Cape, probably expresses the feelings of his fellow-colonists in his complaint of the injustice which has been done to the community which he lately ruled. The commonplace grievance of being compelled to bear the risk and cost of defending distant possessions is wholly inapplicable to the circumstances of the Cape during the last two or three years and under Mr. SPRIGG's administration. It is extremely doubtful whether the Colonial Government was well advised in resolving to disarm the Basutos. Mr. SPRIGG contended that the natives had no use for arms, except for purposes of rebellion, inasmuch as they had no hostile tribes to deal with, and as there was no large game in the country. He consequently insisted on the surrender by the Basutos of their firearms, while he at the same time offered to grant licences to bear arms on certain conditions. The chiefs not unnaturally objected to a measure which involved both an indignity and a diminution of their power of resisting possible aggression. The insurrection which Mr. SPRIGG had hoped to render impossible immediately broke out; and the war which ensued involved much expense and considerable loss of life. Among other untoward incidents of the struggle, the Dutch inhabitants declined to take their full share of military service; and on several occasions the colonial forces suffered mortifying checks. After a considerable time the native chiefs became convinced that they were weaker than the enemy, and consequently they at last agreed to terms which were in the nature of a compromise. The tribe is not effectually disarmed; but it will be disposed, after late experience, to keep the peace for the present. The Colonial Government nominally retains the right of disarmament; but licences will be granted on easy terms. It is but fair to admit that for some years past the Cape Government has, on the whole, behaved with justice and liberality to the coloured race. It is desirable that its merits should be fully recognized, especially as it would have been difficult to protect native interests if the local policy had been harsh and oppressive.

The relations between the Imperial Government and the colonies are more relevant to the present discussion than the policy or the circumstances of the Basuto war. Lord Kimberley at first disapproved of Mr. SPRIGG's enterprise; and on several occasions he reserved the right of the Crown to protect the natives, if necessary, against an

unjust settlement. The Colonial Government, on the other hand, maintained in its official language, and still more forcibly by its acts, the purely local character of the dispute. Mr. SPRIGG is the head of the party in the colony which professes the strongest attachment to the English connexion; but no colonial patriot could be more determined to assert the exclusive right of controlling its own affairs which had been conferred on the Cape six or seven years ago. From the outset of the dispute the Cape Ministry announced their determination not only to abstain from application for Imperial aid, but to reject the services of the QUEEN's troops, if they had been offered. On the other hand, Mr. SPRIGG asserted the right of the colony to settle its quarrel with the Basutos according to its own views of expediency and justice. If the Home Government had attempted to revise the conditions of the treaty which was ultimately concluded, there is no doubt that its pretensions would have been rejected. There has happily been no occasion to engage in a conflict which might have caused much bitterness of feeling, and which would probably have ended in favour of those who were on the spot. The natives have suffered no injustice; and the war has not cost the English Treasury a single farthing. It must have been not a little irritating to the late Minister of the Cape to find the South African colonies indiscriminately reproached with their assumed dependence on Imperial resources. It was difficult for the most infallible of journals not to defer to his remonstrance. It is now admitted that the Cape is an exception to a rule which applies to the minor provinces, all of which are Crown colonies. It is true that Natal and Griqualand must be protected as long as they are only inhabited by a sparse English population. In Natal the colonists bear to the natives the proportion of one to twenty; and it is at once necessary to defend the weaker party, and advantageous to both that their rights and interests should be protected by an impartial authority. As long as Englishmen are disposed to settle in distant lands it is right that they should be followed by English law and English power. It is in this way that their race and language has spread over the world; and the abandonment of a traditional policy would be at the same time foolish and base. The colonies are willing enough, as they successively become strong and populous, to undertake the burden of conducting their own affairs. In the meantime it is unbecoming and unwise to taunt them with the benefits which they now receive from the mother-country.

#### EGYPT.

FOR the moment there is a lull in the affairs of Egypt, and even a tendency to improvement, as a negro regiment has kindly consented to banish itself from all the pleasure and excitement of its capital on a sufficiently handsome sum being given for its travelling expences. But the crisis is not at an end, and as no one can foresee what its end will be, a host of advisers have come forward to suggest what is the shape which, in the interests of England, this end ought to be made to assume. Before, however, any serious attempt to say what ought to be done, it is useful to have as clear a notion as possible of what cannot be done, or ought not to be done, or what, if it must be done, can only be done with the greatest reluctance on the part of English statesmen. As the present danger comes from the Egyptian army, it is suggested that the right thing to do is to get rid of the Egyptian army altogether. In one sense Egypt could do perfectly well without an army. As Sir CHARLES DILKE said, what Egypt wants is not an army, but a gendarmerie, or, as we should call it, a good police force. The peasants of Egypt give no trouble to any one, and crimes of violence are almost unknown in country districts. Some kind of police is necessary, if only to give effect to the decisions of the local tribunals, and to prevent disputes about land ending in village riots. Beyond this a coherent disciplined force is necessary for three purposes—to keep order in Cairo and Alexandria; to guard against religious excitement leading to civil disturbance, especially in the case of the Mecca pilgrims; and to make it impossible for any one having local authority to set up for himself when ordered to relinquish office. A small force would suffice for these purposes, provided it was thoroughly disciplined, and at

the absolute disposal of the central authority; and it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether this force was called an army or a gendarmerie. But all this is only true of Egypt proper. Beyond Egypt proper lie the wild lands which were mainly annexed by the late Khedive, and only very imperfectly reduced to obedience. Military force must always be present, or there would be complete anarchy. By the constant use of military force something has been done, and is being done, to put down the slave trade. Not nearly so much has been done as ought to have been done, but still something has been done, and England has been unceasing in pressing Egypt to do more. To do away with so much of the Egyptian army as is required for this purpose would be to restore the Red Sea slave trade in its full horrors, to undo all that England has yet accomplished towards its suppression, and to make it impossible that England should do anything in future towards effecting an object which we profess to have very nearly at heart.

As the readiest means of putting down the present insubordinate army of Egypt, it has been suggested that Turkey should send soldiers to Egypt. It is impossible to say that circumstances might not arise in which the employment of Turkish troops might be the least of many evils. But it would be a very great evil in itself. The very reasons which make Turkey long to be allowed to send troops to Egypt are reasons why the Western Powers must dislike Turkish troops being sent. To the Porte nothing would be so fascinating as the prospect of getting its troops into Egypt. In the first place, it would be a conspicuous assertion of the pretensions of the Caliphate. It would be treated by the Mahomedan world as a set-off for the rebuff which Turkey has had to undergo in Tunis, and might easily constitute so great an addition to the many difficulties which France has to encounter, that the French Government would not consent to it, except under pressure, which would strain, if it did not break, all friendly relations between France and England. In the next place, the Porte wants to get its troops into Egypt as a means of securing a position of advantage in the great struggle between Turks and Arabs which, in a mild form, is always going on, and which may before long take a form of a very acute kind. To dominate a now Arab population, and, at the same time, to hold all the west coast of the Red Sea, would seem to the Turkish Government an excellent stroke of business. Then, again, there are some exceedingly pleasant pickings to be got out of Egypt. To get hold of a country that actually pays its way would be like a green spot in the desert to pashas and generals who for years have seen nothing but universal bankruptcy. To get the Turks into Egypt would be easy enough, but to get them out would be very difficult indeed. They would take care not to do their work too quickly or too well. There would always be some danger from the disbanded army, against which they would have to take precautions equally indispensable and expensive. If it was proposed to replace them, they would ask how they could be replaced when an Egyptian army could not be trusted and no European Power would intervene except on paper. They would naturally ask that the province they were saving should pay them for their trouble, and they would get what they asked by the simple process of taking it. They would probably be too prudent to take more than they could take without coming to an open quarrel with the Powers that had invited them to come in; but their plea that Egypt must pay for being saved would, if urged within decent limits, be so irresistible that they would easily take enough to disorganize Egyptian finance and arrest the progress which Egypt has recently made. That the Arabs would reflect that this was a most disappointing end of French and English protection, and that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government would give the most curious of whitewashings to the Turks by putting under their unspeakable pashas and generals a province hitherto free from them, may perhaps be dismissed as mere matters of local or personal sentiment.

As an alternative process it has been suggested that Egypt should be proclaimed an independent country with the guarantee of England. There is no difference between this and the bolder plan of an English occupation or annexation, except that it has the merit or demerit of a very thin veil of hypocrisy. Egypt is now dependent in three ways. It is under the suzerainty of the Porte, it has its finances controlled by foreigners, and it is bound

to administer justice to foreigners in a peculiar way, which foreigners find convenient to them. As regards foreigners, England must guarantee that independent Egypt should offer them all the advantages offered by dependent Egypt. She would have to take care that the new Egypt paid the debts of the old one. She would have to see that the proper taxes were properly collected, and that every possible check was applied to prevent corruption and negligence. She would have to ensure that the International Tribunals gave no judgments that were not punctually carried out. In order to do all this she would have to make the independent Government do exactly what England thought right, and the independent Government could only be kept from going wrong by the constant display or the constant menace of English force. If Europe did not know previously, it has learnt from the recent history of Tunis, what is the inevitable end of this sort of mock independence; and, if we are to do a strong thing, we may at least ask to be spared the humiliation of having to stoop to the subtleties of M. ST. HILAIRE. As regards the Porte, it is supposed that we are to inform it that its suzerainty is at an end, with the sole justification that our Indian interests make us think this necessary. We presume that what was sauce for us would be sauce for our neighbours, and that there would be no objection to France informing the Porte that its Algerian interests required that the suzerainty of the Porte over Tripoli should be a thing of the past. Other nations would find that their interests required that they should have something else, and the great process of partitioning Turkey would be set on foot; and this time it would be England, of all nations, that would have had the honour of beginning it.

#### THE DEFEAT OF AYUB.

THE restless wheel of Afghan fortune has taken another turn, and the AMEER, whose chances not so very long ago looked dark enough, is once more in the ascendant. It was not unnatural that, after the battle of Karez-i-Atta, the prospects of AYUB should have been highly thought of in this country. He had been twice victorious in the same district—once over our own troops. His defeat by Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS had been, according to the ordinary reckoning of Orientals, in a manner wiped out by our neglect to pursue our success and to take vengeance for the murder of Lieutenant MACLAINE. He was the representative of what is, on the whole, the most popular branch of the Afghan reigning family, and he had shown decidedly more generalship than his rival. These advantages, however, were neutralized—partly by his own hesitation in improving his victory; partly by his inability to enlist the support of the Ghilzais; most of all, perhaps, by the incurable habit of treachery which seems to be inherent in Afghan regular troops. An Afghan disclaimer against standing armies would certainly be at no lack for arguments. Judging by history and experience, the first thought of the regimented Afghan soldier is, if he is fighting against Europeans, to run away; if he is fighting against his own countrymen, to desert. There can, moreover, be no doubt that AYUB committed a grave error by placing the troops of whose fidelity he was most doubtful in the rear, though it is of course possible to understand his reason for doing so. For, as the Afghan regular is chiefly remarkable for treachery, so the Afghan soldier, regular and irregular alike, is remarkable for his extreme sensitiveness to the presence of an enemy in the rear. It does not appear that any great execution was done by the sudden action of the Cabuli regiments in firing on the troops posted in front of them; but the fact of the firing was sufficient to lose the day, which was after all, a comparatively bloodless one. The AMEER has been blamed for permitting the looting of Candahar. But it would probably have been impossible for him to prevent his Ghilzais, to whom he was chiefly indebted for the victory, from indulging an hereditary animosity. Not much fear need be entertained for the Hindoo and Farsiwan merchants of the town, for, by all accounts, most of them had the good sense to leave the city when our abandonment of it rendered it no longer a safe place of business or of abode.

The battle and its results are additional lessons, if

any such were required, of the extreme caution necessary in estimating the chances of Afghan war and politics. In so far as the victor in this case is the nominee of the English Government, while AYUB during his recent stay in Candahar affected to be bitterly hostile to us, the result is satisfactory. But it has frequently been pointed out that the special circumstances of civil war in Afghanistan at the present time are such as to make almost any event capable of giving us trouble. At the present moment, as far as is known, AYUB is either a beaten fugitive at Herat, or, as is more likely, unless he has used extraordinary speed, is on his way thither. He has already sent to his capital supplies of men, money, and guns; and, unless the inhabitants turn against him, his refuge there will be pretty secure, inasmuch as the huge earthworks of Herat are impregnable to an Afghan army. There is, it is true, an emissary of the AMEER's somewhere in the western provinces who may give AYUB trouble on his road; but it is not known that he has any great force with him. Supposing, then, that AYUB reaches Herat in safety, the AMEER will have to make up his mind either to leave him there, in which case the proceedings of this year and last year will pretty certainly be repeated—for defeat is no more fatal to an Afghan claimant than victory is decisive in his favour—or, satisfied with the North, East, and South, he may be content to leave AYUB some sort of nominal supremacy in the West. Or he may advance on Herat. This latter would, as has been said, be a very formidable undertaking, though no great resistance might be offered to the invaders on the way either in Zemindawar or Farrah. In any case, however, the danger, as far as English interests are concerned, lies not so much in what may happen to the AMEER as in the fact that AYUB's misfortunes are almost certain to throw him into the arms of Russia. The Russian and the English Governments are on the best of terms at present, no doubt. But this cordial understanding apparently rests upon two other understandings—that England shall make no advance westward, and that Russia may make any advance eastward she likes, with a hazy reservation as to Herat itself. It is not immediately to be feared that AYUB would offer to put the Russians in possession of that city, or that they would accept his offer. Near as they are, they are not yet quite near enough, and even the genial atmosphere of mutual admiration and esteem which prevails between Lord GRANVILLE and M. DE GIERs might be disturbed by such a proceeding. But what is most probable is, that AYUB will take the place in reference to Herat which ABDURHAMAN used to occupy in reference to Afghan Turkestan; that he will be a refugee guest at one of the Russian proconsular courts, entertained nominally as a matter of generosity and sympathy with the fallen, but really as a possibly useful instrument in case of future contingencies. Hitherto AYUB has not, as far as is known, had much dealing with Russia, but there was no reason why he should have much or any. The reason now exists, and though it cannot be said that his residence at Tashkend would be a matter for serious alarm, it would, considering the actual condition of affairs in Central Asia, be, to say the least, an inconvenience.

What that condition is may be very simply stated. It is a steady, persistent violation of the famous pledge on the faith of which the House of Commons was induced to sanction the evacuation of Candahar. So far from operations in Turkestan having been put a stop to, they have not rested for an hour. The enormous encroachments on Persian territory in the direction of Meshed, of which the *Daily News* Correspondent at Merv was the first to give positive intelligence, are not, indeed, fully consummated; but the Russian claims have certainly not been withdrawn, and they are being strenuously advocated in print as well as diplomatically. Meanwhile the Trans-Caspian Railway proceeds with the utmost rapidity. The most difficult part of the route has been accomplished, the foot of the Akhal district has been reached, and the continuation to the Russian outposts beyond Askabad is a matter of no difficulty, and probably of very little time. From thence by the proposed, if not completed, annexation of Kuchan the way to Meshed is easier still; and that Meshed means Herat is acknowledged even by fervent supporters of the Government policy in Afghanistan. It is, therefore, no wonder that, on the singular principle which makes some critics insist upon England drawing back a step for every step that Russia

makes forward, the abandonment of the posts of observation which yet remain to us south of Candahar is clamoured for. Meanwhile, it is well to take notice of the fact which has been made known by the most recent of Mr. O'DONOVAN's interesting and important letters from Central Asia, that little, if any, expectation of serious opposition to Russia in those quarters can now be entertained. Merv would indeed still resist; but Merv has been, so to speak, masked and rendered of no importance by the recent occupation of Akhal, and still more by the encroachments on the Attrek and towards Meshed. Here, according to that most competent and unprejudiced observer, the very Kurdish chieftains, who form a kind of military frontier to Persia, are in favour of Russia, and respond enthusiastically to the toast of the Czar's health. Iest it should be said that a Kurdish chieftain would probably respond enthusiastically to any toast, it may be added that that of the Empress of India is coldly received. There has, indeed, long been little doubt that in North-Western Persia the Russians are regarded much more as deliverers from the intolerable nuisance of Turcoman raids than as invaders or conquerors. It is usual to meet all this by saying that, if so, so much the more to the credit of Russia as a civilizing Power. In short, "the young man is an honest man." It may be so. But, civilizing Power or uncivilizing Power, it has been a steadfast principle of all English politicians who know anything of India that Russia cannot, without danger, be allowed to come near Herat. The fact now is that she is advancing towards Herat literally at railroad speed, and that circumstances on the Afghan side of the frontier are more favourable to her than ever.

#### AMERICA.

OF the many speeches which have been made in honour of Mr. GARFIELD, Mr. LOWELL's was perhaps the best. The American Minister necessarily took the principal place at a meeting of his countrymen in London, and it was fortunate that they were represented by a master of English style and language. Although Mr. LOWELL had not been intimately acquainted with the late PRESIDENT, he had in two or three casual interviews recognized his ability and the genuineness of his character; and he appreciated the peculiar merits of his career with a thorough knowledge of the circumstances and qualities of the highest class of adventurous Americans which can scarcely be possessed by a foreigner. The manner in which the mention of the QUEEN's name was received is to Englishmen one of the most gratifying incidents of the meeting. Although it would be absurd to anticipate great political results from the sentiments which are elicited by an extraordinary occasion, it really seems possible that recent demonstrations of sympathy may tend to promote friendly relations between the two countries. The American people have, with a fine perception of fitness, accepted the QUEEN's letters and messages as the proper representation of English regret and good will. Personal feeling is always best expressed by a single person; and in matters of this kind the QUEEN never fails in one of her most gracious duties. The general suspension of business and the emblems of mourning in London and other principal towns, and the addresses which were delivered on Sunday last from innumerable pulpits, will produce a favourable impression in all parts of the United States.

The hundreds of thousands, perhaps the millions, of mourners who, as it was with a pardonable hyperbole asserted, formed a line on either side of the funeral procession for six hundred miles, would perhaps have been less deeply moved by the tragedy if its subject or hero had been a more famous man. A year and a half ago Mr. GARFIELD's name was unknown in England and on the Continent of Europe; and no one in the United States would have placed him in the first rank of statesmen. He might, perhaps, not have become the Republican nominee for the Presidency if he had been conspicuous enough to excite the jealousy which has been fatal to a long succession of eminent candidates; but when it appeared that the chief political leaders were only strong enough to exclude each other from nomination, the selection of an able and honest member of the Legislature, who had in his youth done good service as a soldier, afforded relief and satisfaction to the sound portion of the Republican party. The popular attachment and admira-

tion which have lately been exhibited have derived much of their fervour from the well-founded belief that the murdered PRESIDENT was a typical American citizen. In the Southern version of *Cherry Chase*, the superiority of England is asserted in the King's confident declaration that he has still within his realm five hundred captains as good as PERCY. The resources of Scotland are by the same patriotic poet supposed to have been exhausted with the death of DOUGLAS. Every true American feels justly confident that there are within the States five hundred as good as GARFIELD. Many aspirants to the highest honours are now undergoing a similar training. It may be hoped that none of them will be required to serve their country in civil war. They will try their youthful strength in local elections and in the Legislatures of their respective States; and some of them will attain to seats in Congress, and perhaps ultimately in the Senate. They will do well to emulate, in dealing with the questions which may arise in their time, the sagacity and honesty with which Mr. GARFIELD resisted all proposals to tamper with the currency by a depreciated circulation either of paper or silver. They will not escape the economical delusions which he shared with his party, unless, indeed, the protection of indigenous monopolies should pass out of fashion. Mr. GARFIELD seems to have thought that he was a free-trader because he hoped that at some future time foreign imports would be excluded, without the aid of tariffs, by the greater cheapness of domestic production.

Among the most interesting illustrations of Mr. GARFIELD's character which have been published are the anecdotes which show his hearty love of literature. He was a respectable scholar, though he was probably not familiar with the niceties of academic study; and he had a genuine love both of learning and of light literature. Like a child who reserves the most tempting morsel to the last, he read the earlier chapters of the *Pickwick Papers* again and again, but he never could bear to finish the book, wishing always to have the pleasure in prospect. The whimsical fancy would not be unworthy of a man of genius, and it indicates the temperament of a genuine student. No worldly or selfish man would have been inclined to cultivate such a form of humorous weakness. The fortitude which he displayed during his long decline excites a graver feeling of respect and sympathy. As Mr. LOWELL happily quoted from ANDREW MARVELL—

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene.

His bodily sufferings may probably have diverted his thoughts from the regret which might otherwise have been suggested by the loss of great opportunities. Having attained the highest object of personal ambition while he was still in full vigour of mind and body, he may reasonably have expected to found a great reputation. According to a doubtful anecdote, he once asked during his illness whether his name would live in history. If the story is true, he probably reflected that his name would only be remembered in connexion with his unfortunate end. It may be conjectured from the tenor of his political career that he would as President have devoted himself to the extirpation of the corrupt practices and vicious tendencies of the existing system of patronage. It was not his fault that the work was not even begun.

It must be assumed that Mr. LOWELL had sufficient grounds for the confidence which, with official propriety, he professed to feel in the ability and integrity of the actual PRESIDENT. Mr. ARTHUR would not have been sufficiently prominent in his section of the Republican party to be selected by Mr. CONKLING for the office of Vice-President, if he had not been an active and able politician. It is satisfactory to receive the assurance that he bears a high reputation for honesty and patriotism; and it may be confidently anticipated that he will exercise his high functions with a sincere desire to promote the public good. A President is almost as completely identified in personal interest with the Republic as an hereditary King. He has nothing to gain for himself, except perhaps the chances of a second term; and it is not likely that a casual successor to the Presidency will be a candidate for re-election. It happens at present that the maintenance of the President's prerogative affords the best security for the honest disposal of patronage. The Senators who have in late years usurped the right of appointment to lucrative offices have to provide for their own partisans, and sometimes their relatives, out of a comparatively small number of places. The President, even if he were disposed to



satisfy private claims, would soon exhaust the host of pretenders to his personal favour. At this moment there is a tendency to support the President against any competitors in other departments of the Federal Government; and the enthusiasm with which the memory of Mr. GARFIELD is cherished will to a certain extent strengthen the position of his successor. It is not forgotten that when he received the fatal wound Mr. GARFIELD was engaged in a struggle with a formidable opponent who professed to assert the claims of the Senate. Mr. ARTHUR's most popular course will be to maintain his constitutional rights. He seems to have begun his administration with good feeling and good sense. There can be no doubt that his regret for the cause of his elevation was sincere; and he is in no hurry to divert attention to himself. The Senate will shortly hold a Session for the purpose of receiving the nominations which may be made by the PRESIDENT. In the meantime he has not announced any change in the constitution of the Cabinet, though changes are still confidently predicted, and he judiciously advises his Ministers to take a holiday after the prolonged tension to which they have been exposed. As the PRESIDENT justly says, there is no pressing need of legislation, and there is no reason for accelerating the meeting of Congress.

#### LORD SPENCER ON FARMING.

WHEN Lord SPENCER talks to farmers about farming he speaks with various titles to a respectful hearing. He is a Cabinet Minister; he is charged with the department which controls important farming operations, and he represents a family which has for many years made itself conspicuous in the region of agricultural improvements. He dismisses in a few emphatic sentences the wild notion that the farmers may hope to right themselves by a return to Protection. Business men have something better to do than to run after a phantom, and no phantom could be more shadowy than the notion that the large towns will allow the price of bread to be artificially raised. What landlords and farmers have to do is to set themselves seriously to consider the causes of the present condition of agriculture, and to study how far these causes may be expected to cease to operate, or how far they can be counteracted in future. Like all competent judges, Lord SPENCER treats as the primary cause of agricultural distress the remarkable succession of wet seasons. If we look back over the history of England for any length of time, there is nothing extraordinary in this period of bad weather. There have been many periods of weather, not only as bad, but much worse, and as there is no kind of reason for thinking that the climate of Great Britain has permanently changed, it may be confidently predicted that bad seasons will be followed by good. The present period of bad seasons, however, may be attended with some peculiar consequences. It has come after a period of good seasons in which the general trade of the country had made enormous progress. Rents had risen, and they had risen not because landlords were extortionate, but because they had an article to dispose of for which there was a brisk market. It has also come at a time when there has been a considerable increase in local rates, which it must be remembered fall ultimately on the landlord, but only fall on him when the farmer, on whom they first fall, has managed to shift the burden from his shoulders. It has further come when for the first time English agriculture has to face American competition. And, lastly, it has come when English farming is not by any means what English farming ought to be. It was to this last topic that Lord SPENCER principally directed the attention of his hearers. The sun may again shine, but it will not shine on a prosperous agriculture in England unless English agriculture undergoes the improvement of which it is susceptible.

The first thing that English agriculturists have to do is to study, by the light of recent experience, the inherent capabilities of the soil. Up to the present time two mistakes have been committed. The soil has been regarded exclusively as it is under a succession of fairly dry seasons, and land has been put under cultivation which is not worth cultivating. When the uninstructed public hears of agricultural distress, it is apt to think that this distress is universal. On the contrary, there is a large—a very large—part of English land where there is no agricultural distress at all. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE

has just refused a reduction of rents on one portion of his estates for the very sensible reason that his land is worth as much in the way of rent as it ever was. The Duke of CLEVELAND has refused a similar demand, and has added that, if his farmers doubt the justice of his calculations, they may have their farms valued. There are many parts of England—as, for instance, in the small cattle farms of Wales—where the wet has done no harm, and there are few counties in which the land that has not been seriously injured by the wet is not of greater extent than the land which has seriously suffered. It has, however, been shown that there is a considerable portion of English land which suffers severely in wet seasons; and the farmer will henceforth, unless he is unusually reckless, only offer for such land a rent which he can conveniently pay on the average of seasons, wet and dry.

There is also some land, although only a very small part of the whole mass, where losses in bad seasons cannot be repaired in good seasons, or which is so sterile that it will not grow crops at all; and this small portion of English land must go out of cultivation. The next thing that the agriculturist has to do is to avert, so far as he can, the evils of wet seasons by drainage. Lord SPENCER repeated, what is abundantly shown by the evidence taken before the RICHMOND Commission, that the present system of English drainage is a hollow mockery. Landlords have borrowed large sums for drainage; but neither they nor their tenants have seen that the works were perfectly carried out. Millions have been spent on drains that do not drain. Lastly, English farmers have got, in many respects, to learn their business. They have to ascertain by experiments often costly, and too often hazardous, to what new uses the soil can be turned in order to supply the home market with produce which cannot be brought from a distance. It is no fault of theirs that they have not got this knowledge already. It is foreign competition, acting in directions perfectly new to them, which now makes this knowledge necessary. But foreign competition has revealed that there are not only new things to be done, but old things now done badly which must be done well. Through a large part of England the people who keep cows do not know how to make butter. Instead of making good butter, they make bad. The RICHMOND Commission had to listen to the story of a large contractor for railway refreshment rooms, who began with the patriotic resolution to buy none but English butter, but found that the only English butter he could buy was so bad that he had to import his butter from France.

The question naturally arises, if all these improvements are to take place, what is to be the relation between landlord and tenant? Rents will necessarily fall to the level at which it will pay the farmer to cultivate. All burdens will in time fall on the landlord, and the landlord will have to execute those permanent improvements, such as drainage and the removal of superfluous timber, which must be executed if the land is to be let to a responsible tenant. All this is simple enough; but when a farm in fair order is let at a fair rent, what is to be the subsequent relation of the parties? How long is the tenant to be allowed to hold the land, and how long is he to be forced to hold it; what may he do with it while he holds it, and what is to be his position when he ceases to hold it? The tenant is going to try a number of experiments—the experiment of what the land will produce in good seasons and bad seasons, the experiment of the new uses to which it can be turned, the experiment of the new skill which he can import into the management. He naturally wishes to have the freest scope for his experiments that he can devise. He desires more especially three things—that he should be left uncontrolled to make any experiments he pleases; that he should be allowed to hold the land if his experiments succeed, and throw it up if they fail; and that when he goes away he should be repaid the sum by which the land through his experiments has been made a more advantageous field for the experiments of his successor. The landlord replies—that the experiments of the tenant may ruin, not only the man who makes them, but the land on which they are made; that he must reserve the power of getting rid of a man who makes foolish experiments; and that the unexhausted improvements at the end of a tenancy are to be judged as to their value by their intrinsic merit, and not by what the tenant has chosen to spend on them. There can be no doubt that, if the parties were in a position to make nothing but a fair bargain, the landlord would

always agree to give the tenant the intrinsic value of unexhausted improvements—partly because it is obviously just, and partly because the land suffers if no improvements are left unexhausted in the latter years of a tenancy. But the remarkable thing is that the tenants, or at least a portion of them, do not want to treat their relations with the landlord as one of bargain at all. They want the law to help them. They think of the best bargain which they could make with a landlord who was longing to get a tenant on any terms, and propose that the law should enforce this contract on all landlords without distinction. This is the simple meaning of the draft Bill which a body of Scotch farmers has been good enough to arrange for the consideration of Parliament. The tenants who propose such schemes are, in fact, more anxious to be the tenants of their landlord than their landlord is to have them as tenants. They are thus in a position of inferiority when they come to make a bargain, and they ask Parliament to turn the balance in their favour. To the argument that this would be inequitable, they reply that they do not know whether they have equity on their side, and do not much care, but that they fancy that they have something much stronger than equity to support them, and that is electoral power. It is at the polling-booths, and not in a lawyer's office, that they propose to make their bargains for the future.

#### RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

THE secret of the meeting of the Emperors of RUSSIA and AUSTRIA, if indeed any such meeting is proposed, has been hitherto well kept. Active controversy on a probable matter of fact is more puzzling than mysterious silence. If nothing had been said on the subject after the interview had once been announced as probable, the official silence would have been attributed to a reasonable wish that the time and place of meeting should not be communicated to possible conspirators. The discussion which is continued in the journals of different countries perplexes those who are anxious on the subject. The Vienna papers for the most part declare that the EMPERORS are to meet, while the report is contradicted at Berlin and Petersburg. The only inference which can be drawn from a comparison of conflicting statements is that the present relations between the two Imperial Courts are sufficiently friendly to render an interview feasible if it is deemed expedient. It might almost be supposed that there was no necessity for a public demonstration of amity which has been already established; but there may be reasons for an interview which are not generally known. A sudden intimation that the two great potentates had actually met at some convenient place would cause no surprise. Speculation on the motives and circumstances of the interview would supply the place of conjectures as to the probability of the occurrence. In the meantime the chances seem to be in favour of the opinion which prevails at Berlin. The Emperor ALEXANDER would have to undertake a long journey from Moscow to the Austrian frontier; and Nihilist assassins would perhaps find better opportunities on a railway than in an Imperial palace. There is reason to believe that the question whether additional precautions against regicide can be devised was mentioned during the Dantzig interview. The Russian and Austrian Governments may, if they think fit, concert measures for the purpose without the personal intervention of the Sovereigns.

The importance which is attached in the great Continental monarchies to Royal and Imperial interviews is not the less real because it is but partially intelligible to English observers. It is certain that in many instances a formal display of dynastic intimacy has indicated serious political combinations. The unexpected proposal of ALEXANDER III. to meet the German EMPEROR at Dantzig removed the impression that he was disposed to abandon the family alliance which had been carefully cultivated by his predecessor. The renewal of former friendship has been further commemorated by the calculated indiscretion of a Hungarian newspaper. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the published documents, notwithstanding the remarkable statement that the moderation of Prince BISMARCK was unexpected.

The report of another Imperial interview naturally suggested the probability of a revival of the so-called League of the three EMPERORS. The professed object of their former alliance was to preserve the peace of Europe,

and especially to render impossible a war between France and Germany. It is not fully known whether the Austrian Government was a party to the understanding between Germany and Russia which afterwards resulted in the invasion of Turkey; but the original insurrection in Herzegovina was fomented by Russian agents, and the subsequent acquisition of Bosnia was probably the result of an earlier arrangement. The League was dissolved in consequence of the imperious demeanour of Prince GORTCHAKOFF; and Prince BISMARCK substituted for the triple alliance a close connexion with Austria. If a third partner is again admitted, the future policy of the three EMPERORS will be anxiously watched. It is not probable that they will for the present be disposed to promote schemes of aggression. The final disruption of the Turkish Empire in Europe will probably be deferred to a future period. The Emperor of RUSSIA is not likely to engage in warlike enterprises, and Austria will not be encouraged by Germany to disturb existing arrangements. All three Governments probably regard with complacency the prosecution of the French enterprise in Northern Africa. The war in Tunis provides security while it lasts against ambitious projects in Europe. It is possible that the re-establishment of friendly relations among the three great military Empires may be harmless to their neighbours and beneficial to themselves. No part of Prince BISMARCK's policy has been more generally approved by his countrymen than his cultivation of a close intimacy with Austria. The alliance serves in general estimation as a substitute for the union of all German lands under one Government, which is at present neither desirable nor practicable. It has been felt that, as long as the same policy was pursued at Berlin and Vienna, no danger was to be apprehended either in the East or in the West. The family connexion with Russia has often excited uneasiness; and the renewed friendship which may have been cemented at Berlin would have been regarded with suspicion and dislike if it had involved a coolness between Germany and Austria. An interview held at this time between the Russian and Austrian EMPERORS might tend to relieve any anxiety which may have been excited by the meeting at Dantzig. The publication of the statement that the satisfaction of the Emperor ALEXANDER with the policy of Prince BISMARCK had been communicated to Baron HAYMERLE was probably intended to prove that the alliance between Berlin and Vienna was still unshaken. The Austrian Government may be trusted not to abandon its best security against external dangers.

The chronic antagonism between Austria and Russia may be indefinitely suspended, if the Emperor ALEXANDER distinctly renounces the Slavonic policy which he was supposed to favour during his father's lifetime. The turbulent theorists of Moscow have again and again exerted themselves to promote disaffection in a large portion of the Austrian dominions. In former generations ALEXANDER I., and at a later time NICHOLAS, cultivated the goodwill of the Hungarians when they were disaffected to the Government of Vienna. During the late EMPEROR's reign the Pan-slavist societies courted the adhesion of Bohemian Czechs and of Croatian malcontents; and shortly before the Turkish war a Russian general argued in a published work that the Austrian power must be destroyed before the Turkish provinces could be annexed to the Russian Empire. The heir to the Crown was at that time thought to be opposed to German influence both at home and abroad. He has perhaps since been convinced by painful experience that the Pan-slavist agitators have had a large share in producing the excitement which is directed against himself and against Russian institutions. His overtures to Germany and Austria are possibly intended to announce his repudiation of aggressive designs. It was remarked that the EMPEROR was not attended at Dantzig by General IGNATIEFF, who is supposed to be connected with the Pan-slavist party. There is nevertheless no reason to believe that the Minister who, as Ambassador at Constantinople, contrived the long meditated quarrel with Turkey, has forfeited the confidence of his sovereign. The EMPEROR perhaps trusts him rather on account of his general ability than through sympathy with his former opinions. The detection and punishment of Nihilist conspiracies are more urgent and more important than any diplomatic combinations which are at present established or contemplated. The EMPEROR seems to be persuaded that repression must precede, or perhaps supplant, any change in the national

institutions. The latest step which has been taken to counteract disaffection has not been the extension of popular power, but the compilation of a criminal code which in some instances exceeds the previous law in severity. Friendly relations with Germany and Austria may perhaps leave the Russian Government at leisure to repress dangerous conspiracies.

### THE IRISH MIRAGE.

AN observant student of things Irish at the present day might be excused for wondering whether the late Archbishop of DUBLIN, had he been alive, would not have had fair grounds for a treatise of a character not dissimilar to that of his famous "Historic Doubts." There is, indeed, such a place as Ireland marked on the map; there are credible persons ready to testify that they have been there; and the pages of BRADSHAW contain elaborate details of the stages of the journey. A great deal of other circumstantial evidence to the same effect might be collected. Yet the accounts of Irish affairs which come from equally trustworthy sources, and the conduct and opinions to which those accounts seem to give rise, present a hopeless and chaotic discrepancy. For instance, there is confessedly a Coercion Act, or, to speak accurately, there are more than one. The object of these Acts is to restore law and order in Ireland. Therefore it might be presumed that, if law and order were still unrestored, the Coercion Acts would be put in force with vigour. Now it is not denied, though it is sometimes ignored, that Ireland is in a state quite as recalcitrant to the law as it was a twelvemonth ago, though the resistance is less spasmodically violent and more quietly systematic. The Land League has probably discovered that murders of the MOUNTMOOREES kind do not altogether pay, and there are therefore few of them. But minor outrages are not less numerous, and Boycotting is more abundant and more ruthless than ever. All over Ireland the exercise of legal rights is dependent on the co-operation, not merely of police and military, but of a private Vigilance Committee. The agitators have completely dropped the mask, and make no secret of their sympathy with treasonable designs; they advocate armed resistance to the agents of the law, expressly admitting and suggesting the possibility of life being lost in such resistance. Nevertheless no new arrests are made, and the persons already arrested are being slowly and by dribblets let loose once more upon society. Each release is openly taken as a confession of the weakness of Government and as an encouragement to Boycotting, rent-holding, outrage, and so forth; yet the policy adopted with such striking success towards the Boers seems to be in course of repetition towards their Irish admirers. In each case the Government made a show of resistance, and apparently the parallel is to be continued in the Irish case by a surrender. Clearly, therefore, the Archbishop WHATELY of to-day might argue that Mr. GLADSTONE's and Mr. FORSTER's Ireland and the Ireland of ordinary people who take facts as they are must be two entirely different places. The antitheses of the Preacher might be increased by one very useful to statesmen—"There is a time for locking up and a time for letting loose." In the Ireland of fact, the present is most emphatically a time for locking up; in the other Ireland, the strange fantastic region which floats before the eyes of HER MAJESTY'S Government, it is a time for letting loose.

The comments of Government supporters on the Irish affairs of the moment are a study quite as curious as the action of the Government itself. The talk of the Conventions which are now running their course in Ireland is divided with strict impartiality between the department of public treason and the department of private robbery. The latter, as the more practically interesting, has the greater share allotted to it; but the former, as the more picturesque, is not neglected. The treasonable part of the matter has aroused some indignation in England; this, we are told, is "discreditable"; that is to say, not the treason, but the indignation. The schemes for robbery naturally have connexion with the Land Act. The attitude of Mr. PARNELL towards that measure has been perfectly consistent throughout. He has always told his followers that the Land Bill is an idle makeshift, and that payment of rent will have to be done away or reduced to a peppercorn before he puts his coat on. But he is quite willing to make the Bill an instrument of its own stultification. He

is going, therefore, to submit such cases to the Commissioners that they must either falsify the intentions of Parliament as defined by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER, or else give him an opportunity of starting a fresh agitation on the plea of the futility of the Act. This presents itself to the eyes of the same critics as "eminently reasonable," "a course likely to be advantageous both to tenants and landlords," "a reassuring symptom of returning peace," "the active co-operation of the Land League with the Government." These terms, be it remembered, are applied to a course of action which is not only not intended to have, but which can by no possibility have, any other result but one of two—either the wresting of the Act just passed, so as to transfer to the tenant almost the whole value of the land (for that is the meaning of Mr. PARNELL's doctrine of improvements), or the provision of a new cry for the agitators. The former proceeding could hardly be even to the advantage of the tenants, for an amending Act would have to be at once passed if the Commissioners were intimidated by the Land League into such a construction; but it would be really interesting to hear the process of argument by which any sane man convinces himself that it would be to the advantage of the landlords. It would be still more interesting to know how the sentences we have quoted apply to the second and more probable result, the beginning of a new and more embittered agitation against rent altogether. It is, however, rather idle to examine the mental processes of persons who, being presumably honest, can say that Mr. PARNELL "does not express any doubt of the beneficial character of the provisions as to fixity." If there is one point on which Mr. PARNELL and all his satellites have insisted, it is that the fifteen years' period (that is to say, the substitute for fixity given by the Act) is a dangerous snare, almost certain to prove fatal to farmers. In the face of a direct contradiction of this kind there are, putting out of the question the uncomfortable hypothesis of a deliberate wish to mislead, only two things left. The one is the polite supposition of an Ireland of mirage, on which the critics' eyes are fixed, in which Mr. PARNELL's double says, and the doubles of Mr. PARNELL's followers do, something entirely different from the actual words and acts reported by the telegraph and the post; the other is an impolite supposition as to the intellectual status of the critics concerned which need not be further expounded. It is hardly necessary to go further than Lord DERBY's article in the *Nineteenth Century* in order to see how the real state of the case presents itself to an observer of exceptionally sober temperament and not interested in making capital of it against the Government.

Meanwhile, the actual state of a large, if not the larger, part of Ireland is and remains anarchy, tempered by Mr. GODDARD. It is gratifying, of course, to know that Mr. FORSTER has thought it right to let out the suspects of Kilmallock, because, if his recent letter is construed literally, it follows that Kilmallock must be now a quiet and law-abiding district. As it was but recently one of the most disturbed in Ireland, the change is surprisingly rapid, if encouraging; and the condition of things now that Father SHERIDAN has returned to his flock will be watched with great interest. The holy man is reported to have complained of an outrage committed on him in the form of measurement at the hands of a convict tailor, and to have denounced the diet of Kilmallock as unfit for human food. A candidate for the position of martyr, or at least of confessor, is bound *faire ses preuves*; and, in default of better, the defiling touch of the convict tailor (who had probably indulged himself in appropriating other people's goods, instead of more wisely confining himself to the instigation of his fellows in this course), and the inferiority of the Kilmallock cook to the artist with whose aid the Rev. Mr. SHERIDAN mortifies the flesh in his own humble home, may perhaps do. It is also understood that the thoughtless conduct of the sentries of the Coldstream Guards annoyed Father SHERIDAN. These various distresses will, no doubt, be avenged in a proper manner on the opposite party. There is, indeed, a good deal of difference between the fate of a suspect on one side and on the other. He whom the Government suspects is measured by a convict tailor, is restricted in the number and quality of his courses at dinner, and sometimes, like most officers in HER MAJESTY'S service and their families, is disturbed in a refreshing slumber by the cry of "Who goes there?" or "All's well." He whom the Land League suspects may

think himself lucky if he is not measured for his coffin; if he has money left him to buy bread and cheese, and can find a shopkeeper bold enough to serve him; and if he is not woken by an ear-slitting and carding deputation of Father SHERRY's faithful children. The parallel is agreeably close in kind, scarcely so close in degree. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the latter class of suspects are far more numerous than the former, and that the worst time for them—the long dark nights of winter—is rapidly approaching. They are asking, and no wonder, whether they are to be left defenceless to a repetition of last year's mental and physical torture. Apparently, the Government has no comfort for them; and the supporters of the Government in England protest that everything is going on admirably in Ireland—that the Land Act is "marching" in a manner delightful to behold. It is of course idle for the unfortunate victims to reply that, interesting as the infant attempts of the Land Act at progression may be, their lives and fortunes are of more interest to them personally. The rejoinder, if it were honest, would probably be, "We sincerely hope that your fortunes will be taken from you, and as for your lives, see ye to that." In the Irish mirage all landlords appear to the spectator as "devils," to use the memorable words of Mr. MURRAY. All agitators are active and industrious officials of a legitimate Trade-Union; Boycotting is a matter with which the law has nothing to do; cautions against accepting a fifteen years' tannancy are, as we have seen, declarations of the beneficial character of the provisions of the Land Act as to fixity. The strangest thing, perhaps, is that in the actual Ireland desperation has not yet driven victims to organize a Persons' Defence Association as well as a Property Defence Association. If they have not, it is certainly not the fault of their enemies in England, who have frequently taunted them with their supineness. For this is another odd effect of the mirage before mentioned, that it seems altogether to confuse the spectators' views as to the relation of law and the subjects of law. Unless, however, there is to be a general return to the state of war in Ireland, it may perhaps be as well to suggest, for the hundredth time, that the Government will do well not to wait for another MOUNTMORRES affair before taking action. They have, after long delay, organized something like a system of helping those who help themselves in the matter of property; perhaps after another winter of crime and suffering something may be done for the protection of life and limb.

#### THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE Ministry of M. JULES FERRY is perhaps the first to which victory and resignation have all along been exchangeable terms. It seems to be universally understood that, as soon as the new Chamber has met, the PRIME MINISTER will place his own office and those of his colleagues at the disposal of the PRESIDENT. Yet M. FERRY points with truth to the fact that the new Chamber of Deputies is in an unusual degree the double of its predecessor, and infers, as he has certainly a technical right to do, that an election which has sent back an unusual proportion of the old members must be taken to express unabated confidence in the Government which those members supported. These two incidents—the return of a Ministerial majority and the resignation of Ministers—would be incompatible in any country but France. In France, however, they co-exist without difficulty. They both spring from the abnormal position which M. GAMBETTA has so long chosen to maintain. As he was the real leader of the majority in the former Chamber, and as it is his majority that the elections have further strengthened, it is only fitting that at the beginning of a new Parliament the Minister who has been keeping the place warm for him should ascertain his patron's pleasure as to his further retention of office. This time it seems to be regarded as certain that M. GAMBETTA will not refuse to become in name what he has long been in fact. It is now announced, with what seems to be sufficient formality, that M. GAMBETTA will not again be a candidate for the post of President of the Chamber. This determination has not been arrived at in quite the most dignified way. Only a few days ago an opportunist journal advised the deputies to re-elect M. GAMBETTA, as the most unequivocal intimation to M. GRÉVY of their desire that he should make M. GAMBETTA Prime Minister. If this recom-

mendation was given with M. GAMBETTA's knowledge, he has quickly seen reason to change his tactics. Instead of counselling the Chamber to re-elect him, his friends are now busily proclaiming that he will not consent to be re-elected. It is whispered that the cause of this change is the discovery that, even if he did consent, he would probably not be re-elected. His enemies, whether of the Right or of the Left, naturally see in this fact evidence of his waning popularity. It is at least equally open to another explanation. If M. GAMBETTA wished again to be President of the Chamber, he would be opposed, not merely by the Right and the Extreme Left, but by a large number of the deputies who wish to see him at the head of the Government. They may not as yet feel assured that M. GAMBETTA is willing to take office; and, as they have no doubt as to their own desire that he should take it, they may not wish to place him once more in the position which for the last four years has enabled him to keep behind the political scenes.

It is certainly time that M. GAMBETTA should take the conduct of affairs into his own hands. The explanation given at the time of the speed with which the elections were hurried on has been completely borne out by events. From every point of view except one it was inconvenient to nominate in August a body which could not come into legal existence till October. Any reason that could have been sufficient for anticipating the elections would also have been sufficient for dissolving the old Chamber and leaving the place vacant for its successor. But the Government were not at all anxious to hurry on the meeting of the new Chambers. All that they wanted to hasten was the election of the deputies. The meeting of the Chambers meant criticism of their policy in North Africa, and their desire was to get the elections over before it had become necessary to put forward any such policy. The happy interposition of the great Mussulman fast gave them just the opportunity they wanted. While that lasted they reckoned that there would be no actual war in North Africa, and consequently nothing to convict Ministers of falsehood if they chose to protest that there was no war impending. General FARRE will now have to clear himself from the charge—if, when he is once out of office, any one thinks it worth while to bring it forward—of having subordinated the military interests of France to the success of a political manoeuvre. He cannot have been ignorant of the heavy demand which the war in North Africa would make on the military resources of France; but he chose to postpone his preparations to meet it until the Government could no longer be endangered by the dislike of the peasant voters to war expenses. The Minister of War, when, as in France, he is a soldier, stands in a position distinct from that of his colleagues. The country looks to him to protect the efficiency of the army even against the Cabinet. Under a Parliamentary system a Government will often be tempted to sacrifice the military interests of the country to its own immediate popularity. Ministers wish to represent their policy as pacific when it is really warlike, and they postpone putting the army on a war footing till the latest possible moment; or they do not choose to admit that a war they have embarked on is as serious and as costly as they know it to be, and they make their military preparations square with their words, and not with their convictions. What is the object of having a soldier in the Cabinet except to prevent this kind of thing from being done? A civilian War Minister is naturally inclined to go with his civilian colleagues; a professional War Minister is presumed to care more for the army than for politics. Consequently, with a professional War Minister in office, the country is disposed to rest satisfied that no great mischief can be going on. If the army were not properly looked after, General FARRE would not remain at his post.

If M. FERRY had been more popular, General FARRE might not have cared to give him the chance of making a scapegoat of his War Minister. But when the fall of the entire Ministry is evidently impending, it matters little on whose shoulders the blame first falls. General FARRE's special punishment will probably come in the shape of exclusion from office under the new Prime Minister. He is supposed to be a favourite with M. GAMBETTA, and to have been marked out by him as one of the Ministers who would be permitted to survive M. FERRY's resignation. That chance is now gone. M. GAMBETTA will hardly venture—unless some conspicuous success in North Africa converts General FARRE's errors into virtues—to reappoint



a Minister who has been the object of such fierce and apparently such well-founded attacks upon all sides. General FARRER's case is not improved by the cleverness of his colleagues in exempting themselves for two months from the possibility of Parliamentary control. If it had been possible to call the Chambers together, M. FERRY could hardly have spent money so freely on a war which he had always represented as a mere series of skirmishes, without coming to Parliament for permission. But, though there are two Parliaments in existence, neither of them can be got at. The new Chamber does not enter into possession of its powers until the powers of the former Chamber have expired by effluxion of time. Yet it would be absurd to ask the old Chamber to vote away public money when it has been discredited by the election of its successor, and when it has only another month to live. It unfortunately happens—so the Government will put the case—that in this interval a sudden need for spending money on the army has arisen, without its being possible to obtain it in the regular way. Fortunately the money voted for military purposes last Session is not yet exhausted, so that the MINISTER OF WAR has not been compelled to anticipate the consent of Parliament to the necessary outlay. Neither of these pleas seems likely to find much favour with the new Chamber. As regards the first, the rejoinder is obvious. The Cabinet was under no obligation to hurry on the elections, and the only legitimate reason it could have had for so doing was a desire to submit its African policy to the judgment of the country through its freshly elected representatives. But if this had been its motive, it should have advised the PRESIDENT to obtain the consent of the Senate to an immediate dissolution, in which case the new Chamber would naturally have met as soon as the elections had been held. As regards the second plea, the Budget is voted by chapters, not as a whole, and it is as illegal to use money voted for one military purpose in the accomplishment of another as it would be to appropriate to military purposes money voted for civil purposes. If M. FERRY wishes to avoid having to leave office for no apparent reason, he is taking the best possible means to obtain his end. It is probable that by the time the Chambers meet, the missing reason will have been abundantly provided.

Why M. FERRY should have thus laboured to retain power which he must have known that he would have to abandon so soon, it is hard to say. To be M. GAMBETTA's *locum tenens* is not a very exalted ambition, even when no term is set to the holding of the office. But when it is plain to all men that a very precise and near term is set to it, and that by the end of October at latest M. FERRY will have to make way for the real leader of the majority, the prize becomes so small that it seems scarcely worth purchasing at the cost of a reputation for sharp practice, and the certain discredit which this reputation brings to a Minister. The only conceivable explanation is that M. FERRY really thought that, by holding the elections in August, he could secure a majority devoted to himself and ready to sustain him against M. GAMBETTA. In that case he must be regarded as the victim of one of the strangest delusions ever evolved out of human self-conceit.

#### ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN 1882.

THE Session came to an end without any further explanation being given of that apparently insoluble problem—the proposed Education Code for 1882. Probably the knowledge what it means is still confined to the permanent staff. Sir FRANCIS SANDFORD and Mr. CUMIN have not yet taken their Parliamentary chiefs into their confidence. Perhaps they regard the Code in the light of a conundrum, which Lord SPENCER and Mr. MUNDELLA must consent to “give up” before the answer can be told them. The “series of simple propositions” relating to the Code which appeared in the *Times* of Monday may possibly have been supplied from the Education Department. Who, indeed, among outsiders would be bold enough to have an opinion on what this or that provision is intended to effect? If so, the department is, or pretends to be, as ignorant as everybody else. There is much useful matter contained in the simple propositions; but it does not touch the parts which most need to be made intelligible. In particular, the really admirable puzzle how the Government grant can depend at once upon the

average attendance of the children and the results of the examination remains as mysterious as before. So, too, we imagine does the question, even more interesting to school managers, whether, on the whole, they will get more or less under the new Code than they got under the old one. The ninth and tenth propositions will certainly command the full assent of every one connected with an elementary school. “Many essential things are left uncertain and undetermined.” “All essential data should be published without delay.” The list of unsettled points is long enough to supply material for a separate code, and it includes such questions as what proportion of the children in the first two standards will be examined by sample, and how the choice is to be made; and what is to be the rate of payment per head in respect of the standard examination. In the ordinary course of things the Code will be laid on the table at the beginning of the Session, and will become law in two months after that time. “It follows, therefore, that large numbers of ‘schools’—those, that is, whose school years end on the 30th of April—are at this very moment almost half way through ‘the year, at the end of which it is at present absolutely uncertain whether the grant they will earn will reach ‘within 20 or even 30 per cent. of the sum they reckoned ‘upon receiving when they settled their staff and scale of ‘salaries for the current year.’ If the grant falls short by this amount of what previous experience had taught them to expect, the deficiency will have to be made good—in voluntary schools by additional subscriptions, in School Board schools by an additional rate. The coming spring promises to be a lively time alike for School Boards and School Committees.

The change which looks biggest and which will really effect least is the direction given to Inspectors to examine children presented under the first and second standards in “sample” instead of in “bulk.” Instead of listening to each child's reading and looking at each child's writing and arithmetic, the Inspector will take every tenth or every seventh child, and judge of the proficiency of the class from the proficiency of the children thus picked out. If this plan is worth anything, it is worth applying on a more extensive scale. Under most circumstances the children presented in these two standards form but a small proportion of the whole school, and even this proportion is abridged if either of these standards is the standard fixed for partial exemption from school attendance. In that case the Inspector must examine every child as he does now. Unless the Inspector takes the trouble constantly to change his method of selection, the way he arrives at his sample will soon become known to the teachers. If he habitually calls out every third or every seventh child in the row he sees standing before him, the teacher will take care that every third or every seventh child is fit to be called out. The sample will really be forced upon the Inspector, though he thinks it is picked out by him. Supposing that he is at the pains to choose the children at random, he will find it difficult always to resist the representations of the teacher that to take this particular child will bear very badly on the school. Illness, it will be represented, has made one boy unavoidably irregular in his attendance; another has just lost his mother, and though he has come to the inspection to please the teacher, he was obviously not fit to go through an examination. The chances are that the Inspector will take refuge from all requests to make changes in his sample in a hard-and-fast rule. In that case his rule will very soon be discovered, and though he will no longer be asked to alter the composition of his sample it will only be because it has been carefully composed for him. The time that the Inspector saves by examining only a few of the children is to be spent in inspection as distinct from examination. He is to take note of the organization and discipline of the school and of the methods of instruction employed in it. School Inspectors are perfectly free to do this at present; and, if they make proper use of their assistants, they will usually have time to do it. It is not done, however, to any great extent; and the reason probably is that it makes greater demands on the Inspector than he cares, or perhaps is always competent, to meet. Circumstances have given a kind of distinction to School Inspectors as a body, a distinction which is sometimes supposed to imply more than it really does. The Inspectors are usually men who have taken high honours at the Universities; indeed, it has sometimes been pro-

fanely said that the whole system of Parliamentary grants exists to enable successive Lord Presidents to find places for their young friends at Oxford and Cambridge. But high honours, though they are excellent things in themselves, do not necessarily give their possessor the faculty of divination as regards the organization, discipline, and methods of elementary schools. From this point of view, to be a good Inspector requires either a special natural faculty or careful training. The natural faculty is given to some Inspectors and not to others. The training is given to none. If they get it they get it from their observation and common sense. From the moment of his appointment an Inspector is left practically alone. He invents his own methods, writes his own reports, and generally goes his own way. It is quite possible, therefore, that the opinion of an Inspector on the organization and discipline of a school and the methods of instruction employed in it may be worth just nothing at all. He may have infinitely less knowledge of these things than the master whose work he is criticizing, and he has no means of getting at that accumulated tradition about them which may be supposed to exist in the Inspectors taken as a body. Consequently the fact that, under the sample system, he will have more time to give to a duty which he may quite possibly be not fit to discharge, is not by itself any reason for thinking well of the change.

Apparently the Education Department is pretty much of this mind, for, by another of the improvements which Mr. MUNDELLA proposes to effect, the Inspectors are to be reorganized as a hierarchy. The country is to be mapped out into large districts, over each of which is to be placed a Chief Inspector, who is to overlook and be in a measure responsible for the work of all the other Inspectors. This will be an immense improvement upon the existing arrangement if proper care is taken to make the right men Chief Inspectors. If they are to be of any use they must have both the requisite knowledge and the tact which is needed to apply it. It is no light matter to be suddenly put over the head of men some of whom will probably be older both in age and official standing than the Chief Inspector, and to be charged to see that they do their work properly. The subordinates will often think themselves quite as good as their new superior, and they will consequently be much disinclined to accept his hints or obey his directions. If the Chief Inspector is really no better than they are, or if, being better, he thrusts his superiority upon them with no discrimination of the men with whom he is dealing, the hierarchical experiment will break down, and the department will be obliged for the sake of peace to go back to the old plan of making every Inspector a law to himself. It will be very much to be regretted if this should happen, because the idea which underlies Mr. MUNDELLA'S proposal would, if properly carried out, remove a serious blot on the system of school inspection. Everything turns upon the question whether the department will have the courage to promote the most competent Inspectors without regard either to their seniority or to their standing outside the office. The permanent chiefs have had abundant opportunity of seeing how the work of inspection is done, and they are probably quite able to lay their finger on the men by whom it has been done best and who are most competent to take care that other men do it well. The doubt is whether they will be bold enough to recommend these men, and these men only, to the Lord President, and whether the Lord President will be bold enough to act upon their recommendation.

#### WIMBORNE MINSTER.

WE are sorry to learn that another of our great historic churches is in trouble. The central tower of Wimborne Minster has recently given signs of failure, and prompt and decided measures will have to be taken to arrest the mischief. Wimborne, though not one of our grandest minsters, and much inferior in size to the neighbouring churches of Sherborne, Romsey, or Christchurch, scarcely yields to any of them in architectural and historic interest. Its remarkable outline, presenting a low massive central lantern, and a tall western tower, reproducing on a miniature scale the outline of Ely, and that of Hereford till a hundred years back, cannot fail to attract attention. These two towers indicate the double destination of the church. The central tower, of Transitional date, was that of the collegiate church; the western, of a thoroughly parochial type, was added by the parishioners in the middle of the fifteenth century, as at Blyth, and Christ-

church, and elsewhere, to hold the peal of bells. It is the earlier of these towers, that standing in the centre of the fabric, that is in danger. Serious cracks, we are told, have shown themselves in the north-eastern pier of the crossing. The other three piers also afford ominous indications of internal movement; and, as the fractures are slowly but surely increasing, it is no longer a matter of doubt that the tower is, in builder's language, "alive," and that nothing but a process of underpinning and strengthening the supports of the lantern will save this chief ornament of the fabric from eventual, perhaps speedy, ruin. The foundations of the tower appear to be sound, which is not always the case in Norman buildings, and give no indications of settlement or weakness. The source of the mischief lies in the piers themselves. These, like the works of Norman builders generally, with all their seeming solidity, are so inartificially constructed that the wonder is, not that they should be failing now, but that they should have stood so long. Their huge bulk and apparent strength are simply deceptive. Norman pillars are really nothing more than outside cases of ashlar, or cut stone, enclosing a core of rubble brought into something like cohesion by a vast quantity of mortar, but with no real bond, either in its own incoherent mass or with the external shell. For a time, longer or shorter (and certainly some of these Norman structures may boast of a tolerably extended existence), these vast bulks stand by the sheer force of dogged resistance. But they carry the elements of their own ruin within them. In the lapse of centuries the cohesion of the core, small at first, weakens; the rubble becomes more and more friable, and is kept in its place merely by the strength of the outside case, from which, when an aperture has been made, it has been known, as in the central tower of Hereford, to gush out in a continuous stream of powder for several seconds. As long as the shell is able to resist the outward strain the structure will stand. But when once, as at Wimborne, the skin begins to burst, its fate is sealed. The ruin may be more or less gradual, but it is inevitable.

There is hardly one of the grand old Norman towers which impart such stateliness to our cathedrals and abbey churches which has not proved a *damnum hereditas* to after generations. Indeed almost from the time they were first built they have been tumbling about people's ears. Bishop Walkelyn of Winchester was hardly cold in his grave when, in 1107, the massive tower of the cathedral he had built fell to the ground—in indignant remonstrance, so men said, at the unhallowed corpse of the Red King having been buried beneath it. Towards the end of the same century towers fell at the cathedrals of Gloucester and Worcester. The central tower of Lincoln came crashing down in 1240, while one of the canons was preaching in the nave, "the very stones crying out," as he asserted, against the alleged oppression of Bishop Grostete, in claiming to perform an official visitation of his cathedral church. Abbot Simeon's central tower at Ely, though outlasting that of his brother Walkelyn at Winchester by two centuries, came down in 1321, after long threatening, "with a horrible ruin and collision of stones, which shook the whole city like an earthquake." A fortunate loss we may consider it, as it gave scope for the erection of what Mr. Fergusson has justly termed "perhaps the most beautiful and original design in the whole range of Gothic architecture," Alan of Walsingham's unrivalled octagon. The faulty principles of construction of the mediæval builders are shown by a multitude of similar catastrophes at Evesham, Dunstable, and elsewhere, as well as by the instances where the threatened ruin has been averted, either, as at Peterborough (somewhat on the principle of the Irishman who killed his pig to save its life), by pulling down the falling tower, or, which was more commonly the case, as at Wells, Salisbury, and Canterbury, by internal buttresses and strainer-arches, and other engineering devices, commonly more successful than beautiful. But, passing these by and coming to modern times, the Norman central tower of the grand abbey church of Selby, which forms so conspicuous an object to travellers on the Great Northern line, fell in 1690, crushing the south transept, which was never rebuilt. The tower itself was replaced by an ugly structure in the bald Palladian style of the day, which we hope will not be allowed to disfigure the beautiful church much longer. The western tower of Hereford Cathedral, standing, like the bell tower at Wimborne, in the centre of the west end, was allowed to crumble to pieces in 1786 before the very eyes of its guardians, who, probably congratulating themselves on being well rid of a source of constant trouble and expense, made no attempt to rebuild it; and, to close the list, in our own day, on the 21st of February, 1861, the central tower and spire of Chichester Cathedral fell, in spite of the most strenuous and well-considered efforts to avert the ruin; to quote the late Professor Willis's graphic description, "the spire descending perpendicularly into the church as one telescope tube slides into another, the mass of the tower crumbling beneath it." A similar downfall was averted in the cathedrals of Hereford, St. David's, and St. Albans by the engineering skill of Mr. Cottingham and Sir Gilbert Scott, and still more recently in the south-western tower of Lincoln Cathedral—where the enormous weight of the fourteenth-century belfry was crushing Bishop Alexander's Transitional work below, and even the apparently solid substructure of Remigius—by that of Sir Gilbert's distinguished successor as the Cathedral architect of the day, Mr. J. L. Pearson. In the last-named cases the work of underpinning and rendering the crushed substructure once more equal to the support of the enormous weight above it, which during the

operation had to be borne up in mid-air by huge balks of timber, was one of gigantic difficulty as well as of the extremest delicacy.

At Wimborne, from the smaller dimensions of the fabric, and the less formidable weight of the tower, the difficulties will be less alarming and the work less costly. It is, however, a task which imperatively calls for the best architectural skill, and for that courage united with discretion which nothing but large experience can supply. We earnestly hope that local or diocesan claims will not be allowed any undue weight, but that those with whom the responsibility of the restoration rests will not scruple to take counsel with the first architectural engineers of the day, and will place the actual work in the hands of one who has elsewhere proved his ability to cope with the difficulties and dangers inseparable from such an undertaking. The seat of the evil lying within, in the originally faulty construction and the subsequent disintegration and decay of the masonry, no measure can prove really effectual but the taking down of the defective pier or piers, and their rebuilding with the utmost solidity. All patching or piecing is to be deprecated. It would merely hide the mischief temporarily, deferring, but in no sense arresting, the downfall. Such a course was at first adopted at Chichester. New stone work was built up round the rotten core and bonded with its mass, and with what result we know only too well. The old fissures spread into the new masonry, and new ones soon began to open. The outside casing exhibited only too plainly the hopeless state of disintegration of the mass behind, and before many months were over the tower and spire collapsed, and the whole work had to be begun where it ought to have originally commenced—from the foundation. The only true policy in such cases is Stradford's "thorough."

We must at the same time express our hope that the restoration of the tower will not extend beyond the necessary reconstruction of the failing piers, and the resetting of any portions of the external work which are actually dangerous. The pyramidal pinnacles and heavy battlements added after the fall, in 1660, of the spire which once crowned it, for the removal of which some are clamouring, though coarse in detail and out of harmony with the beautiful Transitional arcades beneath them, are by no means bad in effect, and are of great value as marking an epoch in that history of the fabric which is so distinctly written, century after century, on its walls, and which would be falsified by their destruction. The re-erection of the spire, however much we may regret its loss, would certainly be unwise. Strengthen the piers as much as you please, still, unless the whole of the tower were rebuilt (and that, we fancy, the Wimbornians are not quite prepared for), the additional weight could hardly fail to prove a great element of mischief to the already crazy structure.

Wimborne Minster suffered such irreparable injury at the hands of restorers twenty-five years back that the very thought of a second restoration is alarming. We are far from denying that some very desirable changes were then effected, in the removal of the pews and galleries with which the interior was encumbered, the opening of the beautiful central lantern and of the western tower arch, while the removal of the plaster disclosed a most interesting feature in the original Norman clerestory of the nave. But these gains were sorely outweighed by other unwarrantable changes. Old features were done away with, and new ones introduced, to the confusion of the archaeologist; mouldings were recut, and the stonework retooled; the exterior of the choir was cased in smooth new ashlar, imparting a painfully modern air to the venerable building; while, by that complete misconception of the true purpose and meaning of a collegiate church which has operated so fatally elsewhere, which treats what is really two churches as one to be used at one and the same time from end to end, the choir was, as far as was practicable, thrown into the nave, and the essential distinction between the church of the college and the church of the parishioners was obliterated. Happily it was impracticable to destroy the grand ascents by which the eastern limb is elevated, and the sacristy, which stands upon a vaulted crypt, raised again to a still greater height. But the incomparably rich cinque-cento choir fittings, with their stalls and gorgeous over-arching canopies and elaborate screens, dating from the fall of the spire, which exhibited the most perfect example of a Jacobean choir in England, the organ occupying its true position over the western entrance above the returned stalls, were ruthlessly sacrificed to the vain hope of making the whole area available for congregational purposes. As it stood a quarter of a century ago, the choir of Wimborne Minster was one of the most charming things that could anywhere be seen; beautiful as a work of art, and invaluable as an example of ritual arrangement. But, in spite of the late Mr. Petri's earnest pleading in their behalf, the stalls were lowered, the canopies demolished, the organ dethroned, the choir gates removed, and the whole so completely reconstructed as to lose nearly the whole of its architectural interest and the whole of its ritual value, and to afford one of the many proofs that restoration and destruction are too often convertible terms. No such barbarism is, we hope, possible now—though such examples as the west front of St. Albans and Lincoln's Inn Chapel are not reassuring—but we shall watch the works at Wimborne with painful interest. Hints that have been let fall as to the restoration of the transepts make us apprehensive lest their venerable masonry should be destined to disappear under a casing of modern ashlar, as that of the choir has done, and the exterior lose the small remains of antiquity it still exhibits. No single stone should be tampered with, unless its state of decay is such as to endanger the stability of the

building. A smooth modern wall may be very pleasing to the eyes of a nineteenth-century restorer, but to a lover of the past it is utterly uninteresting.

This danger, however, is not unlikely to be averted for the present by the want of funds to carry out the restoration. Wimborne, rich as it is in historical memories as one of the chief towns of Wessex, from the days of St. Aldhelm and King Ine down to those of Alfred's elder brother Ethelred, who lies buried in the minster, and Edward the Elder, is but a small county town of no great wealth; while the county of Dorset has suffered more severely than most from agricultural depression—its population having fallen from 195,544 in 1871 to 193,979 in 1881—and is hardly in a position to contribute very largely to the restoration of its venerable historic minster. Three hundred and forty years ago, when the central tower, then weighed down by its tall stone spire, had "foundered and was lyke to fall," and there was "no money left yn the church boxe," the silver reliquary which had in more religious days enshrined the head of their sainted foundress, Cuthburh, King Ine's sister, presented itself to the minds of the parishioners as a hopeful means of raising the necessary funds. In a still extant letter to Thomas Cromwell, then omnipotent with his royal master, dated 1538 (the year of the demolition of shrines and the confiscation of reliquaries to the King's use), the guardians of the church state that "need constrainth" them "to sell the sylver y<sup>e</sup> ys about the seyed hed of Seynt Cuthborow," which they conceive belongs to the parishioners, "as y<sup>e</sup> was made by their charity," and they beg the then universal referee to certify them "y<sup>e</sup> they may sell the sylver and not offend their prince." Whether the reliquary was used as the parishioners desired or went to the King's melting-pot we are not informed. But as not very many years afterwards the dreaded catastrophe took place in the fall of the spire, we may perhaps conclude that the latter was the case. Happily Canford Manor is not far off; and we may hope that the iron of the mines of Howlais may prove a more effectual means of reinstating the foundering tower than the silver of St. Cuthburh's head.

#### REPUBLICAN BAPTISM.

IT is rather unkind of the *Standard's* Paris Correspondent to describe M. Victor Henri de Rochefort-Luçay as "a grey-headed old man." Grey-headed he certainly may be, but old he as certainly is not. In the country of *actes de naissance* it is not very easy to play tricks with the date of your birth, and there is no reason to doubt the statement usually made that M. Rochefort is a man of mille-huit-cent-trente in the sense of having been born in that famous year. However, M. Rochefort has gone through a sufficient number of experiences to age him. To have been not once, but twice or thrice, the most popular man in Paris, if not in France; to have thrown away more opportunities than most men in their wildest dreams hope to possess; to have been transported to the other side of the world and to have run away therefrom, not to mention a dozen or so of duels, are experiences quite enough to turn a man grey. It does not, however, appear that years have brought the philosophic mind to M. Rochefort. He is just as shrewd as ever on his few sane points, and the bee buzzes just as loudly in the vacant spaces of his bonnet. If, for instance, it is true that the French Government is going to prosecute him for his very wholesome and timely comments on the Tunis expedition, then he has done another excellent stroke of business, and will have another opportunity, which, beyond all doubt, he will throw after the rest. But on Saturday night in last week the bee was buzzing very loudly indeed. It is one of the most interesting points in the history of Freethought that Freethinkers are nearly always unhappy without some substitute for the forms and ceremonies which they pride themselves on having rejected. They thrust the "mummery" out of the Christian door; but, somehow or other, it comes back again through the Secularist window. The remarkable work which was the occasion of the first expression of community of soul between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bradlaugh contains many instances of this, the most singular of which is perhaps the Freethought form of dismissal, in which the faithful are requested to "keep the social system in view," as if it were likely to play them a kind of confidence trick. Readers of the late Mr. J. S. Mill have not forgotten his comments—in which, for once in a way, he showed that he had no small sense of humour, or might have had under other circumstances—on the remarkable Comtian substitute for the sign of the cross. This, if we remember rightly (for we quote from memory), consists in successively touching the organs, according to phrenology, of the more important passions and faculties of the mind; and Mill suggests, with much gravity, that if any one will try the process before a looking-glass he will see reasons for doubting its impressiveness. We are not certain whether the Parisian "Freethoughtists" have adopted this sign; but it is not likely, for Comte is now generally regarded by them as a terrible reactionary. They have, however, perhaps on the advice of Mr. Bradlaugh, devised a ceremony of civil marriage to supplement the august performance of the *mairie* and his *écharpe*, though a sincere Republican might be excused for thinking this an insult to the Republic. In the case of baptism, the need of a comforting substitute is even more evident, for here there is no mayor and no scarf to fill up the place of the detested priest and his trappings. Accordingly, M. Rochefort's

brains, which are active if also volatile, have been called upon to meet the occasion. We do not think that this is the first instance of the celebration of the rite, but it was attended by some pleasing utterances of the Pontiff, and therefore deserves the prominence which has been given to it.

M. Rochefort must be complimented upon an improvement on the original Republican baptism of Carrier. That ceremony consisted, not in tying the victims together as in the case of the Republican marriage, but in pitching them simply and singly, or sometimes in boatfuls, into the Loire. But circumstances alter cases, and the Republic of to-day is for the moment in a milder mood. Instead of an uncomfortable river bank, with devotees of equality and fraternity waiting to poke back the victims into the stream if by any chance they should be washed ashore, the scene of the rite was a comfortable inn at St. Denis, known as the "*Lapin qui Fume*"—doubtless from its expertness in providing the beloved *gibelotte*, as to the composition of which sceptical Parisians have theories. This Rabelaisian atmosphere may perhaps be in part responsible for the singular statements which, as we shall see, the Pontiff or Patriarch, or whatever he is to be called, proceeded to make. Everybody dined, and then M. Rochefort gave them an account of his voyage round the world; the result of which apparently has been that M. Rochefort's heart, untravelling, fondly turns to home. The French alone, said he, were really independent and liberal, which, considering that the French sent the speaker to New Caledonia, must be said to be a proof of magnanimity and forgiveness of injuries which, if we were not afraid of insulting M. Rochefort, might almost be called Christian. The French alone, continued the orator, knew how to get rid of despots. Here there seems to be a slight suspicion of national vanity, for the process, though the expertness of the French nation in it cannot be contested, was not original in their case, and has been freely imitated. To prove his case, however, M. Rochefort suggested that his audience should go to England. There they would find that the working-men could not shake off the trammels of religion, and that they were all convinced that Lords were made of a different clay from themselves. It is not exactly clear whether these two statements are to be regarded as connected in the ratio of cause and effect, or whether they are independent proofs of the inferiority of Englishmen. If the former be the case, M. Rochefort is to be congratulated on having added to the famous saying, "No bishop, no king," "No religion, no House of Lords," and on having indicated to the enemies of the Upper House in England where they must begin. But M. Rochefort had more to say about the House of Lords. "If his hearers could only see it! All the members got as drunk as porters and staggered about the lobbies." Now this is really interesting. M. Rochefort has been in England, though, if we mistake not, for no very long period. His intelligence as to the House of Lords may therefore be first hand, or it may be derived from his friend Mr. Parnell and the other Irishmen who visited him not long ago in Paris; or, to adopt a third and perhaps the most probable hypothesis, it may be an instance of the national habit of valiant and unhesitating deduction. M. Rochefort has doubtless studied the English language, and has come across the phrase "as drunk as a Lord." By careful examination of the context he has discovered that this is used to imply an unusual and specially glorious state of drunkenness. Obviously, then, the practical English would not compare very drunken persons to Lords if Lords were not very drunken persons. We can supply M. Rochefort with several arguments of a similar kind and of still greater weight. It is known, for instance, that the House of Lords has a strong objection to sitting after the dinner-hour if it can help it. Clearly the reason of this is that its members know themselves to be in a state of utter unfitness for their duties. To stagger about the lobbies is one thing; but to stagger round the Woolsack in the vain endeavour to climb upon it is another and a very different thing. Any Lord of sense would know that his brother Lord, the Lord Mayor (who is obliged to keep sober for this very purpose during his term of office), would come and take him in custody, and put him in the Tower, if he behaved himself in this way. So he and his fellows wisely adjourn about eight o'clock, and stagger about the lobbies to their hearts' content. It is very odd that when, not long ago, a discussion took place about the possibility of lengthening the hours of the Peers' sittings, this simple explanation of the difficulty did not suggest itself. But they manage these things much better in France.

After a little abuse of M. Gambetta, the toast of the evening, or at least its equivalent, seems to have made its appearance. The formula appears to be this, "*Citoyens and citoyennes*" (we hope it was the other way, but we follow our text), "we are about to proceed to the initiation of three young children to whom Freethought opens its ranks. It is requisite that we should emancipate ourselves from antiquated superstition before we can think of extirpating tyranny." Then M. Rochefort proceeded to open the ranks of Freethought to three small children, and to emancipate them from antiquated superstition. The actual ceremony seems to have been simple in the highest degree. The Pontiff attached pieces of red ribbon round the neck of each child, for all the world as if they had been black kittens or white fluffy puppies. *C'était tout.*

Somebody once suggested that, instead of *Red Cotton Nightcap Country*, it would have been much more appropriate if Mr. Browning had called France *Red Silk Ribbon Country*. No Frenchman in the past has been for something like a century happy unless he had some of this substance at his buttonhole; and it is clear that no right-minded and Freethinking Frenchman in the

future will be happy unless he has some more round his neck. The outward and visible sign cannot be said to be expensive or painful or troublesome to procure. But, on the other hand, it is open to the objection that it will get very shabby, especially if the infants are subjected to proper ablutions, and that it will be uncommonly tight by the time they reach man's and woman's estate. Perhaps a solemn ceremony of letting out the ribbon might be devised as a kind of Republican confirmation, in lieu of that first communion which a patriotic *maire* somewhere in France has just rewarded some young persons for neglecting. As has been hinted already, there seems to be a savour of antiquated superstition about the rite. Freethought should surely be more independent of forms and ceremonies. But M. Rochefort doubtless knows his people best. The worst of it is that there seems to be no central authority for introducing uniformity in the matter, which is very desirable. Perhaps M. Paul Bert, when he takes office, will look to this. But M. Paul Bert is so identified not, indeed, with Christianity, but with Antichrist, as M. Rochefort understands that personage—that is to say, with M. Gambetta—that he would probably be suspect to the subscribers of the *Intransigeant*. M. Rochefort had better, therefore, devise a new book of rites and uses himself; and if he has any time to spare, it would be exceedingly interesting to have a volume of English Notes as well from his hand. It is a long time since we have really seen ourselves as we are, and M. Rochefort's intimate acquaintance with the manners of the House of Lords marks him out as the man to succeed MM. Esquiros and Taine. "A Night with the House of Lords" would be an invaluable chapter for the purposes of the English enemies of that institution. As for the address at St. Denis, the only thing to be feared is that M. Rochefort should have raised feelings rather of envy than of abhorrence among the customers of the "*Lapin qui Fume*." There was a time when most Frenchmen were sober; but that time, at least in the great towns, is over, and scandal will have it that the purest Republican politics are usually found in conjunction with the most ardent devotion to the practice familiarly known by the phrase *tuer le ver*. Let us hope that there is as much truth in this imputation as in M. Rochefort's description of the nightly habits of Lord Shaftesbury and the bishops. Perhaps, however, there is a set of Republican commandments as well as a Republican liturgy, and one of them is "Thou shalt bear false witness against all aristocrats."

#### NEWGATE.

THE precise reasons which induce the City authorities to demolish Newgate have not yet been made public. To the outsider it would sometimes appear as if every municipality and corporation, religious or lay, was subject to periodical fits of destructiveness. As a prison, Newgate, no doubt, is antiquated; but we shall probably see the present building succeeded by a smaller one for the safe custody of prisoners during the sessions, and may ask without impertinence why the old prison could not have been a little altered and made suitable without absolute destruction. Many of the arguments against the removal of Temple Bar apply with greater force here. We were told, for instance, by innumerable writers that Temple Bar was the last of the City gates. They forgot, or never knew, that it never had been a City gate; but Newgate is unquestionably one wing of a real City gate, having been built on the site of the southern portion of the ancient arched entrance to the City from Holborn. As to associations, also, Newgate is far more interesting than Temple Bar. It vies, in fact, with the Tower in the eminence of its involuntary inhabitants. Though it would be a mockery to say of the present edifice that it is ornamental, it is undoubtedly one of the most satisfactory public buildings in London—gloomy, strong, impressive, and with its object as plainly marked on it as if the word "prison" was stamped on every stone. Dance, its architect, deserves the credit of having designed a perfectly simple, but perfectly suitable, façade, the more so as, though it is three hundred feet long, it has no windows, except in the central portion, only thirty feet in width. Although the height is only fifty feet, the effect produced by the mere mass and outline is comparable to that of a Norman keep. The central lodge, with its numerous arched windows in five stories, has been severely criticized; but, without some such feature, the plainness of the rest of the front might have failed of its due effect. The earlier design consisted of only three stories with an entablature, but the present arrangement is very preferable. The statues removed from the old Gate, and now set up in two niches on the front and two at the south side, are somewhat incongruous, and the festoons of fetters form a very lugubrious kind of ornament. The hundred years of its existence have seen many alterations and improvements of the interior, but have left the exterior substantially as it was when the new building was completed in 1782.

The name of Newgate may be compared with that of Newport at Lincoln. Both belong to the entrances of Roman cities. It may be too much to say that Newgate is the oldest of the London City gates, but it would be difficult to prove the greater antiquity of its rival, Bishopsgate. As a Roman gate it has the advantage, for the northern entrance to Roman London was some distance to the east of the site of the mediæval Bishopsgate, while Newgate is very near the place where the Watling Street reached the City wall. When the Romans had diverted the old road at what is



now the Marble Arch, so that it no longer pursued the course of the modern Park Lane to the ford at Westminster, but turned towards what was then the newly-constructed bridge at London, the place of the gate on the hill was determined by the place in the valley below of the bridge over the Fleet. The Hole-bourn in later times took an English name from its course among the high clay banks of Coldbath Fields; here it became a tidal estuary wide enough for ships probably as large as any then built. A water-gate may have existed at Ludgate, though there are certain indications to the contrary; but the principal entrance to the later Roman London must have been by Newgate. A fragment of the road which crossed the City diagonally from Newgate towards the great bridge over the Thames still bears its ancient name; but even here the Watling Street is not quite on the original site. The exact date of the alteration to which Newgate owes its existence will now, in all probability, never be known. It must have been after the Roman occupation of Britain, but that is all we can say with certainty. Of Newgate itself, however, it will be safe to assert that it was first built when the Romans made their new wall to take in not only the ancient city, but also its suburbs. Even here, too, the exact date eludes us, but it must have been between the time of Julian the Apostate and that of Valentinian, or in the ten years between A.D. 360 and 370.

To account for the name "New" as applied to this ancient gate we must come nearly a millennium further down the stream of history. A mistake of Stow's on this head has been repeated again and again. He asserts that the enlargement of St. Paul's so obstructed the highway that passengers had to go round by Paternoster Row to reach Ludgate. In reality the enlargement eastward of St. Paul's did obstruct the Watling Street and cut it off from its western extremity, now Newgate Street. But though this synchronises very well with the rebuilding of the old gate towards Holborn in the reign of Henry I. or Stephen, it by no means follows that it was caused by it. The road through Newgate existed before St. Paul's itself. But Stow and many other writers since his time believed that Ludgate was called after King Lud; and if any one nowadays is of this opinion, all the other improbabilities and inconsistencies of the story are as nothing. It is curious to observe that, if the "New" gate is one of the two oldest, the "Ald" gate is absolutely the newest of all. Newgate was called "new" with reference to Aldgate, which was built at the time when a bridge over the Lea at Stratford made an exit necessary to the eastward of Bishopsgate. Shortly after, within the lifetime of one generation, the Chamberlain's Gate was rebuilt, and the Chamberlain himself having been forgotten, his gate usurped the then waning newness of Aldgate. This Chamberlain was, of course, the same William who held of the King at the time of the Domesday survey a vineyard at "Holeburne," probably on or close to the site of the Charterhouse, and therefore not very far from the gate.

The Roman fashion of making gaols of gates was imported into Britain from the East, and in the present case has probably, with little intermission, prevailed ever since. Ludgate was also a prison—a "free prison," says Stow, referring, of course, to its use for the freemen of the City. Newgate was to some extent appropriated to the use of the inhabitants of the adjoining county of Middlesex, which about the time of the first rebuilding had been granted in farm to the citizens. The inconvenience of the gaol as population increased caused the many complaints which appear in the pages of every London historian. So far back as 1419 there is an entry in the Letter-book of the Corporation, quoted by Riley, in which mention is made of the fetid and corrupt atmosphere of "the heynouse gaol of Newgate." Ludgate had been abolished as a prison, and the result was that many "citizens and other reputable persons" were committed to Newgate, and died, "who might have been living, it is said, if they had remained in Ludgate, abiding in peace there." Sir Richard Whittington was mayor at this time, and three years later at his death left money for the improvement of Newgate, "seeing that every person is sovereignly bound to support, and be tender of, the lives of men." There is a view of the gatehouse so improved in the Orace collection. It is taken from Boyley's rare *Herba Parietis*, 1650. The wallflower is represented growing over two of the windows. The whole building was afterwards "improved" by the introduction of classical features and statues. This prison subsisted until it was burnt by the Gordon rioters—the present prison, which had been founded a few years before, being already in part completed on the south side of the gate. The Surgeon's Hall, so celebrated for alleged resuscitations, stood a little further to the south in the Old Bailey, but it was now removed, and a part of the Sessions House stands on the site. A portion, however, of the older building long survived, being the "condemned cells." They had in several senses a right to the name; but, though every humane person, and many besides, spoke or wrote of them with horror, the practice of hanging for felony declined before they were removed or improved. One writer discloses a state of things hardly credible even "sixty years since." The convicts were crowded like sheep in a pen. That these "unhappy beings were not victims to the most malignant diseases" he attributes to the kindness of a late keeper, "who frequently assisted their wants at his own expense." This last sentence reveals conditions horrible to think of, even now. "When Mr. Nield visited this prison, one-half of the prisoners, particularly the women, were miserably poor, and covered (scarcely covered) with rags. This does not appear to be so much the case just at this time." Such was the state of

Newgate so lately as 1815. After several even more shocking details, the writer goes on to say that, in order not to hurry poor wretches out of the world, in strict conformity to the letter of the law, after twenty-four hours, the trials for capital crimes took place on Fridays, as Sunday was not counted a legal day. There is a curious plate in the *Microcosm* of Pugin and Rowlandson, which represents the interior of the chapel in Newgate on the Sunday intervening between trial Friday and execution Monday. It shows eleven felons, two of them women, in a kind of central pew painted black. In the middle of the pew is a table. On the table is a coffin. This was in 1809. There is an account of the burning of the old gatehouse prison in one of Johnson's letters. There were not above a hundred protestants at work, but they were left unmolested. There were no guards to prevent their carrying out their design, "without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such," reflects Dr. Johnson, "is the cowardice of a commercial place." Had he lived in Land League times he might have made the same reflection on the cowardice of an agricultural place. It was in the older building, then destroyed, that gaol fever made such terrible ravages. In 1750 the Lord Mayor and two of the judges, and others to the number of sixty, died of it after the sessions. This is the less wonderful, as we read that the prison was inadequately supplied with water. The new prison was at first little better in this respect. Lord George Gordon himself died in it of gaol fever thirteen years after his followers had destroyed the older buildings. Much improvement took place in Newgate shortly after the date of Rowlandson and Pugin's picture, yet in 1828 a visitor notes that thirty condemned persons might be seen in the two wards connected with the Press Yard, and congratulates humanity on the fact that none of them wore irons. It was not until 1817 that any classification of the prisoners was attempted. The coffin at the "condemned sermon" was disused about the same time. Mrs. Fry's exertions on behalf of the female prisoners resulted in great improvements in their condition. She taught them to make stockings and other articles, that by selling them they might improve their prison fare. What that was may be guessed, when it is mentioned as a matter for satisfaction by a visitor in 1825 that a regular allowance of food is "now" made out of City funds.

#### COURIERS.

CAPABLE couriers are a useful class of men, whose services must always be more or less in request; but we fear that, so far as the profits and romance of the profession are concerned, its palmy days are gone by. The courier whom Lever delighted to paint with all the strong sympathies of his intellectual and somewhat sensuous Bohemianism, may have been exaggerated by the novelist's lively fancy; nevertheless, the character had considerable foundation in fact. We remember the accomplished man of the world—refined, too, notwithstanding some touch of brusque rough-and-readiness—who entertained Mr. O'Leary at one of the Dutch towns in the course of that gentleman's wanderings. Mr. O'Leary's host was a bachelor and man of fortune, who, falling into the ways of the aristocrats he travelled with, loved to do things *en seigneur*. His taste in art and cookery was unimpeachable, and he had cultivated it at other people's expense with the easy devotion of a lifetime. His little supper, with its slight but well-selected *menu*, was served to perfection. The wines were in all respects worthy of the dishes. The plate and china were admirable of their kind. Gems by the Dutch painters were suspended on the walls—investments no doubt, which, while they gave pleasure to the shrewd connoisseur in the meantime, might ultimately be parted with at a profit. For the courier of those golden days was always turning "honest" pennies or pounds; and possibly this one, while doing the honours of the wine-flasks, deemed that his guest might propose a deal with him. But Mr. O'Leary, who travelled in light marching order, had no thought of the kind; and abandoned himself with frank unreserve to the cookery, the claret, and the charms of conversation. In conversation his talkative host showed to extreme advantage. He had been everywhere, seen everything, and was acquainted with most people of any mark, at all events by sight or by report. He had a general smattering of all the arts, as of all the European languages, and an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and recollections. He related his experiences with the adroitness of the practised *raconteur*, who can be dramatically voluble without becoming tiresome. We forget at this moment whether in the course of his confidences he touched upon his own early history. Nor indeed is that of any great consequence, since probably his reminiscences would have been more picturesque than trustworthy. Clearly he was a man of parts and ambition, like many more of his class; and he might have made his way to some distinction in other callings than that of which he was an ornament. But the road in those days had irresistible attractions for roving spirits in love with adventure, who were philosophical enough to put false pride in their pockets, and not stand too nicely on the semblance of gentility.

Con Oregan, another of Lever's heroes, puts its advantages and recommendations very forcibly when contrasting his own position as grand vizier and dragoman to a rich travelling party with that of the highly-educated young tutor who was an unconsidered member of their suite. The courier carried the bag, and most likely mapped out the tour. At all events, he directed all

the details, and was charged with the everyday outgoings of the budget. There were handsome commissions to be made, according to precedents, on a great, and generally regardless, expenditure. The sumptuous traditions of the leisurely grand tour still survived. Nowadays when a wealthy peer starts *en garçon* for Vienna or St. Petersburg he drives down after dinner to Charing Cross, having sent his man on before with the portmanteaux. Formerly, the long and insufferably tedious diligence journey was out of the question for a man of fashion and ample means. He was absolutely constrained by circumstances to post, and posting meant taking a carriage of his own. The smart travelling chariot, with its light wheels and strong patent axles, was shipped at Dover to be disembarked at Calais. If a gentleman went abroad with his wife and family, there was the lumbering family landau with rumble and banquette; and a *fourgon* to follow, charged with the heavy luggage. So stately a progress was necessarily leisurely. Frequent intervals of repose were indispensable; and it was always a question whether the needful horses might be forthcoming, even if an *avant-courier* were sent on ahead. Rich *parvenus* had begun to vie with the old nobility and gentry in their claims for consideration; and they asserted their pretensions by even more reckless expenditure. When one of these formidable processions of vehicles rumbled up the ill-paved high street of the provincial town, it set all the landlords of the place on the alert. The patronage that must infallibly prove so profitable depended on the good word of the courier. And who was the courier? That was the question. Was he a friend of the house, or allied with the opposite establishment? He of the "Silver Lion" had his ambition gratified and his apprehensions set at rest when he recognized his good friend and gossip M. Jacques sitting in smiling dignity in the banquettes of the leading carriage. The host had plenty of salutations and ceremonious observance at the service of M. Jacques's master, but the real homage was for M. Jacques himself. In lively gratitude for favours immediate and to come he danced obsequious attendance on that pleasant-mannered functionary. M. Jacques, if he were in amiable mood, behaved to the landlord with good-humoured tyranny, issuing peremptory orders with a cordial manner. As to his own personal comforts some slight and half-jocular reminders were sufficient. His tastes were sure to be consulted in any case and his lightest wishes anticipated. The landlord requested his good friend's company at a little supper in his private apartment, which he hoped might merit his approbation. The repast sent up to the travellers might do credit to the preparing of that little supper. Milord might approve the Bordeaux or Burgundy that would figure handsomely in tomorrow's note, but it was the host himself who had fetched the particular seal for the courier from the reserved binn in the innermost corner of the cellar. We cannot profess to speak positively as to the arrangements, tacit or express, between the confederates in drawing up the bill; but we should do the intelligence of M. Jacques gross injustice if we did not assume that his interests were liberally considered, and in the course of a circular posting-tour through the kingdoms of Europe the sum-total of his pickings must have amounted to something handsome. He lived on the best while laying by for investment. He exercised that authority over his nominal superiors which is perhaps one of the most agreeable forms of arbitrary power. He enjoyed constant change of scene and society, and had every opportunity of cultivating and gratifying his artistic tastes; and while reaping a richer harvest than usual during a prolonged residence in one of the great cities, he kept company in the couriers' rooms with congenial spirits, and had every opportunity besides for the pursuit of whatever amusements he preferred.

We do not doubt that there are couriers who even now do very fairly in a pecuniary point of view, but the profession has been shorn of its best perquisites and the better part of its attractions. Couriers have suffered in common with Queen's messengers, banditti, &c., and all the gentlemen who used to get a comfortable living on the road. Much must still depend on their employers, and occasionally there are respectable prizes to be drawn. The man is comparatively to be envied who is charged with the guardianship of some rich or timid elderly lady who comes to lean upon her counsellor with childlike confidence. He settles her stopping-places for her and arranges the scale and manner of her living. She is trained to accept his estimates as a matter of course, and does her utmost to make the journey agreeable to him and to keep his temper at "set fair." Should she show any disquieting symptoms of wayward independence, a courteous but significant intonation of the voice, or "a flash" of silence more expressive than words, should be quite sufficient to reduce her to obedience. And so an intelligent courier ought to do well for himself when he goes abroad with the custody of a newly-married couple, especially if they should be innocent of Continental ways. The turtle-doves are so engrossed with their billing and cooing that they have no thought to spare for sublimity matters. They are but too grateful to the factotum who takes all trouble off their hands. The husband, who is still the devoted lover, thinks nothing too good for the object of his adoration. He strives to make each successive day a fête, and is apt to value the tributes he offers by the prices he pays. Naturally the courier, who is the minister of their pleasures, is ready enough to meet his views in that respect; and the man knows besides that a young husband in the first stages of the honeymoon hesitates to haggle on questions of money. He would rather submit to be plundered with a good grace than have

the air of appearing mean and miserly. But such exceptional chances of good luck as these can fall to but few of the courier fraternity. As a rule, they must content themselves in the main with the hard and fast terms of their engagement, while their time-honoured perquisites have been suppressed or reduced by the publicity given to travelling charges under the new order of things. A family bound for Rome or the Engadine may engage a travelling servant to act as interpreter and look after the luggage. But a glance at the opening pages of Bradshaw gives a bird's-eye estimate of the cost of the journey, approximating very nearly to the truth; and even the luggage-tickets, should one choose to examine them, show precisely the over-tax for extra weight. As for the hotel bills, they may be more or less elastic; still the average cost of most of the ordinary items have come to be matters of general notoriety. Thus there is a fixed charge for dinner at the *table-d'hôte*; and even a wealthy man with a head on his shoulders knows the usual price of a plain breakfast and luncheon; and probably he may have the greater objection to being cheated because his means notoriously afford ample margin for pillaging. Wines, be they bad or good, are classified upon wine lists with the figures attached; and many of the grand establishments have introduced the innovation of ticketing the price of each separate apartment on its walls. The consequence is that the courier of the present day is more of a servant and less of a man of the world than of old. But, in the absence of the former temptations to dexterous feats in financing, doubtless the profession has gained in respectability, since couriers can more easily afford the luxury of a conscience. Had it still offered its old inducements to somewhat unscrupulous adventure and ambition, we might have seen in those days of overcrowded careers a movement for an institution of gentlemen-couriers corresponding to that for lady-helps. As it is, the best opening it seems to offer to talents and energy is the prospect, after acquiring a *clientèle* and some knowledge of the world, of marrying an elderly lady's-maid with savings, and embarking their joint fortunes in an hotel or a fashionable lodging-house.

#### WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

THE researches of students and antiquaries throw so much light nowadays upon obscure biographies that it is unsafe to predict that the most cherished hero of tradition will not turn out an impostor, or that the most mythical of legendary knights may not be rehabilitated and become a respectable historical personage. One of the stories most dear to English youth, and hallowed by the associations of old rhymes and picture-books, is that of Dick Whittington and his Cat. When Mr. Besant, charming novelist but inexorable historian as he is, undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Rice, to tell, in the "New Plutarch" series, the real facts about the life of the famous civic hero, we feared that we were going to lose another friend of our childhood; and that if, haply, the knight who was thrice Lord Mayor of London were spared us, the cat would be ruthlessly consigned to the limbo of popular superstitions. We are happy to say that these dark forebodings have not been realized, and that both Whittington and his Cat are proved to be most respectable, if not exactly prosaic, entities. It may be as well to remind the reader, in the first place, of the legendary history. One Richard Whittington, supposed to have been an outcast, for he did not know his parents, ran away from his tyrannical nurse and came to London, the streets of which he had been taught to believe were paved with gold. After two hungry days, and lying on the bulks at night, weary and faint, he got to a merchant's house in Leadenhall Street, where he made many signs of his distressed condition. The cook declared that if he tarried there she would kick him into the kennel; but the master, one Mr. Fitz-Warren, behaved in a more humane manner, and gave him employment as a scullion in his kitchen. Being a well-favoured young fellow, he attracted the attention of his master's daughter, Mistress Alice; but all the delicate kindness the young lady could show was counteracted by the cruelty of the churlish cook-maid, who not only subjected him to all kinds of ignominy, but caused him to lie by night in an unfrequented place, overrun by rats and mice, which caused him much annoyance and suffering. At length, with a penny which he had earned by cleaning the boots of one of his master's guests, he bought a cat which henceforth became the comfort and solace of his existence. Not long after this event his master, Mr. Fitz-Warren, adventured a ship to foreign parts, and, as was his wont, invited each of his servants to send something on it to try their fortunes, for which they were to pay neither freight nor custom. Whittington, amidst the jeers of his fellow-servants, proffered his cat, which the captain took with him, and proceeded on his voyage by way of Blackwall. The cook-maid's tyranny, however, became insupportable, and Dick Whittington made up his mind to run away; so, having packed up his little bundle overnight, he set off on All Hallows' Day to ramble over the country. But as he went through Moorfields, he fell into a pensive mood, and his resolution began to fail. Arriving at last at Holloway, he on a sudden heard Bow Bells ring out a merry peal, and the words they seemed to sing were—

Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London.

So strong an impression did this make upon his mind that he hurried back, reached his master's house before any one was astir, and got to his usual drudgery. In the meantime the ship had been

driven on to the coast of Barbary, inhabited by the Moors, unknown to the English; but finding the people courteous, the captain and factor traded with them, and the King was so pleased with their wares that he gave the ship's officers an entertainment in his palace. A magnificent repast was spread upon the ground, but was immediately invaded by rats and mice, which devoured all that came in their way. The story goes on to tell how the King purchased Whittington's cat for a fabulous sum, and how the fortunate youth married his master's daughter, became one of London's richest merchants, and was thrice Lord Mayor of the greatest city in the world.

As might be expected, much of this popular legend proves to be pure romance, but the central facts are undoubtedly true. Whittington, instead of being a friendless, nameless adventurer, was of gentle blood; his father was a knight and a country squire, who died in 1360, leaving three sons, of whom Richard, the hero of the legend, was the youngest; the oldest succeeded to the property, which was not of very great value, the second stayed upon the estate to act as a sort of bailiff to his brother, and the young Richard was apprenticed to a wealthy London merchant, Sir John Fitz-Warren, himself a connexion of the Whittington family. No authentic information exists as to the steps by which Dick Whittington arrived at success. The cat story has been laughed at and explained away by various writers; but Dr. Lysons, an antiquary who has occupied himself with very extensive and learned researches upon this very subject, comes to the conclusion that it is in the main true. The legend is not confined to London, but is told of one Alphonso, a Portuguese, who, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, and presented by the King thereof with his weight in gold for a cat to kill their mice and ointment to kill their flies, improved his fortune so rapidly that he returned to Portugal, after fifteen years' traffic, the third man in the kingdom. The first cat taken to South America was also purchased by one Diego Almagro for 600 pieces of eight, and similar legends occur in Persian and Scandinavian literature. But, so far from the fact that the story is so common proving its absurdity, Dr. Lysons is of opinion that it tends rather to show the probability that there may have been some foundation for it in reality. Cats have in many countries had great value. An early traveller in South Guinea confirms the statement that they are much prized by the blacks for ridding their houses of the rats and mice which infest them. Gregory the Great, when he retired to a convent, took nothing with him but a cat; and there is a tradition that Mohammed used to carry a cat about with him in his sleeve. Arabian works contain some amusing stories about the same animal. A Bedouin Arab who had never seen one before found a cat while upon his travels, and asked every one he met what the creature was called, offering at the same time to sell it. Now it so happens that in the Arabic language there are a vast number of names for a cat, and one person would tell the man that it was a *sinnaur*, another declared it to be a *cott*, a third styled it a *hirreh*, and so on, but no one seemed inclined to make a bid for its possession. This so annoyed the man that he threw his find away, cursing it for "a beast of many names and little worth." In another anecdote the cat has a higher value assigned to it. A Bedouin had lost his camel, and vowed that, if he found her again, he would sell her for a *dirhem* or groat. Finding her shortly afterwards, he repented of his rash vow, and endeavoured to "hedge" with his conscience by tying a cat upon the camel's neck, and proclaiming that the camel was for sale for a *dirhem*, but any intending purchaser must take the cat as well, at the price of a hundred dinars—over forty pounds—for he could not sell the two separately. In ancient Egypt it is well known that the cat was regarded with extraordinary respect; it was one of the forms under which Isis was worshipped, and mummies of the animal are often found at the present day in the tombs and catacombs which are so common in the land of the Pharaohs. Thus there appears to be no initial objection to the story on the ground of the value or usefulness of the cat. Other suggestions have been made to account for the tale. One is that the word "cat" is a corruption of the French *achat*, a purchase; and another theory is that, since colliers and ships employed in the carriage of sea coal to London were called "cats," one of these may have been the foundation of Dick Whittington's fortunes.

Of all these objections Mr. Besant disposes in a very complete manner. By the rules of the language *achats* could never have become *cats*, but rather "ashats" or "ashets." As for the sea-coal view, he shows that ships of the description of the "cat" could not have been built in those days, and that, moreover, the objection to coal fires in London was so strong at the time, while coal did not become an important article of trade until two hundred years later, that it is highly improbable that Richard Whittington, a mercer, should have dabbled in so unpopular and unremunerative a trade outside his own. On the other hand, all the pictorial and architectural relics of Whittington represent him with the cat. A portrait which used to exist in the Mercers' Hall, dated 1536, represented him as a man of sixty years of age, in a free livery gown and black cap, and having a black and white cat at his left hand. In another portrait which exists, dated 1590, he is also represented with his hand resting upon a cat. And, what is more to the purpose, when the executors of Whittington, in accordance with the great merchant's will, pulled down and rebuilt Newgate, one of the figures which adorned the gate, as we learn from Maitland's *History of London*, represented Liberty, with the figure of a cat lying at his feet; alluding to Sir Richard Whittington, a former founder, who

is said to have made the first step to his good fortune by a cat. The strongest fact of all, however, is that the Whittingtons had a house in Gloucester, which they occupied until the year 1460, and in some recent excavations in the cellars of this building there was found a stone, probably part of a chimney, representing in *baso-relievo* the figure of a boy carrying in his arms a cat. The workmanship appears to be of the fifteenth century, so that the discovery affords proof that the family of Whittington in his own century believed the cat story. Mr. Besant's conclusion from all this is that Whittington, knowing that a cat was a valuable animal, did actually make his first venture while an apprentice by sending one out; that the cat sold well, and the profit gave him money and encouragement for other investments, and thus laid the foundation of his fortunes. The sentimental part of the story, which makes Dick Whittington weep at parting with his pet, would seem to be of a piece with the legend of his lowly birth, and due to popular exaggeration and misconception.

But if the early part of Whittington's career is involved in comparative obscurity, his public life is clear enough, for he figures in the annals of the City during a long period as an important merchant and civic officer, and served as Lord Mayor in 1396 and 1397, and again in the year 1419. In 1416 he was returned as member of Parliament for the City. It was in his last mayoralty that Whittington entertained Henry of Agincourt and his queen. "The magnificence of this banquet astonished both the King and his bride; probably there was not, in all England and France together, another man who could have provided such a banquet. . . . Even the fires were fed with cedar and perfumed wood. When Catherine spoke of it, the Mayor proposed to feed the flames with something still more costly and valuable; and, in fact, he threw into the fire the King's own bonds, to the amount of 60,000*l*. Among the bonds were some, to the amount of 10,000 marks, due to the Mercers' Company; one of 1,500 marks, due to the Chamber of London; one of 2,000 marks, belonging to the Grocers; and all Whittington's private loans and advances. It is probable," says Mr. Besant, "that in burning these bonds the Mayor acted by previous agreement of the City; but if not—if he took on himself the loans due to the Companies—he made a most splendid and princely gift. The sum of 60,000*l*. advanced by one man would, even in those days, be considered enormous; in those days it can hardly be reckoned as less than a million and a quarter of our present money."

Sir Richard Whittington died in 1423, leaving to the City which he had served so long and so well an immense number of munificent benefactions, which serve to keep his memory green until the present day. In the course of the work which Mr. Walter Besant devotes to the life and legend of the famous Lord Mayor, he gives some most interesting details about the ancient City life and history, a notice of which we must reserve for another occasion. In the meantime, we have seldom met with a pleasanter memoir than that from which the facts given above are extracted; and, if the legend loses something of its more romantic features, the true story is an interesting contribution to archaeological knowledge and an excellent example of a good and useful life.

#### INCONVENIENCES OF MILITARY REFORM.

NOT long ago we called attention to the increased educational demands which are now made on the British officer, and which have been necessitated by the rapid march of military science. We gave in detail the nature of the examinations which have to be passed by each rank, and we remarked on the fact that no amount of good service in the field will, according to the General Order, be allowed, as heretofore, to serve in lieu of examination, but that all must pass before they can hope for advancement in the service. This is doubtless right and proper; for the principal feature of modern war is the responsibility which may at any moment devolve upon subordinates; and to allow an army to take the field with uninstructed officers would be simply suicidal. Let us, therefore, by all means have our officers professionally educated to as high a standard as possible; but, at the same time, unless we are much mistaken, there is a somewhat serious question connected with this subject which will present itself before very long.

Before beginning to discuss it, we must first of all consider the relations which exist between the British officer and the State which employs him. They are very far from being the relations which usually exist between employer and servant. When the Royal Commission on promotion and retirement was sitting, one of its chief difficulties was found in the fact that inquiry into the systems of promotion and retirement in force in foreign armies was useless, inasmuch as the position of our officers has no parallel in any army in the world. It is peculiar and unique. With us, officers enter the service of their own free will, and leave it whenever they choose. The scale of pay which they receive for their services was fixed at some remote period in our military history, and has remained stationary ever since, while its purchasing power has diminished about threefold. But not merely does the British officer serve for wages that are confessedly and notoriously inadequate; he does even more, for out of his own pocket he relieves the taxpayer of what in every other country is a serious burden—he finds his own uniform, his own chargers and horse furniture, and he provides

nearly the whole of the money necessary to maintain the regimental band at a proper and respectable pitch of efficiency. In addition to this, he supports the national credit and reputation for hospitality in distant colonies and possessions in a manner which few people who live at home have any idea of, and to an extent which he can often but ill afford. Now it is not to be supposed that all this has been done by our officers without a *quid pro quo*. We cannot sum up the matter better than by saying that there has hitherto existed a kind of tacit understanding between the State and the officers, by which the latter enjoyed, as compensation for inadequate pay and heavy expenses, immunity from hard work, a liberal annual allowance of leave, and the prestige and position which formerly attached to the Queen's commission. Such was virtually the compact between the two parties—a compact which was alike unwritten and unrecognized, but which nevertheless, like many other arrangements of a similar nature, worked well and to the satisfaction of both. The bargain, however, begins to show symptoms of becoming decidedly one-sided. Circumstances have rendered it necessary for the State to exact more work than formerly, and the quantity seems to be increasing with alarming rapidity. The establishment of officers is, from considerations of economy, maintained at so low a figure as frequently to reduce the amount of leave annually granted; while the Militia and Volunteers have flooded the country with military titles, thus impairing alike their professional and their social value.

Altogether the prospects of the officer are becoming somewhat unpleasant; and, if we look further into them, they appear even worse. Our readers may remember that, when purchase was abolished, the immediate result was an utter stagnation of promotion, which attained to such a pitch that a Royal Commission was assembled to inquire into the matter; and it was stated in the Report of this Commission that, unless some means were devised to maintain promotion, a great injustice would be committed. Accordingly compulsory retirement for all who might be captains at the age of forty was instituted. Thus, not merely does the officer find the amount of work demanded from him nearly doubled, but he has also the agreeable prospect before him of finding that the whole of this work may be absolutely wasted, inasmuch as he may be turned adrift before he becomes a major. More than this, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the greater portion, if not all, of the said work is of a nature that will be useless to him in any other profession. With regard to leave, we have already remarked that the incessant detaching of officers from their regiments, and the small establishments maintained, are gradually reducing the amount hitherto enjoyed. We are quite aware that many would-be military reformers have called attention to the large amount of leave granted to our officers, and have pointed out that the authorized two months and a half in the winter with a casual fortnight in the summer is far in excess of that allowed to any other department in her Majesty's service. No doubt it is; no doubt also that officers should work; but at the same time there are two sides to the question. It is easy for reformers to declare that the nation has a right to demand harder work, a more moderate allowance of leave, and a cheerful resignation to summary dismissal on a small pension, combined with a feeling of gratitude that the pension is not smaller still; but the real question, we submit, is—Is the nation prepared to pay for it? It is all very well to say that when purchase was abolished we bought back our army at a heavy price in order to be free to do with it and to manage it as we choose. The rising generation of the class from which our officers are drawn can also do as they choose, and may decline to join the army at all. It is merely the old saying over again, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." Hitherto the balance has been well preserved—that is to say, there has been very little labour and very little hire. Now it appears that a good deal of labour is demanded for the same hire, and we doubt whether labourers will continue to come forward much longer on such terms. The Radical will perhaps reply to this, "Very good; we will in future draw our officers from the ranks." To which the officer of the present may retort, "Certainly you can; but you will only make the army dearer than ever; for, setting aside all considerations of discipline and efficiency, you cannot lower the present rate of pay; besides which, you must furnish your officers with uniform and equipment, and maintain your own bands." With reference to this matter, we may remark in passing that the chevrons or stripes which have heretofore been worn by sergeants of fusilier and light infantry corps on both arms are in future only to be worn on one arm, and, according to a military contemporary, the saving effected by this alone will amount to several thousands annually. Our readers may therefore judge for themselves what would be the expense of providing officers' uniforms. It would be simply immense, and would swell our already inflated military estimates to an extent which the taxpayer would little relish.

Let us now turn for a moment to the ranks. Here we find the same system at work. The educational demands made upon the soldier are increasing daily, and their variety seems to be boundless. In the good old days he had, like the officer, little or nothing to learn besides his drill; but now the case is very different. When a recruit joins he finds the drill sergeant, the musketry instructor, the gymnastic instructor, the schoolmaster, the signalling instructor, and the instructor in trench and field work drill all waiting for him; and he has to work in a manner which would have astonished his professional predecessors. Certainly the case of the soldier is not quite so bad as that of the officer, for the pay of the men has received additions of late years, their rations of meat and bread have been given them free of expense, and other concessions have

been made. It must also be remembered that a considerable portion of their clothing is provided by the Government, and altogether they are, as regards remuneration, relatively better off than the officers. Here, again, the arguments already used apply equally. It is useless to urge, as we have seen it urged, that our men even now do not work nearly so hard as their Continental brethren in arms. There is no parallelism in the two cases, owing to the difference between compulsory and voluntary service. It is an admitted axiom that the inhabitants of every country must pay for the defence of that country either in purse or person. The freeborn Briton refuses to pay in person, and it is somewhat difficult to make him understand that he must therefore pay in purse. He would infinitely prefer to do neither; but he cannot always have his own way. The art of war is daily becoming more complex, more scientific, and more exacting in its educational demands upon soldiers of every grade. We must keep pace with the times, and officers and men must and do work now as they never worked before; but at the same time the public should not forget that both are serving voluntarily, and that the question of remuneration may before very long present itself in a forcible manner.

We cannot conclude better than by pointing out that the pressure of work upon all ranks might be materially modified if the authorities could only be induced to keep our regiments at home up to a respectable establishment. We feel satisfied that all ranks fully appreciate the importance and the necessity of increased study; but where the shoe really pinches is in the knowledge that every one is doing the work not of one man, but of two or three. The military duties, the work, the drill, and in fact the whole professional routine of the service, are based upon a fallacy—namely, that our regiments are really regiments in anything but name. They are maintained at such low strength that when the men on guard, the sick, and the parties at musketry or other instruction are deducted, there is nothing but the band left. In addition to this, captains have to do the work of majors, subalterns of captains, sergeants of subalterns, and so on. It is quite true that after a due amount of service and experience in a certain rank the person holding it should be qualified to perform the duties of the next higher grade; but when this state of things becomes the rule, not the exception, not merely does the work become intolerably heavy, but efficiency suffers. Everything has an air of unreality and makeshift, loose habits creep in, and discipline deteriorates. The work which is now demanded both from officers and men might be materially lightened if we only had battalions approaching to their proper establishment. If we continue as we are now doing we shall assuredly some day find ourselves either compelled to raise the pay of all ranks, or to go without an army altogether.

#### THE PRISONS ACT.

THE Prisons Act of 1877 is not a measure that has brought the Government which passed it any increase of reputation. It offended the local magistracy, because it deprived them of some petty authority, and it did not interest philanthropists. Considering that those who up till that time had administered prisons disliked the Bill, and that those who before and since that time have preached about prisons were indifferent to it, the Government might think themselves fortunate that they were able to carry it through Parliament. Yet this friendless and unimposing Act has really been rich in valuable results. Down to 1877 there were some very good prisons, and a great number of very bad ones. It was natural that the authorities who had made their prisons good should think it a poor reward to have these very prisons taken out of their hands. Yet this was really the best reward that they could hope for. It was a formal recognition that their methods of administration were so good that they deserved to be made the standard for the whole country. Thereupon the suppression of the authorities whose labours had been thus approved became a necessity. There are only two principles on which prisons can be managed—the principle of leaving each prison, good, bad, or indifferent, to be a law to itself, and the principle of vesting them all in the hands of a central authority. It might have been convenient, no doubt, to leave the good prisons to be managed by the authorities which had made them good, and merely to take over the management of the bad prisons. But no one who knows the difficulty of dealing with any question which involves local independence will think that such a course could possibly have been taken. The idea of bringing all the prisons in the country under one and the same administration did so far approve itself to Parliament that the Bill became law. If any prisons had remained outside the scope of the Bill the discussion would at once have become a series of recriminations between one Board of Visiting Justices and another.

The third Report of the Prison Commissioners shows the nature of the reforms which have been effected during the three years during which the Act has been in operation. It may be well to point out that these reforms are not of a kind from which any striking change in the character or statistics of crime is to be looked for. The first object of the Act was to introduce uniformity into the treatment of prisoners. Hereafter observation and experience may enable the Commissioners to make this uniform treatment more effectual for its purpose. But before the good methods of treatment could be made better the bad methods of treatment had to be made good. On the 1st of April, 1878, the Commissioners took possession of 113 gaols of all imaginable



degrees of merit or demerit, and they had at once to devise measures for the introduction of a sound prison system into as many of these as they were minded to retain. The first step in this process was to reduce the number of gaols. A very small prison is almost inevitably a bad one. There are neither the funds nor the experience which can alone make a gaol anything else than an unimproved descendant of the local lock-up house. Out of these 113 prisons 46 have been closed. Of how little use many of these disused gaols were may be judged from the fact that the 67 which remain have room for 26,095, while the whole 113 had only room for 27,213. At present the amount of accommodation is fully sufficient for the demand; the largest known number of persons in prison at one time being only 20,773. The saving of public money resulting from the suppression of these useless prisons is considerable. It is known to be 30,000*l.*; it is believed to be a good deal more. Besides the pay of the officers in the disused prisons there was much irregular expenditure in the shape of allowances from prison stores and permission to use prison labour. A curious commentary on the public spirit of the local authorities is supplied by the fact that they very largely increased the pay of their staffs after they knew that the Government were going to take over the prisons. Their regard for the pockets of the ratepayers did not extend to the pockets of the taxpayers. Financial patriotism seems to begin and end at home. The rates are not regarded as fair game; the taxes are. This is not the only saving that has been effected by the transfer of the prisons to the Government. The cost of food is now less by 16,000*l.*, the cost of medicine and sick allowances is less by 4,400*l.* The Government keeps the prisons in repair for 11,000*l.* a year less than it cost the local authorities to do it. There is a further saving of 17,651*l.* yearly under the head of "other establishment charges." If this were the only improvement consequent on the Act it would well repay the time spent in passing it. If criminals remain criminals, and there is no diminution in the supply of fresh ones, it is still something that they should cost us less. Of course these savings might conceivably have been made at a sacrifice of humanity. The prisoners might have cost less because they were less well cared for. Instead of this, the health of the prisoners has improved under the new system. The Commissioners take just credit to themselves for the fact that the death-rate for the years 1878-79 and 1879-80 was lower than that of previous years. The winters of both these years were exceptionally cold, and long periods of cold usually tell with great severity upon the criminal class. There could not be a better test of the wisdom of the changes in diet and punishment introduced by the Commissioners than a positive decrease in prison mortality at a time when an increase might naturally have been looked for.

It must be admitted, however, that all these reforms, valuable as they are in their place, do but touch the fringe of the great question to which they relate. We have not yet found means to make imprisonment either really reformatory or really deterrent; at all events, neither result has been attained except in a very imperfect degree. Upon these heads the last Report of the Howard Association contains a novel suggestion. The origin of them is to be found in the remark commonly made by convicts on entering prison, "I have never yet worked hard for my living, and nothing shall make me do so." Here we seem to see at once the cause which brings men to prison and the direction which their treatment while in prison should take. A poor man who is resolved not to work hard for his living must, if he carries out his resolution, live more or less by crime. Money will not fall into his mouth as he lies idle in the sun, and the only choice open to him is to earn it or to steal it. If the prison could be made a place of real labour, two good ends might be considerably helped on. The thief who has taken to dishonesty rather than work hard would know that if he got caught—and caught sooner or later he almost always is—he would have to work harder than he ever need do if he led an honest life; and the distaste for hard work might to some extent be lessened by the influence of custom. Thus he would see more in imprisonment to dislike beforehand, while with the habits learned in prison, there would be some chance that he would alter his way of life when he came out. According to the Report of the Howard Association, the labour done even in the convict prisons is often very far from hard. At Portland, for example, "the convict hardly gets through as much in a week, notwithstanding his diet of animal food and cocoa, as many a poor free labourer outside does in a day or two upon food more scanty." The convicts have no motive to work hard, because their term of imprisonment is neither shortened by industry nor lengthened by idleness. The Report suggests that a sentence of penal servitude or imprisonment should not, as now, be a sentence to be imprisoned for so many years or months, but a sentence to do so much work, and to be imprisoned until it is done. Thus, supposing that it would take an ordinary navvy five years to quarry so much stone, or to excavate so much earth, the doing of this amount of labour should be the penalty imposed where now five years' penal servitude is imposed. Whether the prisoner got through this quantity of work in five years or less would be left to himself; but he would not be let out of prison until he had got through it. The knowledge that every hour's additional work brought him an hour nearer to the end of his sentence, that he could hasten that end by industry, and that he would certainly postpone it by idleness, would be the most effectual of inducements to work hard; and there might be at least a hope that a man who had yielded to this inducement for a considerable time would hate hard work a little less when he

was once more at liberty. If, on the contrary, he hated it more than ever, he would have an additional motive for not exposing himself to it again. Occasionally, perhaps, the dislike to work would be so great that, rather than do it, a prisoner might be willing to remain in confinement all his life. Cases of this sort might be partly met by a provision that, unless a certain amount of work was got through in each day, the prisoner's diet should be lowered. The community is bound to keep its prisoners in health, but it is not bound to give them while they are idle the food which is needed while they are working hard. This principle of apportioning labour by way of punishment would be applicable to all kinds of prisons and all varieties of work, and, considering how unsuccessful the present prison system has proved from whatever point of view it is regarded, there is every reason why another plan should be tried. The suggestions of the Howard Association point to a new departure of real value. It is no doubt true that "they may need years of advocacy before they are carried into effect," but that is but the common lot of really useful reforms.

#### THE COURSE OF PRICES ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE course of prices on the Stock Exchange since the beginning of the year has been very different from what it was expected to be nine or ten months ago. It then seemed probable that the speculation which had carried prices so much upwards during the previous fifteen or sixteen months would continue during the year that was about to begin. The expectation seemed to be based upon sound grounds. In the first place, money was very cheap and promised to remain so. The United States had taken about 16 millions sterling in gold from Europe during the autumn, but the drain had very little enhanced the value of money in the London market, the Bank of France having refused to raise its rate of discount, and consequently the drain fell chiefly upon France. The amount of gold which had gone from Europe to the United States in the previous year and a half made it highly probable that no further demand for the United States would arise for at least eight or nine months to come, and that the London money market would remain very easy. Speculators, therefore, looked forward to being able to borrow on very favourable terms. In addition to this, the improvement in trade which had begun in September 1879, continued—slowly, it is true, but still continued. And as the harvest of 1880 was considerably better than that of 1879, it was hoped that the improvement in the new year would be still more rapid, inasmuch as the agricultural population would be better off than they had been. A still further reason for expecting a rise in prices was the great reduction that was going on in first-class securities. The United States Government, for instance, was not only reducing the interest upon its debt, but was also redeeming the principal at a very rapid rate. Both processes were taking away stock which had been largely held in Europe, and the inference was that, since no new stock of equally good security was being created to take its place, the prices of existing stocks must go on rising. Moreover, our own Government also was reducing its debt by the reappearance of a surplus and by means of the terminable annuities which will lapse in 1885. Lastly, there was a very strong speculative feeling, not only here, but all over the Continent and in the United States. It had first made itself felt in the United States, and the great prosperity which was being there enjoyed made it probable that it would gain volume in the current year. In France, also, there seemed every reason to suppose that speculation would be carried further. The Government, in its desire to ingratiate itself with the capitalist classes, had induced the Bank of France to allow its gold reserve to be drained away rather than make money dear in the Paris market; and, as the elections for the Chamber of Deputies were to be held this autumn, it was considered certain that the same policy would prevail all through the present year, and that money in consequence would be kept artificially cheap, while there was no reason to expect political disturbances of any kind. For all these reasons, therefore, a steady and considerable rise of prices in the current year was expected at its commencement.

The course of events, however, has been different. It is true, indeed, that money has remained very cheap until about a month ago—abnormally and even unexpectedly cheap. The policy pursued by the Bank of France, to which we have already referred, had made that inevitable, and the slowness with which trade has improved had also prevented an eager demand for accommodation for commercial purposes. Even the new issues of all kinds which came out in such numbers in the first half of the year failed to enhance perceptibly the value of money. Trade also continued to improve—very slowly indeed, but yet unmistakably. Nevertheless, prices, as we shall presently show, have not advanced since the beginning of the year. The first check to speculation was given by the alarm taken by bankers in the month of January. The height to which prices had been carried in less than a year and a half led them to fear that the speculators were overpassing the bounds of prudence, and that it was incumbent upon themselves to apply the curb. They therefore showed an unwillingness to lend for speculative purposes, which caused a considerable drop in prices in January, and this drop received additional importance from the severe weather which almost immediately followed. At the meetings of the various railway Companies which have been held since the beginning of July reference has

been made to the loss of earnings and increase of cost caused by that severe weather. In fact, for some time out-of-door occupation was rendered impossible over a great part of the country, locomotion was seriously impeded, and trade was greatly hindered. There was, in consequence, a serious falling off in the traffic of the railways, while the expense to which they were put was severely augmented. The prospects of the railways for the year were consequently rendered less good than had been expected; and speculators, already alarmed by the difficulties raised by bankers to making advances, lost courage, and a heavy fall was the result. The value of money instantly declined, and bankers soon became as willing to lend again as they had been immediately before nervous and unwilling; but, when speculators were once more recovering courage, their hopes were dashed by untoward political events. The assassination of the Osar had not quite so unfavourable an influence upon the markets as might have been expected; even Russian stocks proved surprisingly steady. Yet it spread a very general feeling of uncertainty and distrust. People wished to know what would be the effect upon the relations between Russia on the one hand, and Germany and Austria on the other, before they committed themselves to heavy new engagements. There was also uneasiness as to what the Nihilists, who had proved themselves so formidable, might next undertake. The disquietude thus caused had scarcely passed away before the French expedition to Tunis generated a still worse state of feeling. Speculators had counted upon France more certainly than upon any other Power in Europe, for maintaining peace. In the first place, the cautious, prudent conduct pursued by all French Governments since the close of the Franco-German war had spread the belief that France was at length cured of her passion for military glory. In the second place, the anxiety shown by the present Ministry to keep money cheap, and to ingratiate itself with the capitalist classes, had still further strengthened the conviction that everything would be done to make matters pleasant for moneyed men. The expedition to Tunis shook this belief, and the ill feeling awakened in Italy and Spain, with the fears that prevailed for a time of a collision between France and Italy, had a very adverse effect upon the stock markets. Then came the war of rates between the trunk railways in the United States, which, by cutting down the earnings of the lines, threatened to deprive some amongst them of the means of paying dividends, and in all cases to reduce the rates of dividend. While this war was going on, the attempt upon the President's life was made. Since then the Government of the United States has been to a certain extent disorganized. The Secretary of the Treasury being unable to consult the President and the Cabinet, has been timid in his measures, has not afforded the relief to the New York money market which was expected from him, and has thus helped the party which was speculating for a general fall in securities. All this has necessarily acted against the speculation for the rise. The bad weather both in Europe and in America of the past month or two has dissipated the hope entertained that this year's harvest would be a good one, and has consequently spread fears that the agricultural classes will be worse off than ever, and that the amount of money available for investment will be less than it has been at any time in the past two or three years. Had the harvest here at home been as good as at one time it promised to be, it would of course not have recouped the farmers for their losses during five or six years, but it would have enabled them to pay at least a portion of their debts, and would probably have made further reductions of rent by the landlords unnecessary. The landowners would thus be in a better position, and would have more means for investment in stocks. As it is, however, the landed interest will probably be worse off than it was even last year. In addition to this, the mutiny in Egypt has shaken confidence in the existing state of things, and thus caused a heavy fall in Egyptian bonds. Lastly, the fear of a renewed drain of gold to the United States, and consequently of dear money, is now imposing caution upon speculators.

From all these causes the result is that prices are lower rather than higher, compared with what they were at the end of last year. Consols, for example, this week are barely equal in price to what they were in December last. In the interval they have risen to 103, but they have lost the whole rise, and a week or so ago were actually lower than they were in December. Colonial bonds, again, are lower than they were at the close of last year. In the case of New South Wales Four per Cent. the fall exceeds 2 per cent. Home railways, moreover, are almost all lower than they were ten months ago. North-Eastern Consols are about 10 per cent. lower, Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln about 12 per cent., and Caledonian about 9 per cent. The only important rise is in the case of London and North-Western stock, which is about 2 per cent. higher than it was at the close of last year. Railway preference shares and railway debentures have remained almost stationary, and in the case of Indian railways the number of cases in which there is a fall is larger than those in which there is a rise. There is one department, however, in which there is a very general rise, and that is in London banks. Owing to the Glasgow Bank failure, bank shares fell very heavily in the latter part of 1878 and the early part of 1879. Throughout 1880 they rose again, but they did not recover the entire loss consequent on the Glasgow Bank failure, and the rise has therefore continued during the present year. Moreover, the adoption of limited liability by the majority of the banks has made their shares more eligible investments for wealthy people. And, lastly, the prospects of the banks are growing better as every month passes. Not only are the banks doing

a better business than they did last year, but the probability that money will rule higher for the next year or two makes it almost certain that their earnings will continue to increase, and consequently, that they will pay higher rates of dividend. Bank shares generally are therefore higher now than they were at the end of last year, and seem likely to go still higher. In the case of foreign stocks so many various considerations have to be taken into account that it would not be worth while to compare their quotations now and at the end of last year. The credit of the several Governments, the dangers of war, the condition of the countries in question, the accidents of politics, and the relations of one Government with another, all affect prices. To take a single instance, Egyptian stocks have fallen heavily within the last few weeks, because of the mutiny of the army. Confining our attention, then, to home and colonial securities of all kinds, we find that, speaking generally, Government securities, whether home or colonial, and the preference and debenture stocks of the railways have remained almost stationary; but that the ordinary stocks of the home railways are lower now than they were nine months ago, and in some cases considerably lower.

#### HONOUR AT THE COURT THEATRE.

THE words used to express the process by which English plays are made out of French ones would seem to call for a little definition. We hear that a new play has been "adapted" from the French of M. Chose, or is "founded on" it, and the difference in the terms might be supposed to imply some difference in the process. In an adaptation, perhaps, the French would be closely followed; but when the English playwright had the courage to ask nothing from his foreign master but a foundation, then we might be allowed to hope that the building would be his own. As a matter of fact, however, the terms used are a mere distinction without a difference. "Adapted" or "founded on" equally mean, compressed and made decent according to the real or supposed demands of the public. When our native playwright does his work well, enough of the French piece is left to make the new play intelligible; when he compresses by the easy process of cutting off, and sacrifices the dramatic motive of the original to the proprieties, then he produces an absurdity which fails or does not fail according to the whim of the hour, and, in a much less degree, to the skill of the actors.

The play by Mr. Barrymore which is now being played at the Court is, on the whole, a favourable specimen of the adaptor's art. He has kept as much of the original as is really necessary to make an effective dramatic action, and what he has rejected can for the most part be spared. *L'Honneur de la Maison* of MM. Battu and Desvignes, on which Mr. Barrymore has founded *Honour*, is a good specimen of the Porte St. Martin domestic drama. The climax of its gloomy plot is indeed produced by a somewhat too obvious accident, and the inevitable *ingénue* is even less necessary than usual. But after paring away what may be called its superfluous ornaments, enough remains to make a vigorous piece; and perhaps the best way to explain *Honour* is by giving a sketch of the framework of the French play. A certain Elise de Neuville has been seduced and deserted by a friend of her brother's, Georges de Maubreuil, an officer in the army. Immediately after he has left her, an offer of marriage is made to her by a M. Maurice de Chennevières, and by the influence of her mother, who has learnt her secret, Elise is induced to accept him. A son—the son of Georges de Maubreuil—is born seven months after the marriage, and four years later a daughter. Maurice has as yet suspected no evil, but an accident betrays the secret of his wife. The injured husband keeps the secret for the sake of his daughter—he does not even let his wife learn that he knows it; but from that time forward he treats her son Paul with repellent coldness, and avoids him. When the play opens, Paul has just returned from Africa with the Legion of Honour, and is surprised at the indifference which his supposed father shows to him. At the same time Georges de Maubreuil, now a Colonel, has also come to Paris, after twenty years of foreign service, and is living with his kinswoman, the Baroness D'Origny, a friend of the family of De Chennevières. Here he has seen and has fallen in love with Mathilde, the daughter of Elise. Mme. de Chennevières is at first horrorstruck at the prospect of meeting the man who had betrayed her, and fears that he will presume on their former connexion; but at last she consents to go to a ball at which he is to be present at the house of the Baroness, and to go with her children. At this ball the indiscreet tattle of the Viscount de Beauséant, an old friend of Georges', and the only other man who knows the secret of Elise, and who speaks of it within the hearing of Paul, causes a very natural explosion of wrath on the part of the young man, of which he makes the Colonel the object. A duel is about to be the result, when M. Maurice de Chennevières, who has now learnt the name of his wife's lover, prevents it after a violent explanation with her. He tells Maubreuil that Paul is his son; the Colonel refuses to fight, and apologises. He then turns on Maurice, who has been concealed during the interview with Paul, and they engage with sabres as the curtain falls on the fourth act. In the fifth we find Paul, whose suspicions have been aroused, endeavouring vainly to obtain from his mother an explanation. While they are talking Maurice returns, tells them that Georges is dead, and, his

own revenge being now taken, embraces Paul with effusion, and the secret of Elise remains untold.

In the main, Mr. Barrymore has followed the French plot. He has very properly not changed the scene of the story, which passes in France. The change of names which he has made can only be accounted for by a wish to spare the actors as much as possible from blunders in pronunciation. The five acts of the original have been reduced to four, by almost wholly suppressing the part of the daughter, and the play is wound up in a slightly different way. The duel is placed at the end, and while it is going on behind the scenes Mme. de Latour—the Elise de Chennevières of the original—comes on the scene. She listens in agony to the clash of the swords, believing that the death of her husband is certain, until his appearance shows that it is the false lover who has fallen. This is perhaps, as a mere matter of stage effect, an improvement on the original, but of some of the other changes it is scarcely possible to say so much. The attempt of Paul to get an explanation of the mystery of which he is dimly conscious, which the French authors very properly place after his attempted duel with the Colonel, is put by Mr. Barrymore before the bull. This we cannot help considering a mistake. When the Colonel, whom he knows to be a brave man, refuses to fight him, it is natural that the young man should begin to suspect there was some truth in the scandalous talk of Beauséant and to guess at his own relationship to Maubreuil. To make the suspicions arise before the quarrel is to make the conduct of Paul, here called Maurice de Latour, almost inexplicable. Another dramatic mistake of the adapter's is doubtless due to the necessity under which he lay of covering sin with a mantle of decency. A false marriage with Georges has been invented to excuse Mme. de Latour. By doing this Mr. Barrymore has gone near to destroy the whole sense of the piece. Elise de Chennevières is naturally overwhelmed by the discovery of her sin, but Mme. de Latour is completely innocent. If such subjects are to be taken at all—which we are far from recommending—they should be taken with their artistic thoroughness, and it shows a certain contempt for the audience to suppose that they will be satisfied by such well-worn expedients. Would not Mme. de Latour have spoken of the secret marriage, if there had been one, in the great scene of explanation with her husband? In spite, however, of these changes for the worse, the piece is a powerful and affecting one. Whether it will prove successful is another question. It is very gloomy, and the English public is not fond of gloom. It is also very French in sentiment and situation, and even after a long course of adaptations we have not learnt to be always moved by what moves our neighbours. We are afraid that Mr. Barrymore will find he has made too severe a call on the knowledge and imagination of his audience.

The piece was put on the stage with something like luxury in the fittings, and was acted fairly on the whole and admirably in parts. Mr. Arthur Dacre, who played Maurice de Latour, has not yet rid himself of certain tricks of manner which seriously interfere with the real power he has for expressing emotion. Miss Addison gave a very graceful and gay rendering of the part of the Countess D'Avanches. The minor part of Gustave Regnier was played by Mr. Cooper so as to spoil what might have been a pretty scene. We would venture to point out to him that a gentleman whom love makes timid does not necessarily hop awkwardly round a room like a shy and ill-bred schoolboy. The two chief parts, those of Mme. and M. de Latour, were both excellently played by Miss Moodie and Mr. Clayton. Miss Moodie acted with force and passion, and in the last scene was almost terrible for a moment. The stern, fierce self-control of Mr. Clayton, who looked throughout like a man weighed down by a terrible secret, was equally good. But by far the best piece of acting in the play is Mr. Cecil's rendering of the part of Baron Verduret, the thoughtless babbler who causes all the trouble. Nothing could be more finished than his utterance of the Baron's scatterbrained chatter and scandal, or the way in which he cowered down like a beaten dog when he finds what mischief he has made.

## REVIEWS.

### THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LANGUAGE.\*

IT is interesting to find the French school of philology for the first time entering prominently into the special province which the writings of our own scholars Ellis and Sweet, and the labours of Sievers in Germany, have hitherto almost monopolized; and it is satisfactory to be able to foresee that the new contribution to so important a branch of science will probably attain a place among the leading authorities on comparative philology. It is possible that a better representative of the French school might be found than M. de La Caille, who, as a Spanish exile and a Genevese Professor, belongs to it merely by association and mental characteristics; but it would be difficult to select a scholar who would approach his subject with a keener interest or devote to it a more industrious energy. As a disciple of Schleicher, M. de

La Caille may be granted a sufficient knowledge of the principles of comparative philology; but he does not appear to possess any very extensive or accurate linguistic attainments. His statements dealing with Chinese are often quite erroneous, and his Arabic is very halting. He does not, however, pose in the character of a discoverer so much as in that of an expositor; and, in the present instalment of his work, linguistic knowledge is not so much in demand as sound scientific observation and a thorough acquaintance with certain departments of physiology and zoology. What he has done is to gather together and arrange methodically most of the important results of recent—and especially English—research, and since he usually gives the quotations (which make up three-fourths of his work) in the words of his authorities, translated into French but not otherwise changed, and as he enriches his pages with innumerable references, his epitome of the present state of knowledge will be found very valuable; it would have been more so if the quotations had been less frequently at secondhand. There can be no doubt that if the other two divisions, on the morphology and the philosophy of language, are executed on the same scale and in the same manner as the present part, M. de La Caille's *Glossologie*, apart from theories, will be one of the most important works on the subject yet published. It has grave defects, which we shall indicate, in method, and from the literary point of view it is open to severe criticism; but, if it is completed as it has been begun, it must, as a whole, be reckoned among the leading linguistic treatises of the time.

The present division of the work deals solely with the Physiology of Language, and the subject is arranged in sixteen chapters, of which the first and the last are mainly reviews of the linguistic theories previously advanced in sundry times and by diverse scholars, among whom Professor Max Müller receives at least his due share of criticism. In the first chapter the author takes occasion to vindicate his use of the term "glossology" in preference to "linguistique" and "comparative philology," on which it is only necessary to remark that the term, already introduced by Sir John Stoddart, needs no vindication, and ought to be universally adopted. Chapter ii. shows the importance of linguistic science for the natural history of man,

because it serves better than any other characteristic sign for a rational classification of the various human races; because the history of the development of language may be regarded as the history of the development of man; because this science is destined, I will not say to resolve the problem of origin—that is settled—but to demonstrate in its own department the hypothesis advanced by modern natural science; and because, as the inner manifestation of our higher organic functions, language must necessarily reveal to us the progress of our intellectual activity and explain to us the chief phenomena of our historical development.—P. 29.

The third to the eighth chapters are physiological, and treat of articulation, sound, the anatomy of the vocal organs, and the formation of speech. In all these there is little that is new, and the chapter on sound might have been omitted without injuring the work. The most interesting part is reached at Chapter ix., where a large collection of facts and observations relative to the sounds of animals, and especially the simious species, is gathered from Mr. Darwin, Mr. F. B. Tylor, and other authorities; and the author's theory becomes more explicit. In the two following chapters the speech of mankind is illustrated by a series of observations made by M. de La Caille on the first efforts at articulation essayed by his three children, and this is the only really original part of the work. "Evolution in Language," "The Life of Language," are the headings of the twelfth and thirteenth chapters; and a general *résumé*, an essay on the stratification of language, reproduced from F. Müller and Hovelacque, and a *chronologie linguistique*, bring the first part, "La Physiologie du Langage," to a close.

It must have been by accident that M. de La Caille printed the following remark:—"It is as useless to speculate upon the origin of language as to speculate upon the origin of mankind"; because the first thing that any reader will observe is that the book is full of speculations, and what is worse, positive assertions, on these very subjects. M. de La Caille belongs to the modern naturalist school of France, which has adopted Mr. Darwin's theories with more zeal than discretion, and which aims at applying them to every possible department of science. The danger of this lies in the application of the principle of evolution to matters about which we have not sufficient information. On many subjects the progress of discovery of late years has been so rapid that it is impossible to foresee what its future course may be or what revolutions of theory fresh information may produce. This is peculiarly the case with the study of language, in which every stage of advance has been regarded as the final truth, only to be presently demolished by the discovery of new materials. Schleicher and his numerous disciples are at present the last of the prophets; but it is possible that even they may in time be superseded. There is an air of peculiar fitness and completeness about the usually received theory of primary roots, the original phonetic types of language, which has been deduced from the minute analysis of the Indo-European vocabulary; but it must be remembered that in science, philological or other, though all things advance towards completeness, that completeness has never yet been attained; and that repeated failures have warned us to be cautious in announcing *eureka*. There are already many scholars who do not accept the theory of the recognition of primitive roots; at all events, as forming an actually or possibly spoken language; and the progress of discovery tends more and more to throw doubt on an hypothesis which, in spite of its apparent perfection, is not sufficiently elastic

\* *La Glossologie: essai sur la science expérimentale du Langage*. Par Antonio de La Caille, Privat-docent à l'Université de Genève, Membre de l'Institut National Génois. Avec une préface de M. Abel Hovelacque, Professeur de Linguistique à l'Institut Anthropologique de Paris. Première partie: La Physiologie du Langage. Paris: Maisonneuve et Cie. 1881.

to make room for the results of recent research. At the present moment a new force has been brought to bear upon existing linguistic theories; the young science of phonetics has already made several disastrous breaches in the ramparts of comparative philology, and has completely disposed of a great part of the so-called monosyllabic roots by showing them to be really of two syllables. But the growth of our scientific knowledge of the extreme East is doing perhaps more even than phonetics to shatter the favourite hypothesis of German glossologists and their extensive French following. Ethnology is now pointing unmistakably to the necessity of enlarging the Indo-European domain. We know now that the Aryan migrations were not confined to India and the westward stream, and that, besides tribes which remained in the original homeland, there are others in the extreme East which belong to the same white race, though probably they parted from it at an earlier stage than the Indian and Western emigrants. It is not long since M. G. Janneau sounded the alarm in the scarce book wherein he claimed an Aryan origin for the Cambodian language. Other discoveries since his time have proceeded in the same direction, and the old Indo-European system has really become untenable in many important respects. Many of the so-called monosyllabic roots are found to be decayed forms of longer words, which may be traced outside the ordinary bounds of the Indo-European group.

The uncertainty of the ground upon which linguistic theories are built renders it a matter of regret that M. de La Calle should have adopted so positive and assured a tone in speaking of the origin and the development of speech. The data upon which such theories as he propounds must rest are beyond our horizon; and it is idle to waste time and space upon theories which postulate the possession of the famous telescope which looks round the corner. To gather together all possible facts bearing upon the origin and growth of language is a worthy task; but it is unfortunate that it has not been performed without the introduction of much debatable matter. The attitude of the student of language should be one of cautious reserve; he must wait for the information which is wanting, not build his card-house on running water. M. de La Calle belongs to a school which does not understand reserve, and which has made up its mind upon everything. We cannot hope for any great gains to science from men who in spite of learning and ability are deficient in those prime conditions of true scientific research—diffidence and patience.

The two leading points upon which M. de La Calle lays most stress are these—first, he maintains that the difference between human speech and the sounds of animals is simply one of degree, not of kind, language being merely an evolution from animal sounds; and, secondly, he derives his views on language from the early efforts of children to speak, maintaining that “the formative processes of infantile speech in its early stage of intellectual development are identical, or, at least, very similar, to those which the people who speak the most rudimentary languages employ.” From the consideration of these rudimentary languages in conjunction with the speech of our children, “we may infer the general laws of development and establish the chief lines of evolution.” Such theories require to be supported by very strong evidence. But what is the evidence on which M. de La Calle relies? As a matter of fact our knowledge of the “rudimentary languages” is very imperfect, and much of it is based upon the observations of missionaries who were not properly qualified for the task of recording nice linguistic peculiarities. Again, the observations of the sounds of animals are as yet very incomplete, and it is hazardous to base any dogmatic opinion upon them. It is all very well to state that “the speech of man is nothing but the improvement of special aptitudes of the simious species,” but how much do we know of the special aptitudes of apes? M. de La Calle is much too ready to jump to conclusions on matters of which the wisest dares not risk an opinion, and not unfrequently his conclusions are opposed to the consensus of the learned, as, for example, when he assumes the appearance of man upon the earth in the tertiary period. Too often his views are founded on imperfect knowledge; whilst he refers to numerous obscure African and American dialects, he is strangely oblivious of the important data to be obtained from the East Asian languages; and whilst he quotes many indifferent writers in French, he is apparently unacquainted with the works of Sievers, Ellis, Sweet, and Buschmann. He states dogmatically that large brains are the necessary conditions of intelligence, and takes no notice of the contradiction afforded by the case of the elephant. He discusses the digital origin of numbers, but forgets to mention that the features of the face have served the same purpose. The comparison (p. 227) of the early guttural sounds of childhood with the Hottentot *clik* (not *clak*, as is erroneously stated) is wholly a mistake, and it is a little amusing to find M. Abel Hovelacque quoted as an authority on this subject. The curious blunder on p. 367 by which the Khasia population of 200,000 is converted into a region “deux cent milles” from the Bay of Bengal, reminds us of Pauthier’s confusion of bark and barque in translating the 107th key in *La Chine Nouvelle*. As a matter of fact the Khasia population is not 200,000, but 92,000. Many mistakes of an equally serious kind serve to show that M. de La Calle has not given sufficient study to his subject. The most remarkable omission, however, is with regard to accent. M. de La Calle does not appear to have duly appreciated the importance of accent in the history of language, for he scarcely alludes to it. A little compression of the less essential portions of his work

might well have been made in order to find room for so vital an element in glossology. But, perhaps, the omission may be explained by the fact that a consideration of the nature of accent is not likely to favour M. de La Calle’s theories of language.

The value of the new work on glossology, we must repeat, lies in its quotations, not in its original statements or theories. M. de La Calle may be right in many of his views, but he has not at present the necessary materials upon which to base such views—at the best they are guesses which may prove to be correct. Nevertheless, there is much that is suggestive, and a great deal that will be found very useful, in his book, and certainly there is no work in French that can compare with it. But it is difficult to excuse the objectionable habit of using long words where short ones would serve, and of coining obscure neologisms where there are already suitable words in the language. M. de La Calle loves to wrap his meaning in a cloud of scientific terms till it is scarcely visible; and he delights in inventing such expressions as *diversifications évolutives*, *évolution ontogénique et phylogénique*, *phonème*, *somatisme*, *harmonisation sonnantique*, and the like, which, to any one accustomed to classical French style, are intolerable; and such peculiarities of orthography as *hipothétique*, *cicle*, &c., seem to possess a special attraction for him. What is lacking in style is perhaps atoned for by the abundance of matter; but these literary faults throw some obstacles in the way of appreciating the real merits of the work.

#### LIFE IN WESTERN INDIA.\*

SOMEWHAT more than four years ago (April 14th, 1877) we reviewed a book in which Mrs. Guthrie had described her experiences of life in Belgaum, a favourite district of the Bombay Presidency, under the title of *My Year in an Indian Fort*. The success of that venture, and, we surmise, the encouragement of friends, have emboldened the author to give us two volumes about life above the Western Ghats. Travels in Bengal, the Upper Provinces, and the Himalayas so far outnumber works on Bombay and Madras that we are not indisposed to welcome publications which transport us to scenes identified with the exploits of Sevaji, the founder of the Marhatta power, and the splendour of Mohammedan sovereigns in the Deccan. Mrs. Guthrie has a pleasant way of looking at Indian exile; she never grumbles at the heat, the insects, or the waywardness of native servants; she can describe familiar and domestic objects with a light and graceful touch; and she managed to reach some places not often visited, where the air of novelty has not yet worn off. Few ladies acquire the power of speaking Marathi, and Mrs. Guthrie confesses her ignorance of that dialect, which predominates in the Bombay Presidency. Nor is this want compensated for by any remarkable proficiency in Hindustani or Urdu. The Deccani varieties of this polished language are well known, and would excite scorn and ridicule at Lucknow or Delhi. But Mrs. Guthrie might surely have submitted her chapters to the revision of one or more of the friends and relatives who accompanied her in her explorations. *Boag*, a tiger, for *bhag*, *Kurnes* for *Kurus*, *Judertha* for *Judhisthir*, *Tamasia* for *tamasha*, *Hanumat* for *Hanuman*, *Ficus* for *Ficus*, *nimbar* for *minbar* the Mussalman pulpit, and many other slips, might easily have been avoided without waiting for the critic’s knife. They are not grave errors, but, like the rent in Mr. Pyppe’s camel coat, they vex and annoy. Occasionally we suspect a slight misapprehension of the force of the term employed. A Hindu Raja is said to have founded certain Brahminical colleges in the town of Beejapore. His name is given as Bigam Rai, and the foundation as Bigam Halli. We suspect that the correct Hindu name is Bikram, and that by *Halli* is meant *Havli*, a suburb or part of a town. Dacoits, we are positive, are in most parts of India, and we believe in Bombay, not “tribes” at all, but gangs of ruffians made up of various tribes and castes. The Ramosis are correctly designated as a particular caste or hill tribe of thieves whom prudent Englishmen have long converted into night-watchmen. On one or two occasions Mrs. Guthrie allows her imagination a very wide range. In the Fort of Pratabguri she heard a chant proceeding from the house of a Brahman, whereupon she came to a rapid conclusion that the singers were giving out “that most affecting Vedic hymn to *Uhas*, the dawn.” We need hardly say that a modern Brahman’s ritual is not borrowed from the Vedas, and that it would require the strongest evidence to convince us that the daily prayers of a Konkani priest were based on those ancient documents. Mrs. Guthrie is rather fond of turning to more erudite works on India, such as those of Mrs. Manning for the Hindu religion, Mr. Fergusson for architecture, Grant-Duff for the history of the Marhattas, and the Life of the late Dr. Wilson and the narrative of Ferishta. A very little research would have enabled her to record the son of Arjuna, one of the five Pandus renowned for his archery, as Abhimanya, and not *Albimanque*. We charitably suppose that the name of the great Portuguese conqueror may have been running in her head when she was writing and thinking of the Mahabharat. *Albimanque* is, however, neither Sanskrit nor Portuguese.

It is a more pleasant duty to turn to Mrs. Guthrie’s descriptions of scenery, native costumes, and botanical life. She has an eye

\* *Life in Western India*. By Mrs. Guthrie. Author of “Through Ruaria,” “My Year in an Indian Fort,” &c. 2 vols. London: Hurn & Blackett. 1882.



for all that is picturesque and grand or soft and attractive in Oriental landscapes. Whether it is a big banyan tree, a forest in itself covering an area of more than three acres; or ferns, fuchsias, Dhaturas, wild tobacco, and hedges of roses; or a gorgeous sunset followed by a night so luminous that small print could be read with the naked eye; or a frowning precipice surmounted by a fort impregnable to all but British valour; or the black cotton soil and the treeless plains of the Deccan; or the squalor and degradation of Goa; or the exquisite finish of palaces and tombs raised by Mohammedan generals who had made themselves independent of Delhi: her observation is always intelligent, her description vivid, and her style elegant and clear. Driven away from Mahabaleshwar by the tremendous rainfall against which houses have actually to be protected by an additional roofing of teak leaves, long grass, and bamboos and canes, the author makes some pleasant excursions down the coast and into the interior, and occasionally her sex gave her admission to phases of native society barred against the Collector or Commissioner. She could be present at the house of mourning, and she attended a marriage feast in which the guests were all women, or, if she was not actually present on the occasion, she describes the scene excellently at second-hand. She witnessed a native play which was taken from the scenes in the Mahabharat, and another of more modern cast, in which Rajput princes and Mohammedan ambassadors are brought on the stage; and we gather that, in Dr. Johnson's language, the Whig dogs—that is, the Sultan or Shah and his followers—were not allowed to have the best of it. Native schools where the punishments would amaze a Board representative from Marylebone or Hackney; the house of a native Jain merchant, with its incongruous English pictures and coloured glass ornaments; a wrestling match; and the hospital for sick animals at Bombay are all well described. But the most interesting chapters in the two volumes treat of the famous falls of the Gairsoppa and the splendid desolation of Beejapore. We will take the former first. This wonderful cataract lies out of the beaten track in the kingdom of Mysore, but at no very great distance from the station of Honore or Honalivar, in the district of Northern Canara. The party of the author went by boat, and then by a conveyance peculiar to the Western Presidency, called a *mancheel*, which is a sort of substitute for a palanquin or a *dhooli*, with a thick roof and open sides. It is admitted to be uncomfortable, for if you sit upright in this vehicle you throw your weight unfairly on the bearers, while if you recline you are lost in bundles and pillows. However, the sight of the falls at the close of a night of discomfort was an adequate reward. In the rainy season the volume of water comes down in one solid mass, and takes a leap of nearly nine hundred feet into a basin of rock. In the dry weather there is still one considerable stream and three others of smaller dimensions, to which Englishmen have assigned the appellations of the Raja, La Dame Blanche, the Rocket, and the Hoarer—all very expressive. Seen from below, the view almost rivals Niagara; while above, a bungalow, of somewhat doubtful solidity, with an unpleasant overhanging gallery, enables sight-seers to look down on the precipices furrowed by the raging torrents and on the white mist that conceals the abyss to which they descend. The magnificence of the spectacle is enhanced by the surroundings. Teak trees of huge bulk form a contrast to the sago-palms, and to cotton or *simul* trees, with their red flowers that enclose a very short staple. There is a thick undergrowth of ferns and flag-leaved plants, out of which spring up pepper vines and arums, the wild mango-tree and an inferior kind of cinnamon. No large native bazaar is at hand to suggest degrading associations, nor is there any English station of which the residents might be tempted to get up midday picnics and moonlight excursions to "view the falls." The prints of the bison and the nilghau were seen on the path just trodden by the visitors, and even an occasional wild elephant may visit the spot. It, happily, will be a long time before these falls become the birthright of the ordinary traveller. Time and methodical arrangements are indispensable for the trip, and the neighbourhood at certain seasons is feverish and unhealthy.

Beejapore is sixty miles from Sholapore, a station, as well as that of Ahmednuggur, now accessible by rail. The splendours of this city have been commemorated by the Mohammedan historian Ferishta, and by Mr. Fergusson, our great authority on Indian temples, palaces, and caves. Meadows Taylor's last work, *A Noble Queen*, transports us to that part of India, and numismatologists are often busy with coins of the reign of Adil Shah. But it is worth the reader's while to hear a lady's account of a ruined capital, visited with the comforts that Anglo-Indian authority and management can command. A wide plain, watered by flowing rivers the affluents of the Kistna, studded with crumbling fortifications, and full of cotton plants with their bursting capsules, are suggestive of ancient predatory warfare as well as of modern wars. We rather share Mrs. Guthrie's scruples about the propriety of converting the tombs and mosques of the "faithful" into a temporary residence for officials and sight-seers. There is no doubt that Sheikh and Moulavis view these transformations with no friendly eyes, and in the instance before us there seems no reason why all the party at Beejapore should not have been accommodated in the tents of which we hear something. However, Englishmen cooked, ate, and slept where crowds of Mohammedans had once worshipped; and the rays of the morning sun flashing on pillars and domes and pointed arches, as seen from the mosque of Adil Shah or the tomb of Ibrahim, must be superior to any one view obtainable at Agra and may well rival the ruins of

Delhi. The fortifications that surround Beejapore are said to be six miles in circumference, which, if we remember right, is about the measure of the outside walls of Futtahpore Sikri. How the roof of one great dome is supported appears to have been a mystery even to Mr. Fergusson, who explains it by the extraordinary skill acquired in the use of concrete by native builders. The patterns of the interior display all the variety and brilliancy of colour familiar to those who have seen the best specimens of Upper India. The white marble, the carved woodwork, the noble walls, lined with stone and filled with pure water, the granite pillars some prostrate on the ground, the hall of justice, the towers of five and of seven stories, and the huge pieces of ordnance, one of them having a muzzle nearly five feet in diameter, form a striking contrast to the desolate plains round the city, and the poor and scanty population which extracts a subsistence from the black soil. The explanation of this startling contrast must be sought for in other causes than some terrible misgovernment on the part either of the East India Company or the Crown. In the first place, little more than a century and a half sufficed to raise all these magnificent structures. In that space of time more of the scorpion than the whip must have been applied, and a deal more must also have been laid on the population than native communities, squeezed as they usually are, are able to bear. Then, during the Mohammedan supremacy, irrigation had been largely provided for by aqueducts which speedily went to ruin. That terrible scabies or disease in the soil, the *Reh* or salt efflorescence, has made its appearance and has cursed large tracts with barrenness. But the most potent cause of the decline and fall of the Beejapore Empire was probably the rise of the Mahrattas after the death of Aurungzebe. No civilization is proof against these raiders. Other races and conquerors have left splendid or worthy memorials behind them. The Hindu Raja had his tanks and his temples; the Mohammedan his mosques, his mausoleums, and even his canals; the Buddhist excavated gigantic rock caves; but the Mahratta rose up to plunder and lay down to slay and eat. He was an excellent horseman, he made long marches, and he built a good many forts; but it would be difficult to say what other worthy legacies of his supremacy deserve remembrance.

Altogether, this record of homely pleasures and not very easy excursions to ancient and modern capitals is instructive as well as amusing. We need hardly warn Mrs. Guthrie against the temptation to "get up" more Indian subjects simply in order to write about them; and we trust that her success may not delude all Anglo-Indian ladies into the belief that it is a comparatively easy task to write two readable volumes because they have witnessed a strange sight or two on the hills and plains of India.

#### MISS BRADDON'S WAVERLEY NOVELS.\*

WE have already dealt with Miss Braddon's abridgments of Scott's novels from one point of view. We shall now, in accordance with our undertaking, consider them from another. We shall examine the way in which she has performed her task. We shall consider what claim she has to that "reverential regard to their peculiar merits and characteristics," to that "ardent admiration for the great master of Modern Fiction," which, if we may trust her or her publishers, so greatly distinguish her. We shall see how far "every one engaged in the education of youth," how far "all lovers of pure literature," how far "the Clerical and Scholastic Professions" generally, should respond to the call which she or her publishers make upon them "to vie with one another in making known this earnest endeavour to bring these Masterpieces of Fiction and of Historical Research within the reach of the humblest capacity and of the most slender means," and "to secure, at the earliest possible moment, the widest circulation of the NEW PENNY EDITION" of Scott's novels. "My father," says Francis Osbaldistone, in *Rob Roy*, "is a man who hates dissimulation in others, never practises it himself, and is peculiarly alert in discovering motives through the colouring of language." A Mr. Osbaldistone of the present day might well ask, supposing that all be true that is asserted by Miss Braddon speaking for her publishers, or by her publishers speaking for her, granting her and them even such zeal for the dissemination of pure literature as converts alone possess, why on the outside cover of each book does it stand printed *The Waverley Novels, Copyright Edition*? It is true that in the next three lines is added, "Abridged and edited by M. E. Braddon." But that comes too late. The trick has been already played. It is not of Miss Braddon's hash of *The Waverley Novels*, but of *The Waverley Novels* themselves, that the impudent claim is apparently put forward that we here have the copyright edition. The authors of the appeal which we have just quoted, whoever they may be, may perhaps find that those engaged in the education of youth, the lovers of pure literature, and the clerical and scholastic professions generally will here stop short, and will refuse to put any trust in the earnest appeal which awaits them on the other side of the cover. Even if they can swallow down the words "copyright edition," yet surely they will pause when they come to such an announcement as the following—*ROB ROY, PRICE ONE PENNY, COMPLETE*. Yet, to quote old Andrew Fairservice, "It's hard,

\* *The Waverley Novels*. Copyright Edition. Abridged and Edited by M. E. Braddon.—*Rob Roy*. Price One Penny complete. London: J. & K. Maxwell.

very hard, that a man cannot be believed when he speaks Heaven's truth, just because he's whiles overcome, and tells less a little when there is necessary occasion."

We have thought that we could form a better judgment of Miss Braddon's "reverential regard to the peculiar merits and characteristics of Scott's novels" were we to confine our attention to one of her hashes, or essences, or abridgments, or penny editions, or whatever she may call them. We have chosen *Rob Roy*. It took Scott the better part of one year to write this fine story. By Miss Braddon it has been cut down in about a fortnight. She, we imagine, would have spoken to Scott about his novel in much the same way as Mr. Osbaldistone spoke to his son about the letter in which the young man declined to follow commerce:—"There is much more," my father said, 'to the same effect, occupying four good pages of paper, which a little attention to perspicuity and distinctness of expression might have comprised within as many lines.' Now, if the story of *Rob Roy* were all that had to be told, we at once admit that in the thirty-two pages which Miss Braddon allows herself, it might have been done. But she is not content with telling the story; she alters it. She not only abridges Scott—she improves him. She recasts the plot, she suppresses whole characters, she corrects his Scotch, and she adds touches to his humour. To describe what she does there is need of a new word, and a new word must therefore be coined. She "Braddonizes" him. The great writer of whom we are all so proud, on whichever side of the Tweed we were born—on whichever side of the Atlantic we ought rather to say—who in our youth has cheated us of our hours of play, and who, as life advances, has many a time given us a blessed, if but a short, freedom from pain and troubles, has been turned into a vulgar ranter, who would deserve to be bisected off the boards of a booth in a country fair. As he is shown to us in this penny edition, he would disgrace even a penny theatre. It is, indeed, hard to avoid the belief that Miss Braddon has hashed a hash, and that she has gone not to *Rob Roy* the novel, but to *Rob Roy* in its dramatized form. There are more passages than one, as we shall presently show, which seem arranged with a view to the gods of the gallery. We scarcely know which excite our contempt more—her suppressions or her additions. At times we are more astonished at the folly which leads her to give but one line to Sir Iliedbrand and all his elder sons, to reduce Andrew Fairservice to utter insignificance, to assign to Diana Vernon a part as petty as it is ridiculous, to pass over altogether the wretched creature Morris and his awful end in the waters of the lake, and to give just three lines to *Rob Roy's* escape at the ford. But before long our wonder is transferred to the barefaced impudence which leads a writer to try to add force to the great Sir Walter's plot and vivacity to his incidents, to improve on his humour and to correct his Scotch. That she makes the greatest blunders in the story is only what might be expected. She represents Sir Iliedbrand and his sons as being arrested on suspicion of treasonable practices in the first chapter, before Frank has left Osbaldistone Hall for Glasgow. Her story opens with a ridiculous scene which for its folly would be a disgrace even to one of Miss Braddon's own novels. Owen, one of the best of the minor characters of *Rob Roy*, is made to meet a stranger at an inn. "'O my poor bones,' groaned he, 'the firm of my constitution has been worse shaken than the great house of Osbaldistone & Co.'" He at once informs "the unknown" of the object of his journey to Glasgow, and gives him an account of his master's son and nephew. "'Fare ye weel, Mr. Owen,' replied the Scot, rising to depart. 'I must go to the Hall,' he said to himself, as he went out; 'Sir Frederick may want me. Rashleigh in the North! then the heather will soon be on fire.'" As he goes out, Frank comes in. Owen tells him the news, and bids him "repair to Glasgow, and assist my poor endeavours." Frank at once replies, "'It shall, it must be so; this very hour I'll bid adieu to the bewitching Diana Vernon, and seek this destroyer, this Rashleigh! Set forward, Owen, instantly. . . . O Diana! must we, then, part?' 'Diana!' exclaimed Owen. 'Ah love, love!'"

In the second chapter Sir Frederick Vernon is introduced, with his daughter Diana, "a girl of powerful intellect and many charms, but of a dauntless and somewhat masculine character." He warns her against her cousin Frank's penetration. "'Rely on my discretion, sir,' replied Diana submissively." He next bids her remember that she is either devoted to a cloister or the betrothed bride of Rashleigh. "'The bride of Rashleigh! never, never!' she exclaimed when she found herself alone; 'any lot rather than that—the convent, the jail, the grave! I must act as becomes the descendant of a noble ancestry.'" She thereupon sends for Frank and takes leave of him. Their parting is thus described by Scott. "'Adieu, Frank; we may never meet more—but sometimes think on your friend Die Vernon.' She extended her hand, but I clasped her to my bosom. She sighed as she extricated herself from the embrace which she permitted, escaped to the door which led to her own apartment, and I saw her no more." The following is Miss Braddon's abridgment:—"O Frank! we are now to part, perhaps never to meet more. In the world, away from me, you may find a being less influenced by evil fortunes and evil times." "Never, never," cried Francis, as he clasped her hand, and would fain have drawn her to his breast, 'the world can afford me nothing to repay the loss of her I must leave behind me.'" We notice, by the way, in the puff of these pennyworths of mince-meat that it is hoped that, "whatever objection may have been felt hitherto by the Cleric and the Layman to placing fiction before children of tender years, the New Penny Edition will be found to

satisfy every scruple, and to realize every requirement." Can it be the case that maidenly modesty has taken offence, or, at all events, thinks that the Cleric and the Layman might take offence, at "clasped her to my bosom," and has therefore substituted "would fain have drawn her to his breast"? Is Saul also among the prophets? And yet, strange to say, we find put into the mouth of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, when he is speaking of his kinswoman Helen Macgregor, an indelicate expression which we certainly cannot discover in our copy of Scott.

But to pass on with the story, Frank receives from Miss Vernon the packet which he is not to open till ten days before the bills are due. So far Miss Braddon keeps to the original. But she makes Frank reach Glasgow—a good hundred miles from Osbaldistone Hall—within twenty-four hours after taking leave of Diana. Even before he gets his supper he enters the Tolbooth. There he is reminded that the time had elapsed, and he instinctively draws out the packet. She has read *Rob Roy* so carelessly that she does not notice that Frank's ride took some days, as indeed it must have done, considering the distance he traversed, the roughness of the ways, and "the broken-winded and spavined pony" on which his guide rode. Not only is the time cut down, but the fine scene in the Glasgow church is altogether left out. The meeting with *Rob Roy* on the bridge is thus managed. Frank says to Fairservice, "See the horses taken care of and order something for my supper; while it's preparing, I shall walk here upon the bridge." In the prison scene it is that we first notice the improvements in Scott's humour and language. It is not easy to show the changes that have been made, for a scrap has been taken from here and a scrap from there; they have been next adorned, and then tacked together. According to Scott, *Rob Roy* at the gaol-door said, "'Dougla! man! hae ye forgotten Ha nun Gregarach?' 'Deil a bit, deil a bit,' was the ready and lively response. . . . 'It's lang since she's seen ye.'" In the penny hash it thus runs:—"Dougla, you have not forgotten me?" said the unknown, extending his hand graciously to the turnkey, "Och, te'il a pit! to'il a pit!" cried the turnkey, . . . 'it's lang sin' she wadna sae't ye.'" According to Scott, Dougla takes Frank up to Owen's dungeon, and leading him in says, "'She's sleeping.' 'She! who? Can it be Diana Vernon in this abode of misery?' In the penny hash, as soon as Dougla said "It's lang sin' she wadna sae't ye," it thus follows:—"She! she seen him," thought Francis, . . . 'It is, then, a female to whom I am conducted, or is it merely the dialect of his country in which that animal expresses himself?' One of the changes made is absurd enough. "'How's this? how's this?' said Nicol Jarvie—'strangers in the jail after lock-up hours.'" Miss Braddon thus improves on the passage—"Hoo's this? Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock, up hours!" When we consider all the changes that are made in the Glasgow dialect, we can scarcely believe that she is such a mistress of it as, with all her audacity, to have ventured on the changes herself. Johnson, we remember, said that Bolingbroke had hired a beggarly Scotchman for half-a-crown to publish his Philosophy. No Scotchman, we feel sure, but a beggarly one—one, that is, who was reduced to the condition of a beggar—could be got to meddle with Sir Walter's Scotch. Such men, unhappily, are to be found among the hack writers in all nations, and the services of such a man may have been in the present case secured.

In the third chapter we make the acquaintance of Rashleigh. Tom Davies—the Tom Davies who had a pretty wife—somewhere or other describes an author or an actor as one "who lent a distinguished glare to tyrannic rage." Such a glare does Miss Braddon lend to Rashleigh. He comes before the footlights with a dependent, to whom he says that Frank "is a basilisk in my sight, and has been an insurmountable barrier to my dearest hopes." Then, with a warning frown, he orders the man not to breathe a syllable to any human being of the business which the Government has entrusted to his direction, and bids him depart. Having the stage all to himself, he indulges in a soliloquy:—"Cursed infatuation! Yet I repine not. Rejected by her I loved, scorned by him I would have served, they shall at least find the false friend and the renegade knows how to resent those insults." We pass on to the scene at the Clachan of Aberfoil. A certain humorous turn is given to the English captain, who is made to say sarcastically, "Mr. Bailie Jarvie" (the italics are part of the hash, and not ours). Dignity, moreover, is added to the scene. The corporal who was bidden to hang Dougla receives from Miss Braddon promotion to the rank of sergeant. "Now, Muse, let's sing of mice," at first wrote the author of the "Sugar Cane." "Mice," we are told, was afterwards altered to *rats*, as more dignified. After the captain and his men had marched off, "Rob Roy and Rashleigh emerged from their ambush at the back of the hut." Surely no one but Mr. Vincent Crummies could have imagined such a scene. This ambush and this emerging is not, we undertake to say, of Miss Braddon's devising. It bears all the marks of a hand long practised in turning good novels into ridiculous dramas.

We have neither patience nor time to follow this abridger and editor through all her silliness. We must pass to the last chapter. The curtain falls on the shores of Loch Lomond, with all the chief characters before the footlights. Helen Macgregor makes a speech of three lines; and *Rob Roy* makes one still more brief. Frank muses. "What a wayward fate is mine! My father's peace of mind is happily restored, but mine, with Diana, is lost for ever." At this moment a dark figure emerged from the obscurity for an instant, only to withdraw into it again. Three

lines lower down two figures appeared ascending towards Frank. "Amazement," cried Francis. "Dianna Vernon and——" "Her father," interrupted Dianna. "Do not involve yourself in my fate," said Sir Frederick; "protect my child, but leave me to suffer. I am familiar with danger, and prepared to meet it." "Meet it then here!" exclaimed the low and resonant tones of a voice which was but too familiar to all three; and Rashleigh, springing out of the woodland shadows, stood before them a figure full of menace. He was followed by a band of soldiers. The cry was heard of "Gregarach." "In another moment Rob Roy rushed upon the scene, followed by his Highlanders." Rashleigh is killed in five lines. Sir Frederick, turning to Francis, said, "You, young man, have proved yourself worthy of my child, and to you I give her." A dozen more lines and the curtain falls.

Does Miss Braddon remember what was done with the mighty Effreet who was so vast that his head was in the clouds while his feet rested upon the ground, when once he had been so much abridged that he was got into a vessel of brass. He was given to a Jinn, and by him he was cast into the sea. The spirit at length escaped from its brazen prison, and he indignantly kicked it back into the waves where it and he had so long lain. There it has lain in utter obscurity—a memorable lesson to all abridgers.

#### EIGHTEEN CENTURIES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.\*

IT would in any case be an ambitious and somewhat perilous enterprise to compress into one volume a history of the Church of England from the apostolic age to our own, beginning with St. Paul's alleged visit to Britain—of which we shall have a word to say presently—and ending with a discussion of the assaults of the Liberation Society and the merits of Ritualism. But we have a further objection to Mr. Hore's scheme of presenting English Churchmen with "an unbroken narrative of their Church from its commencement to the present day"—meaning thereby from the first century—for the simple reason that no such unbroken continuity of "their Church" exists. He is anxious to insist that the English Church was not "founded by the State at the Reformation"; and of course it is true—what-ever may be thought of the ecclesiastical changes then introduced, some of which he strongly condemns himself—that the same historical body, with its prelates, clergy, and corporations, which existed when Henry VIII. came to the throne has continued, with the brief episode of the Commonwealth, down to our own day. It is also true that "a Christian Church existed in this country of ours long before the Germans converted Britain into England." But it is not true that the Anglo-Saxon Church founded by St. Augustine, from which the present English Church is lineally descended, is identical with the British Church which it superseded, though both may have been equally orthodox and equally parts of the great Catholic community; that is quite another question. As Bishop Forbes expresses it, "the founder of the existing Church of England is Pope Gregory the Great." If, therefore, Mr. Hore had proved, as he has not, the apostolic origin of the British Church, he would not thereby have proved "its antiquity, and the succession of its bishops, and its identity with our Church of the present day," which traces its descent not from the British but the Anglo-Saxon Church. And, indeed, he virtually admits this, when in his Appendix he gives "the succession of the Archbishops of Canterbury from the Apostles," by first tracing them up to St. Augustine, and then giving a list of Popes from St. Peter to Gregory I., though Augustine was consecrated not by Pope Gregory, but by Virgilius, Bishop of Arles. There is evidently some confusion in his mind on this matter of the British Church, as appears from his making it a great point that "a Roman Catholic writer, not generally very favourable to the Anglican Church, readily admits" that Christianity was probably introduced into England during the Apostolic age. Charles Butler was a highly respectable, but not very critical writer, and we suspect that on this point he was mistaken; but his testimony is neither more nor less valuable from the fact of his being a Roman Catholic, for it matters nothing to the Roman controversy either way when or by whom the British Church was founded. Mr. Hore would have done wisely, we think, to omit his Part I. on the British Church, or at least to confine it to a single prefatory chapter, and he would certainly have done well to be more cautious in his statements about its origin. It may or may not be true that the church of Glastonbury was the oldest Christian church in Britain, or even in the whole world, but it shows an odd idea of the value of evidence to cite among the "abundant proofs" of it the testimony of Fuller and Archbishop Usher, who lived sixteen centuries afterwards. Nor is there a shadow of early authority for the conjecture that St. Paul preached either in Gaul or Britain, though there is some evidence of his having visited Spain. Mr. Hore tells us that "there is good authority in the Fathers for believing that by Galatia, mentioned 2 Tim. iv. 10, Gaul is meant, and that St. Paul came to Gaul," from whence he would easily pass over into Britain. The earliest ostensible authority for this notion is that of Sophronius, in the middle of the seventh century, and even the statement quoted as his is not to be found in his extant writings. Alford dismisses this interpretation of Galatia as purely conjectural. As for the hopelessly corrupt condition of the British Church, and its refusal to take any steps for converting

"the hated Saxons," Mr. Hore cites the testimony not only of Bede but of Gildas, one of these British Christians, and he might therefore have been somewhat less severe on Augustine for the very moderate demands he made upon them to join him in converting the heathen, and to adopt, not the "Roman" custom, as he words it, but the Catholic, in the observance of Easter and the administration of baptism. There were several Roman usages from which the British differed, about which Augustine said nothing, but their difference about the time of Easter did not arise, as our author seems to imagine, from a preference for the Oriental method, but simply from their having, through long isolation from the rest of Europe, lost the right computation which had been fixed three centuries before at the Council of Arles, where British bishops were present, and at the Œcumenical Council of Nice, whose authority they fully acknowledged.

Mr. Hore divides his narrative into seven parts, the first comprising the British, the second the Anglo-Saxon, the third the Anglo-Norman Church, between which and the Reformation Era he rather oddly inserts "Part IV., the Anglo-Roman Church," which is explained by the equally odd statement in the preface that "the course of the Church of Rome for more than three hundred years flowed in much the same channel as that of our own Church." If by the Church of Rome he means the local Roman Church, the statement is unintelligible; if he means, as of course he does, the Western Church in connexion with Rome, the English, like every other national Church in Europe, did not "flow in the same channel with it," but formed a part of it down to the sixteenth century. And, as though he had not already more than enough matter for his very limited space, Mr. Hore has introduced into this "Anglo-Roman" Part a bird's-eye view of the growth of the Papacy for the first fifteen centuries. It is drawn fairly enough from the ordinary anti-papal point of view, but it was obviously impossible to deal to any purpose with so vast a theme in a chapter of thirty pages, and the author had much better have let it alone, as it forms no part of the proper subject of his volume, and there are plenty of excellent works about it easily accessible to his readers. His narrative improves both in accuracy and soundness of judgment as it comes further down, though the inevitable brevity, not to say curtness of treatment, involved in the plan cannot but make it unsatisfactory reading for those who wish to gain a real grasp of any period of the history. We are glad to see that Mr. Hore has escaped the common error, exposed by Dean Hook, of classing the Ultramontane and persecuted Bishop Peacock among "Reformers before the Reformation." His estimate of the character of the leading persons concerned in the events of the Reformation is just, though he has not sufficient room to justify it. We give as a fair specimen of this, and of the general style—which is apt at times to be faulty—the characters of Gardiner and Cranmer:

The character of Gardiner is much misunderstood, and in the minds of many people is associated with that of Bonner in the cruelties of this reign. No mistake could be greater. Gardiner probably was not averse to the burning of a heretic (few people in those days were), least of all Cranmer. Gardiner had manfully withstood the ultra-reforming spirit of the late reign, which Cranmer had so greatly encouraged. He had himself been persecuted; but how did he behave when he was restored to power? His bitterest enemy had been the Duke of Northumberland; yet when the duke was a prisoner in the Tower, he visited him, and pleaded for his life. No one could have opposed him more than did Peter Martyr; yet, when it was proposed that the Reformer should be called upon to answer for his conduct, Gardiner, at that time Lord Chancellor, not only exerted his influence in his favour, but supplied him with the means of departing from the country. Cranmer, a comparatively unknown man, had been appointed over his head to the primacy; through Cranmer he had been committed to prison under Edward VI.; yet to him on one occasion Cranmer owed his liberty, and to the last Gardiner did all in his power to save him.

No one will reproach Cranmer that he had not the gift of fortitude; but not having that gift himself, he will always be blamed for want of feeling, and committing others to a cruel and untimely death. But truth compels one to confess that in no sense is he entitled to the appellation of martyr. A martyr is one that dies *willingly*, rather than renounce his opinions. Cranmer both renounced his opinions, and died *unwillingly*: he renounced his opinions more than once, and although it is unjust to reflect upon him that he might have done the same again to save his life, it is nothing to say he recanted his recantation when his life was forfeited. He only did what others do when they are at the point of death, and all hope of pardon in this life is excluded.

There seems to be no proof that the Second Prayer-book of Edward VI. either received the sanction of Convocation or ever came into general use; only three editions were printed, and these so badly that further publication was stopped by an order of Council September 27, 1552. Neither is it clear that the forty-two Articles received any sanction of Convocation; they were only circulated by Order of Council two months before the King's death. If the following account of the state of things in the early part of Elizabeth's reign is substantially correct, as we believe it is, it seems only natural to suppose that the famous "Advertisements," of which we have heard so much of late, were intended, as the author says, rather to prescribe the minimum than the maximum of allowable ritual; he adds that they had only episcopal authority, and there is no evidence to show that the Queen even saw them:—

In 1564 Cecil complained to the queen of the incongruous manner in which the services of the Church were celebrated. Some said the service in the chancel, some in the body of the church, some in a seat made in the church, some in the pulpit facing the people, some in surplices, some without: In some churches the holy table was in the body of the chancel, in some in the middle of the church, in some altar-wise near the wall, some—

\* *Eighteen Centuries of the Church of England.* By the Rev. A. H. Hore, M.A. Parker & Co. 1881.

times with a carpet on it, and sometimes without any covering. Some celebrated the Holy Communion in surplice and cope, some with only surplice, some with neither; some with a chalice, others with a common cup; some with leavened, others with common bread; some received kneeling, others standing or sitting; some baptized in a font, making the sign of the cross; some in a basin without the sign; some celebrated baptism in a surplice, others without; some went about in a square cap, others a round; some in scholar's clothes, and some without.

It is "a far cry" from Queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of the eighteenth century, but external religion, in spite of the Laudian revival, had then sunk to so low an ebb that Bishop Butler was actually charged with Popery, and even reported to have joined the Church of Rome, because he put up a cross in his private chapel, while "in 1777 Archbishop Cornwallis, of Canterbury, was met with 'No Popery' cries, because, aided by Bishop Porteus—then of Ochester, and afterwards of London—he had advocated an observance of Good Friday, which at that time had become obsolete." It was openly said that his "arrogance" in causing the shops to be shut on that day would soon be followed by "the elevation of the Host and Crucifix to prostrate crowds in dirty streets." And unfortunately this laxity in outward observance had not been compensated by any increased energy in the spiritual action of the Church, but the reverse. Accordingly, by the end of the eighteenth century what religious life survived in the nation was rapidly drifting in the direction of Dissent:—

At the beginning of the present century, dissent had been increasing with rapid strides. Sherlock states that at the end of the seventeenth century dissenters were only in proportion of one to twenty, at the death of George I. they were one to twenty-five, Churchmen. In 1736 there were only six meeting-houses in North Wales, and thirty-five in the whole principality, whilst there were 850 churches. Then came the movements under Wesley and Whitfield, which, drifting away gradually from the Church, reanimated the languishing Nonconformity of the country, in which they were powerfully aided by the influence of Lady Huntingdon, whose numerous chaplains seceded and formed Independent and Baptist congregations. Cleaver, Bishop of Chester, in his charge of 1790, complains of those "who sought the Orders of our Church with a view to set at defiance her ordinances, to depreciate her Ministry, and to seduce her members into their unhallowed conventicles, under the arrogant and false pretensions of being themselves exclusively Gospel preachers."

The Evangelical movement greatly increased the number of dissenters: Evangelical clergy frequently either became dissenters themselves, or more frequently led their hearers to become so: no fewer than thirteen young men, converted by Venn, entered the ministry, chiefly as Independents; Rowland Hill had his meeting-house in London, and only after great difficulty, and being refused by six bishops, obtained deacon's orders; whilst John Newton, at Olney, with a parish of 2,500, succeeded in emptying his church, and filling the parish with dissenters and Antinomians. Through such means, when, by reason of the rapid growth of our manufacturing, dense populations were swarming from villages into towns, and had neither churches to attend, nor clergy to look after them; when the Church had fallen asleep, dissent assumed vitality; the meeting-houses in Wales increased from thirty-five to one thousand; so that at the beginning of the present century, Nonconformity had grown from one twenty-fifth to at least one-fourth of the population; when George IV. became king, dissent, and not the Church, was in possession of the large towns; by the time that William IV. succeeded him, dissent had become a power in the State.

In the present day Mr. Hore computes that either Nonconformists of all kinds are in a minority varying from 22 to 28 per cent. or that a large proportion of Protestant Dissenters prefer to be married and buried with the rites of the Established Church. He holds, however, "that there is a gravitation of Dissenters towards the Church," and proceeds to dilate on "the peculiar advantages" of the English Church, not only for conciliating Nonconformists, but promoting the reunion of Christendom generally. Many of our readers probably are familiar with the well-known passage of De Maistre—not *Le Maistre*, as our author calls him—on this subject. But as De Maistre was not only "one of the strictest sect of Ultramontane opinions," but was the recognized leader of the great Ultramontane reaction of the earlier part of this century, which gives additional force to his certainly remarkable testimony, it may be worth while to put his words on record here (we have taken the liberty of correcting the numerous misprints):—

Si jamais les Chrétiens se rapprochent, comme tout les y invite, il semble que la motion doit partir de l'Eglise d'Angleterre. Le Presbytérianisme fut une œuvre Française, et par conséquent une œuvre exagérée. Nous sommes trop éloignés des sectateurs d'un culte trop peu substantiel; il n'y a pas moyen de nous entendre, mais l'Eglise Anglicaine, qui nous touche d'une main, touche de l'autre ceux que nous ne pouvons toucher; et quoique sous un certain point de vue, elle soit en butte aux coups des deux parties, et qu'elle présente le spectacle un peu ridicule d'un révolté qui prêche l'obéissance, cependant elle est très-précieuse sous d'autres aspects, et peut être considérée comme un de ces intermédiaires chimiques, capables de rapprocher des éléments inassociables de leur nature.

It may be well in conclusion to point out a few specimens of the many blunders scattered over the volume, which are not perhaps to be wondered at in a work embracing so wide a period, but which the author would do well to correct if it should reach a second edition. We are told in one place that "King Alfred patronized John Scotus Erigena, the opponent of Transubstantiation," and the following footnote is appended:—

In the time of Erigena, a French monk named Paschasius Radbert first taught the doctrine of Transubstantiation as it is now taught by the Church of Rome. Erigena strongly opposed this novel doctrine; and in consequence Nicholas I. wrote to Charles the Bald, at whose court he resided, to banish him from France; this induced him to come to England.

The statement that Paschasius Radbert—who, as Neander says, merely advocated "that view which had commonly prevailed from the time of Gregory the Great"—first taught Transubstantiation is sufficiently inaccurate, but the assertions about Erigena are worse than inaccurate. That a writer who, according to

Milman, became a pantheist, while others excuse him as halting on the verge of pantheism, was opposed to the ordinary teaching of the Church on the Eucharist, as on many other subjects, is more than probable; but that he wrote a tract in reply to Paschasius Radbert is a later conjecture based, as Lauf has shown in his *Studien und Kritiken*, on a confusion between his works and those of Ratramnus, the leading opponent of Paschasius. It follows of course that the notion of his being banished from France on this ground is a conjecture based on a conjecture, and a perfectly worthless one, while the story of his taking refuge at Alfred's "newly founded University of Oxford" rests on a mere vague rumour, probably based on a confusion of his name with that of John the Saxon. The next mistake we shall notice is less important, but more inexcusably careless. We are told in one page that Archbishop Theobald "admitted Becket to deacon's orders," and that "as a deacon" he had various pieces of preferment given him, ending with the archdeaconry of Canterbury; in the next page we are told that he was "only in minor orders" when appointed to the primacy. The two statements are incompatible, and both are incorrect. Becket was ordained deacon on his appointment to the archdeaconry of Canterbury—therefore of course before he was elected Archbishop—but he had held his various other preferments when only in minor orders. When Mr. Hore tells us that "the cost of Wycliffe's Bible in 1429 was 2*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*, when money was about the tenth of its present value," we presume he means about ten times its present value. To say that the persecutions and punishments of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth were not political but religious because the victims were "traitors," is only true in the same sense, and hardly to the same extent, as may be said of the punishment of heretics under Mary, for which the author offers no such excuse. The practice of the Roman Catholic religion was made a capital offence under Elizabeth, and many were put to death for this alone who were not disaffected to the Government; on the other hand, many of those executed under Mary were notoriously "traitors." It is equally incorrect to say that Campion the Jesuit openly advocated the cause of Philip, King of Spain, and was executed for this. The precise point which led to Campion's condemnation, as we showed some years ago in reviewing Mr. Simpson's Life of him, was his refusal formally to abjure the deposing power, though there is reason to believe he did not himself hold it, and he always professed himself a loyal subject of the Queen, and certainly did not "advocate the cause of Philip" openly or otherwise. Mr. Hore does not steer clear of mistakes—the stranger because they are so obvious—when he comes down to our own day. Thus he tells us, in connexion with the conversions of 1845, that "on November 1, Mr. Newman and Mr. Oakley were received into the Roman Catholic Church in the chapel of Oscott, by Dr. Wiseman." He might have learnt from the *Apologia*, which is quoted in the very same page, that Mr. Newman was received, not at Oscott but at Littlemore, not on November 1, but October 8, and not by Dr. Wiseman but by Father Dominic. Mr. Oakley's reception closely followed, and that did take place at Oscott. There is an unpleasant pertness about a sentence in the following page as applied to men twice his own age, and of more than twice his own ability:—"Newman set up his own ideal of a Church; so he wandered about from faith to faith [which, moreover, is not true] till he found a home, and let us hope rest, in Rome, as his younger brother did in Rationalism." In reference to the Bonn Conference of 1875 it is rather amusing to learn that the Archbishop of Syria and Tenos "is generally believed to have been chiefly instrumental in the agreement arrived at between the Easterns and Westerns," not meaning—what would have been true enough—those present at the Conference, but the Eastern and Western Churches. For the next sentence begins:—"On August 14, these two branches of the Church arrived at an agreement to the following effect." Considering that Dr. Dollinger, who presided, was careful to explain that those who attended the Conference came in their individual capacity, and not as in any way delegates of their respective Churches—as Dr. Liddon says in his preface to the *Report*, "had no idea of representing any one but themselves"—and that the "agreement" between the Churches is still unfortunately a matter of hope rather than of history, this statement is at least premature. In spite of defects, partly remediable, partly incidental to its method, the volume may prove serviceable as a handbook for reference, though it can never be a substitute for the study of more complete works, such as the excellent *History of the Church of England* by Canon Dixon now in course of publication.

#### BOOKS ABOUT THE HORSE.\*

ENGLISHMEN are proverbially opinionative on the subject of horses, and they are much given to putting their opinions into print. Fortunately, books on horses are generally short, but enough of them have been published to fill a large library. A celebrated author once said that no people read so few books as

\* *The Horse: as he Was, as he Is, and as he Ought to Be.* By James Irvine Aulton, F.R.C.V.S., Author of "The External Anatomy of the Horse," &c. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

*The Horse, and How to Manage Him: an indispensable Guide to Breeding, Rearing, Training, Grooming, Harness, and all other topics connected with the occupants of the Stable.* London: Ward, Lock, & Co.



those who write books. Be this as it may, it is probable that among the rarest readers of books on horses are those who know or care much about horses. Handbooks on horses are objects at which a reviewer—to use a horsey expression—is apt to shy. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and even a nervous critic may be induced to approach a neat little book on horses containing good paper, excellent print, very fair illustrations, and the widest of margins. It would almost seem as if the ample margin of *The Horse*, by Mr. Lupton, were intended to tempt the reader to put down his own opinions beside those of the author, and it is probable that a large number of amateur critics will give way to this temptation. This little work does not profess to be a compendium of equine knowledge. It is written with one simple object, which is to prove that of late years the English nation has failed to supply the demand for good horses, and to express the opinion of the author that the cause of the insufficiency of the supply is the deterioration of the breed of horses in this country. Some of the premises laid down in the book are undoubtedly true, but the author's manner of reasoning from them appears to us rather illogical. He tells us that "we can produce the best horses in the world," that "our home-bred utility horses are superior to those of the Continent," and that "at the present moment we possess the best breed of horses in the world, whether they be thoroughbreds, nags, or cart-horses"; and yet he complains of the degeneracy of our horses in the following curious sentence:—

Is it not a national disgrace that England of the past, which supplied Europe with her best horses, should now be dependent upon Continental countries for her useful supplies?

He finds fault again with English breeders for in-breeding, and tells us that we have now arrived "at a period similar to that of 1870," "when in and in breeding was impressing its degeneracy upon our equine stock," but that "fortunately a remedy exists, by resorting to a fresh cross of good blood." Yet he grumbles because Englishmen have to purchase horses from abroad, which is the only possible remedy for the evil. The kind of horse which is most wanting in England is, according to the author, "the general utility horse." We have already quoted a passage in which it is admitted that "our home-bred utility horses are superior to those of the Continent." What, therefore, can it be that the writer desires? Moreover, let us inquire what description of beast the general utility horse may be. Is he a horse that will win a steeplechase when required, hunt when called upon so to do, draw a tradesman's van about on week-days, and take his owner's wife down to Richmond on a Sunday? We have certainly not yet succeeded in breeding a horse that will do all these things, and some time is likely to elapse before we can do so; but it seems to us that horses are bred in England suitable to every description of work. Most horse-owners know what sort of an animal is the horse that is advertised as "good in single and double harness, a clever hunter, an excellent brougham horse, a first rate lady's horse, docile with children, accustomed to be driven as leader in a team, &c. &c." It means a brute that is bad or indifferent in every one of these capacities, and we must confess that we should look with grave suspicion upon any animal that was offered to us as a general utility horse. If, by general utility horses, the author means active half-bred horses, we cannot agree with him in thinking that there are fewer of them to be had in this country now than formerly. In support of our opinion we may observe that a few years ago the Government determined to send a number of half-bred sires to India every year in order to improve the native breeds, and that excellent horses of the kind were (and still are) readily found. There was considerable variety of form among them, but the greater bulk might be divided into two classes—one much resembling carriage horses, probably bred by thoroughbred horses from heavy mares, the other consisting of strong, short-legged, high crested cobs, about fifteen hands high, with plenty of bone and fine knee action. Many of these half-bred sires were marvellous trotters; and yet from this book about the horse one would imagine that there are few good trotting sires to be found in England. It is true that in many parts of England there are no good trotting stud horses; but in Norfolk, where this kind of horse is specially cultivated, there are at least enough to keep up the breed, besides supplying a considerable number for exportation.

Mr. Lupton regards the racecourse as the great cause of the supposed deterioration of our horses. To the objections which may be urged against racing we are fully alive; but, although it is likely that certain modifications and alterations in the present system of racing might tend to the improvement of our breed of horses, we are by no means disposed to admit hastily that racing has injuriously affected English horses. Racehorses are bred for a special purpose, and no breeders of other horses are obliged to make use of thoroughbreds unless they please. The fact is that general breeders put their half-bred mares to thoroughbred sires simply because they find that it answers their purpose to do so. It is possible that what Mr. Lupton terms "the excessive creation of thoroughbreds," engendered by the racecourse, may cause a number of bad racehorses to be thrown on the market; but horses which are too slow for racing often make good hacks or hunters, while even the dregs of the racing stable have their uses in hansom-cabs, light errand carts, or riding schools. We believe that there are at least as many good horses of all kinds in England now as there ever were; but it is certain that the number of people wanting good horses in this country has

been more than quadrupled during the last hundred years, and we freely admit that the supply has not increased proportionately with the demand. Nevertheless, there is no great difficulty in procuring a good horse of any stamp or description in Great Britain if a man is prepared to pay for it; but this is an all-important condition of the transaction.

As regards the complaint "that England of the past should now be dependent on Continental countries for her useful supplies" of horses; without pausing to quibble about such trifles as literary inaccuracies, we will suppose a case which would be exactly parallel to our country's "national disgrace" in the matter of horses. The Hospice on the Great St. Bernard has been famous, for about a thousand years, for its breed of dogs, but if all the farmers in Switzerland were to take it into their heads to buy St. Bernard dogs, the Hospice could not possibly supply them. In order to procure them, the Swiss farmers would have to apply to people who have dogs of the breed in France, Germany, and England; but this would not imply that there had been any decline in the kennel at the Hospice. An hour's walk through the West End of London during the season ought to convince any one of the immense number of people who keep at least a pair of carriage horses in these days. Great quantities of these horses are bred in England, but when a jobmaster or dealer wants a good many horses of this kind suddenly, he may not be able to find enough at once in the British market. He has to go to Germany or Canada, and purchase horses from farmers who have our breed in those countries. We have picked out many useful and good-looking carriage horses from lots imported from Canada, and we have found nice hacks and carriage horses in Austria; but if we wanted to purchase a pair of the very best and smartest of carriage horses, or the finest weight-carrying hunters, we should certainly look for them in Great Britain, rather than in any other country. If, on the other hand, we wanted to buy a large number of one special stamp of horse, we should probably get them most quickly by purchasing as many as we could find at hand in this country, and sending agents to make up the number from Canada or Germany. Not only is it sometimes necessary to buy horses abroad, but an idea has been started that it might even pay Englishmen to breed their horses abroad. A large breeding stud of thoroughbreds has very lately been shipped off for New Mexico, where it is believed that the climate, the herbage, and the general conditions of the country are exceptionally favourable for the breeding of horses.

The chief value, in our opinion, of Mr. Lupton's book consists in its historical description of the English horse. The history of our horses had certainly been told too often already, but it had generally been told badly, and here it is told well. The following paragraph may be worth quoting as a specimen of the historical portion of this book:—

Chargers of great size were imported by the Anglo-Normans, Plantagenets, and Tudors, from Flanders and Lombardy, and Chaucer thus sings the praises of this equine type:

For it so high was and so broad and long,  
So well proportioned for to be so strong,  
Right as it were a steed of Lombardy.

Before the great horse the race of ponies gradually receded; the small animals were mated with imported weight-carriers, and thus the standard of height was raised from eleven to fourteen if not fifteen hands, for we find that during the reign of Henry VIII. a law was passed which enacted that no stallion less than fifteen hands and no mare less than thirteen hands should run wild in the country. A colt two years old and under eleven hands and a half high was not permitted to run on any moor, forest, or common where mares were pastured, and at Michaelmas the neighbouring magistrates were ordered to drive all forests and commons and not only to destroy such stallions but also "all unlikely titts, whether mares or foals." It was further ordered that all prelates and nobles, and all those whose wives wore velvet bonnets, should leap and ride upon stallions not less than fifteen hands high, and in Edward VI.'s reign a law was passed prohibiting the importation of stallions below fourteen hands and mares below thirteen hands high.

*The Horse, and How to Manage Him* is one of the shilling handbooks with which railway bookstalls are now flooded. It is described on the title-page as "an indispensable guide to breeding, rearing, training, grooming, harness, and all other topics connected with the occupants of the stable." It is full of pictures; it has an index; it contains prescriptions for all kinds of equine diseases, and it tells how to build a stable. It not only professes to give information about English, European, American, and Indian horses, but also about Chinese, Iceland, Circassian, and Dongola horses. There is a great deal in the book that is very true, but it treats of too many subjects to give sufficient information on any of them. Some of the illustrations are very bad. The picture of the "English hunter" represents a camel-like brute that would not be worth twenty pounds. There is a diagram which professes to show the "right and wrong positions of a horse's fore-legs," but the position is wrong in both of the examples given. In a shilling manual, treating of many subjects, it is of the highest importance to be concise; but in the little work under notice the author constantly goes out of his way to be diffuse, and the book contains many passages of the following type:—

The wild horses of the Ukraine are known to be descendants of animals that were originally subject to the dominion of man, the same as those found in various parts of the South American continent, which are supposed to have sprung from the stock first imported by the Spanish invaders; and the origin of the wild horse in Tartary has been assigned to the period of the siege of Azoph in 1657, when a number of horses were turned loose from want of forage. Of this fact Byron has made use in his story of *Mazepa*, a stirring narration, assumably told by the flickering flame of the bivouac-

fire, and one that will always hold a foremost place amongst those incidents of fictitious story which enchain the imagination, and arrest the attention, by their vivid picturesqueness and truthful semblance.

Whatever the merits of this book may be, we cannot endorse its pretensions to be indispensable.

#### BROOK'S FRENCH HISTORY FOR ENGLISH CHILDREN.\*

THIS is a pleasantly written book, which children are likely to read. The author knows how to teach; it is therefore the more pity that she does not always know what to teach. We open her book, and find it beginning in the old unscientific way:—"The country which we now call France was not always called so." "When it is first mentioned, . . . it is called Gallia, or Gaul." "If you look at the map you will see that France is a country about three times as big as England," and then follows an account of its boundaries—that is to say, its present boundaries—as if France had existed in its present extent from all eternity. No doubt these statements are geographically true—that portion of the earth's surface which is now called France was once comprised in a larger territory which was called Gaul; but politically and historically they are utterly misleading. No one who has been taught to begin French history in this way will ever grasp the fact that France, politically speaking, is a State which has gradually grown up round the city of Paris, until at last it has absorbed the greater part of the ancient Gaul. Later on, and as it were incidentally, the author does explain these things; but no after explanation is likely to do away with the erroneous impression given at the outset. Miss Yonge's little school History of France would have shown Mrs. or Miss Brook, had she consulted it, a more scientific way of approaching the subject. Or, indeed, the map which faces her own first page—a map of German execution, and therefore, we need hardly say, beautifully done—might have suggested some ideas to her. "If you look at the map," she says, "you will see," amongst other things, "some way to the east of the eastern boundary . . . a river called the Rhine." Naturally the reader's eye turns to the map at hand, and there he will see the "Rhenus," not some way to the east of the boundary, but forming the boundary itself. Also on the east, she says, you will find "the Alps, Germany, and Belgium." One looks at the map, and finds no separate Belgium, only "Belgica" as a district within Gallia. All this will probably puzzle the reader, if he happen to be an intelligent child. The fact is, that when the author talks of "the map," she means, not her own map of Gallia, but the modern map of France, which for historical purposes is useless. Exception on the score of accuracy may also be taken to the statement that "many of the rulers of France have wished and done their best to conquer the countries between France and the Rhine, but in this they have never succeeded." What she means is that the conquest has not been permanent; for at p. 428 she herself mentions the cession of the Rhine provinces at the Peace of Luneville.

The maps are a strong point in the book. There are nine of them, ranging from B.C. 51 to A.D. 1811, the last being the least satisfactory, as Great Britain and the French Empire have been tinted with shades of pink which, if they are not absolutely identical, require the eye of a milliner to distinguish each from the other. At the first glance, the impression conveyed is that Great Britain forms an outlying portion of the Napoleonic Empire—an idea which certainly should not be suggested to English children. It would also have been well to give one more map to show the limits within which France was reduced after the fall of Napoleon. But maps, however good, are of little use to learners unless the text is adapted to them, or they to the text. Our author duly mentions the acquisition of the "Three Bishoprics"—Metz, Toul, and Verdun—by Henry II. (1552); so far so good. But presently we come upon a map dated "1589-1610," in which Toul does not appear at all, and Verdun and Metz are distinctly outside the French frontier. The explanation is simply this, that Metz, Toul, and Verdun were not formally ceded by the Empire till 1648—a fact which we do not find mentioned in the text—and that the German feelings of the mapmaker have not permitted him to recognize their practical annexation by France nearly a century earlier; but how is the pupil to guess this? Two lines in the text would have made the matter clear. Then there is an elaborate map showing, amongst other things, the "Dominions of the King of England after the Treaty of Bretigny in 1360"; yet neither the name nor the date of the treaty appears in the text. Whether little children can really be made to understand maps may be doubted; but, if they are to have any chance of doing so, the maps and the reading should be illustrative of each other.

Want of precision, and deficient comprehension of historical geography, are in short the great faults of the book. Disciples of Mr. Freeman will shudder at finding Aquitaine, in the time of Louis the Pious, described as "a province in the south of France." Similarly, the fact that in the division of 817 one of the sons of Louis had Aquitaine assigned as his portion is expressed by saying that he "was to have a small part of France." If the writer had consulted her own maps she would have seen that the ancient Aquitaine, even in its more restricted sense of the land between the Loire and the Garonne, and not in the wide sense in which it includes the Spanish March, was not a very "small part." From

time to time, however, she strives after more accurate nomenclature, as when, at p. 47, after speaking of the period of the Treaty of Verdun in 843, she says, "From this time we may begin to use the word France, which has been the name of the country since the time of King Charles"; just as if she herself had not been perpetually talking of "France" before. At p. 49 we are told that "France was divided into many provinces"; at p. 52 that "among the other provinces or divisions of the country was one named France, which was gradually giving its name to the whole." Here again the statements are all true after a fashion; but the way in which the writer uses the word France, first in one sense, then in another, is hopelessly confusing. Clearness and precision in the use of the terms Gaul, Francia, and France are the first requisites in explaining the history of the growth of the modern State of France. From Hugh Capet's time onwards the book becomes much better, though no mention is made of the annexation of Lyons by Philip the Fair.

On the subject of the Roman Empire the author is not strong. She starts with what seems to be a confusion between Constantine and Theodosius, saying that "the first Christian emperor" "left two sons, one of whom ruled in Rome, and the other in Constantinople." In truth, Constantine left three sons, among whom his dominions were for a short time divided. The writer is probably thinking of the more lasting dual division of the Empire between the two sons of Theodosius in 395. Moreover she seems unaware that the Empire had already been divided before the time of Constantine, and that he re-united it. Then she says that "since the barbarians had taken Rome, there had been no Emperor of the West." As she gives no date, most people will understand this to refer to the famous taking of Rome by Alaric in 410, and will be puzzled to reconcile it with the fact that the succession of Emperors of the West went on till 476. Next she talks of "Charlemagne" becoming "Emperor of France, of Germany, and of Italy"—a description which shows that she is not under the fear either of Mr. Freeman or of Mr. Bryce. Worst of all is her attempt to explain the War of the Austrian Succession, where she describes how various princes "turned against Maria Theresa and said, whoever had the Empire, it should not be she." The question was whether Maria Theresa should have the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria, which are not the same thing as the Empire, though it is common enough for people to confound the two. The writer moreover appears to think that Maria Theresa's husband was made Emperor at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, whereas he had been elected in 1745.

Despite its faults, the book has merit as a narrative; the stories are well told; the author knows what children will like to hear, and how to win their attention; and she has real powers of explanation, as is shown by her account of the rise and formation of the States-General. Another good point is that she does not dwell exclusively upon the doings of kings and nobles, but gives her pupils some idea of the condition of the mass of the people. She is moreover fair and tolerant and writes in a pleasant, appreciative manner, never allowing herself to become violent on one side or the other. It may perhaps be objected that she does not bring out how great a blessing to the country the Revolution, notwithstanding its horrors, follies, and evils, really was; but it is almost inevitable that its worst side should alone be visible in a narrative of this kind. The account of Bonaparte shows at first a little leaning to a belief in "Saviours of Society":—

Just such a man as had been wanted now appeared, and though he afterwards showed qualities which brought much trouble upon himself and his country, there is no doubt that at this time he did for France what no one else could have done so well, and helped the country out of the great difficulties into which its violence had brought it.

But the final summing up of Napoleon's character is a just one, though it is conveyed in a style which, meaning to be childish, has sunk into feebleness:—

Few men have had so remarkable a life. He was not a good man, but it is impossible to say that he was not a great one. He was one of the best soldiers that have ever been known, and had so good an understanding, that he seemed able to do everything well. But he was selfish, cruel, and ambitious, and carried away by the idea of his own greatness, and these faults led him to throw away the great opportunity he had of being of use to his country, and leaving a glorious name behind him.

The author concludes with a prettily worded "Farewell" to all readers "who have managed to come so far as the journey's end with me." Although she has much to learn before she can be considered competent to act as a guide, we must concede that she shows herself an agreeable fellow-traveller.

#### A MAN OF THE DAY.\*

THE co-operative method as applied to literature may at times prove to be felicitous in its results. But the experiment is hazardous, and the plea of dire necessity which will serve as a sufficient excuse for the framers of a Queen's Speech can hardly be urged in arrest of judgment by the writers of a joint-stock novel. The "authors of *David Armstrong*" are fortunately both anonymous as to their personality and indefinite as to their number; and we trust, therefore, that no individual sensitiveness may be

\* *French History for English Children*. By Sarah Brook. With Coloured Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

\* *A Man of the Day*. By the Authors of "*David Armstrong*." 2 vols. London: R. Bentley & Son. 1881.

hurt by the suggestion which we feel bound to offer, that the member or members of the partnership in whom the faculty of writing a novel is, to say the least, dormant, should retire from any active share in the business, and leave it to be managed by the partners or partner in whom some of the requisite qualifications may be found. For while their joint production in *A Man of the Day* is sufficiently unfortunate on the whole, it is not by any means a failure altogether. The story was worth publishing, all things considered; and its authors have contrived with some ingenuity to force a definite verdict on the point from the pen of their critics. Almost at the close of the third volume the hero is moved to follow the old Ephesian precedent, and to burn his own priceless book:—

Slowly he rose, and taking them, one after another, from the table, he threw the pages of his new work into the fire, and held them there until they were all consumed. Months of toilsome thought, months of patient work, all gone in less than a quarter of an hour!

But though the book was burnt after a calm and balanced judgment by the author of its being, the baby, under exactly similar circumstances twenty pages earlier, was not burnt. In the baby's case, indeed, the judgment exercised was only that of the author of its being in the second degree, and not that of its immediate parent. "Accidents would happen; children had fallen into the fire and been burned to death before any assistance could be given; a sudden start would do it—or, perhaps, even if he just let it alone—and then—" But Adam Grey did not put his grandson into the fire, while Alick Lisle did put his literary offspring between the bars; and of the two decisions we are compelled to ask which, in the candid opinion of a reviewer, was the more to have been desired for the pages of *A Man of the Day*? On the one hand, its loss would not have been so terrible a blow to literature as was the act of Alick Lisle's self-sacrifice; for "he knew that with the work once published he would in all probability stand in the front rank of writers, shoulder by shoulder with the foremost thinkers of the nation"; but, on the other hand, the three volumes had very much in common with the baby—they were almost harmless, and "mamma" thought a great deal of them; they deserved to keep their innocent lives, and although to read them straight through was not a very lively occupation, still, there were drearier ways of spending a rainy day.

The story has a certain unity of design, but resembling that of a semi-detached house, or, more strictly, of a pair of such residences, with their party wall in common. Two ideas or motives may be traced throughout, and it is possible that each of them is the property of a separate author. Of the two, one is reasonable in itself, and is reasonably well worked out; but this cannot be said of the other, and we do not know that its owner has materially improved upon Adam Grey's device for getting out of the general confusion by burning the baby. In this division of the work we are unable to find either any constructive merit to compensate for its ethical shortcomings, or any moral excellence to atone for its artistic faults. It is no discredit to a novelist that he or she fails to reach the level of George Eliot; but a bad copy, with variations, of Hetty Sorrel, is not a pleasant object to look upon, and Father Grey's relations with Percy Scott present nothing but the most ordinary conditions of folly and vice in combination. Upon what principle it is to be supposed that everything came out right at last by virtue of a dream in England and an assegai in South Africa, preceded by a few fine words about a girl as "My wife in the sight of God," who was confessedly nobody's wife in the sight of man, we cannot even conjecture; and the whole of this disagreeable episode spoils *A Man of the Day* for a purpose which the book might otherwise have served well enough—the aimless and harmless reading of the holidays and the seaside. In the construction of the episode as a work of art, it appears uncertain whether the author did not know his or her own mind, or whether the interest of the reader was intended to be kept up by a succession of false scents. There is a cigarette, secretly picked up and preserved by the mole-catcher, but nothing comes of it; vows of vengeance, promises of protection, again uttered and repeated by the mole-catcher, are just as resultless; the baby, some time before he became the subject of his grandfather's pleasant meditation, has been apparently drowned in a mill-pond, only that the mole-catcher opportunely dives after him; and, finally, the mole-catcher himself, who combines hidden depths of character with an inborn taste for poaching, fails entirely to develop into a moral and intellectual hero, and is left "carrying the baby about untiringly" on his back. In the ordinary life of an English agricultural district, Esther would probably find herself, some ten years after the end of the third volume, putting up with this humble admirer as her only chance of a home; but the author takes care not to say so.

The experienced reader of novels will infer, from the mention of Dick Hepple's poaching proclivities, that the authors of *A Man of the Day* are unable to withstand the attractions of the criminal law, and he will anticipate the usual consequences. Is it too much to ask of publishers that they will, in every case where a writer does not make affidavit that his story contains neither lawsuit, trial, nor last will and testament, submit the sheets to a member of the junior Bar, at the author's expense? Dick Hepple has been found by the keepers on a public footpath, or near it, with snares in his possession, in broad daylight. He "hits out," but is at once overpowered and captured. The case goes to Quarter Sessions in due course; and "public feeling ran high against the prisoner in the upper and middle classes; in the

lower there was pretty generally a sneaking sympathy roused in his behalf." Life in Northumberland must have been otherwise a little dull at the time, one would think; but that may pass. Alick Lisle "was served with a summons to appear as a witness for the prosecution"; and, when the trial came on, the head keeper and the watcher were "closely questioned by the prisoner's solicitor." After this, Alick was called, and "tried to give his evidence in as clear and concise a way as possible, on Dick's behalf"; but, "on cross-examination, he was obliged to admit" certain awkward facts, and was generally badgered, as rustic witnesses under cross-examination sometimes are. Then the prisoner "pleaded Not Guilty; and, in defence, confirmed the statement that Alick had made of the case"; but, previously to this, "the watcher, who had already borne witness, volunteered" some "further testimony"; and, in the end, "the jury found the prisoner guilty." "Alick felt wild with indignation"; "his character had been blackened, and his good name sworn away"; which, considering that he was subpoenaed for the prosecution, and that the jury had convicted, is about as intelligible as the rest of the proceedings. One unfortunate result, we regret to observe, has arisen out of this poaching business:—"Lord ——— did not like the idea of becoming more unpopular than he already was in the district, owing indeed to no fault of his own." We can only trust that "Lord ———," whose name we of course suppress, will have lived down his "unpopularity" by the time he is old enough to go to Eton; and we take leave to suggest to the authors of the story that the small outlay of one shilling in money and one minute in time will save them in future from the repetition of an oversight which nothing but inexcusable carelessness can redeem from being an impertinence.

The "Man of the Day" must apparently be Alick Lisle, who is first introduced to the reader on the horns of a dilemma. He is then a small child with a thirst for knowledge, but he is too ragged to go to school in his own clothes, and too proud to wear the cast-off raiment of his master's son. The difficulty is obviated by a reasonable legacy, and he goes on through the stages of farm-boy, assistant keeper, and contributor to the "Banner of Freedom" till he reaches, as we have seen, the level of "the foremost thinkers of the nation." He is nearly, if not quite, self-educated; and his mental growth has advanced till he ceases to believe in anything except natural history and Nelly Scott. The last-named object of his faith has stayed at home at the farm, believing what she has been taught, and particularly anxious that Alick, when he comes home on a visit, should go with her to church, to which Alick violently objects. He does indeed go, but he comes away from the service in a very bad temper, and with "a brow black as thunder." This was hard on poor Nelly, though her motives, it must be allowed, had been mixed. It would do Alick good to go to church, certainly; but still in that part of the country "it was held as a decided token that the young folks were engaged" if they were seen together at church; and Alick had not been quite as ready to come to the point as he might have been.

The mental struggle is fairly conceived, and up to a certain point fairly well worked out. It is not a mere strife between the intellect and the heart, or a balancing of reason against passion. The conditions of novel-writing make it necessary that the young woman shall win in the immediate end, and the question whether the old woman will remain winner is conveniently beyond the horizon; but Alick's difficulty is a serious one while it lasts. He is neither able to change his own opinions, nor willing that Nelly should share them. He would not like to see the image of his own scepticism reflected in the life of a simple country girl. He will not either play the hypocrite himself, or allow Nelly to make a sacrifice from which he foresees nothing but misery. The statement of the difficulty is more easy than its solution, and we must not be too hard on the authors in respect of the somewhat colourless and washed-out creed in which the ultimate *modus vivendi* is found. The old farmer, Nelly's father, took a very reasonable view of matters in the light of the world's experience:—"Alick Lisle was a manly, straightforward chap; and all this newfangled nonsense would pass away when he got a bit older, and had a wife and bairns of his own—ay, and property of his own; it always turned out so anyway."

Farmer Scott's anticipations of "property" for Alick in the future hardly boded well for his nameless and unrecognized grandson; but Alick, if he had only known it, might have seen his way to fortune on his own account. The great work which he so ruthlessly destroyed might, or might not, have been a financial success; but the secret of its destruction, if his biographers may be relied on for the facts, was itself the key to prosperity. It was "a formidable pile of closely-written foolscap, the work of months of thought and care, carefully revised and copied, lying all ready to be sent to the publishers"; and it lay in "a cosy, comfortable room," provided, no doubt, as such rooms usually are, with a grate of the ordinary construction. Within the space of a quarter of an hour, the "formidable pile of foolscap," representing the still more formidable literary weight of the "new work," had been "all consumed" in the sitting-room fire. If it were possible to make a clearance of written, to say nothing of printed, matter, on such easy terms, not a few of us would be only too glad to pay a handsome royalty for the privilege; but, for security against possible accidents, it would seem desirable that the publishers of a good many modern novels, before settling down to the reading of the manuscripts, should provide themselves with an irremovable fire-guard.

## CHURCH'S STORIES FROM HERODOTUS.\*

STORY-BOOKS for boys have of late years improved almost as much as picture-books for younger children. It is not very long since the only condition necessary to be fulfilled by art or literature for the young was that it should be too bad to be seen before their elders. The ridiculous books of adventure in which considerations of probability and rules of grammar are impartially set at defiance cannot indeed be said to be entirely obsolete. The magnanimous Redskin, and the high-souled trapper who employs his rare intervals of sobriety in performing actions of chivalrous daring, still flourish the blood-stained scalping-knife and aim the unerring rifle for the delight of uncritical youth; but, so far as we are aware, no one has ever asserted that books of this description have any of the evil effects produced upon readers of a lower class by the study of *Jack Sheppard* literature. Even the worst of Captain Mayne Reid's many imitators, who reproduce his defects while they lack the vigour which in a great measure atoned for them, have probably little evil to answer for beyond the hazy notions of English construction which they may occasionally instil into their readers. We cannot, however, bring ourselves to regret the fact that their circulation is growing less every year. It is with a feeling of more lively satisfaction that we notice the absence from many a boy's bookshelf of those absurd pictures of school life as it is not, in the writing of which Dr. Farrar used once to spend much of the time not occupied in the more direct instruction of youth or the composition of Scriptural biography. It has been said of several schoolmasters who have in other respects been eminently successful that they had an unfortunate knack of making a prig of every clever boy who came into their hands. A more excellent means for attaining to this end could scarcely be conceived than the tales of vicious schoolboys who after wavering for a few years between the sinful lusts of the flesh and the precepts of the Church Catechism, run away to sea, and return, worn out by suffering, to die in the odour of sanctity surrounded by their weeping relations. It is not easy to overrate the services which have been rendered to the cause of education by those who have helped to replace such stuff as this by wholesome books which will amuse boys in their leisure hours, and encourage literary tastes without ministering to the desire for silly sensation on the one hand, or fostering priggish self-consciousness on the other. One of the most satisfactory means by which this desirable end has been attained is the reducing to a simple and interesting form those classical works which, from being written in a foreign language, or because they contain some matter not desirable to be set before children, and many thoughts and expressions beyond the range of common intelligence, are not, in their original form, accessible to the young. Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, of course, one of the earliest and best of such works. With its help children may gain a knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare far better than that which is given them by some of their teachers, who, if we may judge by examination papers which we have seen, regard the sources from which the plot was drawn, and the probable date of the play's composition, as far more important points than knowledge of the play itself. Chaucer, too, has been adapted more than once, and, in one case at any rate, with conspicuous ability; but there are many classical English writers yet untouched whose works would readily lend themselves to such treatment.

No one has done so much to make boys familiar with the great writers of Greece and Rome as Mr. Church. In his *Tales from Homer*, *Tales from Virgil*, and *Tales from the Greek Tragedians* he has at once put into their hands a series of charming story-books, and proved in a very practical way that the works of classical authors are not merely so many examples of inflexional eccentricities and collections of syntactical puzzles. It is impossible for boys to take an interest in an author from laboriously translating small portions of his work as grammatical exercises, and perhaps even Mr. J. S. Mill, who tells us that he read Herodotus in the original Greek at the age, so far as we can remember, of four years, would have been glad of the help afforded by the volume which Mr. Church has just added to his series. The present work is a worthy companion to those which had been previously issued. Herodotus is perhaps, with the exception of Homer, the world's greatest teller of stories, and Mr. Church has found in the earlier half of his history tales enough to fill a volume, leaving, we hope, "Stories of Greece from Herodotus" for the subject of a future book. First, we have the history of Croesus, with the episode of Atys and Adrastus, and the defeat of Croesus by Cyrus. Then, following the order of Herodotus, Mr. Church relates the birth and bringing up of Cyrus, his revolt against Astyages, and the conquest of Babylon. Next comes, what is perhaps the most interesting part of the book, the account of the manners and customs of the Egyptians, with legends of certain of their kings. The amusing story of the treasure-house of Rhapsinitus is sure to be a great favourite with the younger readers of the book from its close resemblance to some of the tales in the *Arabian Nights*. These stories lead on to the invasion of Cambyses, his death, the usurpation of the false Smerdis, the conspiracy against him, and the accession of Darius. The two following chapters tell of the revolt of Babylon and its capture through the ghastly stratagem of Zopyrus, and of the campaign of

Darius against the Scythians. The account of the Scythians and neighbouring nations brings the book to a close. It is difficult to imagine a better execution of the task which Mr. Church has set himself. The stories are simply told in rather antiquated English, admirably suited to the matter of an old-world writer like Herodotus. Mr. Church says in the preface that, though he has kept as close as possible to his original, he does not profess to have translated it. Compression and paraphrase have of course been unavoidable in many places; but very often Mr. Church's translation is close and scholarly, and his version of some passages is worthy of comparison with the *Olysses* of Messrs. Butler and Lang, of which his style often reminds us. Higher praise than this can scarcely be given to any translation. It is impossible to read these stories without wishing that Mr. Church would undertake a translation of the whole history of Herodotus. It is a task which has never yet been satisfactorily accomplished, and Mr. Church possesses in a remarkable degree the two qualifications most necessary for the work—good scholarship, and complete mastery of a pure and graceful English style. We may quote the following passage, translated from Book I., Chapter 86, in evidence of both these qualities:—

But when Croesus stood upon the pile, and the fire had now been put to it, there came into his thoughts, notwithstanding the great strait wherein he stood, that the saying of Solon was indeed true, and spoken by inspiration of the gods, when he said that none of living men might be counted happy. And when he thought of this he cried with a loud voice, having before kept silence altogether, "Solon, Solon, Solon!" which, when Cyrus heard, he bade the interpreters ask of Croesus who was this that he called upon. But when the interpreters asked this thing, for a time Croesus kept silence, but afterwards, for indeed he was constrained to speak, made this answer, "He is one with whom it would be better than many possessions for all rulers to have speech." Then, as no man could understand these words, they inquired of him again what they might signify. And as they were earnest with him and would not leave him in peace, he told them how there had come to his coast one Solon, a man of Athens, who having seen all his wealth and prosperity, had made little account of it; and how that there had befallen him all that this same Solon had said, though indeed the man spake not of him in particular, but of all mortal men, and especially of those who judged themselves to be happy.

Mr. Church is happy, too, in his paraphrase of the replies of the Delphic oracle to its credulous votary. Here is his version of the prophecy relating to Cyrus:—

Man of Lydia, when the mule  
O'er the Median's land shall rule,  
Think of name and fame no more,  
Fly by Hermes' stony shore.

If we substitute "pebbly" for "stony" as a translation of *πολύ-ψήφια*, the rendering is nearly perfect. As regards the matter of the stories, they seem to contain all the elements necessary to make them popular with young readers. For sustained interest, the story of Croesus is perhaps to be placed first, though perhaps too much is made of that part of it which is concerned with the Greek oracles. Those whose taste is for the marvellous will be gratified by the account of the manners of the Egyptians, the tales of the Indian gold-gatherers and the huge ants which pursued them, and of the wonders of Arabia, while the description of the barbarous Scythians and their neighbours will delight every boy who takes up the book, and many older people too.

A notice of a book intended mainly for children would be incomplete without mention of the illustrations. These consist of specimens of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian art taken from bas-reliefs and wall-paintings. They have been well selected, and carefully reproduced in colour. The Egyptian wall-paintings certainly deserve the highest commendation, rather for the reason that they lend themselves more naturally than bas-reliefs to the process of printing in colour than from any inequality in the execution of the various plates. Perhaps the best of all is the one representing an Egyptian fowler who is knocking down vast numbers of birds as they perch on the tall papyrus reeds, while a cat acts as his retriever. His child, seated in the bottom of the boat, is picking a water-lily, while his wife stands at the stern, and a procession of fish accompanies the boat with a solemn regularity which has greatly amused those young people to whom we have, by way of experiment, shown the pictures. Still more entertaining to grown-up people will be the painting of an Egyptian feast, which suggests that the idea of lunching on the fragrance of a flower is not altogether an original product of nineteenth-century æstheticism.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Church without repeating the regret already expressed that he should devote his best literary energies to the production of books for children. While we fully recognize the educational value of really good "play books," and appreciate the services of those who, with a capacity for higher work, devote themselves to the production of such books, still, works like the present volume, even though they may be absolutely perfect in their way, can do little towards creating for their author any permanent reputation as a scholar and a man of letters.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

IF the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France is not fully understood, it will not be the fault of the present generation of Frenchmen. We commented last month on the numerous monographs, some of them of the greatest value, which MM. Didier have lately published in reference to seventeenth-century history. The following century is, relatively speaking, not quite so much in favour, but it has plenty of students.

\* *Stories of the East, from Herodotus.* By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.



M. Alphonse Jobes (1), who is already the author of a voluminous *France sous Louis XV.*, seems to be working through the reign of Louis XVI. in the same conscientious manner. He has already published a volume on Turgot—that is to say, on the first three years of “*Astrée Redux*”; the present is devoted to the following seven, under the title *Necker et la guerre d’Amérique*. These separate titles, however, only indicate the subjects which seem to M. Jobes the most important ones in his volume, not those to which he has given preponderant, much less exclusive, treatment. The volume is a careful and full summary of all the principal events between 1777 and 1784—the death of Voltaire, the siege of Gibraltar, the struggle in India between France and England, &c. &c. M. Jobes’s work is not remarkable for style, though, when he does not attempt to be eloquent, it is written in a very fair, straightforward, readable fashion. But he is diligent, full, and apparently impartial and accurate, seeming to possess considerable sobriety of judgment.

*La France et l’Europe* (2) is one of the curious books which are doubtless extremely important in the eyes of their authors, and which deserve to be treated with a certain amount of respect because they are transparently honest and well-intentioned, but which are utterly unpractical, and not amusingly unpractical. It is an elaborate essay to prove that in the present ills of France and Europe there is nothing for it but a European federation with a general abolition of armies, an international gendarmerie, a strict abstention on the part of the Federal Government from meddling in the internal affairs of the component States, &c. M. Poinot de Chanasac seems to have been born thirty or forty years too late. Between 1820 and 1850 he might have found listeners who would take him seriously, but not in the Bismarckian age.

Dr. Doherty, who, as we learn from the fly-leaves of his volume (3), has already published in English a work on Organic Philosophy in five volumes, appears to be translating it into French. The book deals with so large a number of subjects, from the “evolutive perfectibility” of man to the distribution of the ocean into habitable depths, uninhabitable depths, &c., that we can hardly do more than mention it here.

The merits of Dr. Bouchardat’s treatise on Hygiene (4) must be left to specialists to estimate. It seems to us, however, that Dr. Bouchardat has attempted to do too much. Even a stout octavo of twelve hundred pages is scarcely enough for the handling of the multiplicity of subjects (concerning not merely hygiene proper, but a vast number of matters connected with it) which he has included in his plan. Some of these are certainly treated in a manner rather perfunctory, while others, especially the section on food, contain a vast mass of not very relevant details.

M. Lemerre’s useful series of school books has been enriched by a modern history (5) in two compact little volumes, and by an excellent History of Greek Literature (6) by M. Eugène Talbot. The latter subject being thoroughly manageable in the space, M. Talbot has had a decided advantage over his colleague M. Zevort, who has almost of necessity been reduced to a bald and rather indigestible epitome. There is, indeed, one merit in these sketches of general history—that they serve to keep in mind what is too often forgotten, the coincident fortunes of different countries. Otherwise we rather doubt their value.

Two new volumes of the *Bibliothèque utile*—one on the ethnology of Europe and Asia (7), by M. Girard de Rialle, the other on the history of Prussia (8), by M. Doneaud—appear to be very careful and good. The latter especially, which, in the present temper of Frenchmen, is not an easy thing to write, has been, as far as we have examined it, very accurately and impartially done. M. Girard de Rialle seems to have gone to the best authorities, and has arranged his results well.

Of collected editions of the *chroniques* of Paris newspapers there is no end. The volume (9) of MM. Mardoche and Desgenais—pseudonyms, of course—is a kind of gossip-annual for 1880. It is rather more seriously (we do not mean more dully) written than most of its congeners, and some of the papers bear resuscitation very fairly.

It is barely possible that some English readers may have a very dim idea as to what the Ligue d’Union Républicaine is or was, and their ignorance would not perhaps be very blameworthy. It was formed by certain strong Republicans (but not of the very reddest type) to mediate between the Communists and the Moderates at the time immediately after the war. It failed, of course; and M. André Lefèvre (10) has enshrined in this volume a history (with an apology) of its failure. It is written in a bitter and abusive spirit towards Thiers, and in a

tone of very mild censure of the Communists; and the author cannot be said to be either impartial or accurate. To say, as M. Lefèvre says in his introduction, that M. Gambetta’s failure to triumph over the Prussians was due to the efforts of a Bonapartist, monarchical, and clerical combination, and that the provincial reaction rejoiced over the surrender of Paris and the woes of France, is at once incorrect and foolish. It is incorrect, for every one knows that the Legitimists, at least, distinguished themselves nobly in the struggle, and certainly did not feather their nests, as did certain Republicans. It is foolish, because it shows that M. Lefèvre is not in possession of knowledge or judgment sufficient to pronounce on the situation at all. A Marlborough or a Napoleon might possibly have enabled M. Gambetta’s raw recruits to beat the disciplined and victorious Prussians; but certainly nothing else could.

In *Les imams et les derviches* (11) Major Vladimir Andrejevich, or, to give him his Turkish title, Osman Bey, has collected together a certain amount of information, interspersed with a good many anecdotes, about Turkish religion and its ministers. The book seems trustworthy enough, but it is of a rather unsatisfactory class—the class of books which are neither scientific and elaborate treatises capable of serving as books of reference nor literary essays actually valuable as literature.

Attempts at arranging Oriental and ancient religions in harmonious classification according to a system of some sort or other are not unfrequent. *L’Orient dévoilé* (12), which seems to have reached a second edition, has nothing of occult lore in it, as its title may seem to promise, but is simply an historical and mythological catalogue raisonné, influenced a little here and there by theory, but on the whole sober and scientific enough in its treatment of facts. Passages of rather rhetorical discussion are indeed interspersed; but to authors who treat of subjects of this kind this is a perquisite not fairly to be refused.

Messrs. Hachette’s elaborate and valuable *Nouveau dictionnaire de géographie universelle* (13) has reached its sixteenth part, which is especially worthy of notice because it contains the article “France.” Sixty pages of the largest quarto size, printed in small but legible type and in treble columns, contain perhaps the fullest description and the largest collection of statistical information that has ever been got together in an article of the kind.

We have received from M. Rothschild a considerable parcel of the admirably produced works on science and art, in the getting up, and, above all, in the illustrating, of which he has few rivals among the publishers of Paris, and hardly any elsewhere. M. Heiss’s study on Vittore Pisano (14) is a first and apparently a tentative instalment of a history of the medallion sculptors of the Renaissance, which, if completed, will be a splendid work. All students of the Renaissance know that we owe to Pisano some of the most characteristic portraits of the despots of the earlier fifteenth century. The illustrations, rendered in permanent photographs of the size of the original, and supplemented by numerous woodcuts in the text, leave nothing to desire. Among the heads, those of Filippo Maria Visconti and of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta are the most striking. It is a pity that the curious and evidently life-like medal-portrait of Isotta of Rimini, the only woman who contrived to retain the affections of Malatesta, the typical Renaissance tyrant, is apparently spurious.

The same publishers send us an elaborate and sumptuous illustrated monograph on the Bee (15); a history of Orchids (16), with woodcuts by the hundred, and with fifty chromo-lithographs which are hardly inferior to hand-coloured engravings; a new edition, with new and excellent diagrams and illustrations, of M. Demontzey’s standard treatise (17) on Reboisement; and (also in a second edition) a very useful and well-illustrated treatise on Precious Stones (18). Of less sumptuous appearance, but equally full of “cuts,” is a small handbook of Pisciculture (19), an industry pursued, as most people know, with abundant success in France, and very scantily in England.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon’s two stout volumes on Man and Society (20) are instances, not the first by many hundreds, of the attempt to do too much, and of the tendency which such an attempt has to confuse the writer as well as the reader. If Dr. Le Bon had confined himself to giving a lucid account of the actual discoveries, as distinguished from mere hypotheses, of anthropologists and sociologists in these latter days, he might have done good service. Unfortunately he has gone further, and has embarked on matter altogether contentious, and in which he is delivering himself, not of facts, but of opinions. To give the dimensions of the Neanderthal skull and the shape and probable uses of flint implements—

(1) *La France sous Louis XVI. Necker et la guerre d’Amérique*. Par A. Jobes. Paris: Didier.

(2) *La France et l’Europe*. Par Poinot de Chanasac. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Philosophie organique*. Par H. Doherty. Londres: Trübner & Co.

(4) *Traité d’hygiène*. Par A. Bouchardat. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(5) *Histoire des temps modernes*. 2 tomes. Par E. Zevort. Paris: Lemerre.

(6) *Histoire de la littérature grecque*. Par E. Talbot. Paris: Lemerre.

(7) *Les peuples de l’Asie et de l’Europe*. Par Girard de Rialle. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(8) *Histoire de la Prusse contemporaine*. Par Doneaud. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(9) *Les semaines de deux Parisiens*. Par Mardoche et Desgenais. Paris: Dentu.

(10) *Histoire de la Ligue d’Union Républicaine*. Par A. Lefèvre. Paris: Charpentier.

(11) *Les imams et les derviches*. Par Osman Bey. Paris: Dentu.

(12) *L’Orient dévoilé*. Par Sarrasi. Deuxième édition. Paris: Leroux.

(13) *Nouveau dictionnaire de géographie universelle*. Fasc. 16. Paris: Hachette.

(14) *Les médailleurs de la renaissance. Vittore Pisano*. Par Alois Heiss. Paris: Rothschild.

(15) *Anatomie et physiologie de l’abeille*. Par M. Giffwoyn. Paris: Rothschild.

(16) *Les orchidées*. Par E. du Puyot. Paris: Rothschild.

(17) *Traité pratique du reboisement*. Par P. Demontzey. Paris: Rothschild.

(18) *Diamant et pierres précieuses*. Par Jannettaz, Fonteney, Vanderhuyt et Coutance. Paris: Rothschild.

(19) *La pisciculture et l’aquaculture en France*. Par J. Pizzetta et M. de Bon. Paris: Rothschild.

(20) *L’homme et les sociétés*. Par Gustave Le Bon. 2 tomes. Paris: Rothschild.

even to state the evidence for the hypothetical descent of man—is one thing, and a very useful one. To proceed to deliver judgments on the obsolescence of religious creeds, on the uselessness of classical education, and on the immense difference which separates men and women in the higher civilized races, is another, and in this case a somewhat useless, thing, because, though Dr. Le Bon is a very fair abstracter, he has evidently no turn for argument. An opponent of classical education who says that the ability to translate Thucydides is a proof of nothing but memory establishes one of two facts—either that he himself has not the slightest notion of Thucydides in the original, or else that he is intellectually incompetent to form an opinion.

Dr. Wershoven's technical vocabulary (21) of English and French scientific terms is likely to be useful, because most dictionaries are extremely deficient in this particular. We think, however, that it would have been more useful if it had been arranged dictionary-fashion, so that the required equivalent for a French or an English word might have been found at once. There are indeed indices, French and English, which enable the discovery to be made, but they are not entirely complete—for instance, "unit," in the electrical sense, does not appear, though "Siemens' unit" does—and they involve two operations instead of a single one.

The August number of the *Revue des Arts décoratifs* (22) contains an article on the recent Exhibition of Spanish and Portuguese Art at South Kensington. The chief illustration of the number represents some backs of hand-mirrors carved in wood, and of considerable merit.

M. Ollendorff seems to be the latest of the long line of poetical publishers who have existed since 1830, with Renduel for the first and most famous of them, and M. Lemerre in recent days for the most sumptuous, and, for a time, the most fertile. M. Lemerre has taken of late to grave scholastic works and ornate reproduction of classics, and the little three-franc volumes which in the palmy days of the *Parnasse* figured on his lists by scores issue but rarely from his press. M. Ollendorff seems to admit more variety in his format than most of his predecessors in the honourable function of ushering young poets into the world, and the bundle of poetry and drama which we have before us consists of volumes of very different shape and size. We have a couple of monologues in prose of the kind for which there is at present a rather incomprehensible rage in France, due probably to the talent of M. Coquelin cadet. Even M. Coquelin, however, could not, we think, have made much of *Un homme à la mer* (23), though he seems to have done it the honour of reciting it. It is a tissue of idiotic puns interlarding a very stale description of the miseries of seaside life. *De la prudence!* (24) is very much better. It is a sharp satire on the present régime in France. A new Procureur Substitut goes down to his post, and the friend who has obtained the preferment for him counsels him on his behaviour, always winding up with the horrified ejaculation, "De la prudence!" The unhappy lawyer has a wife named Eugénie—an insult to the Republic which is not to be thought of; he hires a house near the Cathedral—madness! At last, when it appears that prudence requires that Eugénie should call upon the wife of a strongly Republican Colonel, who is known to be a ci-devant camp follower of no reputation at all, the Procureur strikes, and throws up his position with an "Et en voilà de la prudence." The little piece would shock M. Paul Bert dreadfully, but it is very sprightly and a good example of its kind. *Piccolino* (25) is a very miniature comedy—in fact, merely a dialogue between a Sultan and the heroine, a wandering but virtuous young woman of French extraction. Piccolino is disposed to fall in love with the Sultan; but by an effort of self-denial he refuses to expose her to the degrading influences of the harem and sends her away. The verse is pretty, but the sentiment is rather conventional and at the same time overstrained. It is dedicated to M. de Bornier, who compares it to the work of François Coppée. We rather agree with the author of *La fille de Roland*, but we are not sure that the comparison is complimentary. Next to Heine's poems *Faust* is perhaps the most constantly and the worst translated masterpiece of German literature in English. The renown of Gerard de Nerval's version has probably deterred many Frenchmen from undertaking it. But, after half a century, M. de Riedmatten (26) may fairly contend that a new version in verse is desirable. His own is very fair, and a good deal better than most of ours in English; but we are afraid that Mr. Matthew Arnold would hardly accept as a refutation of his doctrine of the inferiority of French to German poetry this version of the *König in Thule*:—

Il était un roi de Thulé,  
Garlant toujours inconsolé,  
Don suprême de son amant,  
Une coupe en or ciselé.

M. Cabaret has produced a very nice little book (27), in which he shows himself an astonishingly clever imitator. The miracle of Auerbach's *Keller* itself (*Faust* is fresh in our memory) is hardly

more surprising than the ingenuity with which he makes something not too unlike the genuine Hugo, Musset, Baudelaire, Gautier, cover the page at his bidding. But then, after all, it is not the genuine, and imitations in poetry are of singularly little worth. On the other hand, M. Harel (28) does not seem to have specially imitated any one, and his verse has a decidedly pleasant freshness, much more resembling *serpolet* than *ail*. M. Harel, it seems, combines the vocation of poet with the profession of hotel-keeper and cook, and some of his descriptions of dinners are highly appetizing.

We have before us no less than three of those collections of short tales in which French literature at its best is unrivalled, and of which there are still left practitioners not to be despised. The subjects of the pleasant writer who calls himself Viscount Richard O'Monroy (29) are, unluckily, too often chosen rather beyond the limits allowed to story-tellers in England. But they are scarcely further outside these limits than those famous little masterpieces of M. Droz over which even the most straitlaced readers have consented to laugh, and, if their morals are no worse, the manners and breeding displayed in them are even better. The Viscount writes thoroughly like a gentleman, and like a very good-natured gentleman too. His sketches of the *camaraderie* of garrison life are exceedingly pleasant, and often, as in *Une fête de famille*, entirely free from anything to which the sternest moralist can object; while there is at least as much good feeling as there is satire in his *Professions de foi aux femmes de France*. The fragmentary history of the *Cercle des truffes*, again, is exceedingly funny, and might pass even a severe censorship.

M. Eugène Mouton (30) (only some of which are new) are of the eccentric order, aiming rather at humour than at wit, and, like a good deal of French work which has this aim, falling too often into the merely extravagant and grotesque. *L'invalidé à la tête de bois*, for instance, which seems to be such a favourite with the author that he has illustrated it with an etched vignette, is an over-laboured and clumsy burlesque. If it is intended to be a satire on Chauvinism, which is probable, or on such tales of wonder as M. Jules Verne's, which is possible, it overshoots its mark. The same may be said of *Le naufrage de l'aquarelliste*, and *Les plaisirs du voyage*. Some of the smaller pieces, however, can be laughed at.

There is no fear of mistakes of this kind from the pen of M. Ludovic Halévy (31). Something of the same proviso must be made in his case as in that of M. Richard O'Monroy; but, this made, it may be said frankly that *Un mariage d'amour* and its fellows are worthy of *Les petites Cardinal*, and that is saying a great deal. *Les trois séries de Madame de Chateaubrun* is admirable.

Of novels of any length we have only two to speak of. *La bonne d'enfants* (32), which is a sequel, is a lurid story of vendetta, strangling, poisoning, &c. &c. *Le veuvage d'Aline* (33) is very much what might be expected from its author. It is, indeed, rather a pity that this clever writer should be so constant to a particular type of the novel as understood by M. Octave Feuillet. Still, *Le veuvage d'Aline* is not a book of which it is right to speak disrespectfully, if it were only for the delightful personage of Olga Baronne de Vesvre, the pleasantest specimen of the Russo-Parisian that we have ever come across in fiction.

(28) *Gousses d'ail et fleurs de serpolet*. Par Paul Harel. Paris: Ollendorff.

(29) *Feux de paille*. Par le vicomte Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(30) *Contes*. Par Eugène Mouton. Paris: Charpentier.

(31) *Un mariage d'amour*. Par Ludovic Halévy. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(32) *La bonne d'enfants*. Par A. Matthey. Paris: Charpentier.

(33) *Le veuvage d'Aline*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

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(21) *English-French Technical Vocabulary*. By P. J. Wershoven. Paris: Hachette.

(22) *Revue des Arts décoratifs*. Paris: Quantin.

(23) *Un homme à la mer*. Par E. Morand. Paris: Ollendorff.

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(25) *Piccolino*. Par Paul Manivet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(26) *La tragédie du Docteur Faust de Goethe en vers français*. Par A. de Riedmatten. Paris: Ollendorff.

(27) *Ariella*. Par G. Cabaret. Paris: Ollendorff.



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## THE TRANSVAAL.

THERE is little reason for surprise at the latest performance of the Boer Triumvirate, although a cynic might derive amusement from its consideration. The attitude of the Triumvirate throughout the negotiations might not inaptly be compared to that of the fisherman and his wife in the German story, who made one monstrous demand after another from the Turbot. There was, it will be remembered, a point at which the fish's patience gave way, and it may be hoped that at the present juncture the parallel will be found as close as it has hitherto been. The desire to make a one-sided agreement is perhaps neither novel nor unnatural, but seldom has such a desire been expressed with so simple or so cynical an openness. When it was first proposed that the QUEEN should be styled Suzerain of the Transvaal, some doubts were entertained as to the exact meaning or value of the title, and possibly its ambiguity may have encouraged the present attempt of the Triumvirate to make it an absolute cipher by rejecting the stipulations for the Suzerain's control over the external relations of the State, and power to veto laws. In agreeable contrast to the position proposed for the Suzerain is that modestly assumed for the President, who, in the estimation of the Triumvirate, is hedged with such divinity that it would ill become him to be a member of "any Commission." As might have been expected, the articles affecting native interests seem to the Triumvirate the reverse of acceptable. The third, which provides against any enactment affecting native interests being passed without consent given through the British Resident, is described as "opposed to the spirit of complete self-government." Four articles are objected to as "superfluous, and calculated to give offence." Among them is Article 16, which follows the Sand River Convention of 1852 in providing that "no slavery, or apprenticeship partaking of slavery, will be tolerated by the Government." At this, it would seem, the Triumvirate wraps itself indignantly in its virtue, and protests against the Boers—the natives' best friends—being told not to do what they never dreamt of doing. If it is granted, for the purpose of argument, that no Boer ever did, does, or will wish to have anything to do with "slavery, or apprenticeship partaking of slavery," then why, it may be asked, this indignation, which seems at least as "superfluous" as the articles objected to? It is generally found that the objections of people whose highly-strung natures are offended by the existence of laws and regulations are founded upon something more than sentimental delicacy. The same keen sense of honour which is roused by the prohibition of slavery and the suggestion that the President should be a member of the Native Location Commission, has led the Triumvirate, not unnaturally, to attempt the simple and not very original move of repudiation.

In fine, what the Triumvirate proposes to do is to accept every article favourable and to reject every article unfavourable to the comfort and supremacy of the Boers in a Convention already signed by the Boers' accredited representatives. The Convention was sent to the Volksraad not to be discussed point by point over again, but to be ratified or rejected *en bloc*—rejection to be followed by the reversion of the country to the British Crown on the 9th of next month. It is perhaps not strange if the Triumvirate have persuaded themselves that such a

stipulation as this may be safely regarded as an idle form, or that, so long as the present Government is in office, they have only to ask often enough and loudly enough in order to get whatever they please to ask for. But it is perhaps hard upon them that they should have been nursed in such beliefs; for, unless they learn wisdom in time, the process of disillusionment may turn out to be unpleasant. We have, it is true, learnt to be surprised at nothing that Mr. GLADSTONE may do, but it is scarcely to be imagined that the Government can hesitate for a moment as to the course to be pursued on this occasion. That the Transvaal troubles will come to an end with the acceptance of the Convention can hardly be hoped or supposed; but it will at least be well to postpone their renewal by firmness at this juncture.

## SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN YORKSHIRE.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S speeches at Hull and Beverley were not calculated to produce strong excitement. He was perhaps in some degree embarrassed or chilled by the knowledge that a formidable adversary would in two or three days take advantage of any opening which he might offer. The custom of delivering political speeches in the Parliamentary recess dates from the first Reform Bill. In earlier times sound political traditions had accustomed the people to public discussion, especially at county meetings. It has now become necessary to address speeches exclusively to the members of one political party. An audience which might have included any considerable number of Liberals would have silenced Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE by clamour before he had made much progress in his speech. Since little benefit is to be gained by confirming a belief in opinions already fixed, it might appear at first sight that oral supplements to the daily disquisitions of party newspapers were not urgently required; but there is a definite advantage in procuring the insertion of speeches on either side in papers which might otherwise never notice unpalatable arguments. It is for this reason that the publication of faithful reports of Parliamentary debates is essential to the efficiency of constitutional government. In the recess meetings of Conservative or Liberal Associations furnish to a certain extent a similar opportunity of public, though intermittent, discussion. When the leaders on both sides are equally matched, a comparison of their speeches is almost as instructive as an actual debate. The advantage which is enjoyed by the more brilliant and more effective orator is legitimate and unavoidable. Mr. GLADSTONE will probably enunciate at Leeds unsound and dangerous doctrines; but his eloquence will not fail to stimulate the enthusiasm of his followers.

It was probably desirable to impress on the Conservative minority of Hull the expediency of cultivating the art of organization. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE justly observed, a local opposition acts as a check on the dominant party, and it offers on some occasions valuable assistance to conscientious politicians of the majority, who may from time to time be shocked by the extravagance of their allies. There can be few moderate Liberals in Hull or elsewhere who feel any confidence in the present Government, though they may not be prepared to abandon their party. The

Conservatives, if they are prudently led, and if they abstain from adhesion to false doctrines, may expect with just confidence frequent accessions to their ranks. The apologists of outrage, the advocates of legislative spoliation, will alienate more and more the respectable members of the party. The hasty partisans whose theories would, if they were accepted, render impossible an otherwise inevitable coalition, are only less mischievous than the Jacobins of modern Liberalism. It is in no way desirable that the Conservative party should pack itself after the example of the Birmingham Liberals. The intolerance and tyranny of the Liberal Federation furnishes rather a warning than an example. It may be doubted whether Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was well advised in devoting the earlier part of his speech at Hull to commonplaces about the virtues of Yorkshiremen. When an able man deals in empty phrases, he is suspected, perhaps unjustly, of either wishing to conceal his thoughts or having nothing to say. The leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons is not a believer in vulgar platitudes, but he sometimes seems to form too low an estimate of the capacity and judgment of his hearers. If Yorkshiremen deserve either the compliments which he paid them or their popular reputation for astuteness, they can have been but moderately flattered by praises of their supposed good qualities.

The speech at Hull would have been more effective if the attacks on the policy of the Government had been exclusively directed against one or two vulnerable points. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE referred to the complications which exist, not only in Ireland and the Transvaal, but in Egypt, and in France since the suspension of the commercial negotiations. The result may be that a successful defence at any point will destroy or weaken the force of just criticism and censure. The Egyptian difficulty has not been recently created, though it may be aggravated by the consequences of Mr. GLADSTONE's wild language used before he was in office. The conduct of the Government with respect to the Commercial Treaty has been firm and consistent, and there is reason to believe that it has been regarded with general satisfaction. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had been in office he would probably have followed the same course of exhibiting neither reluctance to conclude a treaty nor undue eagerness. Of the danger and humiliation which have perhaps already been incurred in the Transvaal it was difficult to speak too strongly. The Government is directly responsible for the natural consequences of its ignoble policy. To place the armistice and the Convention on the same level with the difficulties attending the negotiation of the French treaty is to facilitate the acquittal of the Ministers. The supineness with which Irish anarchy and the consequent usurpation of a rival Government are tolerated would alone have sufficed for an indictment of the Ministerial policy. Lord BEACONSFIELD, in a similar position, would not have wasted his indignation on secondary miscarriages when he had the opportunity of denouncing unpardonable complicity or weakness; yet it would be unreasonable to find fault with an able party leader for not possessing the same gifts by which his predecessor was distinguished. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, by his wide knowledge, his fairness, and his temper, inspires a confidence which is not less valuable than the enthusiasm which responds to rhetorical appeals. It is especially fortunate for the Conservative party at the present time that it is led by a sound and scientific economist. The party of subversion ought not to possess a monopoly, in questions relating to trade, of the sound doctrines which it utterly rejects when there is a prospect of agrarian spoliation.

In his Beverley speech Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE expatiated still more largely than at Hull on the duty of attending to local organization. He must have felt satisfaction in addressing an audience principally composed of farmers who had at the last election adhered to their proper political allegiance. It is true that, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said, it is more difficult to secure party organization in counties than in towns. A body of electors dispersed over a wide district has less facility of combination than the population of a borough; and in some cases an electoral success may have been snatched in consequence of carelessness by an active minority. Such cases occur but rarely; but the prevention of surprises is a legitimate object of organiza-

tion. The supporters of the Government lately felt or professed confidence of success in Durham and North Lincolnshire; and they brought a candidate from a distance to contest the seat for Cambridgeshire. The Conservative journal which always favours the interests of the Government warned its nominal allies that their attempt to secure either Durham or North Lincolnshire was absolutely hopeless. The organization in both counties, whether or not it had been previously prepared, proved sufficient to ensure a defeat of the Liberal party. The Beverley audience may perhaps have been more deeply interested in Sir S. NORTHCOTE's account of the benefits which, during his tenure of office, he had conferred on the ratepayers at the expense of the Treasury. His partial rearrangement of the burden of taxation may have been just and expedient, and, after a vote of the former House of Commons, it was unavoidable. It was perhaps natural to assume in a speech addressed to rural electors that the benefit was conferred on owners and occupiers, though ratepayers in towns received a large portion of the boon. Railway shareholders also contribute an extravagant proportion of the rates which are supposed to be levied on the land; but it cannot be denied that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's financial legislation was, to some extent, beneficial to the agricultural interest. Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps, under cover of a cloud of figures, seek to establish an opposite conclusion. In the present condition of public affairs it is impossible to follow up a side issue with serious attention. When the integrity of the United Kingdom is threatened, when unscrupulous agitators on this side of the Channel demand for purely selfish purposes the expropriation of landowners, the readjustment of rates and taxes excites but a languid interest.

#### EGYPT.

THE despatch of Special Commissioners by the SULTAN to Cairo has added a new difficulty to the many difficulties which the protecting Governments have to encounter in Egypt. The SULTAN can have no motive in sending these Commissioners except to assert his rights as suzerain; to make them apparent to all the world, and especially to the Mahomedan world; and, above all, to impress on the Egyptians that they belong to Turkey. The difficulty thus created is that it is convenient to the protecting Governments that the SULTAN should hold a suzerainty over Egypt, while it is equally convenient that he should never make this suzerainty more than a name. If the action now taken by the SULTAN is judged by merely technical rules, it must be owned that there is no objection to it. The present KHEDIVA holds his position in Egypt entirely by an exercise of the SULTAN's power as suzerain. His father was deposed because the SULTAN, having examined into the mode in which he had been governing Egypt, found that he had not been governing well. He was a Pasha who had been tried and found wanting. He was told by the SULTAN that he must go; he obeyed, as a matter of course, and went. The SULTAN told TEWFIK that he was to be the new Pasha, and TEWFIK at once became the new Pasha. In the process of time the new man is seen to be governing the country in a manner which causes his chief anxiety. He is the victim of a military revolution, he is surrounded by unpopular Ministers, and only changes his Ministers under the dictation of officers who tell him that they have his successor ready if he is obstinate. The SULTAN feels that he may have some day to depose the Governor who governs in so ineffectual a way. But, in his paternal kindness, he is reluctant to judge and condemn without being quite sure of the facts; and he hopes that there is still time for warning and advice, and that, if good counsel is given and taken, TEWFIK may be saved, and may re-establish his tottering claim to remain in office as a good and worthy Pasha. He accordingly, at a critical moment, sends Commissioners to ascertain exactly what TEWFIK has been doing, to help him in his troubles, and to teach him how to avoid such troubles in the future. If the SULTAN's suzerainty is to be taken seriously, this seems on the face of it by no means improper or extraordinary on the part of the suzerain; and the protecting Powers certainly appeared to take the SULTAN's suzerainty seriously when they invited him to exercise it by deposing ISMAEL. They recognized the



the SULTAN had the power to depose an erring Pasha, and they found in the exercise of this power a swift and easy means of getting rid of a Pasha who had displeased and affronted them. Even if the SULTAN would agree only to exercise his power of deposition on the request or with the assent of England and France, he might still very plausibly say that he must be allowed to examine for himself what is the conduct of a Pasha whom he may be invited or permitted to depose, and to use his timely influence so as to avert the necessity of having to put his latent power in force. What the protecting Powers would probably like is that the SULTAN's authority as suzerain should in ordinary circumstances be non-existent; that he should have no more to do with Egypt than he has with Persia; but that every now and then his authority should flash into a momentary existence at their bidding and for their purposes. It is needless to say that, although diplomatic pressure has been used to give some such character as this to the SULTAN's authority over Egypt, no claim has ever been formulated that this is to be the true and permanent character of his authority; that, on the contrary, the character of the SULTAN's authority in Egypt has been purposely left vague, and that, if France could be justified in making such a claim because of her special interests in Egypt, it is very difficult to see why she should not make the same claim as regards Tripoli.

There seems to be an idea of a very hazy kind, but which floats about in its random manner, that England ought now to do something wonderfully strong and bold in Egypt, to cut herself adrift from France and Europe, and announce that she intends to come forward as the sole and unfettered guardian or owner of Egypt. It is even suggested that the Cabinet has already formed a plan of this sort, and that Mr. GLADSTONE is commissioned to disclose the great secret at Leeds. What the Cabinet may be planning cannot be known until the world is told; but it may be said, without hesitation, that, if the Cabinet has any scheme of the sort, it is entirely departing from the policy which England has pursued towards Egypt and Turkey under a succession of Ministries for half a century. Lord PALMERSTON persistently set himself to oppose the dominating influence of Constantinople to the aspirations of Egyptian ambition when Egyptian and French ambition were synonymous. Lord DERBY brought about the arrangement by which the administration of justice in Egypt was placed under the control, not only of the Great European Powers, but of tiny European Powers which practically have no more interest in the administration of justice in Egypt than they have in the administration of justice in Timbuctoo. Lord DERBY and Lord SALISBURY cheerfully allowed France to share with England the financial control of Egypt when all Europe agreed that some control over Egyptian finance was necessary. When the late Viceroy tried to upset the authority of the protecting Powers, England declined to interfere, although France pressed for interference, and it was not her own policy or the pressure of France, but the sudden intervention of Germany, which made England at last take active steps. What she did when she determined to do something was to appeal, in conjunction with France, to the sovereign authority of Turkey, and the course thus taken met with the ready assent of the other Great Powers. Not only was a precedent thus created, of which the SULTAN is now taking advantage, but a fresh step was taken towards placing Egypt under the guardianship of England and France in the first line, but also under the guardianship of the other Great Powers in the second line. As long as the protecting Powers control Egypt through Turkey they must share their control with all other Powers that can control Turkey. The dependence of Egypt on Turkey means the dependence of Egypt on all the Powers on whom Turkey is dependent. The other Great Powers view with indifference or approbation the control which England and France exercise in Egypt, because through the Egyptian tribunals and through their power of pressure at Constantinople they share this control. Their share is not a very large one, and is of a kind which in ordinary times escapes notice; but it exists, and to ignore its existence, to make some sort of bargain with France, and to treat the other Great Powers and Turkey as having nothing to do with Egypt, would not only be a very hazardous policy on the part of England, but a perfectly new one. That this new policy, the policy of a sudden and violent disruption of the European Concert, should

commit itself to a Ministry that specially piques itself on the good uses to which it has put the European Concert and its invention, seems totally incredible.

England has now the choice between two policies. It may work on the lines laid down by this and preceding Ministries, striving to make the best of things; working with France; consulting, after France, the other Great Powers which have an indirect control over Egypt; not denying the SULTAN's rights, but shaping the actual exercise of his power so as to make it as narrow and harmless as possible; considering with calmness what it is that dissatisfied Egyptians want, and how far their desires can be safely gratified; and only prepared to use force if, in the last resort, force must be used, in a way that has the general approval of Europe. The other policy is to do something bold and original—to seize on Egypt openly or under the disguise of an exclusively English guarantee, and to defy the world. Among other objections to this second policy, it may be observed that it would in all probability tend to defeat its own object. The only object it is supposed to serve is the guarding of British India. We are to take Egypt in order to keep India. It seems an odd way of guarding India to set an example of lawless violence, and to make all Europe our enemy. It is, no doubt, possible that, if England announced its intention of seizing on Egypt, no Power might think it worth while to make the seizure a cause of open and immediate war. Even France might resent and protest, but submit. But the restraining influence of England in Europe as a conciliatory and peaceful Power would be at an end. What we had done in Egypt France might do in Tripoli, Russia in Armenia, or Austria in the Balkan peninsula. We should either have to look on in a quiet and humble frame of mind while others were imitating our example, or we should have to go into a war of our own seeking in order to prove that we could guard our route to India. Apart from initiative acts of spoliation, we should have alienated all the Powers that think they have interests in Europe which ought not to be overlooked. We have been preaching in the last month to the French day after day, and showing them the folly of alighting Spain and Italy by their Tunis expedition. The French would have an opportunity which they would keenly enjoy of sending our sermons back to us, and showing our folly in alienating every Mediterranean Power in order to have a free and open highway through the Mediterranean. As a more matter of gain and loss, apart from the serious questions of principle involved, we should probably do better to rely on our power of sending troops to India in war time round the Cape than to rely on our power of sending them through the Canal in the face of an alarmed and provoked Europe. As things are now, every European Power recognizes that we have interests in Egypt which we must uphold. If we uphold them in such a manner as to command the approval and concurrence of Europe, we really uphold them. If we uphold them so as to shock and alienate other Powers, we destroy the very interests we are seeking to protect.

#### PROGRESS OF AGRARIAN LEGISLATION.

THOSE who foretold that the anomalies of the Irish Land Bill would be speedily converted from exceptional remedies into precedents find their apprehensions justified sooner than they expected. Mr. J. HOWARD and his associates in the Farmers' Alliance have already drafted a Bill for the arbitrary transfer of a large part of the property of landowners to themselves or the tenant-farmers whom they profess to represent. It may be confidently asserted that a more audacious project was never submitted to a Legislature; but it is impossible to estimate the injustice of which the present Government and its obedient majority may be capable. Before the text of the Bill was published, for the apparent purpose of accustoming public opinion to novel and unscrupulous demands, the governing body of the Alliance published a sketch of the proposed Bill in the congenial and sympathetic columns of the *Standard*. The writer, who performed his task without the smallest attempt to disguise the purposes of his clients, apparently belonged to the Birmingham section of the staff of the paper. It seemed

probable that one of his Conservative colleagues would afterwards be instructed to examine the new agrarian project of law. The expectation was justified by an article on the Bill itself, which was a model of apology or approval under a pretence of adverse criticism. The compiler of the previous abstract executed his task with accurate fidelity. His insinuated vindication of its provisions probably represents the arguments which will be used by the promoters. As he calmly and truly states, the Bill will "virtually grant the three F's, without actually mentioning them." "A farm will" (from the point of view of "the Alliance") "become a 'subject,' in which two persons, 'owner and occupier, have joint, but not equal, rights of property; and the question is, how these rights are to be differentiated." The land-owner may be well assured that, if the doctrines of the Farmers' Alliance prevail, any residue of his rights which he may for the present be nominally allowed to retain will, by further abuse of political power, soon be differentiated away. By the proposed Bill the differentiation will be effected after the model of the Irish Land Bill on principles which the Farmers' Alliance borrows from the Irish Land League. In due time, perhaps, a Taxpayers' Alliance will propose to convert the Funds into a subject in which two persons, taxpayer and fundholder, have a joint but not an equal, right of property. Debtors of all classes will be equally willing to enter on a process of differentiation with their creditors.

The three F's, if they are not mentioned, are introduced without any attempt at concealment. The framers of the Bill are kind enough to allow existing contracts to remain in force, as long as neither party desires an alteration; but a landlord who wishes to raise the rent may apply, and the tenant who wishes to lower the rent will apply, to a Land Court which is as completely as in Ireland to supersede all freedom of contract. There is something which may be called impudent in the suggested constitution of the body which is to differentiate the property of the landlord into the pocket of the tenant. It is true that the County Court judge who is to preside will probably wish to do justice, though he will have no definite or intelligible law to administer; but the most important part of his duty will consist in valuation of land and improvements; and his probable incompetence to assume the functions of a land surveyor will place him in the hands of the assessors who are to be appointed by the Board of Guardians, or, in other words, by the tenant-farmers. The judges at whose mercy the whole landed property of the kingdom is to be placed will probably be selected on account of their well-known bias against the rights of landlords. Mr. HOWARD and his friends are unconscious of the contemptuous estimate which their proposals involve of the honesty and wisdom of the Ministers whose support they hope to purchase by their votes.

To divide property between the undoubted owner and an intruder under the arbitration of a tribunal representing the new claimant is a wanton defiance of justice and decency which would two or three years ago have been deemed inconceivable. The other provisions of the Bill are worthy of the machinery by which it is to be administered. The tenant who receives notice to quit after the rent has been fixed by the Land Court may put up his interest for sale in the open market, and compel the landlord either to accept the purchaser as tenant or to pay the outgoing tenant the price which has been offered. As no part of the measure is even ostensibly consistent with justice or economic principle, it is perhaps useless to remark that a new tenant-right would imply that the Land Court has fixed the rent too low. The present occupier paid no premium on coming in; and he demands a premium on going out, for no reason except that many farmers voted for Mr. GLADSTONE at the last election. The enactment of any portion of the Bill would be an act of bribery as gross as any distribution of sovereigns which has been made by the Man in the Moon. The exponent and eulogist of the Bill who writes in the *Standard* declares that the proposed tenant-right "for the first time puts the vexed question of 'improvements upon a logical and commercial basis.'"

Having assumed that there is no need to trouble Ministers about any question but the promotion of the interests of tenant-farmers, the managers of the Alliance proceed to disport themselves at will in all other relations between landlord and tenant. All contracts made in violation of the principles of the Bill are to be rendered null and void. "All forfeitures on the ground of breach of cove-

nant will also in all likelihood be ignored." "All conditions as to the nature and succession of crops are 'virtually abolished.'" An occupier for two or three years will be able to break up old meadow land of which the qualities could not be reproduced in a single lifetime, with the sole risk of incurring liability to a payment to be assessed by two neighbouring farmers, engaged perhaps in a similar operation. "The tithe-charges will in all probability be placed on the same footing as house duty at present, the tenant paying them in the first instance, and then deducting them from the rent." The Committee of the Alliance probably chuckle over the reflection that the amount of tithe rent-charge has, in ordinary practice, been already deducted from the rent, as one of the considerations in the contract of letting. The mode in which the Bill deals with the question of rates may be inferred from its general provisions. "The Committee engaged in revising the draft of the Bill have, we learn, agreed that only one-fourth of the local rates levied on farm land shall be paid 'by the tenant.'" It may be asked why, in appropriating to themselves the goods of their neighbours, the tenant-farmers should restrict themselves to three-fourths of the whole. Some agrarian REGAN will probably outbid the GENERAL of Bedford by proposing to lay all the rates on the landlord, whose rent has already been reduced by the full amount. The tenant-farmers as represented by the Guardians will have the pleasure of expending the rates of which the unhappy owners are to pay three-fourths. The instinct of predatory selfishness acquires strength as it moves.

What needs he five-and-twenty, ten, or five?

Although arguments addressed to those who avowedly legislate for their own exclusive benefit are likely to be wasted, some considerations of prudence and self-interest may be worth the consideration of farmers who are disposed to join the Alliance in the hope of sharing the profits of spoliation. Mr. GLADSTONE, on whom the hopes of the Alliance are fixed, has already paid them a part of the price of their votes in the Ground Game Bill of last year. He would perhaps be willing to grant them a further boon at the expense of perverse Tory landlords; but they are not the only claimants on his bounty. Before it was thought possible to purchase the support of the farmers, the party now dominant had promised to enfranchise the labourers, in the well-founded hope of ensuring their political support. Household suffrage in counties will almost certainly be enacted by the present Parliament, and at the next election the new constituencies will show their gratitude to their benefactors, but not without a distinct expectation of future favours. The demands of the labourers will, from the nature of the case, be almost exclusively directed against the farmers. The Land Court may furnish a precedent for a Wages Court, which would exercise a not more anomalous jurisdiction. A Nine Hours Bill might also find a chance of acceptance if it were supported by a sufficient number of county votes. The institution of a peasant proprietary, though it might be more remote, would put an end not only to the Alliance, but to the farmers who compose it. The only mode of encountering dangerous schemes of innovation is to abide by sound principles of law and economy. If property is to depend on a majority of votes, the large farmers will soon be swept away. They already propose, for the benefit of the present occupiers, to subject all future tenants to an extreme rack-rent by compelling them to purchase the tenant-right at a price to be fixed by competition. The labourers, when they attain political power, will scarcely respect the newly acquired rights of a middle-class oligarchy of irremovable occupiers. It will, indeed, be difficult to defend a one-sided fixity of tenure, while the tenant retains the right, which he now frequently exercises, of throwing up his farm at pleasure.

#### TINKERING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

AN article on the House of Lords in the *Fortnightly Review* painfully illustrates the unstable condition of all English institutions. That a periodical of revolutionary tendencies should contain an attack on that part of the established system which is most obnoxious to zealous democrats would cause no surprise; but Mr. RATHBONE, the author of the present essay, is a temperate advocate of changes which he would willingly restrain within safe

and reasonable limits. His objections to the House of Lords, as it now exists, are not founded on social jealousy; nor is he disposed to do injustice to the great qualities of many members of the hereditary aristocracy. He believes that rank and wealth may still advantageously be used to strengthen an efficient Second Chamber; but he thinks that the House of Lords ought to derive its authority from election, while he admits that there may be a reasonable difference of opinion as to the constituencies to be created for the purpose. A feeling of regret that a proposal for abolishing the present House of Lords should proceed from such a quarter indicates no want of respect for Mr. RATHBONE's ability and character. Plausible and even forcible arguments may be used against almost every branch of the ancient Constitution, including the highest summit, which is not yet included in the plan of revolutionary advance. The doctrine which is more than once propounded by Mr. RATHBONE, that in the present day every institution must justify itself by its practical utility, would perhaps be sound if it were universally applied. To some minds it seems that one gigantic exception practically vitiates the rule. Those who regard the absolute supremacy of numbers as the greatest of anomalies are quite certain that it rests, not on any calculation of expediency, but on physical force. The only power by which it can be even practically counterbalanced is respect for tradition, or the habit of acquiescing in the existing results of historical causes. Democracy, which questions all other authority, never examines its own credentials. In a sentence which is composed for another purpose, Mr. RATHBONE casually justifies the existence of the House of Lords. The leisured class is, as he justly says, the informal constituency of a Second Chamber. He might have added that in a short time the leisured class will be represented in no other assembly. It is already disfranchised in France, and to a great extent even in the far more healthy political organization of the United States. In neither country is property so seriously threatened as it has been of late in the United Kingdom. The House of Lords may perhaps not be strong enough to stem the tide of revolution; but its power of resistance may probably be greater than that of any substitute which could be contrived.

Mr. RATHBONE is thoroughly sincere in his desire to strengthen a House of Lords, under that or some other name, for the discharge of functions which he holds to be of paramount importance. He oddly illustrates the necessity of such a barrier to improvident legislation by "the working of American politics during the last forty years." He truly says that "the need of conciliating compact and selfish minorities made it hard, at one time almost impossible, for an honest man to be a politician." He adds that the same cause made possible a growth of local taxation almost equivalent (as in the city of New York) to confiscation. In the United States there is, as Mr. RATHBONE elsewhere observes, the most powerful Second Chamber which anywhere exists. Even in TWEED's Irish Republic of New York the Board of Aldermen revised the decisions of the predatory Town Council. The want of a check on dishonesty and wrongful legislation was produced by the common origin of all powers in the Federation, the State, and the Municipality. The same constituency directly or indirectly elected them all; and the class which possessed property and leisure was represented by no House of Lords. It is true that in England the hereditary branch of the Legislature has many imperfections; but it was hardly worth Mr. RATHBONE's while to quote, in support of his own more valuable opinion, the supposed admissions of a writer "whom we cannot suppose prejudiced against that House of which he will one day be a member." There have always been aristocrats who, through caprice or love of notoriety, affected hostility to their own order. In quiet times such patriots make the best of both worlds by combining the advantages of rank with the favour which may be earned by the profession of popular opinions. The Liberal nobles of the French Revolution were destined to acquire an opposite experience, which may be profitably studied by their successors in other countries.

Mr. RATHBONE, though he is free from conscious unfairness, scarcely does justice to the mode in which the House of Lords conducts important business. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, who is certainly not more friendly to the House of Lords than Mr. RATHBONE, lately cited the debates on the Irish Land Bill as models of method, if not of sub-

stance. Mr. RATHBONE, on the other hand, thinks that the Peers by their attitude seemed to court destruction. They were, by no fault of their own, placed in a difficult and awkward position. Their duty to themselves and the country forbade the rejection of the Bill; and yet it was proper and necessary that they should record their objections to its principle. Lord LANSDOWNE's speech, which was perhaps the best delivered on the occasion, contained a conclusive exposure of the political and economic faults of the measure. In a concluding paragraph he intimated that the evils of rejection would nevertheless be greater than those which could result from acceptance of the Bill. The Ministers, and not the Opposition, were responsible for making offers which were in their nature incapable of retraction or of reduction. Mr. HARRISON praised the rapidity with which the House of Lords elaborates details in Committee. Mr. RATHBONE finds much fault with the alleged ignorance of details, which he attributes to want of contact with constituents. It is true that the great body of the Peers may not possess extraordinary legislative aptitude; but in no other assembly is business so habitually left in the hands of the leaders of parties.

Mr. RATHBONE's scheme of reform is perhaps as good as any rival plan for the constitution of a new Second Chamber. He would make all peers eligible for a seat; but he proposes that the House of Commons should, by cumulative vote, elect one-third of the Upper House for periods of fifteen years. The election would really devolve on the Ministers of the day, who are also to have the power of appointing a limited number of civil and military servants of the Crown. The Law Lords are to retain their present seats, and the total number of three hundred is to be completed by the addition of the Chairmen of the proposed County Boards. As the Boards themselves will be elected by household suffrage, it is not impossible that some of the Chairmen may be local agitators, possessing influence in their own districts, but wholly unqualified for seats in the House of Lords. It was thought rash on the part of a religious Order to embody a condemnation of all change in the well-known formula—*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*. To the House of Lords the phrase may be applied in the form, not of a wish, but of a prophecy—*Erunt ut sunt, aut non erunt*. It is strange that Mr. RATHBONE should regard the constitution of the American Senate as a precedent for the election of a part of the Second Chamber by the House of Commons. The Senate would have been as commonplace as the House of Representatives if it had been elected by that body; but it is useless to criticize in detail a project which is only one of many plausible contrivances which might be suggested. The French Senate furnishes an instructive example of the difficulty of creating a Second Chamber under the conditions imposed by modern democracy. It is elected by three or four different methods; it includes many of the most eminent orators, of the soundest economists, of the most experienced statesmen and administrators of France; and yet when it lately rejected a Bill of secondary importance, an outcry was immediately raised for its abolition; and M. GAMBETTA, who at first defended its independence, now thinks it convenient to support some scheme of reconstruction which may ensure its absolute subservience to the more popular assembly. Mr. RATHBONE's just and eloquent eulogy on the members of one great patrician House might serve as an argument for maintaining the privileges which he proposes to destroy or to qualify. The social and political weight of an able and wealthy family derives its principal lustre from the presence of its chief in the hereditary Assembly, which in turn is largely dependent on the general respect which is felt for himself and his equals.

#### LORD DERBY ON THE IRISH LAND ACT.

LORD DERBY has set himself to examine calmly and candidly the probable effects of the Irish Land Bill now that it has become law, and no one can aid or prevent its passing by exaggerated hopes or fears. What does it all come to? What will it do? What will it not do? are the questions which Lord DERBY attempts to answer by the light of a clear, cold judgment and of much experience of affairs, general and Irish. He necessarily assumes, to begin with, that the Act will be allowed to work, that the decrees of the Court will be respected, and that the law will in practice give to every man what it gives him in theory. If this is assumed, Lord DERBY shows that the

landlord will lose very little. On the whole, the land is let at a low rent. A fair Court, therefore, if it does not raise rents, will not lower them; and, as it is assumed that in the future all legal obligations are to be punctually fulfilled, the mass of landlords will get the same rents paid as a matter of certainty that they now get in a very precarious and painful way. They will have no political power, but they have already lost under the Ballot the political power they once possessed; they will retain the social advantages which in a peaceful country always attach to the receipt of large revenues from a source so obvious and indisputable as land. Their incomes will indeed be larger than ever, for they will no longer be exposed to the importunities of tenants asking them to contribute towards improvements. They retain all their rights of sport, and, under this imaginary reign of law, no one will poison hounds or stop hunting with pitchforks. Their only real loss will be that of the pleasure of finding a sphere of honourable activity in the personal management of a large estate, and it is not a pleasure that the bulk of Irish landlords have had the wish or the resources to enjoy in any very great extent. There will, no doubt, be landlords who will have their rents and their incomes reduced, and who therefore will have to content themselves with the thought that a certainty of sixpence is better than the chance of a shilling. Speaking broadly, Lord DERBY is quite right in saying that the landlords would not lose if the Act was loyally carried out. He, indeed, somewhat understates his case. If we are to contrast the dismal anarchy that prevails in Ireland at present with an imaginary state of things in which every one obeyed the law, the landlord got his present rents paid to the day, enjoyed in peace his social distinction, and sported to his heart's content, he ought, if he had a spark of gratitude, to invoke blessings every evening on the heads of those good and clever men who thought of this wonderful Act which had conferred on him such inestimable benefits.

When Lord DERBY turns to the tenants he sees before him a much more gloomy prospect. The tenants are now, he says, in the position of peasant proprietors who have not paid for their land. Are they likely to thrive in such a position? Lord DERBY thinks they are not for several reasons, of which the chief are that the soil and climate of Ireland are not favourable to small farms; that the tenants will have no capital to make improvements; that the Irish farmers have a painfully slight knowledge of their business; and that they are apt to have inconveniently large families. The many would fail, and only the few would succeed. Those who failed would sell their holdings, and the purchasers would be those who thrive. Lord DERBY rightly calculates that as a pure matter of business the cultivator of an adjacent holding is the man who can afford to give the best price for the interest of an outgoing tenant. Thus in the long run the effect of the Act would be to consolidate farms, and although this would be in one way a public benefit, for the soil would produce, if Lord DERBY is right, more than it can produce under a system of small farms, all the objects which have prompted the agitation by which the Act has been gained would be defeated. It is impossible as to all this to say whether Lord DERBY is right or wrong. We are told to assume the existence of a state of things so unlike all that we see now, that we cannot realize its immediate, and still less its remoter, consequences. It is supposed that the soil is to be occupied by tenants sure of their holdings, and in return cheerfully obeying the law, rigidly fulfilling their obligations, and making a gallant and persistent effort to do their very best with the land on which they find themselves placed. If humble Irishmen are capable of undergoing this moral transformation, they might also be capable of doing more in their new and better state than Lord DERBY expects. If we are to look at the mass of landlords and omit exceptional cases, we ought also to look at the mass of tenants. There are Irish tenants who, if they had no other source of livelihood, could not in most years pay any rent at all. But the mass of Irish tenants are perfectly well able to pay their rents if they choose. The proof of this is that, according not only to Lord DERBY but also to the best authorities he has been able to consult, on every two Irish estates out of three the rent has not been raised within the last twelve or fifteen years, and the rent, until the present agitation began, was regularly paid. This is, in fact, the customary rent which Lord DERBY thinks the Court will impose as

the future rent, and which it is assumed will be paid when due by a law-abiding tenant. What is there in the Land Act to make it more difficult for the tenant to live and pay this rent than it has been hitherto? These men, with a new moral nature, will find themselves in a new position, and this position will, at any rate, make them more, and not less, prone to do their very best for themselves and the land. As owners subject to a quit rent, they are not likely to work less hard or to take less interest in their work than they used to do when they held by a tenure which they believed, or affected to believe, was precarious. The size of their families might make emigration necessary; but these worthy, law-abiding, industrious men would be just the persons to explain to the superfluous members of their circle that they would do better to leave home and shift for themselves. They would, as Lord DERBY observes, have no capital for such expensive improvements as draining; but draining has hitherto been mainly done not with the money of the landlords, but with money which the landlords have borrowed; and tenants who as a body obeyed the law and paid their rents would borrow for drainage as easily as the landlords have done. There is perhaps only one way in which the Land Act is prejudicial to the tenants. Foreign competition may lower the price of the main articles of Irish produce. In this case it would be disadvantageous to a tenant to be saddled during a statutory term with a rent based on prices when foreign competition was not felt, and in this respect the rigidity of the Act would tell too much in favour of the landlords.

After discussing the probable effects of the Act as it would operate if a reign of law, order, and general content were established, Lord DERBY handles the very serious preliminary question whether there is any solid reason to anticipate that this happy state of things will be seen by the present generation. In other words, will the Land Act pacify Ireland? Lord DERBY has no kind of hesitation in saying that it will not. Whether it will ever come into practical operation until those who are determined that it shall not have a chance are made to feel themselves in danger is very doubtful. But, apart from this, there is the very grave objection to all hopes of the pacificatory effects of the Land Act, that it is not what England has given, but what England will not give, that the Irish want. Lord DERBY has done his best to inform himself on this head, and all that he has seen, read, or heard, leads him to the conclusion that the bulk of the Irish will be pacified by nothing but separation from England. Their new moral nature is not going to begin to show itself until they are allowed to set up a government for themselves. As Lord DERBY pointedly says, we are at the commencement, not at the end, of a great struggle. Nothing can be more unwise than to underrate the gravity of the position in which England is thus placed. Whatever we do, we seem only to increase the anxiety of the Irish to be let go. If we humour them, and pass an Act like the Land Act, which we only justify on the ground that they are not as we are, they take this as a confession that there are inherent differences which make an enforced union odious to them. If we treat them as being like Englishmen, and give them juries and the Ballot, a democratic franchise and local government, they use these gifts as instruments for working out their end of separation. Prudence, patience, and great firmness may overcome the Irish difficulty, as they have overcome so many difficulties which English statesmen have had to encounter; but they were never more necessary, and nothing can be more illusory than the hope that we have suddenly found in the Land Act a sovereign and specific remedy for the political maladies of Ireland.

#### M. FERRY AND M. GAMBETTA.

THAT small portion of the French public which takes an active interest in politics is busy in speculating as to the precise date and the immediate antecedents of M. FERRY's impending resignation. That the nominal leader of the lately-elected majority is shortly to make way for a new Prime Minister no one, except the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, seems to doubt. The only point about his retirement from his present office which is still uncertain is whether it will come before or after the meeting of the Chambers. If the question



were to be decided either by precedent or political propriety, M. FERRY would certainly choose the latter course. He might very naturally have ceased to be Prime Minister six weeks ago, because he could then have said that, as the new majority evidently belonged to another man, he should no longer profess to represent it. Instead of this, he claimed the new majority as his own, and gave no hint that the thought of resignation had so much as entered his mind. No fresh light has been cast upon the composition or wishes of the new majority since that time, and if M. FERRY now resigns without waiting for the meeting of the Chambers, he will find a very different explanation given of the step. He will be accused, and accused with much apparent reason, of desiring to escape the responsibility of the war in Tunis. Had things gone well there, it will be said, nothing would have been heard about a Ministerial reconstruction until the Chambers were again in Session. This sudden desire to leave M. GRÉVY free to send for whomsoever he chooses coincides somewhat suspiciously with the news that has lately been received from North Africa. It will be taken, at all events, to mean that M. FERRY is anxious to escape the responsibility of his own action, that he has sacrificed the Tunis expedition to considerations of political convenience, and that he does not wish to face the censure which he is certain to incur in consequence. A Minister who retires under these circumstances must be curiously indifferent to the good opinion of his countrymen. To resign office rather than challenge, or even endure, inquiry is to admit that your motives will not stand examination. If M. FERRY has anything of a case, he will naturally be anxious to lay it before the Chamber, and he can only do this to advantage by remaining Prime Minister until there has been time for his conduct to be debated. M. GRÉVY, who is understood to be scrupulous about Parliamentary proprieties, can hardly fail to take this view. Though the powers of the President of the Republic as regards the selection of Ministers are not very well ascertained, he will certainly assume that a Chamber which is so nearly a double of the old one must be held to support the Cabinet which the old Chamber supported, until it has given evidence to the contrary.

When constitutional propriety and the wishes of the Chief of the State point unmistakably to M. FERRY's retention of office until he has been displaced by a Parliamentary vote, it may seem strange that there should be so much as a suspicion that he means to anticipate such a vote by resignation. Even a Prime Minister has a right to be accounted innocent until the contrary is proved; why, then, should it be taken for granted that M. FERRY means virtually to confess his guilt by running away from trial? That is a question for French journalists to answer; all that foreign observers can do is to note the fact that this intention on the part of M. FERRY is taken for granted by many persons who profess to be well informed as to his intentions. The very day on which he is to place his office at M. GRÉVY's disposal is named, and a reason assigned why he should do it on that day and on no other. It is argued that the new Prime Minister will wish to meet Parliament as soon as his Cabinet is formed, lest some mischief in the way of intrigue should be found for the hands of idle deputies, and it is calculated that it will take about ten days to form the Cabinet. This explanation of M. FERRY's expected resignation has the fault that it only explains why it should take place at a particular time. In this limited sense it is certainly an adequate explanation. Given that M. FERRY has determined not to face the Chambers in his present office, there are good reasons why he should retire from it somewhere between the 15th and the 18th of the present month. But it leaves the question why he should retire from it at all just where it was; and before this can be answered, it must be made clear why M. GAMBETTA wishes to take office before the meeting of the Chambers rather than after. If he had not made up his mind that the time is come for him to step into M. FERRY's shoes, we may be sure that M. FERRY would not be so anxious to put his shoes off. Now there are at least two reasons why M. GAMBETTA should not wish any longer to delay taking office. The first is, that if he is in power when the decisive news comes from Tunis, he will come in for the credit of it if it is good, while he will be able to wash his hands of it if it is bad. No one can say precisely how far M. GAMBETTA has shared in the responsibility of the expedition; and since it is left to him to define his part in it, he will probably be guided by the consider-

ation whether this responsibility is glorious or inglorious. If he waits until the result is known, he runs the risk of that result being favourable, and so of M. FERRY's seeming to be thrown aside, not because he is not fit to be Prime Minister, but because M. GAMBETTA wants to be Prime Minister himself. The second reason is that, if M. FERRY's resignation is postponed until after his policy has been debated in the Chamber of Deputies, M. GAMBETTA can hardly avoid taking part in the discussion. The politician who by universal consent is to succeed the Minister whose conduct is under inquiry must give his own opinion of that conduct, and state in what respects he would have acted differently. It is easy to see why M. GAMBETTA should wish to escape this necessity. No one except himself and some members of the present Cabinet can say how far the conduct of the Tunis expedition was of his ordering, and how far of M. FERRY's. So long as there is no exhaustive debate in the Chamber the precise distribution of parts may remain unknown, and if a new Cabinet is formed before the opening of the Session an exhaustive debate may be avoided. There is very little amusement in censuring a Government which no longer exists, and it will not be possible to censure the new Government until there has been time for it to show how its policy differs from that of its predecessor.

This, however, only accounts for M. GAMBETTA's anxiety that M. FERRY should not wait to defend himself before the Chamber. What can be the motive which is expected to lead M. FERRY to the same conclusion? He, it might be thought, is under the strongest possible inducements not to evade a Parliamentary trial. Even if all the charges now current against him should be proved in every detail, he would still be better off than if he resigned in order to prevent them from being proved. In the former case he would at least have given evidence of courage, if not of statesmanship; in the latter case he would have shown himself equally deficient in both qualities. This is not the view which is taken of the situation by French politicians. They, strange to say, are of opinion that M. FERRY will better, rather than injure, his prospects by declining to answer his accusers. If, it is said, he retires from office before the Chamber meets, there will be nothing to prevent M. GAMBETTA from offering him a seat in the new Cabinet. If, on the other hand, he awaits a vote of want of confidence, and the division goes against him, M. GAMBETTA will not be able to do this. For the time, at all events, a vote of censure directed against a Ministry must be accepted as disqualifying its chief for holding office in the Ministry which follows. M. FERRY may serve under M. GAMBETTA if he runs away from a Parliamentary condemnation, but he cannot serve under him—at least, not immediately—if he remains to face a Parliamentary condemnation. As ex-Ministers are very quickly forgotten in France, M. FERRY probably thinks that it is safer not to let the chance go by. The part assigned to him in the transaction argues a low standard of political honour; but, inasmuch as no considerable organ of French opinion seems to reject the hypothesis, it must be supposed that it is a standard in which average French opinion sees nothing discreditable.

#### LORD O'HAGAN AT DUBLIN.

THE Social Science Association has for some time past become dull and useful. In its early years it was neither. The extravagances which found their natural place at its meetings yielded an annual crop of amusement, and even the enthusiasts who paraded them did not dream that the experiments they suggested would ever be seriously tried. Now, the Congresses mostly address themselves to points in which the law is admitted to need amendment, and the President's address bears a painfully close resemblance to a Queen's Speech. Lord O'HAGAN's survey of the field which the Association has made its own was fair and comprehensive. He avoided awkward questions with all the care which high office renders necessary, and contrived to fill his allotted space without betraying any sense of the irony of fortune in placing a meeting called together to consider amendments of the law in a country in which law has ceased to be of any account. It is doubtful, however, whether under any circumstances a conspicuous party politician can be a good President of a Social Science Congress. He is bound by his posi-

tion not to hint that anything for which his colleagues, past or present, are responsible is other than perfect; and, however convinced he may be of the need for further changes, he must not betray his conviction in words. Lord O'HAGAN moved as easily under these fetters as it is possible for any one to do, but the fetters were still there. They were especially visible in the parts of his address which bore upon education. Lord O'HAGAN is an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and in neither character can he feel any genuine liking either for the Intermediate Education Act or for the foundation of the Royal University. Religious prejudices in one political party and irreligious prejudices in the other have combined to withhold from Irishmen the kind of education which the majority of the nation desires. Conservatives have disliked the notion of endowing Popery; Liberals have disliked the notion of endowing any creed whatever. The consequence has been that secondary and university education have hardly existed for Irish Roman Catholics. Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges have been frequented mainly by Irish Protestants. The object of the Intermediate Education Act and of the Royal University is to amend this state of things in fact, without amending it in form. Party exigencies have made it impossible, or have been supposed to make it impossible, to give Roman Catholic parents in Ireland the same advantages which have long been enjoyed by Anglican parents in England and by Presbyterian parents in Scotland. In the two latter cases the desire to bring up their children in their own religion has been esteemed a virtue; in the former it has been treated merely as a proof that those who profess to feel it set no genuine value on education. Perhaps if leading politicians on both sides had had the courage to paint this flagrant inconsistency in its true colours, Englishmen might by degrees have awaked to it; but, instead of this, leading politicians on both sides have agreed to support one another in making believe that Irish education must be regulated by one principle, and English and Scotch education by another. The Intermediate Education Act and the Royal University are attempts made, so to say, under the rose to give Irish Roman Catholic youths an education which their parents' consciences will allow them to accept for their sons. The State carefully shuts its eyes to the destination of the money which it pays for this purpose. It refuses to know anything about the religion of the youths to whom it gives scholarships and fellowships; it only knows that they have passed a given examination. This is, no doubt, a great improvement on the system under which Roman Catholics could not hold scholarships or fellowships even by passing an examination. But it is open to objections which no one is better qualified than Lord O'HAGAN to set out with all the just weight that belongs to them. If he were not, never had been, and never hoped to be, in office, the Social Science Congress would have been greatly the gainer.

It is natural that the author of the existing Irish jury system should think well of his own work, and that a considerable part of Lord O'HAGAN's address should have been devoted to a defence of the Act which he passed in 1871. It is fair to remember that the deserved discredit into which trial by jury in Ireland has lately fallen has nothing to do with any particular method of choosing juries. It is useless to try to combine incompatible advantages. There are merits in trial by jury, there are merits in trial without a jury; but the merits are not identical. The virtue of trial by jury is the popular satisfaction with the result of the trial which springs from the popular character of the body by which the verdict has been given. The virtue of trial without jury is the possibility which it affords of obtaining a really capable and instructed tribunal. Great fault has been found with the Jury Act of 1871 because it took away from the sheriff the power of selection, and made the payment of rates a sufficient qualification for a juror. There are times, no doubt, when these two changes will almost necessarily work badly. There might be some chance of getting a just verdict, even in an agrarian case, if a high qualification had kept out most of the class which is actuated by passion or fear, and if the sheriff had kept out the remainder. It would be far better, however, to suspend trial by jury altogether than to deprive it beforehand of the features which constitute its sole claim to public confidence. A condemnation by a Special Commission would not excite a tenth part of the sympathy for the criminal which would be excited by a condemnation by a packed jury, or even

by a jury from which every one of the same rank with the criminal had been rigidly excluded. When the popular feeling about crime is healthy, the verdict of a jury will seldom do any real injustice. When the popular feeling about crime is unhealthy, trial by jury has ceased for the time to be a satisfactory or proper method of arriving at the truth. What Ireland wants at the present moment is, not any tinkering with the method by which juries are chosen, but a frank recognition of the fact that no method of choosing juries can be satisfactory in agrarian cases which does not make them cease to be juries except in name. When things have come to this pass, the remedy is to be sought in a suspension of trial by jury until it has once more become possible for juries that are juries in something else than in name to be trusted with the trial of prisoners charged with agrarian crimes. It is not to be expected that the meeting at Dublin will give a very certain sound upon a question of this kind. In theory, every Irishman must be assumed to wish that a man who has shot a landlord, resisted the police, or taken violent possession of land to which he has ceased to have any title should have prompt punishment meted out to him. In practice, the sympathy entertained for the cause to which these acts are supposed to minister makes a difference in the feeling with which the execution of the law is regarded, and this distinction may be expected to be visible even in a Social Science Congress.

It is inevitable, perhaps, that at a Social Science Congress held in Dublin something should be said in behalf of the movement which is to give Ireland manufactures. But Lord O'HAGAN would have done a greater service to his countrymen if he had warned them that such a movement is predestined to failure. There are countries in which the question whether manufactures shall or shall not exist on a great scale is determined by legislation; there are others in which it is determined by nature. Ireland belongs to the latter class, and a greater injury could hardly be done her than to invite capital to work up imported raw material with imported coal and imported machinery.

#### COVENTRY.

THANKS to Lady Godiva, the city of Coventry is more generally known than most provincial towns of the same degree of importance. The knowledge of it possessed by most people is, however, probably confined to the legend of Earl Leofric's lady, and the form of Boycotting known as sending the victim to Coventry, together with some vague ideas about seven spires and an accompanying multiplicity of churches. To such persons it may perhaps be disappointing to know that only three spires are now standing, that the legend of Godiva is probably quite mythical, being mentioned by no authority earlier than Matthew of Westminster, and that the episode of Peeping Tom—

low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come—

is a late addition to the legend. In spite, however, of the destruction of ancient monuments which has been wrought by time, "restoration" and the necessities of trade and manufacture, Coventry still possesses much that is of the highest interest to antiquaries and students of architecture. Beside the three beautiful churches, and St. Mary's Hall, one of the finest guildhalls in existence, the city is rich in examples of domestic architecture of the best periods, especially of the early part of the sixteenth century. The town is fortunate, too, in its situation. The country near, especially to the south, in the direction of Warwick and Stoneleigh, is perhaps the loveliest in the county. On the Stoneleigh road, a mile or so from the city, lies Stivichall, with its beautiful grange, and the little church built in forty years by one man's labour. The road to Warwick, with its avenue of oaks, its grassy rides, and the stretches of fern-clad common by the wayside, is conspicuous, even among Warwickshire roads, for its beauty. As one approaches Coventry by this road, the two tall spires which stand on high ground in the middle of the town form a landmark for miles, except where the view is hidden by the elms that meet overhead. The entrance to the town on this side is very fine, in spite of some ugly modern buildings. Most of the houses are roofed with red tiles, and the two spires, prominent in every view of the town, rise over the cluster of low buildings which intervenes, with no rival object to take away from their appearance of immense height. Leaving behind the station and the row of stuccoed villas with which modern taste has disfigured the approach to it, we pass the old house where George Eliot went to school, and the little inn where the figure of Peeping Tom looks down from a window at the street-corner. In some parts of the town the old stands side by side with the new. A tumble-down timbered house leans against a magnificent new gin-palace, fragments of the city wall are placarded with the advertisements of bicycle manufacturers, and a fireplace lined with rare Dutch tiles

accompanies hair-brushing by machinery in a barber's shop. Elsewhere there are whole streets which still retain their old-world appearance. The houses are of all heights, their roofs pitched high or low according to the builder's fancy. They stand at various angles with each other and with the line of the road, and encroach upon the footpath in a way calculated to vex the souls of municipal authorities. The beams and gables are often enriched with fine carving, and many have suffered little except in the mutilation of the finials, which has been so general that in some modern reproductions of the style the finials have been copied in their mutilated form, and instead of rising above the apex of the gable, have been cut short and covered with coping tiles. One of the most picturesque of the old streets is Butcher Row, which stands close to the churches and in suggestive proximity to the old Bull-ring. Here the houses seem to be tumbling about in all directions, and are kept together in defiance of the laws of gravity by the strength of the materials and the excellence of the workmanship. In a narrow lane which leads into Cross Cheaping the buildings on each side slope so much as almost to meet overhead, and remind one forcibly of a street in the Arab quarter of Cairo, where "tres pateat coeli spatium, non amplius, ulnas." The line of the city walls can be easily traced in many parts, especially on the south side, where the city has never passed beyond its ancient limits. Here a footpath skirts the boundary line, and rows of cottages, raised above the foundations of the wall, look southward over acres of garden and orchard. Most of the gates have disappeared, but one remains on the north-east at the end of Cook Street, and the gate-house of another is still inhabited. A fine gateway which once belonged to the monastery of the White Friars still leads from the lane called after them into Much Park Street.

Of course the interest of the town centres around the churches of St. Michael and Trinity, which are too well known to need any detailed description. The beautiful red sandstone of which the tower and spire of St. Michael's are built adds the charm of colour to that of form, and the crumbling of the stone has given the beauty of age without as yet endangering the safety of the structure. Of the ruins of the Cathedral and Priory to the north of the two churches very little remains. Some foundations have been excavated and exposed to view in front of the buildings of the Blue Coat School, and a fragment of wall has been cleverly built into the new fabric, instead of being ruthlessly pulled down to make way for it, as usually happens in such cases. A great part of the site of the Priory is now occupied by a row of large red brick houses, built for the most part in the early part of last century, when Coventry, after a century and a half of depression, was beginning to recover through the introduction of the silk trade. No doubt further excavations would bring to light many interesting remains which lie buried beneath the trim lawns sloping down from the back of these houses. St. Mary's Hall stands on the south side of St. Michael's Church. Its history is closely connected with that of the city guilds, which were founded mainly in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. The hall was first built about the middle of the fourteenth century, by the guild from which it takes its name. As it now stands, it dates from the close of the same century, when the more important guilds were united. Though the Trinity Guild gave its name to the new society, the hall, after the rebuilding, retained its original title. It is fully described in Sharp's *Antiquities of Coventry*. Among its most interesting contents is the famous tapestry which has lately been exhibited at South Kensington. It hangs under the north window, and illustrates the close connexion between the city and Henry VI., who was a member of the Trinity Guild. The tapestry is in a state of excellent preservation; but it is unfortunate that the excessive zeal of the Reformers should have led them to cut out the representation of God the Father which originally occupied the centre of the chief compartment, and to substitute the present poor figure of Justice. The hall contains portraits of the English sovereigns from Elizabeth to George IV.; but perhaps the most interesting picture of all is one which may with great probability be ascribed to Sir Antonio More. It has generally, but no doubt wrongly, been called a portrait of Queen Mary. About the treasures contained in the muniment-room volumes might be written. The collection of documents is one of the most important in England, and among the MSS. may be mentioned the charter granted in 1153 by Earl Ranulph, the city Leet-book, and several account-books belonging to the corporation and to various of the guilds. There are also two volumes of letters addressed to the corporation on various occasions—one, from Queen Anne Boleyn, announces the birth of the Princess Elizabeth; another, from Elizabeth herself, charges the mayor with the safe keeping of Mary, Queen of Scots. Open the volumes where one may, there is sure to be something of interest in the history of the city or of the country at large.

Close to St. Mary's Hall is one of the most beautiful timbered houses in Coventry. The carving of the beams and gables is exquisite; but unhappily this is the only one left standing of a whole row of houses, which were pulled down some years since to make room for various modern buildings. The carved gables of the demolished houses are engraved in Pugin's work on the subject, and are among the finest examples contained in it. In the same work may be found examples taken from Ford's Hospital, in Greyfriars Lane, which shows, on a small scale, all that is best in the architecture of the period. It is in the form of a quadrangle, and is entered from a mean and dirty

street by a low archway, which leads into a tiny court only a few feet wide. In the window of the little room which was once the chapel are two curious figures, representing the Virgin and St. John. The building, small as it is, is quite equal in interest to the far better known Leicester Hospital at Warwick. Of similar character, but far larger and rather less beautiful, is the Bablake Hospital, at the west end of the town, where there is a fine portrait of John Hales, the founder of the Grammar School, probably by Holbein. St. John's Church, which stands to the south-west of this hospital, and close to the site of Spengate, has lately been restored, with considerable benefit to the interior, at any rate. The floor, which had for some inscrutable reason been raised several feet, is now lowered to its original level, and the bases of the pillars have been uncovered. The church is both beautiful and curious. The choir has a northward bend, as is also the case in St. Michael's, and the west wall is not at right angles with the two adjoining it. Several of the pillars, too, are very much out of the perpendicular. The church was founded soon after the formation of St. John's Guild, in the reign of Edward III. It is impossible here even to mention all the buildings which are worthy of admiration and study. Two more must, however, be named—the Grammar School, once the church of St. John's Hospital, noteworthy for the rare and beautiful tracery of its east window; and the old Palace in Earl Street, which has been sadly mutilated by the base uses to which it has been put, though it still possesses many features of interest. A curious fact about it is that there appear to be no means of ascertaining who were its original owners. The name of the street in which it stands suggests their rank, but nothing more is known of them.

In spite, or perhaps in consequence, of the vast wealth of material available for the purpose, no adequate history of Coventry has yet been written. Those best qualified to deal with the subject have confined themselves for the most part to monographs on the various branches of it; and to their labours, especially to those of Thomas Sharp the antiquary, the future historian will owe very much. Dugdale's work is, of course, extremely valuable; but as its author was writing the history of Warwickshire, not of Coventry, it does not go into the subject with the minuteness which its importance deserves. At the very outset the student is met by a difficulty, in the uncertainty which attaches to the origin of the name. The most obvious explanation of the first two syllables is that they refer to a convent which undoubtedly existed in very early times; but as the last syllable is of course *tre*, the British word for town, some authorities prefer to regard the remainder of the word as a modification of *Cine*, which they take to be the ancient name of the river Shirburn. However this may be, a nunnery certainly existed in the time of Canute which had a great repute on account of the virtues of St. Osburg, who had been its abbess. It was destroyed in 1016 by Canute and Edric, and we hear no more of Coventry until the reign of Edward the Confessor, when Leofric, Earl of Mercia, the husband of Godiva, founded the monastery which afterwards became so famous. This Leofric was descended from an ancestor of the same name, who was Earl of Chester in the reign of Ethelbald, King of Mercia. He was one of the most powerful nobles of the time, and it was his granddaughter Alghitha whom Harold II. was compelled for State reasons to marry. Another granddaughter was married to her kinsman Ranulph, and from them were descended Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and Dervogil or Devorgilla, the wife of John Balliol, whose name is held in pious memory in the college which her husband founded at Oxford. The monastery, which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Osburg, soon became very wealthy; it possessed rich manors in various counties, among others that of Eaton in Cheshire, while among its relics the most precious was an arm of St. Augustine of Hippo. It enjoyed, too, the privilege of being subject to no diocesan bishop; but this privilege was lost in the reign of William II., when Robert of Limesey, Bishop of Chester, obtained from the King the custody of the monastery, and by the Pope's authority moved his seat from Chester to Coventry. This was the beginning of misfortunes for the monks. The name of Abbot became extinct, "in regard that the episcopal dignity therein overtopped it," as Dugdale says. The fabric of the building fell into decay, and the monks were kept in strict subjection by the bishop. Several successive bishops lived here, and even dropped the name of Lichfield from their title, until it was agreed that the two places should choose their bishop in turn, precedence in style episcopal being given to Coventry. In the wars of Maud and Stephen, the Earl of Chester took the side of Maud; and Robert Marmion, of Tamworth, being an enemy of the Earl, expelled the monks and fortified the church. His ignominious fate is referred to by the Abbess in Sir Walter Scott's poem. He fell into a trench which he had dug for the enemy, and while in this helpless position he was killed by a common soldier. Ranulph, the Earl of Chester just mentioned, appears to have taken the part of the monks, and of the town generally, against the bishop. In 1153 he granted to the monks a charter, which has already been referred to, authorizing them to have two carts always going to and fro in his woods to carry timber for repairs and fuel. He also granted various privileges to the townsmen. He incurred the enmity of Walter, Bishop of Chester, and died excommunicate. The quarrel between monks and bishop came to a climax in the reign of Richard I., when the monks were expelled for assaulting Hugh Novant, their bishop. The assault, however, seems to have been committed under great provocation, for Hugh afterwards died

repentant at the abbey of Bec, having condemned himself to Purgatory till the day of judgment for the wrongs done to the monks, who were restored in 1198.

From this time the fortunes of the monastery began to mend. The existing charters were confirmed and enlarged in the reign of Henry III. by the then Earl of Chester, who died without male issue. After his death the lordship of Coventry came by marriage into the possession of Roger de Montalt, who sold it to the monks of Coventry to raise money to equip him for the Third Crusade. He reserved to himself only the manor-house and park of Cheylesmore, and the religious house of the Friars Minors, which had been lately founded. No doubt the latter exception was intended to protect the Franciscans from the enmity of the English monks, by whom they were hated as emissaries and agents of the Pope. In spite of the settlement of Franciscans among them, the monks remained faithful to the King, for we find that they suffered much at the hands of De Montfort and the barons, whose headquarters were at Kenilworth, about six miles distant. The monastery, however, prospered, and the welfare of the town was further promoted by Royal favour. Robert de Montalt, being without heirs male, entailed the manor of Cheylesmore upon Queen Isabel, with remainder to John of Eltham. As the latter died before Isabel, the manor came into the possession of Edward III., who settled it upon the Black Prince, and it is from this connexion that the three feathers appear in the city arms. Great privileges and exemptions were accorded to the citizens, and in 1346 the King granted them a charter of incorporation, the first mayor being elected in the following year. Soon afterwards the city walls were built, and in 1373 the tower of St. Michael's Church was begun by William and Adam Botoner, each of whom was twice mayor of the city. It is recorded in some copies of the city annals that a brass plate was found in the church bearing this inscription:—

William and Adam built the tower,  
Ann and Mary built the spire,  
William and Adam built the church,  
Ann and Mary built the quire.

It is, however, extremely doubtful whether any such inscription ever existed, and Thomas Sharp, whose opinion deserves the greatest possible respect, only mentions the tradition to discredit it. It is highly improbable that the Botoners did more than build the tower and spire. Richard II. made various grants to the town, giving stone from his park for the building of the walls, and granting to the corporation the waste land all round the town to pay for their maintenance. About this time the commons of Coventry were constantly rising, and on one occasion they pelted the mayor with loaves when he went to hold the assize of bread in St. Mary's Hall, because the bakers had not observed the assize, and the mayor had not punished them. John Onley, who was mayor in 1396, is recorded to have been the first Englishman born in Calais after its capture. His father, a Coventry man, was the standard-bearer of Edward III., and his son was born immediately after the taking of the town. He was twice mayor of Calais, and twice filled the same office in his father's native town. In 1404 Henry IV. held the Parliament known as *Parliamentum indoctum* at Coventry, and showed great favour to the city, though his associations with the place can scarcely have been pleasant, for it was here that he was sentenced to banishment by Richard II. on the breaking off of his duel with the Duke of Norfolk. Henry V. had no time to do more than confirm the city charters. At the end of his reign the commons rose, and destroyed the Royal gardens at Cheylesmore, but the cause of the rising is not recorded.

Thirty years later the crowning favour was conferred on Coventry by Henry VI., who constituted the city with the surrounding villages an independent county, the bailiffs of the city being sheriffs of the county. In 1458 the King held here the *Parliamentum diabolicum*, by which Richard Duke of York and his son Edward were attainted. In spite of its Lancastrian antecedents Edward IV. still favoured the city, and in the seventh year of his reign spent Christmas here with the Queen. Soon afterwards came the temporary reaction caused by the unpopularity of the Woodvilles, and in 1469 Earl Rivers and his son were executed on Gosford Green to the east of the city. On the return of Edward to England in 1471, the Earl of Warwick held Coventry against him, and after the battle of Tewkesbury the King came and took away the mayor's sword, and seized the liberties of the city. These were restored, however, on payment of 500 marks, and Edward, always politic, sent his son on a visit to Coventry, where he was well received. The city annals tell us, with some pride, that he stood godfather to the mayor's child, and received a present of a cup and 100*l.* He was followed by the King, who kept the feast of St. George at his manor of Cheylesmore. Richard III. found time in his brief reign to visit Coventry at the feast of Corpus Christi, and to see the miracle plays for which the city was famous acted by the guilds; and Henry VII., anxious to gain the goodwill of the most important town in the midland counties, went after the battle of Bosworth and lodged at the house of the mayor, Robert Onley—a descendant, no doubt, of the standard-bearer of Edward III., who has been mentioned above. The mayor was knighted, and the King received the traditional gift of a cup and 100*l.* In this and the following reign some of the most important of the city charities were founded. In 1497 the mayor was Thomas Bond, who founded the hospital called after him. In his mayoralty Prince Arthur visited Coventry, and was received with great rejoicings. The year

1521 is memorable for the mayoralty of Thomas White, the city's greatest benefactor, who left sums of money to be expended in gifts to the poor, and in free loans to enable young men to begin business for themselves after serving their apprenticeship. Twenty years later the Cross was built, by Sir William Hollen, on the site of another which had been pulled down in 1510; but this was the last important work undertaken in Coventry for many years. The dissolution of the monasteries almost ruined the town. It is true that a great deal of the property of the monastery was bought at a very cheap rate by the corporation and by private benefactors; but, as Dugdale tells us, "It was neither the lustre of their beautiful cross, nor all those large and easy acquisitions that did any whit balance the loss this city sustained by the ruins of that great and famous monastery, and other the religious houses which had so lately preceded." Trade fell off, and thousands of the inhabitants left the city. In the reign of Edward VI. John Hales, the founder of the grammar school, represented to the Duke of Somerset that only about three thousand inhabitants remained in the city, whereas within memory the population had been fifteen thousand. After the dissolution the site of the monastery was sold, and the building itself, with the cathedral, demolished, in spite of the entreaties of the Bishop.

For some time to come we hear little of Coventry. The Duke of Suffolk attempted to involve the citizens in Wyatt's rebellion, and, it seems, with some prospect of success; but the more prudent party prevailed, and the arrival of the Earl of Huntingdon at Warwick compelled the Duke to retire. On the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the city in 1565 the Recorder referred to the "lamentable ruin and decay thereof." He had good ground for complaint. The plague had been very deadly in Coventry during the previous year, and the clothing business was falling into decay, without the introduction of any new industry; but it does not appear that the Queen's visit did anything to mend matters. In the following year the city received a very doubtful mark of Royal favour in being chosen as a place of confinement for Mary Queen of Scots, who was imprisoned in the mayor's parlour. Three years later she was again at Coventry, when she was placed under the care of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Huntingdon at the Bull Inn, on the site of which the barracks now stand. Coventry seems to have escaped all connexion with the Gunpowder Plot, though Dunchurch was the appointed rendezvous of the conspirators, and Combe Abbey was one of their places of meeting. On the discovery of the plot the conspirators attempted to seize the Princess Elizabeth, who was then at Combe, but she was safely conveyed into Coventry. In the following reign the city was greatly harassed by the oppressive exactions of the King, and we find in the records that in 1635 "a silver-gilt bowl, 59 ounces, was given to my lord Bishop for his pains in settling ship-money." At this time the city retained its splendid appearance, though its material prosperity was in a great measure gone. Taylor the Water Poet, in a curious account of a summer's tour through the Midland counties, undertaken in 1639, describes Coventry as "a faire, famous, sweet, and ancient city, so walled about with such strength and neatnesse as no city in England may compare with it." He also suggests *trety count* as the derivation of the city's name; but his authority in philological questions is, of course, not worth very much. Mindful of their former wrongs, the citizens refused in 1642 to admit the King's army within the walls, though they expressed their willingness to welcome the King himself. The Cavaliers assaulted the town, and effected a breach in the walls; but the citizens stoutly maintained the breach, until they were relieved and the siege raised by the arrival of Lord Brooke with a cavalry force and the foot regiments of Hollis and Hampden. This took place two days before the King set up his standard at Nottingham. Twenty years afterwards this repulse was avenged by the demolition of the walls of Coventry, which had stood for more than three hundred years.

The subsequent history of Coventry offers few features of interest. The silk trade was introduced into the town early in the eighteenth century, and, with the watch manufacture, restored to a great extent its fallen fortunes. The French Treaty of Commerce again seemed to threaten the town with ruin, but the period of extreme depression passed away; new industries have been introduced, and perhaps a new term of prosperity may be associated with the manufacture of the bicycle.

#### COCKNEY SPORT.

'ARRY has always been a sporting man; his great ambition now urges him to be a sportsman. It is no longer enough for him to back horses whose names he knows not how to pronounce, and to risk the till on favourites which he has never seen; The mild excitement of glove-fights and of clandestine badger-baiting on Sunday mornings has begun to pall on 'Arry. He has read so much about fox-hunting in the erudite works of Ouida, and about coursing in the sporting papers, that he has determined to make acquaintance with water and with timber, with bull-finches and with raspers. 'Arry, in short, would a-hunting go. The demand, as political economists assure us, generates the supply; and the enterprising lessees of the Alexandra Palace have provided 'Arry with sport of the most suitable character. The following advertisement, addressed to Cockney sportsmen very



degenerate from good old Jorrock's, has appeared in some of the daily papers:—

THE HORN of the HUNTER will be heard on the HILL of MUSWELL TO-MORROW and every TUESDAY and SATURDAY. The ALEXANDRA PALACE FOX-HOUNDS will meet at 10.30 each Morning. Season Subscription, 5*l.* 5*s.* One day, 10*s.* 6*d.* "Do not be"

#### OUT OF THE HUNT.

What is called a "rehearsal" of the amusement of fox-hunting, as practised in an area of two hundred and fifty wire-fenced acres, was given a few days ago at the Alexandra Palace. A bag-fox, apparently a tame one, was turned out, and pursued by "some of the leading tradesmen of Holloway," who are reported to have looked somewhat uncomfortable in their saddles. A single fence of three feet in height had been erected, but the local sportsmen preferred to take a circuitous route and avoid this obstacle. The poor wretch of a fox took refuge in some suburban grove of laurels when he was tired of racing round his limited enclosure, and there he was ingloriously slain by a pack of thirteen couple of hounds, which are said to have been recently purchased from the Quorn. These discarded animals have been taught to follow a drag in and out among the shrubberies of the Alexandra Palace. Tuesday was the real opening day of the Palace Hunt, and about twenty horsemen met between the building which is occupied by a panorama of the siege of Sebastopol and the offices of the Company. The beginning of the sport was comparatively legitimate. A drag had been laid, and the Cockney sportsmen had their choice of leaping or of evading hurdles and water jumps, skirting the Colney Hatch road, and dashing past the primeval forests of The Grove. No one has any right to object to the local equestrians' desire to take exercise in this way, and doubtless the suburban air is healthier than the atmosphere of a riding school. But after the pursuit of the drag came the far more feverish excitement of a "real fox hunt." A tame animal was let out of its bag, and showed no desire to flee from the face of man. The bag-fox merely sat down and contemplated the varied attractions of the Alexandra Palace. Having exhausted these delights, the poor creature crept into a shrubbery, and, having passed a bad night in the bag, prepared to go to sleep in a thicket "just in front of the central arch of the Palace." As he showed no signs of leaving this insecure retreat, the hounds were sent into the bushes, and slew the quarry ingloriously. The crowd gathered round, and eagerly watched the hounds as they devoured the poor sleepy bag-fox, butchered to make a cockney holiday.

The historian of the Crawley family mentions that the younger Rawdon, in his boyhood, could conceive of no sport more noble and manly than ratting in a barn. Ratting in a barn is certainly a more natural and honourable pursuit than watching the worrying of a tame fox in a laurel grove. It is sufficiently plain that the real attraction at the Alexandra Palace is not the riding, nor even the display of skill shown by the avoidance of hurdles, but the brutal part of hunting with which sportsmen could most happily dispense. The holiday crowd of gazers like to see a worry, to watch a poor brute taken at advantage, and destroyed by powerful foes. People who love to look on while women are fired out of guns at Music Halls, and while children risk their necks on the trapeze, are naturally charmed to behold a tame fox torn piecemeal. These sportsmen are cultivating a habit of mind which will soon enable them to stand by, as diverted amateurs, when a man cuts his wife to pieces, or a crowd of roughs kick a stranger to death.

The Alexandra Palace fox-hunt, if it has been correctly described, is perhaps the very lowest form of sport which has yet been discovered in an age of sport made popular and easy. We used to think that it was impossible to fall below the level of the Rosshire chase, in which the fox arrived in a bag by the 10.45, and the hounds came on in a train at noon, while the wire fences prevented any attempt to follow the hunt. But the sportsmen engaged in that pursuit did not, at least, shut up their bag-fox in an area of two hundred and fifty acres. On the whole, the Kempton Park Coursing Meeting seems to afford a closer parallel to the sport at the Alexandra Palace. Coursing is at no time and in no way the most humane of sports. It is best when it is, as it used to be, quite natural—when farmers take the greyhounds out over an open tract of country, and course such hares as they may happen to find. Here the hares know their ground intimately well, and are in the prime of health and natural training. Coursing is less natural, and therefore is less of the nature of sport, when hares are driven in from a large surrounding district, as in the great contests like that for the Waterloo Cup. Third in the scale come the enclosed grounds, like Gosforth Park, but even here the hares—the imported hares—have a chance, if they are left long enough in the place to know the nature of the country and of the escape. One old Irish hare is said to have been coursed seventeen times last year, and to have got clean away after all. But at Kempton Park, an enclosed place, it is said (by a contemporary) that "many of the hares had been on the ground but a few hours, and, consequently, knew nothing of their surroundings; while they were stiff and cramped from their confinement during a long journey by rail, the ground was so narrow that they had no chance of escape. Consequently on the first day only two hares were not killed by the greyhounds, and they were afterwards found dead." If this report be correct, the performances at Kempton Park far outdo the enjoyments of the Alexandra Palace. It is not a mere couple of foxes a week that are chopped in

a suburban shrubbery, but a whole crowd of tired bewildered bag-hares that are turned out for the parqu岸 of greyhounds, and to be instruments of betting for sporting gents. That is what modern coursing has come to be. We may be charged with sickly sentimentalism, but we confess to no great liking for the sport in itself. The odds against the hare are rather too great. One thinks of Shakespeare's description of hare-hunting:—

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear.  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.  
Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn and return, indenting with the way.  
Each onvious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.

To be sure "poor Wat's" troubles are over sooner when he is hustled out of a railway into a wire-enclosed space of heath.

Sport is respectable and admirable just in proportion to its arduousness and difficulty, and to the knowledge which it should demand of the haunts and habits of animals. A man sets his walking powers and his cunning against those of the stag, his skill against the caution of the salmon, his trained eye and ready hand against the wild flight of the grouse. This is all very well, and, so pursued, sport is the most healthful and delightful training for the serious hard work of life. It requires a minute knowledge and careful observation of nature and of the habits of birds and beasts. But the essential character of sport is deliberately ruined by modern contrivances. We try to make sport easy, instead of hard, and to make a knowledge of the habits of hunted creatures quite unnecessary. Pheasants are artificially reared in millions. Partridges are crowded into the fewest possible fields. Grouse are driven, and the excellent sport of the moors becomes a kind of superior pigeon-shooting. Even stags are driven, that so-called sportsmen may fire at random among hinds and fawns, and be enabled to brag of the heads they have secured without distress or difficulty. As to fox-hunting and coursing, the managers of Kempton Park and of the Alexandra Palace have shown the way to make these sports easy and safe. We have not yet succeeded in taming salmon, but probably the use of dynamite and rake-hooks will become more and more popular, and will be unblushingly practised whenever the water is low. In short, modern sport is degenerating into organized poaching, in which nothing is considered but the easiest way of making a big bag or basket. We expect soon to read that the Duke of X, with Lady So-and-so, had a capital day with dynamite on this or that river or loch, and "brought to bank" seventy salmon, beside three hundred grilse and sea-trout. Sport of that sort would be no more than a rational extension of the practices of driving deer and coursing bewildered bag-hares. It would be as easy to bet on the results of angling with dynamite as on those of Cockney coursing. In the off-season noble sportsmen might amuse themselves like Signor Paglia, who has been shooting swallows at Battiferro, near Bologna. The Signor took six breech-loaders to the ground, and killed 2,186 swallows in the course of the day. When swallows take to sitting in long rows on railings and telegraph-wires, it would be even more easy, and therefore more in the character of modern sport, to pot them. The President of the Bologna Shooting Club, who is said to have applauded Signor Paglia, should certainly, now that the swallows are departing, come to England, hunt at the Alexandra Palace, and course at Kempton Park.

#### THE PARIS ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

IN a former article we explained that the Electrical Congress had settled the question of the international standards of electrical measurement. We may now give the nomenclature of the standards adopted. The Volt is the unit of electromotive force, and the Ohm that of resistance, both keeping their old values as well as their old names. The unit of current is to be called the Ampère, and is the current given by one Volt acting through a resistance of one Ohm—in fact, it is the unit of current hitherto known as the Weber. The reasons for this change of name will of course remain in obscurity until the proceedings of the Congress are made public. The quantity of electricity conveyed per second by a current of one Ampère is now to be called one Coulomb; and the unit of electrostatic capacity which remains the same as before—the Farad—is connected with the other units by the formulae that one Coulomb in a Farad gives one Volt, or that, if a condenser of one Farad capacity be charged by an electromotive force of one Volt, it will contain one Coulomb. As to the defining of a mercury column of the resistance of one Ohm, we fancy that it has been of most value as a piece of diplomacy at the Congress; when defined, such a standard will be troublesome to make, and by no means easy to use. We venture to think that for scientific investigation, the usual German silver resistance coils will always be used as at present, except in cases where for very delicate work it becomes necessary to go to the expense of employing coils made of the platinum silver alloy used for the standard B.A. unit coils. For practical work probably coils of copper will soon be made at a low price and of quite sufficient accuracy; for, just as a grocer has no need of a delicate chemical balance, and does not observe the height of the barometer and the reading of the thermometer every time he

weighs out a pound of sugar, so the electrical engineer, in measuring the resistance of a line wire or of a coil, is generally content if he can depend upon his instruments giving results accurate within a small range of probable error. And, as measurements of resistances are generally made by Wheatstone's bridge, by which the resistance to be found is given by the proportions which the unknown resistance and three known resistances bear to each other, it is evident that even a rather large error in these known resistances will introduce but a small one in the result.

Some accidents have unfortunately happened in the Exhibition, which will, no doubt, be taken advantage of to raise a "scare" about electric lighting and the transmission of energy by electricity. It has become well known now that several fires have arisen at the Palais de l'Industrie; but, if we examine into the causes which have produced them, we shall see that they need no more raise uneasiness about electric lighting than the burning of a house by allowing a naked gas-burner to swing against the curtains of a bed need cause us to reject gas lighting as frightfully dangerous, or than the fact that an old steam-boiler, designed to work at 50 pounds per square inch pressure, has exploded when worked at 150 pounds per square inch, need make us decline to use steam-engines. Thus one fire was caused by allowing an arc light to burn without any means for preventing the flakes of glowing carbon, which always split off from the electrodes in a greater or less quantity, according to the quality of the carbons, from falling on to a wooden floor; and others have occurred from the overheating of conducting wires, caused either by their being too thin, or by the two conductors of one machine making contact, this last class of accidents having been entirely caused by hasty work executed by unskilled men. The quantity of heat generated per second in a conductor of known resistance by a current of known measurement, and hence the highest temperature to which that conductor can be raised, is readily calculated, so that in any permanent system this danger of overheating can easily be avoided. Further, the loss of energy due to using conductors of too low resistance is so great that electrical engineers are inclined to erect conductors, or "leads," as they are technically called, of less resistance than is absolutely necessary rather than to put up leads likely to cause danger from overheating. The danger from contact of wires is hardly to be considered in a well-planned permanent system. We may also take into account in discussing these accidents the fact that the lighting systems are competing one with another at the Exhibition, so that if any lamp appeared less brilliant than its neighbours, there would be instant temptation to force up its illuminating power by increasing the speed of the driving engine, and so increasing the current. These fires may serve a good purpose by forcing upon the minds of "practical men" the necessity of measurements and the utter uselessness of rule of thumb and "experience of twenty years, sir"—the two tools and weapons of the hopelessly ignorant, blind, obstinate, vaguely speculative class of men who love to give themselves this title.

Whilst on the subject of danger, we may say a word or two about danger to life and health from shocks accidentally received. There have been some cases of death within the last few years, but these have all been caused by alternating current machines, which are extremely dangerous when of high electromotive force. The continuous current machines, however, do not give such severe shocks, and, in the opinion of many scientific men, are not dangerous, though capable of inflicting considerable pain. However, it will be the duty of every electrical engineer to take care so to place his leads as to make it almost impossible for any one to touch both at the same time, severe shocks being thus entirely prevented. On the whole, were every house lighted by electricity and every factory to receive its "power" in that form, the dangers would be much less than those which exist now from gas and boilers. For no bad workmanship or carelessness can by any possibility cause an explosion to be produced by an electric current; and, in the event of a fire taking place, conducting wires would only heat, and perhaps fuse, instead of feeding the flames with combustible and explosive matter as gas-pipes do when fused by the heat of a burning building.

The number of dynamo machines at the Exhibition is very great, but for the most part they are all modifications of the well-known forms—i.e. those of the Gramme type with ring-shaped armatures, or those of the Siemens type with cylindrical armatures. Of the first type the most original is perhaps the Birgin machine exhibited by Mr. Crompton, which may be roughly described as consisting of a number of thin Gramme rings mounted side by side, each ring being a small fraction of a revolution in advance of the next one, the effect of this arrangement being to make the current more continuous. The rings are further polygonal, instead of circular, which reduces the difficulty of winding the coils, and enables the rings to be more securely and rigidly attached to the revolving shaft. But there is one exhibit which must give many inventors most bitter feelings. This is in the Italian section, where Professor Antoine Pacinotti of the University of Cagliari exhibits some models of machines made by him so long ago as 1860, and described by him publicly in 1864. We see here almost every detail of the modern dynamo machines; one is a Gramme machine, another a Brush machine. Not only are these early forms identical in principle with the modern types, but even important details are the same in both. Professor Pacinotti used wire brushes in connexion with his commutators, and placed them in the same position as that adopted by modern construc-

tors. The existence of these forgotten instruments is another proof of the fostering power of commercial enterprise on scientific progress. These beautiful and useful inventions died in Italy, whilst their exact counterparts in France, England, and America have brought honour and profit to their inventors, and have helped on the work of pure scientific research.

The electric transmission of energy is fairly well represented in the Exhibition, the apparatus varying in size from the original ploughing gear of M. Menier to tiny motors used to propel toy boats. Speaking in general terms, for driving large machinery the Gramme machine is used, whilst for lighter work, such as driving sewing-machines, small boats, &c., Siemens's armatures are used with either permanent or electro-magnets to produce the magnetic field. In the important class of railway signalling apparatus there are several exhibits, many of which, though ingenious, are complicated, and not thoroughly suited to the purpose. Mr. Sykes's system of electric locking of signals from station to station, which has been used on the Metropolitan District and some other railways in England for some time, is exhibited. Perhaps the most promising novelty in this direction is Mr. Spagnoletti's system. The locking apparatus on the signal lever is contained in a space not much larger than two sealitz-powder boxes, and the whole apparatus seems to leave no room for accident by the intervention of human carelessness. If a signalman at station A wishes to send a train to station B he is unable to lower his starting signal until he has asked permission from B; if the line is clear, B unlocks A's signal; A lowers it, and, on putting it back to danger, it locks itself; in addition, by the act of unlocking A's signal, B breaks the line-wire between the two stations, so that he can no longer unlock A's signal. The train, on passing out of B's station, however, restores the continuity of the line automatically, and so restores the power of unlocking the signal at the station behind. It is thus impossible for two trains to be in the same section of the line at the same time. This system has been put up on parts of the Great Western line.

The same inventor also exhibits a very ingenious and novel fire-alarm, by which any number of alarms can be put on one line wire, each, when set going, indicating its name at the central office on a dial. The requisite makes and breaks of the circuit are effected by a metal ball, which, when released by a lever, rolls down a sort of railway, making contacts as it goes; thus rendering the action of the transmitter uniform and regular, however excited and careless the person setting the instrument in action may be.

In the class of telephones and telephone transmitters we find practically nothing that is new, with the exception of Dolbear's induction telephone in the American department. This remarkable instrument consists merely of two plates of ferrotype iron, separated by a vulcanite ring rather less than the tenth of a millimetre in thickness, forming in fact an air condenser; these plates are connected one to each terminal of the secondary circuit of an induction coil at the transmitting end, in the primary circuit of which is included a battery and a microphone transmitter. The variation in the mutual attraction of the two plates from their varying charges received from the coil is sufficient to clearly reproduce speech. It is further claimed for this instrument that, as the line circuit is never closed, it will be less affected by induction than other forms of telephone. An ingenious modification of the microphone is exhibited in the Belgian section by M. Lochot Labye, under the name of the "Pantéléphone"; it is not only one of the simplest transmitters yet made, but is perhaps the most sensitive, transmitting ordinary speech at distances of thirty and forty yards, and the lowest whisper at a distance of two or three feet. It consists of a plate of cork about six inches long and four wide, suspended by two pieces of slight watch-spring from one of its short sides. In the middle line, close to the bottom edge of the plate, a button of hard carbon about the size of a shilling is embedded and placed in electrical connexion with one of the suspending springs by means of a wire. The button is pressed upon by a hinged brass hook, the hinge being made sufficiently stiff to enable the pressure to be adjusted by turning the hook more or less on its pivot; the current passes from the hook through the carbon to the upper spring. The instrument is connected up in the usual way with a battery and induction coil, and any of the well-known types of telephone can be used at the other end of the line as a receiver.

A curious transmitter is shown in the Swiss section by M. A. Amsler. In this instrument the microphone part of the circuit is formed by a little flame, adjusted until it is very nearly a "singing flame." This just makes contact with a platinum wire, and by its elongation and contraction under the influence of sound vibrations varies the resistance sufficiently to transmit speech. Of course this apparatus is only a philosophical toy, but it is yet of some scientific interest.

In the class of telegraph instruments there is a fine display of almost all the known forms of apparatus, but not much that is new; the two most interesting novelties, perhaps, being a very ingenious and comparatively simple instrument for transmitting writing or drawings in facsimile, invented by M. Meyer, and exhibited in the department of the French Government Telegraphs. The design is reproduced in coloured lines on a white ground. The Ministry of War has already used it experimentally for sending sketches of military positions, &c.; but, as it depends on the exact synchronizing of two sets of clockwork—as do all instruments of this kind—it is not likely to succeed in field telegraphs. In the same department is shown a modified form of Professor Hughes's type-printing instrument, devised by M. Baudot. The key-board

is reduced to five keys, the signals being given by combinations of keys pressed down together, as chords are played on the piano. It also allows of six messages being transmitted simultaneously on one wire.

The classes of physiological and medical apparatus are very disappointing, and do not represent even tolerably the ordinary forms of instruments in every-day use. The instruments of scientific electrical research are well represented; but we were unable to find anything of especial interest.

One of the most perfect examples of mechanical skill, both in adaptation of means to their end and in finished workmanship, is the Telemeteorograph of Van Rysselberghe, exhibited by the Observatoire Royale of Brussels. This instrument records at intervals of a quarter of an hour the readings of the wet bulb and dry bulb thermometers, the height of the barometer, and the direction and force of the wind, and engraves the records on a cylinder of zinc, from which the curves and their co-ordinates can be at once printed, the whole operation being conducted perfectly automatically.

The most interesting thing in the whole Exhibition from a scientific point of view is undoubtedly the apparatus and experiments of Dr. O. A. Bjerknes in the Norwegian section. By the action of vibrating bodies in water Dr. Bjerknes has succeeded in reproducing the phenomena of the magnetic field; his vibrating bodies consist of little drums with india-rubber heads, set in action by pulses of air from a little air-pump—which behave like isolated poles, and of solid spheres vibrating backwards and forwards on one of their diameters which behave like bar magnets. All the phenomena of attraction and repulsion between magnets are reproduced by these instruments, and tracings can be taken of the lines of force round them, which exactly correspond to those of the magnetic field. Again, a vibrating body and a non-vibrating body behave like a magnet and an unmagnetised substance, the non-vibrating body behaving as a magnetic or paramagnetic body, according as its specific gravity is less or greater than that of water. Further, Dr. Bjerknes has produced tracings identical with the lines of force round a current by using a ball making half turns each way in rapid succession. We may hope that when his mathematical theory of these effects has been well investigated, some fresh gleam of light may penetrate the darkness which still conceals from us the true nature of electrical and magnetic phenomena.

#### THE SALVATION WAR CRY.

TO a casual observer the Salvation Army seems to have attained its chief purpose. Its leaders profess to wage an organized warfare with sin and "the Devil," who is represented by the roughs of the various towns in which the forces of Salvation pitch their camp. If the leaders want a good fight, they have not been disappointed. Sunday is made hideous every week in many towns and villages by battles between the Salvation Army and their secular opponents—if, indeed, these affairs can be called battles in which all the kicking and striking is on one side. Many of our fellow-countrymen in Lancashire and elsewhere spend Saturday night in kicking any inoffensive strangers they may chance to meet with clogged boots. To these sportsmen the appearance of the Salvation Army seems a providential boon. Many of the officers of the army are women, like Captain Kate Taylor (*née* Watts). Both privates and officers feel bound to suffer peacefully. Thus they are the natural sport and prey of the kicking section of the population. Both sides are pleased; the roughs gratify their ruffianly instincts, the members of the Salvation army rejoice in the luxury of martyrdom. The only people who are not satisfied by these battles are the somewhat large proportion of citizens who neither care to "get properly saved" by "Hallelujah methods" at "Salvation free-and-easy," nor yet rejoice in persecuting evangelists whose scheme of operations and whose language are certainly displeasing to a cultivated caste.

People have asked, rather superfluously, why the Salvation Army is so apt to get kicked, pelted, and ducked? Other preachers and propagandists seem to receive more hallicence than kicks. Any one may preach any doctrines, from those of Buddha or Confucius to the truth as it is in Mr. Bradlaugh, in any open space, without disagreeable consequences. A small and inattentive crowd, dwindling down to nurses and infants in perambulators, listens to Mr. Stiggins as he "lets old 'Uxley and Darwin have it 'ot," or to some equally fervent missionary who easily disposes of the evidences of creation from design, or gets rid of the doctrine of a future life. No one molests these preachers, and, as Mr. Tennyson observes, "a man" (or even a woman) "may say the thing he will." It is only the Salvation Army that may not say the thing it would like to remark. There is nothing naturally irritating to the popular sentiment in the banners and music with which the Salvation Army adorns its processions and services. Tishborne mobs, the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Band of Hope, and a number of patriotic Irish associations, go about with banners and music, whenever they please, and nobody stones and kicks them. The Salvation Army readily explain their own peculiar sufferings by the theory that the Devil himself is raging against them, and that he has secured the aid of the publicans, who, again, have egged on the sinners. But it is a wise rule not to advance a purely supernatural hypothesis when a natural one will serve the turn. We are driven to the conclusion

which we have already advanced, that the Salvation Army is assailed and bullied chiefly because it is pacific, and will not return evil for evil. Partly, perhaps, its enemies are irritated by the notorious fact that the Salvation Army regards them as by no means "properly saved," and does not entertain the faintest fear of meeting them again in another and a better world.

It is not more difficult to explain, what may puzzle the Salvation Army, the indifference of educated people to their doubtless honest and well-meant propaganda. A copy of the Salvation newspaper, *The War Cry*, lies before us, and in all religious literature we have seen nothing more painfully grotesque and unconsciously irreverent. The vagaries of nigger preachers, the extravagances of nigger sacred melodists, the extravagances of the old Puritans when most hopelessly deprived of the sense of humour, are all easily outdone by the performances of *The War Cry*. Few hymns are good considered as literature, and Mr. Arnold is fond of quoting one which begins

My Jesus to know  
And to feel his blood flow  
'Tis pleasure immortal, 'tis heaven below,

as an example of the religious taste of the middle classes. But the following composition (from which we have struck out a verse that excels the others in irreverence) would probably seem grotesque to a crowd of enthusiastic plantation hands at a camp meeting:—

(Original for the War Cry.)

GOING UP.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PEARSON.

TUNE:—"I'm bound to go." (S.A.M. 1.)

Good Elijah went to Heaven,  
In a chariot of fire;  
Bright and warm to glory driven,  
Fiery horses drew him higher.

CHORUS.

We're going up, we're going up  
In chariots, we're going up;  
We're going up, we're going up,  
At Army speed, we're going up.

Up God's deathless way to glory,  
Where God's holy seraphs burn;  
Enoch travelled by translation,  
With no ticket to return.

John and Stephen saw the City,  
When the door was open wide;  
Heaven may look sublime and pretty,  
But 'tis best to be inside.

Up to glory Paul was carried,  
Wondrous things to hear and see;  
He surveyed the Upper Country,  
Went right up to Number Three.

Millions now are up in glory,  
Up from sin, and death and hell;  
In God's best Salvation Chariots,  
We are going up as well.

Saints go up from Army Stations,  
Fiery horses still depart;  
In God's going-up Salvation,  
Up to glory all may start.

There must be something wrong in a religious movement which prefers to speak of the Third Heaven, in hotel style, as "Number Three."

One of the most moving contributions to *The War Cry* is the spiritual autobiography of Major Taylor. The gallant Major recalls some of his early offences when he was still a child of sin, and, as he says, "spent much precious time in the service of the Devil." Thus he relates how his father, a farmer, once told him to go and shut a gate, on a dusky evening; how he went off, hid in a hedge "as long as I thought it would take me to get to the gate and back," and then announced that the gate was closed and "it was all right." But the Major's father, an energetic disciplinarian, discovered and punished this little bit of work done in the service of the Devil. On another occasion the Major drenched his coat in a pond, and then came home and said that it had been too wet for him to go to school. As this trick was played off on his mother, the Major escaped detection. He now became "very anxious"—and it was high time—"about his soul's salvation." He was converted—we observe, with regret and apprehension that he does not know the exact "hour or date" of this experience—and, as he says, "I am in the fountain now." At the age of sixteen he became a draper's apprentice, and "began to work for Jesus." Since he joined the Salvation Army he has been much exercised as to the propriety of going to distant "knee-drills" and Salvation reviews by railway on Sunday. But he has come to the conclusion that it is definitely wrong, and now he is quite "sanctified and made whole." After being "drilled at Whitechapel for two months," he was shunted to Middlesbrough. "There I lost a lot of harmonizing ideas, and got into the Hallelujah style, which I soon saw clearly to be the best for our job." From this we gather that the preachers of the Salvation Army do not appeal to the mere human reason by sermons, but to the emotions, by dint of ecstatic howling. Thus Captain Pearson writes in a bulletin:—"Talk about sharp-shooting, 160 speak in one hour; are not 160 short good testimonies better than two hours' bad preaching?" Certainly nothing can be worse than two hours' bad preaching. And yet there cannot be much coherent argument in testimonies delivered

at the rate of two and a fraction per minute. This is the style of thing, however, which suits "a regular Hallelujah man." From another remark of Major Taylor's we learn that the peaceful public really has one very palpable grievance against the Salvation Army. "It was at Boston that a woman, enraged with our proceedings, exclaimed, 'Coming here on a night with your row, wakening up the bairns after they are gone to sleep!'" There can be no doubt, we fear, that the Salvation Army are rather noisy, not to say rowdy, evangelists. The class of people they wish to convert are generally accustomed to noise and disturbance, and possibly would not be attracted by any quiet and decorous manoeuvres. When a gentleman or lady is comfortably seated with gin or beer, only a very pronounced tumult in the street will draw him or her from earthly enjoyments. To make a noise, then, to get up "Salvation free-and-easy" and "Hosanna tea-fights," is, perhaps, sagacious strategy. But, if these tactics lead to a regular fight, the Salvation leaders have scarcely reason to complain.

The proceedings of converts, of recruits in the Salvation Army, are eccentric.

Several wept their way  
To Calvary Before Breakfast,

writes Captain Lloyd, with all the emphasis of leaded type. A convert explained, with tears in her eyes, the material results of the change in her spiritual condition. Her husband had now got a pair of boots, for lack of which in his unconverted state he had endured considerable inconvenience. A very startling penitent, whom one would even now rather not meet at a Hallelujah tea-party, said, "I thank God I am saved. I have been very near committing murder. I have taken a loaded pistol upstairs with the intention of shooting my mother, but God stopped me just in time." "We could mention many other such cases," says the editor of *The War Cry* calmly, just as if a large proportion of the unconverted were in the habit of taking loaded pistols upstairs with the intention of shooting their mothers. In Whitechapel a convert announced that, "before he was saved, he intended that night to shoot George Moor of the Christy Minstrels." Now that he is saved, he has thought better of this rash purpose, and Mr. Moore also has been saved, in the worldly sense of the term, from the revolver of the man of Whitechapel. In Whitechapel, too, "a poor woman who was going to throw herself into the Thames came and threw herself into the Fountain instead"—the fountain, that is, where the converted Major Taylor announces that he has taken up his quarters. Yet another convert has given up "reading Payne's works" (not those, we presume, of Mr. John Payne), and another has ceased to consider fifteen pints of ale a day necessary to his health and happiness.

All this is very gratifying, and it would seem that the ranks of the Salvation Army are being rapidly recruited with confirmed drunkards and poor crazed creatures on the borders of homicidal and suicidal mania. Yet it may be worth while to warn the generals of the force that the zeal of these recruits is apt to outrun their discretion, and that they may astonish both the religious and secular world by acts of which the motive force is supplied by drink, though the direction may have been given by a hastily accepted theology.

We conclude with giving a wider circulation to the modest wants of Bandmaster Fry. "Bandmaster Fry will be thankful if any of the Lord's Soldiers have a double-action Harp, not in use, to send it to Head Quarters, to be used in the Army Band for the Lord!"

#### BOULOGNE, PAST AND PRESENT.

WE do not know whether Queen Mary's lament over Calais is to be counted among the "mock pearls" of history; but possibly Her Majesty's grief might have been assuaged could she have projected her mind into the future. For it is certain that with the surprise of the last of our Continental possessions we did not finally lose our command of the gates of France. Some centuries afterwards the English occupied Boulogne in force, and they are unlikely ever to relax their hold upon the place. English society in Boulogne after Bonaparte was exiled and Europe pacified was a synonym for all that was insolvent and disreputable. Men who had outrun the constable took passage thither in the Channel packets; and, while doing their best to keep body and soul together, looked wistfully to the cliffs of England and lamented lost opportunities. In Boulogne they might live cheap, but it was hard to eke out precarious remittances. The natives, while finding some pickings on the most unpromising subjects, strongly objected to being preyed upon themselves; and the swaggering sharpers in the impecunious community of our countrymen were better known by foreigners than respected. In the words of the French proverb, "Les loups ne s'entremangent pas"; and to each other they presented few opportunities of doing profitable business. The extent of their habitual gambling was a game at cards or pool, for love or for refreshments, and to keep their hands in. Now and then, with luck, they might replenish their purses for a time, when some simple-minded victim fell into their clutches. Young gentlemen with more cash than brains, when starting on a Continental tour, either found themselves greeted cordially by some former acquaintance or slipped somehow into passing intimacy with a plausible stranger, who courteously volunteered to do the honours of the

place. For in those days of diligences and post-chaises men travelled leisurely, and they were likely enough to break the journey at Boulogne after some sharp tossing on the waves of the Channel. The introduction was followed by a dinner invitation on one side or the other; the Boulogne settler presented companions and confederates; wine was circulated freely, and possibly drugged; cards were suggested to kill the evening; and then followed one of those sensational little dramas which Mr. Wilkie Collins has elaborated in one of his recent novels. No wonder that Boulogne got an evil name as a sanctuary and place of refuge for debtors and swindlers. But, as poverty brings one into contact with questionable companions, the pauperized society was extremely mixed. Side by side with the shabby and unscrupulous good-for-nothings vegetated a number of families of unimpeachable respectability. Their straitened means were their misfortune, not their fault, and they had gone to Boulogne for economy and "educational advantages." The educational advantages were more than problematical. At best the children picked up indifferent French from teachers of the Pas-de-Calais whose language was seldom pure, and from servants who spoke detestable patois. And as they grew up they stood in need of close watching by parents who were often pre-occupied by domestic worries. The lads had the worst of examples in the *vauriens* of whom we have spoken; and as to the daughters, when the spotless lambs were left to themselves, there were wolves watching to pounce on them everywhere. On the whole, the very promiscuous mixture of classes must have tended to the general demoralization. Yet there must always have been a sufficiency of decent-living people to save the place from any such visitation as rolled the sea of salt over the submerged Cities of the Plain. Inscriptions on churches still bear witness to the piety that provided for the religious wants of the settlers, though the means of endowment were necessarily deficient, and the clergymen must still live by seat-rents and alms-offerings. The town from the beginning began to be steadily Anglicized. A brisk business must have been done in the ale and stout which are still advertised in each bar window and eating-house. Second-rate *pensions* sprang up in certain quarters in each side street, where we imagine that inferior French meat was treated in rough-and-ready English fashion, while "pique," corrected by brandy, did duty for the vintages of the Gironne. Chemists, no doubt, increased and multiplied as at present, for English people, as Thackeray used to remark, must have their medicines go where they will. Finally, a large part of the French population was inoculated with some words of broken English; while alternative English inscriptions over half the signboards showed startling examples of phonetic spelling.

Such was Boulogne in the old days as our fancy paints it; and fancy has been assisted by tradition and research. As for the modern city, with its inhabitants of both nations, we have little but good to say, so far as a short sojourn has made us acquainted with it. Indeed it strikes us that it is far less known than it deserves to be. Though within some six-and-twenty miles of Folkestone, and though it is still semi-colonized by our country people, it nevertheless remains thoroughly French. You see French life in the open air, French manners, and the characteristic and old-fashioned costumes of the lower orders, to as much advantage as in watering-places on the Mediterranean or Bay of Biscay, and in greater variety. For those who love to lounge and who can find amusement in tridles, there is something to be done or seen at all hours of the day. We have spoken of Boulogne as a city advisedly. Judging by the age of the houses, it must always have straggled over the hills on which it is built; but of late years it has extended itself amazingly. It always sent forth its fleets of fishing vessels; but since the construction of international lines of railway, it has greatly developed the Channel traffic. Manufactories have sprung up along the banks of the Liane, and in the younger town of Capécure on the opposite bank of the river. There are suburbs extending far into the country; when you think you are fairly out of sight and hearing of the town, you suddenly turn the corner of a wood into an outlying street; and there are populous inland villages in the immediate neighbourhood, which seem to be chiefly inhabited by fishermen who put to sea from the port. There is a dock of very ample dimensions, berthing many ships and steamers of considerable burden; and when the new deep-sea harbour works to the south shall have been completed, commerce and building operations must receive an immense impulse. There is always a lively scene on the bustling quays, where steamers are loading or unloading; and you thread your way among piles of cotton-bales, cases of champagne, of tinned meat and biscuits, heaps of beet-root sugar-loaves, or loads of Norway timber. The long piers are naturally a favourite promenade for strangers, though they are roughly boarded with ventilating planking, and though they are far from the quarters occupied by residents. And it is an exciting sight at high tide, when there is a stream of vessels either way through the narrow "gut," from the new double-funnelled Folkestone steamer with its upper deck crowded with British tourists, down to the tiniest of the fishing schooners, with the crew clad in brown, matching the rich neutral tints of the sails. But many of the Boulogne fishing barks are strongly manned and of considerable tonnage, as they are fitted out by men of capital, and sent on cruises to the Scotch and Irish coasts. It would seem that the fishermen, like those of Brittany, are still devout, for many of their vessels are either christened after saints or bear such pious names as *La Volonté de Dieu*. Yet, on the other hand,



there must be a leaven of Republican opinion; for occasionally we remark an *Egbert* or *de Gambetta*, while *Paul de Cassagnac* on the stem of another shows that the champions militant of the Empire has a knot of admirers among the amphibious. These fishing folk must be generally well to do. You may see them, while preparing their nets or lines, sitting over very comfortable meals on deck; and the women are resplendent in earrings and other ornaments, and apparently grudge nothing to the laundress for the "get-up" of their linen on a Sunday.

Rubbing shoulders with these primitive natives, who seem to trouble themselves about nothing but their personal concerns, is the full rush of cockney and tourist life. Facing the quays which lead from the railway-bridge to the handsome buildings of the Casino, is a line of hotels in an ascending scale of excellence, flanked at either end by establishments of the first rank. Between the "Christol" and the great Imperial Hotel are many houses that must be cheap, and perhaps in some cases by no means nice. They advertise themselves by *salles-à-manger* looking out upon the street, where the guests dine by brilliant gaslight with blinds never drawn down. The parties are merry rather than select, for the travelling Englishman seems to be shaking off his unsociability, and rather inclining to fraternize on slight provocation. A short stay in one of these places ought to be an excellent education for the novelist who desires to study middle-class manners in their humorous aspect; but, if he wished to make himself at home with original types of character, we should advise him to push his researches into the boarding-houses, though it may be a question, now that quotations run low in the novel market, whether the game would be worth the candle. As the chief hotels stand near the quays, the boarding-houses are situated mainly in the back streets; and, traversing these by the spacious thoroughfare of the Grande Rue, you climb to the quarters of the resident English and the picturesque heights of the old town. The Grande Rue, with the animated fruit and vegetable market held under the shadow of the rather effective church, must be one of the steepest streets in Europe with similar pretensions. And it mounts to a sort of Kremlin or Bala Hisar, where churches, municipal buildings, huge convents turned into schools, in a network of narrow streets and lanes, with quaint, lofty, and tumble-down houses, are girt by venerable fortifications which have been converted into shady promenades. In fact, the promenades are only too shady, for the trees have been left unthinned, while the walks have a somewhat neglected air. But on all sides the views are extensive, and towards the sea they are superb. Landward the country is bleak and bare, though here and there are patches of weather-beaten wood in some half-sheltered valley, surrounding an old château with its farm buildings that reminds one of Hugoumont. And eastward is a succession of commanding heights, several of them crowned with hamlets and imposing-looking churches. As for the air of Boulogne, there can be no two opinions. It is invariably fresh and extraordinarily invigorating, which is the reason, perhaps, that the inhabitants are so careless of sanitary considerations. The drainage is abominable, and for the most part superficial; were it not for the steepness of many of the streets, it is certain that the death-rate would be a heavy one; and the smells, especially in the harbour at low water, must be nearly as offensive as those of Cologne which Coleridge has commemorated. By choosing the situation of one's hotel judiciously the scents may be almost or altogether avoided; but it is to be remembered that Boulogne is a watering-place in the rough, and that the invalid must not expect English luxuries there. There are few comfortable carriages, and only one or two bath-chairs, partly, perhaps, because there is no smooth paving or regular promenade on which the chairs might be drawn.

#### THE REVENUE RETURNS.

THE Revenue Returns for the first half of the financial year, which ended with September, are very satisfactory. It is curious how long it is before changes in the condition of trade begin to tell upon the yield of the taxes. The improvement in trade has been going on for exactly two years, and yet it is only now that we can say the old elasticity of the revenue is returning. The reason, however, is not far to seek. The early stages of a trade revival are marked less by a rise in wages than by an increased demand for labour. Work can be had by all who seek for it, but the rate of remuneration is little higher than it was before. The great majority of workpeople who had continued in steady employment all through the depression earn very little more than they did, and consequently have not the means of spending more; while the newly employed have many calls upon them which they must meet before launching out into increased expenditure. The young and enterprising emigrant, retaining a vivid sense of the hardships they have suffered, they use the turn of luck to betake themselves to new countries where they hope to find freer scope for their energies. Those who stay at home have probably incurred debts to the small tradespeople with whom they deal, and these have to be paid off before they can indulge in increased outlay. Probably, also, their wardrobes have to be renewed, and furniture which has been parted with in the bad times has to be replaced. Moreover, the difficulties they have just gone through leave a salutary impression behind, and it is some time before they venture into extrava-

gances. For all these reasons the early stages of an improvement in trade are not marked by a great increase in the consumption of the masses of the population. It is not until wages rise decidedly that ignorant men, finding themselves in possession of incomes to which they are unused, indulge in extravagant outlay. This will come by and by, no doubt; but up to the present there has been no great increase of wages. Here and there the wages of certain trades have been raised; but, speaking of the country generally, the rise in wages has been slight. There is consequently no room for such expenditure on the part of the working classes as was witnessed in the inflation years that followed the Franco-German war. But, at the same time, the steady employment of the working classes generally at fair wages enables them to consume taxable articles more largely than they could do when many of them were living precariously by means of odd jobs; and it is this gradual increase in the consuming power of the masses which we are now feeling, and which will doubtless go on making itself more sensibly felt for the next few years.

For the half-year which ended with September we find an increase in all the items of revenue which are derived from taxation proper. The only decreases occur in Miscellaneous, Interest on Advances, and Crown Lands. Miscellaneous is composed of so many and such heterogeneous items that it is impossible to infer anything either from a decrease or an increase. As a matter of fact, this source of revenue has been decreasing since the 1st of April. In the past three months it has fallen off 195,861*l.* compared with the corresponding quarter of last year; and in the six months it has fallen off 250,440*l.* In the last three months, therefore, the decrease has been in a greater ratio than for the six months; but, as we have just said, the item is so heterogeneous that it is impossible to found any inference upon it. Interest on Advances, again, shows a decrease of 1,565*l.* for the half-year, but it likewise gives us no indication of the condition of the population. And Crown Lands show a decrease of 15,000*l.*, the whole having occurred in the last three months. On the other hand, all the revenues derived from taxation show increases for the half-year. Under the head of Customs the increase is as much as 256,000*l.*, and of this amount 150,000*l.* is in the last three months, showing that the increase has gone on augmenting as the year advanced. Under the head of Excise, again, the increase for the quarter ended with September is as much as 865,000*l.*; but, as there was a heavy falling off in the first quarter of the year, the increase for the six months is only 440,000*l.* Still it is noteworthy that the increase for the last three months has been so large as 865,000*l.* If this rate of augmentation is maintained until the end of the year, the increase under the head of Excise for the whole year will exceed the two millions at which Mr. Gladstone estimated it in his Budget statement. It would be rash, however, to speak too confidently upon this point. It will be in the recollection of our readers that, in his first Budget on returning to office, Mr. Gladstone substituted a Beer-tax for the Malt Duty, the substitution taking place on the 1st of October last year. As yet, therefore, we are comparing a new tax, of which we know very little, with the old tax for which it was substituted; but it is notorious that the Malt Duty came in irregularly. It was the custom of the Board of Inland Revenue to grant maltsters some time to pay the duty, and, in consequence, in some weeks very little was received, while at other times the receipts were very large. But the Beer-tax, as Mr. Gladstone has told us, comes in regularly all the year round. We must not assume, therefore, that the increase of 865,000*l.* under the head of Excise, which occurred in the last three months, will be continued during the remaining six months, when we shall begin to compare the receipts of the Beer-tax with the receipts of the same tax last year. At the same time very heavy drawbacks had to be allowed when the tax came into effect last year, and these will not be made this year. It is probable, therefore, that the increase may continue, and may even be larger than it has been up to the present time. But as yet it is only prudent not to be too sanguine. We have had too little experience as yet of the working of the Beer-tax to form any confident opinion respecting it. The safest way to judge of the consumption of the country is to lump both Customs and Excise together. If we do this, we find for the past three months an increase under the two heads of 1,015,000*l.*, and for the six months an increase of 696,000*l.* These are certainly satisfactory figures, and prove beyond a doubt that the consuming power of the masses of the population is rapidly increasing. Stamps, again, show an increase for the six months of 225,000*l.*, and for the three months of 125,000*l.* Here, again, the increase is slightly greater for the quarter than for the half-year; but possibly a portion of it is due to the speculation which has prevailed upon the Stock Exchange of late. Land-tax and House Duty show an increase of 10,000*l.* for the half-year; but for the quarter they exhibit precisely the same decrease. Property and Income-tax again show an increase for the six months of 460,000*l.*, and for the three months of 75,000*l.* These figures are not the least satisfactory of all that we have to notice. In his last Budget it will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone remitted the additional penny which he put on last year. We are therefore comparing the receipts of Income-tax now with the receipts at a higher rate last year, and yet, as we see, during the past three months the result is an increase of 75,000*l.* In the first quarter of the current year no doubt the increase in the receipts was due to the fact that arrears were then being collected at the higher rate of last year, whereas twelve

statistics previously published were collected at the same rate, but during the past three months very few reports properly remained to be collected, and the figures are therefore at the rate of the current year. The Post Office, again, shows an increase of 1,12,000 for the half-year, and of 25,000 for the quarter, and the Telegraph Service shows an increase of 25,000 for the half-year and of 5,000 for the quarter. These two items, taken together, show a very quick, and, perhaps, changes in the condition of the population, and the considerable increase which they exhibit, particularly in the last quarter, is therefore encouraging.

The net result is an increase for the half-year of 1,260,995, and for the quarter an increase of 1,121,085. It will be seen that practically the whole increase has been obtained during the past three months. The bad weather of January and March, which checked trade so seriously and to some extent stopped out-of-door employment, apparently told very heavily upon the revenue, and its effects continued into the first quarter of the current financial year; but since the beginning of July the augmentation of the revenue has been very great, and, as we see, has extended over all items of taxation proper. It is fairly to be assumed that this increase will more or less continue. It has gone on gaining strength as the year has advanced, and there is no reason that can be seen why it should now diminish. On the contrary, all experience leads us to expect that, as the improvement in trade grows, the effect upon the revenue will become greater and greater. As we have explained, in the first year or two the improvement is scarcely felt; but when once it begins to be felt it tells rapidly, and, gaining strength, continues to swell the receipts for several subsequent years, even after the trade improvement itself has received a check. No doubt the bad harvest can hardly fail to have an unfavourable effect on the revenue. The agricultural classes generally being badly off, and being unable to spend as largely as usual, the result must show itself in the revenue. But this apparently will only be to prevent the growth of the revenue from being as rapid as it otherwise would be, not to prevent growth altogether. The increased productiveness of the taxes which these returns show only corroborates the evidence presented by all available statistics that trade is improving, and is likely to improve still more rapidly for the remainder of the year. And if trade continues to improve, the consuming power of the population will grow, and will increase the productiveness of the taxes.

#### OPERA AT THE LYCEUM.

MR. HAYES'S autumn season of opera at low prices began last Saturday at the Lyceum Theatre with the performance of Meyerbeer's opera of *Dinorah*. The great feature of interest was the reappearance of Mme. Marie Marimon on the London stage. After an interval of three years, this charming singer has once more assumed the part of the half-witted peasant maiden Dinorah; and, although her voice gave some evidence of wear, her execution of the extremely difficult music which the composer has written for the part was as precise as ever, while her acting was, even more than before, true to nature. The part of Dinorah requires a true actress to give it any interest; and as, unfortunately, many of the best singers are but poor players, the part has lost in interest, and attention has been attracted merely to the music. This, of course, may be said of a large number of other operas; but in the case of *Dinorah* the matter is of vital importance. Mme. Marimon, though a little nervous at first, threw herself into the part of the poor crazed girl with complete feeling and understanding. The scene in the first act with Corentin, with its curious inconsequential alternations of joy and grief, was finely realized; and in the "shadow dance" scene—where, by the by, she really sings to her shadow, and not to the audience, as nearly every other singer does—Mme. Marimon's acting was full of pathos. It is perhaps too much to expect that the English public will forego what they now claim as a right—we mean the encore; but if anything was required to prove the absurdity of re-demanding any particular part of an opera, the encore demanded on Monday night, would be alone sufficient. Imagine Mark Antony repeating his address over the body of Cæsar, or Hamlet his soliloquy, at the request of an uproarious minority of the audience, whose acquaintance with Shakespeare is limited perhaps to those two speeches, and you have a parallel as absurd as the repetition of "Sei vendicata assai" in the opera of *Dinorah*. Yet Signor Padilla was forced to repeat it, though, to his credit, it was noticeable that he seemed somewhat unwilling to do so. This singer, although he appears for the first time in London, is well known at La Scala in Milan, and is likely to prove an acquisition to the opera at the Lyceum. To a fine baritone voice he adds considerable experience of the stage, and has a good presence. As Hoel he gave evidence that he was capable of acting much worthier parts, and showed that he was not above studying detail. The scene which led to the re-demand of "Sei vendicata assai" was finer in its acting than in its singing, which was somewhat strained. Signor Padilla has two faults, which we hope he will soon correct. It is not at all necessary to use the full force of his voice, which is very powerful, in such a house as the Lyceum; but this is perhaps natural in one who has been accustomed to sing in the larger theatres of the Continent, and such a mistake can easily be corrected. The other fault is due, perhaps, to his training as a singer. He has the pernicious habit of resting for an indefinitely long

time upon one note, at the sacrifice of all time or rhythm, which produces a far from pleasing effect, and at times is specially irritating. The tremolo, which last year was the principal fault amongst the singers in the autumn season, has as yet, we are happy to say, been conspicuous by its absence. With these exceptions, however, Signor Padilla's performance may be said to be a decided success. The part of the Goatherd fell to Mlle. Le Brun, a *débutante* of promise. Her voice, which is rather a mezzo-soprano than a contralto, is of a sympathetic quality, and has been evidently trained with great care, and she acted with intelligence. Signor Frapolli appeared as Corentino, a part which suits him well, and which he acted with commendable appreciation. Divesting it completely of buffoonery, he yet gave sufficient prominence to the comic scenes which fall to him. His voice sounded to greater advantage in the more limited Lyceum auditorium than at the Italian Opera, though it would be well for him to bear in mind that he is singing in a smaller theatre.

On Monday *Rigoletto* was performed, with Mme. Rose Hersee as Gilda. Mme. Hersee has been travelling for some time with an operatic company in the colonies, and the report of her successes naturally gave an interest to her reappearance in London. Her impersonation of the unfortunate daughter of the Court Jester was natural and impressive, and in one or two scenes, such as the love scenes with the Duke, and that in which she meets her father after her abduction, showed marked dramatic power. Her voice seemed at first to have lost some of its original vigour; but this, perhaps, was only due to the natural nervousness which even some of the greatest performers are liable to on a first appearance on a new stage, for later on it was as strong as was necessary for the Lyceum opera. To Signor Frapolli fell the part of the Duke, which he sustained with some credit, although he marred the effect of the great song in which Griguffi used to shine, "La donna è mobile," by a most unhappy piece of phrasing. With the exception that Signor Padilla's figure hardly suits the character, his performance of *Rigoletto* was as good a one as we have seen for some time. It would be hard to say in which special scene he was at his best; but we can commend his acting when his unfortunate daughter is telling him of her dishonour, and the outburst of rage, mingled with remorse at his own horrible conduct, which follows, and the savage desire of revenge in the quartet in the third act. His appeal to the nobles to tell him where his daughter is was also finely pathetic, and deserved the applause which followed. The faults which we have remarked upon above were still evident, though not so prominent as on Saturday night. Signor Ponsard played Sparafucile, and Mlle. Le Brun Maddalena. Of the former it is only necessary to observe that his intonation was anything but true. Mlle. Le Brun sang the part of Maddalena with considerable artistic skill.

The male portion of the chorus appears the weaker, and on the first night once or twice nearly succeeded in ruining the opera. One need not perhaps expect the chorus to be perfect at these representations; but a little more drilling would have a marvellous effect, and in every way improve the enjoyment of low-priced opera. That this is a fact is shown in the marked improvement to be noticed at the Lyceum over the performances at Her Majesty's last autumn, and the consequent appreciation of the public. Of the orchestra we cannot speak with unmixed praise. There was an unsteadiness and want of attack which spoke of insufficient rehearsals, and there was a weakness in the wind instruments especially which was very marked at one or two points in *Dinorah*. It is true that the space allotted to each player is very small. Signor Li Caisi conducted. The theatre during Mr. Irving's absence has been enlarged as far as the entrances and exits are concerned, and the comfort of the audience has been attended to by increased accommodation and a better system of ventilation.

We have often before insisted that opera at low prices and in a theatre of smaller dimensions than either Covent Garden or Her Majesty's would have an ensured success, and it bids fair to obtain it now at the hands of Mr. Samuel Hayes. Hitherto, certainly, looked at from a musical point of view, the autumn seasons have not realized our expectations, but there was ample reason for their failure. People will listen even to second-rate soloists provided they are supported by an adequately trained chorus and orchestra, and, though in the present instance we cannot say that either show marked excellence, they are, at any rate, much more up to their work than the similar members of previous companies have been. And, again, a singer reckoned as second rate at the larger theatres has at least one great disadvantage removed by the comparatively small size of a house like the Lyceum, and perhaps this may give him the confidence which is so necessary an element in all good acting and singing. Mr. Hayes's programme is a sufficiently modest one. There are no novelties promised and no great star singers paraded; but an ample, though ordinary, repertoire which has hitherto been very inefficiently provided to the public is promised, and we doubt not the promise will be fulfilled. There is also another great advantage in these performances—namely, they begin early and can therefore end at a reasonable hour.

## NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE Newmarket autumn racing season began in beautiful weather. There are perhaps few occasions on which racing can be more thoroughly enjoyed than on a crisp autumn afternoon on Newmarket Heath, especially when one is riding a good horse. Yet the man who determines to attend throughout the October meetings must make up his mind to bear some days, at least, of biting winds and driving rain. The first thing that racegoers found out on arriving on the course for the First October Meeting this year was that the fee for entering the Bird Cage had been raised from half a guinea to a sovereign. This "improvement" caused some grumbling, but we cannot see why the authorities should not charge whatever sum they think proper for admission to their own saddling paddock. We should hesitate to advise that the charge for entrance to saddling paddocks at other meetings should be raised, but at certain races the crowds in the paddocks are in these days so large, that it is next to impossible to see anything of the horses, and if an increase of the price of admission would reduce the crush, we should not complain. It might be better economy to pay a sovereign and get a good look at the horses than to pay half a sovereign and see nothing for it.

Ten days before the First October Meeting the Paris Omnium, or French Cesarewitch, had been won by Count F. de Lagrange's Innocent, who had carried a heavy weight and had beaten twenty-six opponents, winning in a canter by a couple of lengths. In the opening race of the Newmarket meeting this French hero had an opportunity of showing what he could do on this side of the Channel. He ran very well throughout the race, but within a stride of the post old Suttler just managed to catch him, and won the race by a head. It is but fair to say that Suttler, who has won seven races out of nine this season, was bred in France. After the race, the conditions of which obliged the winner to be sold by auction, Suttler was bought in by his owner for 1,070 guineas, and Innocent was claimed by Captain Machell at the price of 1,000l. The most interesting race of the day was the Great Foal Stakes, a prize worth 2,052l. The first favourite was Thebais, who had won five races this season without once suffering defeat. Among her victories had been the Oaks and the One Thousand Guineas, and she had won more than 10,000l. this year in stakes alone, to say nothing of something like 6,000l. which she had won last year as a two-year-old. Indeed she had hitherto been generally regarded as the best three-year-old of her year. She is a good-looking filly, and had shown considerable muscular development. Great, therefore, was the horror of her backers when they found, on her being stripped for the Great Foal Stakes, that she had lost her powerful muscular appearance, and looked weak and flabby. Nevertheless she continued to be the first favourite up to the start, as her public form gave her every right to such a position. The uncertain Scobell was second favourite, and Ishmael and Cameliard, who had been first and second in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, were respectively third and fourth favourites. Thebais made the running, but, when the struggle began in the Dip, she was the first of the leading division to give way, and soon collapsed so completely that she might have been no relation to the gallant Thebais who used to bound forward so boldly when challenged. When popular heroes are defeated, there are always plenty of people ready to depreciate them, and when Thebais was beaten for the first time this season, racing prophets suddenly recollected that this was the first time this year that she had been confronted by opponents of the opposite sex. We must not, while discussing the defeat of Thebais, forget the three horses who were fighting out the race. It was a severe struggle. Cameliard was leading, closely followed by Ishmael on one side and Scobell on the other. As they raced up the hill, Scobell gained a slight advantage, which he maintained to the end, winning at last by half a length. Ishmael made a rush, and got his head in front of Cameliard as the winning-post was passed. This confirmed the form of the pair in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, as they had been separated by exactly the same distance in that race. As Scobell has won more than 6,000l. in stakes this season, his career can scarcely be called a failure, but yet, after having been expected to win the Two Thousand, the St. Leger, and the Grand Prix de Paris, it must be admitted that he has been rather a disappointing horse.

Both Cameliard and Thebais were brought out again on the second day of the meeting for the Thirty-third Triennial Stakes. Thebais was so evidently out of form that it seemed surprising that she was backed at such a short price as 4 to 1, although she would probably have started at odds if she had been at her best. Only 11 to 10 was laid against Cameliard, who walked very stiffly after his race of the preceding day. The second favourite was the Duke of Hamilton's Fiddler. This horse had run several times as a two-year-old without winning; but this year he had only been out twice, winning one of his races. In his other race, the Craven Stakes, he had been a bad third to Cameliard; so on public form he now seemed to have little chance of beating the last-named horse. Yet Cameliard was evidently very leg-weary, and Fiddler had improved wonderfully in appearance since he had last run in public. The only other starter was Falkirk. Fiddler made the running, followed by Cameliard. At the bushes Thebais and Falkirk were beaten; but Cameliard went gradually up to Fiddler, who began to run like a tired horse. As they came up from the Dip, Fiddler kept struggling on with great gallantry, although Cameliard was ap-

parently overhauling him. As they went up the incline, however, Cameliard also began to show symptoms of having had enough of it, and when the pair laboured up to the winning-post, Fiddler was a head in advance of his opponent. This race was more interesting than might at first sight appear; for Fiddler is handicapped at 6st. 10 lbs. only for the Cesarewitch, a weight at which Cameliard would be considered, to use a racing phrase, "turned loose." When, therefore, Fiddler beat Cameliard at even weights, he was immediately installed as first favourite for the Cesarewitch. The Great Eastern Handicap, which was the principal race of the second day, was a very open affair. The large field of twenty-three horses started, and John Ridd, a 16 to 1 outsider, won very cleverly. There was a great deal of heavy gambling on a First Foal Stakes, for which a couple of fillies started. Very slight odds—11 to 10—were laid on Mr. Bowes's Blyskawica, but Prince Soltykoff's Merry News won, after a magnificent race, by a neck. The two fillies ran side by side throughout the race, and it was a mere question which of the pair could stay the longest.

The celebrated two-year-old filly Dutch Oven had walked over for the Buckenham Stakes on the Tuesday. Considering that she is one of the fastest fillies of the season, it was not surprising that no one cared to oppose her, as the entrance money for that race was 300l., half forfeit. On the Thursday, however, in the Triennial Produce Stakes, for which the entrance fee was only 10l., five other two-year-olds came out to oppose her. The conditions of this race were that the second horse should receive 10 per cent., and the third horse 5 per cent., of the stakes; so half of the six starters were certain to get something. More than 3 to 1 was laid on Dutch Oven, 4 to 1 was laid against Red Spectre, a filly that had won several races, and 25 to 1 was vainly offered against either of the other four starters. Dutch Oven won in a common canter, although Archer only allowed her to be half a length in front of Red Spectre. There might from appearances have been two races, for some little time after the leading pair had passed the winning post, two of the other horses came racing in for the 5 per cent. due to the third in the race. There was a capital race between these two aspirants for third honours, ending in a dead heat. The Newmarket October Handicap was won by Victor Emanuel, the winner of the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood. By far the most interesting race of the day was the Grand Duke Michael Stakes. The favourite was Ishmael. Foxhall, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, was the second favourite. Now in the Grand Prix, Tristan had run Foxhall to a head, and in the Great Yorkshire Stakes Ishmael had beaten Tristan by five lengths; on public form, therefore, Ishmael seemed certain to be able to beat Foxhall in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, especially as he was to be allowed 7 lbs. by the last-named horse. Yet, instead of being beaten by Ishmael, Foxhall won in a common canter by four lengths, Don Fulano being second, and Ishmael a bad third. As soon as the race was over Foxhall was made first favourite for the Cesarewitch, completely supplanting Fiddler, the newly-elected favourite of the previous day. So astonished were some people by Foxhall's victory in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, that they began to doubt whether Iroquois could have done as much, and made it a question whether Foxhall might not possibly be the best three-year-old of the season.

The St. Leger Stakes was the opening race of the last day of the meeting. Although Ishmael had beaten Great Carle very easily at York, Great Carle was now made first favourite and Ishmael second favourite. In the Great Yorkshire Stakes the pair had met at even weights, but now Ishmael was to give Great Carle 7 lbs. Moreover, Archer was to ride the last-named horse. It turned out to be a very fine thing between the pair, but Ishmael just won by a head. Dutch Oven came out for the Rous Memorial Stakes. Nellie, who had beaten her at York, was to run against her once more. At York Nellie had had 7 lbs. the best of the weights, but now the two fillies were to meet on equal terms. Dutch Oven had the best of the race all the way; and, although she only beat Nellie by a neck, she really won with great ease. It only remains to add that the weather throughout the meeting was as fine as could be wished. It is seldom that four more beautiful days in succession are enjoyed at any time of the year in this variable climate.

During the week that preceded the First October Meeting the Cobham Stud was sold. Only a couple of years ago the Stud Company came to grief, and the stock was sold by order of the official liquidators. A new firm was at once got up to take the place of the defunct Company, and a large number of the horses and mares sold at the sale were purchased to remain on the farm. Among other lots the new firm bought Blair Athol for 4,500 guineas, and Wild Oats for 2,500 guineas. The entire proceeds of the sale amounted to more than 54,000l., and it was generally understood at the time that at least half that sum came out of the pockets of the new firm. The new Stud was of but short duration, for in the third week of last month it was rather suddenly sold without any reserve. The first day's sale brought in 15,000l. A couple of years before, the first day of the Cobham sale had produced 24,000l. Many of the mares at the late sale were old, but some of those that had been purchased at the previous sale were sold at an alarming depreciation. Eva, who had cost 1,600 guineas, went for 800, and Crinon, who had been purchased for 1,400 guineas, was sold for 730. The highest price of the day was that given for Jocos—1,500 guineas—but she had cost 1,750 at the former sale. On the second day things were still worse, the proceeds being under 9,000 guineas, a sum more than 20,000

guineas below that realized on the second day two years ago. Blair Athol looked well for his age, but a very exorbitant price could scarcely have been expected for a stallion nineteen years old. On the whole, 1,950 guineas seemed a fair price for him, although he had been purchased for 12,500 guineas about nine years ago. One thing that made the late sale at Cobham less remunerative than its predecessor was the depreciation in the value of foals. In 1879 one foal fetched the ridiculous price of 1,100 guineas; but the highest price realized by a foal at the sale last month was 400 guineas. The sire Wild Oats, who had cost 2,500 at the previous sale, brought in 2,000 guineas, and Cadet, who had cost 400, now went for 100. There was some spirited bidding on behalf of the Australians and New Zealanders. Blair Athol fortunately remains in England, but Wild Oats goes abroad. At the sales of blood stock at Newmarket, the prices obtained at the auctions were not high. A two-year-old, however, was privately sold for the good round sum of 2,000l.

## REVIEWS.

### ROSENTHAL'S PHYSIOLOGY OF MUSCLES AND NERVES.\*

IT is only within the last thirty years or so that the study of the physiology of muscles and nerves has assumed the character of a distinctive branch of science. Scattered facts and observations, the fruits of anatomical and histological inquiries, have within that time been correlated with the results of electrical research to an extent that gives a new and positive basis to what was before but a tentative or conjectural treatment of this important class of vital phenomena. The names of Weber, Du Bois-Reymond, and Helmholtz will be held in honour as those of the founders of this department of knowledge, which has found the first attempt at a connected exposition of its position and aims in the short treatise of Professor I. Rosenthal, of Erlangen, lately issued in an English version in the course of the "International Scientific Series."

Difficult as it is to explain the phenomena of motion and sensation, it is in them, our author premises, that we see undeniably the primary distinction between animate and inanimate objects, and, in the main, between animals and plants. For though in plants there occur movements similar in some respects to those of animals, as in *Mimosa pudica*, the causes of motion are found essentially distinct in the vegetable from those of the animal organism. No less distinguishable are the so-called Brownian or molecular movements of minute granular bodies, to be seen under high magnifying powers in the fluid portions of vegetable and animal tissues alike. This is not to be called a vital phenomenon in the same sense as the independent motion which marks the lowest rank of the organic world, the minute protoplasmic masses known as *amæbe*. In these we recognize one of the lowest forms of independent living animals. All living beings, moreover, are fundamentally composed of just such lumps of protoplasm as we see in the *amæbe*, and even in fully developed organisms separate parts occur which, in all respects, resemble these simple masses and move like them. An illustration of this is given by our author in the various forms assumed by the white blood-corpuscles in the blood of a guinea-pig. These at the temperature of live-blood exhibit active movements identical with those of *amæbæ*, which have in consequence been called *amœboid* movements. The corpuscles send out processes and retract them; they creep about upon the glass; they even absorb matter such as granules of any colouring substance drawn from the blood-fluid. They eat, that is, and they excrete. Each single form of this kind is in itself an elementary organism, or primary life-cell, whilst in the aggregate they build up a colony or society. The highest forms of plants and animals, in fact, originate out of a multitude of these elementary cells, developed in various ways by growth and nutriment, and differentiated by distinctive kinds of function. The powers of generating motion are proper to all forms of cell-life, to the simplest as to the most highly modified, but the modes of motion are various. What is known as ciliary motion is briefly explained before passing on to the main subject of the work. A microscopic section shows the delicate cilix with which portions of the mucous surfaces, such as the palate and windpipe, are densely studded, these perpetual vibratory movements propelling in a definite direction such particles as come in contact with them. In many fixed animals cilix of this kind produce a current which serves to bring the animal its food; in other aquatic animals they give the means of rotating in the water; whilst in some bodies their place is taken by a larger whip-like kind of process, by the sinuous motions of which the animal propels itself as a boat is moved by the quick motion of the rudder, or a water-newt by wriggling its tail. None, however, of these motions, our author goes on to show, equal in force, definiteness, or effect, those produced by muscles, the different forms of which in higher animal forms he describes as made up of smooth or striated fibres. The action of these fibres on the organism at large and the nervous system in particular is made clear in a succession of admirable chapters. Use is largely made of the ingenious mechanical contrivances introduced of late years

in aid of physiological research, muscular and nervous energy being thus brought within the scope of mechanical test and measurement. Amongst these are Du Bois-Reymond's apparatus for the study of elastic extension in muscle by means of a scale of weights, and the myograph or muscle-writer as simplified by Pfüger, in which a lever is made to trace the degree of elastic tension on a plate of smoked glass. Another contrivance for determining whether contraction does or does not take place is the muscle-telegraph, specially arranged by the French savant for experiments during his lectures in connexion with an induction coil. What he calls a tetanizing key is further used as a test of the muscle's action or enduring contraction of a muscle, as distinct from a sudden and spasmodic shortening or pulsation. By calculating the height to which a given weight is raised by a muscle when set in motion it becomes possible, on mechanical principles, to express in figures the amount of labour accomplished, the weight being multiplied together with the height to which it is raised. In fig. 15 is shown a scale resulting from a series of experiments thus made. To measure the sum of work accomplished by a number of separate pulsations, an ingenious apparatus has been invented by Herr A. Fick, which he calls a labour-accumulator (*Arbeitsammler*). At each pulsation a slight amount of muscular work is found to have been lost, having, it is thought, been converted into heat, which is shown by other experiments to be generated, as is also electricity, by every muscular exertion. Another interesting phenomenon is the audible sound or note given out by muscle when contracted in tetanus, though seemingly quiescent. A deep buzzing sound called the muscle-note is heard through an ear-trumpet. Helmholtz has shown that each irritation of the muscular fibre corresponds with a sonorous vibration; and by the height of the muscle-note, tested by what is called Wagner's hammer or an electric wheel, the number of irritations which are required to keep up a given amount of contraction may be determined. About eighteen or twenty vibrations per second seem to be the nearest approach to the normal muscle-note heard during voluntary contraction, which corresponds closely to that produced under the condition of tetanus.

Besides the audible creaking that science has been able to make manifest in the living machine, there are certain chemical processes involved in the operation of muscular contraction and excitation to which Helmholtz, Du Bois-Reymond, and other physiologists have given attention, though it is difficult at present to assign to them a quantitative value. Such constituents of muscle, for example, as are soluble in water are found to decrease under contraction, whilst such as are soluble in alcohol increase. An acid (probably a lactic acid, *Fleischmilchsäure*) is generated when the muscle is active. Quiescent muscles also contain a certain amount of a starch-like matter, called *glycogen*, part of which, as Naase and Weiss have shown, is used up during the activity of the muscle, being transformed into sugar and lactic acid. Our author adds the fact that carbonic acid is generated in the muscle by its contraction. All these chemical changes are capable of producing warmth and work, the amount of which it would be easy to indicate with suitable apparatus. We have, indeed, no adequate means of examining albuminous bodies, the chief constitution of muscle, or of appreciating the changes which go on in living tissues, subject, of course, to the universal law of the conservation of energy. With regard to the nitrogenous constituents, however, we have an approximate measure in the amount of excretory matter, which corresponds very closely to the amount of work performed. Some practical remarks of value are here appended by our author bearing upon the relation of food to muscular work. Most of the experiments upon which is based our knowledge of the structure and functions of muscles are necessarily worked out from portions of tissue after the general life of the animal is extinct. Not a few, however, of the most interesting phenomena are exhibited by operations upon the living body. Du Bois-Reymond's apparatus (fig. 56) indicates clearly the deflection of the magnetic needle by the mere will of the manipulator, an electric current being set up by the voluntary contraction of the muscles of one arm, the groups of muscles in the two arms when at rest being symmetrically arranged, cancelling each other. Muscles and nerves have an important difference from all other tissues of the animal body in the class of phenomena which they have in common, as regards the electric actions which proceed from them. Experiments with the galvanometer have done much towards assigning a quantitative measure to the currents involved in muscular and nervous energy. We may measure, on the one hand, the effects produced upon a portion of muscle or nerve when traversed by an electric current; or, on the other hand, the deflection of the needle under the action of living tissues, especially in the case of animals possessed of high electric organs, such as the torpedo. The altered condition of a nerve when artificially charged with electricity, called the *electrotonus* of the nerve, is discussed at some length by Dr. Rosenthal, his experiments resulting in the final law that excitement of the nerve depends on a change in its molecular condition, occurring as soon as such a change is effected with sufficient speed. The same law, he remarks, in all essential points holds good with muscle; but the molecules of muscle are more sluggish than those of nerve, transient influences having upon them but little effect. The electro-motive force in both differs not so much in kind as in degree, existing, in fact, not in animals alone, but in vegetable tissues, as Derwiz and Bardon Sanderson have shown in *Dionæa muscipula* and *Mimosa pudica*. Experimental proof is thus to be had of the degree to which such force is bound up with life itself.

\* General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves. By Dr. I. Rosenthal, Professor of Physiology in the University of Erlangen. With 75 Woodcuts. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.



Our author has hitherto paid attention to such nerve-cells only as are in connexion with muscles, and by the activity of which the appropriate muscles are rendered active, referring incidentally only to other kinds of nerves. He proceeds towards the end of his book to consider how far the experiences we have gained of motor nerves and the views based upon these experiences are applicable to the vaso-motor and secretory nerves, and more particularly to the more complex and mysterious phenomena of the sensory nerves which, when irritated, give rise to sensations of light, heat, sound, and so forth. Whether these nerves are homogeneous in themselves with the kinds previously spoken of is by no means certain. Still harder is it to understand what are called the retardatory nerves (*Hemmungs-nerven*). The heart is commonly known as a muscle which beats ceaselessly during life. Yet if a certain nerve which enters the heart is irritated, the heart ceases to beat, its beat beginning again when the irritation of the nerve is discontinued. This remarkable phenomenon was spoken of by Weber, its discoverer, as retardation, a curious case of a nerve by its activity being able to still a muscle which is in motion. Now it is quite impossible, our author shows, to detect differences in these different classes of nerves, either by anatomical observation under the microscope or by experimental tests of any kind. In their bearing to irritants they are not found to vary, and the electro-motive effects are the same in all. We can only explain the difference in their action as due to their connexion with terminal organs of various form. From a series of thoughtful investigations into the phenomena of reflex nerve action in relation to sensation and consciousness, some valuable conclusions are arrived at which sum up briefly what our author claims to have made good:—

From all these details it is very evident that the nerve-fibres are homogeneous the one with the other, and that the difference in their effects is to be referred to their connection with nerve-cells of varied form. This seems, however, to be opposed to the fact that the different sense-nerves are irritable by quite different influences, and each of them only by quite definite influences—the nerve of sight by light, the nerve of hearing by sound, and so on. It would, however, be a mistake to infer from this that the nerve of sight is really different from the nerve of hearing. If the matter is examined more closely, it appears that the nerve of sight cannot be excited by light. The strongest sunlight may be allowed to fall on the nerve of sight without producing excitement. It is not the nerve, but a peculiar terminal apparatus in the retina of the eye with which the nerve of sight is connected, which is sensitive to light. The case of the other sense-nerves is similar; each is provided at its periphric end with a peculiar receptive apparatus, which can be excited by definite influences, and which then transmits these influences to the nerves. On the difference in the structure of these terminal apparatus depend which influences have the power of exciting them. When the excitement has once entered the nerve it is always the same. That it afterward elicits different sensations in us, depends again on the character of the nerve-cells in which the nerve-fibres end. Supposing that the nerves of hearing and of sight of a man were cut, and the periphric end of the former were perfectly united with the central end of the latter, and contrariwise that the periphric end of the nerve of sight were perfectly united with the central end of the nerve of hearing, then the sound of an orchestra would elicit in us the sensation of light and colour, and the sight of a highly coloured picture would elicit in us impressions of sound. The sensations which we receive from outward impressions are therefore not dependent on the nature of these impressions, but on the nature of our nerve-cells. We feel not that which acts on our bodies, but only that which goes on in our brain.

It is to the specific energy of the nerve-cells that we must refer the different sensations of which we are conscious. At the same time, we must guard against the idea that in the complex form in which these impressions now present themselves to our consciousness they are to be accounted for by such primary and direct action of the nerve-cell upon the sensory organs. It is only by continued experience, based upon the correlation of sensations, not only often repeated, but drawn from the specific action of more than one order of sensory motors, that our perceptions of objects outside us are built up. The impression of distance, for instance, is not gained directly from the action of the lens of the eye, and to an infant it is long unknown. We think we see a man a certain way off. Really, however, we only feel a picture of a certain size of the man on our retina. We learn to know by experience what is the average size of a man and how much the apparent size decreases with the distance. Moreover, we feel the degree of contraction of the muscles of our eye which is necessary to direct the axis of our eye to the object and for the adjustment of our eye to the necessary distance. From all these circumstances, our author makes it clear, the complex opinion which we erroneously regard as a direct sensation is formed. Upon fundamental facts such as these he is able, with reason, to contemplate the building up in the future of an experimental system of physiological psychology.

#### THROUGH CITIES AND PRAIRIE LANDS.\*

WE are not of those who maintain that a route, when once it has become well travelled, should never again be made the subject of description. So long as the traveller can bring a fresh and eager mind to the work, so long as he has a quick eye for all that is striking, and is well skilled in the art of telling what he has seen, he may be justified in writing an account of a tour that extended no further even than from London to Paris. Without these qualifications, however, he is sure to be dull, even if he has to tell of a journey from Timbuctoo to Tobolsk, or from Siberia to Siam. But when he invites us to accompany him on a familiar route where there is nothing in the subject to make up in some degree for his

deficiencies, then the result is disappointing enough. We have nothing to learn from him, for he has only been where thousands have been before, and he has nothing to tell that can satisfy us by the mere charm of its narration. He had not prepared himself for his travels by years spent in his study, and he had never learnt that it is one thing to scamper over a continent and quite another thing to write a book. To this class of travellers, we regret to say, the author of the volume before us belongs. She is one of those who may be said to run and write. She and her pen travel at a great rate and an equal pace. Her readers, with even the best will in the world to keep up with her, soon find themselves left far behind. For while she never rests, they are scarcely able for half an hour together to keep awake. Were it not for the happy power they have of making long and frequent skips, we greatly doubt whether they would not be left so far behind that they would utterly despair of reaching the goal that she sets before them. The title of her work is somewhat misleading. She certainly has been through prairie lands, for she has crossed the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Pacific back to the Atlantic; but then she has travelled always in the steamship or the railway car. A traveller who went by train from London to Inverness might almost equally well describe his journey as one Through Cities and Fields, Moors and Mountains.

The book opens with Euston Square Station. Fortunately it takes but one page to bring us to Liverpool. There we find "the sun blooming, like a flower of light, in the bright blue skies." It was in July that the author started. Had it been in April the sun no doubt would have been budding, while in September we should have found it mellowing, or even dropping its leaves or petals. Why must a lady write nonsense merely because she goes to Liverpool on a fine day in summer? Not only was the sun blooming, but "the soft balmy air was laden 'with the briny kisses of the great sweet mother.'" Three pages later we come a second time upon these briny kisses and the great sweet mother, and that, too, though the sun was not, so far as we are told, blooming. But to return to Liverpool. The "stentorian lungs shouted 'all for the shore,' and departing friends and relatives swarmed down the steep wooden wall of the vessel." The wooden wall is, we suppose, a poetical flight, for it is of iron that the Atlantic liners are built. This, indeed, would seem to be implied a little further on, where the author writes about "our huge iron-hearted home." Perhaps, however, the iron heart is nothing but the engine and the boilers. Be that as it may, the vessel started and steamed majestically up (sic) the Mersey. This course ought to have taken it up to Warrington, and even to Manchester, but somehow or other it brought it into "the obnoxious Irish Channel." There, when night came on, our author writes, "we seemed to realize the fact that we were alone on the wide world of waters—the same living restless waters whereon Christ had walked, and whose waves he had bidden 'Peace, be still.'" Surely, if she does make the Mersey run up into the sea, she does not confuse the Irish Channel with the Lake of Genessareth. But her use of Scripture is at times peculiar. Thus she is describing how people of all nations meet in the streets of San Francisco. "We are jostled on one side," she writes, "by a Polish Israelite in whom there 'is no guile' with a long beard and high-peaked hat. A moon-faced Mexican . . . walks in his shadow." Just as many people now can never do anything simply "to the end," but only "to the bitter end," so Lady Duffus Hardy, it would seem, finds it difficult to mention the word Israelite without adding "in whom there is no guile." In another passage she describes an old priest who had the simplicity of a child. "Whether he possessed the 'wisdom of the serpent' I query—though how that interesting reptile has proved its claim to wisdom I fail to comprehend." But we must return from our digression to the voyage. "My first idea," she writes, "was to take a survey of my fellow-passengers. There were plenty of them; as a rule, they were mere common-place specimens of humanity, such as nature turns out by thousands, with no distinctive marks, but merely labelled 'men' and 'women.'" So pleased is she with this piece of writing, that she makes use of it again when she describes her fellow-passengers in a Pullman car. "As a rule, they are simply common-place, such as nature manufactures by millions and turns out merely labelled men and women, with no special characteristic except their sex." Poor things! they had never learnt to say that the sun blooms in July, or that a huge iron-hearted home steams up a river into the sea. They could even be content to see "the gilded glories of the saloon" without writing about them, nor could they have understood what our author meant when she wrote that she was "gliding calmly over the 'wild Atlantic waves,' which were rolling round us on all sides as far as the eye could reach, a world of palpitating waters, unruffled and smooth as the bosom of a lake."

When the ship is fairly out at sea, the sun, if it no longer blooms, at all events sets, as, indeed, it far too often does in this narrative. Did we not feel too kindly disposed towards our readers, we should inflict on them the seven sunsets which we have counted; for all we know, there may be some which have escaped our search. They are all cast very much in the same mould, and he who has read one will have just as much, or just as little, idea of what the author means as he who reads them all. The first is as follows:—

That evening we had a splendid sunset; the whole of the western skies were draped with crimson, lighted up with flames of gold. We watched its kaleidoscopic glories change; one brilliant colour fading into another

\* *Through Cities and Prairie Lands: Sketches of an American Tour.* By Lady Duffus Hardy. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1884.

amalgamating with another, till the whole horizon was a gorgeous mass of rose-tinted purple and green and gold, which presently broke up, and drifted, and re-formed till the pale dim skies were filled with floating islands of fire.

In the second and fifth descriptions we have "a glory of crimson, purple, and gold, fading and changing, one colour amalgamating with another," and "feathery plumes of crimson, isles of amber, and pale amethyst cloudlets changing and amalgamating their gorgeous hues till they form one brilliant cavalcade of coloured glory." In the second, third, fourth, sixth, and seventh descriptions we have "gorgeous crimson plumes"; "a rapid mingling of amethyst and royal purple, like the jewelled mantle of some invisible King, with feathery plumes flying"; "the Western hemisphere draped with crimson clouds slashed with flames of purple light"; "ragged banners and broken bars of gold streaming through the darkening skies"; and "the western skies clothed with the barbaric splendour of crimson, amethyst, green, and gold." In spite, however, of the sunsets and of the author's fine words, we do reach America. In fact, measured by pages, her account of the voyage is really brief. But when we laud we do not find ourselves any better off than we had been at sea. A dinner knife and fork are, at the first meal on shore, called "eating utensils," and a song that was liked by a company of people is described as being "a mutual favourite." At Quebec "the air bristles with church spires, like drawn swords flashing in a holy battle, pointing upwards." That spires, whether at Quebec or elsewhere, should point upwards is nothing out of the common, but that things that bristle can be like things that flash is what is not easy to believe. From Quebec she goes up the St. Lawrence in a palatial steamer. She sees on the shore some Indians, and, when she looked on them, she "felt there might be some truth in Darwin's theory, after all." She takes a railway journey, and thus describes how the passengers passed their time:—

Meanwhile we amuse ourselves, each according to his or her fancy. One woman sucks oranges all the way, another "clucks" and makes zoological noises to amuse her rebellious offspring; the young tourist looks unutterably bored, and plays the "devil's tattoo" on the window; somebody perfumes the car with the odour of peppermint drops. The old ladies enter into a conversational race, and discuss their private affairs in a most audible voice, taking the whole car into their confidence.

The author travels in the States, and at night passes the Alleghany Mountains, "which on this occasion wear a crown of jewelled flames leaping in lurid fury upon the dusky night." She arrives at Chicago, and goes to "a palatial hotel, built by Mr. Potter Palmer, for the luxurious entertainment of the travelling public. . . . Each suite of apartments is . . . richly curtained and carpeted, with luxurious lounges and the easiest of easy-chairs. . . . The spacious halls and corridors are furnished in accord with other portions of the house." She goes to Salt Lake City, and hears "the low flute-like wailing voice of the *vox humana*" of a big organ. The voice of a *vox*! She arrives at San Francisco, and finds there a kaleidoscope company that makes up an incongruous gathering. Moreover, "every crustaceous delicacy the sea affords is there, all ready to tempt the appetite of omnivorous man." She drives through "a silent sea of yellow sandhills, smooth and soft as velvet, billowing round in graceful, undulating waves." For all we can see, she might just as well have written "a smooth sea undulating round in billowing waves," or "waving round in undulating billows," or "undulating round in waving billows," or "waving round in billowing undulations." There she breathes "the crisp, soft air, laden with three thousand miles of iodine." A few chapters further on she again breathes "the briny breeze, laden with three thousand miles of iodine." She describes the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. "The very bowels of the earth, it seems, are riddled and honeycombed by these human moles, who, like the ghost of the murdered Dano, can 'work in the dark.'" The metaphors are somewhat confused—bowels riddled, and at the same time honeycombed, by human moles who are like a ghost. The word *mole*, no doubt, suggests Hamlet's father. Our author, we assume, means to quote from the line "Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?" She pays a visit to a lady, and is shown "her poetical kitchen, with no signs of prose about it." In one corner was a stove with bright brass knobs, "polished to the highest point of polishing, like a black prince with 'gilded honours thick upon him.'" His fiery eye was closed; he had done his work, and was at rest. From the bowels of this gnome had been conjured the dainty repast which awaited our attack." Has any one's dinner ever before come from the bowels of a gnome that was like a black prince, with one fiery eye, and that closed? She passes into Colorado. "It is now the 12th of April," she writes; "there is a bright blue sky, warm, balmy sunshine . . . but there is not a flower to be seen, nor the twitter of a spring bird to be heard anywhere." Five pages later on she writes:—"The skies are intensely blue, the air flooded with sunshine. Not the twitter of a bird is to be heard, not a tree in leaf, not a flower in blossom, and it is late in April." She goes to Washington. Its founder's design, she says, "has resulted in the production of one of the finest residential cities in the world." She describes the Capitol, "high and mighty in its pure architectural glory," and tells how its "beautiful white dome, with its graceful spire, is silhouetted against the bright blue sky." She goes to see Mount Vernon, where she finds living in the slave quarters the descendants of the slaves of the Washington family. "They are," we learn, "a very superior and obliging class of people; and provide

an excellent lunch for visitors, at a very moderate cost." She sees an electric machine "surrounded by scintillating sparks of weird greenish light, playing round it as though some fiery genie was confined therein." Even if there were a dozen fiery genies confined we do not know why their sparks should be scintillating. It would be just as reasonable to say that their scintillations were sparking, if there happened to be such a word.

Her American tour ends where it began, in Quebec. She sees those spires that a year before had pointed upwards now "gilded, pricking the pale morning sky." She embarks on the steamship, and finds "the decks swept and garnished for the advent of the coming passengers." Decks used to be swabbed and holystoned in the old sea-novels. But the writers had not Scripture terms at their fingers' ends, or no doubt theirs, too, would have been swept and garnished. We doubt, however, whether they would have gone so far as to fall into "the damnable iteration" of "the advent of the coming passengers." We are, at all events, under one obligation to our author which we hasten to acknowledge. She parts with us an hour afterwards as the ship steams down (not up, as if it were the Mersey) the mighty St. Lawrence. She might have kept us till the close of the day, and described her eighth sunset. As some return for the mercy shown us, we gladly acknowledge that her book is likely to be much enjoyed by that large class of readers who trouble themselves but little about a writer's meaning, so long as they get a big supply of fine words, with just enough sense in them to satisfy their notions of propriety, and not so much as to tire their understandings.

#### WATSON'S KANT AND HIS CRITICS.\*

WE know nothing of the constitution or condition of the Canadian University in which Professor Watson is a teacher; but if all its chairs are as well filled as that of Moral Philosophy the learners can have little to complain of. The present work is, to our mind, decidedly the best exposition of Kant which we have seen in English. We do not commit ourselves to placing Professor Watson above Professor Green or Professor Caird in actual philosophical power. But we do think his manner and method are more lucid than theirs, at any rate with respect to the reader who approaches the Critical philosophy from the point of view of English psychology. And, since a considerable proportion of English readers of such works may be expected to meet the writer from that point of view, the fitness of the exposition for the instruction of such readers is a material element in determining its merit. In trying to give an account of Professor Caird's work on Kant when it came out we felt ourselves swimming in an ocean of Anglo-German or German-English transcendental terms, with islands of solid ground standing out here and there, or perhaps we should say rafts floating and spars drifting, *vari nantes in gurgite vasto*. With Professor Wilson we feel on solid ground almost always, though it may be steep. There were many passages of Professor Caird's where we felt points of sympathy without being able to take firm hold of them. We could have agreed with him if we had been quite sure what he meant. In Professor Watson's criticism we find many points of definite agreement, and more of common understanding as to the nature of the questions in issue, which may sometimes be quite as important as a final agreement, or even more so; for what look like the same conclusions in philosophy may turn out to have been reached by radically different methods.

Professor Watson's general position may be not unfairly described by saying that he is more Kantian than Kant himself. He holds that Kant made a great advance in metaphysical method, and that English philosophy, on the whole, has not yet come abreast of Kant, but remains in the bonds of dogmatism which, for those who take the pains to understand him, Kant has shattered once for all. And this applies to the empirical school as much as to any other. For empiricism, in so far as it holds itself out as a substitute for critical analysis, is only dogmatism in a new dress. Accordingly, Professor Watson takes certain English writers as representing the sceptical and the empirical views, and maintains in detail, as against their objections or systems, the necessity and the value of Kant's work. This part of the book, though in form a critical examination of what is said in opposition or rivalry to Kant by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Sidgwick, G. H. Lewes, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, amounts to an exposition of Kant's theory of knowledge for the special benefit of readers whose philosophical training has been chiefly in the English school. If this were all, the work would be well worth doing, and being, as it is, faithfully and lucidly done, would be worthy of praise; and this whether we agreed with Kant and Professor Watson against the critics in question or not. For we must admit in any case that the method of Kant deserves to be understood, and that the student who has not attained some understanding of it is without the key to modern philosophy. This we say for those who believe that philosophy is a serious study, having a continuous history and a real development. Philosophy has its circle-squarers as well as geometry, and we may go a wool-gathering after them if we like. Some few years ago a Mr. Kirkman, because he knew some mathematics (probably no more than Kant knew, after all), and

\* *Kant and his English Critics: a Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy.* By John Watson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Glasgow: James Macdhouse. 1882.

had somehow hit on a kind of crude form of Fichte's Absolute Idealism, thought himself qualified to prove Kant a "maker of metaphysical mud pies"; for which and other like feats he was proclaimed a notable philosopher by Cardinal Manning. But life is too short for the discussion of such vagaries. To return to Professor Watson, the expository part of his work, good as it is, is by no means all. He goes on to speak on his own account, and has much to say that is well worth hearing. In his exposition there are hints and anticipations of coming criticism, which, however, is studiously reserved. Once free to criticize, Professor Watson tells us how much of Kant's work he thinks imperfect, and why. He holds that Kant did not fully apply his own method; that, coming out of the bondage of dogmatism, he was forced to use its instruments, and unconsciously remained under its influence in many particulars; and that the *Critique of Pure Reason*, especially the theory of knowledge, is no complete and harmonious system, but the embodiment in stubborn matter of a spirit by whose help Kant's successors may, and must, freely correct the letter. Just as it was impossible for Descartes to free himself at one bound from the Schoolmen, so it was impossible that remnants of dogmatism should not cling about Kant. In such cases Professor Watson would have us not seek for refined defences, and invent saving distinctions, but appeal frankly from Kant's shortcomings to Kant himself. This is the true and fruitful way of studying philosophy; not to get a master's doctrines by rote, but to grasp his ideas at the centre and test by them, if need be, his own results. Professor Watson's plan, then, is twofold; first to lead the reader up to Kant's point of view, taking Kant's doctrine, provisionally, as we find it; and then to encourage him to stand on Kant's shoulders and see as much more as he can. An advantage of this plan, besides those we have already mentioned, is that we are not left in doubt (as Professor Caird now and then left us) whether we are to read the text as a statement of Kant's actual doctrine, or of what his doctrine, if consistent, ought to have been.

Professor Watson begins the first or defensive part of his work by taking up Mr. Balfour as the champion of pure scepticism. It will be remembered that in his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* Mr. Balfour set his hand against every man with delightful vigour and impartiality, and against Professor Green and Professor Caird among others. Professor Watson's main point in reply to Mr. Balfour is that it is not the business of philosophy, as conceived by Kant, or as it ought to be conceived, to prove in any ordinary sense the truth of either our common knowledge or the contents of special sciences. Philosophy is not the acquirement of new possessions, but the analysis of that which is already possessed in experience. "Kant invariably assumes the truth of the mathematical and physical sciences, and only asks how we are to explain the fact of such knowledge from the nature of knowledge itself." This point is in itself a thoroughly sound one, and it is of the first importance that it should be explicitly made by teachers of philosophy, and clearly apprehended by learners. We have not room to consider whether Mr. Balfour's criticism is thereby completely and at all points disposed of; nor, indeed, would this be much to our purpose. The victory is to both parties, for Mr. Balfour has done well if he has done no more than give an adequate occasion for expounding a leading principle. In like manner, we shall in other cases care more for what is made good for its own sake than for what may be made good controversially as against this or that opponent. The critical or analytical conception of philosophy—or, as we prefer to say, metaphysic—exposes it to the preliminary question of common sense. If metaphysic does not add to the contents of our positive knowledge, what is it good for? This is a serious question, and must be faced; but there is, as we hold, a complete answer to it. Reduced to the shortest possible terms, the substance of this answer is that at worst metaphysic is good to prevent us from taking false knowledge for true, on the one hand, and being scared by false limitations of our knowledge on the other. In other words, if the value of metaphysical criticism should turn out to be purely negative, its value is great notwithstanding. Kant's masterstroke is to have put this critical function of philosophy on an assured footing. That is his established achievement and title to greatness. Whatever else of his work may stand or fall, this will not fall. The extent of Kant's success may be measured in one direction by the diminution since his time of the estrangement between the transcendental and the empirical philosopher. So long as man's knowledge of the world was regarded as something that came to him ready made, and philosophers disputed whether it was from the inside or from the outside, there was not much prospect of even a rational agreement to differ. Kant taught us to regard knowledge as something constantly in the making, a function of the activity of the mind which transforms the first impressions of sense into an orderly world. He developed, in Professor Watson's words, "the theory that intelligence constitutes known objects instead of passively apprehending them." The proposition thus stated would have been denied by the empirical philosophers of the eighteenth or early nineteenth century. We doubt, however, if any competent empiricist would categorically deny it now. He might deny it with an explanation, as by saying that he does not admit it in the transcendental sense. But an absolute denial would be at least misleading, seeing that in modern psychology the constructive activity of the organism in sensation is a well-established fact. Our whole and continuous experience is demonstrably built up out of broken and discontinuous impressions. We see more than falls on the eye, and hear more than falls on the ear. This

working up of the raw material of sense belongs, of course, to a different sphere from Kant's analysis. It is held by Mr. Shadworth Hodgson and Professor Watson that Kant erred precisely in carrying over into the region of pure analysis things which belong to psychology and are capable of scientific determination. Yet even Kant's philosophical error, if such we count it, contains no small argument of his scientific precience. And it is something towards the reconciliation of the natural history of knowledge—"Physiologie des menschlichen Verstandes," as Kant aptly called it—with its metaphysical analysis, that the conception of knowledge as an active process is familiar to students in both kinds.

Professor Watson goes on to discuss with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Sidgwick the Kantian theory of *a priori* conditions of perception, and in particular the "Refutation of Idealism" in the *Kritik*. On the whole, we agree with Professor Watson's interpretation; but we cannot be surprised that conflicting views are taken. Kant is obscure both in the conduct of his argument and in his use of language. The *Ding an sich* which, as he maintains, is postulated by the mere fact of self-consciousness, is an ambiguous term. We think, as Professor Watson does, that it means not a *Ding an sich*, but a thing within the field of possible experience, not something unknowable, but something knowable. In that case, however, Kant does not refute Berkeley's idealism; for Berkeley never denied the reality of external things in that sense, or said that experience was possible without them. Kant's speculation goes beyond Berkeley's, but does not contradict it. And all that his argument really proves, assuming its validity, is that in order to constitute real experience there must be some constant form of perceptions besides time. In other words, we cannot conceive of conscious beings whose perceptions are under the formal condition of time alone; but we are free to conceive of beings whose perceptions are under the conditions of time, and of something else not imaginable, though conceivable, by us, which is analogous to space. The conception of higher dimensions of space itself is in much the same case. Thus Kant implicitly establishes a generic distinction between Time and Space which, so far as we are aware, he nowhere else pursues. The more general features of Kant's theory of knowledge are well stated by Professor Watson in the following passage:—

The dogmatist, while assuming that our knowledge is absolute or real, yet imagines that it can be obtained by means of mere conceptions; the sceptic maintains that conceptions cannot possibly yield reality, and hence he denies that there is any absoluteness in knowledge. Kant agrees with the former that we have a knowledge of actual existence, and with the latter that from conceptions as ordinarily understood no explanation of the possibility of such knowledge can be given. Evidently, therefore, the reality or absoluteness of knowledge must be preserved by showing somehow that there are conceptions which do not lie apart from real objects, but are essential constituents in them. But to do this we must change our view at once of the nature of real things and of the nature of conception. The transformation is partly effected in the *Ästhetik*, where it is shown that known objects are not things in themselves, but are relative to our consciousness. Existence and knowledge thus begin to come nearer to each other. If the existence that is real is existence in and for consciousness, things may be real and may yet be relative to our knowledge.

"The existence that is real is existence in and for consciousness"—such is the fundamental truth of metaphysic seen by Kant, but seen only in part. But we must not anticipate Professor Watson's *metaphysic*.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on the Relations of Metaphysic and Psychology, where G. H. Lewes's theory of knowledge is discussed. The criticism comes shortly to this:—that Lewes's doctrine, when all is said, is a newer and more elaborate form of the old endeavour to make psychology, which is a special empirical science, take the place of metaphysic, which is the general analysis of knowledge itself. It is a natural history of the growth and processes of knowledge in the individual, and, as such, a great deal of it is very good. But it is a natural history of events taking place in a world assumed to be already known; "it has no occasion to ask how knowledge is possible." We find in the individual certain organic conditions of sensation and knowledge, and these may be said to explain, for scientific purposes, how *his* knowledge is possible. The metaphysical problem remains just where it was. You may reduce the scientific expression of the process to a function of certain elements, and you may call those elements, or the complex arrangement of them which gives the function in its simplest form, by the name of "sentient material," or what else you will. You may use materialist or spiritualist language according to your convenience. But you have constructed a scientific hypothesis, not a metaphysical one, neither have you banished metaphysic. Kant is waiting for you still, and you must begin with him again at the beginning, or improve on him in his own line if you can. The conditions of perception we find in the individual organism, as matter of observation and experience, may correspond in some sort to the general conditions of knowledge which Kant finds analytically in consciousness. But this is no more than on Kant's view we might expect. Kant fully recognized the value of empirical psychology, and had no intention of supplanting its work by short cuts *a priori*. The *Critique of Pure Reason* "is an exposition of the constituent elements which we may logically distinguish in knowledge, not an account of the order in which our knowledge is developed in time." We must admit, however, that Kant is not steadfast to himself in this. It is difficult to follow his construction of Categories and Schemata without the impression that he does regard the human mind as a machine with "faculties" for its working parts, and thinks he is describing the actual process by which it makes knowledge out of

the materials wherewith it is fed by the senses. But such a description is psychology, not metaphysic; and if and so far as Kant aimed at such a description he failed, as his method was psychologically worthless. For psychology as a science the Categories and Schemata are merely fantastic machinery, and of no more service than the crystalline spheres of Ptolemaic astronomy.

Professor Watson's criticism of G. H. Lewes is equally valid, in its main points, as against Mr. Herbert Spencer; but Mr. Spencer's view of nature is the subject of a separate argument. And, considering how many English and American students take their philosophy chiefly from Mr. Spencer, this is by no means superfluous. By way of introduction Professor Watson gives an account of Kant's "Metaphysic of Nature" (*Metaphysische Anfangsgründe der Naturwissenschaft*), a work that goes over much the same ground as Mr. Spencer's chapters in "First Principles" on the ultimate conceptions of physics. We have no difficulty in allowing that in these matters Kant is far more satisfactory than Mr. Spencer. In some points he anticipated the latest methods of scientific exposition, as in making a special department of the science of pure motion under the name of *Choronomy*, which corresponds exactly to the *Kinematic* of our present masters in physics. But as to Mr. Spencer we must demur to the statement that his "theory may be taken as representative of all that is most valuable in the empirical philosophy of nature of the day." Professor Watson would have some difficulty in finding any person competent in mathematical physics, of whatever school of philosophical opinion, who would consent to be represented by the doctrine of "First Principles." Two or three eminent mathematicians have criticized Mr. Spencer pretty sharply on his "Persistence of Force," which, whatever it may be, is not the Conservation of Energy which is known to science. This appears to have escaped Professor Watson's notice, otherwise he would hardly speak of the "persistence of force" as if it were an undoubted scientific truth.

As to Mr. Spencer's philosophical explanation, Professor Watson contends that he assumes the thing to be explained. Mr. Spencer derives the notion of time from experiences of sequence, and the notion of space from experiences of co-existence. As an account of the production of the concepts of time and space in this and that particular intelligence, this may be very well. But in describing individual experiences of sequence and co-existence, we assume the real existence of a world independent of intelligence, or at least of any particular intelligence. We take over our data from the world of common sense, in which we quite properly accept our normal phenomena as realities, and "tacitly assume that the world we know is the world as it really is—the world as known by everybody else." But the problem of metaphysic, ever since Kant took it in hand, is to analyse these very data. Nor does the addition of heredity and evolution make any difference. The experience of the race, like the experience of the individual, is a series of events taking place in the world of phenomena—the world which science assumes and philosophy tries to explain. Accordingly Mr. Spencer's procedure is characterized by Professor Watson as a "method of accounting for the intelligible world by ignoring intelligence." In a chapter on "The Distinction of Noumena and Phenomena in Kant and Spencer" Professor Watson enjoys the polemic luxury of making short work of the pseudo-Kantian fallacies about the Unknowable which Mr. Herbert Spencer in an evil hour adopted from Sir William Hamilton. In one sentence he puts the point in a nutshell:—"If every attempt to think 'being out of relation' results in failure, why not give up the attempt, and conclude that there is no 'being out of relation' to think?" Unfortunately the whole history of philosophy shows that the enterprise is a most alluring one to ambitious minds.

This and other remarks of Professor Watson's have already indicated the line he takes in criticizing Kant himself. Like Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, he considers that Kant, if thoroughly true to his own ideas, would have identified that which is real with that which is knowable, and made a clean sweep of things-in-themselves. The abolition of things-in-themselves entails many simplifications in the Kantian analysis. Time and space are no longer forms imposed upon, and in a manner veiling, things which have some kind of reality without them, but become "relatively abstract relations of the real world." The contrast maintained by Kant between perceptions and objects perceived vanishes in the same way, for there is no longer a crude matter of sense "given" to us by or out of an unknowable world. Again, the distinction of *a priori* and *a posteriori* elements loses its importance, and all real relations of things are seen to be equally necessary. Space fails us to do justice to this part of Professor Watson's work, but we cannot too strongly commend it to the limited number of readers who can relish well-sustained metaphysical argument.

#### THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.\*

*THE Private Secretary*, which appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is published anonymously, nor does the author lay claim on the title-page to any previous works. Nevertheless, this very clever novel was evidently not written by a novice. In every chapter it bears the signs of practised skill and matured literary judgment. The style is clear and vigorous. Effective situations

are ingeniously devised to bring out in bold relief the characters who play the leading parts. The plot has been constructed with great care, and the increasing interest is sustained to the end. It strikes us that the author has borrowed his manner of treatment from the French school, and some of the most effective of his situations are questionable according to English notions; but he extricates himself from his self-imposed embarrassments with invariable tact and delicacy. He is a man of the world who indulges in *tours de force* in which inferior artists might undoubtedly be seriously compromised. And if he has formed himself to some extent after French models, he is no imitator or plagiarist. The novel is original from first to last; and in nothing is it more original than in the main idea which is expressed in the delusive title. We had imagined that the *Private Secretary* was probably an aspiring clerk from the Foreign Office, attached to the fortunes of some eminent statesman. We expected a tale of political intrigue, of social manoeuvring in high places, or perhaps of some sensational personal career which landed the hero in celebrity through a series of struggles and successes. The reality is as different as possible from any of our fancies; and we are as much taken aback in being presented to the heroine as was Mr. Robert Clifford, who is the hero of the novel, when he first made the acquaintance of Miss Hilda Reid. For the Secretary is a young and fascinating girl, who answers an advertisement of Clifford's when in search of a situation. But Clifford, as we see him, is the very man to be made the victim of a designing woman; and the question that naturally exercises us from the first is whether Hilda Reid is as single-minded as she appears to be. He is young, clever, and rich, but almost a recluse. Privately educated, and kept dawdling away his existence from year to year under the roof of the eccentric uncle who ultimately leaves him his property, Clifford enters on a London life with neither associates, knowledge of the world, nor experience. He wants occupation, and seeks it as a philanthropist, who is drifted about on generous impulses, and is perpetually changing his expensive hobbies. He occupies handsome chambers, and is waited upon by a respectable old housekeeper, with a female aide-de-camp. We may conceive how the feminine establishment is fluttered when the young and rather attractive Miss Reid is installed as secretary to their master. But Miss Reid's conduct is beyond reproach, and she shows herself subsequently as much a woman of business as in the preliminary interviews that led to her engagement. She keeps herself to her own place and her private room; meets her employer as man to man over the details of her daily tasks; and tacitly gives him to understand, like the virgin guest sent by the genii as instructress to the necromantic Baron in the German tale, that she will vanish at the first semblance of familiarity.

Whether Miss Reid is as prosaic and unsusceptible as she seems to be is for some time a secret between her and the author. As to Clifford's feelings we are not left so long in doubt, though naturally he endeavours to act the hypocrite with himself. It was by no means a case of love at first sight; for Hilda, though of fascinating appearance, seems hardly to have been strictly beautiful. And we should imagine that her manner was an additional safeguard to her, since it was so thoroughly self-possessed and businesslike as to be antipathetical to a grand passion. But Clifford, who has really nothing to do, although he manages to create a vast amount of business, necessarily lets his thoughts wander to the room where his pretty secretary sits almost within call. He makes errands to discuss some urgent detail; he stops his visits capriciously to see what may be the effect of his absence; but, all the same, he shows a thousand delicate attentions which assuredly would never have entered his head had the new secretary been "a great, lubberly boy." Hilda, who, as it happens, is unusually intelligent, must have been the dullest of girls had she not speedily perceived the interest she excited in her staid employer. The inevitable result follows. Clifford falls deeper and deeper in love; and Hilda, who thaws to him at last under the flattering warmth of his attentions, is persuaded to acknowledge that he is not indifferent to her. It must be added that he had given her unmistakable proofs of the ardour and sincerity of his attachment. It is not only that he showed himself extremely generous to her relatives when he had once discovered them, for a certain recklessness in money matters was of the essence of his impulsive nature. But he learned to tolerate as objectionable a pair of acquaintances as ever disenchanted a hesitating lover. There is no more amusing character in the volumes than the parent whom Hilda has the privilege of supporting. Captain Reid is a veteran who drapes himself with dignity in the memories of an imaginary past, who manages to preserve his self-respect by never admitting an obligation, and who, moreover, is a master in the art of writing begging appeals under plausible pretences of conferring a favour. He practises upon Clifford most inopportunely for Hilda. But Clifford forgives the father for the daughter's sake, and even, although with some amount of natural loathing, goes the length of extending a hand of friendly patronage to her slangy and selfish brother.

It is then that the author gives his story the delicate turn which reminds us of some of the most popular French authors. Hilda has owned her love, but Clifford too has an awkward confession to make. They may love if they please, but they cannot marry, unless, indeed, they are to begin the world again as paupers. It seems that Clifford had received his fortune under pain of forfeiture unless, in the event of his wedding at all, he consented to wed a cousin of his own, always supposing that young lady to be

\* *The Private Secretary*. London: Blackwood & Sons. 282s.



willing. Should he unite himself to anybody else, the property goes to Miss Blanche Scallan. And just as the term is approaching when the condition shall lapse should the Scallans not appear to claim its fulfilment, the Scallans arrive in London from America. They are of the type of showy American *parvenus*, who lavish the money that has been lightly come by, and who, though they are capitalists to-day, may be dollarless to-morrow. They are almost more ignorant of society in London than Clifford himself, and are fortunate in finding a gentleman willing to introduce them to it, in the person of the Honourable Captain Burrard. Clifford has been dazzled by his cousin's beauty and daunted by the marvellous Transatlantic self-possession which is in a very different style from that of Hilda. Having fixed his affections elsewhere, he has no desire to make Blanche's charms his own, and he soon begins to cherish the hope that she has as little fancy for the match as himself. Scallan appears to be enormously rich; Blanche is his only daughter; and the Honourable Captain Burrard, who becomes marked in his attentions, would in many respects be a far more eligible connexion. Unluckily Scallan is on the brink of ruin, and a rich settlement for his daughter is of the last consequence. Clifford sees that there is no honourable escape from his dilemma, so he decides at last on making dishonourable proposals to Hilda. He pleads the difficulties of his situation, somewhat exaggerating them; endeavours to justify an illicit connexion on the specious ground of necessity; and promises to do his utmost to make it as little painful as possible. Hilda's virtue is too strong to yield at the first assault. She admits a certain force in her lover's reasoning, but refuses characteristically. She does not indulge in an outbreak of high-flown indignation, and, indeed, we are given to understand that she is by no means a very religious young woman; she simply declines, and withdraws, for the time, from further temptation, by cutting the interview short. Afterwards, on reflection, and on seeing how wretched Clifford will be made by her decision, she reconsiders it and sends him a significant invitation to come to her. The pair leave for the Continent in company, where they are to live together under a feigned name. By one of the strangest of coincidences, whom should they meet on board the Channel packet but the Honourable Captain and Mrs. Burrard, starting on their wedding trip? The Captain had persuaded Miss Scallan to elope; and, had Clifford only been less impatient, he might have led his Hilda to the altar without insulting her purity or bringing a stain on her fame. As it is, he is not married, and Miss Scallan is; so the fortune he has clung to need never be forfeited. But he feels himself bound to shield, so far as he can, the reputation of the woman who has risked her good name for him. He impulsively assures Burrard that he is married, and consequently that he had married before his cousin; thereby preparing for himself much future trouble with claimants to his property, trustees, lawyers, &c., and introducing besides a series of the most ingenious complications in the story. Perhaps the most admirably managed of these is one in which he lays Hilda under a heavy load of imaginary gratitude for a chivalrous piece of self-sacrifice of which he never was guilty; and then, having accepted her gratitude on false pretences, has his secret betrayed, to the imperilling of their happiness. She forgives him, of course, and all ends happily. She lives rich and respected, even by the few who were necessarily admitted behind the scenes in the earlier acts of her love-drama. And moralists might say that her deliberate lapse from virtue deserved retribution in one form or another, and that her story should hardly be a case where "all's well that ends well."

#### THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.

THIS very considerable and, on the whole, very creditable work is gradually approaching its completion. The instalment recently published contains all St. Paul's Epistles, from Romans to Philemon inclusively, leaving that to the Hebrews, of which the authorship is doubtful, and those of St. James, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Jude, together with the Apocalypse, for a final volume. We congratulate the able and learned editor of the whole series, Canon Cook of Exeter, on the successful progress of his arduous task. The faults as well as the merits of this *Commentary*, of which we have spoken on several former occasions, are as conspicuous in the volume now before us as in others of the long series to which it belongs. If, on the one hand, the several writers display sufficient knowledge, sound criticism, and indefatigable perseverance, on the other hand they are too studiously moderate in the views which they are allowed to express, and are nevertheless in too little accord with one another, for their joint work to be a really trustworthy guide to Biblical students. Too many hands have been engaged on the work, and the editor has not always been able to work up the contributions of writers of unequal acquirements and varying sympathies into a fairly harmonious whole.

Since we noticed the preceding volume of *The Speaker's Commentary*, which contained Dr. Westcott's most valuable and exhaustive annotations of the fourth Gospel, the Company of Revisers of the English New Testament appointed by Convocation

have given to the world their long-expected recension of the English text. We do not wonder that Canon Cook was at once surprised and annoyed to find that the Revisers had taken no notice whatever of their coadjutors, or rather predecessors, in the same field of criticism—the eminent divines who had been engaged on the four Evangelists and the Acts in this *Commentary*. This feeling was expressed by him at the time in a temperate letter. The omission of any such recognition is the more marked because, as may be seen on the title-page of the several volumes of *The Speaker's Commentary*, "a revision of the translation" was one of the special objects of the undertaking. We can only say that, while any lack of courtesy or of sympathy on the part of those engaged in a common work of this kind is deeply to be deplored, the scholars who are responsible for the amended translations of *The Speaker's Commentary* are, in our judgment, not a whit inferior to their Westminster rivals. And we have no doubt whatever that all the real benefits of a revised text, without any of the dangers likely to result from the unsettlement of men's minds about the general accuracy of the familiar Authorized Version, could have been obtained by all who cared to seek for them in the notes of *The Speaker's Commentary*. Above all, the innumerable tasteless alterations, in matters of no importance, which disfigure the Revised Version have no place in this scholar-like work. But all necessary corrections are made. And the general agreement between these corrections and the Revised Version is, we may add, in all respects satisfactory. We proceed to give some account of the volume now before us.

The first contributor is Dr. Gifford, who has supplied the general introduction, the commentary, and the critical notes on the Epistle to the Romans. We find his work, on the whole, meagre, dry, and unsympathetic, distinctly inferior, especially in respect of the drift and object of the Epistle, to Godet's treatment of the subject. But many points of detail are illustrated by him with sufficient learning. There is a careful note, for instance, on the word "Propitiation," or (as Dr. Gifford would read it) "Propitiatory," in Rom. iii. 25, which only wants some reference to the Christian altar, as representing to us what the *Capporeth* of the Holy of Holies typified to the Israelites, to make it thoroughly satisfactory. In Rom. xii. 8, "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity," Dr. Gifford anticipated the Revised Version by translating the last word "liberality." Of the two Epistles to the Corinthians, the First has been assigned to Canon Evans, Professor of Greek in the University of Durham, and the Second to the Rev. Joseph Waite. We are much taken with the former. It is terse and abrupt in style, and full of humour and quaintness. If this commentator seems to take a keener interest in the language than in the matter of his subject, yet all that he says is worth hearing. His paraphrases, in particular, are often very instructive. Very happy is his note on 1 Cor. xi. 10, about "the woman having power on her head"—a veil, that is, as a sign of her subjection. Mr. Evans quotes in illustration the line from *Macbeth*, "Present him eminence both with eye and tongue." We turned to 1 Cor. ii. 9 to see if any explanation was offered of St. Paul's presumed quotation from Isaiah of the beautiful passage, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard . . . the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Mr. Evans does not notice the fact that only the idea, but not the exact words, can be found in the prophet. But the very words are embedded in the most ancient Greek Liturgy; whence some have not unreasonably thought that St. Paul was really making the citation from a liturgical formula, which would thus be shown to be actually of apostolic date. In 1 Cor. xiv. 10, Mr. Evans would read, with the margin (but not the text) of the Revised Version, "Nothing is voiceless," instead of "None is without signification." The commentator's note on this passage, too long unfortunately to be quoted, is a typical example of his matter and style. In the same chapter the insertion of the definite article, "*The Amen*" (adopted also in the Revised Version), very much emphasizes the fact that the Christian Church, following the Jewish custom, had from the very first adopted the practice of concluding the public prayers with this response. The great Fifteenth Chapter of this Epistle, on the Resurrection of the body, is prefaced by a most valuable and eloquent introduction. We quote one passage from it of much interest:—

No doubt from v. 22 to v. 29 we have the contents of one of St. Paul's superabundant revelations disclosing to our view a dim perspective of long *Æonian* reaches, extending from our Lord's Resurrection to His *Parousia*, and stretching away beyond the *Parousia* over a period of conflict with spiritual principalities and dominions, which results in their complete subjugation and then ushers in the *telos* or end. In a few touches the prophet presents to the gaze of the Church outlines rising beyond outlines of a stupendous future—a vast stretch, and no more, that may be filled up in detail only when the *Parousia* shall belong to the Past, and the *then* of apostolic presentiment shall become the *now* of Christian experience.

Mr. Evans does not call attention to the rudimentary Creed which is to be found in vv. 3 and 4 of this same chapter. He throws much light on the difficult passage, "What shall they do that are baptized for the dead," by the argument that the preposition *ὕπέρ* does not merely mean, as is commonly supposed, "in behalf of," or "for the benefit of," or "in the place of," but rather "with respect to," or "with an eye upon," or "with the mind over"—in other words, "in relation to"; implying that the only idea of the vexed passage is that baptism has a direct relation to the resurrection of the dead. This is very ably discussed in a long additional note, in which this sense of the preposition is shown to be common in the Greek Fathers; and the same elliptical use of "for" is paralleled from Shakspeare. "To such lengths,"

\* *The Holy Bible, according to the Authorized Version (1611); with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church.* Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. *New Testament*, Vol. III. (pp. 884), Romans to Philemon. London: John Murray. 1881.

says Mr. Evans, "has this prepositional error led recent commentators, that actually they seem to see lurking in the folds of this text, which their own perplexities have made a mazy labyrinth (see in *loco* Alford's note of bewilderment and Stanley's prodigious inferences), a veritable Minotaur in the shape of vicarious baptism."

The Dean of Chester is responsible, next in order, for the Epistle to the Galatians. His notes are, as a rule, flat and insipid in comparison with those of the lively Durham professor. We turned with some curiosity to his commentary on that most perplexing verse (Gal. iii. 20), "Now a mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is one," only to be disappointed. There are said to be two or three hundred interpretations of this passage, the difficulty of which lies of course in the doubt as to the meaning of the word "one" in the two clauses. Dean Howson borrows from an unpublished sermon of Canon Evans the assertion that here "the word *one* clearly points not to *number*, but *quality*"; and this is the key to his interpretation. But an ordinary reader seeking for guidance will profit very little by this disquisition. We find the Dean of Chester, in his note on Gal. iii. 27, half-inclined, as it seems to us, to disparage Luther's high view of the baptismal sacrament. We note with greater approval that on Gal. vi. 6 he argues from the phrases "he that is taught" and "him that teacheth" that catechizing—oral instruction in religious doctrine—has been an ordinance of the Church from Apostolic days. It is a happy suggestion, on Gal. iv. 13, that the "infirmary of the flesh" mentioned by the Apostle refers to a special experience of his "thorn in the flesh," and that the companionship of St. Luke "the physician" was due in some measure to St. Paul's constant need of medical help.

The Epistle to the Ephesians has been entrusted to the Rev. Frederick Meyrick. We are glad to see that he has the courage to argue that the quotation (in Ephes. v. 14) "Awake thou that sleepest" is from a Liturgical hymn, as Theodoret was the first to point out. The quotation is introduced by the words "*He saith*," which is not altered, as it might well have been, by the Revisers into the more general phrase "*It saith*." How is it that Mr. Meyrick, writing on Ephes. i. 13 and iv. 30, does not tell his readers that the "seal of the Lord" means Confirmation? Any acquaintance with the Office Books of the Greek Church would have reminded him of this. Mr. Waite, on 2 Cor. i. 22, is equally at sea on the matter.

The Dean of Raphoe, Dr. Gwynne, follows with the Epistle to the Philippians. We think highly of his critical and exegetical skill. He is remarkable, too, for most extensive and varied reading. In his introduction, for example, we find him quoting a despatch of Lord Salisbury's after the Congress of Berlin, in order to show the importance even in our own days of *Canalia* (the ancient Neapolis), the seaport of Philippi, where St. Paul must have landed. He cites also Lord Macaulay from the *Edinburgh Review*, and even borrows illustrations from the Offices of the Church of Sarum. Dr. Jeremie, the late Dean of Lincoln, had left, it seems, some notes on this Epistle, which are mostly given with the initial "J" subscribed. They are, however, worth but little, and need scarcely have been printed. We are glad to see Dean Gwynne making constant references to a most valuable specimen of modern Cambridge scholarship, Mr. Swete's edition of the commentaries of Theodore of Mopsuestia. Is there not, we may ask, much to be said for considering the phrase "your messenger" (*ait*, "apostle") as applied to Epaphroditus, in Phil. ii. 25, to imply that he was the Bishop of Philippi? This was Theodoret's opinion, and few ancient commentators surpass that Father in accuracy and sound judgment. So, too, Luther of old, and Bishop Lightfoot in our own times, have concluded as to the ecclesiastical rank of Epaphroditus from the fact that in Phil. iv. 3 St. Paul calls him his "true yokefellow."

We come now to what is by far the most brilliant section of the volume before us. The Epistle to the Colossians, the two Epistles to the Thessalonians, and the short Epistle to Philemon, have all been annotated by the Bishop of Derry. The introduction to the first-named Epistle is a singularly beautiful and poetical disquisition, sound in its theology, animated in style, and bearing marks of the most wide and varied culture. We may note in particular a reference to the singularly interesting Christian churches still remaining in Thessalonica, some of them now used as mosques. The Bishop's authority in this matter is, however, only Sir George Bowen's *Mount Athos, Thessaly, and Epirus*. He does not seem to have made acquaintance with M. Texier's splendid volume on the Churches of Thessalonica, edited by Mr. Pullan. Turning from architecture to music, we find an admirable additional note on the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" of Col. iii. 16. The Bishop here pleads earnestly for the artistic excellence of the Church's song in public worship. He contends that the Apostle's phrase "singing with grace" means "gracefully," or with sweetness and beauty. It is the less surprising to find him, as being a hymnologist himself, quoting, on Col. i. 18, the Septuagesima hymn of the Ancient Latin Church for the sake of its theology. Unlike some of his coadjutors, the Bishop of Derry never fails to give a plain and sound exposition of difficult passages. Nothing, for instance, could be better than his notes on "the first-born of every creature" (Col. i. 15), as against any Arian or Socinian exposition of the phrase. Again, he anticipated the Revisers in omitting the words "of the Father," and reading, with Bishop Lightfoot, "the mystery of God, even Christ," in Col. ii. 2. This rendering, we need not say, connects the word *Christ* to be in apposition grammatically with *mystery*. Bishop

Wordsworth had adopted a less satisfactory rendering—"the mystery of God, Christ." Bishop Alexander has found in the exquisitely pathetic and beautiful Epistle to Philemon a most congenial subject. His whole treatment of this epistolary masterpiece is admirable. He has spared no pains in his task, which has evidently been a labour of love. Every collateral suggestion bearing on the Epistle is thoroughly discussed and examined. We may specify, as remarkable for its force and eloquence, his description in the introductory observations of the horrors of Roman slavery. There is an instructive plea for the existence of material churches even in the earliest Apostolic times, suggested by the phrase "the Church which is in thy house." We note here, however, that the general editor has not remembered that, while the Bishop of Derry translates *ἐν τῷ οἴκῳ*, in Acts ii. 1 and 44, "to the same place," Canon Evans in this same volume denies any local meaning to the phrase in that passage, which he explains as meaning there "for the same purpose."

It only remains to say that the three Pastoral Epistles, to Timothy and Titus, are briefly annotated by the Bishop of London, while an excellent general introduction is provided to them by Professor Wace. The Bishop, we observe, dwells strongly on the spiritual graces, the *charismata*, of Holy Orders. He considers "the laying on of hands" of Heb. vi. 1 to mean ordination. But surely the context of that passage, in which laying on of hands is connected with baptism, and in which both ordinances are reckoned among "the principles of the doctrine of Christ," points to Confirmation rather than to Ordination as having been in the Apostle's mind at that time.

The volume of *The Speaker's Commentary* which we have now noticed is undoubtedly a most valuable addition to the series. We could have wished, indeed, that there had been more unity of view and more equality of critical power among the several contributors. But, at any rate, this important *Commentary* improves, rather than deteriorates, as it approaches its completion.

#### THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.\*

THE recent visit of the King of the Sandwich Islands to this country makes any work which throws light upon the people and geography of the Pacific Islands welcome at the present moment. The great interest shown for, and the cordial reception given to, one whose predecessors were but a few years ago nothing better than petty chiefs of barbarous cannibal tribes may appear at first sight to be due only to good-natured curiosity, but it has really a certain political significance. The cutting through of the Isthmus of Darien is now only a question of time, and when that work is accomplished the strategic and commercial advantages of the Pacific Islands will become a matter of serious concern both to Europe and America. There can be no necessity to conciliate, from a diplomatic point of view, the petty potentates themselves, but the mere existence of friendly relations with them may hereafter exercise a beneficial influence in preventing possible rivalries and jealousies on the part of greater Powers.

The volumes before us give a graphic account of one of the best known of these groups of islands, in the form of letters written to friends at home. Although this style of composition is generally rather wanting in literary finish, it has its advantages in presenting fresh and graphic pictures of the scenes and life described. The domestic arrangements for an English family in Fiji are not all that can be desired. At Levuka everything is dear and bad, but the servants are the worst of all—they are even a greater plague than the race at home. Looking very intelligent, they prove utterly stupid, neglect their work the moment their employer's back is turned, and, though "indifferent honest," cannot resist the temptation to steal towels and handkerchiefs for articles of attire. As it would be perfectly proper for them to use things belonging to their own chiefs nothing must be said to them, but the practice is, we should imagine, rather inconvenient.

The strange lack of lower animal life is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of these islands, and accounts in a great degree for the cannibalism that was formerly so prevalent there. There were no indigenous four-footed creatures but rats and flying foxes, and even the pigs which now run wild in some of the jungles were brought there by the Tongans, who also introduced cats, ducks, and fowls. The names of the other animals, *seepi* (mutton), *goti* (goat), *bullama kow* (beef), are sufficiently indicative of their origin. Venomous reptiles are fortunately unknown, but a trap for the unwary exists in the tree-nettle, a large forest tree of magnificent foliage, the leaves of which when touched administer a sting, the burning anguish of which endures for days. The *kaukaro*, or itch plant, is another strange and dangerous growth:—

Instances have occurred [says the author] when a man, having ignorantly selected this wood, either as timber from which to fashion his canoe, or a spar suitable for his mast, and incautiously sitting on the wood while carpentering, has discovered when too late that the subtle poison had entered by every pore, and that his whole body was rapidly breaking out into angry spots, causing an irritation utterly unbearable and lasting for months, sometimes years.

The *yangona* root, elsewhere in Polynesia called *kava*, is the only stimulant the islands possess. It is prepared by chewing, and, though not pleasant to the taste, is much sought after, as its effects are peculiarly exhilarating and refreshing. Drunkenness from its

\* *At Home in Fiji*. By C. F. Gordon Cumming. London: Blackwood & Sons, 1881.

use does not affect the brain, but paralyzes the muscles, so that a man lies helpless on the ground perfectly aware of all that is going on around him.

The glimpses which the author gives us of the religion and beliefs of the Fiji Islanders are interesting, and possess considerable value as contributions to comparative mythology. The Kai Tholos (or Highlanders), for instance, have many legends and fairy tales which bear a strange resemblance to those of Northern popular mythology. Thus the pine forests are haunted by tiny men, called *Vele*, with high conical heads; they carry clubs, which they throw at all trespassers, who go mad in consequence. A fern leaf carried in the hand is, however, sufficient to ward off the evil influence. The Fijian, in fact, peoples every remarkable spot, whether grove, dell, cave, or rock, with invisible beings, whom he fears and propitiates with offerings. Such a being exactly corresponds to the *genius loci* of the ancient Romans and the jinn or genie of the Arabs, familiar to us through the *Arabian Nights*; and the existence of the superstition shows how prone the human mind is in its infancy to adopt the same ideas all over the world. It is curious also to note the constant recurrence of tree and rock worship amongst primitive and savage tribes. The pagan races of Palestine and Syria had their sacred groves and stones to which divine honours were paid; and even now the peasants of the Holy Land and the Desert Arabs have their sacred trees and holy rocks. In Fiji we meet with the same thing, although the sacrificial customs of the Cannibal Islanders were even far greater abominations than were the unholy rites of Baal:—

The mission station in Bau must have been indeed a hateful home in those days, when you could not look down from the windows to the town below without witnessing scenes of unspeakable horror, the very thought of which is appalling; when the soil was saturated with blood and the ovens were never cool, by reason of the multitude of human victims continually brought to replenish them. Now the site of the ovens is marked only by greener grass; but an old tree close by is covered, branch and stem, with notches, each one of which is a record of some poor wretch whose skull was dashed against a stone at the temple, the foundations of which are still to be seen a few steps further on. The tree is the sole survivor of a sacred grove which, like that at Rewa, was cut down on account of the superstitious reverence attaching to it.

The religion of Fiji was intimately connected with its rather peculiar gastronomy, and the human victims sacrificed to an idol or devil were invariably eaten. No important ceremony of any kind could, indeed, be performed without this horrid accompaniment, and the records of the earlier missionaries who were eyewitnesses of these atrocities reveal an amount of inhumanity and savagery that is almost incredible. We read, for instance, in an account of the town of Rewa—

Jackson (an Englishman who, thirty years ago, was detained amongst these people for two years) relates an incident of peculiar interest, as an illustration of sacrifice to the earth spirits—a custom which British antiquarians tell us was formerly practised by our pagan ancestors, and of which traces have till very recently lingered among us. A new house was about to be built for the chief, Tui Dreketi, and the people assembled from all tributary villages to bring their offerings and dance and make merry. A series of large holes were dug to receive the main posts of the house; and as soon as these were reared, a number of wretched men were led to the spot, and one was compelled to descend into each hole and therein stand upright with his arms clasped round the pole. The earth was then filled in, and the miserable victims were thus buried alive, deriving what comfort they might from the belief that the task assigned them was one of much honour, as ensuring stability to the chief's house. The same idea prevailed with respect to launching a chief's canoe, when the bodies of living men were substituted for ordinary rollers—a scene which Jackson also witnessed, and quotes to prove how cruelly the tributary tribes were treated by these Rewa chiefs, one of whom he accompanied to a neighbouring isle. They came to a place called Na-ara-Bale (meaning "to drag over," literally corresponding to our own Tarbert), a low, narrow isthmus joining two islands together. By dragging the canoes across this half mile of dry land, they were saved a long row round the island. On landing they found the villagers entertaining the people of another village which had fallen under the displeasure of Rewa, and at the bidding of the chief these people allowed their guests to be surprised in the night, when forty were captured, and each being bound hand and foot to the stems of banana trees, were then laid as rollers, face uppermost, along the path by which the canoes were to be dragged across the isthmus. The shrieks of the victims were drowned by the howling songs of their captors, and, with one exception, all were crushed to death. One poor wretch lingered awhile in torture till the ovens were made ready in which all were cooked, the guests of the previous day affording the feast for this.

Only those who had been killed were considered good for food, but the Fijians had right royal banquets whenever a battle had taken place. Thus, in Namena, in the year 1851, fifty bodies were cooked for one feast; and when the people of Bau were at war with Verata, they carried off 260 bodies, seventeen of which they sent to Rewa just as presents of game are sent out after a battue here. A wooden fork was made use of in eating human flesh, as it was supposed to cause a skin disease. One of these instruments is figured on the cover of the work. The custom of public dinners on a large scale has survived the heathendom of the place, and is as much a public institution in Fiji as it is in the city of London. At a great meeting of chiefs at Bau, in January 1880, on the return of Sir Arthur Gordon to England, the menu included 104 pigs and a large shark roasted whole, the latter being a substitute for the *bakula* or human meat of cannibal days. The taste for the latter delicacy still survives, and one young chief, being asked by Miss Gordon Cumming whether the manner of preparing human flesh was not different from that in which pork was cooked, misunderstood the question, and answered with suspiciousunction, "Oh! there's no comparison between them—human flesh is so much the best."

But the tales of earlier cannibalism are not the only horrors which mar these otherwise pleasant pages. The islands were visited

with an epidemic of measles, which proved as dreadful a scourge as any recorded plague of Europe or the East. This sad event marked the beginning of the British rule. The old King, after ceding the islands, went to Sydney to pay his respects to Sir Hercules Robinson, and there caught measles. The disease spread rapidly, and, owing partly to the impossibility of isolating the patients or adopting any sanitary measures whatever, it developed into so terrible a plague that in a short space of time one-third of the whole population died. A war with some revolted tribes also varied the monotony of the author's stay in the islands, and the English officers had several opportunities of establishing the fact that cannibalism has not yet quite died out.

In 1867 the Reverend Thomas Baker and seven Christian missionaries were murdered and eaten at one of the islands. It is a curious fact that no less than six villages now lay claim to the possession of the martyr's head. This reminds us of the Holy Land, where the head of St. John the Baptist is preserved at Samaria, Damascus, and Aleppo. Perhaps nothing brings more forcibly home to us the circumstance of the wonderful reform effected by Christianity than that it should have taught such savages to act upon its concisely formulated protest against all these inhuman barbarities in the command to "do as you would be done by," for now these frightful customs have almost entirely ceased. Indeed, it is hard to realize that a people so friendly and gentle as the Fiji Islanders are now described as being, and amongst whom so earnest and childlike a devotion to Christianity seems to prevail, could have taken part only a short time ago in such fearful crimes and orgies. The present King of Fiji, Thakombau, to whose enlightened and energetic conduct the success of missionary enterprise in the islands and their ultimate transfer to British rule is due, was not always the exemplary character he is now reported to be. The first fifty years of his life were passed in the deepest darkness of cannibal heathendom, and when his father, a terrible old chief, died, Thakombau exercised the privilege of an eldest son, and with his own hand strangled his mother and assisted in performing the same kind office for the other widows. King George of Tonga also played some part in the conversion of the islands. This monarch, by the by, is the one who amused his white friends at the breaking out of the war between France and Germany by issuing a proclamation that he intended to remain neutral.

As the picturesque record of a sojourn in little known lands, and a thrilling account of customs which are happily becoming things of the past, *At Home in Fiji* is a very interesting and readable work.

#### LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.\*

(Second Notice.)

WE learn from the despatch of the Imperial Ambassador, of which we gave some account in our last article, that Dr. Lee was of opinion that nothing could be done in the matter of the divorce if the Queen persisted in her allegation of virginity at the time of her marriage with the King; and also that the Duke of Suffolk and his wife, the Queen-Dowager of France, would, if they dared, have offered all possible resistance to the marriage. Anne Boleyn, though she had yet to wait she knew not how long—and, in point of fact, did wait nearly a year and a half—before she was actually married, must have been pretty sure of her ground. She seems to have exercised an absolute sway over the King, and actually at this time threatened the Controller of the Household that when she was Queen she would deprive him of his office. The volume we are reviewing reaches beyond the date of the marriage. But it contains not one word of suspicion that it had taken place. The remarkable expression in Cranmer's letter that the marriage ceremony was performed "much about St. Paul's day" has misled all historians, who suppose that he must have intended the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25, 1533. But it is almost certain that he meant St. Erkenwald's day—i.e. November 14, 1532—on which Sanders and others have said the marriage took place. The Pope's Breve warning the King on pain of excommunication to dismiss Anne and take back Catharine was dated the very next day; but it was too late, Anne was already married, and the concealment of the day was meant to allow of the supposition that she had been married at any previous period which might be conjectured by any curious inquirer.

The phase of the case for the divorce which occupies nearly the whole of this volume is the protest of the King of England against being summoned to Rome for its trial. It is very dreary work following the history of the consistories held, and the technical difficulties in the way of admitting Sir Edward Carne in the capacity of Excusator. Several of the documents connected with this part of the case appeared for the first time in the Oxford Records of the Reformation; but probably nearly every accessible paper on the subject will be found in Mr. Gairdner's volume. But, though we suppose the editor was not bound to insert every document that has appeared in print, it would have been more convenient if he had added the few documents that are supplied in the Trevelyan Papers, as also the account of the Acta Consistorialia, as published by Dr. Maziero Brady in his useful work

\* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. V. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

on "the Episcopal Succession of England, Scotland, and Ireland, A.D. 1400 to 1875." It would have added but a few pages to the volume, and would have in one or two cases supplied information not to be found, or at best only to be found with difficulty, as to the dates and proceedings of the Consistory Court at Rome. Thus the letter of February 13, from Ghinucci and Benet to the King, was, no doubt, intended to give the earliest intelligence that it had been determined not to admit the Excusator; but we only learn, from the following extract from Dr. Maziere Brady's volume, that the refusal was made the very day before:—

*Die 12 Februarii 1531 fuit Consistorium in loco consueto in quo Reverendus D. Paulus Capissuccius retulit quendam Anglicum comparuisse tanquam unum de populo ad excusandum Regem Angliæ eo quod non comparebat in causa matrimonii.*

And this is the more important because, in a letter written by Mai to the Emperor of the same date, he speaks of this Consistory having been held on the 10th. Two accounts agree in placing it on the 10th, and it is possible the copy from which Dr. Maziere Brady printed was in error.

Again, there is an entry in the Barberini MSS. concerning the Consistory of December 11, 1531, which shows that Dr. Gairdner's conjecture that Christmas must be read for Easter in Mai's despatch to the Emperor, which is dated on the following day, is correct. The delay it appears was really granted till the Festival of the Epiphany, 1532, and accordingly the next Consistory was held on the 8th January. Mai's despatch was in Spanish, and in all probability the word used is *Pascua*, without the addition of *de Natividad*. It was not an uncommon mode of designating Christmas at that time in Spain. We remember that Don Pascual de Gayangos found the same expression in one of the documents analysed in his last volume, and translated it *Easter*, though it plainly meant Christmas.

Matters were now drawing to a conclusion. Everybody except the English Ambassadors saw that the judgment could not be delayed much longer, and that sentence must be pronounced against the King. On the 25th January, 1532, Dr. Ortiz informed the Emperor that the English had petitioned for delay on the ground that fear of the Emperor prevented the advocates whom they had written for from appearing, and that they had been allowed till the end of the month, and that the Pope had told him he was determined to give sentence "even though the Kings of France and England should separate from the Apostolic see." On the very same day Clement wrote to the King of England a gentle letter of remonstrance, hoping that he would not oblige him to forsake the character of a loving father and assume the function of a judge; but that he would recall Catharine to his Court and put away the woman with whom he was openly cohabiting. Another despatch of the period speaks of Anne Boleyn having recently had a miscarriage; but, as the document in question was not written from England, it only gave currency to a report, and must be taken for what it is worth. Notwithstanding all appearances, the disputes about preliminary matters were destined to delay the cause for many months, nor was it till March 23, 1534, that the definitive sentence was pronounced which ordered the King to take back Catharine as his wife on the ground that the marriage was valid. Here, however, we are anticipating matters, as the volume before us does not reach beyond the end of the year 1532.

One naturally expects to find in such a volume as this some tidings of the future Archbishop Cranmer, about whom opinion seems of late to have taken a turn—State papers seeming to reveal to us the character of a time-serving hypocrite, instead of a saint and a martyr. But, though there are so many documents analysed from the originals at Vienna, they do not tell us anything that was not tolerably well known before; and this is the more remarkable because he was with the Emperor as Ambassador during the year 1532, from January till November, when he was recalled, for the express purpose of pronouncing against the marriage with Catharine of Aragon. He is noticed as on his way home at the beginning of 1531, and as succeeding Sir Thomas Elyot as Ambassador in the following year. He had reached Ratisbon where he met Elyot, March 14, and he is still there August 28 and September 4, from whence he was recalled October 1, when Hawkins was substituted in his place. On October 20 he was at Villach, and evidently had heard nothing of Warham's death. And it was not till November 18 that the letter of recall reached the Emperor, with whom he was residing, at Mantua. On his way home he was ten leagues off from Lyons December 9, and must have reached England some time before the end of the year 1532. The meeting of the King and Cranmer at the bear-baiting, when the archbishopric was given him, must, if the story be true, have taken place almost immediately on his arrival. The documents in this volume enable us to determine the whereabouts of Cranmer during the whole year, and so to expose the errors both of Strype and of Herbert. The former represents Cranmer as not returning to England at all in 1531, and the latter makes him present at the marriage on November 14. Cranmer himself tells us he did not know of the marriage a fortnight after it had taken place. And, in point of fact, he could hardly have heard of it till his arrival in England, more than a month after.

With regard to this subject we have been sorely puzzled by a note appended to Chapuy's despatch to the Emperor of January 22, 1532. The passage in the letter is as follows:—

The new Ambassador to the Emperor will start in a few days. Does not know why they are discontented with the present Ambassador. This man

is one of the doctors who was at Bologna with the Earl of Wiltshire, on whom and his daughter he depends entirely. He has written in favour of the divorce and was one of the translators of the King's book. Expects he will be ordered to obtain opinions from the German universities whether Lutheran or otherwise. If he has no better future than the Augustinian Lutheran whom the King caused to come here with a safe conduct, he will not do much. The said Lutheran returned as he came with much ill-will from the English.

Now all this evidently refers to the recall of Sir Thomas Elyot and the substitution of Dr. Thomas Cranmer in his place as Ambassador with the Emperor. The matter is so evident that we should not even have expected a note at the foot of the page to explain who was alluded to; but undoubtedly a reference to this place ought to have appeared in the index under the head of "Cranmer," instead of which we have a note substituted saying, "It does not appear that any new Ambassador was really sent to the Emperor for some time after this date." It is true, the letter of credence for Cranmer, dated January 24, does not appear in this volume or elsewhere that we know of. But it is mentioned by Seckendorf, and it is plain from other documents in the volume that Cranmer started on his journey a very few days afterwards towards the Court of Charles.

There were rumours abroad that the King had married his mistress, "that diabolical woman," as Muxetula calls her; but it was not commonly believed, and it must have been known that it was not so when she was raised to the rank of a Marchioness on September 1, 1532, preparatory to her accompanying the King across the Channel to his interview with Francis. The French King was of course nothing scandalized at the nature of the connexion of his dear brother of England with Anne Boleyn, but must have wondered at the infatuation of the persistent desire to make her his Queen.

The interview of the two Kings was conducted on the grandest scale, almost recalling the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. But Henry did not gain all he wanted by the interview. Mr. Gairdner truly remarks in his preface that as a great demonstration of the close alliance between England and France the interview was undoubtedly a success. He has described the state of affairs very neatly:—"If Francis could have been induced to recognize the favourite as Queen of England, Henry no doubt would have been emboldened to defy the censures of the Vatican. But Francis, though not an over-scrupulous person in what concerned mere social morality, was not likely to countenance an open violation of Church law in defiance alike of the Pope and the Emperor, merely for the sake of his most dear brother and ally. He was willing enough to dance with the Marchioness of Pembroke; but to dishonour the Emperor's aunt by acknowledging any one as Henry's queen was a responsibility he could not have been willing gratuitously to incur" (p. xxviii.)

There are many other points in this volume well worthy of study for any one who is tolerably acquainted with the outline of the history of the period. Most people will probably have to unlearn much of what they have been taught to believe by popular historians, for if there is any period in English history that has yet to be written, it is undoubtedly the history of the reign of Henry VIII. from the fall of Wolsey to the accession of Edward VI.

#### CREDULITIES.\*

UPON Mr. Jones the mantle of the late Mr. Timbs appears to have fallen. Mr. Jones may be proud perhaps to be named in the same breath with Mr. Timbs, though, in good truth, we do not intend to compliment him even when we add that the pupil is worthy of his master. The material here gathered is tolerably amusing. We do not often find so much of the kind garnered between two covers. Of numberless authors cited, each brings his own little bundle of rubbish; and it is reserved for Mr. Jones merely to provide a store for it. Unfortunately, to carry out the parable, the stuff has not been arranged in the storehouse, and, should the authors desire to get it back again, they may not find it easy to know their own. Here and there a passage is duly labelled; but even the labelling is often defective, and is sometimes, so to speak, second-hand, betraying a fact in the history of some particular pieces. They have passed through one store after another, until their original inventors have been forgotten. There may be some kind of object in these storehouses of useless knowledge. Many books which pretend to be collections of prehistoric facts intended to throw light on the manners, bad or good, of modern mankind, are little better than Mr. Jones's book on Credulity; but, as a rule, there has been some philosophical system pursued, and the pigeon-holes of the store-room are arranged in an intelligible sequence. In the volume before us there are clear divisions, and each chapter is itself subdivided, but the apparently purposeless mixture of different kinds of facts, and the absence of anything like an adequate index, render it useless to the student. The very first requirement of such a book is a full and correct index. To test Mr. Jones's compilation, after reading a number of scattered notes in different places on, for example, the superstitious connected with Thursday, we find that the word "Thursday" does not occur in the index. Again, there is a curious and lengthy list from a French source of the judicial prosecutions of animals for crimes in the middle

\* *Credulities; Past and Present.* By William Jones, F.S.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.



ages. This list occupies pages 303-305, and is duly entered in the index. Some thirty pages further on is a similar list from a Flemish source, *à propos* of nothing in particular, and there is no mention of it that we can find in the index. The index itself is in a sense alphabetical, but a majority of the entries are under such headings as "Luck," or "Superstitions," and are arranged much as they come. It will be seen that in order to make any use of the book the reader will be obliged to make his own index, and the more so because the paragraphs are put into pages just as they were shaken out of Mr. Jones's portfolio, care only being taken to keep certain general subjects together. Thus one page begins with an account of an ancient ceremony of sheep-blessing, performed apparently in London, but this is not very clear; the second paragraph relates to the worship by the Romans of Pales, the goddess of sheepfolds; the third mentions Beal Zebub as the protector of the people of Elkon from gnats; the fourth mentions the tutelary deities of Olympian, Elis, Troy, and other places; the fifth gives us a quotation from Plautus as to the sacred pigs of the ancients. It will be seen at a glance that this is very amusing reading, but that it would be impossible to make any serious use of such mixtures.

There is a certain kind of arrangement discernible in the table of contents. The sea and seamen, with various anecdotes more or less entertaining about them, take up rather more than the first hundred pages. Then come notes about miners, amulets, talismans, and rings; then words, letters, and numbers, and divination by them. The next chapter relates to the exorcism and criminal trials of animals, followed by similar extracts about birds and eggs, the volume concluding with a chapter on Luck. It is evident from this summary that we need not fear to light upon many dull pages. Nor is the book in the least dull, except to the reader who goes to it for exact or trustworthy information. But any such reader will have been warned by the frontispiece what to expect. This curious engraving, by no means badly executed as a work of art, represents "the trial of a pig at Lausanne in the fourteenth century." It is so full of anachronisms that to mention them all would be to describe the whole picture. One point will be sufficient to show its value. Three of the principal persons present wear spectacles, and a fourth uses an ear-trumpet, and this in the fourteenth century. But we have perhaps devoted too much time and space to an attempt to take Mr. Jones's book seriously. It will be better to accept it for what it is—a mere compilation of notes and anecdotes, without any object except to amuse the general reader. Viewing it in this light, and consenting to be amused only, we may find an hour's recreation in turning over Mr. Jones's pages; at the same time noting, with some surprise, that the compiler has attained an honour which was never accorded to his forerunner Mr. Timbs, as he is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

Marriages naturally occupy much space in a book devoted, like Mr. Caxton's great work, to the history of human error. Marriages in May were still considered unlucky in Italy in 1750, says Mr. Jones; to which we may add the surprising fact that 130 years later the same superstition prevailed in that peninsula, as well as in England. Sprinkling the bride with wheat is a custom mentioned by Herrick. The modern fashion of throwing rice over her seems to come from India, but it has long been common in Italy. The Registrar-General—when, we are not told—notes the frequency of Scottish marriages on the last day of the year. There are more marriages on that one day than on any other seven days put together. There may be reasons for this which the student of Scottish morals could give, but Mr. Jones contents himself with quoting the fact, as also another from the same satisfactory source—namely, that in England few marriages take place on Friday. Out of 4,057 marriages in the midland districts of England, not two per cent. were celebrated on Friday. A visit to the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover Square, would have afforded Mr. Jones an example of the same kind nearer home. Of a contrary kind is the Scottish experience of Mr. Watson, City Chamberlain of Glasgow, who observes that nine-tenths of the marriages which come under his notice are celebrated on Friday. It is curious to note that in India a rainy day is considered unlucky for a wedding, and that in Scandinavia Thursday, the day of Thor, or thunder, was also of bad omen. St. Eloy, in a sermon, warns his flock from keeping Thursday as a holy day; and Dean Swift, in a letter to Sheridan, rhymes Thursday to "cursed day." The Estonians consider it unlucky, and in Devonshire it has but one lucky hour. Mr. Jones, who, by the way, makes no mention of Thursday as the fatal day of the Tudors, does not attempt to generalize from these curious facts, which, indeed, we have picked out from different parts of the book. Unlucky days in Cochin China—perhaps among the Mohammedan Malays, but we are not told—are the third day of the new moon, being that on which Adam was expelled from Paradise; the fifth, when the whale swallowed Jonah; the sixteenth, when Joseph was put into the well; the twenty-fourth, when Zachariah was murdered; and the twenty-fifth, when Mohammed lost his front teeth. The ancient Egyptians were like the Chinese in their careful observance of lucky and unlucky days, and Mr. Jones may turn with profit for his next edition to Mr. Michell's amusing *Calendar*, in which they are detailed at length. Mr. Jones says that from ancient Egypt the evil or unlucky days have received the name of Egyptian days, given them in "a Saxon MS. (Cott. MS. Vitell. c. viii. fo. 20)." They are the last Monday in April, the first in August, and the "first Monday of the going out of the month of

December," which leaves us somewhat in doubt as to all the Mondays in that month.

The chapter on birds, though as ill arranged as any of the others, contains as many notes of interest. The ancient Egyptians, as Mr. Jones observes, denoted the soul by a bird. With this he connects "a parrot from the East, a partridge, or a goldfinch." But the Egyptian word "ba," the soul, was hieroglyphically denoted by a crane. So on the obelisk of Heliopolis "baoo," the souls, or the spirits, refers to the intellectual spirits of the temple of On. In the later inscriptions a king's soul is sometimes represented as a hawk; but we have never seen the parrot from the East, the partridge, or the goldfinch. In this connexion a curious legend, well known to the readers of *Westward Ho!* is quoted from Howel's Letters as to the Devonshire family of Oxenham. Howel saw in the shop of a stone-carver a marble tomb with an inscription on it in memory of John Oxenham—"In whose chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanish'd." The same story was narrated of three other members of the family. The apparition is accounted for in a ballad. The story of Thomas Lord Lyttelton, who died in 1779 near Epsom after seeing a similar vision, is well known. So lately as in 1860 a cormorant which appeared upon the spire of Boston church was believed to announce the death of the borough member. Minors appear to be more superstitious about such warnings than even sailors. A collier in South Wales saw a ghostly train drawn by a ghostly horse, one of the cars bearing what he supposed to be a spectre representing his own body. "To alight such a manifestation would be tempting his own fate. The substantial miner was apprised that a shadow had appeared without his permission, and the following day he fled from his fate to another colliery." Whistling, it seems, is not permitted in mines. Mr. Jones somewhat enigmatically adds that sailors share this superstition. He probably intends to refer to the sailor's common practice of whistling for a wind, and does not appear to be aware that in the East whistling is looked upon with disfavour, as a practice full of evil omen. One part of the chapter on mining superstitions is so characteristic of the whole volume that we may conclude by an account of its heterogeneous contents. It begins with a large capital and a new paragraph, as if to denote a change of subject, the previous division having been chiefly devoted to the superstitions of Cornish miners. The first paragraph relates to French miners, and their belief in the apparition on certain occasions of a white hare. Next there is an anecdote about their dislike to working on Sundays. Then follows a quotation from Nicander Nucus as to the colliers of Liège. So far Mr. Jones has kept pretty near the subject of French mining superstition; but the next paragraph, without the slightest warning, carries the reader's attention off to the West Indies, and then to Mexico. A quotation from Agricola follows; but Mr. Jones has forgotten to tell us to whom it relates. Finally, there is a short passage from a book by a Mr. Hingshawe, to prove that Protestant miners, we are not told in what part of the world, have a superstitious veneration for the palms blessed on Palm Sunday; and so the chapter ends. It will be seen that to enjoy Mr. Jones's pages the reader must lay aside all hope of receiving consecutive information, and rest content to read notes wholly without arrangement, told without object, proving or disproving no theory or opinion, and chiefly amusing because of the unexpectedness with which a new subject is started, often before the old one is exhausted, to be itself laid aside without any reason, and perhaps taken up a few pages further on. It is impossible for a reviewer to treat seriously such a crowd of undigested, ill-assorted cuttings.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

THE author of the two little books about Eton life called *A Day of My Life at Eton* and *About Some Fellows* has now brought out a small volume of papers which originally appeared in the *Cambridge Review*, under the title of *Cambridge Trifles* (1). In an "Advertisement" he says:—"I republish these sketches of some of the more trifling incidents that go to make up the inner life at Cambridge in the hope that, having served to amuse the Cambridge world when issued separately and one by one, they may to some degree answer the same purpose for the public in general when taken all together." It may be admitted that in their collected form they pass muster as a thing to take up and glance at or through in an odd ten minutes or half-hour; but we cannot congratulate the writer on having collected and republished them. *A Day of My Life at Eton* was amusing, and even interesting enough, as a really accurate and unpretentious record of what many Eton boys' days are; and *About Some Fellows*, though here and there it verged upon tediousness, was no less accurate, and showed a decided advance in writing power on the author's part. *Cambridge Trifles*, though neither inaccurate nor pretentious, is unhappily for the most part very far from amusing, being neither better nor worse than the many papers of the same kind which have made their appearance at various times in the various University magazines which have flourished for a more or less brief space. The best section of the little volume is the

(1) *Cambridge Trifles*; or, *Splutterings from an Undergraduate Pen*. By the Author of "A Day of My Life at Eton," &c. Collected and revised from the "Cambridge Review." London: Sampson Low & Co.

one headed *Σπερμολόγος*, in which a fellow-undergraduate—whose nature is indicated by the title—recounts his thoughts and deeds to the author, and it is to this part of the book that we would advise the casual reader or glancer to direct his attention. In this there are, indeed, some happy touches, one of which we may select as a specimen of the whole:—"But, as I was saying, I don't think, under ordinary circumstances, it's a good thing to read much during the examination. Because it's like being in for a race; you don't go and run a course just before the race itself; you take rest and relaxation. I'm taking relaxation now; come round to see you. But be sure and say if you think you want to work. Because I wouldn't like any one to say that my system interfered with any one else's. Like that fellow Cocket, you know, who's always dropping in and wasting one's time when one doesn't want him." We may also refer to an account of *Σπερμολόγος* and his dog, which is amusing enough; but the other portions of the little book cannot be said to have enough merit to justify publication. They might, indeed, conceivably be useful as an antidote to the rubbish of "Julian Home," inasmuch as though, in their way, they are twaddley enough, they are at least not marred by sentimental cant. But it may be hoped that the author could do better work than he has here turned out if he would take trouble enough, and would learn to avoid the dangerous pitfalls of attempted smartness.

It is pointed out in the preface to the present edition of Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s French-English and English-French Dictionary (2) that the French Academy "have in the seventh and latest edition of their Dictionary introduced 2,200 words which were not in the preceding editions, suppressed some three hundred more, and modified the spelling, accentuation, and hyphens of many others." Accordingly Messrs. Cassell's Dictionary has been remodelled on excellent principles. Obsolete words, instead of being removed altogether, are distinguished by a peculiar mark, and very necessary and laudable additions have been made to the new words which the Academy in its wisdom has sanctioned, while a list of nouns of double gender with their meanings has been added. It may perhaps be doubted whether it was wise to follow the Academy in printing *phthisie*, *rythme* for *phthisis*, *rhythme*, and so on; but this is a very minor point. Of the general excellence and completeness of the work there can be no doubt; and one of its most difficult features, the short treatise on French pronunciation, calls for decided praise. No such treatise can of course be altogether satisfactory, but the one before us is commendably free from errors. Between the two divisions of the Dictionary is placed a useful table of French coins, measures, and weights, reduced to English terms. In turning over the French part of the Dictionary we happened to come on a word the existence of which we have heard denied by a Parisian, although it may be seen inscribed on the windows of various Parisian pot-houses—*scubac*—formed from *usquebaugh*. Oddly enough, it is not given as an equivalent for whisky in the English part. It is perhaps worth noticing, inasmuch as the formation of whisky and *scubac* from *usquebaugh* makes something like a parallel to that of évêque and bishop from episcopus. The form *usquebane* figures in the abridgment of Boyer published in 1849.

The latest edition of Dr. Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* (3) may be said to be improved, inasmuch as such absurd headings as "Bird—told me, a little," have been altered, if not removed; but it still contains, which is not surprising, some things which are ridiculous enough. Under *Box*, for instance, we find "*box o' the ears*. This is the Greek *pux* (fist), a blow with the fist," and "*Box and Oox*, the two chief characters in John M. Morton's farce usually called [the italics are ours] *Box and Cox*." Again—and this is far more inexcusable than the absurdity of saying that a thing is "usually called" by its right name—Dr. Brewer informs us that *brosier*, a term which he explains correctly enough, is derived from "Greek *bruso*, to eat." Dr. Brewer is described on his title-page as "of Trinity Hall, Cambridge." Obviously when at the Hall he did not devote himself to the study of the Greek language. It may be added that neither Dr. Brewer nor Mr. Robertson seems to have heard of an English writer named Peacock. On the other hand, there is plenty of such valuable and well-expressed information as this:—"Mephistopheles. A sneering, jeering, leering tempter. The character is that of a devil in Goethe's *Faust*. He is next in rank to Satan."

It is perhaps unnecessary here to discuss the desirableness of such a collection of snippings from classical authors (4) as Messrs. Jennings and Johnstone have set themselves to compile. It may be enough to observe that they have not shown much knowledge or judgment in their choice of translators.

The two volumes of the "Great Artists" series (5) now before us

(a) *A French and English Dictionary*. Compiled from the Best Authorities of both Languages, by Professors De Lolme and Wallace and Henry Bridgman. Revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged from the Seventh and latest Edition (1877) of the Dictionary of the French Academy. By Professor E. Roubaud, B.A., Paris. 116th Thousand. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

(3) *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of Common Phrases, Allusions, and Words that have a Tale to Tell*. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. Twelfth Edition, revised and corrected; to which is added a concise Bibliography of English Literature, by Eric G. Robertson, M.A. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(4) *Half-Hours with Greek and Latin Authors*. From various English Translations. With Biographical Notices. By G. H. Jennings and W. S. Johnstone. London: Horace Cox.

(5) *The Great Artists—Albrecht Dürer*. By Richard Ford Heath, M.A. *Manegna and Frauncie*. By Julia Cartwright. London: Sampson Low & Co.

are well put together, and there is a great improvement in the illustrations as compared with the earliest volumes of the series.

Mr. Jerrold's useful little handbook (6) has the sub-title of "*A Concise Digest of the Laws regulating Copyright in some of the Chief Countries of the World, together with an Analysis of the chief Copyright Conventions existing between Great Britain and Foreign Countries*," and it may fairly be said to fulfil the conditions implied in this description. Mr. Jerrold, in all his statements of foreign law, has indicated the source whence he has obtained his knowledge, and the "place where the English reader will find it in the most intelligible form, should he wish to refer to another version of it or to the original." An appendix contains some account of the Conventions between Great Britain of the one part, France, Germany, and Spain of the other parts, the proposed Convention between Great Britain and the United States, and a brief sketch of the changes proposed by the Copyright Bill which Mr. Hastings introduced into the House of Commons.

Ladies who go in for what threatens to become the tiresome institution of bazaars and fancy fairs may possibly find some useful hints as to their management in *The Ladies' Bazaar and Fancy Fair Book* (7); but we cannot say anything in praise of the taste displayed in the illustration of objects which are supposed by the author to be suitable for sale.

Mr. Heath's name is warrant enough for the excellence of the little book on ferns (8) with which he has followed up his *Fern World*. It is worth while to note that, in a few lines prefixed to the volume, Mr. Heath invites all lovers of ferns to "assist him in his endeavour to make each subsequent edition more complete than its predecessor by forwarding to him data (accompanied by fronds) of the finding of any species of fern in any localities not indicated within the following pages."

Mr. Adamson has "done what a man can" by way of combining a *Life of Fichte* (9) with a kind of introduction to his system in a volume of some two hundred pages. Whether there is much gained by publications of this sort is another question.

Mr. Blakiston's *Early Glimpses* (10) is a capably devised little book, in the pages of which a child of an inquiring turn of mind is represented as learning in the most natural way, from conversations with his father and elder sister, some of the most important elementary facts of physical geography. The method is, of course, not new in itself, but it has seldom been employed more simply and more successfully. It is perhaps unlucky that the illustrations are of very varying merit. Some, especially those of fish, are decidedly good, while others cannot be praised, and one of a waterspout is extraordinarily bad.

From the same author we have the more advanced and equally admirable *Glimpses of the Earth* (11), of which the object is "to enable the young to take pleasure in acquiring, and at the same time to save teachers trouble in imparting, a knowledge of the earth's surface."

A new edition, beautifully illustrated by Mr. Alfred Parsons, has appeared of Mr. Robinson's *Wild Garden* (12). It may be convenient, for the sake of readers who may have forgotten Mr. Robinson's object, to quote the sub-title of the book, which runs thus:—"Or our Groves and Gardens made Beautiful by the Naturalisation of Hardy Exotic Plants; being one way onwards from the Dark Ages of Flower Gardening, with Suggestions for the Regeneration of the Bare Borders of the London Parks."

Mr. Stanford has brought out a new and cheaper edition for school use of the late Mr. Keith Johnston's *Physical and Descriptive Geography* (13). It has been necessary to omit the historical sketch, but the whole of the strictly geographical information has been retained.

A second addition has appeared of Mr. Morrison's *Historical School Geography* (14).

Mr. Bell has collected and republished a series of Geological Excursion Papers (15) which had already appeared in the *Glasgow Evening Times* and *Weekly Herald*. They have been revised and extended for republication, and may be found interesting by a wider circle of readers than that for which they were originally intended.

Mr. Burgess has produced a singularly full and detailed treatise

(6) *A Handbook of English and Foreign Copyright in Literary and Dramatic Works*. By Sidney Jerrold, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Chatto & Windus.

(7) *The Ladies' Bazaar and Fancy Fair Book; containing Suggestions upon the Getting-up of Bazaars, &c.* London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(8) *Where to Find Ferns; with a Special Chapter on the Ferns round London*. By Francis George Heath. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *Fichte*. By Robert Adamson, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

(10) *Early Glimpses*. Introductory to "Glimpses of the Globe," &c. By J. R. Blakiston, M.A., Author of "The Teacher," &c. London: Griffith & Farran.

(11) *Glimpses of the Earth*. Sequel to "Glimpses of the Globe," &c. By J. R. Blakiston. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.

(12) *The Wild Garden*. By W. Robinson, F.L.S. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons. London: The "Garden" Office. New York: Scribner & Welford.

(13) *The London Geographical Series—A School Physical and Descriptive Geography*. By Keith Johnston, F.R.G.S. Maps and Illustrations by London: Edward Stanford.

(14) *The Historical School Geography*. By Charles Morrison, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marshall, & Co.

(15) *Among the Rocks around Glasgow: a Series of Excursion Sketches and other Papers*. By Dugald Bell, formerly Hon. Secretary to the Geological Society of Glasgow. Glasgow: Maclellan.

on the mystery of coach-building (16), much of which is of course somewhat too technical for the general reader. But the excellent "remarks on keeping carriages," at the end, should be read by all who keep carriages and care to keep them in good order.

Dr. Vines has prepared a second English edition of Dr. Prantl's "Text-Book of Botany" (17), with certain alterations, chiefly among which is the adoption of a different system of classification of flowering plants.

Ten years ago the curate of a fashionable church used to assert that, on the whole, he found "genius" and "yearning" the most effective texts for dinner-table conversation with the young ladies whom he was expected to entertain. Now he probably substitutes "sanitary" and "aesthetic." Mrs. Haweis tells us, in the opening paragraph of her pretentious-looking book (18), that "the appetite for artistic instruction is even ravenous," and that "the vacuum can be filled as easily as the purse can be emptied," because "just now every shop bristles with the ready means," and all at present needed to produce an elegant and refined home is the "cool power of choice." As much might be said of the facilities for making happy and suitable marriages, yet somehow discords still survive; but that may be owing to the absence of this valuable "cool power of choice." If the public for whom Mrs. Haweis takes the trouble to cater, and whom she facetiously addresses as "indolent lambs," have a digestion as strong as the ravenous appetite with which she credits them, and a power of assimilation equal to it, they may be able to find some "fine confused feeding" in this scrappy and often contradictory treatise. If they can buy a book with such a cover, they will probably enjoy the contents. At any rate, the originality of the style in which it is written will carry them on with the hope that some new ideas or useful hints may be embedded in the high-sounding periods or under such headings as "The Worship of Wreck," "Exquisite Obstructions," "Transparent Walls." Mrs. Haweis is very severe upon the slipshod people who class together the furniture used under the three Georges, Marie Antoinette, and Napoleon, and call it Queen Anne—a term, after all, only used for convenience, as we talk of the Renaissance; but she herself seems confused when speaking of the brothers Adams (*sic*) as contemporary with Inigo Jones, and in bracketting together Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Street, and Mr. (P) Gilbert Scott as Queen Anne architects. It is unnecessary seriously to review this conceited book, for the most part only composed of extracts, denunciations of nearly every style that has ever obtained, and a few recommendations, which, if carried out by the "indolent lambs," would inevitably lead to a trumpery incongruity in decoration, even worse than the tasteless efforts of the modern upholsterer.

A fifth part of *English Etchings* (19) is now before us. It brings out, with its predecessors, in a very strong light, the difficulty of printing etchings with any uniformity of effect. Artists who etch frequently assert that two impressions from the same plate are as different as two drawings by the same hand. In the case of the work before us, we are not tempted to use any such exaggeration, because we can only judge from one specimen of each design; but the three or four examples in each number are of such various degrees of merit, whether from difficulties of printing or deficiencies of original power, that, while a few seem to be of great excellence, the rest are only worth looking at once, if so often. In the new number we are glad to see a view of the old house of Sir Peter Pindar, in Bishopsgate Street, by Percy Thomas. It is in every way satisfactory, comparing for accuracy with the recent photographs, and for picturesqueness with any other print of the series. An interior, the entrance hall at Aston, is not so clear, and therefore not so interesting, while the striving after something like a Rembrandtesque effect is frustrated by the absence of any clear space of light. In a landscape, "Near Petersfield," the beauties, which are undeniable, are fully balanced by the faults. There is a fir-tree of the most delicately feathery character, and a sky which appears to be built up of big white stones instead of clouds. The critic is the more inclined to criticize because of the very ambitious and elevated aim of the artist, Mr. Snape, who has but just missed the production of a very fine work; but he has missed it. On the whole, however, this number is an improvement on those which have gone before, both from the greater excellence of the work and from the greater interest of the subjects. We are glad to observe that the publishers promise a series of views in old London, of which the Bishopsgate house is the first. There will also be commenced very shortly a series of portraits—no illustrated periodical can be said to neglect contemporary portraiture at present—the first of which will be an etching of the late Dean of Westminster, and the second one of Mr. Seymour Haden. On the whole, if we have found fault, it is rather because the work is worthy of criticism than from any wish to detract from the obvious merits of a very charming and, we must hope, very successful publication. It is, in fact, one of the most cheering signs of the revival of an interest in art that works like

these should be produced to attract the attention of the general public.

*Art and Letters* (20) seems to aim at becoming an English counterpart of an old favourite, *L'Art*. The illustrations are of the same character, and, apparently, for the most part from the same sources. The idea is an excellent one, for, though very few educated English men and women are unable to read French, many of them are unwilling to do so if they can get the same information in their own tongue. In a preliminary notice the editor of this new illustrated magazine remarks that the present fashion of engraving plates to accompany successive instalments of works of fiction affords but an inadequate representation of the higher claims of art; while of necessity, on the other hand, the few existing periodicals exclusively concerned with subjects of artistic study appeal only to a limited class of readers. This is undoubtedly true; but *Art and Letters* will need very high and sustained efforts indeed if it hopes to carry out so ambitious a programme. An attempt is to be made, so we are told, to satisfy a wider public, and to preserve, at the same time, a higher standard of artistic excellence. For this purpose a large portion of each number of the magazine is to be devoted to the consideration of the various forms of artistic production, ancient and modern; and special attention will be given to those forms of art which are connected with skilled industry. A chapter on the history of lace-making at Burano fulfils this promise so far as it concerns the present number. A large, but delicate, woodcut by Froment, from Hyppolyte Emmanuel Boulenger's "Brook," forms the chief illustration. Beside these features, there is a complete tale; and similar stories or novels are promised. Notices of Jean François Millet and Frederick Walker are charmingly written and profusely illustrated. There is a very picturesque view of the Arch of Augustus at Perugia; and the number winds up with some notes and news of "the several departments of art, literature, music, and the drama." We wish the new magazine all success, and gladly welcome another praiseworthy effort to bring the highest forms of art within the reach of all classes.

No reprint or collection of the works of any of our great men of letters should be more welcome than Mr. Matthew Arnold's edition of Burke's writings on Irish affairs (21). As Mr. Arnold justly insists in his preface, it is very far from being as easy as it ought to be to get the masterpieces of our prose writers. This collection will do something to supply the want as regards Burke.

Mrs. E. James (22) has written a very useful and handy-looking treatise on poultry-farming for Messrs. Ward and Lock's endless series of useful handbooks. Mrs. James writes for, and gives a great deal of good advice to, people who wish to make money out of their fowls.

Perhaps the people who want to keep the fowls would do well also to purchase Messrs. Ward and Lock's Handbook of Law in Domestic Matters (23), and then they will know what to do when the fowls are stolen.

Miss Ormerod will give them useful hints (24) how to escape the ravages of insects.

The pets of the children have a literature in their interest too. Boys who are addicted to the mild amusement of keeping rabbits may learn from a book published by "The Bazaar" (25) how to do so with the best results, and, we hope, also with the minimum of nuisance to other people.

(20) *Art and Letters*. No. 1. London: Remington & Co. October 1881.

(21) *Letters, Speeches, and Tracts on Irish Affairs*. By Edmund Burke. Collected and Arranged by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

(22) *Profitable and Economical Poultry-keeping*. By Mrs. Eliot James. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(23) *Handbook of the Law relating to Matters of Domestic Economy*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(24) *Manual of Injurious Insects*. By E. A. Ormerod. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Allen.

(25) *The Book of the Rabbit*. London: "The Bazaar" Office. 1881.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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#### PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

(16) *A Practical Treatise on Coach-Building, Historical and Descriptive*. With 57 Illustrations. By James W. Burgess. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

(17) *An Elementary Text-Book of Botany*. Translated from the German of Dr. K. Prantl. The Translation revised by S. H. Vines, M.A., &c., Lecturer and Fellow of Christ's Coll., Cambridge. Second Edition, greatly revised. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Allen.

(18) *The Art of Decoration*. By Mrs. Haweis. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

(19) *English Etchings: a Monthly Publication of Original Etchings by English Artists*. London: William Reeves.

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,884, OCTOBER 8, 1881:

The Transvaal. Egypt.  
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Progress of Agrarian Legislation. Lord Derby on the Irish Land Act. M. Ferry and M. Gambetta.  
Lord O'Hagan at Dublin.

Cookney Sport.  
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Boulogne, Past and Present. The Revenue Returns. Opera at the Lyceum.  
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The Prospectus and full particulars may be obtained on application to the REGISTRAR of the Normal School of Science, South Kensington.

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OF

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## ARREST OF MR. PARNELL.

THE announcement made on Thursday last of the arrest of Mr. PARNELL had been long desired in the interests of law and order, but by most people was hardly expected when it came. How long the satisfaction now generally felt and expressed may continue undiminished it is impossible yet to judge. The Government must certainly be congratulated upon having at last done what they ought to have done long ago; yet the congratulations cannot but be mixed with reflections upon the dangers of tardiness. The special organ of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet has indeed drawn from the fact that there is a general feeling that the arrest ought to have taken place sooner the curious and comforting conclusion that the Government has acted at the right moment. It must be admitted, however, that, when the thing was once determined upon, Mr. GLADSTONE lost no chance of making its announcement impressive. The PRIME MINISTER had previously made the outrageous assertion that the anarchy prevailing in Ireland was due to the cowardice of the landlords. The Government it was said, or implied, had done everything that could be done to preserve law and order, but was powerless in consequence of the apathy of the victims of lawless tyranny. But after this amazing utterance, and, in some respects unfortunately, also after an utterance of a different kind by Mr. PARNELL, it occurred to the Government that there was one thing which they might do, and which they certainly could hardly expect the landlords to do. That one thing was to arrest, not the subordinates, but the leader of the party of tyranny—"the man," as Mr. GLADSTONE said with an eloquence which was perhaps needless in the circumstances, "who has made himself beyond all others prominent in the attempt to destroy the authority of the law."

It is, we fear, an unfortunate accident that, while Mr. PARNELL's influence and teaching only led to the Boycotting, starving, and shooting of landlords, the carding of process-servers and of any tenants who dared to be honest, and the mutilation of horses and cattle, no special notice was taken of Mr. PARNELL, but that the necessity of arresting him became evident as soon as he put himself in a position of special antagonism to the Land Act. The coincidence has already been ungratefully made use of by Mr. DILON, and is not likely to be lost sight of. There was a certain *naïveté* in Mr. GLADSTONE's announcing at this stage of affairs that his Government, in ordering Mr. PARNELL's arrest, "had taken the first step towards the vindication of law and order, and of the rights of property"—the existence of which Mr. GLADSTONE has thus tardily and suddenly remembered; but, the first step having been at last taken, it is to be hoped that others will follow, and that the Cabinet will do its best to atone for its previous shameful vacillation. To have arrested Mr. PARNELL is to have done so far well, if it is not quite the feat of daring that it might be thought from Mr. GLADSTONE's appeal at the Guildhall for encouragement and support. But, Mr. PARNELL arrested, there remain others who are prepared to take his place and to make capital out of his arrest. The fact is that an organised scheme for destroying law and order, which might at one time have been checked with comparative ease, has been allowed to flourish and grow into alarming proportions. The beginning of its end has now been made, and it is to be hoped that the Government will no longer hesitate as to the course to be pursued.

## MR. GLADSTONE ON IRELAND.

THE concluding sentences of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on Ireland were not ill calculated to invite a return of the confidence which all good subjects would wish to place in the Government. It would appear that prolonged toleration of crime and of lawless tyranny was only to continue until the Government had ascertained whether tranquillity will result from the operation of the Land Act. If at last they effectually discharge the plainest, though the most painful, of duties, Mr. GLADSTONE will be justified in his appeal to all orders and degrees of men to support the Government. He "relies on his fellow-countrymen in their three nations associated together, and he has not the least doubt of the result." The three nations, consisting of England and Scotland and the helpless victims of misrule in Ireland, would willingly rely in turn on the Government which can alone dispose of the national force. The Minister who has hitherto failed to protect the peaceable community wantonly insults the victims of oppression when he taunts them with their failure to defend themselves. A Government has no right to stand by while force is repelled by force. If Mr. GLADSTONE referred only to agitation and verbal protests, he might have remembered that a public denunciation of the Land League would be instantly followed by social excommunication, if not by violence or murder. Even for the Land League Mr. GLADSTONE has a good word, because one of its branches proposed to try whether its objects could be attained by the Land Bill. According to Mr. GLADSTONE the condition or occasion of the proposed restoration of order would arise if the Land Bill were, on trial, rejected by the Land League and by the tenantry under their influence. Lord DERBY, whom Mr. GLADSTONE quotes with the praise which an eminent convert deserves, has expressed his belief that "the land question, as regards Irish opinion, is not settled, nor in the least likely to be so." He adds that "if it were settled, its disappearance from the list of controversial topics would only bring on, in a direct instead of an indirect form, the claim which really underlies it, the demand for an Irish Parliament." Mr. GLADSTONE, concentrating as usual his attention on the object immediately before his eyes, implicitly encourages the demand for repeal or separation, while he pertinaciously insists on the immediate and grateful acceptance of the Land Bill. Lord DERBY, with cooler judgment, ridicules the expectation of gratitude. As he truly says, "fixity of tenure has been the direct result of two causes, Irish outrage and Parliamentary obstruction."

Although the Irish question was sufficiently engrossing to divert Mr. GLADSTONE's attention in the greater part of his speech from his customary attacks on his opponents, he could not refrain from expressing well-deserved disapproval of the conduct of a candidate who recently appealed to the Irish malcontents for the purpose of obtaining their support in the Durham election. The census was just, but it was like a denunciation of turbulence by the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE for the moment forgot, not only Liverpool and Salford, but the zealous support which, at the dictation of Mr. PARNELL, was given by his followers to Mr. GLADSTONE at the general election. The Irish voters in the great towns were then, as now, hostile to the English connexion, but nevertheless their aid in the agitation against Lord BRACONSFIELD's Government was gratefully accepted. The next topic on which Mr. GLADSTONE touched was the accumulation in the Irish Savings Banks

of deposits to the amount of many millions, "representing almost only the honest earnings and savings of the Irish farmers." The depositors are the same persons of whom Mr. GLADSTONE, for his own purposes, recklessly asserted that to them an eviction was a sentence of death. No inconsiderable part of their honest earnings consists of the rents which they have fraudulently withheld from the rightful owners. It was but an idle boast that crime, other than agrarian, has largely diminished. No other kind of crime is either so ruinous to the welfare of a community or more sordid in its motives. The criminal classes in a civilized country stand apart from the rest of the community and below its level; nor is any general demoralization produced by the existence of a limited number of pick-pockets, swindlers, and thieves. The great mass of the rural Irish population are willingly or by compulsion accomplices in acts of gross cruelty habitually practised for motives of plunder. The diffused contagion is worse than a disease which is isolated among a few leprous outcasts.

Mr. GLADSTONE's vituperation is so habitually directed against his Conservative adversaries that some relief was felt when he for once directed his indignant eloquence against a dangerous demagogue. Mr. PARNELL deserved all that the most fertile of orators could allege in his dispraise; but it was hardly necessary to point the invective by irrelevant eulogies on other promoters of sedition or enemies of the English Government and nation. In preparation for his attack on Mr. PARNELL, Mr. GLADSTONE exhausted the language of apology or of praise in honour of agitators, of Repealers, of would-be rebels, who had the solitary merit of not being associated with Mr. PARNELL in his depreciation of Mr. GLADSTONE's Land Bill. The Bishops of Ireland have, it seems, met "in solemn conclave" and advised the tenant-farmers to get as much as possible out of the lavish concessions which have been made to them by Parliament. The last time the Bishops met in solemn conclave they recommended, with an audacity worthy of the English Farmers' Alliance, that all or some of the members of the Land Court should be elected by household suffrage. The Archbishop of CASHEL is one of the most zealous supporters of the Land League, and he has taken an active part in its proceedings since the denunciation of the Land Bill by the League at the instigation of Mr. PARNELL. In his latest speech he impudently told the tenants that "whatever remained after making suitable provision for their families they might give to the landlord." A prudent statesman would not be tempted by momentary convenience to exalt the political authority of a body which may at any moment avow hostility to England. Sir C. G. DUFFY personally deserves the courteous language in which his support of the Land Bill was recognized; but he also is a zealous and consistent advocate of the disruption of the United Kingdom. A laboured contrast of Mr. PARNELL's policy with O'CONNELL's was, if possible, more injudicious than the appeal to the Roman Catholic Bishops. It is true that O'CONNELL for the most part recommended submission to the law, while, with a humorous leer, he informed the mobs which he addressed that he could drive a coach and six through any Act of Parliament. At the end of his career he brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion; and civil war would probably have broken out if his meetings had not been prohibited, and if he had not himself been cowed by the prosecution from which he afterwards escaped in virtue of a legal quibble.

Still more inexcusably extravagant was Mr. GLADSTONE's elaborate eulogy on Mr. DILLON. Next to DAVITT, no other Irish agitator has been more violent, nor, indeed, has he at any time cared to disguise his animosity to England. He shocked some even of his own faction when he apologized for the mutilation of cattle on the pretence that it was less criminal to torture dumb animals than to evict human tenants. Mr. DILLON now declines to stand in the way of any benefit which the Irish tenantry may derive from an Act passed exclusively for the promotion of their interests. He still retains the purpose of fostering the agitation which is now openly announced as the ulterior object of the Land League. It is easy to understand the temporary divergence of the courses respectively pursued by the leaders of the anti-English movement. Mr. DILLON thinks that it may be prudent to accept all that the law can give, in preparation for a further struggle. Mr. PARNELL probably fears that the

Land League may be to some extent disorganized by an intermission of its subversive operations. Mr. GLADSTONE can not only forgive, but respect and admire, the mere enemy of his country. The adversary who seeks to make his own favourite measure abortive is not entitled to similar indulgence. Mr. PARNELL was not slow to take advantage of Mr. GLADSTONE's reckless rhetoric. He asked his audience at Wexford to wait for a speech which Mr. DILLON was about to deliver before they judged whether he deserved Mr. GLADSTONE's praises; and Mr. GLADSTONE has not had long to wait for the natural result of his rash tribute to the merits of an implacable adversary. Mr. DILLON, to whose patriotism and prudence he has borne gratuitous testimony, now proclaims himself a steady follower of Mr. PARNELL, and expresses his entire concurrence in the policy which Mr. GLADSTONE denounced. The rebuff is well deserved; but a Prime Minister has no right to rest the national cause on arguments which admit of immediate and certain confutation. Nevertheless, caprice and inconsistency will be readily condoned, if it is confined to fallacious rhetorical contrasts. The Government will be forgiven its past derelictions of duty if at last it enforces respect for liberty, property, and law.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECHES.

OF Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches at Leeds the most faultless and the most conclusive was that which he addressed to the Chamber of Commerce. The most brilliant speaker of the present day is also the greatest master of finance and of applied political economy. The feeble and fragmentary revival of Protectionist doctrines under a new nickname furnished him with a legitimate excuse, if not with an adequate occasion, for expounding in copious detail the enormous benefits which have been derived from the maintenance during the lifetime of a generation of the system of Free-trade. His demonstration of the advantages of buying in the cheapest market was so conclusive as to justify a reasonable doubt lately expressed by Mr. BAXTER, whether the adoption of Free-trade by France, Germany, and America might not tend to the disadvantage of the country which now enjoys a monopoly of the benefits of having renounced monopoly. In referring to his former prophecy that America would deprive England of commercial supremacy, Mr. GLADSTONE forgot that he had unnecessarily declared that he should not regret the change. Mr. GLADSTONE might well have omitted his reference to the casual influence of the Fair-trade cry on a few elections. Nothing would so effectually tend to consolidate the supremacy of the Liberal party as the perversion of any considerable section of the Opposition to the fallacies of Protection. In another speech Mr. GLADSTONE unjustly twitted Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE with the heterodox opinions of a member of his party who holds the rank of Privy Councillor. Mr. LOWTHER is too manly to disguise his convictions under a quibble about freedom and fairness of trade. At a late meeting he openly avowed himself a Protectionist, and advocated a five-shilling duty on imported wheat. The leader of his party is incapable of imitating Mr. LOWTHER's blunder, and he probably regrets the introduction of an element of disunion into the Conservative ranks. The groans for Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE which Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE succeeded in eliciting from the large final meeting at Leeds may have been borne with more equanimity.

In the short speech in which he acknowledged his welcome to Leeds Mr. GLADSTONE professed satisfaction that even in that town there were some persons who were not of Liberal opinions. The division of political opinion is, as he added, one of the unvarying characteristics of a free country, "taken in common with the necessary condition of our imperfect faculties." The Opposition probably exists only because human faculties are not perfect. Mr. GLADSTONE, therefore, does not desire the extinction of the adverse party; and with this concession he exhausts his capacity of toleration. It is true that he confessed his own early connexion with the party, which was, as he explains, then led by Sir ROBERT PEEL and the Duke of WELLINGTON. He might have added that the Duke was a Tory of a type which is now obsolete, and that Sir ROBERT PEEL would have been startled by the doctrines now held by many of Mr. GLADSTONE's allies, and perhaps by himself. By an error of memory, Mr. GLADSTONE described himself as having belonged to the Liberal party for thirty-

five years, or since 1846. He forgot that in 1858 he canvassed the county of Flint for Sir STEPHEN GLYNNE as a supporter of the Conservative Government, and that in the following year he voted for the maintenance of Lord DERBY'S Administration. The inaccuracy has no practical importance; but, after an association of a quarter of a century with a political party, the language with which he almost always mentions it seems harsh and unbecoming. Because the Conservatives call themselves by that name, Mr. GLADSTONE always designates them as Tories, except when, in dealing with foreign policy, his animosity finds expression in the more offensive term of Jingoes. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, Sir R. CROSS, Mr. SMITH, and Mr. STANHOPE might perhaps expect a share of the indulgence which is accorded to Mr. DILLON, to Archbishop CROKE, and retrospectively to O'CONNELL; but the enemies of England and the opponents of the present Government seem not to be equally entitled to the exercise of political tolerance or generosity.

If the Liberals of Leeds were principally interested in the eloquence of their eminent guest, the country in general was more anxious to learn his intended policy than to criticize the language of any revelations which might be made. His declarations with respect to Ireland will be interpreted by his future action. It is at first sight not unsatisfactory to receive the assurance that he will not propose an Irish Land Bill for England or Scotland; but unfortunately the pledge would, if it became necessary, be explained away. The Farmers' Alliance Bill is at least as revolutionary as the Irish Land Bill, without any excuse for the scheme of spoliation which it contains. If it suited Mr. GLADSTONE'S purpose to promote the transfer of property from the present owners to claimants who might command more votes, he could prepare in ten minutes a speech of two hours in which he would prove that the application to Great Britain of the three F's was not made in conformity with the Irish precedent. His own prejudice against a class which includes extremely few of his supporters was strongly exhibited in his discussion of the question of local rating. As he truly said, a reduction of the rates, while it would afford immediate relief to the occupier, would confer a permanent benefit on the landlord. Consequently a demand for a readjustment of taxation "is a demand that the landlords of the country and their descendants shall to that extent be quartered on the public Exchequer." To be consistent Mr. GLADSTONE ought to refuse all concession to any part of the community which may be unjustly taxed. Any burden once imposed becomes, according to his novel doctrine, a perpetual charge on the part of the community which it affects, and if it is removed the sufferers are to that extent quartered on the public Exchequer. Twenty years ago the duty on advertisements had been recently repealed, and the gain had passed into the pockets of newspaper proprietors. Mr. GLADSTONE, instead of taunting them as incumbrancers on the Exchequer, was busily engaged in relieving them from the further burden of the paper duty. They have not since been stigmatized as public pensioners, though landlords whose rates may have been doubled within ten or five years may regard the tax as a perpetual charge on their incomes. In this, as in most other cases, Mr. GLADSTONE has two weights and measures for those whom he regards as friends or as adversaries.

In his latest speech, which was principally devoted to foreign and colonial affairs, Mr. GLADSTONE spoke with unqualified bitterness of his predecessors and their policy. He even accused the hated Tories of having wished to prevent the colonies from acquiring self-government, although successive Colonial Secretaries of either party have uniformly pursued the same policy. The only question relating to the colonies in which the country is at present interested is that raised by the failure of the Transvaal Boers to perform their engagements. There is no immediate disposition to criticize the conduct of the Government in commencing the negotiations. Mr. GLADSTONE, perhaps, could not be expected to satisfy public curiosity more fully than by the declaration that no further substantial concessions will be made—a declaration repeated with additional emphasis in his speech at Guildhall on Thursday. It was both unnecessary and unjust to censure the annexation of the Transvaal, as Mr. GLADSTONE'S colleagues formally approved the transaction, while the leader himself was silent. Mr. GLADSTONE'S reticence on the subject of the Egyptian complications was probably discreet. Diplo-

macy, if it is to be successful, must be secret; and it is impossible to know whether the reserve of the Government indicates a prudent resolve, or the absence of a definite policy. It was necessary that Mr. GLADSTONE should mention Egypt and the Transvaal; and, having transacted unavoidable business, he proceeded to gratify his own political antipathies by a wholly gratuitous disquisition on the Eastern question and on the Afghan war. Even at Leeds there were probably many Liberals who at the time concurred with an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons in preferring Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy to Mr. GLADSTONE'S. His one-sided narrative of a series of complicated transactions can scarcely have convinced any but the most willing converts. His compassion for SHERIF ALI was not qualified by any mention of the Russian Embassy to Cabul; nor was the deliberate preparation by Russia of war with Turkey either blamed or noticed. There may perhaps be a few others who share Mr. GLADSTONE'S enthusiasm for "the heroic population of Montenegro." The increase of territory which those interesting highlanders have acquired was provided by the Congress of Berlin. It is impossible to reopen with profit European and Indian controversies which, as it was thought, had at last been concluded; but a thoroughly earnest statesman never forgives his adversaries, nor does he allow them the benefit of prescription. It may be hoped that they will not in excusable retaliation accept the obsolete issues which have been tendered by their implacable opponent.

#### ENGLISH POLICY IN EGYPT.

THE affairs of Egypt have naturally formed part of the subjects discussed by Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord SALISBURY, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, and they furnished the only ground on which the rival speakers agreed. For once Mr. GLADSTONE found that Lord BEACONSFIELD had adopted a policy of which he thoroughly approved, and he announced that he and his Government would move strictly on the lines laid down for them by their predecessors. There were portions of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Egyptian policy on which Mr. GLADSTONE would probably have passed an adverse criticism had he thought it necessary to notice them. But he confined his attention to the main result of this policy, and of this policy he generally approved. As this policy is henceforward to be the common policy of both parties, and may, therefore, be described as the policy, not of a Cabinet, but of England, it is well to have as clear a notion as possible of what this policy was. It was the policy of taking certain precautions under certain conditions for guarding the Suez Canal. The precautions taken were three, and were the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, the acquisition of Cyprus, and the intervention of England in the financial affairs of Egypt. The conditions accepted were that, through the International Tribunals, all Europe should have some kind of hold on Egypt, and exercise some sort of supervision over it; that France should share, on terms of equality, the intervention in the internal government of the country; that France should be allowed, so far as England went, free play in Tunis; and that the suzerainty of the SULTAN should not only be recognized, but should be used as a living and very effective force on appropriate occasions. On the first of the precautions taken, the purchase of the Canal shares, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE made some just and striking remarks at Edinburgh. The purchase has turned out well in a pecuniary sense, but its utility is entirely independent of the market price of Canal shares. The real advantages which England gained by the purchase are of two kinds. In order to guard the Suez Canal we must have a canal to guard, a canal in good order, with well-managed traffic, and secured against the unfavourable influences of the elements. To keep the Canal in this state is the duty of the Company which made it, and by becoming the principal shareholder England placed itself in a position to see that this duty is properly performed. In every-day life there is an enormous difference between working from the inside and working from the outside, between guiding a Company to do what it ought to do and pressing its duties on a reluctant Company. It was to England very much what it would have been to Mr. PLIMSOLL if he could have got into the Board of Trade, when he would have been able to stop ships himself, instead of having to ring other people

up in the middle of the night to stop them. In the next place, the relations of England as the guardian of the Suez Canal towards other Powers are very much smoothed by England appearing as the chief shareholder of the Company. Otherwise England would always have been accused of bullying a poor little private Company, of talking of the Canal as if it belonged to England, and not to those who had put their money into the undertaking, and other States could have always found a pretext for interfering in defence of the interests of their subjects. France especially would have loved to patronize what was in the main a French Company. But it is by no means with France only that England would have had to deal. All Europe has been admitted to the privilege of seeing justice properly administered in Egypt, and any Power could at any time have complained of anything which it chose to consider an infraction of justice in Egypt. From these dangers, which no one with experience of Egypt would consider imaginary, England has been saved by the purchase of the shares. Not long ago Mr. GLADSTONE said that he did not see much good in the purchase of the shares, because, whether we had the shares or not, we must always trust to our navy to maintain us in our position of supreme guardian of the Canal. No doubt in extraordinary times we must trust to our navy. But we cannot be always sending ships of war and using force. It is in ordinary times—in times when we cannot use our navy, in the every-day relations of peace—that we really feel the beneficial influences of the purchase. But those beneficial influences are of a kind that may easily escape notice, because they are negative rather than positive. We escape worry, we escape awkward collisions, and our immunity from harm makes us forget that there was a harm from which we have been preserved.

While Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE dwelt principally on the first and third of the precautions to assure our guardianship taken by the late Cabinet, on the purchase of the shares, and on the good results of our financial intervention to the Government and the people of Egypt, Lord SALISBURY treated the second precaution, the acquisition of Cyprus, in a manner equally new and striking. He invited his hearers to look at the acquisition of Cyprus as a means of guarding the Suez Canal. Various objections have been made to the acquisition of Cyprus, some of which perhaps have not been satisfactorily answered; but there was one objection, that the acquisition was useless, which it will be difficult to make any more. If we look at the Canal, it is indisputable that England, with Aden at the one end and Cyprus at the other, occupies a position so commanding that no other nation has even the beginning of the means of rivalling it. These, then, were the precautions taken, and all were for their own special purpose prudent and effectual. But it must never be forgotten, that while England took precautions, she accepted conditions. As a shareholder she accepted the position of one who has a large interest, but who has to work with others who also have large interests. No practical difficulties, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out, have resulted from this; and the English directors have always been met with all the deference and attention they could ask. As the acquirer of Cyprus, England consented that she would put no difficulties in the way of the extension of French influence in Tunis—which merely meant that, as regards the Porte, England would not insist, in opposition to the repeated and consistent denials of France, that Tunis formed part of the Turkish Empire, and that England, as a Mediterranean Power, had no jealousy of any improvement of its position in Algeria which France might obtain by getting some kind of new hold on Tunis. Neither Lord SALISBURY nor M. WADDINGTON could have foreseen that the prize for which France was bargaining was the sad privilege of being allowed to stir up a fierce and bloody insurrection which 80,000 men have as yet been unable to subdue. As a controller of the Egyptian Government England had to admit France to an equal share in the work; she undertook to recognize the suzerainty of the Porte, and to concede to all Europe that it had a right to watch over what was being done in Egypt. That France was admitted to an equal share of the control was, as M. WADDINGTON thought, the great triumph of his Ministry. It was right to allow France to exercise this share in the control because it was unavoidable. The French were controlling Egypt, their money had made the Canal, they had been the great patrons of the KHEDIVA, their money

was largely sunk in Egyptian securities. There was nothing to do but to order them out of the country, under threat of war, or to work with them. When once co-operation had been agreed on, it was necessary that the co-operation should be loyal and frank. We are pledged to work with France in Egypt; and it is not for England, by petty manoeuvres, to shuffle out of any engagement she has deliberately undertaken.

We have little to do with Egypt except to keep the Canal in good order in times of peace, and to take care that nothing shall interrupt our free use of it in time of war. For these purposes we must have a good, orderly, equitable, and fairly strong Government in Egypt. Anarchy would be fatal in ordinary times to the Canal, which is very useful, but can be damaged with extraordinary ease. A bad weak Government in Egypt might offer an occasion for the intrusion of some Power which would gain a hold on the country that would be most inconvenient to us in time of war. We control the finances of Egypt not for the sake of the bondholders, but partly in order to prevent the peasantry being goaded into insurrection by oppressive taxes, and partly in order to stop the perpetual intervention through the Tribunals of the European Powers generally, to which the non-fulfilment by Egypt of its pecuniary undertakings would give an opening. We cannot allow the suzerainty of the SULTAN to be pushed to the point of military intervention, because Turkish troops in Egypt would seriously weaken our military position, and oblige us in every war to get Turkey as an ally, and because it would involve the establishment of the very worst Government that could be set up in the country. We have to work with France, and so long as France is above the suspicion of seeking secret advantages in Egypt for herself, we must work cordially and frankly with her. Recently things seem to have taken a favourable turn in Egypt, and up to this point they have been kept tolerably right by our adhering to the policy we have adopted. The Turkish Commissioners have been politely received, but they have not been allowed to assume any authority to interfere in the administration of the country, and they have shown an increasing anxiety to prove that they never meant to do any harm, and were chiefly charged with the duty of explaining to the disaffected soldiers that they had been guilty of a military crime. The despatch of an English and a French ironclad is supposed to mark that England and France are as much entitled as Turkey to interfere in Egypt. It may be a useful, but it certainly is not an important, step. The presence of ironclads belonging to other Powers will be equally a sign that England and France are not the only Powers that think themselves interested in Egypt. Much more important and decisive steps may have to be taken, but the time for taking them has not come, and there seems less immediate likelihood of their being necessary than there was some few weeks ago.

#### THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERS AT NEWCASTLE.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE described the contest of eloquence and invective that has been going on at Leeds and Newcastle as closely resembling a game of chess by correspondence. He himself opened the game, and made a safe, if not brilliant, move. Mr. GLADSTONE then made his attack, and managed to get forward an array of imposing pieces. For a day or two his opponents thought over their position, strove to detect all available points of attack, and made their great countermove at Newcastle. Every one, of whatever party, must own that they made it in an effective and even brilliant style. Lord SALISBURY said as many disagreeable things of the Government as could have been said in the time which he took to speak; employed language singularly clear, pointed, and polished; and never touched a subject without leaving his own special mark on it. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, though not attempting to rival Lord SALISBURY, felt the stimulus of having something to say which Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches afforded him, gained confidence from his inspiring reception, and was much more cheery and communicative than usual. It is impossible that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE should ever eradicate from his mind that love of fairness which was born in him, and which prevents him from occupying the position, so advantageous to a denunciator, of seeing nothing but evil in his enemies. He augmented the esteem in which he is



held by those who are not violent partisans, but he lowered the tone of his speech, as a piece of party invective, when he paused to say, in words which seemed borne in upon him by a new tide of feeling, that he knew the Ministry had great difficulties to contend with, and that he was not disposed to judge harshly men striving to do their best in the hour of trial. In the main, the game was carried on according to the strictest rules of the art. The great secret is to leave out the strong part in the case of an opponent, and to bring out an opposite view as if it was the only one that a reasonable being could hold. Mr. GLADSTONE, as Lord SALISBURY observed, habitually regards persons who differ from him, not as erring human beings, but as positive lunatics. It is one advantage of these great tournaments of party orators in the provinces that the only effective answer to this method of annihilation by contempt is given in a way about which there can be no mistake. It may be added that these tournaments keep up political life in a way that in the present time is of great and increasing value. There is much more political activity in the large towns of the North than in London. Men there think and talk of political affairs with a much more lively and permanent interest than is found in the huge aggregation of the Metropolis. It is of great national importance that not only should the political activity of the provincial centres be well directed, but that its tone should be raised and its ambition quickened by the exhibition of what politics can be in the hands of those who master them. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SALISBURY sum up what their adherents would like to say, but cannot say. Their merits in their own line are of course different. Lord SALISBURY has not that marvellous power of arranging facts and awakening sympathy which gives Mr. GLADSTONE an unrivalled command over every audience he addresses. But, on the other hand, now that Lord BEACONSFIELD is gone, Lord SALISBURY is the only public speaker who can say things that stamp themselves on the memory of an audience and of the general public, whether those who cannot forget them agree with what is said or not. Mr. GLADSTONE has encouraged the Liberals at Leeds, and Lord SALISBURY has encouraged the Conservatives at Newcastle; but both have encouraged those who are anxious to see no decay in the scope and force of English political speaking.

It is the general result and not the various stages of political contests of this sort that it is profitable to notice. The combatants unavoidably lay themselves open to criticism. They omit, they misjudge, they exaggerate. Lord SALISBURY justly pointed out that Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of Afghanistan as if no such power as Russia existed. He himself affected to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement of more vigorous action in Ireland was more sermonizing, and would not wait two days to see whether the estimate was wrong. He dwelt with force and earnestness on the paramount duty of England to protect the natives in the Transvaal settlement; but he did not think it necessary to add that Mr. GLADSTONE had positively announced the intention of the Ministry to fulfil a duty which it heartily recognized. He was eloquent on the subserviency of Lord RAMSAY to the Irish voters of Liverpool, but was discreetly silent as to the subserviency of Sir GEORGE ELLIOTT to the Irish voters of Durham. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was strong on the evils of altering the rules of the House of Commons, on the pretext of obstruction, so as to make a Prime Minister despotic; but he did not allow his hearers to guess that it is not obstruction, but the cumbersome machinery of the House of Commons, which chiefly engages the attention of those who think, rightly or wrongly, that its machinery must be improved. He was loud in his gratitude to the Conservative members who on every occasion had uniformly supported Lord BEACONSFIELD; but he was filled with horror at the sad spectacle of the implicit obedience which Mr. GLADSTONE now commands. Nothing could have been more exposed to obvious and triumphant criticism than Mr. GLADSTONE's unfortunate statement that to lessen the burdens on land would be to quarter the landlords on the Exchequer. The only difficulty was to select the retort, and to give point by an effective instance to the general remark that other classes who are allowed to pay less in the way of taxation are never said to be receiving public bounty. But neither Lord SALISBURY nor Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE noticed the powerful remarks of Mr. GLADSTONE on the extravagance and recklessness which seem to follow with

unpleasant regularity on the grant of money by the State in aid of local expenditure.

The general result of the contest may, however, be separated from the contemplation of details, and the general result is of great value. It is, if simply put, that the Liberals have a case, and the Conservatives have a case, and the nation has to consider both these cases. It cannot be too often dinned into the national mind that when we speak of India we must not forget Russia; that landlords are as much entitled to consideration and justice as their neighbours; that the people will lose confidence in the House of Commons if, in its endeavour to reform itself, it abandons its power of checking the Government; that Protection is dead and buried. All these things are very familiar, and it was not possible that the speakers at Leeds or Newcastle should say much that was new about them. Perhaps it was with regard to Protection that the general public waited with most interest to see if the Conservative leaders had anything new to say. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had nothing new to say, except that he was altogether against a duty on corn; but he regarded it as a pious opinion, and not as an article of Conservative faith, that corn ought to be protected. This notion of pious opinions is no doubt convenient to a party leader, but it does not help us much in the controversy, if it can be called a controversy, as to Fair-trade. Lord SALISBURY was more definite and instructive. He had no shade of reticence in expressing his thoughts. To him the food of the people and the raw materials of the industry of the people were sacred. The pious opinion of Mr. LOWRICE that there ought to be a protective duty on corn was to Lord SALISBURY an opinion, very far from pious, that something he held sacred ought to be attacked. The only question that he could consider was the taxation that ought to be levied on luxuries. There is only one country from which we import luxuries, and that is France. Our imports from the United States and Russia are exclusively, or almost exclusively, of food or raw materials. From France we import luxuries, and especially silk and wine. Of silk as a protected article it is not necessary to speak, for what Lord SALISBURY urges is that it is quite permissible to tax French luxuries in order to get a reduction in the French protectionist tariff; and if the object were effected, any encouragement that was given to the English silk trade would disappear. The question of Protection does not, therefore, enter into the argument. Have we a right to increase the duty on French wine in order to force France to make a treaty of commerce? It is difficult to understand how any one can think we have not the right. Lord SALISBURY justly observed that this right is the very basis of a treaty of commerce. The essence of the bargain is that we give up taxes which it would otherwise suit us to impose in order to get the French to give up taxes which they say it would otherwise suit them to impose. If they will not make the bargain, we are where we were. We could with perfect propriety put any tax on French wine we pleased. Whether it would be wise to put on a higher duty than for our purposes we require is entirely a question of expediency, not of principle. We might put on this higher duty, irritate France, and not get a treaty with France after all. We might, without much friction, induce France to come to terms. The only use of a treaty of commerce under present circumstances is to get to the point at which Lord SALISBURY wishes to arrive without having to put on the screw, which, under other circumstances, he would like to see used.

#### THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE *Times* has taken a very peculiar view of the Newcastle Church Congress. According to our Mentor, that meeting "has dispersed after talking of many subjects" and thinking mainly of one. Mr. GREEN in Lancaster "Castle has been the central figure round which its meditations have revolved." Other observers have, on the contrary, been struck with the small place which the individual Vicar of Miles Platting has filled in the official sessions. Ever and anon a speaker would win his coveted cheer by a passing reference to imprisoned priests; but the debate, whatever it was, would recover itself and move on in its accustomed course. That which will make the Newcastle Congress conspicuous above all its predecessors

is the courage with which its managers selected for its bill of fare risky and burning questions—burning before the name of Mr. GREEN had passed his own narrow parish boundary—and appointed the most uncompromising men to discuss them. The result has been a Congress so harmonious and good-tempered amid strongly accentuated differences of opinion that the House of Commons might profitably take a lesson from this fortuitous gathering in the far North. A few years ago the successive discussion of Secularism and Spiritualism, of Ritualism, of the good and bad of Establishment, of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and of the principles of the Reformation would have been the lunatic programme of a clerical Donnybrook Fair. Now it has sent away the large assembly knowing more and thinking more kindly of each other than when they mustered on the banks of the Tyne. Several explanations might be offered for this result. The most obvious is that a Church Congress is after all a big school, where the boys behave the best when trusted and put on their honour. But this would be an inadequate interpretation of such a phenomenon. No amount of trusting could have ensured peace a few years ago over such subjects. The truth is that the idea of the Church as a corporate and historical body, in a sense unintelligible to Puritan particularism, has gradually taken possession of the English mind, and is now healthily affecting the discussion of ecclesiastical questions by men who have learned that reading and thinking are more excellent even than shouting. High Churchmen are, of course, most ready to apprehend the scientific and traditional definition of the Church. But the more intelligent representatives of the Broad and the Low parties have also grasped the fact to an extent of which they are themselves probably little aware. It is the law of all new tendencies to work underground till some sudden concurrence of circumstances causes them to break out into daylight. Such a concurrence was found in a Church Congress at last, and for the first time, held in the diocese of Durham. That important district of England had long been oppressed by the iron rule of a very earnest, but equally narrow and intolerant, bishop of the true Puritan stamp. Under Bishop BARING activity of thought and progress, except in the prelate's own direction, were inexorably banned. With the accession of Bishop LIGHTFOOT the pent-up waters found their vent, and the direction which they have been taking proves how futile for his own ends was the tyrannical policy of the preceding bishop. A meeting which had thought of nothing but Mr. GREEN would not have debated our actual ecclesiastical judicature in contrast with what it should be, in the spirit which marked the Newcastle debate.

Even the speakers who were set up to bless the present confusion had to fence their benedictions with admissions of desirable revision and probable amendments which notably diminished the value of their unskilful advocacy. We shall probably hear more of the rollicking denunciation of bishops and clerics in general as men devoid of the judicial mind, in which the Bishop of LIVERPOOL indulged, and which the *Spectator*—innocently accepting a misprint of the *Times*—attributed with much commendation to the peculiarly staid and cautious Bishop of LONDON. The debate on Ritual began well, and the home thrust so dexterously planted by the Dean of DURHAM when he argued that the copes which even the Judicial Committee has imposed upon bishops and Cathedral dignitaries let in the whole principle of a eucharistic dress, attached as they thereby are to the model and representative clergy of the model churches, must, at no distant period, make itself visibly felt. Illogical as the typical Englishman may be, the commonest instinct of justice between man and man is revolted at the sight of the bishop who does not wear the vesture which he is commanded to put on helping to send the parson to prison for putting on the vesture which that bishop believes that he is commanded not to wear. It is indeed remarkable that the prelates should be so slow to appreciate the moral advantage they would gain for the policy which they uphold by showing in their own persons a conformity to that which they proclaim to be the law. They may not like the cope as a dress, but it is surely as tolerable as pudding-sleeves.

The weakness of the contest maintained by the advocates of disestablishment in a discussion where they had not merely fair play but full swing, was very remarkable. One clergyman of pronounced democratic politics, who was their leader, could find no more forcible arguments than

to string together instances of oppression on the part of Churchmen in times when oppression was the law of existence for all bodies of Christians alike, and when all of them availed themselves of it without scruple whenever they found the opportunity of, as they believed, doing God service by crushing their opponents. Another clergyman, of considerable reputation as a sensational preacher, had the courtesy, on hearing some words of dissent, to tell the meeting that he was unable to frame to his own mind the intellectual condition of the poor creatures who would be content to leave the choice of bishops in the hands of a Prime Minister.

A practical turn was given to the goodwill of the Congress by an appeal to the company to make up the small sum still needful for the endowment of the see of Newcastle. It is certain that, in spite of the heart which Bishop LIGHTFOOT has put into the work, a cause which was before his episcopate rather powerful in inducing the men of Northumberland to look with complacency on a separation from their old alliance with Durham, has now disappeared. Still the practical necessity for the new see becomes every day more apparent with the increase of population; so we are glad to learn that it is within, not only a measurable, but apparently a very near, distance. More fortunate than Liverpool, Newcastle possesses an old church which may be turned into a cathedral—small, indeed, but still a possible and workable one; while its internal configuration is such as to make it easy hereafter to atone for deficient dimensions by dignified and beautiful decoration. The unusually wide wall spaces found in St. Nicholas' Church might be made a field for a mosaic treatment which would, if handled by competent artists, recall the glories of Ravenna.

#### MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AT DUBLIN.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S remarkable address to the Economic Section of the Social Science Congress will have disappointed some of his political allies by its scientific impartiality. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. SMITH has modified the strong democratic opinions which he has held for many years; but he is not disposed to countenance semi-socialistic attacks on one among many forms of property. Ownership of land is, as he truly says, neither more nor less sacred than any other kind of ownership. If the public good requires that it should be taken from the present holders, or that their rights should be curtailed, they are entitled to full compensation. To the pretence that appropriation of natural forces is unjustifiable, he replies that all material objects, down to a coat or a pair of boots, derive their value from natural forces. His respect for Mr. MILL has not blinded him to the absurd injustice of confiscating the "unearned increment" which arises from the operation of causes external to the land and to the owner's improvements. The chances of increase or decrease of value formed part of the consideration for the original purchase-money; and, as Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH said, no one proposes to compensate the owner for an unearned decrement. Almost all titles to English land are older than the unearned decrement which has arisen from the recent importations of American corn and cattle. Of the present distribution of land in England Mr. SMITH probably disapproves; but uncompensated expropriation is, as he contends, a violation not only of property in land, but of property in general. The question was but incidentally connected with the main subject of the address. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH undertook to explain the working of economic laws, not in the world at large, but in Canada and the United States. In those countries rent for land is seldom paid, as few estates are too large to be cultivated by the occupier. No controversy arises as to the right of owning land where no man has reason to envy the condition of a freeholder, because it can be acquired at a trifling cost.

Socialism on the American Continent is, according to Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, of foreign origin. Mr. HERWORTH DIXON's communities are utterly obscure and insignificant, and their success and failure depend, not on their own particular theories, but on the simplest economic laws. Where celibacy is practised they thrive, sometimes resolving themselves into a kind of tontine, where the longest liver takes all the property. Those communities which become rich discourage the accession of new members, and the rest disappear like other insolvent associations. The more

serious socialism which is sometimes introduced by German immigrants takes no lasting hold on the country. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH mentions the defeat of DENNIS KEARNEY's partially socialistic Constitution in California; and perhaps he scarcely attaches sufficient importance to the fact that such innovations could be even temporarily adopted in a flourishing and populous State. He is fully aware of the dangerous tendency of universal suffrage, if it were combined with any large amount of destitution. The most unsatisfactory element in the social condition of Canada and the United States appears to be the growth of pauperism. It may be hoped that American prudence and energy, disposing of vast natural resources, will be sufficient to suppress the evil. It is perfectly true that the agitation against landlords in Ireland has nothing to do with socialist heresies. The tenant, under the influence of his Land League orators, his priests and bishops, wishes to perpetuate the institution of property in his own person. As Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH humorously said, a socialist emissary who proposed to a peasant that his land should belong to the State would be met by arguments which would penetrate the thickest skull.

The portion of the address which was devoted to criticism of schemes for tampering with currency has happily little practical application in England. The crotchets of the Birmingham note-monger of the last generation were finally exploded by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and an overwhelming preponderance of authority is opposed to the more novel delusion of bimetallism. In the United States unsound doctrines have been propagated and practised, not so much as a result of sophistical arguments, as for the advantage of public and private debtors who took opportunities of defrauding their creditors. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH denounces in strong language the Legal Tender Act of 1861, and the judgments of partisans on the bench of the Supreme Court who for political reasons affirmed the validity of an unconstitutional law. To the apologetic argument that the issue of inconvertible paper money was indispensable to the public safety in a time of imminent danger, it is a sufficient answer that the money might have been borrowed in the open market, instead of being unequally levied by a process which was equivalent to a forced loan. "In England commerce has a firm control over currency legislation; in the communities on the other side of the water it has not so firm a control, and tampering with the currency is the demagogue's favourite game." Proposals for cheating the public creditor by paying the National Debt in greenbacks seemed for some years after the war not unlikely to succeed. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, General BUTLER, and other popular leaders strongly advocated the fraud; and President ANDREW JOHNSON caricatured their proposals by contending that the debt should be cancelled as soon as the accumulated interest had become equal in amount to the principal. At one time the House of Representatives voted by a majority of nine to one for the payment of the debt in greenbacks. The intervention of the Senate saved the Republic from intolerable disgrace. The more recent device of bimetallism was due to the ingenuity of owners of silver mines. Both Houses of Congress passed a law for the purpose of making silver legal tender at a rate far exceeding its real value. The Executive Government has hitherto contrived to hamper or evade the operation of a discreditable law.

It would be both useless and invidious to offer a summary of an essay which is as lucid in style and arrangement as it is sound in economic theory. On some minor points just or plausible exception might be taken to Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's propositions. He says that the land ought to be made to bring forth as much food and of as good quality as possible. The doctrine, which is often propounded by agrarian agitators, requires an important limitation. It is neither a duty nor a meritorious enterprise to exhaust the capabilities of land, unless additional produce can be obtained at a profit. In prosperous times high farming is generally profitable, though beyond a certain point an addition of artificial fertility is wasteful. Within the last few years the most elaborate cultivation has been the most disastrous to the farmer, who, if he could have foreseen the circumstances in which he would be placed, would have done better to hoard his capital than to expend it on the land. It is scarcely accurate to speak generally of Belgian peasant farmers as prosperous freeholders. A majority of their number pay rents which would be deemed extravagant in England, and their incessant labour is rewarded by scanty profits and an insuffi-

cient livelihood. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH elsewhere adds his authority to a favourite doctrine of Mr. GLADSTONE's, that "idle wealth, whether it is possessed by a landowner or a capitalist, is an evil to the owner and the community." In this sense all wealth, large or small, is idle, inasmuch as it is enjoyed without the condition of labour. A rich man is often industrious in politics, in philanthropy, in literature, in science, or even in the management of his estate. For his own bodily and mental health he does well not to be idle; but his energy is independent of his wealth. Several English magnates might be mentioned who work as hard in the administration of their property as if they were dependent on their industry for subsistence. As far as the rest of the community is concerned, the same duties might be as advantageously discharged by a land agent who would secure a small percentage of the ducal revenues. All property, down to accounts in savings banks, is in the same sense idle, although it furnishes the chief motive power of the industry of the world. There may perhaps be an advantage in the American social arrangements which, by interposing difficulties in the way of expenditure, incline rich men to make large donations for public objects. The necessity of guarding against the tenure of too much property in mortmain has probably not yet arisen. In England rich men are too often idle; yet many of them discharge with great advantage to the community unpaid public functions. A wholesome feeling or prejudice is opposed to the practice of living, as many French *rentiers* live, without employment, on small incomes. A young man who is content to vegetate on two hundred a year, without attempting to better his condition, commands neither respect nor influence.

#### ROME AND THE POPE.

THE Paris correspondence of the *Times* contained on Tuesday a remarkable description of the political situation in Italy. Even if we had not the assurance of the Correspondent who sends it that the statement comes from "an eminent Italian, who has rendered United Italy 'immonse service, who has made himself famous in 'divers ways, and whose patriotism or authority cannot 'be suspected,' it would well deserve consideration. Rome, says this politician, is the most detestable capital that Italy could have chosen. She had no choice but to take it when she did, but it is now as necessary that she should leave it as it once was that she should enter it. So long as the Italian Government remains at Rome it alone of all the European Powers must have the Papacy for its foe. While Pius IX. lived, Italy shared this distinction with Germany, with Russia, with Austria, with Turkey. Now she enjoys it alone. Leo XIII. has become, or is in a fair way of becoming, friends with every one else; it is only with Italy that he is not and cannot be reconciled. If this conflict ends in the defeat of the POPE, it is not the Italian Monarchy, but the Italian Republic, that will reap the fruits of victory. The House of Savoy is identified with a solution which aimed at making the two Italian Governments friends, and on the day when this solution is finally proclaimed to be a failure the Italian Revolution, which compasses the overthrow of both, will be master of the field. All that stands in the way of a solution which would make the House of Savoy stronger than ever, and give Italian unity under a monarchical Government a new and powerful supporter, is Rome. "When we have recovered a more natural, a more logical, more central, more approachable, a less sombre and a less unhealthy capital, all that now impedes and threatens us will disappear at once. . . . Italian unity will be cemented by the tacit and satisfied adhesion of the Papacy," while the Papacy, knowing that any revolution would destroy that work of conciliation, would be the most powerful ally of the kingdom in which she would have reconquered her independent seat."

It is difficult to believe that in a society so permeated by revolutionary fanaticism as Europe is to-day such counsel as this can have a chance of being listened to. It is something, however, that sensible Italians should no longer conceal from themselves how impossible it is to make head against the Revolution if the greatest of conservative forces has to be fought at the same time. The Italian Conservatives are cut off from the very

elements which in almost every other country constitute their strength. The clergy are hostile, the peasantry are at best indifferent. The Conservatives dare not make the monarchy popular by enlarging the electorate, because they cannot feel sure that the first act of the newly-enfranchised voters would not be to return Clerical candidates. Consequently they are compelled to remain a minority in the Chamber of Deputies, unable to exercise any influence on the course of affairs, except when the various sections of the Radicals happen to fall out among themselves. While Pius IX. was Pope there was no possibility of putting an end to this state of things. For Pius IX., in his later years, was, before everything else, a Legitimist. He had convinced himself, or had been convinced by others, that the cause of the Church was bound up with the cause of deposed royalty all over the world; and, before he would have made friends with what he was pleased to call the Subalpine Government, that Government must have broken up Italian unity and replaced the dispossessed princes on their several thrones. Even if he had consented, under the inducement of an overpowering ecclesiastical advantage, to condone the secular robberies of which the Italian Government had been guilty, he would never have admitted their right to a single yard of Pontifical territory. It would have been useless to offer him an ecclesiastical capital; he would only have seen in such a proposal the first step towards a complete restitution. With a Pope whom nothing could induce to listen to reason, negotiation or compromise was out of the question. He might prove to have it in his power to give the Revolution a triumph over his adversary as well as over himself, and to involve the Italian Kingdom and the Papacy in a common disaster; but he would not forego his exercise of that power on any terms which it was possible to concede. The accession of what we may call a Whig Pope changed the whole face of affairs. LEO XIII. has made no overtures to the Italian Government, because up to this time there has been nothing to show that such overtures would receive the consideration due to any suggestion of truce made in the course of a civil war. But there can be little doubt that he would willingly, and even gladly, make such overtures if he thought that any good could come of it, and would still more gladly welcome them if they were made by the Italian Government. His relations with the French Government have shown how unwilling he is to be on bad terms with the secular authorities. He had every provocation to a quarrel given him if he had cared to take it, and in refusing to take it he ran very grave risk of offending and alienating an influential section of French Catholics. We may be sure, therefore, that LEO XIII. would not maintain his present attitude towards the Italian Government if that Government were to give him a sufficient earnest of its wish and intention to live at peace with the Papacy. The most obvious way in which such an earnest could be given would be to relegate Rome to the position which naturally belongs to it, and to make it once more the ecclesiastical capital, not of Italy only, but of the Roman Catholic world. This is the one sacrifice which would satisfy LEO XIII., but with this there is much reason to believe that he would be content. The POPE might then exercise within the precincts of the city of Rome the sovereign authority which he now exercises within the precincts of the Vatican, and yet no one be substantially the worse. Some few municipal ambitions might be blighted, but that would be all. The Romans who wished to make a career for themselves in the public service would follow the Government to the new civic capital, and would, no doubt, find there the career which they had once thought to find at Rome. The Roman tradesmen would probably welcome the change. The custom of a migratory Court must be a poor exchange for the custom of the Roman Catholic world; and the last municipal elections seemed to show that the contrast between the liberal promises given by the party in power and the actual performances of that party has not been without its influence on the practical Italian mind.

No doubt, as the writer of the statement in the *Times* observes, the cosmopolitan revolutionists would hotly oppose any such compromise; and the despotism which in Italy, as in France, leads politicians and Governments to succumb to the cosmopolitan revolutionists upon every opportunity might make their opposition formidable. Prince BISMARCK might effect such a reconciliation in

Germany, and CAVOUR, were he alive, might effect it in Italy; but the extremely feeble politicians who have at present the affairs of the country committed to them can hardly be expected to do anything of the kind. Whether the idea of leaving Rome which has of late been attributed to the POPE has really been entertained by him cannot be said with any positiveness; but it is obvious that he has in this idea a very powerful weapon as against his adversaries, however dangerous it might prove in the long run to the Papacy itself. It is impossible, however, to form even a guess of the use to which LEO XIII. may put this weapon. He may be unwilling to irritate the Italian nation by transferring the seat of the Papacy to another country; or he may think it expedient to let the Italian nation see that he is not to be trifled with beyond a certain point, and that if the conservative forces of Italy are to make common cause against a common enemy, the time has come when the secular power must make advances to the spiritual power. The Papacy, under the guidance of LEO XIII., is not likely to act rashly; but it will not be surprising if, in the end, it should act with more decision than the Italian Government seems to anticipate.

#### THE GREAT GO-BETWEEN.

THERE can no longer be any doubt as to who really sways the destinies of Europe. The fact was revealed to an astonished world on Wednesday. The *Times* has a Correspondent at Paris, and it is this Correspondent who moves the secret springs of peace and war throughout the civilized world and who has doubtless been the unrecognized channel of negotiation in the change of ministry just announced. Until now he has been content to hide his light, so far as this delicate and unacknowledged part of his functions is concerned; but, at the report of an impending interview between Prince BISMARCK and M. GAMBETTA, his feelings became too many for him, and he hastened to write two columns and a quarter about a conversation which he had in July 1878 with Prince BISMARCK. This was the more noble of him, inasmuch as he begins by saying that he has "on former occasions been twitted with putting so much material into a single interview; but," as he explains, "in the course of four hours a man like Prince BISMARCK, especially when in a communicative mood"—and to whom should he be communicative, if not to a personage of this importance?—"says a great deal that an attentive listener may well impress on his memory." The first thing impressed on this attentive listener's memory was that the PRINCE smoked a long pipe, and, like Mrs. WITTICALLY, talked on a variety of topics. Presently M. GAMBETTA's name was mentioned; and "GAMBETTA!" exclaimed Prince BISMARCK, "That is a man I should like to see before I die. . . . I am told he is bewitching. Yet it is said men who are bewitching are never great statesmen." Here was an opportunity for one of those graceful *mots* which, when uttered by the truly great, become historical. "M. THIERS once told me," I interposed, "that your Highness was bewitching, yet you pass for a great statesman." It is the judicious sprinkling of such pleasing conversational touches as this that lends a charm to the recital of even such grave affairs of State as the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* burdens himself with. Presently Prince BISMARCK repeated that he would like to see M. GAMBETTA before he died, and soon afterwards the Correspondent, left alone with Prince Hohenlohe and Baron HOLSTEIN, arrived at a conclusion, which he put into words. He could not imagine that the PRINCE spoke twice by pure chance of his desire to see M. GAMBETTA. Prince BISMARCK knew that the Correspondent was acquainted with, among other distinguished people, M. GAMBETTA. "He did not tell me not to repeat what he had said; he emphasized his 'praise of M. GAMBETTA as though' (the italics are ours) 'to entrust me with a polite message.' But a natural courtesy prompted the Correspondent to offer Prince Hohenlohe, as a more intimate acquaintance of Prince BISMARCK, a share in the delicate negotiations thus suggested; and Prince Hohenlohe, 'as usual when struck' by a suggestion, looked down on the ground, and after a moment's silence looked up smiling and nodded approvingly." Baron HOLSTEIN also agreed that "we ought to arrange the interview," and was about to discuss ways and means, when it suddenly struck the *Times* Correspondent that he ought not to be precipitate.



and he terminated the audience which he had given to Prince Hohenlohe and Baron Holstein in, it must be admitted, a somewhat crude fashion. "It being now 11 o'clock, I looked at my watch as a sign that I had 'other duties'; and upon this royal intimation Prince Hohenlohe of course made his bow and went away.

Naturally enough, the *Times*' Correspondent could not sleep that night for thinking of the burden laid upon him. The issues of peace and war between two great nations were virtually committed to his hands; but he was not above taking counsel with lesser men than himself, and twenty-four hours later he saw Baron Holstein again, knowing "that he must have reported to the CHANCELLOR 'what I had said; must have heard his views, and that 'what he would tell me would be what the CHANCELLOR 'thought.' The BARON, it seems, admitted that the Correspondent was right in his view of the situation; but this general point settled, he entered into special "considerations which I religiously committed to memory, "for they evidently set forth the preliminary conditions "of the interview." Then follows a passage which shows what a wonderful memory the *Times*' Correspondent must have, but about which there is one unsatisfactory point. The last sentence of the religiously-committed-to-memory speech runs thus:—"But a meeting between two men "with peaceful intentions, and imbued with the duties "devolving on them, may bear salutary fruits, even if they "renounce the personal satisfaction of triumphing over "each other." Now the whole story of the *Times*' Correspondent is nonsensical enough, but it will be seen that in this sentence there is a special kind of nonsense due to the italicized words, which clearly ought to read "especially if." Without conjecturally emending the passage mistranslated by the *Times*, we may suggest that the German word *eben* and the English *even* have some resemblance. It may be that there should have been a break at "salutary fruits," and that the sentence went on interjectionally—"Eben—ja! Wenn "Sie, &c." Yet more remarkable is what we find a little further on. After having listened to and religiously committed to memory what Baron Holstein had had to say, the Correspondent set himself afresh to think over his great mission. "Without thinking of the possibility "of a negotiation or compromise, or of any such thing, I "remembered that the CHANCELLOR had declared to me "that he had only yielded to imperative reasons, urged "by Count Moltke, in demanding Metz and Lorraine." Here, surely, the great personage's memory has played him a little false. That Prince Bismarck is in the habit of making a kind of confessor and ambassador rolled into one of the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* there can, of course, be no doubt; but that he spoke of demanding Metz and Lorraine—which is as if he should speak of Leeds and Yorkshire, or Brest and Brittany—can hardly be admitted. No doubt, however, the magnitude of the affair must be remembered as an excuse for any trifling slip in the detail of the recital. Prince Bismarck, we are told, "seemed just then really animated with the best of "feelings towards France—that is, of course, in so far as "is possible with him." He spoke of her "with grave "moderation," and even paid a condescending compliment to the French Ambassador. The Correspondent's "mind was made up from that moment, and I "determined to enter upon that serious and delicate "negotiation." This was a lofty resolution, but unhappily, as we presently see, nothing came of it. Even the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* may be overcome by *force majeure*. He called upon M. Gambetta as soon as possible, meaning to broach the great subject. "But this was "impossible at the first interview." The Correspondent had just returned from the Berlin Congress, and of course M. Gambetta was anxious to listen to his words of wisdom on that matter, and to nothing else. Having listened, he "summed up with his usual vigour the impression he "had received." More than this, "he spontaneously "authorized me to quote the summary on which I had "congratulated him," and it actually appeared in the *Times* and was reprinted by M. Gambetta's express orders in the *République Française* without comment. "I "quitted M. Gambetta without hinting what my object "had been, but announcing a second call." At this second call he plunged boldly into "that serious and "delicate negotiation." Meanwhile Prince Hohenlohe had returned, and was told by the Correspondent that M. Gambetta seemed inclined to the scheme and

"had set me at ease as to the possibility of secrecy." The CHANCELLOR was to stay another fortnight at Kissingen, and "Prince Hohenlohe asked me to see him two "days later, to resume the negotiations."

Now comes the tragic part of the story. The Correspondent is, after all, we learn with grief, a creature of human weakness, though it must be remembered that it is not every man in high place who has the moral courage to make free confession of his weakness. When the secret meeting was first mooted he was, it will be remembered, carried away by enthusiasm, presently checked and tempered by that diplomatic judgment which led him to look at his watch and dismiss Prince Hohenlohe. Then, in a calmer spirit, he entered upon his arduous task; and, as soon as he had heard Prince Bismarck speak politely of the French Ambassador, he hesitated no longer. He went straight to M. Gambetta, and, as soon as M. Gambetta would let him, revealed his great and glorious mission. On the one side, M. Gambetta was well disposed; from the other, Prince Hohenlohe came to beseech his intervention, and this time no watch was significantly looked at. Everything seemed well in train for the momentous interview which the *Times*' Correspondent had undertaken to bring about. But now was exemplified that uncertainty of human affairs which poets and historians have ever been wont to celebrate. In the very hour of triumph a cold fit once again seized the Correspondent. When he felt that the negotiations might soon come to something, he also "began to feel "uneasy. I reflected that any slip during that interview "might have the gravest consequences." He pictured to himself Prince Bismarck as he had seen him, and he found that the picture was not "bowitching." The Correspondent has, he tells us, and the assurance is comforting, "for years been able to treat with disdain "all the calumnies that have been aimed at me"; but he quailed before "the responsibility which might devolve "upon him in such an affair." He would face the raging of the seas, but not an angry Chancellor. Careless of the shafts which envy might aim at him, he executed a masterly movement in retreat. "I excused myself to "Prince Hohenlohe, did not return to M. Gambetta, and, "the CHANCELLOR having left Kissingen, I thenceforth "considered myself as unconcerned in the scheme." So ends this curious and instructive page of contemporary history. Its recital in the pages of the *Times* may seem for the moment purposeless, but possibly the future may throw some light upon the narrator's motives. Meanwhile it is at least a privilege to have learnt to whom to look for help and encouragement in European complications.

#### BRITTANY.

IT is now nearly forty years since the appearance of M. Emile Souvestre's well-known work, *Les Derniers Bretons*, and the picturesque and interesting article on it by Mr.—now Dean—Church in the *Christian Remembrancer*, afterwards republished in his volume of *Essays and Reviews*, not to be confounded with the ill-starred work which appeared some years later under the same title. In its outward features, both natural and architectural, the country remains, of course, much what it was, but this scarcely holds good of its moral peculiarities. The simple *pietas* and *prisca fides* which then looked to the traveller like a mediæval survival has lost something already from the closer contact induced by railways, newspapers, and other modern appliances with the civilization of an uncourteous present. It can no longer be affirmed with any literal exactness that "a couple of days"—we may now say twelve hours—"off from Paris or Southampton we may reach a race of men more difficult to piece on to modern society than those who live by the Nile or the Ganges, or sell one another beneath the Liane." No doubt, as we stand in the *Champ des Martyrs* near Auray, or under the gloomy walls of the *Salorges* at Nantes, converted into a temporary prison, when, according to the brutal jest of the infamous Carrier, "*le décret de déportation a été exécuté verticalement*," and some 9,000 persons were destroyed in the course of three or four months, we may reflect that, in spite of treacherous massacres of royalist soldiers, and the wholesale drowning of men, women, and children in the hideous *noyades*, the Bretons still to a great extent "believe in their priests." "Pontivy" has outlived the fanatical attempt to rechristen it Napoleonville; "the cross is everywhere" still—or oftener the crucifix—at the cross road, on the moor, at the end of the village street, by the churchyard gate; the marvellous Calvary of Plougastel, though somewhat marred in its details, retains its quaint solemnity; and the beautiful church of Notre Dame de Folgoët still preserves the memory of Salaun, the canonized idiot lad, from whose neglected grave there sprouted the miraculous lily plant with his only recorded utterance, *Ave Marie*, inscribed on every leaf. Brittany was shown at the last

elections to be the one corner of France where the monarchical sentiment retains its power; and there are still whole regions there, out of the towns, where few of the men, and none of the women, understand a word of ordinary French. But, nevertheless, there is a perceptible difference. It is e.g. a rare exception in the Tyrol to see a peasant pass the wayside cross or frescoed shrine without doffing his cap; in Brittany, where the crosses are quite as frequent, it is almost as exceptional to see any passer-by take the slightest notice of them. The churches are open all day, but during the greater part of it their silence is only broken by the almost "invariable ticking of the clock" or the clattering sabots of the two or three old women who are usually to be found there; it is fair to add, however, that there is a considerable attendance in the early mornings even of weekdays, while on Sundays a large number of men may be seen at the low masses, though comparatively few are present at High Mass or Vespers. But it is clear from many little signs that the old devotion, or superstition, or simplicity, or whatever we please to call it, is gradually dying out. The departed spirits no longer appear on All Souls day in the Bay of Trépassés—where the vast and wicked city of Ys, "the modern Sodom," sunk under the avenging wave—and even "mysterious Carnac," as our readers may have gathered from the work of Mr. Miln reviewed the other day in our columns, is compelled to submit its mystery to the realistic handling of archaeological research. The schoolmaster is abroad even in Brittany, and the bright intelligent boy, who acts as your cicerone to the curious dolmen called the "Butte de Oésar" at Locmariaker, is as much at home in French as in his native Breton tongue, and will tell you of brothers of his who are also adepts in English. We are by no means disposed to endorse the sweeping indictment brought by some English sojourners in Brittany, that "all the men are atheists," which at most is only true of a portion of the upper class, but there is too much reason to fear that a great many of them are at least occasional drunkards, and it is certain that the English tourist has taught them to keep a much sharper eye on their gains than formerly, though the general cost of travelling in Brittany is still decidedly below the average of the rest of France. Of the old costume, of which splendid specimens may be seen in the Museum at Quimper, little remains in ordinary use, as far as male attire is concerned, except at some out-of-the-way places like Pont l'Abbé; but the female head-dress, though not so picturesque as the high caps worn on high days and holidays in Normandy, has a stranger effect from its close similarity to conventional forms, and as female servants supply the place of the *garçon* at almost all Breton table-d'hôtes, it is difficult at first to avoid the impression that lay sisters are waiting upon you—and generally, it must be confessed, waiting very clumsily. Indeed there is a marked superiority of the man over the woman, both in appearance and intelligence, observable, as a rule, throughout the country.

But most travellers in Brittany at the present day will find their chief interest in the scenery and the architectural monuments, whether Christian or "Druidical," as they are sometimes vaguely termed, though this use of the phrase Druidical is at best but a veil to disguise our ignorance. The scenery of Brittany generally, and notably of certain districts—such as the neighbourhood of Quimperlé and Lannion, and the region lying between Huelgoet and Carhaix—differs conspicuously, and most favourably, from the dull uninteresting dead level characteristic of northern France elsewhere. Both in detail and general effect the moors and river banks and wooded slopes, with their granite rocks and rich growth of ferns of every kind, will recall to those familiar with it the lovely scenery of South Devon. The pedestrian may roam for miles and miles along the steep, rocky banks of the Isère and Elzé, or track the sparkling, dashing Guier up from Lannion to the ruined castle of Tonguëdec, or explore the wooded heights and moors that stretch far away from Huelgoet—where the site of a mountain chalet of Anne of Brittany, secluded from all sounds but that of the rushing sea—is still shown—and may well fancy himself on Dartmoor of the banks of the Erme or the Yealm, or—but for the few lakes—in parts of Westmoreland or Cumberland. And the lanes, with their high banks and hedges—so utterly used normal type of French roadways and the roughly cold, stone walls which often fence them in or divide field from field with their irregular steps, in place of stiles—small course characteristic Devonian peculiarity. No picturesque parts that the whole of Brittany is likelier of the rather over-of Devonshire. This cannot try of the Rance are very praised scenery of Dinan; th at Richmond or even at pretty, and may recall the T than pretty. Nor can any-Pangbourne, but they are never road from Auray to the thing be drearier than the straight, inviting shrine of St. Anne, or the longer course from Auray to Carnac—those who are wise will take a boat to Locmariaker—or from Quimper by Pont l'Abbé to Penmarch—a somewhat over-rated point of view, by no means to be compared with the rocky promontory of Point de Itaz. But still there is a great deal of this charming scenery, with its mountain streams, and granite rocks, and moorland, throughout Western Brittany, though it will mostly be missed by those who keep to high roads and railways. The abundance of granite, to which reference has been already made, helps of course to account for the "menhirs" and "dolmens" about which so much has been written, and so little is certainly

known, but on which we need not dwell at length here, as we so lately had occasion to review a work bearing on the subject. Suffice it to say that there can no longer be any doubt, after recent exhumations, of the sepulchral nature of the dolmens, consisting of two or more upright stones with another or several others laid over them, while it is more than probable that every dolmen was originally covered by a tumulus, though in many cases the superincumbent earth has wholly or partially fallen away or been removed in the lapse of ages. The most perfect example of this kind of construction is that on the little island of Gâvr Innis, with its elaborate wall sculptures, partly in spiral lines, supposed by some—wrongly, we conceive—to denote serpent worship, while next to it comes the "Butte de Oésar" on the mainland, of about equal dimensions but of less curious workmanship. Of the proper destination of the menhirs, whether for religious or civil or sepulchral purposes, it is less easy to speak with confidence, no bodies having been as yet discovered buried under them. But it is a mistake to suppose, as might be gathered from the ordinary guide-books, that a continuous street, so to term it, of these monumental stones stretches for miles from Kerlesant to Mœnac. They are found in groups at various intervals between these extreme points, but there is nothing to show that any continuous line ever existed, and solitary menhirs, or two or three together, are frequently found elsewhere, while many more have fallen or been broken up for farm-buildings and the like. That similar monuments are occasionally to be seen in Cornwall and Wales is not wonderful—whatever explanation of their design be accepted—when we recollect, what the very names of Wales and Cornwall indicate, that the same Celtic race who peopled Brittany passed over to the western shores of this island, where they left indelible traces both on the soil and in the blood and language of the native inhabitants.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the church architecture of Brittany, on which alone a volume might be written. It has been justly observed that the older parish churches have a peculiar character of hardness, dreariness, and almost grotesque sternness about them. This arises partly from the granite without and whitewash within, while the heavy appearance is greatly increased, both within and without, sometimes by the church ending in a cross transept at the east end without a chancel, and much oftener from the unbroken, steep, the long low roof extending over the side aisles, which gives a sense of the grandeur even of the very without any clerestory, which Pont Croix, and is only partially striking Collegiate Church at the tall and graceful spire of pie—believed, there or elsewhere, by feature of otherwise quite insipid granite which is so common a noble shrine as that of magnificent village churches. Such a fourteenth century—our Lady of Folgoet, erected in the the Cathedrals—must, one of the finest churches in Brittany after of effect as a church be considered exceptional. Its solemnity tracery of porch is not less remarkable than the exquisite the peculiar arches and windows and roof-screen; nor does its magnificent structure of the long southern transept, with wall—looking porch and the three altars against its eastern the—like a subsidiary aisle, turned at right angles to nes body of the church—convey any impression of ungracefulness, while the lofty spires, over 150 feet high, flanking the the torn porch, add much to the lightness as well as the dignity of of general appearance. If the Breton Cathedrals retain something the eastern simplicity, they have more than all the grandeur of the best specimens of parish churches. None of them can boast Charvialh of ancient stained glass which is the special glory of Le Mes, or the marvellous and unique grace of the eastern end of aid name, with its double cincture of choir aisles and cordon of pie chapels beyond them, and forest-work of flying buttresses and tinnacles, as it is visible, unlike too many French cathedrals, from the broad open space around it. But Quimper, which is the West, and St. Pol de Léon, one of the oldest, of the Cathedrals in Brittany, which bears a strong family likeness to Quimper, on a smaller scale, have also their double row of choir aisles, and Quimper is rich—though not so rich as Chartres—in old painted glass, while the lofty roof, rising to a height of 120 feet, and the two western spires of 250 feet high, add greatly to its external grandeur. The cathedral towers of Léon are somewhat dwarfed by the nearly 400 feet high, overshadowing a church not large or otherwise remarkable, except for the perceptible inclination of the nave—not the choir—in a southerly direction, a specialty observable in the choirs of some other Breton churches. Quimper is still an episcopal see, but Léon, like Dol, Tréguier, and some other Breton Cathedrals, each with a character and history, and a special beauty of its own, is no longer the seat of a bishop; there may be seen indeed in the north choir aisle the kneeling effigy of St. John Francis de la Maroche, the last of his line, with a long Latin inscription telling how he was the administrator of the supplies granted by the English Government to the *émigré* clergy, and died in 1806. There is something in this constant recurrence of melancholy scenes which seems to deepen the resigned, old and which certainly attributed by Souvestre to Breton religion, writer calls "the deathlike" at Léon with what an English Indeed, as we pass from the stillness of the scarcely living city, its crumbling castle, its quaint old town of Brittany, each with silent streets, *Troja fuit* seems to van churches, and its narrow seem to be wandering amid the debris of the past. The strength of two successive forms of art—the once full of creative power—the pagan and the

traced in imperishable characters on the stones of Carnac and on the granite shrines of Folgoët and St. Barbe, and in those mute memorials is contained the history of Brittany. It will no doubt gradually become assimilated to the life of modern France, as the old nomenclature is already succumbing to the new departmental divisions of Finistère, or Morbihan, or Côtes du Nord; but the more completely it succeeds in identifying itself with the "ideas of '89," and wipes away the Parisian reproach of "*le pays le plus arriéré de la France*," the more entirely will it lose all identity with its own past. The "revolutionary torrent" of advancing intellect, to cite an ugly jest of Courrier's, may prove far more effective than the deadly waters of the Loire. Morbihan and Finistère may attain to the highest ideal of French civilization, as it is understood by senators and savans of the day, but "poor rough Brittany," which, as Michelet sneeringly complained, "is so Gaulish that it is scarcely Proflch," will have ceased to exist. It is the one district of France that has dared to be more than a century old; and in modern France to break with the national history in an inexorable condition of conformity to the national life.

#### GHOSTS IN THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

SOME one has said that, if you have a thoroughly dull neighbour at dinner, you can always arouse and interest her by introducing the subject of ghosts. The newspapers have been suffering lately from a terribly dull season, and are at their wit's end for subjects to discuss. The *Daily Telegraph* has had the happy thought of getting up a public discussion about bogies. Every observant person knows how these discussions are started. First you have an able leading article, expressing an intelligent scepticism. Then some one, probably "in the office," writes a long letter, complimenting the able "leader," and "proposing," as Mr. Paley makes Pindar say, "a subject for discussion." When the subject is ghosts, the public rushes eagerly in, with stories about visions beheld, and mysterious noises heard, by its sisters, and its cousins, and its aunts. The *esprit fort* of the middle classes is allowed to have his say, and demonstrates that ghosts are contrary to common sense, and to the accepted principles of the "latter end of the nineteenth century."

The *Telegraph* and its correspondents have gone regularly through this programme, without actually raising the veil which "severs ghosts from shadow-casting men," and without even adding much that is new to the common stock of ghost stories. The death of Lord Airlie furnished a leader-writer in the *Telegraph* with a peg to hang his article upon. Most people have heard of the "Airlie Drummer," who plays his mystic drum-taps when any member of the house is about to die. The drummer is as well known as the "Drummer of Tedworth" was in the seventeenth century. Old families plume themselves on these airy retainers. A Scotch house believes that it possesses a field in which there is a hidden treasure. When any one approaches for the purpose of digging up the gold, a frightful storm of thunder and lightning punishes his temerity. "And do you really believe that the whole atmospheric system of the planet is revolutionized for the sake of the Macbuddies of Tulloch-buddie?" a sceptical lady asked a member of that ancient sept. But the faith of the Macbuddies is proof against such impious rationalism, and so is that of persons happy enough to possess a family banshee or ominous animal. We are acquainted with a Scotch family in which a black cat always appears "where nae cat should be," and that in the presence of three or four witnesses, before a death in the family. The last apparition "came off" about three years ago, when three ladies of the family saw the mysterious animal, which disappeared as strangely as it had come. Within a month a sister of these ladies died, and they discovered, from an entry in her diary, that she had seen the ominous cat on the same night on which it had appeared to them. Many such anecdotes will be given to the world when some imitator of Sir Bernard Burke publishes "*The History of the Scottish Middle Classes*."

But these agreeable reminiscences have led us away from the *Telegraph* and the Airlie Drummer. Philosophers can readily account for the apparition of warning creatures peculiar to certain families. This is the last service of the Totem, the protecting and friendly animal attached to savage households in America, Africa, Northern India, and Australia. It is less easy to explain the Drummer, and, indeed, the evidence about his performances is not consistent. The *Telegraph* started the subject by averring that on August 19, 1849, a young Englishman heard music like that of "a brass band" as he was making his way to a shooting lodge of Lord Airlie's. The strains of the brass band were, as usual, ominous of disaster. Indeed, even in the suburbs, brass bands are little better than nuisances. The publication of this legend "drew" Mr. N. Macleod, who wrote to the *Telegraph* laconically thus:—"The warning which is heard at Cortachy when any misfortune is about to befall the family is a single drummer, not a band of music." And this, as some one says in *Silas Marster*, "seems a deal likelier"—for brass bands are comparatively modern, and the ghost is an old ghost, not at all likely to be equal to playing the "Wacht am Rhein." But here again the evidence is conflicting, for another correspondent brings evidence to show that a lady "connected with one of the oldest titled families in Scotland" heard a "band of music" early in the spring of 1845, that a gentleman explained the noise to have been caused "by the

drummer-boy," and that a death did happen in the family in about three months. A correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* vouches for it that a certain Miss S. heard "heavenly music" when Lord Airlie was suffering from gout. Mrs. Ann Day, who was at Cortachy Castle in the capacity of lady's-maid in 1845, heard a carriage drive up to the door, when, in point of fact, no carriage was there, and was also startled by the sound of a fife and the beating of a drum. "About this there was something indescribably disagreeable; it seemed as if the drummer were making his way through the floor." In this case, then, the music was far from "heavenly." Thus we are, it will be admitted, confronted with a certain discrepancy of evidence. The music is sometimes heavenly, sometimes disagreeable; occasionally it appears to resemble the strains of a brass band on a lonely heath, and again it impresses the listeners as if it were caused by a drummer-boy contending, not only with the difficulties of his art, but with the arduous task of working his way up through the floor. The only practical question raised is this—Would it be fair for a person who has had a "warning," whether conveyed by a black cat or a white bird, by a drummer-boy or a brass band, to go and insure his life heavily for the benefit of his family? In an agreeable but, we fear, fictitious narrative, Mr. James Payn has introduced us to an Annuity Company which keeps a second-sighted man on the premises, and regulates its dealings by his visions, which invariably prove correct. If he sees a shroud on the client's breast, most generous arrangements are instantly made. But—no shroud, no annuity.

In addition to the Airlie Drummer, the *Telegraph* was exercised by the ghost of Miss Sarah Duckett, which appeared more than once to a farmer named Roberts at Church Stretton. Church Stretton boasts an abortive mine, now filled up, and called the Copper Hole. As the ghost of Miss Duckett appeared to Farmer Roberts in the vicinity of the Copper Hole, the neighbours drew the conclusion that her bones reposed at the bottom of that gulf. They therefore cheerfully subscribed money and hired labourers to excavate the hole. Nothing was found at the bottom but one old shoe. Church Stretton, therefore, now possesses a hole which has been twice dug out to the depth of forty feet, with no other result than the discovery of an ancient piece of shoe-leather. It is doubtful whether a hole with such interesting associations could be found even in the neighbourhood of Gotham.

The philosophic correspondents of the *Telegraph* are not more full of information than the believers. Indeed, of all the letters, we prefer that of "A Sceptic," who knows of a very good sample of a haunted house situated, like most haunted houses, "in the West of England." When The Mulligan was asked for his address, he used to wave his hand so as to indicate a large arc of the horizon, and say, "I live down there." "The West of England" is almost as vague an address; too vague even for a bogie. The people who live, along with the ghosts, in the house "are completely upset and rendered miserable by apparitions and mysterious occurrences which can neither be explained, terminated, nor tolerated. The lady of the house cannot live in it," being exasperated beyond endurance by nocturnal noises, and "the shadowy form of a woman holding a child in her arms." Governesses, too, horrible to relate, have heard doors opening and shutting in the dead of night! This is an extent of ghostly experience with which we ourselves are not unfamiliar. The children (when bored with the nursery) come down stairs and say that "The lady is there again." An accomplished London detective has failed to find even a clue to the cause of the nuisance. We can only say, if the ghost is a ghost—"bolt it with a bishop." This plan, that of exorcism, had lately the most satisfactory results in a house (also in the West of England) which was haunted by the ghost of a woman in purple velvet. The sceptic who tells this story rejects the customary explanation—"rats." Indeed the most imaginative could with difficulty convert a rat into the shadowy figure of a woman with a child in her arms.

As a pendant to the ghost in the West of England, we purpose to describe one which, to our knowledge, appeared lately in a small village near Chipping Norton. This ghost has always appeared to us one of the most "creepy" and disagreeable, while wholly unaccounted for, and uncalled for, of modern apparitions. The village of which we speak consists of one long line of comfortable old houses. The Manor House is but a very short distance from the village street. The wife of the squire happened to be driving through the village, one bright August afternoon, when four children rushed, in unconcealed alarm, out of the open door of a cottage. So terrified was one of the children that she (or he) had a fit on the spot. The lady stopped her carriage and asked the children what was the matter. They explained that they had been frightened by seeing a strange woman on the stairs where they had been playing. On being asked to describe the woman, they said that she was dressed in a long strait dress of flannel, fastened at the throat, and that she had a white band fastened under her chin, and another bound round her body. In fact, they described an old-fashioned corpse as it would appear when prepared for the grave, in the days when the law enjoined that the dead should be buried in flannel. There seems something uncomfortable in the apparition of the ancient dead to the eyes of a set of village children on a sunny August afternoon. Perhaps the M. A. of the *Telegraph* who knows so much about the Hindoos will explain that this "so-called spiritual phenomenon" took place in the Akâsh, or other, by exercise of ascetic powers, or cultivated will, whatever that may mean. The

more uncompromising sceptic will say that the children had been expecting to see a corpse of the old school, and so were the victims of unconscious cerebration. Other incredulous persons will remember how the Ettrick Shepherd accounted for the wraith beheld by his grandmother—"aiblins my grandmither was an awfu' leaver."

#### THE REPORT ON LEGAL PROCEDURE.

THE legal profession bids fair to be relieved from the reproach of being behindhand with respect to reform and progress. Much has been done within the last ten years towards accelerating and cheapening legal procedure; and more has been suggested and attempted, but has hitherto failed to take effect by reason of the supineness of the Legislature, as witness the Criminal Code and the multitudinous Bankruptcy Bills. The latest effort in the direction of reform is fortunately one which it is to a great extent within the power of the judges to carry out without recourse to Parliament, and we may therefore reasonably hope to reap its benefits at an early date. The report of the Committee on Legal Procedure, appointed last January by the Lord Chancellor, has now been published; and, if approved by the judges empowered to make new rules of court and embodied by them in such rules, will work a very considerable change in the legal system of this country. The great desideratum with regard to law as with regard to other commodities is that it should be good and cheap. The character and attainments of the occupants of the judicial bench afford a sufficient guarantee for its goodness, so far as the administration is concerned; but, despite many improvements in our procedure, the expense and delay involved in legal proceedings amount in many cases to a practical denial of justice. This expense and delay have long been mainly attributed to two causes, the cumbrous and dilatory nature of the proceedings, obligatory and optional, between the parties prior to the trial of the action, and the number of appeals of one kind and another open to a defeated suitor without reference to the importance of the matter at stake. This view is practically confirmed by the report of the Committee.

Their first suggestion deals with an important item of preliminary delay and expense, namely, the pleadings in a cause, not the oral pleadings, commonly so called, by counsel in court, but the written or printed statements of their case delivered by each party. These, though deprived of much of their original technicality by the Judicature Acts and rules, still occasionally attain inordinate dimensions, and serve to conceal the point at issue rather than to elucidate the point at issue or give it due prominence. Special pleading as a science is practically defunct, and the very large powers which judges possess of amending the present pleadings at any stage of the cause, up to and including the trial itself, have rendered them of secondary importance. If pleadings do not contain all that they should, the judge may, and indeed is bound to, supply the deficiency, and occasionally does so to the extent of allowing one party to set up an entirely new case. Yet the construction of even the modern modified pleadings necessitates the employment of counsel once at least by each side, and the rules of procedure allow a considerable period for their preparation and delivery, during which little or nothing else can be done. The Committee had been invited to consider the possibility of abolishing pleadings altogether in the Queen's Bench Division, substituting a somewhat fuller endorsement on the writ than that at present in use, to which the defendant should, on appearance, deliver a similarly concise answer. The Committee, however, finding, from statistics compiled by them, that 61·12 per cent. of the total actions commenced in 1879 were settled on the basis of the writ alone, consider that it would be unadvisable to increase the cost of a process which has proved so efficacious in its native simplicity. Retaining the writ, therefore, in its existing form, they suggest that the defendant shall within a specified time give notice of any special defence he proposes to set up which, without such notice, might take the other party by surprise, to which the plaintiff may in his turn give notice of any similar matter on which he intends to rely; silence all the while implying, not consent, but a general denial of the statements and rights of the other party, putting him to proof of all which it lies upon him to prove. Pleadings, without being abolished, are only to be allowed by order of a judge. The plan seems plausible and straightforward enough, and the model on which it is obviously formed—namely, the procedure in County Courts—has been found to work well. The instances adduced by the Committee of the very large class of mercantile and other cases in which the issue is from the outset perfectly plain, certainly go far to show the general utility of pleadings, and of course no judge would refuse leave to deliver pleadings where the nature of the case made it impossible to bring the necessary allegations within the limits of an endorsement.

One point in favour of the retention of pleadings, at least in certain cases, has been overlooked or, rather, misinterpreted by the Committee. Referring to 35·10 per cent. of the actions in 1879, which they return as "unaccounted for, and therefore presumably settled or abandoned after some litigation," they thence infer that in those cases "pleadings were of little use." We cannot acquiesce in this deduction. It frequently happens that the detailed statement of the case by either side brings out with crushing clearness the unsuspected strength of an opponent's position, and so leads to

submission or compromise. It may be said that many of the statements in pleadings are purely formal, and not founded on fact; but when such statements are made, the author of them may be put on oath as to their truth, and his antagonist may take it that what he swears in answer to interrogatories he will stick to in the witness-box. Still the class of cases in which this would be likely to occur would be the class of cases in which the present pleadings would still be available. It is, perhaps, with reference to this question of pleading that one feels most the disadvantage of the Committee's having been restricted in their investigations to the procedure in the Common Law Division. The Chancery Bar is by far the greatest transgressor in prolixity, diffuseness, and irrelevancy in pleading, and it would be straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel were any rule made minimizing Common Law pleadings and letting Chancery pleadings go scathless. Indeed, the Committee go out of their way to imply as much in their Report.

The next abuse attacked by the Committee is one to which the Common Law Division is, on the other hand, perhaps more liable than the Chancery, and which certainly requires redress. The sort of skirmishing at Judges' Chambers which precedes the general action in court is one of the most fertile sources of legal expense, and the facilities for this species of warfare afforded by the existing system frequently enable one party to drive his antagonist out of the field by the brute force of a longer purse. A multitude of summonses may be taken out which, without being definitely groundless or vexatious, are practically tentative and usually futile, and which pile up costs and terrorize the opposite party. The Committee propose to substitute a sort of omnibus summons, on the hearing of which the Master may give directions as to any interlocutory proceedings to be hereafter resorted to in the suit, and also as to the mode of trial. In order to save time and secure uniformity of decision, the Committee further suggest that every case should be assigned from the beginning to some particular Master's list, thus obviating the necessity of recapitulating its facts on every application. All this is very good and tends directly to economy of time and money. The only objection we can see is the difficulty of foreseeing and including in the omnibus summons, as we have termed it, all the requirements which may arise in the progress of the case. At the time discovery is applied for it may be impossible to fix the place where the trial can most conveniently be had, and a subsequent summons might have to be applied for for the latter purpose, at the risk as to costs of the party applying. Still, the Committee would provide that the Master or judge might exercise a discretion as to costs in the case of such subsequent applications, and, on good cause being shown, no doubt injustice might be avoided.

Not only is the number of summonses which either party may take out under the present system a source of oppression, but, as we have before now pointed out, the evil is intensified by the inordinate series of appeals which are open to a party defeated on such summons—a series of appeals usually quite incommensurate with the importance of the point in question. This the Committee fully recognize, and obviate by providing that there shall be no appeal from a judge at Chambers except in cases of special difficulty and importance, and then only when allowed by the judge himself or by special leave of the Court in banc to which such appeal lies when allowed, limiting such restriction of course to cases of procedure and practice. Akin to the oppression wrought by innumerable summonses at Chambers and persistent appeal therefrom is the abuse of the technical processes known as discovery and interrogatories, by which, as the Committee point out, a man may, on his own mere allegation that he has been wronged by another, put that other to unlimited trouble, annoyance, and expense by compelling him to disclose and produce all documents relating, however remotely, to the matters complained of, and to answer on oath an interminable list of questions administered for his examination. It is true that under the existing system theoretical checks are placed on the unconscientious exercise of powers which are unquestionably necessary and beneficial when properly and fairly utilized; but it has hitherto been incumbent on the party called upon to give discovery of and produce documents, or to answer interrogatories, to show that he ought to be relieved from the burden sought to be imposed upon him, the other party being *prima facie* presumed to be acting within his rights. The Committee would revert to what virtually was the practice prior to the Judicature Acts, and would require the sanction of a Master before such inquisitorial powers are resorted to, imposing, moreover, the costs of such proceedings in the first instance upon the party availing himself of them.

With regard to mode of trial, the recommendations of the Committee foreshadow a startling innovation—nothing less, in fact, than the practical supersession of the British jury. In the ordinary course of affairs the trial will be before a judge alone; either party may, however, apply for a jury, which application may be granted if the questions involved are shown to be such as to render such a tribunal convenient, and in certain cases involving personal character the right of either party to have a jury is to be indisputable. The functions of referees, official and special, are preserved, and those of the former are to be extended so as to enable them to deal more thoroughly with the class of cases usually submitted to them. The provisions with regard to juries we cannot but regard as most salutary. A jury, whether common or special, is at best an unsatisfactory and decaying institution. It possesses no special training, has no interest in deciding the matter rightly, is apt to be wearied by detail and led away by the



eloquence of counsel, while the serving on juries is a perpetual *corvée* on those members of the community who are liable to be summoned. A judge having the decision both of fact and of law in his own hands is manifestly a more competent and expeditious arbitrator, especially as in technical or business matters he may obtain the aid of professional assessors. Another great advantage derivable from the proposed system will be the reduction in the number of those abortive trials which, after all the expense of preparing briefs and so forth, end, as every one has all through seen they must end, in a reference.

Further to discourage trial by jury, the Committee suggest that on every such trial, if the judge certify that he is dissatisfied with the verdict, a new trial shall follow as a matter of course, subject to appeal. This last provision leads up to a very sweeping and salutary reform with relation to motions for new trials and other applications which are now *ex parte* in the first instance, embodied in the 14th and 15th recommendations of the Report. It is an utter absurdity that one party should be allowed, behind the back of the other, to make an application on a statement certainly biased, probably inaccurate, and that then the whole business should be gone through again, in order to afford the opposite party an opportunity of answering, often before judges who have not been present on the previous occasion. All such applications will in future, if the suggestion of the Committee be attended to, be made in the only rational manner—namely, after notice to, and in the hearing of, the other side, who can then and there answer for himself, his presence, moreover, acting as a guard against any flights of fancy on the part of his opponent.

While thus improving the method in which appeals are to be brought before the courts, the Committee seek to reconstitute, on more logical principles, the courts before which such appeals should come. Without disturbing the present arrangement—by which appeals from a judge sitting without a jury go direct to the Court of Appeal, and from jury trials to a Divisional Court—they recommend that, in the latter case, the Divisional Court should consist of three judges, whose decision should be final, except where leave to appeal is given, where there is a difference of opinion, or where the matter at stake exceeds the value of 500*l*. For the hearing of such appeals the strength of the Court of Appeal is to be increased to five members—presumably by borrowing a couple of judges from the Courts below, not by any new appointment of Appellate Judges. This plan would secure a more equal division of work between the Courts *in banco*, which must necessarily be retained for certain specific purposes, and the Court of Appeal; would avoid the incongruity of three judges in one room being overruled by three judges in another; and would lessen the chances of suitors being driven to the last desperate and ruinous resource of an appeal to the House of Lords. Moreover, the Court *in banc* being practically equivalent to a Court of Appeal, we should get rid of the anomaly of an extra Court being interposed between a judge and jury and the Court of Appeal; while the same judge sitting alone, or an Equity judge under any circumstances, is only subject to reversal at the hands of the Court of Appeal itself.

The only other point in the Report to which we propose now to refer is that which suggests a lower scale of costs and the prohibition of a special jury in actions where the claim or sum recovered is less than 200*l*. For our own part we would willingly see the experiment tried of relegating such actions to the County Courts, the reasons usually assigned why these tribunals should have Equity jurisdiction so far in excess of their Common Law powers having never struck us as particularly forcible. We are, however, somewhat inclined to yield to the grounds put forward by the Committee in deprecation of such a course—namely, that the increased number of appeals from the County Courts would neutralise the probable benefits, and that the humbler class of litigants, for whom County Courts were primarily established, would be crowded out in such an event.

If the County Courts are not to be resorted to, something must plainly be done in the superior Court, as it is a scandal to justice to hear that "the costs in the smaller actions in the Queen's Bench are often four times larger than the sums in dispute, or even more than this"; and the adoption of a lower scale seems the only practicable remedy. What is to be dreaded is lest the reduction of fees allowed on taxation should drive the smaller litigants to resort to the lower class of solicitors and counsel, in which case it would be small compensation to the clients "to have their causes decided by the best courts and judges in the land." The restriction of appeals from the final judgment of a judge, and the doing away with special juries in these smaller causes, are, however, provisions which can only work for good.

Such, in its main features, is this important Report. A part from its innate and apparent merits, the position and reputation of the gentlemen who have issued it entitle it to most careful consideration by those to whom it is directly and indirectly addressed. The judges who were not members of the Committee will probably be asked to communicate to the Chancellor their views on the questions involved, and it would be curious and instructive to see the degree of unanimity or dissension thus elicited.

#### THE AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

AN essayist might find a good subject on which to dilate in the fostering influence of a country's political importance on the study of its literature by foreigners. Not that the observation is particularly new, for in the way of expostulation it has been made often enough, but the connexion has not been sufficiently recognized as a matter of course. The man of letters who is not free from the faith of fellow-craftsmen in the uses of leather is apt to be indignant when his favourite foreign man of genius is not received on his own merits. He is over prone to forget that the most universal genius cannot be wholly independent of his surroundings, and that without some knowledge of these he is but partially intelligible. But, *pace* the believers in the enlightening influences of trade and travel, it is generally by political events that nations become known to one another. Trade teaches nothing but trade, and it is always the few who travel. It is but a few of the few who travel to any purpose, and it is only one traveller or so in alternate generations who can make that purpose of profit to others. When peaceful intercourse has done its utmost, it is by fighting that nations make one another's acquaintance, or by the war of one of them with a third party under circumstances interesting to the other. Out of the jaws of the lion comes the honey. No doubt the cannon of Van Tromp had something to do with attracting Milton's eye to the literature of Holland. Political importance does not necessarily mean political power, and a country may become important by being fought over. It was while Italy was the interesting victim of Austria and France that its literature was a common object of study, and the Peninsular War was probably the efficient cause of Southey's and Lockhart's studies in Spanish literature. It certainly was the cause of the popular interest in them. Even those writers in whom the interest of the world is permanent, and whom we are all supposed to read, must suffer from the insignificance of their country. Messrs. Nimmo and Bain have just brought out a series of Spanish prose works in a way which curiously illustrates the truth of what we have just said. The works which are contained in this publication are not Spanish without exception, for three of the twelve volumes are devoted to *Gil Blas*, which belongs to Spain very much as a certain gentleman who lately chose to appear in the bull-ring did—in dress namely, and in nothing else. But the others are at least Spanish in origin. It is typical that it is not possible to speak of the nationality even of these without qualification; for, with the exception of *Don Quixote* and the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, they are presented here, not as they appear in the original, but as they were recast by Le Sage.

The predominance of the French writer is itself a proof of the little attention now given to Spanish literature for its own sake, but it is almost inevitable. In one case, however, the publishers have gone out of their way to prove how little care and scholarship it is thought necessary to show in editing a Spaniard. The series includes—and what series of Spanish romances could help including?—*Don Quixote*, and the masterpiece of Cervantes is treated as no publisher bringing out a fine edition would venture to treat a French or German writer. When Messrs. Nimmo and Bain resolved to reprint *Gil Blas* they obviously felt that some discrimination must be exercised. A competent editor must be obtained for one thing, and they must entrust the task of writing the introductory essay on Le Sage to a master of French literature. Accordingly, Le Sage's writing and recastings of other men's writing are treated in an essay by Mr. Saintsbury. Very different is the measure meted out to Cervantes. We might add, and to Diego de Mendoza or Mateo Aleman; but, as we do not propose to deal at present with any of these twelve finely got-up volumes, except the *Don Quixote*, we shall at present confine ourselves to Cervantes. It is, perhaps, inevitable that the translation given should be the inaccurate version of Motteux; but it is a grievous blemish to a fine edition like this that the only Life of Cervantes which Messrs. Nimmo and Bain could bring themselves to give should be the short and inaccurate notice by Lockhart. The absurdity is heightened by the fact that we have a Life of Motteux, apparently written for the occasion, by Mr. Henri Van Laun, in which the obscure life and ignoble death of the translator are detailed at rather greater length than the career of Cervantes. We have no wish to speak with disrespect of Lockhart's work. Writing while much that is now known was still undiscovered, and necessarily perhaps guided only by Juan Pellicer and Vicente de los Rios, the mistakes he made were unavoidable. The translator of the Spanish Ballads had at least some original knowledge of the country and the language of the man he was writing about. He did not compile his Life, with no apparent knowledge of Spanish, from a contemporary French writer, like the author of a recent work intended to introduce this foreign classic to English readers. The amount of sagacity and force of thought he brought to the writing of this Life gives it even now a certain independent value. But all this does not excuse Messrs. Nimmo and Bain for not at least attempting to give the purchasers of their twelve handsome volumes the results of recent research. No contemporary student of Spanish literature occupies the critical position of Mr. Saintsbury, but surely somebody might have been found to state known facts in readable English.

This is the less intelligible because there has lately been something like a revival of interest in Cervantes. A new translation of *Don Quixote* has been published, and has been sufficiently criticised. Much, indeed, of the criticism was not of a kind to encourage high estimates of what would have been the value of any

new essay devoted to him. Mr. Duffield, the author of the translation—obviously undertaken as a labour of love—has himself departed as widely as possible from the truth in his estimate of Cervantes. He has, in the face of all the evidence, chosen to represent him as a political and religious reformer; and he has, as we took occasion to point out, fallen into many and serious mistakes in matters of fact. But we doubt whether his severest critics have formed a much more accurate idea of the author of *Don Quixote*. Both have persistently treated him, though from slightly different, and, in spite of great apparent divergencies, not more than slightly different points of view, as if he had stood wholly apart from his time and his people. When Mr. Duffield represents Cervantes as the preacher of a cunningly disguised attack on the Inquisition, he is advancing an opinion which it is scarcely necessary to confute; but the author of an article in *Blackwood*, written for the purpose of exposing Mr. Duffield's many errors, is scarcely nearer the truth when he speaks of Cervantes as "the least fanatical of men, who had a charity large enough to embrace within its loving fold Turk, Moor, Englishman, even Portuguese—God's creatures, of whom none of his contemporaries had a good word to say." What is seemingly equally incredible to them all is that Miguel de Cervantes was a Spanish gentleman of the sixteenth century, with the ideas and beliefs of other Spanish gentlemen, and differing from them only—and the difference is ample—in being a great genius. It is a sign of that little knowledge of Spain of which we have already spoken that this want of scientific method, which would not be allowed in dealing with a great Frenchman or German, still obtains in treating of Cervantes. A great discoverer lately published a work in five volumes to demonstrate the existence of a new nation. It consisted, if we mistake not, of a chosen people walking about unrecognized among men, but to be known to the initiated by a mark like watered yellow silk on the left hip. In the times of critical ignorance before Sainte-Beuve, men of genius were apparently considered to form a people by themselves, somewhat in this way. More scientific ideas have slowly made their way into criticism, but *Don Quixote* and the region round him in literature are as yet unsubdued by them. To this still-enduring state of anarchy is perhaps due the fact that the bad and foolish commentators of Cervantes are treated by every new writer on him with a degree of respect never shown to the writers of folly about other great authors. They are, as if it had become a routine, noticed, confuted, or ridiculed; whereas, if the victim of their folly had been Shakespeare, or Rabelais, they would simply be left alone.

Meanwhile the consecrated commonplaces about the author of *Don Quixote* are repeated without any apparent desire to weigh their value; and these may be said to group themselves under three heads—that he was left in a state of poverty disgraceful to his country; that he abolished books of chivalry; and that he was exceptionally ill-treated by the publication of Avellaneda's false second part of *Don Quixote*. It is impossible to enter on a detailed examination of these questions here, but we may state a few reasons for showing why the popular verdict on every one of them should be reversed. As regards his poverty, we cannot, with a respect for Cervantes as deep as that of any of his admirers, see why he should have been other than poor. He was born the younger son of a gentleman of small estate, like hundreds of others for whom their country has not been held bound to provide. His wound at Lepanto and his captivity in Algiers were misfortunes he shared with many of his countrymen. It was the natural course of things that he should not have been paid for his military services. Madrid, as every reader of the picaresque novels, of books of travel in Spain, and of *Gil Blas* knows, was full of retired officers trying to get their pay—their strict due in arrears—far into the seventeenth century. Cervantes was not even an officer; and Philip II., like our own Elizabeth, habitually left his soldiers to starve when he had got the fighting he needed out of them. Neither can we acknowledge that, as a man of letters, Cervantes was treated with the injustice so often complained of. If Spain were inclined to justify herself for her treatment of her greatest man, we are of opinion that she would have a very good case. Cervantes did not begin serious literary work till he was nearly forty. The first part of *Don Quixote* did not appear till he was fifty-six. It had an immediate success, passing through eight editions in six years. There is evidence that the latter years of Cervantes were passed in easier circumstances. Before the appearance of *Don Quixote*, in 1605, he had produced nothing, except the *Numancia*, of permanent value; and men of genius, like other men, cannot be considered entitled to be paid for their work till it is done. Moreover—as Sainte-Beuve, in that essay on Cervantes which shows how nearly a fine critical faculty will atone for want of knowledge of a language, well says—the author of *Don Quixote* was probably too proud a man to succeed by the smaller arts of life. We have his own confession in the *Vieja al Parnaso*, that he himself "had forged his own fortune," and when we remember that it could scarcely have been made different except by dependence on a patron, those who love his memory will not wish it had been otherwise. The other accepted tradition about him, that he ruined the books of chivalry, is even more baseless. It would be infinitely more accurate to say that, because the books of chivalry were becoming ridiculous, therefore *Don Quixote* was written. Much might be cited in support of this opinion—which, in this crude form, is very far from being ours—but one consideration will, we think, show that the services of Cervantes to literature, in abolishing the tales of knight-errantry, have been wholly misunderstood; that he has been praised for what is not his true glory, and for what he never did.

The true successors and conquerors of the tales of chivalry were the picaresque novels. The first of these, the *Lazarillo*, had appeared more than seventy years before, and the second, *Gusman de Alfarache*, the father of a longer line than that of *Amadis*, in 1599, six years before *Don Quixote*; and with immediate acceptance. The mention of *Gusman de Alfarache* brings us to the third of our ungrounded traditions—the exceptional ill-conduct of the so-called Avellaneda. That this literary scamp, whoever he was, did tag a very vulgar, worthless production, full of malignant personalities, on to the first part of *Don Quixote*, is very true. But a dishonest Valencian had done as much for Mateo Aleman and the first part of his *Gusman de Alfarache*. Others had tried their hand at continuing the *Lazarillo de Tormes* of Diego de Mendoza. This writing of false second parts was a common literary offence of that day. Avellaneda's case has received much more attention from writers about Cervantes than it deserves. There are subjects which are not exhausted by a long series of competent studies; there are others which, after being handled again and again, are still to do. A satisfactory biographical and critical work on Cervantes is, as yet, unhappily among the latter.

#### VOLUNTARY AND SCHOOL BOARD SCHOOLS.

THE review of the year's work which the Chairman of the London School Board gave at the first meeting of the Board after the holidays contained one remarkable passage. "We are not anxious," he said, "but quite the reverse, to have voluntary schools transferred to us." Mr. Buxton's disclaimer would probably be shared by most of his fellow chairmen. The School Boards do not, as a rule, care to have any more responsibility thrown on them. So long as the voluntary schools are disposed to bear their part of the educational burden they will be quite welcome to do so. That the voluntary schools are disposed to do this there can be no question. Canon Gregory has a right to feel proud when he looks at the results of the first ten years of the Elementary Education Act. The clergy of the Church of England can boast that when the trial came upon them they gave themselves up neither to despair nor to presumption. It seemed as though only a miracle could save their schools from extinction; but they went on working and hoping as though the issue depended only on themselves. To make their labour fruitful it was necessary that their subscribers should go on keeping up the Church school as an act of grace when they were obliged to keep up a Board school as an act of necessity. It was hard to believe beforehand that any considerable number of people would do this. Perhaps the laity, speaking generally, did not believe it. They thought that year by year the voluntary schools would decrease in number, in size, in efficiency, until at last the School Board schools would cover the whole educational field. But the clergy were not dismayed even by the discouragement of the laity. They knew that this discouragement, if it continued, would be fatal to their schools; but they determined with themselves that it should not continue. How they managed to get rid of it is even now a mystery; but there is no doubt whatever that they did get rid of it. To all appearance, voluntary schools never stood on a better or a more promising footing than they do now. The Elementary Education Act has been in full work for more than ten years, and School Boards have been formed and have built schools all over the country. But their success has not been won at the cost of the voluntary schools. Here and there, indeed, a voluntary school may have found the rivalry of a School Board school too severe to stand up against, but this has been merely an accident. The School Board school has, in such cases, been better, or better placed; it has enjoyed, in fact, some specific superiority which would equally have given it the victory if it had been another voluntary school. But, taking the country as a whole, voluntary schools may face all the tests which can be applied to them without any uneasiness as to the result. They have been subjected to a trial of extraordinary severity, and in no single respect have they been found wanting. If we are asked to say why things have turned out in this way, it is not at all easy to suggest a satisfactory answer. To some extent, of course, religious enthusiasm has been the cause; but this is certainly not the sole reason. The difference between the religious teaching given at an average Board school and the religious teaching given at an average voluntary school is not great enough to dispose the large indifferentist class to pay twice over in order to keep the voluntary school going. Where the School Board happens to be specially hostile to religion, or where the religious instruction given in the voluntary school is of an unusually decided type, it is intelligible that the supporters of the voluntary school should feel that the object to be gained by keeping the voluntary school going is worth any sacrifice that may be necessary to bring it about. But a very ordinary case is that, though the religious teaching given at the School Board school is somewhat more general and less decided than the religious teaching given at the voluntary school, the difference is rather in degree than in kind, and what the average Englishman regards as of most importance may be taken to be present in both. As an explanation of the readiness which the laity have shown to support voluntary schools, the theory that it springs exclusively from religious enthusiasm is insufficient.

The present prosperity of voluntary schools may in part be regarded as an example of the national love of fighting. If the

ground had been entirely unoccupied, School Board schools might have had everything their own way. The 'division between' religious and secular instruction might then have been dictated by reasons of pure convenience, and there might have been obvious advantages in an arrangement which grouped children together for the purpose of secular instruction, while keeping them separate for the purpose of religious instruction. But the ground had not been unoccupied. It had been held to a large extent by voluntary schools; and when the supporters of these schools found their territory invaded by a rival created by Act of Parliament, they felt a natural disposition to show that they could hold their own against him. It is not unfair to suppose that this feeling had a large part in keeping up, and even increasing, the subscription paid to voluntary schools. No man likes to feel that the work he has been doing for a long time and at a considerable sacrifice to himself is to be taken out of his hands and committed to a public authority. Even if the work in question is to be carried on in precisely the same spirit and by the same methods as before, he will be apt to resent the change. The truth of this was seen a year or two back in the attitude of the county magistracy towards the Prisoners' Bill. Yet here the Visiting Justices had not been spending their own money in carrying out their ideas. They had merely administered a public fund in their character as a public authority, and they had no real cause to resent the transfer of their duties to another public authority. But in the case of voluntary schools the managers had come forward of their own free will to undertake a duty which every public authority had been content to neglect. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that they should see in the creation of a new public authority to do the work that they had been doing both a slight and a challenge. They were not, as in the case of the prison authorities, compelled to hand over their schools to the School Boards; on the contrary, they were expressly invited to do their utmost to rival the School Boards. They would have been less than Englishmen if they had refused such an invitation. They may not have cared greatly for the difference between the two schools; it was enough that the one school had been founded and maintained by themselves, while the other had been founded and was to be maintained in opposition to them. If they had allowed their subscriptions to the voluntary school to go unpaid, they would have held it equivalent to a cowardly surrender of the position they had so long maintained; and on this ground, if on no other, they were determined to show that, though the School Board could compel them to pay the school rate, it could not forbid them to pay the voluntary subscription which was to render the rate unnecessary. To a feeling of this kind the second decade of the Education Act is likely to prove a more serious ordeal than the first. The excitement on both sides will have cooled down; those who are genuinely interested in education will, in consequence of this cooling down, have become the moving spirits of the School Boards; and the fact that the School Board schools were originally set up as rivals to the voluntary schools will have faded from recollection. Keen as the rapture of the strife may be in the first instance, it sometimes grows weaker as the fight goes on, and the more so if it is obvious that the other side is ready and even anxious to come to terms. In the presence of these new influences will voluntary schools continue to hold their own against School Board schools? Ten years ago it seemed unlikely that they would do so; but, as that doubt proved to be without foundation, it is safer and certainly more graceful to assume that what has happened once will happen again, and that Canon Gregory's song of triumph will be sung with as much reason in 1891 as in 1881.

At all events, it is sincerely to be hoped that this will be the case. This implies no view for or against the possibility of combining definite religious instruction with the general acceptance of the School Board system. The reason which, even if it stood alone, would be sufficient to make the prosperity of voluntary schools a matter of just satisfaction, is of a simpler kind. They are, as a matter of fact, more humanizing, both as regards teachers and children, than School Boards are—perhaps than School Boards can be. The interest which the clergy take in the parish school is not limited to the actual school work. They regard the children as something more than so many machines for earning the Parliamentary grant, and the teachers as something more than so many machines for qualifying the children to earn the Parliamentary grant. Here and there no doubt the managers of a School Board school may also be anxious to take this wider view of their functions. In the majority of cases, however, they regard themselves simply as the representatives of the ratepayers—bound indeed to do their best to make the school efficient, but having neither the right nor the wish to know anything either of the children or teachers, except in the hours during which they are within the school precincts and engaged in the school work. Even in the exceptional cases they are hampered by the absence of any relationship or permanent official standing outside the school to which they can appeal with any confidence. They know nothing of the children's parents or homes; they never see the teachers, unless when they are actually engaged in teaching. The clergy and the managers of voluntary schools generally stand in a different position. The parsonage is the place to which the parents naturally go for help and advice in anything that concerns their children, and the place to which the teachers naturally go for help and advice in anything that concerns themselves. In so far as the other managers are really identified with the school they become in these respects a kind of supplementary clergy. Thus an

interest grows up between the managers on the one hand and the children and teachers on the other which is human as well as professional. As such it may be of very great value in bringing classes together. In a School Board school this uniting influence is in a great degree wanting. The efforts that the better managers of School Board schools are constantly making to bridge across the interval which divides them from those with whom they have to do are evidence of this. It is scarcely possible to suggest any really appropriate remedy for this state of things, and so long as none is forthcoming it is permissible to hope that voluntary schools will continue to multiply and prosper.

#### ANGLING LITERATURE.

WITH the first of October begins the winter of the angler's discontent, that is, if he be a trout-fisher. In late rivers salmon may still be taken, and the grayling, that flower-like fish, as St. Ambrose calls him, is in season in early winter. Of coarse fish, from pike downwards, we do not speak, and might say, with Gay—

I never wander where the bordering reeds  
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds  
Perplex the fisher.  
Nor trowle for pikes, discompliers of the lake.

The end of September is late enough, in all conscience, for trout-fishing. A writer in the *Times* of October 13 is wrong in his remark that "in the end of summer and in autumn, when the majority of fishers are forced to take their annual holiday, there is little to be done except after a spate, and then the use of the odious worm must be resorted to as the only profitable lure." This authority can know little of his subject—trouting in Scotland. The fact is that the warm soft days of September breed myriads of beautiful water-flies, and the trout rise eagerly at the fly, in favourable conditions, at certain times of the day. They rather prefer a glimpse of the sun, and their hours for feeding are usually about noon-tide, and about three o'clock in the early afternoon. But, though you may see the Tweed, overfished as it is, or the Nith, all a-boil with the rising of good trout, they "bite short" very often, and do not take the fly with the rush which a sea-trout makes, or which even yellow trout make in spring. Hence many disappointments, and persons of short temper may be heard, if not actually using profane language, certainly "aiming at a sweer," as the Scotch gamekeeper said. With all its disappointments, autumn fly-fishing, especially when the waters are at all coloured, is infinitely preferable to the use of "the odious worm." Even if we agree with Mr. Darwin that the worm is apt to wriggle more than his bodily sufferings justify, he is a dirty and unsportsmanlike lure. But autumn fly-fishing "yet is dear, the fishing of the later year, as not unlike the sport of spring." The March-brown revisits his vernal haunts—the March-brown, or a fly so like him, that trout rise at the artificial imitation. There is a melancholy beauty in the autumn woods, but the yellow leaves, floating down the stream, get caught in one's flies, and give a great deal of trouble. This is one sign that the game is up, and the lank forms and comparatively languid struggles of the larger trout warn the angler to reel up his line for the last time—its music is a sound as "sad and sweet" as any enumerated by Tennyson. One looks upon the happy autumn fields, and is obliged to think of "the days which are no more," the days before there was a Galashiels weaver on every pool and stream by day, and a detachment of poachers netting all up and down the river by night.

The end of all things comes, and when the angler reaches town he probably begins to collect angling literature. For some reason anglers are often bibliophiles, and in the old booksellers' catalogues there are almost as many books named under the head "Angling" as under "Cruikshank" or "America." For the pleasure of Anglo-bibliomaniacs Mr. Osmond Lambert has published a little volume on *Angling Literature* (Sampson Low), from which we may confess that we have stolen our references to Gay and to St. Ambrose. Mr. Lambert's little book is a series of unsystematized notes and quotations, which are interesting to a desultory reader. He does not profess to have drawn up a complete bibliography of works on the gentle craft, but he tells his readers where such bibliographies are to be found. We do not observe that he even mentions Stoddart's various and very interesting volumes, which may be often picked up cheap on London bookstalls. *The Moor and the Loch*, that unfailing source of instruction and amusement, does not appear in his index. Before turning to Mr. Lambert's interesting, though too brief, account of fishing in the ancient world, we must mention that his volume is bound in that stiltish sort of parchment cover with which we are familiar in "The Parchment Library." It seems almost certain that this kind of cover for books, as distinguished from the absolutely limp and thin parchment binding imitated from the French style, is a failure. Mr. Lambert's work already gapes fearfully, with covers all twisted and awry, and presents a gruesome resemblance to the mouth of a pike which has been too long out of water. And to gape in this unseemly sort is only the usual custom of books got up in this kind of parchment cover. Where so much pains has been taken with type and with paper, it is a pity that all should be spoiled by a style of binding which is neither pretty nor permanent. A volume like Mr. Blades's *Enemies of Books*, on the other hand, never gapes, however assiduously it may be handled.

Mr. Lambert has a good deal to say about the antiquities of angling. The sport in Egypt he leaves on one side, with only a passing allusion. The monuments have plenty to tell us about angling in the land of Nile. On a wall at Thebes we see a river-boat, in which one man is hauling at a net, while four others, who seem to be wading, are helping him. The net is full of big fishes, and a kite sits on the mast of the boat, looking out for the entrails of the fish, which the sportsmen throw to her. In Thebes, too, is a design of an Egyptian bottom-fisher. He sits in an uncomfortable dining-room chair, and his rod is about four feet long. A gigantic butterfly (in spite of Dr. Stephani, who can see no butterflies in ancient art) is watching his proceedings. In another picture the angler has dragged out a fish of about four pounds weight, with a line about two feet long. But, if the Egyptian rod and line were short, the landing net was immense. Many of the fish which they caught the Egyptians refused to eat, under the pretence that a portion of the dismembered Osiris had been devoured by fishes. At Oxyrhynchus the people declined to taste the fish of that name, and this prejudice still prevails in Upper Egypt. The upper classes in ancient times preferred the use of the *lester*, or fish-spear, to that of the rod and line. Homer has not very much to say about angling. His heroes never ate fish, except when they were positively compelled by hunger to go angling "with bent hooks." This reminds us that Mr. Lambert might have told us something about hooks, from the flint ones of the Mentone bone-caves, and the mother of pearl articles of the South Seas, to that curious ancient bronze hook, already notable for "the Limerick bond," which is figured in Mr. Evans's book on implements of bronze. In one passage, to return to Homer, the author of the *Odyssey* (xii. 234, 257) makes an obscure allusion to what seems to have been a way of securing the line against the bites of fishes. Mr. Currey translates the passage thus:—"As when upon a point of rock a fisherman with long rod, letting down baits to delude the little fish, casts forth into the deep the horns of the shelterless ox, and then, when he has caught one, throws it struggling ashore." The theory is that a small tube of the horn of the shelterless ox was run upon the line. Clearly to toss a whole horn of a shelterless ox into the water would be to startle fish even as guileless and uneducated as the trout of Canadian or Finnish rivers.

Ausonius, in his *Mosella*, proves himself to have been well acquainted with trout and grayling. In his time the fish could be described as *ignara doli*. Now they are pretty wide-awake. Ausonius thus describes the sensation caused by a fish's first struggle:—

Crispique tremori  
Vibrantis setæ nutans consentit harundo.

"Striking" was not what old Younger says it should be, a mere "feel" at the fish, a movement not nearly strong enough to lift the line out of the water. Ausonius struck with a swish:—

Nec mora: et excussam stridenti verberè prædam  
Dextera in obliquum raptat puer; excipit itum  
Spiritus, ut fractis quondam per inane flagellis  
Aura crepat, motoque adadilat ære ventus.

Ausonius tells us that he has seen trout, even after they were landed, collect their forces, and spring aloft, and fling their curved bodies headlong into the stream below, and regain enjoyment of the waters lost to hope, while after them the fisherman wildly leaps,

et stolido captat prensare natatu.

One has occasionally lost a trout for want of a landing-net when half his body was already lying on the grass at the water's edge. Dean Swift said that a boyish disappointment of this kind soured him for life. But we have never known a regularly-launched fish make off in the manner vividly described by Ausonius.

The earliest classical account of fly-fishing is given in Aelian's book, *De Naturâ Animalium*, which was written in the middle of the third century of our era. As the passage is more often alluded to than quoted in full, we give it as it is rendered by Mr. Lambert:—

I have heard of a Macedonian way of catching fish, and it is this: between Beroea and Thessalonica runs a river called the Astracus, and in it there are fish with spotted (or speckled) skins; what the natives of the country call them you had better ask the Macedonians. These fish feed on a fly which is peculiar to the country, and which hovers over the river. It is not like flies found elsewhere, nor does it resemble a wasp in appearance, nor in shape would one justly describe it as a midge or a bee, yet it has something of each of these. In boldness it is like a fly, in size you might call it a bee, it imitates the colour of the wasp, and it hums like a bee. The natives call it the *Ilippouros*. As these flies seek their food over the river, they do not escape the observation of the fish swimming below. When then a fish observes a fly hovering above, it swims quietly up, fearing to agitate the water, lest it should scare away its prey; then coming up by its shadow, it opens its jaws and gulps down the fly, like a wolf carrying off a sheep from the flock, or an eagle a goose from the farm-yard; having done this, it withdraws under the rippling water. Now though the fishermen know of this, they do not use these flies at all for bait for the fish; for if a man's hand touch them, they lose their colour, their wings decay, and they become unfit for food for the fish. For this reason they have nothing to do with them, hating them for their bad character; but they have planned a snare for the fish, and get the better of them by their fisherman's craft. They fasten rod (crimson-red) wool round a hook and fit on to the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles, and which in colour are like wax. Their rod is six feet long and the line is of the same length. Then they throw their snare, and the fish attracted and maddened by the colour comes up, thinking, from the pretty sight, to get a dainty mouthful; when, however, it opens its jaws, it is caught by the hook and enjoys a bitter repast, a captive.

Whatever the "natural fly" may have been (some travelled anglers might still find it on the water), it is clear that the imitation was a red palmer, with a red body. Aelian must surely have underrated the length of rod and line, unless, indeed, the Macedonians merely "dibbled," as is now, we believe, practised by persons who joy in the capture of chub.

The fly must have been a queer one which was partly like a midge and not dissimilar from a blue-bottle, while closely resembling a bee. There is very good fishing now in Illyrian waters, and it might repay an angler to try a red palmer in Bulgarian streams, and to watch the methods of the natives. These change little in remote districts, and the *hippouros* may still be a favourite fly in the streams of the Rhodope.

#### CRITICS AND TEACHERS OF MUSIC.

THERE seems to exist, even among those who are qualified to speak upon the subject, a more than vague idea as to the duties of a musical critic. In a recent work on *Phases of Musical England* (Remington and Co.), the author, Mr. Crowest, devotes his first chapter to the subject, in which, after delivering a philippic against modern musical criticism, we are told that the musical critic should be a guide "who, having a greater knowledge of, and sympathy with, his subject, and seeing more keenly than the general public the varied picturesqueness, which his superior imaginative faculty readily traces, is well able to bring home to the eyes and senses of those who are content to follow him in his critical peregrinations aspects and views which the transient glance of the unaccustomed eye could scarcely be expected to realize." This theory that the critic should be a public expositor of musical ideas Dr. F. Hueffer, in a lecture which he delivered on the subject, seemed rather to combat; for, as we understood him, it was, he thought, the public who, by their increased interest in matters musical, were to force the critics to provide better criticism, and thereby to encourage musicians to aim at a higher standard of art. Mr. Edmund Gurney, that master of musical mysticism who is tempted at times, as he recently told us in his ponderous volume on the *Power of Sound*, to tear up lamp-posts in the street when he was under the influence of certain musical passages, regards the critic as a simple interpreter, who "may really fulfil the enviable part of making others see and appreciate marvels otherwise quite beyond their ken"; whilst some again, perhaps with reason, look upon musical criticism as a pestilence, and warn people, in the words of Byron, as soon to "Believe a woman, or an epitaph, Or any other thing that's false," as trust a critic; or, with Robert Schumann, contemptuously advise the herd to "pick out the fifths" and leave interpretation alone.

It would seem then, according to these authorities, that the musical critic should be either one of these four things—a teacher, interpreter, or pupil of the public on the one hand, or a curious collector of hidden and consecutive fifths on the other. Of one matter, however, all these authorities are sure, and that is that the musical critic, as he at present exists, is thoroughly incompetent. Mr. Crowest's strictures upon the incompetent teacher are not without reason, and all the more so as from his point of view these "form a large majority of those who write on the subject of music." It is true that many of the criticisms instanced by him are only guilty of the sin of indirectness of speech, and, as he objects, revel in "a studied avoidance of all references which may provoke argument or lead to retort" by "the use of broad general statements which cover everything and yet mean nothing"; but Mr. Crowest has met with criticisms in which "Beethoven's sonata in three sharps" is spoken of as if there were only one of them, and others where "light tenors are described as baritones"; and on one occasion, though it has nothing to do with criticism, he has come across a certain artist "who occupies the highest place in his profession at the present day, who had not only never read *Sartor Resartus*," but was also ignorant of the existence of its author. Indirectness in criticism is blamable perhaps, but if directness were practised in such a manner as Mr. Crowest advocates, we fear that the "retort" it might lead to would be an action for libel, and the incompetent critic may justly plead that he would rather veil his meaning in "broad general statements" than bring himself, even for the sake of the divine art of which he knows nothing, under the tender mercies of a court of justice. The form of criticism which Mr. Crowest describes as the "left-nothing-to-be-desired" style is at any rate harmless, whereas that of the musical Boanerges is open to certain inconveniences which the incompetent one can hardly be blamed for avoiding. Our critic of critics objects rightly to the abuse of technical terms which only puzzle the unenlightened, and serve but poorly to hide the ignorance of the writer, and what he says of the acquirements necessary to a right exercise of the critical function is undoubtedly just; but we think, nevertheless, that the "life or death of Music as an art" is not in the hands of the critics, as he suggests, or at any rate not exclusively in their hands. Let those who have the education of the youth of the country in matters musical—these who by their direct personal influence can mould the taste and appreciations of future generations—we mean the professional teachers of music, of which class Mr. Crowest himself is a member, begin to set their house in order, and they will find that the much-abused musical



critic will, so far as his incompetent pen will allow him, support their endeavours. If teachers of music will persist in training their pupils, as the majority do, to play a class of music which is avowedly written for "the pot," to use a homely phrase (meaningless fantasias so called, or graceless gavottes written by themselves), instead of leading them to interest themselves in the works of the great masters of music, how can they possibly expect the best of musical critics, whose only medium of instruction is printer's ink and paper, to excite any enthusiasm, or even to be fairly understood when he writes? To give an example, which is within the experience of hundreds, if not of thousands, of fathers of families in England. A new teacher of music is introduced to undertake the musical education of, say, the eldest daughter in a well-to-do family. The pupil has to a certain degree mastered the elements, and can play one of the easier of Mozart's sonatas on the pianoforte, which she does before her new instructor. With a somewhat ambiguous motion of head, the teacher expresses himself pleased with the performance so far as it has gone, but (and upon this but very often hangs the future of the art, so far as the pupil is concerned) there are some things which must be corrected immediately, and he would recommend a course tending to give greater execution, &c. &c., and on his next visit he produces a senseless fantasia, pleasing, as he describes it, and full of just those passages calculated to perfect the pupil in the art of pianoforte-playing. This work, if it does not prove to be the composition of the master himself, is at any rate published by a house which will allow a commission on each piece of music allotted by the teacher; and for this reason it is foisted upon the unwilling pupil, who, disgusted by it, ends in course of time by becoming a mere machine as incapable of expressing the thoughts of a composer as a parrot or Messrs. Muskelyne and Cooke's automatic trumpeter. When teachers of music, as we have said, give up the merciless system of education that is generally practised by them, and revert to a more healthy and reasonable method, then the critics may be blamed for not carrying on by their criticisms the education which tends to the purification of modern musical taste in England. We are perfectly willing to admit that there are teachers who scorn to employ this method, and who spend their time, too often vainly, in endeavouring to nourish a taste for that which is pure and good in music; but the example given above is surely not an unfair one.

In having said thus much we are by no means to be understood to defend that class of critics which it has pleased Mr. Crowest to attack, but simply to protest that the future of musical art in England, so far as that future depends upon public taste, is not even mainly in the hands of the critics. There is little doubt that much of the so-called musical criticism of the daily and weekly press is unworthy of its name, and that it is little more than the chronicling of the small beer of the musical world; but it can hardly be said that such judgments will affect the future of the art or that it is worth the ink used in denunciation of it. For instance, those critics who saw anything to praise in the late operatic season have their own reward. If, as we should judge by some of their writings, it was worthy of record at all, they will have plenty to pass their criticisms upon in seasons to come. The duty, as it seems to us, of that class of modern musical critic which Mr. Crowest so vigorously attacks lies more in taking care that the public receives its money's worth, and that the promises of *impresarii* and concert-givers should be fulfilled, than in undertaking public education in matters musical. The truth is that the genuine musical critic has but a small public, to which, as a rule, he faithfully addresses himself; and the smallness of this public arises from the fact that few have been rightly educated on his subject-matter so as to understand what he is talking about. This, as we have shown above, is purely the fault of the professional teacher; and it is he, and not the critics, that should bear the blame. It is all very well to set up the chronicler of musical events as a musical critic, and then demolish him with the heavy artillery of censure; but this seems to us to be a somewhat unfair method of dealing with him. We could multiply indefinitely the instances of so-called musical critics who expose their ignorance in public prints; but that would not show that there are not many really learned men who endeavour to do all they can to encourage the art. Had Mr. Crowest shown that those who are really worthy the name of critic were abusing the power entrusted to them, there would be cause for regret; but he has made the error—a grave one, we think—of mistaking the journalist, whose duty it is to chronicle events, for the musician, who comments upon the works performed. It is unnecessary to point out here who are the true musical critics, as their names will rise spontaneously to the memories of all interested in music. Dr. Hueffer's theory, that the critic should be the pupil of the public, is based on the same error, although he seems to have the law of supply and demand upon his side; for, if the public will demand more intelligent notices, doubtless they will in time get them. If there is a real desire for increased musical literature, we may yet see a newspaper similar to the great German newspapers devoted entirely to music and to that genuine musical criticism which these authorities ever does not exist in England. Mr. Gurney's interpreter has already an existence in the compilers of analytical programmes, which seem so necessary at modern concerts, but he is not, and, from the fact of his being an interpreter, cannot be, a critic; whilst Schumann's collector of *fifths*, it is hardly necessary to point out, would soon die out under the law of the survival of the fittest. The musical

future of England does not so much depend upon the ability of musical critics as upon the exertions of those professors and teachers of music who have such great opportunities of cultivating the taste of the rising generation.

#### THE MODERN ROUGH.

THE rough is one of the latest developments of modern society, and he is asserting himself at the present moment in a very remarkable manner. We do not mean to say that brutality is a recent invention; history bristles with incidents in which ruffianism and disregard for human suffering are the predominating characteristics; but, as history for the most part recounts only the deeds of those of "gentle blood," the acts of violence have generally had the sanction of war or political necessity. In England a certain brutal element has always existed amongst the unlettered rustic and mining population; Hodge is much given to correcting the partner of his joys and sorrows; and the miner is notorious for "heaving half a brick" at a stranger, or backing his dog Rose to fight a Bishop; while "puncing" is a recognized form of popular amusement in Lancashire, boots and clogs being tipped with pointed iron for the express purpose of kicking out the brains of their owners' fellow-citizens. But the rough as we, or rather the police-courts, are familiar with him here is "a rabbit of quite a different species," as the French quaintly say, and deserves especial study. His favourite amusement is to assemble in crowds in places where respectable people do mostly congregate, and there to use unseemly language and assault the passers-by. For the existence of the rough in his earlier stages of development there may be some explanation, though certainly no excuse. Like Talleyrand's beggar, he would probably plead that "one must live"; but we should be inclined to retort, with the celebrated diplomatist, that "we do not see the necessity." He may be only struggling in his way to emancipate himself from the dull monotony of poverty and its surroundings, and his eccentricities may, after all, be nothing more than the effervescence of youthful spirits. He has not football or lawn-tennis for a recreation, like his betters; therefore he contents himself with the hat of the passer-by, deftly knocked off to serve him for a ball. His taste for harmony is gratified by howling the refrain of some ribald music-hall song through the streets on Sunday nights; and his martial ardour is appeased by an attack upon the policeman on the beat, when authority is generally at a disadvantage of twenty or thirty to one. But, although the rough is to be accounted for, he is not to be tolerated, and the problem of abolishing him is one which must before long be seriously considered.

Any assembly of a religious nature appears to have a great attraction for the rough. It is perhaps unwise to attempt to convert a street-corner into a temporary camp-meeting; but such an error in judgment is no excuse for "bonneting" the preacher and kicking those who choose to stop and listen to his exhortations. Such aggressive movements as the Salvation Army no doubt provoke a great deal of antagonism; but, whatever may be thought of the prudence of their promoters, violent assaults upon them are inexcusable, and yet they cannot show their faces or sing their somewhat eccentric hymns in public without the risk of being attacked in the most brutal fashion with sticks and stones and opprobrious language. A recent order issued by the Home Office, however, makes the Salvation Army the offender, as provoking a breach of the peace, and, as we have a deep respect for constituted authority, we will not base our appeal for the repression of the rough upon his offences against these enthusiasts. We do, however, insist that a peaceful religious community worshipping according to their lights in their own licensed chapel ought not to have their gas turned out and their officials severely maltreated, yet this is what has occurred this week. Five Islington rowdies were charged at Clerkenwell police-court with violently assaulting one James Green by striking him on the head with sticks. A carman who was passing along Morton Road on Sunday night saw a gang of youths in and around the lobby at the Congregational Church in that thoroughfare. The gas was put out, and on one of the officials attempting to relight it and repress the disturbance, he was knocked down, beaten with sticks, and rendered insensible. The prisoners had used foul language, and one of them had threatened to knock out the eyes of the prosecutor, who, although he has thus far escaped absolute blindness, was confined to his bed for five days, and is still unable to see with the left eye. It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Hosack showed his disapprobation of the gang's proceedings by committing the members for trial. At Southwark, too, the magistrate seems to think that something ought to be done, for he has sentenced several street brawlers to terms of imprisonment varying from three to four months, with hard labour, for organized violent conduct in the public streets. At Marylebone a month's imprisonment has been thought sufficient for a similar offence.

The Clerkenwell roughs exhibit their keen but rude sense of humour in a very characteristic manner. Only the other day several persons were charged with disorderly conduct in Pentonville Road. The evidence proved that scarcely a week has passed without charges being heard at the Clerkenwell Court of assaults by disorderly gangs of roughs, who are in the habit of parading the streets of Islington on Sundays, amusing themselves by engaging in free fights, and assaulting and annoying unoffending wayfarers. On the present occasion a gang of these roughs were making

their way along the pavement in High Street, Islington, pushing all respectable persons whom they met into the roadway. A constable attempted to disperse them, but they collected in front of the Angel Hotel, formed a ring, and continued to annoy the foot passengers. One passer-by attempted to pass through the circle, but his hat was taken from his head, passed from hand to hand, and finally dropped in the roadway by a young woman, and on his attempting to pick it up he was struck in the face, and otherwise ill-treated, his hat being confiscated as a plaything by the mob. A fine of forty shillings or a month's imprisonment was the punishment inflicted upon these playful young men. Considering their social status, the cost of their amusement is certainly large, but an enthusiast for the sport in a good season need seldom deny himself the pleasure of participating in it.

There is another form of prevalent ruffianism with which it is more difficult to deal. The police reports have recently been full of gross cases of wife-beating, and only the other day a man was charged at the Southwark police-court with beating his spouse within an inch of her life. Crimes of violence, especially when women or children are the victims, always arouse popular indignation, and the comparative leniency of the sentences usually passed on the offenders is rightly regarded with disapprobation by the public. As a matter of fact, however, few forms of outrage are more difficult to deal with than this, for in nine cases out of ten the punishment really falls far more hardly upon the wife and children than upon the wife-beater himself. It is a very common criminal experience to find that a man who is ordinarily a "good provider," as Artemus Ward would call him, and a fairly kind husband, will occasionally give way to drink, and, when in that condition, treat his wife with the greatest cruelty. Now, although drunkenness is no excuse for crime, it is obvious that in such a case a long term of imprisonment will deprive the house of its bread-winner, and entail great hardship and distress upon innocent people. Under such circumstances our magistrates usually exercise a wise discretion, and pass a sentence that is rather admonitory than penal.

In ordinary cases of felony heavy sentences and the certainty of detection do act as efficient deterrents; for the burglar, the thief, or the assassin have not the excuse that their immediate surroundings forced them into the crime. Poverty and squalor do not by any means conduce to dishonesty, but they must and do try the temper to an incalculable extent; and it is to violence of temper that wife-beating is in most cases to be traced. Drink is another very active cause; but here again legal punishment is very insufficient to effect a cure. The habitual drunkard is not often reformed by incarceration in prison; on the contrary, it is only too probable that he will, when the time comes, celebrate his release by getting drunk, and then "wallop his missus" as the cause of his late discomfort. While, therefore, the drunkard wife-beater is recruiting his health under the wholesome restraint of a prison, his wife is probably not only starving, but living in daily dread of the inevitable return of her never-do-well and of a renewal of his ill-treatment. No wonder that poor women should be so eager to screen their husbands who have assaulted them, for the chances are that they will in the long run suffer less by so doing. The utterly incorrigible miscreant who ill-treats his wife habitually, and without any extenuating circumstances, is a different class of offender, and requires different treatment. On him the utmost rigours of the law might justly be brought to bear, and not a word could be said in his favour or in mitigation of his sentence. For any other class of wife-beater imprisonment, however necessary, only makes matters worse. It may be hoped that the numerous movements which are now taking place for the promotion of temperance, for improving workmen's dwellings, and for educating the masses to something like an appreciation of the first principles of economic and sanitary laws, may in time result in the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and so diminish this class of crime, as well as others. When poor people find that life is worth living, and that there are other pleasures besides the excitement of drink within their reach, they will not be slow to avail themselves of them, and we may fairly assume that wives who have learnt such lessons will not neglect their homes nor the husbands beat their wives. For the ordinary street rowdy, however, who makes the pathway unsafe for passers-by, and who assaults quiet and respectable people for the mere "fun of the thing," more drastic measures are required; and, if the law does not permit magistrates to pass adequate sentences in flagrant cases of this kind, it is time that the Legislature interfered to place more power in their hands. Unless something is done, the "rough" will soon dominate all our principal thoroughfares, and honest people will have to confine their peregrinations to the still unconquered districts.

#### THE RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

THE increase in the rates of interest charged for the use of capital in the short-loan market, not of London only, but all over Europe, is the most striking feature of the commercial situation at the present moment. On the Stock Exchange prices fluctuate with every movement in those rates, and though trade proper is not affected so much as the market for securities—partly because trade is now conducted so largely upon a cash basis, and partly because the rate of interest in the country generally is not governed exclusively by the rate charged in Lombard Street—still

even legitimate trade is affected, while speculative trade very largely feels the influence. Since August 18, a period of barely two months, the Bank rate of discount has been raised by three successive steps from 2½ to 5 per cent., a rise of exactly 100 per cent. In Paris, the rate having been raised on August 25 from 3½ to 4 per cent., has remained at the latter level; but in Berlin the rate has been raised to 5½ per cent. for discount, and to 6½ per cent. for loans, while in Amsterdam it was raised last week to 3½ per cent., and this week to 4, and in Brussels it is 4½ per cent. The extraordinary enhancement in the value of money, to use the very inaccurate bankers' phrase which usage has rendered unavoidable, is due mainly to the diminution that has occurred in the cash reserves of the leading banks of Europe. The bullion held by the Bank of England is now only 21,700,000*l.*, against 27,400,000*l.* at this time last year, and 34,100,000*l.* at this time two years ago. There is thus a decrease of 5,700,000*l.* since last year, and a decrease of 12,400,000*l.* since 1879. The gold in the Bank of France, again, is only 24,300,000*l.*, against 27,400,000*l.* at the corresponding date last year; and the cash in the Bank of Germany is now only 25,760,000*l.*, against 26,800,000*l.* at this time last year. Thus the gold in the Bank of France has decreased 3,100,000*l.*, and the cash in the Bank of Germany has diminished 1,000,000*l.* The Bank of Germany does not discriminate between the gold and silver held by it, as does the Bank of France. We are unable, therefore, to say how much of the coin and bullion held by it is in the one metal or the other. But the general impression is that by far the larger portion is in silver. However this may be, we see that the gold reserves of the Banks of England and France have decreased in the last twelve months as much as 8,800,000*l.*, while the cash reserve of the Bank of Germany has decreased over another million. Reckoning the gold alone—and we presume that it is the gold alone which has diminished in the Bank of Germany—there is thus a diminution of very nearly 10 millions sterling in the cash reserves of the three leading banks of Europe, or about 12½ per cent. This great diminution, without any means of rapid replenishment, has compelled the banks to take measures to protect their reserves. And the diminution itself has been brought about by the resumption of specie payments in the raw-material-producing countries.

Quite recently the great majority of commercial countries were under the *régime* of inconvertible paper money; but, one after the other, they have either resumed specie payments or they are preparing to do so. France led the way; then the United States followed three years ago. Now Italy has floated a loan for the purpose of enabling it to do likewise, and the Argentine Confederation is engaged in legislation looking to the same object; while it seems as if Austria-Hungary also would very soon undertake the task. Previously to New Year's Day, 1879, when the United States resumed specie payments, the Government of that country had accumulated a large stock of gold—had, in fact, intercepted and locked up the whole of the produce of the American mines for two or three years. Since then the great prosperity enjoyed by the United States and the exceedingly bad harvests with which Europe has been visited have enabled the American people to go on taking more and more gold. Besides retaining at home the whole of the produce of their own mines they have imported from Europe about 40 millions sterling in gold, the result being, as we have just seen, a great depletion of the leading banks in Europe. The Americans have been enabled to do this primarily by the fact that their harvests have been exceedingly good, while the European harvests have been exceedingly bad; and, consequently, Europe owed to America a large debt, which the latter insisted should be partly paid in gold. But another circumstance contributed to the result. The three great reserves of gold in Europe are held by the Banks of England, France, and Germany. Some years ago the Bank of France held much the largest quantity; but it has gradually been losing its stock, until now it has very little more than the Bank of England. It is to be borne in mind that the Bank of France has a branch in every department of France, and that some of the branches, such as those in great towns like Lyons, Marseilles, Rouen, and Bordeaux, do a very large and important business, and require, therefore, large reserves in coin and bullion; that is to say, the Bank of France requires for its ordinary purposes a larger amount of till-money than does the Bank of England, and consequently is obliged to keep a much larger stock of metal than the latter institution. But, on the other hand, both silver and gold being legal tender in France, the Bank, for its internal purposes, is able to use silver as well as gold. It is only for external payments that gold is absolutely requisite. As we have said, however, the stock of gold in the Bank of France has been allowed to run down, until it now little exceeds the stock held by the Bank of England. Moreover, of the stock held by the Bank of France much the larger part is in light coin—that is to say, is not full legal tender, and therefore is scarcely available for foreign payments. When the great demand for gold arose in the United States, the wise course for the Bank of France would have been to raise its rate of discount, and thus to check the drain to the United States. But it chose to do otherwise, and consequently the drain went on, with the result that we have just been pointing out. The Bank of France is a State bank under Government control; and the Government of the Republic, being anxious to win the support of the capitalist classes by proving to them that trade can be as good and money as cheap under the Republic as under the Empire, insisted that the Bank should not raise its rate of discount. In return it ordered the Receiver-General to collect all the gold they could in getting in the taxes, and

to pay the whole into the Bank of France. Still, as the figures we have quoted show, the drain was so great that the depletion of the cash reserve went on. Thus the ultimate result of the action of the Government was to drain the circulation of gold as well as the reserve of the Bank. At last the Bank has become alarmed. Even now it has not raised its rate of discount above 4 per cent.; that is to say, it keeps the rate fully 1 per cent. lower than the Bank of England. But it refuses to pay gold on application—those who wish to cash notes being obliged to accept silver, or, if they obtain any gold, it is in very light and small pieces. The refusal of the Bank of France to pay gold has thrown the whole drain upon England and Germany. The Bank of Germany has raised its rate to 5½ per cent.; besides, as we have already said, it is generally believed that the Bank holds but very little gold. Consequently the main pressure at present falls upon the Bank of England; and the Bank, to protect itself, has been obliged, in the course of two months, to double the rate it charges to its customers for the accommodation it affords.

The demand for gold is chiefly for the United States, but it is not exclusively so. Italy also, as we have already said, is preparing to resume specie payments. Some months ago it floated a loan for that purpose, the contractors engaging to furnish it with 8 millions sterling in gold. And they have been gradually fulfilling their contract. A part of the sum they obtained from the Bank of England, and a part they have picked up in provincial France, in Germany, in Holland, in Russia, and even in Egypt. Their object has been to spare the London money market as much as possible, and immediately, no doubt, they have spared it. But in the long run it comes very much to the same thing whether the gold is taken directly from London or from the sources from which London supplies itself when needful. The contractors for the Italian loan have been gathering up assiduously all the spare gold that existed anywhere in Europe, and consequently, when the Bank of England raises its rate of discount both in order to prevent the withdrawal of gold and also to attract gold from elsewhere, it is found that the supplies are so scanty that the rise of the rate does not act as effectually as was expected. Another curious result of the action of the Italian loan contractors is that the demand which at this time of the year springs up in various quarters—as, for example, in Egypt—for English gold has been accentuated. For the contractors had already taken away any spare gold that existed in those quarters; and therefore, as soon as the demand arose, it had to address itself to London directly. The Argentine Confederation also has been taking a considerable amount of gold. The Confederation, like most of the raw-material-producing countries, suffered severely in the late depression; but prosperity has now returned, and with prosperity the value of its paper has been rapidly rising, until it is now very nearly up to par; and preparations are being made for the resumption of specie payments. Accordingly, a demand for gold has sprung up; and, though it is neither so large nor so pressing as the demand from the United States or from Italy, it is still, when added to both these drains, sufficient to make itself felt upon the London market. In addition to all these demands, there are temporary and small demands for various quarters, such as Egypt, Vienna, Constantinople, India, and other places. In themselves each of these demands is small, but, when added together and combined with the drain to the United States, Italy, and the River Plate, they aggravate the pressure upon the London market, and compel the enhancement in the value of money which we have seen.

As regards the future, it seems clear that the interest paid for the use of capital in the short-loan market must be higher than it has been of late. The present urgent demands will no doubt soon subside. That for the United States will certainly pass away at the end of the year, if not sooner. The Italian demand, also, is of definite amount, and will in the course of next year be satisfied; while the other demands are in themselves either temporary or unimportant. But nevertheless the value of money must rise higher than it has done for some years back, partly because the cash reserves of all the leading banks are so very low, and partly because trade is improving. It is one of the inevitable consequences of an improvement in trade that both prices and wages rise. It is the great rise both in prices and wages which is the cause of the demand for gold in the United States. When prosperity set in in 1878, after the long depression that followed the New York panic of 1873, the inflation of the currency was necessary to enable the new business to be done. And, to a lesser extent, the same inflation must follow wherever there is increased prosperity. The rise of wages not only implies that the same number of workpeople are paid larger sums, but that additional workpeople are taken on. It implies, in fact, that the whole of the labouring classes are fully employed, and that each employer, in order to attract the best labour to himself, is competing with his neighbours by offering better wages. It implies also that capital is employed to its fullest extent, that every kind of business is being extended, and that enterprise and speculation are active. This being so, it necessarily follows that the demand for money is active, and consequently that the prices to be paid for it must be higher than when that demand is light. It seems probable, therefore, that the period of very cheap money, which has now lasted so long, has drawn to a close, and that for some time to come we may see higher rates steadily ruling.

## THE CESAREWITCH.

**E**VEN if the Cesarewitch had not been run, the handicap would have been interesting as an official statement of the relative merits of many well-known horses, as far as they could be judged on public form at the time the weights were arranged. There are so many races in these days that it is difficult to remember their various conditions; so, before considering the details of the late Cesarewitch, it may be as well to notice the terms under which that race is run. The Cesarewitch is a handicap run during the Second October Meeting at Newmarket, when every racehorse in training has presumably shown his form in public during the season. It is natural to expect the great autumn handicaps to be far more accurate than the City and Suburban, the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and the other spring handicaps; for, generally speaking, many of the starters for the latter races have not run in public since the previous autumn, and great changes often take place in racehorses during their winter's holiday. Some thicken and lay on muscle; others fall away or grow weedy; while others become so gross that it is impossible to get them thoroughly fit until some time after the great spring handicaps are over. In the autumn, however, there is no excuse for horses being insufficiently-trained, and they are then more likely to be overworked and drawn too fine than to be too fleshy and under-trained. It is sometimes the case that a horse is kept more or less in reserve for the autumn handicaps, and either not run at all during the previous part of the season, or merely run when half-prepared. Occasionally horses are absolutely pulled in their earlier races in order to ensure their being lightly weighted for one or other of the October handicaps; but running them half-trained is an expedient more frequently resorted to by those who race for profit rather than for honour. Nevertheless, in by far the greater number of cases, the competitors for the great autumn handicaps have been run with the intention of winning several times during the season. The length of the Cesarewitch course is about two miles and a quarter, and as at least one or two horses are usually started solely to make the running in the earlier parts of the race, the pace is generally very fast, and consequently the Cesarewitch is a severe trial of stamina. A course that is half as long again as that of the Derby is obviously a wearying one, especially when the race is run at a high speed from start to finish. The Ascot Stakes, which is run over a course two miles long, and the Goodwood Stakes, a race two and a half miles in length, are the two long races of most importance next to the Cesarewitch, and they form to a great extent the guides to the handicappers, as well as to the gamblers, who deal with the Cesarewitch. The entrance is 25*l.* each, 15*l.* forfeit, and 3*l.* only for those who do not accept on the publication of the handicap; and, in consequence of these easy terms for non-acceptors, a large number of horses are generally entered. The Jockey Club adds 300*l.*; but, considering what an important race the Cesarewitch is, the stake is not a large one, as it seldom exceeds 1,600*l.*; while the Manchester Cup, which is a handicap with somewhat similar entrance fees, was this year worth 2,500*l.* The great profit often made on a Cesarewitch victory proceeds mainly from betting. The weights apportioned to the horses entered for the Cesarewitch are subject to certain subsequent alterations. If a horse wins the St. Leger, he has to carry at least 8 st. 5 lbs. In the present year, this condition made no difference in Froquois's weight, as he had been handicapped on those very terms. Last year, Robert the Devil had been handicapped at 8 st. 6 lbs., so his weight also remained unaltered by his victory in the St. Leger; but if Ishmael, who started second favourite for the late St. Leger, had won that race, his weight for the Cesarewitch would thereby have been raised almost a stone. A winner of a handicap worth more than 300*l.*, after the date of the publication of the Cesarewitch weights (September 1st), has to carry 10 lbs. extra, and a winner of any handicap of less value, 5 lbs. extra. For winning weight-for-age races after the publication of the weights there are no penalties, with the single exception of the fixed weight for the winner of the St. Leger. Some ten days before the late Cesarewitch two horses won weight-for-age races worth more than double the amount which would have added 10 lbs. to their weights if they had been running for handicaps, and yet their Cesarewitch weights remained unaltered. This condition, though not peculiar to the Cesarewitch, is by no means the universal rule in handicaps. Very often the terms are that the winners of any race after a certain date are to carry "5 lbs. extra; of two races, or one value 500 sovs., 10 lbs. extra." The 200*l.* given to the second and the 100*l.* given to the third horse in the Cesarewitch generally lead to several horses being ridden out to the very last.

Robert the Devil had won the Cesarewitch last year. He was now handicapped at 9 st. 10 lbs.—a weight which exceeded by more than a stone any that had ever been carried to victory in that race before. But last season Robert the Devil had won in a canter by four lengths under the highest weight ever carried by a Cesarewitch winner of any age, so his supporters thought there was good reason for hoping that he might win under a still heavier burden; they therefore backed him heavily until his withdrawal from the race showed them that it is well to be cautious before plunging on a heavily-weighted candidate for the Cesarewitch. At the other end of the handicap, weighted at 6 st. 2 lbs., was an unnamed three-year-old filly by Galopin out of Corrie. This filly had run three times last year without winning, but she had not run in public this season. It was rumoured that she was very

fast; and that she could stay, and private reputations seem to be more esteemed than public performances among gamblers on the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. At any rate, the Corrie filly became a good favourite, although she afterwards fluctuated in the betting market like the shares of a bubble company in a panic. A few days before the race, she slipped and fell heavily, but without doing herself any apparent damage. Up to the very day of the Cesarewitch she was backed for large sums of money, but three hours before the race, to the chagrin of her supporters, she was scratched. Reveller, who had only run once this season, and then indifferently, was supposed to have been reserved to win the Cesarewitch. He was a five-year-old, weighted at 8 st. 1 lb. Last year he had won the Visitors' Plate at Ascot, the Goodwood Stakes, and the Great Yorkshire Handicap, but he had been beaten five times. Goodwood Stakes' winners are the kind of horses for the Cesarewitch, and Reveller was only to carry 11 lbs. more than the weight he won under at Goodwood nearly fifteen months ago. Retreat was a four-year-old colt by Hermit, handicapped at 7 st. 9 lbs. Last year he had run five times unsuccessfully, but this season he had won the Royal Stakes at Epsom, and at the same meeting, when receiving 12 lbs. from Petronel, he had run within three-quarters of a length of him. In the Cesarewitch he was handicapped 25 lbs. below Petronel. His best performance, however, had been in the Ascot Stakes, for which he had come in first, under 8 st., but he had been disqualified on the ground of his having cannoned and bored against Teviotdale, who came in second.

When Iroquois had won the St. Leger he was at once backed at a short price for the Cesarewitch, but Geologist, who had been second in the St. Leger, soon became an even better favourite, and his name stood for some time at the head of the betting quotations in the newspapers. He was to meet Iroquois at an advantage of 12 lbs. in the Cesarewitch, and it was generally believed that Iroquois had not given him a 12 lbs. beating in the St. Leger. The public backed him for large sums of money, and then he was scratched. In course of time Iroquois also was scratched, but, as Mistake was in the same stable, the betting public thought that the reason of Iroquois's withdrawal must be that his trainer knew Mistake to be the better of the pair at their respective Cesarewitch weights. Mistake was a four-year-old colt weighted at 7 st. 9 lbs. His career this season had not hitherto been very glorious, as he had only won a single race out of seven for which he had started.

During the First October Meeting at Newmarket there was a grand revolution among the favourites for the Cesarewitch. In a Triennial Stakes, Cameliard, after being a strong favourite, was beaten by Fiddler. Now Fiddler was handicapped for the Cesarewitch at the low weight of 6 st. 10 lbs., so he was at once installed as first favourite for that race. His reign, however, was but a short one, for the next day Foxhall, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes by four lengths, giving 7 lbs. to each of his opponents, among whom was Ishmael, whose performances we have often described. There was then a general rush to back Foxhall, who was at once enthroned as first favourite, a post which he occupied up to the time of the start. He was handicapped at 7 st. 12 lbs., or 7 lbs. below Iroquois, and it was maintained by his admirers that his running with Ishmael in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes proved him to be as good a horse as Iroquois, if not a better. It was thought by many people that a former Cesarewitch winner had a very fair chance of repeating his victory. This was Chippendale, the winner of 1879, who was to carry 8 st. 12 lbs. At this weight he was handicapped, at weight for age, almost on a par with Foxhall. We have noticed on several occasions the public performances of Petronel. It seemed probable that he was the best horse saddled for the race, but 9 st. 6 lbs. is such a crushing weight in a handicap like the Cesarewitch that his winning appeared almost beyond the bounds of probability. Ambassadors had long been expected to win a good race, and as a four-year-old she was very leniently treated at 6 st. 11 lbs. Another lightly-weighted four-year-old was The Star, who had only won one out of twenty-one races, and when he did win, he had started at 20 to 1.

Nineteen horses went to the starting-post, and they were sent away without any delay worth noticing. There had not been so small a field for the Cesarewitch for thirteen years, but it is better to have a moderate number of starters than that the race should be delayed by an extra horse or two of troublesome dispositions. The pace was what racing-men call "a cracker" from the start, and the time occupied by the race was eighteen seconds less than that of last year. The running during the early part of the race was made by two 40 to 1 outsiders, called Americanus and Sirdar. When they had gone about a mile, Fiddler, the fifth favourite, took up the running, and kept it up to the Bushes and down the hill. In the Dip, Foxhall and Retreat dashed up to Fiddler, while Chippendale raced after them. Fiddler then gave way, and Foxhall took the lead, followed by Retreat. It was now certain that Foxhall had beaten Retreat; but, when Chippendale came up, Foxhall was pressed forward again by his jockey. Chippendale made a gallant effort to run up to the American, but to no purpose, as Foxhall galloped in, a ridiculously easy winner, twelve lengths in advance of him. The rider of Retreat eased his horse when his stable-companion Chippendale had passed him, and allowed Fiddler to be third. There can be no question that Foxhall's easy victory was a very grand performance. Whether it was better than Robert the Devil's victory under a heavier

weight by 8 lbs. is another matter. Foxhall is essentially an American-bred horse, for not only was he foaled in America, but both his sire and his dam and his two grand-dams were, if we mistake not, bred in that country. Of course, like racehorses all over the world, he is descended from English stock, and his grandsire on his father's side was the famous King Tom. If a Foxhall and an Iroquois come over every year, we shall have to begin to think seriously about improving our breed of horses. We may conclude by observing that Foxhall was trained by William Day, whose well-written book on *The Racehorse in Training* we had the pleasure of praising in these columns some time ago.

## REVIEWS.

### THE IMPERIAL GAZETTEER OF INDIA.\*

THE writer of an excellent article on Sir R. Temple's "India" in the July number of the *Quarterly* mentions incidentally that he had just received "the first six volumes of Dr. Hunter's great work, on which he had been engaged for the last six years." Mr. W. W. Hunter, of the Bengal Civil Service, has, we beg leave to remind the editor of the *Quarterly*, done much more than turn out just half a volume a year. The plain fact is that the Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India, for this is his correct official designation, has compiled, between 1869 and 1880, just one hundred volumes relating to the history, revenue, population, agriculture, commerce, and a great deal besides, of twelve provinces and two hundred and ten districts. Of these no less than ninety volumes have been in print and circulation for some time past. The latest production of Mr. Hunter's pen is something rather different. In the earlier work, about one volume on an average was devoted to a couple of districts, and these productions will be of sterling value to those district officials who are constantly changed and who yet are really the very bones and sinews of the Anglo-Indian frame. When a Magistrate or Deputy-Commissioner is suddenly shifted from one station to another, from Chittagong on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, to Bankura in the West; from Gujranwala on the Chenab, to the Derajat across the Indus, he will find in some one volume or other of the statistical work everything that the toil and research of his predecessors have put on record. But it is obvious that the general student, the M.P., or the Governor fresh from England, requires something more portable, compendious, and concise. And this want the nine volumes of the *Gazetteer* are calculated to supply. The earlier volumes, as remarked in the preface, "although by no means too elaborate for administrative requirements, are practically within the reach of but a small official class." The plan of a grand work of this kind is not a new idea. It was one of the *mina ingentes* and the *opera imperfecta* of the old Court of Directors. It formed the subject of correspondence more than a century ago. It is associated with the names of Francis Buchanan and Montgomery Martin. Of isolated attempts to supply information about castes and trades, summary Revenue Settlements and intricate rent-free tenures, rivers and sand banks, ancient monuments and new marts and bazaars, there has been no lack. Some of these have been printed, circulated, and eaten by moths and worms. Others lie buried in manuscript under the masses of correspondence which Leadenhall Street accumulated and made over to the India Office at Westminster. Many were distinguished by fulness of knowledge, scrupulous accuracy of detail, and politic breadth of view. But it was all unconnected and disjointed. Nothing had been done on a comprehensive, uniform, systematic plan; and while in one or two departments much had been recorded twice over, in others a vast fund of information passed away and perished with the recollections and talk of some antiquated Collector or Commissioner, who had been the successful ruler of a province, or, in Oriental phraseology, the father of the people. Moreover, in many instances the labour had been unpaid. It became imperative that the task of devising a correct plan, of disciplining a staff of workers, of procuring a sufficiency of material, and of digesting and arranging it under the most convenient heads, should be entrusted to one single individual. It was still further desirable that he should be a member of the Civil Service, and that he should be possessed of considerable literary ability. Familiarity with Indian phraseology, with the outlines of our legal and financial system, and with the main divisions of the civil and military and subordinate agency, was one essential; and the power of shaping rude masses of information, and of bestowing on them as much literary grace and polish as the subjects admitted, was another.

That these qualifications are admirably united in Mr. Hunter it needs no labour to demonstrate. There is happily in the vast field of Anglo-Indian administration room for the exercise of every exceptional and peculiar gift—enunciation of liberal principles in a comprehensive minute or despatch, proficiency in Oriental classics, skill in reproducing the discoveries of others, tact and judgment in the management of the Englishman and the treatment of the native. The present is an example of the union of official knowledge with descriptive power. A large portion of the nine volumes before us may be found in some

\* *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*. By W. W. Hunter, C.I.E., LL.D., Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India. 9 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.



shape or other in the hundred volumes of the Statistical accounts. But one chief merit of the present work is its reduction in bulk and its alphabetical sequence. It is a Gazetteer from A to Z, telling us much of every native State in India, independent, feudatory, and completely dependent; of every province and of every district in the British territories; of every ancient place of renown or importance; and of every modern city, bazaar, mart, emporium, or village which either its trade, its geographical position, or its population has lifted above the low level of mere local celebrity. Where there were six or seven hundred villages in each police circle, and four or five hundred souls to each square mile, it was absolutely necessary to make some selection. It is quite possible that an inquiring administrator may hunt in vain for a populous town or big straggling village which he once cleared of Dacoits, or where, when in camp, he administered prompt and salutary chastisement to a band of *budmashees* and *Lattins*; but, as a general rule, the selection of places has been judicious. About eight thousand, we are informed in the preface, were thought to merit notice. But it would be erroneous to conclude that the *Gazetteer* only supplies the inquirer with what he wants to know about districts, capitals, head-stations, subdivisions, and market towns. There are correct lists of castes, and a short essay on their peculiarities. Wild tribes—Gonds, Santals, Bhils, and Koles—are all passed in review. There are excellent notices of rivers, mines, and manufactures; to every province or city is prefixed an historical narrative of moderate compass, showing how the Hindu Raja succumbed to the Mussulman King and conqueror, and how again the Nawab or Viceroy claimed independence of his own imperial Agra or Delhi, was the founder of a new dynasty, coined his own money, and beautified his own capital. The faint traces left by Greek civilization in Upper India are commemorated; a Hindu might dwell with satisfaction on the enumeration of spots hallowed by the presence of one hundred thousand pilgrims, from Umballa in the north to Saugor Island or Rameswaram on the shores of the Southern Ocean; the possessions still held by the French and the Portuguese, and the traces left by Dutchmen and Danes, are succinctly placed before us; and, if intending colonists or settlers would do well to pause before they put their trust in reports about seams of coal or auriferous deposits in mountain ranges, the sportsman and naturalist will be at no loss to know where he is to look for bison and sambhur, and in what cultivated districts he must content himself with wild-fowl and snipe in the cold season, or with hares, partridges, and quail, and perhaps a stray bustard or a "ravine deer."

No one knows better than the author that some of his materials must be of a perishable or changeable nature. *Multa pars vitabit Libitina*. The ancient histories, the gradations of caste, the commercial and industrial importance of most marts and cities will remain pretty much as they are for years, though the creation of a new line of railway or a navigable canal may possibly affect the wealth and prosperity of some towns and bazaars now the centres of commercial activity. Cities, it is true, may decline, as Agra has done, or be overrun with jungle like Dacca, while obscure spots may hereafter rise into prominence, like Jannalporo on the East Indian Railway, which is almost a counterpart of Wolverton on the London and North-Western line. Population will of course fluctuate. Where the demands of the Government have not been fixed in perpetuity, the statistics of the revenue will also alter for the better in another generation. Possibly the rainfall may be slightly affected, as it certainly has been for worse where rich landholders in the Western parts of Lower Bengal have cut down large forests of Sal timber without turning the cleared spaces into arable land. Irrigation may improve the condition of the agriculturist and prevent or mitigate famine. With the spread of civilization new wants will be felt; and subdivisions, police-stations, Small-Cause Courts as they are termed in India, besides mission stations, chapels and churches, will be established in places of which Mr. Hunter's coadjutors never dreamt. Of course a new census may materially upset all the calculations derived from the last census of 1870, on which reliance has been placed. But even here past labours will become guides and landmarks. A new Director-General thirty years hence will know exactly where to remodel and re-edit, but we are bound to say that it would be very difficult to improve the design, and dangerous to alter the proportions or to vary the arrangement which the Director-General laid down for the observance of his coadjutors and subordinates. We are sorry to see that Mr. Hunter, possibly as a sort of concession to the Liberal cant and twaddle which passes in these days for enlightenment and philanthropy, has made one very pointless remark. He tells us that he has ever "borne in mind that the work has been paid for by the Indian people, and that it was primarily designed as an aid to the better government of this country." We are quite aware that the salary of Mr. Hunter while engaged on this important business is paid not from the English Treasury, but out of the revenue paid by Ryots and Zemindars, or from the arrack and opium which they consume, or the license-tax which they evade, just as the salary of Lord Ripon or Lord Hartington, or the remuneration of Gomez the copyist in the Home Office at Calcutta, or that of De Mello, Head Clerk to the Commissioner of "the Jungle Mahals," is paid. But we apprehend that each of these necessary and useful personages discharges his proper functions on the principle of trying to do good work for his pay. And we are tempted to ask whether Mr. Hunter's salary could not be charged on the taxation paid solely by the European community to the general Treasury, without

reference to that contributed by the "Indian people." It is a fact that to customs, excise, income-tax or license-tax, as well as to municipal funds, the Anglo-Indian community makes large and punctual contributions. It also would lead us too far away into a financial controversy to speculate, on the other hand, on the very considerable amount of rent-free lands set apart, under endless denominations, for the maintenance of Hindu and Mahomedan "ecclesiastical establishments." And the change from Asiatic tyranny, waste, profusion, caprice, and injustice, to British equity, method, economy, scrupulous regard for the rights of individuals and communities, law and justice, is one which, though hardly to be estimated in gold and silver, may well be "paid for," like Mr. Hunter's own salary, by "the Indian people." It is a more agreeable task to notice the appreciation by Mr. Hunter of the labour of his subordinates both in India and in England. If this work was ever to be done at all, it needed all the devotion of civilians and military men duly selected and adequately paid. And we have no doubt that the whole expenditure is as fully justified by its objects and results as an outlay on a new court house, a model prison, an irrigation canal, or a detailed record of the rights in the soil of half a million of cultivators.

The order followed in the description of any one district is something as follows. First we have its physical and natural features. Perhaps it is a level plain, long converted from grass and jungle into one sheet of varying cultivation; or it is cut up by ravines and diversified by low ranges of hills still clothed with forest and underwood; or it is a vast alluvial formation gradually raised and fertilized by the silt brought down by a score of rivers; or it is an undulating plateau, with a pleasant climate, some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above sea level. Next we have the history, if the tract has anything that can be so called, and we learn how some Hindu Raja built a fort or founded a bazaar, and how some Mohomedan general captured the stronghold and slew or spared the Raja on payment of tribute. Then come statistics of population, castes, agriculture, the tenures of land, the trades, manufactures, and commerce; the calamities by which the district has been impoverished, whether raids, drought, or inundation; the machinery of administration and the medical and the sanitary aspects. Some cities, owing to their traditions, history, sanctity, and political importance, we look for and are sure to find. When we descend to local marts and rustic villages, we make out that the criterion of insertion is a population of at least one thousand souls. But, as we have said, one merit of the *Gazetteer* is not merely its correct description of big towns and districts, and its enumeration of villages on the banks of rivers on which ply fleets of boats laden with sugar, indigo, or jute. A large space is devoted to Provinces—Bengal, Bombay, and Madras; and one of the volumes is more than half filled with an article on "India." This is exactly a subject to test the judgment and capacity of a compiler. Little places are easily dealt with on one plan. Something ending in *pur*, *abad*, or *nagar* is in such and such latitude; it has a weekly market, a school, a municipality, a big reservoir, and a ruined shrine, and this is all that can be known about it; and so with some thousand others. But in an article on India, from sheer plethora of material, it is difficult to fix where you are to begin, or, having begun, where to stop. Mr. Hunter has endeavoured to tell us something interesting about our grand dependency in 535 pages, making up the larger part of Vol. IV. The history of India, properly so termed, is here judiciously condoned. Mythical Hindus; early Arab conquests; Mohammedan Emperors at Agra and Sultans in the Deccan; the growth of the Mahratta power; the settlers from Europe—Portuguese, Dutch, French, and ourselves; the Company's commercial agents gradually developing into captains of armies and rulers of men—all this is concisely told. Here and there a pithy remark or an apt conclusion is a set-off to a long string of dates and names. But useful information is given about the religions, trades, arts, manufactures, and habits of the people; and a perusal might give those self-sufficient gentlemen who are so ready offhand to "give up India" some little insight into the reasons why, under Providence, we find ourselves there and the pledges we lie under a moral obligation to fulfil. It is the fashion to call ourselves the inheritors of the Mogul supremacy, and to look on the Queen as the representative of Akbar and Shah Jehan. Mr. Hunter says pointedly that we won India or the larger part of it, not from the effete successors of Akbar, but from Hindus. Our most determined enemies were Mahratta confederates. Our ablest opponent was a Mussulman soldier of fortune who had dethroned a Hindu Raja in the far South. One of our most important provinces was wrested in two campaigns from the Sikhs. But we must break off here and reserve for a future occasion a more detailed notice of specific accounts of parts of this magnificent heritage.

#### GALLAND'S JOURNAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.\*

THESE two beautifully printed volumes are worthy of better contents. Antoine Galland is deservedly famous as the first European translator of the *Arabian Nights*. His version is not a good one, but it has served as the basis of all the common popular editions that have succeeded it; and, as the source of

\* *Journal d'Antoine Galland pendant son séjour à Constantinople (1672-1679)*. Publié et annoté par Charles Schefer, Membre de l'Institut. 2 vols. Paris: Leroux. 1881.

Infinite pleasure to innumerable people of all ages and many nations, it must be reckoned among the good gifts of the world. But the interest of Galland's translation of the *Arabian Nights* arises from its subject and its priority, not from its author or its style. Galland does not seem to have been a particularly interesting personage. He had the merit of rising from obscure parentage to a position in the learned world, and he travelled several times in the Levant, besides living for three years at Constantinople in the French Embassy; but he appears to have been always a plodding student without very remarkable natural gifts, and his writings produce an impression of honest labour rather than of intuitive talent. His Journal, therefore, cannot be prized on account of the light it throws on the life and character of the writer. As a matter of fact it throws scarcely any; but, if it did, it would perhaps reveal little that we should care to see.

It is on external grounds—on the information it gives as to the affairs of the time—that Galland's Journal must be valued. Any account of the Ottoman capital in the seventeenth century would possess a certain interest. There are many matters connected with modern Turkey on which the testimony of an eye-witness two centuries ago might throw a peculiar light, and it is often important to ascertain the antiquity and permanence of a custom or law. It is true that De la Ocroix has illustrated this very period in his *Memoirs*; but there is room for much additional information, and any authentic documents of the time must prove useful to special historians. M. Schefer, the editor of these volumes, attaches some considerable importance to the political aspect of the Journal. Galland was attached to M. de Nointel's embassy at Constantinople at a time when the relations of Louis XIV. with the Porte were dangerously strained; and undoubtedly, in the absence of better evidence, this Journal would possess a high value to the investigator of the history of the foreign policy of France in the seventeenth century. M. de Nointel appears to have been scarcely the man to heal the breach. From his arrival in 1670 to his recall five years later he made himself offensive to the Porte and troublesome to his own Government. His peculiar methods of paying the expenses of his tour in the Levant were the proximate cause of his final catastrophe, and he returned to Paris completely broken down. As Dangeau said of him, "Il avait été ambassadeur à Constantinople. Il y alla ruiné, et en revint encore plus gueux." The history of French negotiations at the Porte under such a man might be somewhat exciting, and another man might have brought out the political situation effectively; but we confess that the details recorded in these volumes appear to us both tame and meagre, and one has a strong impression throughout the reading of them that Galland did not care a rush about the delicate or indelicate negotiations of his Excellency, but preferred sauntering about among the booksellers' shops, in the hope of picking up a fine manuscript or perhaps a medallion, to all the diplomacy in the world.

We were about to say that Galland takes an infinite interest in little things; the amount of snow and ice, and then of rain, which apparently prevailed during his stay at Constantinople, affords him an inexhaustible topic for his diary: the frost, he says, is so severe he can hardly write; the snow is a foot deep; the wind is detestable; or he saw three books for three piastres—one of them was entitled so and so, and his Excellency bought it; he shot an arrow perpendicularly into the air, and, to his surprise, it came down again perpendicularly upon him and ran into him; he picked up a chessboard for so much and made a sketch of it; he translated so many pages of an obscure Turkish book; or he stood awhile obtaining "un divertissement assés agréable" from the rapidity with which the Ottoman gardeners planted unions. But we unexpectedly found our criticism forestalled by M. Galland himself:—

If this Journal [he writes on February 16, 1672] should fall into other hands than mine, and trifling remarks of this kind should be noticed, I am content to inform whosoever it be, with respect to these and any other, that, as I write for nobody's satisfaction but my own, I put down no remark without very good reasons, either for my own instruction, or for other ends which cannot be known to all the world; and if they say that the price of a book, a change of wind, a hot day, a cold day, &c., are not things to put in a Journal, and the practice only serves to swell it with mere nothings—without otherwise justifying my proceeding, I have no objection to saying that I do it because I like to do it—*sum cuique pulchrum*. It is surely the least you can allow a man to satisfy himself and give him leave to use all the freedom he chooses in what he undertakes for his own benefit.

After this trenchant defence it is impossible to contest M. Galland's perfect right to inscribe whatever he pleases in his own diary; but it is also our perfect right to say that he pleases to choose uncommonly dull things to record. Now and then he is on the brink of being amusing. The junior member for Northampton will be glad to learn that the miseries of dwelling in a clock-tower have been experienced by distinguished persons before himself. The Mohammedan equivalent for a clock-tower is of course a minaret, and it seems that the Venetian Envoy was put to considerable personal annoyance by being lodged at the base of a minaret, whence the perhaps melodious, but unquestionably penetrating, voice of the muezzin too often resounded abroad and below. The story of the Jew who said that Turks would not be admitted into paradise, but would have to put up with tents outside and look after the Israelitish horses, and was answered by the Sultan, that as there would be no money in heaven, the Jews might as well prepay the cost of the tents, for which a tax was immediately imposed by his Majesty, is really excellent. And sometimes the

records of book purchases are interesting; one envies the discovery of a beautiful MS. of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, on vellum, of the fifteenth century, with marginal notes, for half a piastre; and it is amusing to study the agonies through which the learned world passed in trying to make out the writing of the *Miraj Nameh* in Uigur character, and the innocence of the budding Orientalist when he writes how he picked up "a big Persian book called the '*Shah Nameh*,' with one hundred and twenty miniatures, for thirty piastres. But what possible interest attaches to the following note:—

Son excellence avoit envoyé remercier le Baile de Venise des complimens qu'il luy avoit envoyés par son premier secrétaire sur la mort de M. son frère, par son premier Drogman, au défaut de son premier secrétaire qui estoit indisposé. Il fit faire la même chose à MM. les Résidens de Gennes et d'Hollande par le second Drogman.—P. 47, vol. ii.

The greater part of these volumes is made up of this sort of information, except where the notes bear the character rather of a meteorological forecast or a catalogue of a book sale; and, to confess the truth, we have seldom plodded through so dreary a work as this Journal of M. Galland's. There is very little to relieve the monotony of the wearisome repetitions of diplomatic civilities and incivilities, except now and then a grand procession, a feast of the Orthodox church, or a journey to Adrianople. Now and again, however, we light upon something more generally interesting than the number of guns in a Genoese salute or the unfriendly relations between the Patriarch and the Archbishop of Naxos. It is pleasant to read of the Sunday amusements of the Embassy—how they used to devote that day to dramatic representations, and played the *Cid*, or *L'Ecole des maris*, or *La femme jure et partie*, and how Galland was got up in a Greek lady's dress to take the part of Elvira in the *Cid*. The Ambassador's brother died, however, and thus put a stop to these frivolities. Another amusement of his Excellency was sending Turkish slaves on board French men-of-war in the livery of the Embassy, and thus procuring their liberty. M. de Nointel also affected a good deal of pomp in his public appearances. He would go to mass preceded by his servants in livery, his state chair borne by porters, and six janissaries, with the usual interpreters and dragomans; riding in the midst himself, with four grooms in Greek dress running by his side; and followed by his almoner, first secretary, household, and merchants, on foot; after which, a groom with a superb led horse, and the French inhabitants in large numbers. In fact, he had been ordered by the King to make an impression upon the Porte by the sumptuousness of his state. But the Turks were too well used to idle pageants to draw any decided inferences as to the power and wealth of France from her ambassador's display. They did these things better themselves. Galland is overwhelmed and dazzled by the magnificence of the Sultan's progress from Adrianople to open the Polish campaign:—

J'avois vu quelque échantillon de la magnificence de l'empire ottoman dans les marches du Grand Seigneur à la mosquée, aux jours du grand et du petit Bayram, à l'audience qui fut donnée à S.M., et dans l'entrée triomphale des galères après la prise de Candie; mais je n'avois rien vu qui approchât de la beauté de l'éclat et de l'apparence surprenante de la sortie hors d'Adrianople que Sa Hautesse fit en ce jour pour se mettre en campagne. Toutes les descriptions d'entrées, de triomphes, de tournois, de carrouzels, de mascarades, et de jeux faites à plaisir, que je me souviens d'avoir lues dans les romans, n'ont rien qui doive les faire entrer en comparaison avec la pompe de celle effective que je considérai exactement avec tous les étrangers chrétiens qui s'y trouverent, lesquels pourroient tous, pour ce que fut dans un état de déintéressement et sans préoccupation, faire témoignage de cette vérité. Si Mademoiselle de Seudéri avoit pu se forger dans l'imagination quelque chose de semblable, et qu'après l'y avoir représenté avec le crayon de son élégante plume, elle luy eût donné place dans quelque endroit de ses ouvrages, tous ceux qui y prennent plaisir à cause du vraisemblable qu'elle a toujours taché d'y observer, n'en feroient plus la même estime après avoir leu ce morceau, qui bien loin de leur paroître vraisemblable à l'ordinaire, leur paroîtroit encore au-dessus des extravagances des paladins et de nos Amadis de Gaule. Cependant, il n'y a rien de si vray que ceste sortie estoit la plus belle chose que j'aye jamais vue en ma vie, et j'ay de la peine à croire que dans aucune cour de l'Europe, si on excepte celle de France, on puisse rien entreprendre de plus beau (i. 122).

The ceremony which so excited Galland's admiration was certainly imposing. Six divisions preceded the Sultan's own escort; first, the Keeper of the Seal and his escort; then the Defterdar, or Minister of Finance; third, Ibrahim Pasha, who had governed Egypt, had been disgraced, and had repurchased his ground at Court; fourth, Mustapha Pasha, the Kaimakam of Adrianople; fifth, a favourite courtier and fellow-huntsman of the Sultan; and, sixth, the Grand Vizir, who was the most splendidly accompanied of all. Each of these divisions was preceded by two or more horsemen bearing white horsetails on the top of poles, relics of the symbolical yaks of the Mongols. Another man carried the long green silk standard, with the Arabic inscription in golden letters, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and on the top of the pole a silver case, containing a miniature Koran. A company of well-mounted Delis followed the standard, dressed in green or yellow satin and tiger skins, and red or green hats, with broad brims turned up before and behind, decorated with aigrettes, and armed with lances and sabres. Next came a company of "the finest infantry that can be seen," five hundred Albanians, Bosnians, &c., well made, young, and lusty, armed with muskets and swords. After these rode horsemen, variously dressed and caparisoned, and Agas, with their following of youths in coats of mail and helmets, carrying bows and pikes; and then three mounted dervishes, holding sacred banners; whilst the young guard and a band of music brought up the rear. When these six magnificent cortèges had passed by,

the still more gorgeous detachment of the Grand Seigneur himself approached. Here Galland succumbeth to the exigencies of the occasion. The subject is beyond him; it needs an angel's intellect to understand and communicate this wonder. Everything was on a vastly greater scale than in the preceding divisions. After a gorgeous troop of lawyers, and emirs, and grandees, and vizirs, of the highest rank and the most splendid equipments, came the camel covered with gold brocade on which was placed the Koran in its silver casket. Another camel caparisoned in green velvet carried a box with the picture of Mecca in it. Thirty mounted falconers, bird on wrist; seven horsemen, each with "a kind of tiger" on the croup, kept for the chase, and riding tamely, covered up with brocade; fifty greyhounds held in leash by janissaries; five or six huge bloodhounds, a dozen painted and decorated turnspits, twenty-five grooms leading splendidly caparisoned horses; and then the Grand Seigneur himself, riding alone, seated on a leopard-skin, clad in massive steel from head to foot, and blazing with precious stones; his sword, bow, and the ewer and basin for the ablutions of religion, were carried after him; and white eunuchs, white horses, carriages, and big drums, with forty of the flower of the guard, and a thousand spahis, completed this wonderful pageant, the description of which occupies twenty-two pages, and brings the enthusiastic spectator almost into conflict with the Académie for coining words expressive of such novel and unheard-of sights.

It is in descriptions like this that Galland's Journal becomes interesting and valuable. The account of the marriage of a dragoman's daughter and her sumptuous trousseau and splendid wedding presents (ii. 60) is curious, and the notes he made from time to time on the rites and dogmas of the Orthodox Church—a subject he was specially requested to study—possess some importance. He does not, however, seem to care much for the Greeks, whilst he cannot conceal his admiration for the Turks. It must be remembered that the Ottoman race was then comparatively young and vigorous; it was only two centuries since they had entered Europe, and their early strength and freshness were not yet enfeebled by luxury and sensuality. The Turks were still a nation of warriors when Galland saw them march to the attack on Poland. They had just taken Candia, and in ten years they would be before the walls of Vienna, to be beaten back only by the arms of Sobieski. There was something admirable about them then. Yet Galland's Journal contains many notes which reveal the same corrupt system of government that now disgraces the Ottoman Empire. The same deplorable principle of letting out provinces to farm, and the same consequent corruption and extortion, existed then as now. But Galland sees the bright side oftenest. Even when he speaks of the proverbial procrastination of Turkish diplomatists he speaks admiringly. Their method, he says, is very different from ours. With great prudence they avoid meeting negotiators face to face, for fear of being surprised by pressing arguments which they might find embarrassing to answer. The opponent can learn nothing from their gestures or features:—"Ils résistent pour se faire valoir, et ils veulent plutôt estre vaincus par de fréquentes poursuites et par des sollicitations répétées, que persuadés par de bons raisonnemens avant que d'accorder aucune chose." Some people, he adds, ascribe this to stupidity, or want of presence of mind, or self-distrust; but he himself is of opinion that it is pure wisdom. Altogether he finds much that is great in the Turks, and loses no opportunity of praising them. A good deal of his admiration, however, must be attributed to a very superficial knowledge.

M. Schefer has edited the Journal with immense care. Every book that Galland sees or buys has a note of explanation attached to it by the editor, and every person mentioned is duly identified where identification is possible. Even a ship's crew is detailed. All we can regret is that so much pains should have been expended on so insignificant a subject. In nine cases out of ten the books and the persons were not worth identifying. But this remark applies to the whole work. It may be useful to a specialist who is working out the history of the foreign policy of France, but he might perfectly well have consulted it in manuscript. To anybody else the Journal must prove wearisome reading, and after toiling through it one has not even the satisfaction of feeling that he has learned anything particularly worth learning.

#### ART IN METAL.\*

ALTHOUGH the pictures in this magnificent volume are of much greater importance than the letterpress, it cannot be said that M. Ménard has in any respect failed in the historical part of his work. It is probable that no account of art in metal so complete has yet been published. The illustrations are of a character seldom seen in books of this kind, and it will not be praising them too much to say that they are exact as well as artistic. Some of the etchings, in particular, are quite worthy of being framed and hung up as pictures, while to the practical metal-worker they are valuable as accurately representing beautiful objects. Some are, of course, more pictorial than others. Of the two prints of the Colleon monument at Venice, the second is the prettiest in this respect; but M. Gaucherel is excelled by M. Lalauze, who, in his representation of M. Guillaume's busts of the Gracchi, has reached the highest point attained in any of the

etchings. This group—for so it must be called—is the property of the French nation, and is well known to visitors to the Luxembourg. The brothers are represented to the waist, standing side by side, the hand of one resting on the shoulder of the other, while the two right hands meet on an inscribed roll. The bronze is highly polished in places, and the whole work, even as represented in the print, is full of an impressive pathos amounting almost to sublimity—a characteristic which French sculptors are constantly striving after, but can seldom be said to have so nearly reached. Another modern French bronze is represented in the next plate. This is M. Degeorge's bust of Henri Regnault, the ill-fated painter. The etching is by M. Martinez, but its chief merit is of a merely technical kind—the difference between the tint and texture of bronze, black marble, and white marble being admirably rendered; but this is not high art, and there is a certain want, whether due to the sculptor or the engraver we cannot say, in the expression of the face, and in the management of the light. A fine work also is M. Martinez's representation of Cellini's bust of Cosimo I. at Florence. The inlaid eyeballs here give the engraver a better chance of rendering the expression. A woodcut on p. 171 is, however, perhaps the best picture of a bronze in the whole book. It represents Bernini's Neptune, and shows that life is still flickering among French wood-engravers. Can we say as much for England? We have dwelt on these representations of bronzes both on account of the difficulty they present to the artist and because M. Ménard's connoisseurs have so successfully overcome it. There are many other engravings scattered through the book, separately printed or in the text, of which some are poor enough, but the average standard is high.

M. Ménard, in his historical chapters, begins at the beginning. It is in Egypt, he says in his opening sentences, that the most ancient metallic work is to be found—the most ancient, that is, to which an approximate date may be assigned. He describes several figures in bronze which were exhibited at the Trocadero in 1878, and which cannot be much later than the Pyramids. These objects were sent for the Exhibition by the Khedive, and few or none of so early a period are to be seen in European museums. Unfortunately, too, a great many of the bronzes and other curiosities of art brought to Northern Europe by collectors and travellers cannot be dated with any certainty. M. Ménard remarks on the stiffness of Egyptian sculpture in representing the human figure, and its comparative ease in representing animals; but he would have withdrawn this opinion had he been acquainted with the early art, of which nothing is known in England and France, and very little in Germany. Under the Eighteenth Dynasty he finds works in gold and silver which may be classed among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of jewelry. The Louvre possesses some beautiful works in gold of the time of Osorkon, but M. Ménard does not mention the much earlier and more interesting jewels taken from the mummy of Kamus, the son of Rameses II., and conveyed to Paris by M. Mariette. M. Ménard has some interesting notes on the Phœnicians. He asserts that they brought their tin, so necessary to the manufacture of bronze, at first by caravans from the Caucasus, and when Assyria stopped the way they sent their ships to Spain for it, and finally to Britain, "à l'endroit où est aujourd'hui le comté de Cornwall." Some silver cups of Phœnician manufacture are in the Louvre. They were found in Cyprus, and some collars and armlets at Sidon; but such objects are very rare. Of the Hebrew jewellers M. Ménard does not seem to have much opinion, and he expresses a characteristically French scepticism as to the narrative of the Exodus. It is impossible to prove that the Jews ever had a style of their own, and not a single ancient object has ever been found which could with certainty be attributed to them. Passing briefly over the metal-work of Assyria, Chaldea, and Persia, M. Ménard gives us an interesting and well-summarized account of the gold objects found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. But not one of them would authorize us, he considers, to fancy that the celebrated shield of Achilles was anything but a work of poetical imagination. The bellows of Vulcan, as described by Homer, must have been of very primitive construction, and incapable of giving a continuous blast. He next notices the early existence of the art of casting in bronze, especially at Corinth, but does not cite the existence of any examples older than those found at Herculaneum, and now in the Naples Museum. Of these he treats at considerable length, and illustrates his remarks with many pictures, including one of the famous colossal horse's head and one of the beautiful "Narcissus." Of Etruscan work, too, he has much to say, and there is a fine engraving of the well-known "Orator" in the Florence Museum. The art of Rome is, he observes, merely a continuation or transformation of what had gone before in Greece and Etruria.

The art in metal-work of the middle ages is illustrated by examples of Byzantine jewelry, and by monstrances, reliquaries, and other objects for religious uses. This is, however, the least interesting part of the book. M. Ménard longs to get on to the Renaissance, and is evidently more at home in Italy than in Germany. He falls into the usual French error of considering the jewels of Charlemagne as belonging to France; but he is on safer ground when he comes to speak of enamelling. Of English metal-work in the middle ages he is evidently completely ignorant, and gives us only some notes on Irish reliquaries, and an account, extremely brief, of the rarity of "orfèvrerie religieuse" in England. He has evidently never heard of the Mayer Museum, or of "King Alfred's Jewel," or of the writings of Mr. Cripps. He does us justice some pages further on, when he comes to write of the silver plate of the last century, and presents us with a great many cuts of

\* *Histoire Artistique du Métal.* Par René Ménard. Paris and London: Librairie de l'Art. 1881.

sugar bowls, teapots, and other articles "en argent repoussé, travail Anglais." He also, unfortunately for us, engraves a specimen of the modern racing "cup," which takes away some of the credit we might have gained from the Queen Anne silver. Besides very complete accounts of enamel and of Japanese metal-work, there is a chapter on furniture, and the application to it for decorative purposes of bronze, brass, and *or moulu*. The illustrations of this part of the book are particularly taking. M. Ménard tells us that the celebrated Boulle (*sic*) was one of a family of artists who flourished all through the seventeenth century. The most eminent was André-Charles Boulle, son of John and nephew of Peter Boulle, who were both lodged in the Louvre, and bore the title of "*menuisiers du roy*." André-Charles lived to be ninety, and died in the Louvre in 1732. One of his works is a marriage coffer, ordered by Louis XIV. for his son, the "Grand Dauphin," who took it with him to Meudon, where he died. It went into private hands, and eventually became part of the San Donato collection, lately sold at Florence. Orscent and his son were the successors of the Bouilles, and acquired a great reputation under the Regent. The style which we call "Empire" really came in under Louis XVI., and M. Ménard figures a beautiful table or "console" by Riesener, in black wood with marble top. The legs are surmounted by capitals in gilt metal of the Doric order, and wreathed with exquisite laurel wreaths. The outline of this piece of furniture is as plain and stiff as possible, but the applied metal-work is of the most lavishly decorated kind. The last few pages of the book are devoted to the subject of embroidery in gold and silver. Here the engravings, though executed with the greatest care, fail to give any but a very inadequate idea of the work represented. They consist of five altar-cloths of various periods, one decorated with a Spanish coat of arms.

It will have been seen that there are few departments of art on which M. Ménard has not something to say when writing of "Metal." The fact is that he might have made the whole book out of any one of them; and it is a question how far collections of this kind are useful. In the present case the good taste which has kept out almost everything not in itself beautiful has made this a pretty book, and one to be read and turned over with pleasure. It would be gratifying to the critic to be able to say more in favour of a costly and magnificent work, but we have not found enough of any one subject in it to make it really interesting; and the mere turning over of picture-books, though it gives one the idea of learning, is in reality almost a waste of time. It is difficult or impossible to generalize from pages which begin with the bronze-work of the Pyramid-builders and end with the embroidery of Flemish nuns. True, we rise from a study of M. Ménard with a feeling that good art is wonderfully alike in all styles; that the Etruscan orator has characteristics very much in common with the Italian John Baptist of the middle ages, and the modern French Gracchi. The universal and omnivorous taste of the present day will admit the charms of a mediæval reliquary as readily as those of a Lamerie epergne or a Riesener console. How far the publication of books like this, which we perceive is issued at the cost and charges of a "*Société de propagation des livres d'art*," will really influence the taste of the future it would not be easy to say. The artist must know so much nowadays that it is to be feared that too often any originality he ever had is smothered and overlaid. The mere effort to break loose from the trammels of bygone fashions and styles is greater than most men can make. Even such a genius as Stevens displeases us as often as he pleases when he strives for originality and only attains eccentricity. It is no wonder, then, that the employers of artists prefer mediocrity. The imitator of great and good work succeeds where brilliancy is out of place. The general public will always rank the Albert Memorial above the Wellington Monument; but the dissemination of books like this of M. Ménard will at least furnish the minority with reasons to justify their æsthetic preferences.

#### WITH THE KURRAM FIELD FORCE.\*

THIS volume contains, in addition to much which is not only valuable but worthy of permanent record, an extraordinary amount of extremely uninteresting detail. The explanation of the system on which the author proceeded is thus given:—"The diary form of narrative has been retained, as it enables the orders affecting the force, published from time to time, to be given in their original form. It would have been possible to have placed all the orders in the narrative by describing the results; but, though more continuity in the account would have been gained by so doing, yet it would have been only possible by losing the brevity and clearness with which facts are described in an Order Book." What we get then is a copious "Quartermaster-General's Journal," interspersed with circulars of "Military Controllers" and "Commissaries-General," &c. &c., chapter and verse being given for the minutest incidents. "We are told that the facts recorded 'may prove useful to the future historian,' but readers generally prefer a book in which they can take a present interest. Who was appointed postmaster, in which village, and how long he worked the post; the wanderings of one or two camels out of ten thousand, how much or how little certain doolie-bearers were to eat at dif-

ferent times, how battery-cooks were dressed as the season advanced, at what hour the General rode out on various occasions and the precise minute of his return, and a multitude of like minutiae—what conceivable interest can such have for readers? and how will they benefit the 'future historian'?"

The author is better occupied when he treats of so important a subject as that of the transport question; and he has given us some valuable statistics, a study of which may help the Indian authorities in determining upon the best system to be definitively adopted in connexion with the operations of a field army. The first desideratum undoubtedly is that there should be a system of some kind. The carriage establishment of an army on the march in India is an agglomeration of the most varied *personnel* and *matériel*. It is collected from all quarters, and usually hurriedly. Animals of all sorts are enlisted for work, with little regard to whether it is the kind they are fitted for, and shoals of *acoundrals* are enlisted to look after them; some British officers are selected, with more or less reference to their capacity for the business, to superintend the mixed multitude, and the organization is then supposed to be in smooth working order. Of all animals to take into rough mountain country, with heavy burdens, too, on their backs, camels are the worst. They are sensitive to cold, bad climbers, squat down when they fancy, won't get up again for blows or persuasion, and always die in the middle of a public thoroughfare. They died like flies in this expedition. The Adjutant-General to the Kurram force attributes the excessive mortality to the following causes:—(1) the climate was not suited to them; (2) the grazing was scanty, and not what the camels were accustomed to; (3) camels frequently remained loaded from 5.30 A.M. to 4, 6, and 11 P.M., and had nothing to eat on arrival at camping grounds. The writer adds that not more than half were properly clothed. Under these circumstances, it is small wonder that, at the end of seven months only, no more than 4,344 of these animals, out of a total of 13,840 enlisted from time to time, remained to the good. Mules and ponies were, as a rule, better provided for, and their casualties amounted in the same period to little over one-tenth of their number.

It is of course impossible to separate the question of transport from that of the employment of non-combatant followers in the field. The effective strength of the Kurram force on January 1, 1879, amounted to 1,860 European and 5,392 native combatants, or a total of 7,252 men. To this small body were attached no less than 5,709 followers. Those who have never seen an army on the move in Eastern countries will be puzzled to know what purposes such a host of servants can answer. There are first the public followers, who are employed in hospital establishments, doolie-bearers, camel and mule men attached to regiments, the syces and grass-cutters taken with the artillery and cavalry. Private followers include regimental cooks, barbers, sweepers and blustees, officers' servants, syces, &c. This heavy total of 5,709 followers, it should be added, represented only the number considered "absolutely indispensable." It was "reduced to the lowest possible point." The author is of opinion that it would be undoubtedly feasible for a force to do without followers of any description; but, he adds, that it must be at the expense of reducing the fighting strength, abolishing a good many of the present hospital arrangements and part of the camp equipage, and making each man carry his own kit. "To draw the line between efficiency on the one hand, and the reduction of followers on the other, is a problem yet to be solved, and its solution would be much facilitated by the institution of a permanent transport department."

The writer draws attention to the question of shoeing horses in the field, and shows that the arrangements for peace-time are unsuited to campaign work. In British regiments and batteries iron for shoeing is provided by the farrier-sergeant when the battery or regiment is in cantonments; but if an order to march at short notice arrives, there being no arrangement for the carriage of iron, the greatest inconvenience is apt to arise. As the campaign in the Kurram Valley proceeded, the Ordnance Department made arrangements both for the supply of horse-shoes and iron from England, but when the shoes came out they were too small for any but the small horses of the native cavalry.

We notice that orders were early given that every regiment should start as completely provided as possible with intrenching tools. It would be interesting to know if the admirable opportunities open to the garrisons of nearly every station in India to become practically acquainted with the art of throwing up entrenchments are yet turned to any account. Instinct teaches soldiers who have had little experience of disciplined manoeuvre to utilize ground for cover; but it would seem as though old habits of methodical drill, and skirmishing according to book and not according to *terrain*, had unfitted the British soldier for intelligent appreciation of the, to some extent, novel exigencies of modern war. There is nothing for it in the face of rifles but to seek out, improvise, or regularly construct cover of some kind. We are returning to the bush-fighting of savages on a vast scale. It is instructive to note that the superior leadership and discipline of the Germans availed them but little when pitted against the native tact of the French in village and what we have called bush-fighting. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the cordial and thorough manner in which several of the Punjab chiefs lent their aid in the prosecution of the campaign. It is curious, as illustrating the extraordinary variety of terms on which we co-exist with the multitude of dependent, semi-dependent, and independent Indian states which go to

\* *With the Kurram Field Force, 1878-9.* By Major J. A. S. Colquhoun, R.A. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1881.



compose the Empire, to read that each contingent furnished by the above-mentioned chiefs had its own Political officers. The Punjab troops were employed in making roads, garrisoning posts along the line of communications, and escorting convoys.

Though these troops suffered much from the inclemency of the weather, yet their hardships were borne without a murmur. All ranks performed their duties cheerfully, and displayed a soldier-like and most loyal spirit. From the time of the contingent leaving Lahore not a complaint of any kind was brought to the notice of either civil or military authorities against any one individual, either fighting men or camp follower.

Whatever may be advanced as to the impolicy of engaging at all in war with Afghanistan, it is certain we have carried back with us some valuable experience. We have discovered manifold shortcomings in our own military system, and have only been successful after a sad loss of life and a prodigal expenditure of money. But it has also been ascertained that there was growing up beyond the mountains a Power which was diligently bent on assimilating European military inventions, and which, if not distracted by international divisions, would at no distant time become a very thorn in our side. Our own armament was doubtless superior to that of the Afghans in the late conflict, but the latter were very fairly equipped. They had of course rifles and ammunition which we had kindly served out to them, but they used also arms of their own manufacture. It does not seem to be known for certain to what extent they were indebted for their skill in making and handling them to foreign instructors.

The brass ordnance captured were of excellent make and well-finished in every respect. . . . The ammunition for these guns was fairly made. . . . There were some Enfield rifle cartridges of their own make, which were a fair imitation of our own in everything except the powder. . . . The mountain guns, of which eleven were taken, were of the same pattern as the 75 lb. steel 7-pounder in our service, and rifled in the same way. . . . The shells for these guns were very fairly made, and the fuzes were made on our model. . . . The whole of their mountain-battery equipment was founded on our models.

The action of the Peiwar Kotal, a capital description of which is given in this volume, was one of the most creditably gained during the war. The enemy held what General Roberts has termed an "apparently impregnable position." It had been fortified with art. The ascent of the jungle-covered steep was only practicable at certain points, and here stockades one behind another three or four deep had been thrown up, and the paths of approach blocked by abattis. "The Afghans had every advantage in their favour, as the only point—excepting, of course, the leadership and discipline—on our side was nullified by the conditions of the fight. Our long-range artillery could have but little effect on their position, while our rifles in close fighting were but slightly superior to the Enfield rifles opposed to them. . . . They had the knowledge of the ground, in which we were deficient; they had their own discipline, which was good, as they obeyed their leaders; and they had ample provisions and ammunition to continue the fight for many a day." General Roberts was justified in saying "The result is most honourable, and could only have been achieved by troops in a high state of discipline, capable of enduring great hardships, and able to fight as soldiers of the British army always have fought."

In concluding this notice, we must commend some excellent descriptions of country and a few neatly executed landscape sketches with which Major Colquhoun has embellished his volume. It may be remarked, however, that, as regards the illustration on p. 98, of the position taken up by the Afghans holding the Peiwar Kotal, it is impossible when so small a scale is used to give anything like an adequate representation of ground. A less artificial method of exhibiting gradients than that used under authority during the last ten years or so is much required by military draughtsmen, as all who have experience in hill-sketching will testify.

#### HOURS WITH THE PLAYERS.\*

MR. DUTTON COOK has followed up his amusing *Book of the Play* with two volumes called *Hours with the Players*—the players commented on ranging from the ill-fated Will Mountford to Fichter. In a short preface the author puts forward with becoming modesty a claim for his work that it "contains more precise and complete memoirs of sundry of the performers it deals with than have previously been submitted to the public, or could be forthcoming without considerable diligence, search, and study"; and this is assuredly a claim which few readers of these pleasant volumes will be likely to contest. The writer goes on to observe that it will be easily seen in which cases he has written at second and in which at first hand. "Of course I was in some cases rather a juvenile witness, and not by any means an expert; yet, to pursue the figure, I know the nature of an oath, and I trust my testimony as far as it goes may be accepted, therefore, as credible and trustworthy." In fact, Mr. Dutton Cook throws himself with such zest into his subject, whether he is dealing with early reminiscences or with carefully noted traditions, that we can readily imagine the same remark being made to him that was made to a keen playgoer of our acquaintance by an *interlogue* companion. "You, then, must have seen Mrs. Bracegirdle." For Mrs. Bracegirdle, of whom he says that she "seems to have been the first actress who succeeded in establish-

ing anything like a reputation for private worth and propriety of conduct," the author takes up very properly, as it seems to us, the cudgels against Lord Macaulay, whose passing estimate of her character is oddly characteristic—"It was said of her that in the crowded theatre she had as many lovers as she had male spectators. Yet no lover, however rich, however high in rank, had prevailed on her to be mistress. . . . She seems to have been a cold, vain, and interested coquette, who perfectly understood how much the influence of her charms was increased by the fame of a severity which cost her nothing, and who could venture to flirt with a succession of admirers in the just confidence that no flame which she might kindle in them would thaw her own ice." This is a strange enough comment on a virtue which was then not too common, and most people will agree with Mr. Dutton Cook that it is "severe upon the actress."

As to the death of Will Mountford, the author, after reviewing the circumstances with care and patience, observes that

the public generally were of opinion that a grievous wrong had been done, for which *some one* ought to be punished; and, Will having escaped, why should not his friend Mohun suffer in his stead? . . . Mohun's share in the sad event could only "constructively" be regarded as murder. Certainly he had not struck the fatal blow. He stood apart, little more guilty than a second in a duel—to take the worst view of his case.

This is perhaps putting it a little strongly; but, on the whole, the view of the transaction at which Mr. Dutton Cook has arrived seems reasonable enough. In the same chapter there is a curious confirmation of the notion, which we have on former occasions expressed in these columns, that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the power of acting was, to use a paradox, accounted an extraordinary perfection in an actor. It was said of Mountford in *Sir Courthly Nye* that "he was no longer Mountford, but another person; he was not himself in voice, mien or gesture; the whole man was changed"; and it was this—then, as it seems, strange—faculty of impersonation which put the crown to his reputation.

All Mr. Dutton Cook's biographies in his first volume afford entertainment and agreeably conveyed information; but it is not easy to dwell upon them at any length without picking out the plums, which we do not propose to do. In an article on Palmer, the original Joseph Surface, a reference to that curiously scrappy and amusing book, Frederick Reynolds's *Memoirs*, contradicts a tradition as to the last words uttered by Palmer. He was playing *The Stranger* at Liverpool in 1798, and fell dead upon the stage in the fourth act. It was said at the time, and the legend is still current, that he died immediately after delivering the words, "There is another and a better world." Whittfield, however, an actor who was playing Baron Steinfort, told Reynolds "that Palmer fell suddenly before him on the stage while answering the inquiry as to the *Stranger's* children in the fourth act, and that his last words were really 'I left them at a small town hard by.'" The more striking form of the story sold fifteen hundred copies of the play, and was "most adroitly confirmed and hawked about the town as a means of enforcing the anti-dramatic tenets" of the Methodists. There was also a curious story, told in Mr. Richardson's *Recollections of the Last Half-Century*, of Palmer's "fetch" appearing at the hour of his death to a boy named Tucker, who slept in the house in Spring Gardens where Palmer lodged when in town. It may be noted that in a following chapter Mr. Dutton Cook does fuller justice than has often been done to "Gentleman Smith," whose chief fame rests upon his "creation" of the part of Charles Surface, but whose versatility both in tragedy and comedy must clearly have been remarkable.

More personal interest attaches, as the preface hints, to the second volume than the first, inasmuch as in some of its later chapters the author speaks as an eye-witness. But before we come to them it may be well to say something of a curiously interesting chapter devoted to "a gentleman of the name of Booth"—the father of the actor whose great powers were shown this year on the London boards. The story of the elder Booth's appearance in London, of Edmund Kean's seeming kindness in playing Othello to his Ingo at the theatre where Kean was acting and where he caused Booth to be engaged, and of the complete eclipse of Booth which followed is tolerably well known. What was probably not known to or noted by many people until Mr. Dutton Cook recorded the fact, is that at the date of this eclipse Booth was little more than twenty years old. It may be that even so his performances in London were underrated—the influence of Kean was then paramount—but it seems in any case tolerably certain that in after years Booth displayed, to say the least, a remarkable talent. Mr. Dutton Cook quotes as to this some very interesting passages from a book called *The Tragedian*, by Mr. J. R. Gould, published in New York in 1868. The author writes forcibly and with evident insight, but is undoubtedly carried away by enthusiasm, although he does not make the fatal mistake of asserting that Booth was faultless. He possessed, Mr. Gould says, imagination "of a subtle kind, and in magnificent measure. It lent a weird expressiveness to his voice. It atmospherised his most terrific performances with beauty. Booth took up Kean at his best, and carried him further. Booth was Kean, *plus* the higher imagination." Mr. Gould, it will be observed, had never seen Kean, and the comparison, therefore, cannot be thought worth much; but from various detailed descriptions and criticisms of Booth, for which we refer readers to Mr. Dutton Cook's pages, it would seem that, when allowance has been made for enthusiasm, there is still evidence enough that Booth must have been a good deal more than a mere imitator. It should be noted also as to this that he forestalled Kean in playing *Lear* at Drury Lane,

\* *Hours with the Players*. By Dutton Cook, Author of "A Book of the Play," "Art in England," &c. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

and that his performance was spoken of by Hazlitt in a way which may be held to mark the predisposition of his audience:—"We have seen Mr. Booth's *Lezar* with great pleasure. . . . Mr. Kean's is a greater pleasure to come, as we anticipate."

The chapter on Booth is followed by one on "La belle Smithson," in which, after the Berlioz epidemic of last season, it is a little strange to find Mr. Dutton Cook writing:—"Some few of Berlioz's works find a place in our orchestral concerts, but the composer himself is little remembered in England." Perhaps the best, and certainly not the least interesting, of the chapters is that devoted to "Sir Charles Coldstream," which contains a full and nicely-judged account of the style and chief performances of the comedian whom the writer justly calls "unique, unrivalled, inimitable," in his own line:—

The histrionic fame [writes Mr. Dutton Cook] of Charles Mathews the second, however, arose from gifts and achievements which were peculiarly and independently his own. His success was of a personal and individual sort, and owed little or nothing to preceding exertions and examples. His method as an actor was not founded upon the method of any other actor. He was essentially a light comedian—the lightest of light comedians; but it was difficult to classify his art in relation to the art of others or to established technical conventions. He was distinguished for an extraordinary vivacity, an airy grace, an alert gaiety that exercised over his audience the effect of fascination. Elegance and humour so curiously combined can hardly have been seen upon the stage except in this instance. No doubt there was always risk of awarding admiration, not so much to the art of the comedian as to the natural endowments of the man; and it must often have happened that Charles Mathews was applauded for being something which he could not possibly help being. At the same time, it must not be assumed that he could only appear in his own character, or that his efforts upon the scene lacked variety. Certain graces of manner peculiar to himself he could never wholly discard; but his power of representation enabled him to exhibit distinct and finished portraits of personages so very different as *Sir Charles Coldstream* and *Sir Hugh Evans*, *Lavater* and *Mr. Affable Hawk*, *Slender* and *Dazzle*, *Young Wilding*, and the villainous heroes of "*Black Sheep*" and "*The Day of Reckoning*," to name no others.

Later on, contrasting M. Got's performance of Mercadet with Mathews's of *Affable Hawk*, Mr. Dutton Cook says that he is without information as to the method of Geoffroy, the original Mercadet. A French critic has observed that Geoffroy's version was far more like M. Got's than like Mathews's, "*bien que son interprétation, caractérisée par une nuance de rondeur bon enfant, différât sensiblement de celle qui a prévalu à la Comédie Française.*" There are two little slips in the chapter we are now considering. We can find no special mention of Mathews's singular feat of acting in *Patter v. Clatter*, and we have the great Frédéric's name spelt without the final *k*; but for this probably the printer is responsible. We close the volumes, which end with a too brief "Note on Fechter," with a regret that Mr. Dutton Cook has not included in his pages Robson and some other players who have been more or less lately among us.

#### THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE JEWISH CHURCH.\*

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH has appealed in these lectures from the smaller tribunal of a local ecclesiastical assembly, first to the judgment of a large number of Scottish hearers in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and next to that of the general body of educated and thoughtful readers. The lectures "were written, delivered, and printed during the first three months of the present year," having "their origin in the invitation of some six hundred prominent Free Churchmen, who deemed it better that the Scottish public should have an opportunity of understanding the position of the newer criticism than that they should condemn it unheard." The author rightly urges as "of the first importance that the reader should realize that Biblical criticism is not the invention of modern scholars; but the legitimate interpretation of historical facts"; though the meaning of the sentence would have been more clear if he had described such "legitimate interpretation" as the aim and object of the criticism, or, in other words, of "progressive Biblical science" in all ages. Every ecclesiastical school and every commentator on Scripture is ready to assert that his or their opinion on any matter of Biblical controversy is the one and only "legitimate interpretation" of fact, or doctrine, or prophecy, as the case may be. Professor Smith is necessarily to some extent influenced by such a bias; but, on the whole, his lectures present a very important question of historical criticism, from his own point of view, in a fair, and always calm and dispassionate, mode of statement. By his opponents it will at once be objected that he has put one of their strongest grounds of opposition entirely out of sight; and this we may presume to have been deliberately intended. It is possible that his answer to such an objection may be reserved for a future publication; meanwhile, in the present course of lectures, the argument of probability is based on Old Testament grounds only, and the testimony of the New Testament to the authorship and historical value of the earlier Scriptures is not discussed in any way. It cannot be fairly alleged against Mr. Smith, whatever may be the rhetorical weapons which party bitterness may use against him, that he approaches his subject in any sceptical or unbelieving spirit. On the contrary, the most explicit statements of his belief in the Old Testament as a Divine revelation are to be met with throughout. It may be sufficient to quote, as an instance, the following sentence, which occurs early in the first lecture:—

The Reformation . . . brought the Bible to the front as a living

means of grace; not, as is sometimes superficially imagined, by placing the infallible Bible in the room of the infallible Church, but by a change in the whole conception of faith, of the plan and purpose of revelation, and of the operation of the means of grace.

This may be true of the motive of the Reformers, as the term will be understood by a Scotch Presbyterian; but it is no less true that the popular religious mind is in all ages superficial, and it is probable that, as a fact, the implicit reliance on an infallible Church was popularly replaced to a large extent by reliance on an infallible and therefore uncriticized Book. Nor would the change in common opinion be so great as may at first sight appear. For belief in the existence of an infallible book must presuppose the existence, in some form, of an infallible Church or society of men so far divinely guided as to be, in respect of the reception and tradition of such a book, free from error. And this we may assume to be the current belief of ordinary Protestantism both in England and Scotland, which accepts the Old Testament as a whole on apostolic, and higher than apostolic, authority in the New; and the New Testament in its turn partly upon apostolic and evangelistic authority, and partly on some implied, and perhaps almost unrecognized, ecclesiastical and sub-apostolic authority by which the acts and writings of Apostles and Evangelists were distinguished and attested. It has, for instance, been a not uncommon opinion in recent times that, as all St. Paul's Epistles must have been inspired, it is impossible that any Epistle of St. Paul can have been lost. Behind the critical opponents to the reception of any new opinions as to the authorship, date, or character of the sacred records, there will always be gathered a vast mass of uncritical repugnance to any questioning of the basis upon which the traditional belief as to Scripture rests. Thus, while it is possible for thoughtful and learned men like Professor Smith to accept as equally the Divine law a code of ceremonial precepts whether its date may have been earlier or later by a thousand years, the bare suggestion of an erroneous tradition as to date or authorship is enough, with the great mass of ordinary religious opinion, to imply an utter subversion of the foundations of faith. Admitting, in the face of this prejudgment of the question, that the author may have had good reasons for postponing any reference to the New Testament, we think that the actual opening of his argument has been well chosen in the preliminary inquiry as to what is the origin and character of the received text of the Hebrew Scriptures. This text is commonly known to have been preserved with such scrupulous care that even interlineations in the MS. were reproduced, and that the copies almost resembled the facsimile of a photograph. The existence of various readings was thus made impossible, and a widely-received belief assumes this uniformity to have come down from the date of the original writings. In his third lecture, Professor Smith supports by a careful argument his conclusion "that the fixing of a standard text took place about the apostolic age, or rather a little later than that date, and not at any earlier time." He attributes this work to the Scribes, whose "objects were legal, not philological." "When this text was fixed, the discordant copies must have been rigorously suppressed. The evidence for this is only circumstantial, but it is quite sufficient." Previously to this settlement, "we can be sure that copies of the Bible circulated, and were freely read even by learned men, which had great and notable variations of text"; an assertion which, in the fourth lecture, the author goes on to justify by evidences afforded in the Septuagint. The inference to be drawn from this argument is obvious; since, if the facts are historically certain, and if the Christian Church is unable to attribute inspiration to Jewish Scribes in and after the apostolic age, no such Divine sanction can be claimed for the received text of the Old Testament as would place it beyond the range of philological criticism.

From the text the next succeeding lectures pass to the Canon and its history; and here Professor Smith's guiding principle, "We receive the Bible as the record of revelation," separates him distinctly from the school of critics to whom the Canon is nothing but a collection of writings, chosen, edited, and published according to the literary, political, or ecclesiastical tendencies of Jewish authorities in the later centuries before the Christian era. But in these centuries the Canon was practically confined within "the fixed dimensions in which we now possess it," although its authoritative definition by the Rabbins of Palestine, to the exclusion of all Apocrypha, cannot, in the author's opinion, be dated earlier than the close of the first century A.D. The Jews, of course, accepted this decision; "but Christian theology could not give weight to Rabbinical tradition, and it is thus very natural that many attempts have been made to prove that an authoritative Canon was fixed in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, while the last prophets still lived." Such attempts, Professor Smith thinks, have failed; and, as he admits at the same time that inspired prophecy had died out, he is of necessity thrown back on a position corresponding to that occupied by Aristotle in his celebrated definition of virtue, where the enlightened conscience of the *φρόνιμος* becomes in moral action the court of final appeal:—

The great mass of the Old Testament books gained their canonical position because they commended themselves in practice to the experience of the Old Testament Church and the spiritual discernment of the godly in Israel. . . . The judgment which theological prejudice might pass on the several books of the record of revelation was controlled by the practical experience of those who found in the Scriptures food for their own daily life; and so in God's providence a result was attained which rested on sounder principles than those of the schools. Throughout the history of the Church it has always been found that the silent experience of the pious people of God has been truer, and has led the Church in a safer path, than the public decrees of those who claim to be authoritative leaders of theological thought.

\* *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church: Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism.* By W. Robertson Smith, M.A. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, 1881.

Such a position, irrespectively of its abstract strength, places the man who desires to propound it between two fires, and calls for the exhibition of great courage and great calmness in creditably maintaining it. In neither of these qualities has Professor Smith shown himself deficient; and in the succeeding lectures he goes on to argue that from this position it is open to a firm believer in Divine revelation to question, and if necessary to contradict, traditional beliefs concerning the date and authorship of many portions of the Old Testament Canon, and to set up in their room, and attempt to establish by proof, the hypothesis that the statute law of Israel must have corresponded to the codes of other nations in the characteristics of variation and progress corresponding with the life and circumstances of the people. The elaborate and detailed argument of the lectures directed to this object does not admit of condensation; but its conclusions lead to a supposed threefold division of the Torah or Law of the Old Testament. Of these, the first is held to be Mosaic, and to contain, in addition to the Decalogue, the code belonging to the wilderness and the early settlement in Canaan; the second Deuteronomic, and to represent the law as laid down by the prophets, and framed as a body of statutes in or about the seventh century B.C.; while the third, or Levitical code, is the law of the Second Temple, of which the basis may be traced in the prophecy of Ezekiel, but which was not developed in its details earlier than the time of Ezra, and perhaps not completed then. "But while the historical student is thus compelled to speak of the ritual code as the law of the Second Temple, it would be a great mistake to think of it as altogether new. Ezekiel's ordinances are nothing else than a reshaping of the old priestly Torah, and a close study of the Levitical laws shows that many ancient Torahs were worked up, by successive processes, into the complete system as we now possess it." A parallel saving clause guards Professor Smith from being supposed to share "the idea of some critics that the Deuteronomic code was a forgery of the Temple priests or of their head, the high priest Hilkiah," which he holds to be "effectually disproved" by the code itself. As, however, he considers that "it was not known to Isaiah, and therefore the reforms of Hezekiah cannot have been based upon it," it may with some reason be objected that an imputation of "forgery" is not disproved by the acquittal of persons hastily charged with it; and that the term, if applicable at all, belongs as much to the framers of the code on Professor Smith's theory as to the Temple priests on the theory which he rejects. In urging the familiar difficulty that many rules of ceremonial and worship contained in the Pentateuch are shown to have been systematically broken in the history of the nation, and that there is no evidence that their existence was at the time even recognized, Professor Smith is fully within his rights as an orthodox Biblical student. His inference is, indeed, open to the reply, which we do not observe him to have anticipated, that the same negative evidence might be alleged against the existence of the Passover, or Feast of Unleavened Bread, as an institution, which he himself assigns to the period of the first, or Mosaic, legislation. But he is not within his rights where he argues, incidentally and perhaps by an oversight, against the existence of a written law in the age of Samuel. "If it lay neglected in some corner of the Sanctuary, who rescued it when the Philistines destroyed the Temple (in Shiloh) after the battle of Ebenezer?" Into no part of the Old Testament history does the miraculous intervention in which Professor Smith firmly believes enter more distinctly than during this period; and it is an assumption of the question at issue to set aside the possibility of the preservation of a "written priestly Torah" coincidentally with the recorded preservation of the Tables of the Law of Sinai.

It is not within our province to offer any opinion on the theological bearing of the hypotheses defended in these lectures. But it is evident that the issues raised are of a character differing materially from those of ordinary historical criticism. The most contradictory and unheard-of theories about the succession of dynasties in Egypt, or the age of the Pyramids, may be maintained without the slightest practical influence upon the course of modern life and thought; but received opinions upon the subjects discussed in these lectures could not be overthrown without involving a reconstruction of the doctrinal systems of many existing religious bodies. Behind the question, whether the historical probability in favour of theories such as are here advocated is sufficiently strong to give them a recognized place in the literature of criticism, lies that of their influence on society generally; and the responsible officers of ecclesiastical communities can hardly be expected to exhibit towards them a receptive frame of mind, even at the risk of being classed with "Scribes" and "Pharisees" among "those who claim to be authoritative leaders of theological thought."

#### MISSING PROOFS.\*

WE always read Miss Stirling's stories with pleasure. She happily keeps free from most of the faults into which so many of her sister novelists fall, and she has merits of her own. She does not ill-use her native language, neither is she one of those who think that, so long as the author provides big enough words,

it is the duty of his reader to find a meaning for them. Considering the times in which she lives, she is sparing in her descriptions of nature, and, where she is somewhat minute in describing a scene, it will commonly be found that she has some reasonable end in view. Thus she sets clearly before us a view of the sea-coast of Pembrokeshire. "Chasms," she tells us, "yawn in the downs, so hidden by brambles and feathery grasses that an unwary walker may step over their treacherous edges, and drop down sixty sheer feet of rock on to the sand below, where the driven sea-foam lies thick and pale." Of course we know at once that through one of these chasms, before the end of the story is reached, some one of the characters who is in the way, both of the heroine and of the author, will be at the right moment dropped. The description, therefore, instead of wearying us, as descriptions so commonly do, only cheers us up, by inspiring us with fresh interest. We survey the group of characters, and begin to speculate for whom it is that the chasms exist. For the villain—of course a lady's story has a villain, one very deeply dyed moreover—they can, it would seem, scarcely be needed, since he was far away in India serving with his regiment against some desperate Bhotanees, and had convenient modes of death enough on every hand. There was a virtuous nobleman, whose life seemed to us uncertain, as, if he were removed, the injured heroine's little son would in that case be only separated by one other life from the family title. There was besides a very hateful, but outwardly attractive, young lady who was ensnaring the virtuous nobleman, and who seemed almost certain, unless he or she were killed, of winning his hand and sharing his title. We could even imagine one or two others who, though less in the way, might nevertheless have been thought not unworthy of a drop down a chasm so as to help on the plot. In like manner we have a full description given of Hungerford foot-bridge on a foggy night, and of the turbid river that flowed beneath it. But here, too, we do not for one moment complain, as the scene is not painted till the heroine was on the point of drowning herself. When a very interesting and lovely young lady in a fit of despair throws herself into the Thames, then surely an author deserves not only indulgence, but actual praise, who checks her narrative in order to describe all that her heroine might have noticed, and in fact perhaps did notice. What does excite our impatience is when, as is so commonly the case, novelists make use of their descriptions much in the same way as stings but ostentatious hostesses make use of their services of plate, merely to hide the scantiness and the meanness of the food that is set before the guests. It may, perhaps, be chiefly due to this absence of descriptive writing that the reader is so fortunate as to get *Missing Proofs* told in only two volumes. What a relief it always is to escape the third volume, and how well inclined do we from the very first feel towards a writer who shows that she intends to let us off so easily! A short visit to one's dentist is a great delight, and so is a quick passage across the Channel. Perhaps a greater delight even than these is a sermon that lasts but ten minutes when we had looked for one that would keep us at least three-quarters of an hour. But to the reviewer pleasanter even than a sermon that is short, than a sea-passage that is brief, and than the stopping of a tooth that is soon got over, is a novel that is short of its third volume. We take it up with a feeling of goodwill, we begin to read it in the hope that we shall be pleased, and however dull we may have found it, we lay it down with some feeling of gratitude towards an author who has only bestowed on us but two-thirds of his tediousness.

We must, however, at once acquit Miss Stirling of being tedious, and confess that we are only speaking in general terms. *Missing Proofs* is certainly an interesting story, though it is in many ways a very faulty one. Of all the author's novels that we remember to have read, it is the one that has, on the whole, given us least pleasure. It is certainly better, in one respect, than *The Graham of Invermay*, which we noticed a year or two ago, for that tale was somewhat spun out. On the other hand, it does not contain, as all her other stories have contained, any very interesting character. There is not a single young lady with whom an old reviewer can fall in love, and this, we can assure Miss Stirling, we feel to be a great privation. No one, we verily believe, loses his heart more easily than a veteran critic, though perhaps no one more easily and rapidly recovers it. Unhappily, so numerous are the heroines by whom he is charmed, that he retains no clear remembrance of any one of them—even their very names slip his treacherous memory. Nevertheless, he looks upon himself as hardly used should a single week pass by without adding one to the list of those who have overcome him. Now the heroine of *Missing Proofs*, Lizzie Mayhew, has, no doubt, considerable merits of her own, though we must protest against the colour of her eyes. Brown is as good a colour for any heroine's eyes as we could wish for—far better than the violet that is at present in fashion, though not in nature. Nevertheless, when the author tells us that Lizzie's eyes were the brown of a Highland torrent-stream, we felt that she might have very easily found a clearer and a pleasanter shade of colour. The skin of a brown bear, or the edges of the crust of a well-baked pie, would have done far better than a stream discoloured by peat. But, passing from the eyes, there is still a greater drawback in the heroine. She gets married before the story is two chapters old, and she marries one of those cold-blooded, handsome officers who have greatly flourished ever since the days of *Vanity Fair* and George Osborne. Now we do like, we are ready to confess, to keep our heroines unmarried till close upon the very

\* *Missing Proofs: a Pembrokeshire Tale.* By M. C. Stirling, Author of "The Graham of Invermay," &c. 2 vols. London & Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

end of the story. We like, as it were, to feel that there is some hope left even for us, and that we may be able, in spite of all his advantages and our disadvantages, to cut out the most dashing young hero and to carry off the charming heroine for ourselves. Certainly there is some gain to be set off on the other side by this early marriage. The story does not run on in the common rut in which the girl's heart is won even before the reader makes her acquaintance. Miss Stirling, likely enough, felt that a change would be agreeable, if not to her readers, at all events to herself, and so she sought a fresh plot. The villain—for a villain, in spite of some very tardy and very imperfect penitence, Laurence Dempster certainly was—so contrives his marriage that the proofs of it can, if he wishes, be without much difficulty destroyed. He has not made up his mind to cast away his wife, but from the first he wishes to be able to do so should he find it convenient. He is cousin to a nobleman, while she is the daughter of a poor schoolmaster, who has become blind. Moreover, he has one of those rich old aunts, who, by the expectations that they raise, so often lead their nephews into acts of villany. If he displeased her by his marriage, he would, he well knew, be struck out of her will. He never, therefore, acknowledged his wife, and when at last, stung by the scorn that was cast upon her, she says that she will claim her rightful position, he defies her to prove that she is married. She soon finds that the proofs are indeed missing. Certainly by a woman who knew the world, with the help of a lawyer, the difficulty would have been without much trouble surmounted; but Lizzie was as ignorant as a child. She had passed her youth in a country village, and after her marriage she had been kept by her husband under an assumed name in retired lodgings in the town in which his regiment was quartered. The troubles that she suffers during the period of his neglect of her are described with considerable power. One lady only came to see her—the wife of a brother officer who knew the state of the case. On leaving, “thinking it best to make the position clear at once,” she begged Lizzie not to think herself bound to return her call:—

“I know nothing about returning calls, Mrs. Loch,” said Lizzie, impetuously—“neither when one should go, nor how long one should stay, nor what to do with visiting cards. Laurence talks about society till I feel as if there were a great gulf between me and it that I shall never learn to pass. Are people—ladies and gentlemen—so very unkind? I used to think their lives must be so pleasant, and sunny, and gentle. Would they be so severe if I made blunders?”

“Poor child,” said Nelly, compassionately, thinking how society would surely judge in this case. “The very best people are neither unkind nor harsh; but then there are so few of them. I’m afraid many of one’s acquaintances would criticize a blunder far more severely than it deserves.”

“Then you are one of the best people,” said Lizzie, smiling.

“Oh dear, no—not in the sense I meant. I am nobody in this society that alarms you so.”

Lizzie opened her eyes. “I never shall understand, and sometimes I am so afraid, that I grow almost content to live in this way.”

Before long her husband quarrels with her, and to escape from her reproaches changes into a regiment that is bound for India. He leaves, however, money enough to provide decently for her and their infant son. She becomes desperate, and, as we have said, at last finds her way on to Hungerford Bridge on a foggy night. The chapter in which this scene is described ends with a rough “bargee” saying to his mate, “Poor lass, poor lass! she was a main good-lookin’ un, she was.” So far the story, if it takes a melancholy turn for the unhappy heroine, yet, from the reader's point of view, has gone on pleasantly enough, while a fresh and not unpleasant prospect seems to open before him. The heroine does, indeed, seem to have played her part; but heroines have died before, and yet the tale has not greatly suffered. There was still the villainous father left, and left in a place so convenient as India for a rapid death preceded by a scarcely less rapid repentance. But, far more interesting than any villain on the face of the earth, there was the much-wronged infant son, with the chance of a peerage before him could the missing proofs be found. Material enough was provided, we should have thought, to carry the story to an easy issue; but the author was not satisfied, and so made use of that well-known character the twin sister. This young lady—who had, we must not forget to say, two devoted lovers of her own—took advantage of the striking likeness that there was between her and her sister to assume her name, and to pass herself off as the mother of the deserted boy. It was, we must point out, the assumed name that she took, for Mrs. Dempster had been hitherto known only as Mrs. Davis, and it was Mrs. Davis that Judith Mayhew pretended to be. This part of the story struck us as being both laboured and unnatural. In fact, Judith, in the second volume at all events, is a nuisance, and by no means deserves the dashing and honourable young naval officer whom in the end she wins for a husband. Her first attempt had been to trace her sister, whom she had followed up to London, and to learn her fate. But not a word can she hear of her for some years. She had applied to the police, but no information could be got from them. The reader begins to suspect that his interpretation of the “bargee's” words might have been a mistaken one. Whether the heroine was drowned or was not; whether, assuming for a moment that she was rescued from the Thames, she was delivered from her husband; whether, on the assumption that she was delivered from her husband, she got a second and a better one; whether the missing proofs were ever found, or are still missing, all that should not be disclosed by us. If the reader's curiosity is roused, it is not for us

to satisfy it. There are circulating libraries and leisure days, and we shall not rob our author of her right to wind up her story in her own words, and to supply herself, if they are to be supplied, the proofs that are missing.

#### RECENT VERSE.\*

MR. ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY'S premature death this spring, at the age of thirty-seven, gave a pathetic force to the anticipation with which we looked forward to this posthumous volume of *Songs of a Worker*, on which he was known to have been engaged for eight years. Mr. O'Shaughnessy was the first writer of any promise who succeeded the almost simultaneous appearance of Messrs. Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti; and his early poems, though much weaker than theirs, had a flavour and individuality of their own, which ensured them a hearing. His *Epic of Women*, to which we gave an early welcome in these columns, was as promising a first volume as any young poet has put forth in our time, except Mr. Morris's *Defence of Guenevere*. It had a singularly delicate music of its own, a very simple diction and limpid style, and a vein of mysticism which was full of charm. “The Fountain of Tears,” “Barcarolle,” and “A Neglected Harp,” are lyrics which seem to us now quite as original and beautiful as they did eleven years ago. But Mr. O'Shaughnessy failed, to support his reputation. His next book was a collection of stories paraphrased from Marie de France, versified with great skill and ease, but lax and fluid to a fault. His third book, *Music and Moonlight*, in 1874, which was the last he lived to publish, was still more faulty, containing, indeed, several of the best songs of the decade and one or two very beautiful spiritual studies, such as “Outcry” and “Song of Betrothal,” but otherwise almost unreadable. It is with a genuine sense of disappointment that we are obliged to confess that the process of degeneration has reached an even lower point in the posthumous volume before us. The songs are less delicate and melodious, the reverie more commonplace, the structure more lax than ever. In several of the pieces we recognize the old delicate manner, but the strain has become diluted, and to mix wine with water is to spoil the wine and spoil the water too. The longest poem, “Colibri,” contains about seven hundred lines, but seems to be unfinished. It describes, in verse which is distractingly inchoate and slipshod, the birth and training of a forest child, brought up in the gorgeous climate of Brazil. Tropical scenery was always attractive to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and he frequently attempted to interpret the impression it leaves on a mind that has been saturated with it. In the *Epic of Women* the beautiful lyric called “Palm Flowers,” and in *Music and Moonlight* the much less successful piece called “Azure Islands,” are examples of this. But “Colibri” will never rank among his successes. The other poems in the volume are original and translated lyrics. The original poems are mostly of an exceedingly pathetic and mournful tone, the sorrow being occasionally redeemed by a flash of mystical and spiritual hope, in the manner which Mr. O'Shaughnessy had made his own. Here is a song which seems to us among the best in the book:—

Love, on your grave in the ground,  
Sweet flowers I planted are growing;  
Lilies and violets abound,  
Pansies border it round,  
And cowslips all of my sowing;  
A creeper is trying to cover  
Your name with a kiss like a lover.

Dear, on your grave, in my heart,  
Grow flowers you planted when living,  
Memories that cannot depart,  
Faith in life's holier part,  
Love, all of your giving;  
And Hope, climbing higher, is surer  
To reach you as life grows purer.

Something of the same tenderness and spiritual purity gives a kind of subdued charm to “Fallen Flowers,” “At Her Grave,” and “Eden.” The longer poem called “Lynmouth” is of a higher order of literary excellence, containing many admirable stanzas such as these:—

The green exuberant branches overhead  
Sport with the golden magic of the sun,  
Here quite shut out, here like rare jewels shed  
To fright the glittering lizards as they run.

And there are perfect nooks that have been made  
By the long-growing tree, through some chance turn  
Its trunk took; since transformed with scent and shade,  
And filled with all the glory of the fern.

The translations are particularly well done. They consist of copious examples from the lyrical work of the latest school of French poetry, with which Mr. O'Shaughnessy had only too dangerous a sympathy. He has selected, however, mainly such pieces as give the English reader a very favourable idea of these

\* *Songs of a Worker*. By Arthur O'Shaughnessy. London: Chatto & Windus.

*Poems*. By May Probyn. —

*Three Women of the People; and other Poems*. By Pakenham Beattie. London: Newman & Co.

*Honey from the Weed*. Verses. By Mary Cowden-Clarke. C. Kegan Paul & Co.

*Songs of Study*. By William Wilkins. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.



poets, among whom MM. Coppée and Sully Prudhomme take the foremost place.

Miss Probyn's small and modest volume displays so much brightness of fancy and sweetness of feeling, united to excellent metrical science, that we cannot deny her the attention due to a young probationer of song. Whether her facility and charm will ever impress themselves on the world's ear, which becomes less and less easy to reach as each generation passes, we cannot pretend to say; but she certainly has no place in the ignoble herd of postasters. She appears to belong to the school of Mr. Austin Dobson, and shows her discipleship by the composition of ballades, villanelles, triolets, and even a pantoum. We regard these exercises as extremely beneficial to a young writer in verse, and Miss Probyn has mastered her lesson with ease. But we look upon them rather as a means than as an end, and expect more of the spirit of poetry in simpler productions. Perhaps we shall get the best idea of Miss Probyn's manner by quoting one of her bright and picturesque pages, taken from the quaint poem called "Soapbuds":—

Her arms were white as milky curds;  
Her speech was like the song of birds;  
Her eyes were grey as mountain lakes  
Where dream of shadow stirs and breaks.  
Her gown was white—her name was Sally—  
Her summer years were barely twenty—  
She dropped the soap to glance and dally—  
And then the dimples came in plenty!  
I praised her fingers, dripping sweet,  
Where warmth and whiteness seemed to meet,—  
I made her blush and made her pout,  
And watched her wring the linen out.  
Oh, to meet her in the valley,  
Snatch her hand, and call her Sally!  
Oh, to find her on the hill,  
Kiss, and call her Sally still!  
Oh, to clasp her quite alone,  
And call her Sally of our own!  
Thyme and marjoram were sweet,  
All the lavender was blowing—  
Through the honeysucked heat  
Bees were coming, bees were going.

We would willingly linger longer over this charming little book, which we leave with reluctance, and with the hope of meeting its author's name once more before very long.

Mr. Pakenham Beattie celebrates his affection for the late Mr. O'Shaughnessy in verses that are the only good ones in his pretentious volume. Even here, in the expression of a personal feeling, we find something stagey and insincere in this approach to a young poet of merit as "Mastor," to whom such a one as Mr. Beattie is obliged to draw near "with bowed head and bended knee." This is probably false, it is certainly silly; and it prepares us for the mocking-bird note of spurious enthusiasm which runs through the rest of the book. We have had the æsthetic fop before; this time we have to do with the nihilistic and dynamite fop. Mr. Beattie has read *Songs before Sunrise*, in which a great poet projects his singular transcendental temper of mind upon contemporary politics in a manner which has great literary and sentimental interest, but no political significance. What Mr. Swinburne means is quite beyond Mr. Beattie; but the latter has been struck by several sonorous denunciations of priests and kings, and he tries to produce the same martial melody on a little toy-drum of his own. When a youthful postaster expresses the hope that Prince Bismarck's "bloated body may swell, till the foul soul rot from the festering flesh to find a respite in the pangs of hell," and says of Boris Melikoff,

holy the knife  
That shall be raised against this villain's life,

he is only not criminal because he is simply silly. The want of talent displayed throughout this wretched little imitative volume may be a source of congratulation to its author when he arrives at a period of moral sanity.

All lovers of literature regard the name of Mary Cowden-Clarke with affectionate respect, and the volume of collected verses which she issues in her old age will be received with welcome by those who regard her as now almost the only remaining link between our generation and that of Keats and Haydon. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke has been actively engaged in literature for more than fifty years, and though most that she has written has been in prose, she has not always resisted the charms of verse. In 1856 she ventured on a metrical "skit," which attracted attention, and more readers still will remember her *Love Stories in Metred Prose*. From her new collection we quote a very touching sonnet on the death of Leigh Hunt:—

The world grows empty: fadingly and fast  
The dear ones and the great ones of my life  
Melt forth, and leave me but the shadows flit  
Of those who blisful made my peopled past;  
Shadows that in their numerousness cast  
A sense of desolation, a sharp knife,  
Upon the soul; perplexing it with strife  
Against the vacancy, the void, the vast  
Unfruitful desert which the world becomes  
To one who loses thus the cherish'd friends  
Of youth. The loss of each beloved sends  
An aching consciousness of want that dwells  
The voice to silence—akin to the dead blank  
All things became when down the sad heart sank.

It is very difficult to express a definite opinion on poetry so accomplished and interesting as that contained in Mr. Wilkins's *Songs of Study*. This is a volume mainly filled with Irish lyrics,

full of warm feeling, enthusiasm for landscape, love of life, and earnest emotion, and it is hard to distinguish the purple flush of youth from the more lasting colour of poetry. The principal piece, "Actæon," is the best, and so very good in its way that we are by no means sure that Mr. Wilkins may not retain his vigour and tuneful note when the riot of the blood is over. At present we miss that dominant literary quality without which mere tunefulness can no longer claim critical attention.

#### SOME NEW CLASSICAL EDITIONS.\*

NO Latin poet has been more fruitfully studied in Germany or England within the last forty years than Plautus; and this deservedly, for no author furnishes more light and help towards the understanding of Latin philology, especially if taken *pari passu* with Cicero's Letters. In any retrospect of the period, much help might be derived from a scholarly edition of two plays of Plautus, the *Aulularia* and the *Menæchmi*, in 1839 and 1840, by the Rev. James Hildyard, then Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, which was to many young scholars the commencement of a lifelong addiction to Plautine study; and this was supplemented a little later on by lectures on the *Miles Gloriosus*, which, though never published, evinced a thorough insight into the phraseology, prosody, and collateral matter of perhaps the most amusing comedy of this dramatist. Had Mr. Hildyard brought out the *Miles* with a due array of footnotes and critical apparatus, and a glossary to his former plays, there would have been less to learn from the later labours of Ritschl, Lorenz, and Brix—the first of whom is out of print, though the two others have been the constant guides of the learned Professor to whom we owe the present edition. Professor Tyrrell—who occupies the Greek Chair at Dublin, and some years ago gave proof of his facility at Plautine translation in a volume which we reviewed in this journal in 1867 (*Hesperidum Susurri*)—aims in his present work at two ends—to supply scholars and critics with an *apparatus criticus* giving the most recent results of research, and to provide students with a fit introduction to the study of Plautus. With this view he has given an ample, though succinct, introduction in forty-three pages, passing unnoticed no peculiarity of Plautine idiom or scansion, and in many points dealing with the vexed question of the latter of these with a skill which he had partially proved when he translated for the *Hesperidum Susurri* a passage from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. It need hardly be said that this introduction includes a lucid sketch of the plot, which turns on the help afforded by Periplectomenes, a genial old bachelor host of Pleusides, the lover, to bamboozle the braggart Captain, his next neighbour at Ephesus, who has carried off Pleusides's love, Philocomasium. The task of bringing the lovers together is achieved by several devices, mainly by opening a party wall which separates the house of the kindly old bachelor from that of the Captain, where Philocomasium is imprisoned. Palæstrio and Sceledrus, the faithful slave of the host and the officious, loquacious, and drunken servant of the Miles, are the source of great part of the *contretemps* of the drama, which is, in truth, more sparkling than strictly coherent; the first act bringing in a single scene to illustrate the vanity of the Miles and his parasite, Artotrogus (who nowhere else appears), and the third act, which gives us Periplectomenes's arguments on marriage, though clever and amusing, being quite irrelevant. In a perplexed and tangled passage, however, in the 2nd act, scene vi. 106, &c., Professor Tyrrell seems to us to have unravelled the puzzle by a clever allusion to the *Menæchmi*, ii. 2, 16. Lorenz, indeed, first suspected a lacuna, but neither he nor Brix made sense of it, and so what Professor Tyrrell had to reconstruct was—

Occisam sæpe sapere plus multo suum

\* Qui adeò admutilatur ne id quod vidit viderit, &c.

This he managed by reading the passage, with slight alterations, as follows:—

Sat indepol certo scio  
Occisam sæpe sapere plus multo suum  
Insanos, sed illine opus est plenè hauri suum  
Qui adeò admutilatur ut ne id quod vidit, viderit?

*h.e.* "I know that madmen oft become much more sensible through the slaughter of a sow; but would not this fellow need a whole sty to be sacrificed for him, since he is so cajoled as not to have seen what he actually has seen?" Of course in the lacuna line *illine* = *nonne illi*, as Plautus does not use *nonne*; and the metaphor in "admutilatur," *lit.* of shaving close, or chiselling, is used in

\* *The Miles Gloriosus of T. Maccius Plautus*. A Revised Text, with Notes, by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

Select *Elegies of Propertius*. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by J. P. Postgate, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Comparative Philology in University College, London. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

*Æschylus's Agamemnon*. With Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Assistant-Master of Rugby School. Oxford: Clarendon Press Series. 1881.

*Selections from the best Latin Authors*. By the Rev. Edmund Fowle, Author of the "First Easy Latin Reading-Book," &c., and the Rev. Walter E. Whittaker, B.A., late Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

Plaut. *Pers.*, v. 2, 53, and often in Plautus. Where, in the parallel passage of the *Menæchmæi*, Plautus makes Menæchmus S. say "Jube te piari de meâ pecuniâ," "get yourself expiated at my expense," he alludes, as Mr. Hildyard, *ad loc.*, remarks, to the "patrix" whose services are referred to by Poriphecomenos in his caution against matrimony in the famous passage in the third act. Other authorities read plicatricem, a "clothes folder," in that passage, which is very worthy of study as a Plautine *locus classicus*.

But we must turn to another meritorious edition of a classic—Mr. Postgate's masterly *Select Elegies of Propertius*, which, with its elaborate and exhaustive introduction, leaves little for any future editor to alter or amend. Based on the texts of Hertzberg and Bæhrens, that of Mr. Postgate approaches the perfection of exactness, and if anywhere he disagrees with any editor—e.g. Mr. F. Paley—he meets the question boldly. In the introduction we find much curiously minute information, as, for example, when tracing the poet's birthplace—which, like that of so many other great poets, is in the North of Italy—he identifies that of Propertius with the fair and fertile valley between Perugia and the river Clitumnus, even that Asisium which also claims the honour of being the birthplace of St. Francis. On all the vexed questions of the long liaison with Cynthia, we read the carefully weighed reasonings of Mr. Postgate with a certain sympathy for the poet's advocate, and rejoice that the task of doing justice to a character which has been overmuch disparaged has fallen to one of the most acute of our younger scholars. The third chapter of his introduction gives us a high opinion of the author's insight into Propertius's syntax and vocabulary; while in the fifth chapter he deals judiciously with the poet's literary history and his relation to his predecessors. When we come to actual discussion of the poems, it is satisfactory to do so with one so well versed as Mr. Postgate in the turns of his author's manner. See his very first poem, 19-20:—

At vos deductæ quibus est fallax in lunæ  
Et labor in magicis sacra piare locis,  
En agendum domina mentem convertite nostræ  
Et facite illa meo pallent ore magis.

"Come ye, whose deceit would draw the moon from the sky, whose task it is to perfect solemn rites o'er magic fire, come and turn the heart of my lady, and make her paler than my face is pale." Mr. Postgate is disposed to see in "quibus est deductæ fallacia lunæ" those who practise the descent of the moon trick; the genitive being one of definition (see Roby, 1302) and a gerundive being more usual in the place of the participle. On one other noted passage in the second poem we must linger to note Mr. Postgate's nice handling (ii. 21):—

Sed facies aderat nullis obnoxia gemmis  
Qualis Apelleis est color in tabulis.  
Non illis studium vulgo conquerere amantes,  
Illis ampla satis forma pudicitia.  
Non ego nunc vercor, ne sim tibi villior istis:  
Unī si qua placet culta puella sat est.

Hear the faithful translator. "No! their helper was beauty that owed no debt to jewels, like the hues on the paintings of Apelles. It was not their sole aim to hunt for lovers through the town. Chastity, a wealth of beauty, was theirs. I fear not that thou should'st hold me cheaper than those heroines of thine. Whosoever finds favour in one lover's eyes, that maiden is decked enough."

Mr. Arthur Sidgwick's *Agamemnon* deals with a play which will prove wholesome and fruitful study for a sound-headed, well-grounded sixth form boy. One admires the skill with which Mr. Sidgwick gets the well-arranged matter of his introduction (plot, early versions of the tale as found in the *Odyssey*, and moral and religious ideas of the drama) all into less than twenty pages. It has generally been the practice of critics to illustrate the *Agamemnon* mainly by the aid of its glorious succession of choral odes; yet it may be doubted if any of these are more telling than some of the level passages—e.g. where, in the third act, 810-944, Clytemnestra comes forth from the palace and answers Agamemnon's reserved address with a string of two-edged double meanings, which must have been pungent to an Attic audience. After the King's thanks for his return, his remarks to the Chorus about false friends, and his assurances that he will see all settled well for the State, Clytemnestra answers with her hollow ringing speech of mingled professions of honour to the victor, and covert irony from the false lips of an adulteress—a speech beginning with shameless assumption of a chaste matron's conjugal love before others, and the forlorn condition ironically affected in the word *ἔρημος*, 862. Mr. Sidgwick rightly adopts *τέτρηται*, with Ahrens, for *τέτρωται* in 869, regarding the vulgate as flat after *τραυμάτων*, and cites in corroboration Morshead's version, "No network were as full of holes as he." Perhaps the climax of the passage is the fulsome language of Clytemnestra to her husband where she welcomes him as

τόνδε, τῶν σταθμῶν κύνα,  
σωτήρα ναὺς πρότονον, ὑψηλῆς στέγης  
στύλον ποδῆρη, μονογενὲς τέκνον πατρί,  
καὶ γῆν φανείσαν ναυτίλοις παρ' ἑλπίδα,  
κἀλλωτον ἡμῶν εἰσιδεῖν ἐκ χειματος,  
ὁδοιπὺν διψῶντι πηγῶν πῶς—

a high-flown string of encomiums which she puts together to preface the strewing of the victor's path with purple carpets, that is, in keeping with her covert phrase, "Justice may lead Aga-

memnon to a home unlocked for." In this passage, and in those with Cassandra that follow, Mr. Sidgwick has bestowed on the *Agamemnon* the services of an intelligent, shrewd, and ever vigilant commentator. As a taste of his criticism, we may refer to his estimate of what he terms Madvig's brilliant conjecture on v. 1228 of this play. The passage is in a speech of Cassandra, where for the text reading

οὐκ οἶδεν οἷα γλῶσσα μισήτης κυνὸς  
λέξασα, κἀκτείνασα φαιδρόνους, δακὴν  
ἄτης λαβραίνω, τεύξεται κακῇ τύχῃ,

the speaker is generally interpreted to mean that Agamemnon "knows not what things a tongue of the vile she-hound, with long-drawn smiling welcome . . . shall accomplish by evil fate"; where *οἷα* is clumsy, *φαιδρόνους* a strange adjective, and the use of adjective for adverb harsh with *ἐκτείνασα*. In the difficulty Madvig, after Tyrwhitt, ventures a certainly ingenious alteration in *φαιδρόνους* *οὐδ*, and in the next line reads *δῆξεται* for *τεύξεται*. The sense will then be, "knows not what a tongue of the vile she-hound has licked (his hand) and stretched out a joyful ear, and now, like a stealthy curse, shall bite him by evil chance." Mr. Sidgwick is evidently taken by the ingenuity of the reading *δῆξεται* for *τεύξεται*; but, on the whole, is deterred by the violent strain of language from admitting it into the text.

The last book on our list is hardly of the same calibre as the earlier three; but the examination we have bestowed upon it has served to show that it possesses such merits as a shrewd-witted private tutor would care most to ensure, and that these selections from the best Latin authors, both prose and verse, selected in co-operation by two experienced tutors, are excellently accredited, and backed by the judgment of practice and experience. The prose consists of selections from Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Livy, Caesar, Pliny the Younger, and Tacitus; the poetry of well-chosen bits from Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, and Propertius, to which are appended such "helps to construing" as, usually designated *notes*, would be gleaned from the pages of Moberley, Pritchard and Bernard, Conington and Bryce, Orelli, Maclean, and other careful annotators. Perhaps a desideratum still remaining is the constant reference to an acknowledged authority on matters of grammar. But we can speak confidently of the "Latin Selections," even at the point of usefulness to which they have already attained.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

DR. BERNHARD SCHWARZ'S visit to Algeria (1) was singularly well timed, and not less seasonable was his determination to collect all possible information respecting the political and administrative condition of the country, and the prospects of French colonization, instead of confining himself to the well-worn track of the ordinary traveller. His visit took place in 1879, two years before the events which have now fixed the attention of the civilized world upon Northern Africa. Without too many dry details, Dr. Schwarz contrives to give a vivid picture of the existing condition of French dominion in Algeria, which contributes to answer the important question how far France may expect to attain her object of converting the Mediterranean into a French lake by the permanent occupation of its northern shores. Any prospect of a real colonization would seem visionary in face of the fact that after fifty years' occupation the number of European inhabitants scarcely exceeded 400,000, and not half of these were French. Nor does there appear to be the slightest probability that the Arabs and Kabyles will ever be Gallicized, as the Gauls themselves were Latinized under the Roman sway. The brilliant side of French colonization is the material—splendid roads, railways, aqueducts, improved harbours, magnificent edifices, public and private, hotels in the Sahara, and post-offices in the gorges of the Atlas. The future of French rule in Africa is exceedingly difficult to forecast, for it is bound up not only with the fortunes of France herself, but with the fluctuations of French public opinion. It is extremely doubtful how far domestic circumstances and the strife of parties will allow the steady persistence in a policy of aggrandizement, regardless of blood or treasure, which would be requisite to subdue Africa from the frontiers of Egypt to the southern limits of Morocco, the acquisition of which latter State Dr. Schwarz fully believes to be contemplated. From this point of view he regards the appointment of a civilian governor as a mistake, and considers that it will be necessary to return to a purely military system. Dr. Schwarz was a witness of the splendid entry of the present Governor-General, M. Grévy, into Algiers, which he describes very graphically. His own visitation of Algeria was very systematic; beginning at Oran, he regularly surveyed the country as far as Constantine, the picturesqueness of which mountain city he describes in the most glowing terms. He further made an excursion into the Algerian Sahara, from Biskra to Sidi Okba, and his account of the natural characteristics of this region is very circumstantial. One of the most useful features of his book is the particular attention bestowed on the physical geography of Algeria, which contributes greatly to render the conditions and prospects of European occupation intelligible.

(1) *Algerien (Küste, Atlas und Wüste) nach 50 Jahren Französischer Herrschaft. Reisebeschreibung, nebst einer systematischen Geographie des Landes.* Von Dr. Bernhard Schwarz. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

Another work of travel of even greater interest, although the interest is much less topographical than biographical, is the publication of the private correspondence, chiefly addressed to members of his family, of the ill-fated Australian explorer, Dr. Leichhardt (2). They extend from 1834, when Leichhardt was a student at the University of Göttingen, to February 1848, when he was on the point of starting on the expedition from which he never returned, and the catastrophe of which is a mystery to this day. They give the most advantageous impression of the writer, who appears as the model of everything the youthful man of science should be—enthusiastic in his pursuits, simple in his tastes and habits, indifferent to material advantages, affectionate in his family relations, and admirably clear-headed and good-tempered. About half the volume consists of letters written chiefly from England, France, and Italy, before his departure for the Antipodes. He had, however, formed the project of Australian exploration at an early date, and it is frequently referred to. It is gratifying to observe how thoroughly such a man felt himself at home in England. France was less congenial to him. The Australian letters throw some light on the circumstances of New South Wales in those days; but, like the others, are chiefly interesting for their portraiture of the writer. The problem of the disappearance of Leichhardt and his party is fully investigated by Dr. Neumayer, whose long residence in Australia lends weight to his opinion. Leichhardt, who in his former expedition had traversed the northern portion of the Australian continent, from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, proposed in the second to cross it from north-east to south-west, from Moreton Bay to Swan River. Two points may be regarded as established—that the party was murdered by the natives, and that it did not reach the line now traversed by the overland telegraph, or some trace would have been discovered. Dr. Neumayer is inclined to repose a certain amount of confidence in some of the reports respecting it which have been received from native sources. One is curious; it refers to the existence of half-breeds in the bush, said to be the offspring of a member of the expedition who for a time escaped the fate of his companions. If this be really true, the fact must be positively ascertained some day.

Dr. Sophus Müller's (3) essay on the employment of animal patterns in early Scandinavian ornamentation seems worthy of the German rendering which it has received at the hands of Herr Mestorf. The study of archaeology contributes materially to the elucidation of the relations between the Northern peoples and the Roman Empire, and many of the facts already ascertained are very curious. Such are the abundance of productions of Irish art in Norway, contrasted with their rarity in Denmark and Sweden, and the indications of commercial intercourse between Scandinavia and the Caliphate of Bagdad.

The philological quarrel (*si riva est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*) between Dr. Zimmer (4) and Dr. Windisch is indeed animated, but the humour of it can only be enjoyed by persons skilled in ancient Irish. Dr. Zimmer accuses his antagonist of all manner of blunders, allowing, however, that his work may be useful to those who know nothing of the subject—an admission which it is impossible to reciprocate.

Dr. Julius Jung has found a very interesting subject in the provincial administration and organization of the Roman Empire (5). The materials for a complete picture of the social condition of the Roman provinces during the Imperial period are to be found not so much in the pages of classical authors as in inscriptions, laws, and public documents in general. Dr. Jung has diligently examined all these sources of information, and has condensed the results of his inquiry into an agreeable as well as a learned volume, replete, yet by no means overloaded, with erudition, and relieved, when the subject allows, with sketches of important historical passages affecting or elucidating the condition of the people, such as the rebellion of the Bagaudes in Gaul and the Donatist troubles in Africa. Each province is the subject of a distinct chapter, and the entire book deserves to rank as a useful, though subordinate, companion to the great works of Friedländer and Marquardt.

Dr. Georg Schanz's treatise (6) on the commercial policy of England during the latter part of the mediæval period, more especially under the first two sovereigns of the House of Tudor, is a work of even greater research than Dr. Jung's, and is based upon a thorough study of the documents bearing upon the subject in the Record Office and the Venetian and Hanseatic archives, as well as Rymer's *Fœdera* and similar collections. The legislation of the country, especially with reference to domestic manufactures and the import and export of the precious metals, is also the subject of close investigation. Usury, trade-guilds, prices, wages, municipal regulations are all discussed in turn; and the diplomacy of the various European States in intimate commercial connexion with England is abundantly illustrated. Dr. Schanz's

(2) *Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt's Briefe an seine Angehörigen*. Herausgegeben von Dr. Neumayer und Otto Leichhardt. Mit einem Anhang von Dr. G. Neumayer. Hamburg: Friederichsen. London: Nutt.

(3) *Die Thor-Ornamentik im Norden*. Archäologische Untersuchung von Sophus Müller. Aus dem Dänischen übersezt von J. Mestorf. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

(4) *Keltische Studien*. Von Heinrich Zimmer. Hft. 1. Irische Texte mit Wörterbuch von C. Windisch. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Romanischen Landschaften des Römischen Reiches*. Von Dr. Julius Jung. Innsbruck: Wagner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Handelpolitik gegen Ende des Mittelalters*. Gekrönte von Dr. Georg Schanz. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

work is by no means light reading, but is entitled to the character of a treasury of information laboriously collected by an amount of research of which subsequent inquirers will be only too thankful to find themselves relieved. The second volume contains a mass of charters, despatches, treaties, and other official documents, with tables of statistical returns.

Dr. Herbst's "Encyclopædia of Modern History" (7) is substantially a biographical dictionary of persons distinguished in history since the beginning of the fifteenth century, although countries also are included, and popular movements such as the Anti-Corn Law League. The execution seems very thorough and careful.

The years 1157-1159 are important in the history of the Church and the German Empire, being the first two years of Frederick Barbarossa, which determined the subsequent bent of his policy and laid the foundation of the great conflict between the Papacy and the House of Hohenstaufen. At this period Adrian IV., the solitary English Pope, sat on the Papal throne—a haughty and uncompromising asserter of the most extreme ecclesiastical pretensions, but inspired to a considerable degree by his Chancellor, Roland Bandinelli, whose disputed election as Pope and the consequent schism form the catastrophe of Herr Ribbeck's able and erudite monograph (8).

Herr Pischon (9) investigates the influence of Islam on domestic life, or social organization, and on the political constitution of Mohammedan States and their relations with unbelievers. In every point of view Islam is pronounced lacking, although Herr Pischon's admiration for the literary genius of Mohammed is almost excessive. It is, in fact, no easy matter to determine whether the inferiority of purely Roman Catholic and Mohammedan countries is to be attributed to their religion, or whether the religion and the inferiority are not both the product of a common cause. It can scarcely be believed that, if the Christian nations of the twelfth century had become Mohammedan, they would now be in as backward a condition as the Turks and Persians; and, if this is not so, it would seem to follow that the religion of the Orientals is rather a symptom than a cause of their general inferiority.

Herr Lippert (10), who has already applied the animistic theories of Mr. Tylor to explain some of the phenomena of Hebrew religion, now attempts a more general application to the religions of the Aryan peoples of Europe in general, especially the creeds of classical mythology and the primitive Germans. He finds everywhere a belief in the personal existence of the spirit after death the groundwork of religion, commencing with the veneration or propitiation of the individual soul, developing into the worship of ancestors, and then, through the deification of the latter, into the conception of gods. There is enough of indisputable truth in this theory to impart a plausible air to the whole; but Herr Lippert, like other framers of hypotheses, seems too much inclined to claim a monopoly of truth for his own.

The most important contribution to a generally agreeable number of the *Rundschau* (11) is Du Bois Reymond's discourse, delivered on the occasion of the Leibnitz anniversary, on "The Seven Enigmas of the Universe." They are, in fact, reducible to two—the difficulty of accounting for the beginnings of things, and of determining the relations of thought and matter, and these Professor Du Bois Reymond avowedly leaves much as he found them. A summary of Dr. Schliemann's life and work is well executed, but presents little novelty. There is an interesting paper on Colonel Huber-Saladin's privately printed biography of Count and Countess Circourt, the amiable and highly intellectual Orleanist couple known to English readers from Mr. Nassau Senior's reminiscences of their conversation and *salon*. Circourt appears to have been a man of extraordinary erudition, which he reserved for his intimates. A sketch of the love adventures of the author of *Siegwart*, Johann Martin Miller, affords an amusing picture of German sentimentality in its palmiest days. Some letters written from Leipzig by a Saxon official, immediately before and after the overthrow of Napoleon at that city, indicate the hatred felt for the French even by their nominal allies. The October number is also above the average, beginning with a characteristic story by Paul Heyse, deftly constructed out of slight materials, and distinguished by delicate grace and finished elegance of style. There is also an extremely interesting paper, partly derived from the despatches of the Baron de Bourgoing, Charles X.'s and subsequently Louis Philippe's ambassador at the Court of the Czar Nicholas, on that potentate's attitude towards the Monarchy of July. Nicholas, warned by Pozzo di Borgo, appears to have foreseen the results of Charles's fatal policy, and to have energetically censured his violation of the Charter. He seems nevertheless to have been quite ready for a general coalition against France, and to have been mainly deterred by the absence of support from England and Prussia.

(7) *Encyclopädie der neueren Geschichte*. Herausgegeben von W. Herbst. 11. Abband 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Friedrich I. und die Römische Curie in den Jahren 1157-1159*. Von Walter Ribbeck. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Der Einfluss der Islam auf das häusliche, sociale und politische Leben seiner Bekenner. Eine culturgeschichtliche Studie*. Von C. N. Pischon. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Die Religionen der Europäischen Culturvölker, der Litauer, Slaven, Germanen, Griechen und Römer, in ihrem geschichtlichen Ursprung*. Von Julius Lippert. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. VII. Hft. 12.—VIII. Hft. 1. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

The idea that England, even under a Wellington Ministry, could have been induced to join in such a crusade, might, if it had been known, have prepared the world for the Osar's still more serious misapprehension of public feeling at the time of the Crimean war. M. Gambetta is the subject of a very lively article, mainly derived from the graphic reminiscences of M. Daudet, and couched in a much more eulogistic strain than could have been expected from a German writer. Ferdinand Miller makes an agreeable addition to the literature of "Dialogues of the Dead" in a vision where he holds converse with the shades of departed poets and musicians.

"From Rock to Sea" (12) is a new miscellany, somewhat in the style of Westermann's *Monatshefte*. The literary matter is good, including contributions from Kinkel, Augengruber, the African traveller Nachtigal, Robert Ilyr, and other writers of repute; and, in particular, the commencement of a new novel by E. Werner, "The Egotist." The illustrations are copious and admirable.

(12) *Von Fels zum Meer*. Bd. I. No. 1. Stuttgart: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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### IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.

ALL loyal subjects are at present bound, without distinction of party, to support the action of the Government in Ireland. There is reasonable cause for discussion whether the task of restoring order ought not to have been undertaken long ago; and, on the other hand, Ministerial apologists are at liberty to contend that the proved reluctance of the Government to employ extraordinary measures has tended to produce the unanimity which now prevails among all reasonable politicians. The very awkwardness of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent proceedings is perhaps an additional proof of good faith. No other statesman would have made an elaborate speech against an opponent whom he was about to arrest as a public enemy; but no one, except Mr. GLADSTONE, would have failed to anticipate the comments which his words and his acts were certain to provoke. He would not have directed the issue of a warrant against Mr. PARNELL immediately after his Wexford speech if he had been conscious that he could be charged with personal motives. The two warrants follow the words of the Coercion Act in charging Mr. PARNELL with two separate attempts to interfere, by methods of intimidation, with lawful acts. Legal documents not unfrequently seem to lay exclusive stress on comparatively venial offences. Mr. PARNELL's speeches about the Land Act, though malignant and mischievous, are among the least criminal of his utterances during the past year. It is now stated that a third warrant has been issued on a charge of treasonable practices. It is on similar grounds that Mr. DILLON has been rearrested, and that several of the other ring-leaders have been seized. It is more satisfactory to grapple with the promoters of rebellion and anarchy on the issues which they have virtually raised than to accuse them of minor infringements of common or statute law. Those of their accomplices who may escape to England may, without reference to any Coercion Act, be lawfully apprehended if they have dabbled in treason or treason-felony.

The information on which the Government now relies must have been obtained within a few days. It is incredible that Mr. GLADSTONE should have described Mr. DILLON's character and conduct in terms of gratuitous and unqualified enology, if, when he spoke at Leeds, he had known or believed Mr. PARNELL's principal lieutenant to be, in the legal sense, a traitor. It is true that on the same occasion Mr. GLADSTONE declined to express a formal condemnation of the Land League, which the Government has now determined to suppress as an undoubtedly dangerous conspiracy; but he then thought that one of the branches of the League was disposed to accept his Land Act. The proclamation of the Government against the League may have been less unexpected by the leaders of the party of disorder than was the letter from Archbishop CROKE condemning their Manifesto. It may now be hoped that the present inmates of Kilmainham will not be wantonly released, as Mr. DILLON and the turbulent priest SHEEHY were set at liberty to resume their dangerous practices a few weeks ago. The question will be not only whether certain districts are more or less quiet, but whether suspected traitors can safely be permitted to prosecute their enterprise. There must be some legal proof which has satisfied Mr. FORSTER of their guilt; and their moral complicity with projects for the violent dis-

ruption of the United Kingdom would scarcely be disputed by themselves. The coarse and blustering telegraphic messages from America which have been read amid applause at every Land League meeting involved those who accept them in the responsibility for promoting civil war. The daily outrages which have been perpetrated at the instigation of the Land League supplied an additional though unnecessary interpretation of the speeches of the leading demagogues. It is not to be regretted that systematic attacks on the fundamental principles of civil society should bring those who commit them within the purview of the criminal law. Exhortations to tenants to refuse payment of rent, backed by threats which in case of refusal are habitually exercised, are in themselves crimes of an aggravated order. Ulterior projects of renouncing allegiance to the Crown are not more culpable, but the offence may in some cases be more tangible. The quibbling denials of Mr. PARNELL's guilt which his followers combine with praises of his revolutionary activity are founded on his avoidance of explicit recommendations of violence and murder. When the chief of an organized association directs his followers to prevent the payment of just debts, he is responsible, not only for the illegal object, but for the lawless methods by which it may be attained.

The affectation of regarding with horror the exercise of the exceptional powers conferred on the Government was perhaps exhausted during the debates on the Coercion Bill. When Englishmen are warned not to exult over the incarceration of Mr. PARNELL and his confederates, some of them who stand in no need of any similar caution will unhesitatingly refuse to feel or profess either sympathy or regret. The managers of the Land League have from day to day during nearly two years encroached with shameless injustice on the liberty of large bodies, perhaps of the majority, of their countrymen. They have instituted and maintained a system of tyranny which has been often and justly compared to the despotism of the French Committee of Public Safety. Peaceable subjects who asserted a legal claim have been prevented from recovering their lawful debts; and tenants who were willing to pay have been exposed to brutal cruelty. The leaders, hoping to keep the law out of the meshes of the law, have for the most part abstained from formal approval of assault or arson, though Mr. DILLON extenuated the mutilation of cattle. Mr. PARNELL on at least one occasion justified the commission of an atrocious murder by the remark that it should have been unnecessary if there had been a branch of the Land League in the district. The demagogues knew that their power rested on fear of the violence which was systematically practised and threatened by their followers. For some time past they have connived, and more than connived, at the social excommunication of every Irishman who attempted to assert his personal liberty. Unoffending householders have been boycotted because they refused to light up their windows when it pleased Mr. PARNELL to pass through the streets in triumph. Scruples against temporary interference with universal terror and oppression are among the vilest forms of cant. Law exists for the protection of life, of liberty, and of property, and the machinery is only valuable as it conduces to the purpose for which it is constructed. If the ordinary law becomes inadequate, its defects must be supplied; and the responsibility of exceptional measures rests with those who render them necessary. The imprisoned demagogue, in a pro-

clamation which is perhaps more wicked than any of their former acts, ironically argue that the tenant-farmers cannot have been coerced into measures by which they profit. It is against the dissentients that cruel oppression has been practised in detail. That such a document should have been allowed to issue from a prison is the most surprising proof of official imbecility.

It was high time for the Government to abandon the idle pretence of treating the Land League as a lawful association. The rapid blows which were struck at its principal leaders in succession would have been inconsistent with a toleration of the same practices under the guidance of humbler agents. There are many calculating patriots who would be glad to obtain notoriety and incidental pecuniary advantages by the cheap martyrdom of a short residence in a comfortable prison. Every general or local meeting of a Land League is dangerous to the public peace; and the Government has done well in taking judicial cognizance of its undoubted tendency. It may well be expedient to relax the restrictions which have been imposed on the use of their arms by the police. Their courage and fidelity are beyond all praise; but it may not be safe to trust their endurance in unequal contests too far. Humanity would perhaps incline to give armed mobs a sharp and early lesson, before riots expand by reason of impunity into insurrection. By this time even the Birmingham section of the Government must have learned that if force is no remedy, lawless force becomes irresistible. A great many deaths and a vast amount of misery have been caused by deference to the paradoxical opinions of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. They may now perhaps excuse themselves by the contention that it was necessary in the first instance to try the experiment of agrarian concession; and they may even admit that in the last resort force is a remedy. It is still allowable to hope that it may prove sufficient now that it is employed by the Government in earnest. The loyal inhabitants of Ireland and nearly the whole population of Great Britain will cordially support the authorities in the restoration of order. There is no reason to fear that the Ministers will be guilty of undue severity or excessive vigour; yet some critics, long familiar with Liberal commonplaces, may be allowed to cherish historical doubts whether the stern suppression of rebellious movements by the Governments of former generations was not more expedient and more merciful to all concerned than the tardy justice now administered to Ireland.

#### FRANCE AND TUNIS.

AT last the great expedition to Kairwan, so long talked of and so often delayed, seems on its way. A month ago it was supposed that the road to the holy city lay open and everything was arranged for the attack. ALI BEY, with his Tunisian forces, was to guard the line of the French railway and maintain tranquillity in the north, while the French were to march southwards, and be helped by a division operating from the eastern coast. But this plan had to be abandoned. ALI BEY, far from being able to maintain tranquillity or guard the railway, was so hard pressed by the insurgents that he was only saved from destruction by his French friends coming to assist him, while Arab marauders destroyed the railway and cruelly murdered the railway officials who fell into their hands. So insecure was the hold of the French on the country that they determined, although not without some reluctance, to occupy Tunis itself. It was a striking departure from the position assigned to them by the treaty of May, but military reasons made the occupation indispensable. If there had been a rising of the native population in the capital, and the foreign residents had suffered from the terrible excesses to which the rising would have inevitably led, the complaints that France had wantonly created dangers against which she could give no protection would have been loud and serious. It concerned the honour of France that she should use the physical force she possessed in order to avert evils which would never have been imminent unless she had chosen to upset a state of things in Tunis in which foreigners were perfectly safe and contented. The Arabs, too, seem to have seen in the reluctance of the French to occupy Tunis a sign that their enemies were only half-hearted in the prosecution of

the war, and were afraid to take a step that would mark that Tunis was to be treated as a conquered country. The object of attacking Kairwan is of a very similar kind. It is only slightly fortified, and is not a strong military position or a key to a country of any great natural value. But it is a very holy city—a city untainted for centuries by the hostile tread of the infidel, a city every stone of which is rich with some religious memory; a Mecca—although, of course, a very inferior Mecca—of the West. That infidels should defile this sanctuary, should kill its saintly defenders, and hold it as their own, seemed to the Tunisian Arabs something too audacious and horrible to be believed. The French wish to cure these simple people of the delusion that the French army is more afraid of going to one place than to another. It goes to Kairwan because the Arabs thought it would not dare to go there, and because it is hoped that, if the Arabs see that with all their desperate efforts they cannot save the holy city, they may think that there is not much left that is worth fighting for. The actual capture of the place will not probably cost the French any very serious trouble. Their difficulty is not to take Kairwan, but to get to it. Every drop of water needed by the troops and the baggage animals must be taken with the expedition, as the Arabs have destroyed the wells on the route. Flying bands of insurgents will harass the columns, and the Arabs have shown great audacity and great rocklessness of life in the operations which they have hitherto carried on. But it is not so much in the character of the enemy, or in the strength of the city, as in the difficulty of the route itself, that the French have seen reason to anticipate that they will have serious obstacles to overcome.

The French army has as yet done very little in Tunis, and it was so confidently expected in France that the army had only to show itself in a little barbarous State like Tunis to bring everything into order, that a cry has been raised of gross incompetency on the part of the military authorities, and even of a general failure in the whole scheme of army organization. There is, as usual, some truth and some exaggeration in these hostile criticisms. Much of the blame that has been thrown on the army ought to fall on a very different set of persons. The army has had its difficulties increased tenfold by the civilians who form the Ministry that tells it what to do and what not to do. M. ST. MLEIRE was so anxious to make the world believe that he had settled everything by a stroke of the pen, and that his famous treaty was the beginning and end of the Tunis complication, that he at once recalled the troops by whose presence the treaty had been extorted. Later on, the one thing the Ministry thought of was the elections; and what it desired above all things was that, at the time of the elections, France should think as little about Tunis as possible. The French army has done little, because, among other reasons, it did not suit the Ministry that it should do much. Then, again, it must be noticed that the performances which are demanded of the French army are by no means easy of execution. What it has to do is to acquire a firm hold of a country with a very trying climate, in which the whole population is against the invaders, and where those who fight never come, if they can help it, to close quarters. Still there is little room for doubting that there have been distinct signs of inefficiency, not in the troops themselves, nor perhaps in their officers, but in the machinery for conveying and supplying the army. The French navy may be all that its friends say it is, but it seems to have been very unequal to the task of supplying the necessary number of transports. The health of the troops has been very indifferent, but this was unavoidable if France chooses to have a Foreign Minister who appropriates a country like Tunis in a month like May. But the sufferings of the troops have been greatly aggravated by the almost total absence of an adequate medical staff. This is the most distinct blot on the organization of the Tunis army that can be pointed out. But it is incontestable that the Tunis expedition has disclosed a serious defect in the general army organization of France. Competent observers, and among them German observers, who have the keenest interest in observing accurately, have lately borne testimony to the great progress recently made by the French army. In many ways the new organization has been a great success; but then it has been a success only for the purpose for which it was created. That purpose was a war with Germany. The only thought in the minds of those who

framed and have carried it out was how to mobilize rapidly and maintain effectively an army fit to stand against the victors of Sedan and Gravelotte. The possibility of France having to send off by sea an expeditionary force was left entirely out of account. When troops had to be sent to Tunis, there were no regiments, or very few, whose special business it was to go. In order to give as little offence as possible, and to be fair all round, one battalion out of every four was told to go, or to hold itself in readiness to go. The evil of this was that the officers of a higher rank than those attached to each battalion had no knowledge of the men and inferior officers under their command, and there was none of that cohesion which belonging to the same *corps d'armée* is supposed to give. Further, the most efficient men in the battalions sent ought to have been those whose time was nearly expiring, and who in time of peace are sent home, but in time of war are liable to serve their full time. General FARRE ordered these men to serve their time and go to Tunis; but their friends made such an outcry, and the elections were so near, that General FARRE rescinded the order. In a war with Germany these men would have served without a murmur, and all the four battalions would have been equally employed. What France needs is not to change its general military organization, but to supplement it by providing for expeditions like that to Tunis.

The French Ministry will probably be vehemently attacked before it is allowed to gain the repose it longs for, and the chief ground of attack will be the Tunis expedition. If it is spared on this head, it will only be because its adversaries will find it personally rather difficult to explain what it is of which they complain. At the time of the elections no candidate, Republican or anti-Republican, except perhaps some of the Irreconcilables, made any objections to the policy of M. ST-HILAIRE. As a rule, all candidates omitted any reference to Tunis. They, like the electors they were addressing, had no opinions about the Tunis expedition, and did not wish to have any. They were content to wait and see what turned up—ready to say that they had always thought it a good thing if it succeeded, or that they had always thought it a bad thing if it failed. Things have gone on in an unpleasant manner in Tunis lately, and so the Ministry is to be blamed. It deserves very great blame, for it guided France very badly. It made a gigantic blunder. It announced that France was mistress of Tunis directly a military promenade ended in the signature of a treaty. What it represented as the end of imaginary difficulties has proved to be the beginning of very real difficulties. But all this was known, although not perhaps to the full extent, at the time of the elections. There is nothing really new in regard to Tunis since then. The Cabinet, it is said, hopes that there may be something new, and that the capture of Kairwan will come in time to give it a little glory. As the French propose to take Kairwan, it will, no doubt, be satisfactory to them to have carried out their intention; but their position in Tunis will be very little altered. They will have conquered one more section of a country which is not worth conquering; and, if they will have made themselves more feared by the population, they will also have made themselves, if possible, more detested.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

IN his speech at the Guildhall Mr. GLADSTONE announced to the Corporation its coming doom with remarkable boldness, and at the same time with unimpeachable good taste. There is no point on which the citizens of London are so unanimous as in their desire to maintain intact their ancient and cherished municipality; but such is the charm of eloquence that they applauded, though they perhaps scarcely understood, the announcement that, as soon as Parliament has leisure for the task, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the Common Council, and the Livery will be relegated into the long list of extinct institutions. Another Mayor and other Aldermen will preserve the nominal tradition of City greatness; and they will reign over a far larger territory and population. As Mr. GLADSTONE gracefully assured the existing and moribund dignitaries, nothing will be done "to degrade your great Corporation, or to impair its efficiency. New dignity, new energy, and a further enlargement of public con-

fidence, fresh record of good work done, and of great services rendered to the country, will be the unfailing consequence of any such measure as Parliament will adopt for the purpose of dealing with the municipal institutions of London." An eminent representative of the Comtist philosophy some time since published a profound and touching Essay on a Future Life. Repudiating the imputation that his school rejected the hopeful creed of immortality, he explained that there would be a future life, inasmuch as others would live when the present generation has finally ceased to exist. The prospective greatness of a London municipality will be equally consolatory to the City magnates. They will no longer wear gowns and chains, or entertain princes and potentates; but other Aldermen from Marylebone or Chelsea will succeed to dignities with the same titles and with entirely different functions. To use a more familiar comparison, the City will be to the incorporated metropolis as a great manufacturer to a Limited Liability Company into which his firm has been converted, and in which he holds five per cent. of the stock.

One step towards the accomplishment of a task which will probably sooner or later be completed has now been taken in the formal notice which has been served on the Corporation with a felicitous avoidance of offence. All former schemes for the disestablishment of the City have failed; but, if Mr. GLADSTONE retains power for a few years, the Corporation will go the way of the Irish Church and the Irish landlords. No former Minister has undertaken with equal skill or vigour the task of abolishing existing institutions. A London municipality would probably have been created by this time if the change had been strongly desired by those who are without, or if it had not been earnestly resisted by the privileged inhabitants of the City. Even Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence will not reconcile the Corporation to its own disappearance; but it may perhaps persuade the metropolitan ratepayers that they are aggrieved by their exclusion from the festivals and ceremonies of the Guildhall. No attention will be paid to a few disinterested critics who may suggest that the City Corporation, with its splendour and its absence of political power, is one of the happiest among many English accidents which have their origin in historical causes, and not in deliberate contrivance. The Lord Mayor represents not only the metropolis but, for certain purposes, the nation. His successor will perhaps represent London, but he will be the nominee and the organ of a political party. Mr. GLADSTONE was not afraid to assert, and was able for the moment to believe, that the municipal institutions of provincial towns "are completely separated from the exigencies of the politics of party." A year or two ago he sanctioned by his presence and approval the abominable penal laws by which at Birmingham at least one-half of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants are permanently excluded from all share of municipal authority, and from any voice in the administration of the rates to which they largely contribute. There, and in some other large towns, the municipal institutions are wholly subordinate to the exigencies of the politics of party. In the probable contingency of the application of the Birmingham tyranny to a London municipality, a grievous and intolerable wrong would be inflicted on a minority more numerous than the population of Manchester, Liverpool, or Glasgow.

The reasons for extending to London the provisions of the Municipal Act of 1835 all lie on the surface. When, a few years ago, the conduct of a Bill for the purpose was entrusted to Lord ELCHO, a seeming unanimity in its favour was represented by the eager approval of the whole London press, with one exception; yet before the Bill could be introduced into Parliament, it was found that it provoked strong opposition, and that it had no genuine support. On reflection, the ratepayers discovered that they lived in a town which is at the same time the largest and one of the best governed in the world. The Vestries were scarcely more willing than the City Corporation to promote their own suppression. In the first draft of the Bill the management of the police was transferred to the new Corporation; and even bold politicians were alarmed by the proposed establishment at the seat of Government of a rival authority disposing of the services of twelve thousand disciplined men. For these and other sufficient reasons the Bill was withdrawn before it could be presented to Parliament, and the journalists who had hastily welcomed its appearance indulged in no lamentation for

its premature decesso. Several experiments have since been made in the same direction with like result. The government by a single municipal machinery of four millions of men possessing incalculable wealth is an experiment which has never been tried. The nearest approximation to the proposed Corporation is the Municipality of Paris, which is regarded by all prudent and peaceable Frenchmen as a standing danger to the State. From the Parisian governing body not only all Royalists and Bonapartists, but all moderate Republicans, are excluded, although theorists may perhaps have anticipated that it would be completely separated "from the exigencies of the politics of party." In the first instance, a Corporation representing the whole of London would perhaps follow the wholesome precedent which has in modern times been furnished by the City; but there is no sufficient security against the future occupation of corporate posts by political demagogues.

The strong objections to a measure which is undoubtedly recommended by plausible arguments are peculiar to London. Mr. GLADSTONE in his City speech did justice to the results which have, on the whole, followed from the Municipal Reform Act. Of late years political influences have encroached more and more on the province of local government, with the result of diminishing the regard of the electors to personal qualifications, and of promoting pecuniary corruption. In many instances the same bribes have been given with reference both to Parliamentary and to municipal elections. It is nevertheless true that the Corporations have in many cases made great local improvements, which may be largely attributed to the intelligence and zeal of the professional staffs. Town clerks, engineers, surveyors, and sanitary officers are among the ablest and most public-spirited of functionaries. The governing bodies are of course entitled to the credit of selecting advisers who, even if they are chosen for political reasons, almost always devote their energies to the discharge of their proper duties. Similar official persons would be found in abundance in London, and they would probably be actuated by the same laudable spirit; but some of them would find that their administrative functions extended over an area inconveniently large. The model of the Municipal Act would be most closely followed by the creation of several Corporations, coinciding perhaps with the limits of the Parliamentary boroughs; but even in the subdivisions of London it would be difficult to create a feeling of local or municipal patriotism. The Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth have no staple trade, and few recognized common interests, such as those which to a certain extent unite the different parts of Manchester or of Leeds. One advantage of the institution of several municipalities would be that the City might perhaps still retain its separate existence, with a titular precedence and dignity. It appears that Mr. GLADSTONE contemplates a simpler and more sweeping change. When he proposes in the House of Commons the establishment of a Metropolitan Corporation he may justly boast that the scheme was received with applause by its destined victims, assembled to do him honour in their own ancient hall.

#### THE LEIPSI STATE TRIAL.

THE trial at Leipzig of a small band of revolutionary Socialists throws some light on the dangers with which such persons can threaten society and civilization in Germany, and also some light on the bitter hostility with which the guardians of society and civilization are regarded by those who are arrayed against them. The prisoners were in all fifteen, and were accused of high treason, their trial accordingly taking place before the Supreme Tribunal of the Empire. What they had done was to circulate secretly revolutionary publications, especially those of the famous Most, whose indiscretions have placed him within the grasp of the English law. An address to "Our brethren in the barracks" incited the soldiers, to whom it was to be surreptitiously conveyed, to disobey and, if necessary, kill their officers; and a pamphlet, even more audacious, stigmatized Prince BISMARCK as the greatest monster the world had seen. In Germany Prince BISMARCK really is an uncrowned king, and it is a legal offence of a very deep colour to speak or write of him irreverently. The publications to be disseminated were no doubt really mischievous; but it would seem that to the conspirators the great attraction of

their calling was not the hope of converting a fallen world to the orthodoxy of anarchy, but the fun of outwitting the police and getting forbidden writings into places which it was especially irritating to the police that the conspirators could reach. The indictment stated, as an awful illustration of their audacity, that one of the barracks in which they tried to address their military brethren was under the very shadow of the Emperor's Berlin Palace. It was because it was under this august shadow that the attempt had a special fascination for its authors. It was further set out that when, in October of last year, the EMPEROR went to Frankfurt to open a new Opera House, the conspirators managed to fix a few copies of one of their favourite pamphlets on a triumphal arch under which the EMPEROR was to pass. The diffusion of Socialist doctrines could not have been very effectually promoted by hiding a few copies of a pamphlet amidst evergreens and flags; but it gave these childish traitors a keen satisfaction to think that a compendium of their faith would be suspended for an instant over the sacred head of Majesty itself. The police had, however, by this time learnt enough of what was going on to make some arrests and threaten more, and then the conspirators met in solemn conclave and decided that a great blow must be struck, and it was ordered that the chief of the police should be saturated with vitriol. This somewhat feminine form of vengeance is in harmony with the fact that one of the leading conspirators was a seamstress. This charming person acted, it is said, as an intermediary between the different members of the association, and she evidently added intellectual to personal attractions; for she wrote or affected poetry, and a poem was found in her lodgings written in honour of the glorious uses of dynamite. A search in the habitations of other conspirators revealed the possession of no less than four bottles of poison labelled for the extermination of vermin, and the police had no difficulty in leaping to the conclusion that they were the vermin to be exterminated. One of the conspirators had even formed a vague project of blowing up the building in which the German Parliament assembles, and as he was a shorthand writer and sat in the reporters' gallery, he was supposed to have exceptional facilities for carrying his plan into execution. It did not appear that any of the conspirators had taken any active steps towards carrying out the projects of the band. Lots had been drawn to decide who should saturate the chief of the police with vitriol, but there apparently the matter rested. The bottles for exterminating vermin had lost none of their contents. The reporter had made no definite preparation for thinning the ranks of the press by blowing up the gallery in which he sat. What the conspirators had done was to circulate mischievous pamphlets on the tops of arches and elsewhere, to assure each other that they were wild and desperate persons ready for anything, and to implore their friends abroad to continue to send money to keep things going. Money, in fact, was indispensable under every contingency, and was as much a necessity after arrest as before. One of the leaders explained that he had to divert a sum sent by a lady for general revolutionary purposes, and apply it towards supplementing the very meagre fare which, as he found, was all that a German prison had to offer him.

The greater part of the history of this little band was only revealed to the police after the band was arrested. The arrest was prompted by a judicious guess that the prisoners must have been doing something very bad, and then evidence was obtained to show what it was that had been done. The mode by which the secrets of the prisoners were penetrated was one habitually used by the Continental police. The different members of the band were confined in cells, which they each shared with an ordinary prisoner who had committed some such crime as forgery or embezzlement, and had nothing to do with political conspiracies. The ordinary prisoner was bribed with offers of relaxation of prison discipline or mitigation of punishment to worm out the secrets of the political prisoner. He was to hint in a mysterious way that he knew where dynamite was to be obtained, or where a secret printing-press might be set up. He was, in short, to inspire a lively regret in the political prisoner that he had not earlier known one so well suited to be the friend of his bosom. Sympathy, it was expected, would lead to confidence, and the event justified the expectation. The political prisoners told enough



in their hours of expansion to seal their fate. There is nothing in this mode of obtaining evidence which is in the least repugnant to those who are charged in Germany with the administration of justice. It is a stratagem to which recourse is habitually had in France in any case, political or ordinary, where evidence is wanted, and can be obtained most easily in this way. The notion that it is unfair to the accused would never enter the mind of the most scrupulous French or German official. There is only one claim to fairness on the part of the accused which such officials religiously respect. They will never fasten any crime on a man which they do not honestly believe he has committed. It would, perhaps, be too much to affirm that in times of excitement some French or German prosecutors do not leap lightly to the conclusion that political crimes have been committed by those who are accused of them; but in the ordinary administration of justice those charged with the prosecution are rigidly honest and believe in the guilt of those whom they prosecute. In order to convict a guilty man one way is, they think, as good as another. It is just as natural and as innocent to set a spy on him in his cell as to burst open the drawers in the room he lived in and take away his papers. The only thing to ask is whether his guilt is established by the means employed. For this purpose confessions obtained by treachery are very valuable. Every one who attended the trial at Loispic, and every one who reads its proceedings, was, or may be, convinced that the account of this conspiracy was a true account. There was no attempt made to carry the narrative further than it was carried by such evidence as the public could obtain. The conspirators said that they had formed mad and wicked plans, but had done nothing to carry them out; and the police left these confessions as they stood and presented a case where punishment was deserved, but which seemed of a kind rather too humble to be brought before so majestic a Court as the Supreme Tribunal of the Empire.

But, although the methods used to obtain evidence in this and similar cases create no uneasiness in the breasts of those charged with the execution of the law, and bring home to the mind of the public that the story of the alleged crimes is a true one, they have an effect on the classes with which the police is at war, which must not be overlooked. The thought that treachery has been used to ruin their friends makes those who are still at liberty to carry on the contest doubly indignant and bitter. There seems to be something noble and virtuous in fighting the police and the society which feeds and pays the police, when the police has recourse to black arts and treacherous intrigues. The general notion that something must be done to give a new colouring to society passes into the notion that society has declared war against its would-be reformers, and is carrying on the war in an unhandsome way, and there springs up a hatred of the law, and of those who put the law in execution, which does not exist where society carries on the fight in a more scrupulous, if less effectual, manner. But if this deduction is to be made from the expediency of obtaining evidence by treachery, there is no deduction to be made from the value of the revelation itself. A more instructive story than this of the little band tried at Leipsic could hardly be imagined. It is because the conspirators were so childish and purposeless that their history is a typical one. The bulk of the new enemies of society are very much like these puerile German conspirators. They feed on foolish talk, they catch at the fringes of mad theories, they write hymns in honour of dynamite, and plot in the lodgings of a sympathetic seamstress. The finest thing they can dream of is to baffle the police by sticking copies of a pamphlet in the middle of a triumphal arch, or to plan a piece of wanton mischief like burning a steamer in a friendly port. Then the time comes when they feel that they must do something more serious. They are frightened, and want to have accomplished something great before their career comes to an end. The police is on their track, and so the chief of the police must be saturated with vitriol. Or they find the funds sent by admirers or instigators falling short, and perceive that, if more money is to come, they must do something to earn it. There must be an explosion somewhere, or the love of dynamite will grow cool. However we may account for it, there seems to be a total absence of all notion of right and wrong among large classes of persons who have received some kind of education, and the consideration that they will inflict unmerited suffering on persons who have never done them

any kind of harm never gives them a moment's hesitation. Nor are they arrested in their wickedness and folly by the reflection that the crime they propose to commit can serve no possible purpose. The police of Germany would not have been in the least weakened by its chief being saturated with vitriol. All that would have happened would have been that one policeman would have had intense suffering or have died, and one conspirator would have done a very wicked deed instead of talking of it. Fortunately, as in the German case, these projects do not generally go beyond talk. But there is no saying when very vain, weak, unprincipled and needy people may not really do what they are always talking and thinking of doing. Persons as puerile as the members of this German band are really dangerous; and, although it is rather humiliating to society that it must keep on its guard against them, it would be a great mistake to despise them, or to ignore that there is abroad in these days a spirit which easily passes from acts of mischief to acts of atrocity.

#### MR. GOSCHEN AT RIPON.

AS Mr. GOSCHEN was attending a purely non-political meeting when he spoke at Ripon, he could only touch on points which awake no party difference. He described himself as suffering under a painful privation of enjoyment in being excluded from the subjects of party strife. The horns of the huntsmen were ringing in his ears all round him, but the chase was not for him. He was obliged to confine himself to the tame and pale amusement of speaking on those things as to which all agree. First of all, there was the House of Commons, the machinery of which needs, in Mr. GOSCHEN's opinion, some recasting. It must be made more effective, both as a debating and as a legislative body. But Mr. GOSCHEN gave a word of warning to those who think that some very strong measures of reform are necessary, and that the procedure of the House must be something very different from what it is now. Those who think and hope that this can be done quickly and easily are, as Mr. GOSCHEN said, doomed to disappointment. It is precisely because the difficulties of making any radical change in the procedure of the House of Commons spring from its general constitution and its permanent relations to the country at large, as well as to the constituencies, that the subject of changing its procedure can be said to be outside the region of party politics. If all parties are interested in making the House of Commons more effective, they are also all interested in guarding the independence of the House, and seeing that it freely exercises the very various functions which custom has gradually assigned to it. The most burning of all party subjects has suddenly passed into being a subject on which all parties are agreed, and Ireland only supplies ground for an appeal to every Englishman to aid the Government in crushing tyranny and upholding the law. On the vexed question of Fair-trade and Free-trade Mr. GOSCHEN kept clear of anything that could betray a party leaning by confining himself to a record of his own studies. He has been reading up everything, bad and good, which he thought could throw any light on the points in dispute. This was not a merely playful revelation of personal history. It was a fruitful hint as to the true method of approaching many questions which lie just within or just without the range of what has become definitely associated with one party or the other. With regard to questions of this kind, the one thing needed is to get at the facts. This is generally very tedious and repulsive work. But there is no other way of forming an opinion which will bear the test of discussion. As regards, for example, the numerous suggestions which are now being put forward with indiscreet eagerness by farmers or their friends, there is at the command of any one who will go through the laborious task of mastering it, a mass of most instructive evidence which the RICHMOND Commission has got together and published. The Commission has not as yet finished its task, but when it has done all that it was meant to do and has embodied its conclusions in a final report, it will have given Englishmen a body of information by which the assertions of partisans can be satisfactorily tested, and the suggestions of amateur legislators be reduced to their proper level.

At all these subjects, however, Mr. GOSCHEN glanced in a light and easy way. He kept his serious powers for the

one topic on which he felt strongly and had really something to say. It was on Egypt that he wished to deliver his opinion at the present crisis, and as the present Government is, with regard to Egypt, in complete harmony with its predecessor, he could say as much about Egypt at Ripon as he could have said at a meeting of political friends. No one is better entitled to speak of Egypt than Mr. GOSCHEN. He knows Egypt, he has seen an Egyptian Government at work, he is alive to the weaknesses of Egyptian administration, and has had ample experience of the difficulties which must inevitably beset the working of a system like that of a joint protectorate. Further, Mr. GOSCHEN knows Turkey well; he knows the feelings, the hopes and the fears of the Porte, what it will dare to do and what it will not dare to do, what are the real means of influencing it, and who are most likely to have influence to use. That England must retain a permanent ascendancy in Egypt is now a settled maxim of every one of every party. Mr. GOSCHEN sets himself to ask what is the peculiar mode in which England ought to secure this ascendancy. Other nations thought they could make themselves prominent in Egypt by using dictatorial language, or by subterranean intrigues, or by some of the more adroit forms of corruption. England must work in a different way, by choosing as her representatives in Egypt men high-minded, disinterested, and fearless. The name of one such man whom England actually possesses as a representative in Egypt was easily given. Mr. COLVIN, in the critical moment of the recent mutiny, showed a readiness of resource, a boldness, and an indomitable spirit which may make every Englishman proud of him. He induced the KHEDIVÉ to come forward with a mere handful of attendants in presence of the troops, and front them as their master. Then, if the KHEDIVÉ had listened to Mr. COLVIN's advice, he would have at once demanded the sword of the ringleader and arrested him. Had this been done the mutiny would in all probability have been over then and there. But Mr. COLVIN could not all at once infuse the spirit of an Englishman into an Egyptian Prince, and the KHEDIVÉ, instead of arresting the leader, began to parley with him, and the mutineers were masters of the situation. There can be no doubt that the qualities displayed by Mr. COLVIN are, as Mr. GOSCHEN says, the very qualities best calculated to impress every one in Egypt with a consciousness of the moral forces which give England an ascendancy in semi-civilized States. Fortunately, too, India is a prolific parent of men of this high stamp, and the Indian Administration can supply England in Egypt with an abundant flow of representatives high-minded, bold, disinterested, and having long and varied experience in the art of governing Orientals.

Mr. GOSCHEN dwelt on the absolute necessity of our retaining the command of our main route to India, but he had far too intimate an acquaintance with Egypt, and with the varied and conflicting interests which have gathered round Egypt, to use language too commonly adopted, and speak as if there was one simple, easy, strong thing which England ought suddenly to do to her own great glory, the confusion of her enemies, and the astonishment of the world. Lord GRANVILLE works in a much humbler way, but not without satisfactory results. It was so arranged that the Turkish Commissioners should be treated with every possible civility, but should never be allowed to make anything like an examination into the state of the administration. Their departure was hurried, perhaps, by the arrival of a French ironclad, and the announcement that an English ironclad was coming. These vessels were stated to be sent in order to protect the subjects of the two Powers which, it was alleged, would be in danger so long as the native party could be stirred into a malignant activity by the presence or the arts of the Commissioners. This amounted to a very broad hint that the Powers had reason to believe that the recent disturbances owed part, at least, of their origin to the intrigues of Constantinople. The SULTAN protested that the Commissioners were the most harmless of men, and had done no more than try to make the return to order more swift and sure. This is probably a true description of what had happened, but not a true description of what was meant to happen. There can be doubt that the object of the Porte during the late crisis has been to bring forward a native party, and make it lean on Turkey and against England and France. The end has been that the native party clearly

sees that it cannot lean on Turkey, and must work within such limits as the control of the two Powers impose. A Council of Notables is to be assembled before long, and has often been assembled in times past. There cannot be much for the members to do, even if they were capable of performing it; but they may possibly disclose some grievances and suggest some remedies. A matter of far greater importance is the announcement that steps are to be taken at once to set up a new system of justice for the natives. This is, of all reforms, that of which Egypt stands in the greatest need. It has been talked of for years, and a project for giving good tribunals to the Egyptians themselves was a part of the general scheme of NUSSE PASHA, of which the institution of the International Tribunals was the other half. As was natural, England has strongly supported the new Minister in his resolve to signalize his accession to office by a salutary and popular reform. To keep the Egyptian Government doing what is best for the people may be said to be the policy of England, and the secret of carrying out this policy lies, as Mr. GOSCHEN says, in the choice of representatives of England having the qualities on which it gave him a patriotic pride to dwell.

#### AFGHANISTAN.

THE recent news from Afghanistan, although not as yet fully confirmed or explained, will doubtless rejoice the hearts of the moral-barrier theorists in England. The Afghans have proceeded, by their usual process of cutting one another's throats, several steps farther in the direction of that internal peace among themselves and external affection towards England which Mr. GLADSTONE believes to be their natural condition when undisturbed by the machinations of English Tories. On the other hand, the abandonment of almost the last, if not the last, section of the scientific barrier has been decided upon, and the Russian advance on Herat is to be answered by an English retirement on Quetta. That all-important post is not, indeed, to be evacuated, at least as yet, and it will be occupied during the winter by a brigade of considerable strength. The enthusiasts for moral barriers, and nothing but moral barriers, are, however, to be gratified by a reduction of the garrison in March, and meanwhile they may comfort themselves with the recollection of the difficulties which General PHAYRE experienced last year in endeavouring to move from Quetta on Candahar. That it should be as easy as possible for Russia to reach and control Afghanistan, and as difficult as possible for England to do so, is the ideal of this class of politicians as regards the North-West frontier of India. Mr. GLADSTONE, who apparently shares at once their opinions and their knowledge of the facts, has not been able fully to gratify them as yet. But he has done his best and deserves their gratitude. Their efforts will doubtless be now directed to the abandonment of Quetta; but as on their principles this would be the necessary corollary only of a still further advance of Russian troops, it is possible that they may await the occupation of Meshed or the final conciliation of the Turkomans before making an urgent demand for that measure.

The affairs of the AMEER since his victory near Candahar appear to have been conducted with much good luck, and even with some considerable amount of skill, the generals whom he had sent to foster insurrection against his rival in the west having been seemingly much more efficient, or else very much more fortunate, than the incapable and unlucky commander who lost him Candahar, and who went near to losing him his throne. Guerilla warfare had been going on against AYUB's governors for some time in the district of Taiwarra, between Cabul and Herat, and the AMEER's emissary, ABDUL KUDUS, joined himself to the insurgents. AYUB's troops, though led by the able LUINAB, whom he had left behind at Herat, appear to have been unable to resist this combination. A curious incident of this war, aptly illustrating Lord SALISBURY's parallel between Scotland in old days and Afghanistan to-day, is the reported destruction by AUBA KHAN, the guerilla chief, of his own capital, if it may be so called, of Taiwarra, as useless to himself and liable to prove a harbourage for his enemies. The news of these reverses must have met AYUB as he fled northwards from Farrah, and though it cannot be said to be certainly known whether he has entered Persia—Sir

It is well known how difficult it is for a Government, though it is easy for a newspaper or a private person, to communicate with Meshed, where Afghan matters are always known at once—it would be his natural, and indeed almost his only possible, course. Little attention need be paid to the rumours of intestine disturbances in Eastern Afghanistan. Such disturbances always exist in one part or another of the actual country, though no doubt not in the Afghanistan of Mr. GLADSTONE's imagination. The Saturnian reign of SHERE ALI, on which he looks back as a golden age, disturbed by an irruption of English barbarism, was one continual series of such things, which are indeed the natural occupations of the Afghan. An Ameer of Afghanistan, like his prototypes the Kings of Scotland before the seventeenth century, can only hope that by adroit management he may prevent or overcome combinations of the jarring clans against himself, not that such combinations will give place to an orderly and civilized "King's peace." In his present position ABDUL RAHMAN has a very fair chance of attaining and keeping this state of unstable equilibrium, and that is all that can be said for him. There is no immediate reason for apprehending any inconvenience from him, for he has at the present moment everything to lose and nothing to gain by being a bad neighbour to India. The actual destination and fate of AYUB are matters of more immediate interest. The Persian Court, despite, or perhaps in consequence of, its hankering after Herat, is not very likely to regard him as a welcome guest. Indeed it was said, with what amount of truth it is not easy to judge, that after Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's victory orders were given at Teheran not to admit him on Persian territory. There is, however, another refuge which is always open to unlucky Afghan princes, and where, if he can reach it, he is certain of the position accorded to pretenders who have no objection to make themselves generally useful.

There is, therefore, very little doubt that, in default of some new revolution, which in such a state of things as has just been described is always possible, a short time ought to put Herat in possession of the AMIR, who is not likely to have to use his siege train against its famous earthworks, the alleged amount of the garrison being utterly insufficient to hold so large a place. Yet another short time should also put him as much in control of the whole country as he is ever likely to be. Afghanistan itself might then be left to the enjoyment of the Arcadian felicity which Mr. GLADSTONE imagines to be its natural portion, and to the observation of Brigadier-General EDWARDS and his seven regiments at Quetta. It is, however, on this side of Afghanistan that the interest of Central Asian politics lies at present. Lord SALISBURY has, as was to be expected, been reviled for saying that Russian troops are not very much further than a day's march from Meshed, and within striking distance of Herat. The latter statement is absolutely true, for the road is perfectly open, and there is not a force of any kind which could or would interpose an obstacle. The former is itself little more than a rhetorical exaggeration of the actual fact, and is not an exaggeration at all if the recent claims for extension of the Russian frontier are taken into consideration. It is possible that the Russian authorities entertain the same view of the Afghan nation and of the superiority of moral to physical barriers as that which Mr. GLADSTONE holds; but, if so, their conviction leads them to a different, and perhaps a more logical, line of conduct. The Russians are anxious for a nearer and more intimate acquaintance with these kindly and affectionate mountaineers, and they hurry to establish it and to knit for themselves the bonds of which Mr. GLADSTONE talks. They are so convinced of the impolicy and inefficiency of physical barriers that they wish to obliterate them altogether. We, on the other hand, regard the Afghan as a person to be kept at a distance, if possible, by a physical barrier of mountains and deserts. The Russian St. Petersburg-Herat railway is hurried on at a rate which would not disgrace the United States. The English Bombay-Quetta railway is abandoned. We evacuate Pishin, which many even of those who were adverse to the retention of Candahar regarded as an indispensable boulevard of India; the Russians strain every nerve to bring their frontiers to march with those, not merely of Afghan Turkestan, but of Afghanistan itself. The difference is a remarkable example of the opposite lines of conduct to which identical convictions sometimes lead. Yet perhaps it would be unwise to forget that

Russia has a motive which England—even Mr. GLADSTONE's England—certainly has not. Whatever the supporters of the Government in this country may think—or, rather, whatever they may say—all Asia thinks that the Russians were "hunted out of Afghanistan" by the late Ministry. And the Russians themselves know it. They are not accustomed to leave debts of this kind unpaid, still less to leave their Asiatic subjects and neighbours under such conceptions of their state of indebtedness. Their preparations for settling day are certainly more in accordance with prudence, to say the least of it, than Mr. GLADSTONE's. They are putting themselves in a position to pour men and material, by an unbroken line of rail and steamboat communication, direct from the camps and arsenals of Russia to the frontiers of Afghanistan. We are making the corresponding process as difficult for ourselves as possible, in reliance on the gratitude of ABDUL RAHMAN, the kindly affections of the Afghans—whom Mr. GLADSTONE himself thinks we have treated shamefully—and the impregnable "feather bed" "twist castle wall, and heavy brunt of cannon ball" furnished by a Moral Barrier.

#### AMERICA.

IT seems to be little doubt that the President of the UNITED STATES will make considerable changes in the Cabinet appointed by his predecessor. In selecting his own advisers he will act in conformity with the precedents established by other Vice-Presidents who have succeeded to the higher office. An American Cabinet is not united to the chief of the Republic by ties as close as those which connect an English Prime Minister with his colleagues. On the other hand, he is not compelled, like an English Sovereign, to accept advisers imposed upon him by the Legislature. In the first instance, the nomination of a Minister may be rejected by the Senate to which the appointment is submitted; but when the Cabinet has once been formed, its tenure of office is for the rest of the Presidential term entirely independent of the pleasure of Congress. At a time when the prerogative of the President had, through the operation of temporary causes, been reduced to the lowest point, the Senate summarily refused to confirm General GRANT's first nominations. The new President enjoyed in consequence of his military services unbounded popularity, and he had been a few months before elected by an overwhelming majority; but the list of his chosen Ministers showed that they had been selected for their qualifications without reference to their claims on the dominant party. The Republican managers consequently caused the Senate to withhold its confirmation, and the proof of their controlling power was so conclusive that during the next eight years General GRANT not only abstained from any attempt to reassert his independence, but allied himself closely with the usurpers or rival claimants of his right of patronage. Mr. ARTHUR has no reason to fear any similar interference with his discretion. Late events have inclined public opinion to the side of any President who asserts the rights corresponding to his responsibility. The Republican party no longer exercises the supremacy in the Senate which enabled it to impeach Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON and to check General GRANT. While parties are almost equally divided, any section of the Republican party may at any time be overruled by the united Democrats.

In the United States, as in other free countries, there are conventional understandings which are almost equivalent to unwritten laws. No prudent foreigner will speak confidently of the complicated claims which a President must consider in the formation of his Cabinet. Defeated nominees for the Presidency, sometimes more considerable personages than the successful candidate, have sometimes been held to possess a claim to the highest office in the Cabinet. On this ground Mr. SEWARD, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party, became Secretary of State under his obscure competitor Mr. LINCOLN. It is not known to this day whether the Minister or the President was chiefly responsible for the important political decisions which were made during the Civil War. Mr. SEWARD served his official superior loyally, but he may perhaps have been secretly disappointed at the hold which Mr. LINCOLN's original and homely character acquired on the confidence of the

country. At an earlier time Mr. WEBSTER had, on similar grounds, held a post in the Cabinet of Mr. TYLER. Mr. GARFIELD conformed to the established practice in the appointment of Mr. BLAINE as Secretary of State. Of the defeated candidates at Chicago Mr. BLAINE had received the largest amount of support with the exception of General GRANT, who would have been for many reasons ineligible. His opinions seem to be indistinguishable from those of Mr. CONKLING; but Mr. BLAINE belonged to the same section of the party with Mr. GARFIELD. It was understood to be at his instance that the PRESIDENT performed the most questionable act of his short term of office, in the appointment of Mr. ROBERTSON for party reasons to an important and lucrative post. Mr. CONKLING resented the selection, not because he favoured Civil Service reform, but as being in his opinion the legitimate disposer of patronage within the State of New York. The other members of the Cabinet enjoy only local reputation; and they may probably have been selected for their administrative qualities. The claims of certain States to representation in the Cabinet are fully understood only by experienced American politicians. Mr. HAYES, who seemed to foreigners to be a highly respectable President, appears to have incurred discredit by his preference of claimants from his own State of Ohio, of whom some were his personal friends. Mr. GARFIELD also was a citizen of Ohio, and his conduct would have been severely criticized if he had shared the predilections of his predecessor.

As Mr. ARTHUR has been a close ally of Mr. CONKLING, it has hitherto been assumed that Mr. BLAINE will retire from the Cabinet. The Attorney-General, Mr. MACVEAGH, and the Postmaster-General, Mr. JAMES, have already tendered their resignations, with an intimation that the offer is not to be understood as merely formal. Mr. WINDOM, Secretary of the Treasury, is also expected to retire; and, although he has continued the reduction of the debt, he is said to have caused some loss to the Treasury by an error in his mode of operation. If he retires from office it might at first sight be thought probable that Mr. SHERMAN would be invited to resume his former post. No other leader of the Republican party enjoys so high a reputation as a financier; but it is understood that on other grounds his appointment would be distasteful to the PRESIDENT. For reasons known only to American politicians, the antagonism in the Convention between Mr. SHERMAN and General GRANT was more bitter than that of either candidate with Mr. BLAINE. Mr. ARTHUR, as an active supporter of General GRANT, has not been reconciled to Mr. SHERMAN, who was represented by Mr. GARFIELD. The recent defeat of the so-called "Stalwarts" in the New York Republican Convention will not have increased Mr. CONKLING's chances of appointment to the office of Secretary of State. It might also perhaps be disagreeable to the PRESIDENT that the chief post in the Cabinet should be filled by one of his two reputed patrons. There are stronger reasons against the employment of General GRANT, who was believed to share Mr. CONKLING's influence over Mr. ARTHUR. The relations among the allies are wholly changed by the elevation of the least conspicuous of the three to the highest post in the Republic. The PRESIDENT may be expected to assert his independence, and there is reason to believe that he contemplates a novel and skilful combination. If he could induce Mr. CONKLING and Mr. BLAINE to abandon their personal feud, and to enter the Cabinet together, the most considerable schism in the Republican party would be healed, and the pretensions of General GRANT might perhaps be safely disregarded. If the scheme fails, it is barely possible that General GRANT might become Secretary of State; yet it may be doubted whether the Senate, even in its present compliant humour, would approve so strange a nomination. To foreign Governments there is no reason why such an appointment should be unwelcome. General GRANT is believed to entertain friendly feelings to the Powers with which the Secretary of State has principally to deal, and he must have a wide knowledge of international relations.

The assurance given by the PRESIDENT in his inaugural address that he would continue the policy of Mr. GARFIELD would not be too strictly construed if any change were deemed desirable. It was natural that Mr. ARTHUR should defer to the popular sentiment of the time, which he probably shared. At that moment any deviation from the principles and practice of the murdered President would have shocked public feeling. The best security for the

fulfilment of Mr. ARTHUR's promise is the difficulty of devising an alternative course. Like Mr. GARFIELD, the actual PRESIDENT is a Republican, and he is pledged, in common with the rest of the party, to a policy which has really no opponents. The Republicans have tacitly dropped their claim of interference in the affairs of the Southern States; they now maintain sound doctrines on the subject of the currency; and they are vaguely pledged to some indefinite scheme of Civil Service reform. No great revolution in the system of appointment to minor offices will be effected so long as Mr. BLAINE, Mr. CAMERON, and Mr. CONKLING direct the councils of the party. Mr. ARTHUR had been suspected of heretical tendencies on the tariff; but he has now given his adhesion to the prevailing doctrine of Protection. He may perhaps be well advised in waiving for the time opinions to which he could not, in opposition to a great majority, have given effect.

A short time since it seemed in the highest degree improbable that the Government of the United States would have to deal with any foreign complications. The violent language and conduct of the Irish population would cause little uneasiness but for the strange complicity of the press with lawless attacks upon England. It is said that native-born Americans are at present amicably disposed to a country which has long courted their good will, and this impression will be deepened by the PRESIDENT's graceful act at the Yorktown Centenary. Nevertheless, almost all American newspapers profess to desire the independence of Ireland. The crimes and the treasonable designs of the Land League would have been long since sternly repressed if they had occurred in the United States. The disruption of the United Kingdom would be a far more ruinous disaster than the permanent secession of the Southern States, yet the determination of England to prevent separation by force meets with no American sympathies. The PRESIDENT and his Government are not responsible for popular feeling or language; but it may not improbably become their duty to repress criminal attempts such as the recent attempt to burn one of the Cunard packets. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH truly said that the use of dynamite is utterly repugnant to a high moral civilization. It may be hoped that repugnance will take the form of active precautions against one of the vilest modes of murder.

#### THE ENGLISH LAND BILL.

THE reception which the draft Bill of the Farmers' Alliance—first discussed, though not first promulgated, at a meeting of that body on Tuesday—has met with from the political party from which it has most to hope has not been encouraging. The Radical newspapers have, as in duty bound, abstained from throwing actual cold water on the project, but they have not received it with anything like enthusiasm. Perhaps this is in part due to the remarkable frankness of Mr. JAMES HOWARD and his friends on some points very dear to Radical theorists about what are called the Land Laws. For years such theorists have been vociferating that primogeniture, entails, settlements, life-ownership, and such-like things were stifling and strangling British agriculture. Deprive a landlord of the power of providing for the support of his house and name, put a penalty even on the omission to make a will, and the whole country would blossom like a rose, there would be no more bad seasons, the English farmer might laugh at American competition, and all would go well. These persons now find themselves completely thrown overboard by the very body which they hoped, and still hope, to use as a lever for the destruction of the "landed gentry" system. "Whatever," said Mr. JAMES HOWARD, with the most brutal candour, "the importance of the transfer of land, the laws of inheritance, and so forth in other respects" might be, it was their business to deal with those subjects which more directly and materially affect the "interests of tenant-farmers." Speakers and writers who have been contending for years that nothing can possibly affect these interests more directly and materially than the very points thus thrown aside are naturally rather aghast at such a rejection by the persons confessedly most concerned.

The result has been that some very salutary truths have been told to the Farmers' Alliance by their own



political friends both at the meeting and in the press. Mr. D. GRANT, M.P., told his companions at the meeting bluntly that the Bill meant that the tenant was to supersede the landlord. The *Daily News* informs the Farmers' Alliance that "where the parties can take care of themselves the interference of the most competent tribunal is likely to do more harm than good," and that there is "no pretence for saying" that the English farmer has any rights other than those given by the express contract he has made. Indeed the general tone of the English supporters of the Ministry may be interpreted as carrying with it a strong suggestion that the Farmers' Alliance had better hold their tongues, vote steadily for Mr. GLADSTONE, and see what he will do for them. Nor is this at all surprising, not merely on account of the heresy just noticed, but because Radical critics of any intelligence cannot fail to see that such demands as those of the English and Scotch agricultural agitators are likely to put their political leaders in a position of very great difficulty. It is tolerably certain that English urban constituencies would be by no means eager to urge their members to vote for such a measure as that which was discussed at Tuesday's meeting. It is, as even the advocates of land reform have had to confess, a simple demand on the part of one class that a dead lift shall be given to them by legislation at the expense of another class on which they have absolutely no claim but that of definite terminable contract. To give the sense of the so-called English Land Bill in a few words, it amounts to this—that the choice of tenants shall be taken out of the hands of the landlord; that he shall be absolutely precluded from all control over the management of the land; and lastly, that all direct and indirect increment of value in consequence of the tenant's improvements—and under the circumstances there could hardly be any other—should go to the tenant and be marketable or assignable by him. The import of this last provision, which is the kernel of whole Bill, is unmistakable. The landlord has no vote on improvements in the first place, and no benefit from them in the second, even though the land to be improved is as essential an element, to say the least, in the improved value as the capital spent on it. An exemplification of this doctrine in a different, but strictly analogous, matter is easily given. A sempstress receives so much linen to make into shirts; she expends on it labour and capital, in the shape of money paid for thread, light, food, &c. The increased selling value of the made-up linen, according to the doctrine of the Farmers' Alliance, belongs, not partly—as in justice it does, and as is acknowledged by the payment of wages—but wholly to her. Her employer is entitled only to the original cost of the linen, with an allowance, at the current rate of interest, for being temporarily kept out of his money. This parallel—which is, let it be repeated, not in the least unfair—suggests a difficulty in the way of the Farmers' Alliance which has, as a matter of fact, actually made itself felt. It is evident that, on their principle, the labourer is a person to be reckoned with, and the labourers' advocates are quite shrewd enough to perceive it. Mr. HOWARD, with the same admirable, but perhaps injudicious, frankness, explained, we are told, to Mr. GEORGE MITCHELL that an association of farmers was naturally engaged in forwarding the interests of the farming class. Other classes may possibly be found to object to a process of "forwarding" so natural, but at the same time so exclusive.

It is not improbable that the agitation thus conducted, and conducted on similar but not identical lines in Scotland, may do some good. The attack on the rights of the Irish landlords was tolerated, and little more than tolerated, by the majority of English constituencies chiefly because they knew nothing and cared nothing about the matter. There are, however, very few electors in England who do not know something about the position of the English farmer. That very important personage, the town voter, may have no very ardent affection for landlords as a class, but he has at the same time no more ardent affection for farmers as a class. He regards them as persons engaged like himself in gaining a livelihood by business, and he is not likely to be particularly anxious that they should have "marketable securities," if that is the word, against loss or failure in their business which he himself does not, and in the nature of things cannot, possess. In Scotland the case is rather different, because in the odd mixture of occupations which characterises the country as compared with England, the interests of the rural and

the urban electors are more united. But even there the same argument applies in a great degree, while the notorious fact that, under the system of nineteen years' leases, the average Scotch tenant has nothing whatever to complain of makes the case against the aggressive occupiers stronger than in England. It is already obvious, moreover, that the action of the farmers both in England and Scotland, or rather, of the farming agitators (for the same names constantly recur, and the agitation cannot be fairly said to extend to more than a fraction of the agriculturists of either country), is placing a serious political stumbling-block in the way of the Liberal party—a stumbling-block which is clearly seen if its existence is not openly avowed. They have pledged themselves to enfranchise the labourers, and the labourers may probably be consulted on this very point; yet the farmers, both by their deeds and their words, make it quite clear that all they want is simply so much private advantage, and, as Mr. GRANT says, the putting of themselves in the place of the landlords. This is not a programme at all likely to conciliate the multitudes whom Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends are by their own account longing to lead to the polling-booth. The demands of the English farmer for the whole future increment of the land's value, and of the Scotch farmer for compulsory lowering of rents and fixity of tenure, are from their exclusive nature things which no Government, however rockless, could well think of granting unless the preponderance of the claimants in the electorate were overwhelming. The tenant-farming class is—to its credit be it spoken—far from unanimous in making these demands, or any demands at all resembling them. Even if it made them in a mass, it does not command anything like a majority in the House or the constituencies, and in the very constituencies where it does predominate the Government are pledged to swamp it by admitting men of another class more numerous and certain to regard the particular privileges accorded to their immediate masters with the bitterest jealousy. The situation is a highly curious one, and a remarkable illustration of the awkward effects of Mr. GLADSTONE's habit of bidding recklessly for the support of any class likely to be useful, and encouraging any agitation presenting capabilities of political leverage. Hitherto he has been able to discharge the liabilities he thus incurs by making the less numerous and more wealthy classes discharge them for him. But here, to all appearance, there may be considerable difficulty in carrying out any such operation.

#### WEST CUMBERLAND.

OF the thousands of tourists who visit the Lake district every summer, it is strange that so few penetrate to the west coast. A line drawn from Conistown to Derwentwater, or at any rate to Buttermere, forms the western boundary of the ordinary visitor, and even those energetic persons who cannot leave the district without "polishing off" Scafell, to use the favourite formula of Alpine and other climbers, go no further west than is necessary for the accomplishment of their purpose. They arrive at Wastdale Head one evening, perhaps, from Derwentwater by way of Sty Head Pass, ascend Scafell the next day, and then depart by way of Black Sail and Scarf Gap to Buttermere. Tourists' guides hurry over this portion of their task, as is natural enough, for there are no large hotels to be mentioned, and not many "sights" to form the subjects of high-flown descriptions. Yet this side of the country has one charm which is wanting to the more frequented parts of the district. The sea is an important element in the scenery; and even in the matter of mountains the west can hold its own. There is no finer view in all Cumberland than may be had from a low hill, overgrown with parsley fern, and stag's-horn moss, on the way from Wastwater to the sea. Looking inland, the nearest shores of the lake are hidden by a belt of larches and Scotch firs, beyond which the water stretches, looking black even on the brightest days from the reflection cast by the overhanging Screees. These rocks form a curious feature in the landscape. They would descend almost perpendicularly into the lake were it not for vast masses of broken stone which have been detached from the face of the rocks and have fallen into the water. The sloping banks of loose stone thus accumulated rise in some places more than half-way up the cliffs, and look like enormous buttresses supporting them. In parts where the fall of stone has almost ceased, ferns, shrubs, and even trees have taken root, though not in sufficient numbers to relieve the desolate appearance of the steep cliffs. Elsewhere the surface of the rock, which is rich in iron ore, shows warm tints of red where stone has lately fallen, and one cannot row down the lake without seeing little clouds of dust rising one below another and hearing the sharp rattle of the falling stone. On the other side the slope

is more gradual, and a winding road runs between the lake and the falls to the head of the valley, where the view is abruptly terminated by a group of high mountains. Scafell, the most easterly of these, in spite of its height, is not nearly so imposing as Great Gable, which stands in the centre, and is beyond all question the finest mountain in the Lake district. To the west of this stand Kirkfell and the Pillar, with its precipitous rock, which has been fatal to more than one reckless climber. The want of trees gives a desolate appearance to the scenery, though it increases its grandeur; and perhaps the dale looks best in autumn, when the bracken, turning red and brown, gives warmth and colour to the landscape. The view in the opposite direction affords a pleasant relief after the desolate prospect inland. The valley opens out, and the hills gradually slope down to the level ground. The fresh green of the fields and the warm yellow of the ripening corn contrasts pleasantly with the darker tints of the thick woods; while in the distance the hazy grey of the sea forms a background to the glistening sand-hills, and, far away to the west, the Isle of Man may be sometimes seen on those very clear evenings which are generally followed by rain. The river Irk, after rushing rather impetuously out of the lake, sobers down considerably in the course of the next few miles, and wanders westward, with many windings, until it arrives within a mile of the coast, where it makes an abrupt turn to the south-east, and runs parallel to the shore for a mile or so to Ravenglass, where it forms a common estuary with the Mite and the Esk. According to some old maps, it once ran into the sea at Drigg, and the sandy nature of the coast renders it very probable that the course of the stream may have been thus diverted. It is recorded, too, that pearls were once found in great numbers at the mouth of the river, and that the simple country folk who gathered them at low water sold them for trifling sums to travelling dealers, wondering perhaps, like the dwellers on the amber coasts of whom Tacitus tells us, why any one should come so far in quest of useless objects by which they themselves set so little store. In the neighbouring valley of the Esk is the Muncaster estate, where woodcock were so plentiful up to the end of last century that it was the custom for the tenants to sell them to the lord at the cheap rate of a penny each. From Ravenglass a narrow-gauge railway runs along the foot of Muncaster Fell, bending round its north-eastern end into Eskdale. It was constructed to carry iron ore from Boot to the main line, but the workings have been for some time deserted, and the tiny trains now convey only a few passengers. The method of signalling is beautifully simple. There are no officials on the line except the guard and driver, and passengers hail the train as they might an omnibus, without troubling themselves to go to the nearest station. If any one happens to be waiting at a station, the guard dismounts, opens the booking office, issues tickets, and goes on his way again. No indecent haste cuts short the pleasure of lovers of fine scenery, and the engine-driver has been known to stop to pick up a wild duck which had been shot and had fallen on the line.

The country which lies south-east of the Scafell range, where the valleys of the Esk and Duddon converge, is well described in Wordsworth's sonnets on the latter river. It is a wild, dreary waste of hill and moorland, "sullen moss and craggy mound—unfruitful solitudes," where "desolation is the patron saint." One may walk for miles without finding any trace of human habitation, except where some turf-cutter has left his spade standing in the peaty soil, or where the smoke rises from a solitary cottage. The sheep stare at an intruder with an air of confidence in their right to be where they are which is generally wanting to them. Here and there, especially after a wet season, one comes upon the skeleton of a lamb picked clean by carrion crows. Hawks hover fearlessly overhead, and flocks of curlews come sweeping past, forgetting their usual caution in the rarity of meeting with a human being. To the north of Wastwater, towards Ennerdale lake, stretches Copeland Forest, a succession of fells almost as wild and solitary as the country about Wrynose and Hard Knot, which has just been described. Towards the sea, however, there is a wide tract of lower ground, where we reach once more the regions of men and railways. In the valleys of the streams which run from Copeland Forest are several towns and villages of interest. In the little market-town of Gosforth, about four miles west of the foot of Wastwater, there are one or two quaint cottages of the seventeenth century, and a fine farmhouse, probably of the same period. The churchyard contains a cross, some twelve or fourteen feet high, in excellent preservation, which appears, from the character of the decoration, to be of Scandinavian origin, though authorities differ on this point. A few miles north-west of Gosforth lies the lovely valley of the Calder, where the ruins of the abbey still stand, though their appearance is rather marred by the too close proximity of a very ugly modern house. The abbey belonged to the great Cistercian house at Furness, and a happier choice of a site could scarcely be imagined. Cold winds are effectually shut out by the hills, thickly covered with trees, which rise on either side. The valley slopes gently to the south-west, and from the abbey one may trace the windings of the river till it reaches the sea. Still pursuing a north-westerly course we reach Egremont, one of the oldest towns in Cumberland. On a hill overlooking the town some remains still exist of the castle built by William de Meschions soon after the Conquest. This William was the brother of Ranulph de Meschions, to whom William I. granted the greater part of Cumberland and Northumberland, and he received from his brother the barony of Copeland, which seems to have included

all the land lying between the Duddon, the Derwent, and the sea—in fact, the whole Ward of Allerdale-above-Derwent. The town is not very remarkable, except for the fact that one of the largest statute fairs in Cumberland is held here; a custom which, it is to be hoped, in the interests of decency and morality, may soon fall into disuse. To the north of Egremont lies the chief mining district of West Cumberland, which was some few years ago in a very flourishing condition, and may well recover its prosperity with a revival of trade. The headland of St. Bees, with its cliffs of red sandstone, is a few miles to the west of this district. Here, as the legend runs, the Irish St. Bege landed in the seventh century, and, in gratitude for her prosperous voyage, founded the chantry named after her. It was destroyed, like so many religious houses in England, by the Danes. William de Meschions, on becoming lord of the barony of Copeland, restored the chantry on a very much larger scale, and made it over to the Benedictine monks of York. Wordsworth has told the story of the foundation and varied fortunes of the abbey in the beautiful "Stanzas Suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees's Head." Its site is now occupied by the Theological College. The Grammar School, which has several scholarships at Queen's College, Oxford, was founded by Archbishop Grindall. The port of Whitehaven is worth a passing visit, for the sake of the picturesque view of the town from the quay. In 1566 the town consisted of only six houses, and possessed one small vessel of eight tons. For many years afterwards the growth of the place was slow; but, aided by the wealth and influence of the Lowther family, it gradually increased in importance, and is now a considerable seaport. It has, too, large coal mines, which stretch away under the sea for a long distance. Though there are no very fine buildings, the general effect of the town is pleasing enough; and the low square towers of the churches are peculiarly well suited to the character of the place and its surroundings. Unhappily, the most interesting of the churches is now suffering restoration of a kind which will entirely destroy its beauty. To the north of Whitehaven the country offers fewer features of interest. The little town of Cockermouth ought to be mentioned, for it was the birthplace of Wordsworth; but, when the Derwent has been crossed, we find ourselves in the flatter and more monotonous country which reaches to Carlisle.

The inland portion of Cumberland is interesting for the preservation of a class of farmers which now exists scarcely anywhere else in England. In the more level country towards the sea farms are in many cases large; machinery is extensively used, and "high farming" is not unknown. But in the hilly districts the yeomen, or 'statesmen, as they are commonly called, still survive, though unhappily with lessened prosperity and in constantly decreasing numbers. Barely owning more than eighty acres, and often as few as fifteen or twenty, they lead a thrifty, hard-working life, scarcely richer in comforts than the labourers whom they employ. They live mainly on the produce of their own farms. Barley bread and oatmeal cakes and porridge are their staple food, while buttermilk is the common drink of the country. Butcher's meat is only eaten on high occasions, and even home-cured ham and bacon are used sparingly, the greater part being sent to market. In dress and education the master differs little from the man, especially since farmers have for the most part ceased to manufacture for themselves the grey homespun cloth which once formed their distinctive dress. But in spite of their fallen fortunes the 'statesmen have not lost their family pride. They regard as far beneath them the prosperous tenant of several hundred rich acres in the low country, and they certainly have whatever justification long descent can give them. Many estates have remained in the same family for three or four centuries, and we know of one in Wastdale which has belonged to the ancestors of its present owners ever since the Conquest. The farmhouses, simple and even mean as they are, often contain fine old oak furniture. Exquisitely carved cupboards, coffers, and long settles of beautiful workmanship are by no means uncommon. The women of the household are generally very proud of their china, and we have seen many specimens which would fetch large prices if they were put up for sale where collectors congregate. Many beautiful pieces of silver plate, each with its history, lie locked up in the oak coffers; quaint candlesticks, forks, and spoons of rare patterns, and curiously wrought sugar-tongs, which only see the light on solemn festivals, when the choicest dinner service is set on table, and the finest linen is brought out from the press in which it has lain year after year for two or three generations. It was from the class of 'statesmen that the greater part of the clergy of Cumberland were formerly drawn, and the many odd stories which have been told of country "priests," as they are still called, appear quite probable and natural when one considers that they were for the most part men of little more education than their brothers who were still guiding the plough or following the sheep. The value of benefices in the county was, and still is as a general rule, exceedingly small, and a clergyman's simplest means of eking out his very scanty stipend was by returning to the kind of work which he had been accustomed to do in his youth. There are some amusing stories in Dickinson's *Cumbrians* turning upon an unexpected visit of the bishop, who finds the parson of the parish engaged in sheep-washing or some such rural pursuit. One poverty-stricken incumbent, bolder than his fellows, replied to the bishop's reproach that he was quite willing to leave off helping his neighbours if his lordship would find him a sufficiency to live upon without such work—a retort which briefly expresses the whole merits of the case.

Another survival from bygone days may indeed be of less historical interest, but it more nearly affects the traveller's comfort. In West Cumberland it is possible to find inns which have neither been glorified into hotels nor degraded to the rank of public-houses. The innkeeper is as often as not also a farmer, and the advantages of such an arrangement are obvious enough. The inn itself is generally a long, low stone building, covered with roughcast. The surface of the whitewashed walls is pleasantly broken by a facing of grey slate round the door and windows, while the stone horse-block, the steps leading up to the loft, and the coping of the low garden-wall are scoured with the red iron-ore in which the district abounds. The old-fashioned flowers in the trim little garden heighten the effect of colour, and from the open stable-door comes a fresh healthy smell of dried bracken, which is used for litter instead of straw. The outer walls of the house are generally very thick, for stone may often be had for the trouble of carting it; but the bedrooms are for the most part separated only by wooden planking papered over. The consequence is that the movements of one's neighbours may be heard almost as clearly as on board a mail steamer; but after a day's walking across the fells neither snores nor conversation can keep one awake. At whatever hour you may arrive, fried ham and eggs, the standing dish in Cumberland, will be served smoking hot at a quarter of an hour's notice in the smallest and most comfortable of sitting-rooms. The floor may be of stone, but it is spread with warm rugs, and one soon grows accustomed to the slight elevations and depressions in the surface. The chairs have heavy oak frames, broad rush seats, and arms which satisfy the desire for some slight support, without inducing premature slumber after dinner. A miscellaneous collection of pictures lines the walls. Coloured portraits of royal personages are as plentiful as prints of champion wrestlers. A brewer's advertisement in red and gold on one side of the chimney-piece is balanced by double-distilled whisky, in black and silver, on the other. A certificate of the host's enrolment as a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows is flanked by two black frames full of funeral cards, and above the fireplace hangs a sampler worked by the hostess thirty years ago.

#### QUEEN ANNE'S SON.

WHILE the fact of Queen Anne's decease is one of the best known truths of history, most people who have passed the age of examinations do not remember that she had any son at all. Yet Queen Anne, or, to be more accurate, the Princess Anne, was the mother of seventeen children, of whom only one survived to the age of eleven. This was the little Duke of Gloucester. A servant of the Duke, a Welshman, named Jenkin Lewis, wrote a little memoir of the child, which is now very rare, or, rather, not to be obtained at all. Macaulay, "who had seen almost everything which related to the reign of William III., never mentions it," though Macaulay lived for many years at Holly Lodge, near Camden House, where the little Duke of Gloucester passed most of his limited time in this world. Mr. W. J. Loftie has just reprinted Jenkin Lewis's tract, with a brief introduction. The little book has a pathetic sort of interest; the details of the young Duke's life are quaint and amusing, and, as there are but two hundred and fifty copies of the volume (published by Mr. Stanford), the fresh edition is likely soon to become as scarce as the old one. As the book cannot come into the hands of many readers, we propose to give a brief account of the adventures of "Le Très Puissant Prince," as the child was called when he received the Garter in 1695.

William, Duke of Gloucester, was born on the 24th July, 1689. He was a child of that stormy year of the Revolution, when the Princess Anne chose to follow her husband and the rising sun rather than to go with her father and the declining luminary of the House of Stuart. The baby was a very weakly child, and most people forecast his early fate. His first experiences of life took the shape of "convulsion-fits," and "all encouragement was offered for any one who could find a remedy for convulsion-fits." Though these were the days of Dr. Radcliffe, a belief in amateur physicians seems to have possessed the minds of the Royal parents. Just as in a fairy tale, when the King offers half his kingdom to the person who will heal his daughter, people crowded to Court with their private nostrums. "Among the countrywomen that attended, Mrs. Pack, the wife of a Quaker, came from Kingston Wick, with a young child in her arms of a month old, to speak of a remedy which had restored her children." Prince George chancing to observe that the wife of a Quaker was a healthy-looking woman, Mrs. Pack was appointed to be the Prince's nurse. The Prince recovered from his fits, the nurse it was that died—some years later. On this sad occasion the Duke of Gloucester displayed his early possession of a Royal quality. "The Queen asked him if he was not sorry that his nurse was dead. He said 'No, madam,' for at this early age he had the faculty of forgetting even his greatest favourites when out of sight." In this trait Mr. Goldwin Smith will recognize the innate rascality and instinctive selfishness of princes. The Duke, after recovering from his convulsive fits, was carried, for the country air, to my Lord Craven's house at Kensington Gravel Pits. Somewhat later Camden House was taken, and the Prince was driven out in a coach drawn by horses "which were no larger than a good mastiff." In 1693 he suffered from an ague; but Dr. Radcliffe prescribed the Jesuit's Powder (quinine), of

which the Duke took large quantities "most manfully." His earliest articulate words, it is interesting to philologists to learn, were monosyllabic radicals, *Gig* and *Dy*, the latter of which we feel certain that many students will connect with the Aryan *Dyauz*. But it appears, on Mr. Jenkin Lewis's evidence, that *Dy* was only short for Mrs. Hutchinson's maid. Lewis now observed in the Duke a truly Royal love for horses and drums. For the remainder of his eleven years his Royal Highness incessantly played at soldiers, and displayed a becoming ambition and martial temperament. For what were Princes born but the glorious game of war? The little Duke could conceive of no more noble exercise, and (after a brief interval of wishing to be a carpenter or a smith) was drilling his servant's sons, and planning fortifications, and vapouring with sword and pistol, all day long. The faithful Lewis told him anecdotes of Cæsar, Alexander, and other martialists, and even learned fortification, to win the favour of the little Duke. But Dr. Prat, the boy's tutor, was jealous, and himself took up the study of military engineering, "which did not so properly belong to his office, or his cloth, and thereby deprived another of the opportunity of being employed." This unclerical action of Dr. Prat's chagrined the faithful Jenkin, and he withdrew from the life of a Court to the service of a French merchant in Roan, as he spells Rouen. But this is anticipating the course of his narrative.

The little Duke's first guards were twenty boys from Kensington, accoutred with paper cups and wooden swords. In 1694 he was breeched, and, being displeased with the fit of his garments, ordered his guards "to put the taylor on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence room, for the punishment of offenders, as is usual in martial law." At this time his Royal Highness's toes "turned out as naturally as if he had really been taught to do so," a grace which charmed all who were acquainted with his person. Though active and lively, he was always ailing, and seems never to have been able to go up and down stairs without help. At one time he conceived that he could go nowhere without two people to hold him, and he persisted in this fancy till his father explained to him, and illustrated with cuts, the nature and properties of the birch. But this seems to have been the only time that he was whipped, and his poor little life was a happy one enough. The Queen quarrelled with Princess Anne in a sisterly way, and deprived her of her guard. The little Duke, who was exercising his boy soldiers at Kensington, ventured to tell her Majesty "that his mamma once had guards, but had none now," which, it was said, surprised the Queen a good deal. "The King gave the boys twenty guineas; and, sad to tell, these Prætorians waxed wanton. 'They were very rude, presuming upon their being soldiers; and would challenge men, and fall on many people as they came to and from Kensington to London, which caused many complaints.' Such are the defects of the military character and the dangers of a standing army. At that time the 'Scots Dragoons' were reviewed by the King in Hyde Park. 'They were as good troops,' says Jenkin, 'as ever I saw; with caps, and fuzes, and great basket-hilted swords, very long.' The Duke observed these swords with interest, and commanded his entree to make him a claymore, with which he would 'swagger about the presence room.' With these martial tastes the little Duke combined an unaffected aversion to the exercises of religion, which, says Bishop Burnet, 'he understood beyond imagination'; nor could he be induced to attend family prayers. The Church, therefore, lost less than the Army, it may be, by his death. His memory was good, but he mainly used it in learning the terms of war by land and sea. He even thought out a very notable stratagem whereby to disconcert boarders in a naval battle. 'When we are at sea,' he would observe, 'I will cannonade my enemies and then lie by; so make them believe they may board us. I will send a boy up to the topmasts to let fall from thence a bag of *peace*, that when the enemy came to board us they will fall down by means of the *peace*, and I and my men will rush from the corners of the ship and cut them to pieces.' In this young general's opinion, the countries which a British commander should aim at subduing are France, Hungary, and Turkey. Had he lived, he meant to conquer them in detail, nor has the feat yet been accomplished by the forces of the House of Hanover, now happily settled on the throne which the young Duke did not survive to occupy. When invested with the Garter he said, 'Lewis, if I fight any more battles, I will give harder blows now than ever.' And he really thought, by being Knight of the Garter, he ought to become braver and stouter than heretofore.

But, alas! the "Très haut, Très Puissant, et Très Illustre Prince, Guillaume," grew no stouter. The ceremonial of his eleventh birthday, July 24, 1700, left him "fatigued and indisposed." On the 26th he was hot and feverish. They bled and blistered the child, and he died in a delirium on the 30th of July. His funeral was stately, and was attended by Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, his tutor-in-chief. It had been arranged that Burnet, while acting as tutor, should spend no less than ten days yearly in his diocese. "Such," says Mr. Loftie, "were the notions prevalent at the beginning of the eighteenth century as to the duties of the episcopal office." Burnet could return to them now. He had read the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels to this careless little Prince, and had for two years conversed with him about geography, and "the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it." The last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws." Possibly all

that learning wearied the child, yet he seems to have preserved his lively spirit to the end. He made his little *mots*, which the faithful Jenkin quotes, and appears to have been a sturdy young Prince in his mental habit, though weak of body. It is pleasant to read of his brief life, "an endless imitation" of the ways of kings. A harmless, bloodless soldier; a despot, who only scolded his maids; a child, dwelling always in fantasy, and rehearsing for the great comedy in which he was never to play, his story is more touching, we think, than fictitious romances about the deaths of precocious infants. Mr. Loftie's little volume is one that Thackeray would have delighted in; it is like a Royal version of Dr. John Brown's *Pet Marjory*, and we almost regret that, as at present published, the book can reach so few people.

#### THE PHYLLOXERA CONGRESS AT BORDEAUX.

THE postponement of the Congress from the beginning of September proved somewhat unfortunate for those who had come from a distance to attend it. The vintage had long been over, and the opportunity was wanting of seeing one of the most palpable evidences of the ravages wrought by the Phylloxera in vineyards attacked by it as compared with those at present untouched. The practised eye of an expert recognizes its presence in a moment on the diseased plants. But for a stranger, unless matters are very bad indeed, and the vines are actually moribund, it is easy enough to confound actual unhealthiness with the natural tints of the foliage in autumn. Nor are the small galls usually found on the leaves in France, which in the case of the vines of America, and too often those of English gardens, are so significant a symptom. A disadvantage of a different kind was the detestable weather which usually visits Bordeaux in October. The dull lowering clouds distilled an irritating drizzle through the hot steamy air, and this scarcely intermitted during the whole week, except to be varied by sharp gusts of rain driving in from the Atlantic. Under more favourable circumstances Bordeaux would be impressive. Nothing can be more unlike an ordinary seaport than the splendid curve of its quays, lined with handsome houses and stately public buildings. But this external magnificence by no means compensated for the discomfort of hotels infested with mosquitoes and the squalid dinginess of the Alhambra, in which alone, apparently, it was possible to find a room of sufficient size for the meetings.

The International title given to the Congress implied little more, probably, than a concurrence in an unmeaning fashion. A Society does not become international because foreigners are occasionally present at its meetings, or even make communications to it. A few foreign representatives were present at Bordeaux, but the practical value of the deliberations of the Congress will undoubtedly depend on the fact that it was essentially a gathering of local men intensely in earnest in combating an enemy which to many of them menaces nothing short of absolute ruin, or at least of total loss of future income. A vague scheme for international action was brought forward at an early meeting only to be promptly referred to a Committee for report, and subsequently summarily rejected.

The scene of the nocturnal revels of the *bourgeoisie Bordelaise* is in the outskirts of the city. The great ballroom, all but unprovided with external windows, was lighted throughout the week with gas. But the available space was thronged, and it would be difficult to imagine a more curious spectacle than the opening meeting, when M. Lalande, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, appeared in the musicians' gallery, which for the occasion had been turned into a tribune, to deliver his address in the presence of the Cardinal-Archbishop and all the official notabilities of the Gironde. The proceedings of the meeting had been skilfully organized beforehand. Committees had been appointed to collect information and report to the Congress on the principal heads of discussion. As the result showed, considerable tact had been used in arranging the matters of debate, so as to keep those to the end on which anything like controversy might be expected; and it is probable that the whole proceedings will possess much more practical usefulness than usually results from such gatherings.

Every one is now aware that the two great districts of Phylloxera infection in France centre round Marseilles and Bordeaux. In the latter case the mischief is to a great extent confined to the north bank of the Garonne. Dordogne and the eastern part of the Gironde have been ravaged, and in large districts of Charente Inférieure and Charente the vine has been practically exterminated. The latter department was the principal seat of cultivation of the strong white wines used in the manufacture of brandy. The stony soil of the hill-sides is all but useless for any other purpose, and the ravages of the Phylloxera have simply destroyed the means of livelihood of the small proprietors. On the low-lying lands matters have been scarcely so bad, as it has been possible to grow other crops, which, however, at the best are but an inadequate substitute for the lucrative culture which they have replaced. Hitherto, however, the Médoc, the curious spit of land running northwards between the Garonne and the sea—a district which will be for ever memorable as the seat of production of the finest products of viticultural art—has comparatively escaped. But the proprietors have now thoroughly grasped the fact that they have only a period of respite; the march of the inexorable Phylloxera cannot be stayed; and if the consumption of fine wine is still to be preserved amongst the

amenities of life, the day of grace, which will be so soon past, must be utilized to the utmost. The wine-growers of the Charente have borne the brunt of the battle. While the campaign against the Phylloxera was being organized they saw their property disappear before their eyes; amidst the conflict of uncertain remedies, the real value of which only experience could determine, they hesitated in inaction. But it is not impossible that their sacrifice may be the salvation of the Médoc. The Congress has had the merit of laying before a large body of vine-cultivators the best information which the combined experience of practical men and scientific experts can afford; and certainly, if assiduous attention at meetings prolonged, with short intervals, from half-past eight in the morning till nearly midnight counts for anything, the trouble taken will not have been wasted. In England, congresses are seldom more than opportunities for somewhat ponderous dissipation, for which the reading of papers is little more than an excuse. But at Bordeaux matters were very different; dissipation there was none, and the speakers who turned out, in full evening dress, at the English breakfast-time to speak by murky gaslight never failed in receiving the attention of a large audience, sometimes almost too vivacious in its interest.

The Reports of the Committees, which had spent some time in visiting various districts of the South—where trial had been made of different remedial methods—were printed, and distributed during the meetings. These methods may be divided into two groups—those which have for their object to free the vines from the parasite which infests them, and those which seek to cultivate the vine under conditions which render it independent of its attacks. Methods of the former kind are, of course, the earliest in date, and they are still not without their strenuous supporters. Those who have advocated particular expedients—doubtless at the moment the best that could be adopted—come at last to feel a kind of vested interest in them and a sort of jealousy at their supersession. But, apart from this, the advocates of what, it must be feared, is at the best but a palliative method of treatment, have a very natural ground for anxiety on their side. A very slight study of the conditions of vine-culture in the more valuable vineyards is sufficient to reveal the fact that the growth of what may be termed high-bred vines is a singularly artificial matter, the conditions of which are most delicately balanced. One of the greatest difficulties of vine-growing is to determine the particular kind out of the immense number known (the mere catalogue of which forms a volume), which is suited to the soil and physical conditions of a particular locality, and it is not unusual to find in the same vineyard a vine which bears abundantly on one side of a road, unproductive and all but sterile on the other. Quite apart from the Phylloxera much money has been lost by planting vines without previously ascertaining the kinds which are likely to succeed. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the cultivator should wish to do anything rather than interfere with the vines themselves when their produce is a valuable wine.

The Phylloxera (which, it may be remarked, is an insect not very remotely allied to the *aphides* of our gardens) is capable of leading in different stages both an underground and an aerial life. During the former it attacks the ends of the minute fibres of the roots, producing at first small but very characteristic gall-like swellings upon them, and finally bringing about their decay and death. The vine endeavours to repair the loss by putting out a fresh crop of rootlets, and these succumb in their turn. But this reparation is at the expense of the plant's reserve of nutriment, which should properly be directed to the support of its annual growth of grape-bearing shoots. The Phylloxera kills the vine therefore by a slow but inevitable process of depletion. As the injury proceeds the rootlets are all destroyed; the insects migrate to the older roots, upon which they are visible to the naked eye as a fine sulphur-like dust. Many of the smaller cultivators have hitherto been content to endeavour to feed the starving vines with increased supplies of manure, a course of procedure which finds no support from the Congress Reports. "The most stimulating manures and the most assiduous cultivation may retard somewhat the ultimate destruction of the infected vine, but cannot in the end arrest it." The Phylloxera may, however, be killed, and one of the most effective methods is to drown it by irrigating the vineyards during the winter. This method, even where it can be practised, is not without difficulties. Some vines are thrown by it too early into leaf, with the result that the flowers do not properly expand and the crop is correspondingly diminished. Nor, inasmuch as the vines still remain open to fresh invasions, is it sufficient to confine the operation to a single year; it must be frequently renewed, and this where the water has to be pumped on to the land is a serious item of expenditure. But in the vast majority of French vineyards the remedy is inapplicable, as the vineyards cannot be flooded; where, however, it can be done (especially with river water which enriches the soil as well), the excellence of the results was attested by numerous speakers.

The various insecticides, the use of which has been urged by the Commission of the French Academy, besides being supported by State subventions, next passed under review. Of these, sulphate of potassium appears to be admitted to be the best; but the cost is considerable, and apparently altogether beyond the means of cultivators who aim at producing nothing more than ordinary table wine. Bisulphide of carbon is more economical, but its use is not without risks; apart from fatal accidents to the workpeople, if its application is followed by rain, the pores of the soil become clogged, the bisulphide is not dissipated through the



soil, but remains too long in contact with the roots in too concentrated a state, and the vines are killed. A more fatal defect in the application of this particular class of remedies is that in the poorer and more stony soils they appear to be inefficacious, and even under the most favourable circumstances it is necessary to repeat them annually. Professor Mouillefert, who is the official advocate of the treatment of the Phylloxera by chemical insecticides, attended the Congress, and was not altogether in accord with the conclusions of the Committee. But he somewhat weakened his position by contending that the Phylloxera, by raising the price of wine, was rather a benefit to the proprietors than an evil—a line of argument which was by no means to the taste of the audience.

The most important discussions were those of the concluding meetings, which were occupied with the questions raised by the Report of the second Committee, the object of whose labours was to examine the conditions under which the culture of the vine could be continued in the face of the attacks of the Phylloxera. This apparently is possible for the European vine on very sandy soils, a point which was admitted without dispute; the effect of this will be to carry the culture of the vine nearer to the sea than formerly, and materially to raise the value of large tracts of land in the districts of the Landes and elsewhere which have hitherto been regarded as all but worthless. When, however, the question of American vines was reached the proceedings became much more animated, and, with a less skilful chairman, would have probably drifted into hopeless disorder. The whole subject has so recently been brought before the readers of this journal in a review of the remarkable papers of the Duchess of Fitz-James that it is not necessary to explain the facts at any length. As is well known, the American species of vine (which are altogether distinct from the European) can tolerate the attacks of the Phylloxera without injury. This has largely been taken advantage of in the southern districts round Marseilles, as well as in Languedoc. American vines are either used as "direct producers" of wine or as stocks on which the European kinds are grafted. The former fact might well be regarded with dismay if there were any chance of the produce of American vines coming into immediate competition with the finer produce of the European. Even in America the wine made from American grapes rouses anything rather than enthusiasm. The vines of Europe have been the insensibility growth of centuries of development; they are as much products of art as a violin. American vines in the nature of things are nearer to their uncivilized state, and one might as well place a tom-tom in the hands of a Joachim as offer American vines to the wine-growers of the Médoc to replace those they now cultivate.

The vast bulk of the wine produced in France is intended for daily ordinary consumption; of this the supply is no longer sufficient even for the needs of the country. At present the wine which has most deteriorated is the *vin ordinaire*; on the inn tables of the South one too often finds, instead of a wholesome *vin du pays*, a horrible fluid known to the initiated as *vin de sucre*, which is made by adding sugar and as much water to the *marc* as wine has been expressed from it, and then fermenting again. No one seems to have thought of this device till the Phylloxera came; but in a country where even the children of peasants refuse to drink water, it is the only way in which an adequate supply of anything in the semblance of wine can now be kept up. The American vines which are most in favour as "direct producers" are the Jacquez and the Herbemont; these are varieties of *Vitis californica*, the fruit of which is destitute of the "foxy" taste so nauseous in *Vitis Labrusca*. In the exhibition held in rooms adjoining the Congress, branches laden with grapes were shown of the Jacquez which the spies might have brought from the Promised Land. The wine made from it is thought to have great merits on account of its depth of colour and richness in alcohol. The specimens shown at the Congress, however, can only be described as resembling mulberry juice diluted with vinegar. Wine made from Herbemont grapes is said to be inferior to Jacquez in strength, and more delicate—a description which, tested by experience, seemed so far true that it resembled Jacquez with the greater part of the mulberry juice omitted.

Both the Jacquez and the Herbemont are put to more legitimate use as stocks for grafting the European vines. The Jacquez answers well for this purpose in the South, and its range of successful cultivation corresponds with that of the olive. In the South-West it is not to be depended on, and the Herbemont takes its place. But the chief reliance seems to be placed on the Riparia variety of *Vitis cordifolia*. The vine-growers of the Gironde seemed at first rather disposed to regard the enthusiasm for grafting shown by those of the South with hesitation, if not impatience. And the merits and demerits of American stocks have even in some extraordinary way got mixed up with purely political questions. But it was impossible to watch the progress of the often excited debates without feeling that the American stocks were steadily gaining ground. The present condition of the vineyards of the Médoc is a thing to be as little tampered with as possible. The ultimate fate of Venice is probably to lapse to ruin, not by the crumbling of its palaces, but by the decay of the piles on which they are built; yet the foundations may be renewed, but the palaces never. The vines of the Médoc are in a similar predicament; but if their roots can be replaced with others which have an immunity from Phylloxera, the vines may still, there is good reason to hope, produce their wines unaltered on the old vineyards. The stocks which it is proposed to employ bear grapes themselves which have

no foxy taste, and the possible risk of injuring the delicate qualities of the world-famed wines by contamination from the stock seems to excite little apprehension. The only open question is the effect on the yield, and in this respect diametrically opposite opinions have been expressed. On the one hand, appeal is made to the general experience that grafting increases productiveness, while on the other the result of actual experiment is said to be that in the case of the vine the yield is diminished. On the whole it can hardly be doubted that the Bordeaux Congress has done much to settle the indecision as to the Phylloxera policy of France in the future, and the members were not tardy in admitting their indebtedness to the enterprise of the Duchess of Fitz-James and to the labours of Professor Planchon in showing them the way.

#### IVAN TURGUENIEF.

THERE is at present staying in this country a guest who is not only the greatest writer of fiction ever produced by Russia, but also one of the greatest of living European novelists, Ivan Serguéievich Turguenief. His visit may be taken as an occasion for saying a few words about his works, especially as regards their tone and drift. We will take it for granted that they are well known to our readers. It is true that the English translations of his novels have not obtained among us the wide circulation which they have gained in America, where a series of many volumes devoted to his writings has been published (Henry Holt & Co., New York). But it may safely be asserted that, in those of our households in which real culture is to be found, there will a full appreciation of Mr. Turguenief's admirable work be found also.

Within certain limits Mr. Turguenief is now acknowledged throughout Europe as reigning supreme. Now that we have lost Balzac, Thackeray, George Sand, George Eliot, and, among others, that fine writer whose method Mr. Turguenief's closely resembles—Prosper Mérimée—there exist but few writers who can compete with the Russian novelist in his power of raising the veil which hides from the outer world the secrets of a man's inner life, of bringing to light the obscure springs which regulate or disturb his career, and more especially of tracing the blind paths which are so apt to mislead in that dark forest to which a Russian proverb compares a maiden's heart. His characters are no mere wax-work figures, "painfully" elaborated into a simulation of life. They live and move and breathe, as a Russian folk-song might say, "with an heroic breath." In this point Mr. Turguenief stands high above some careful psychological analysts, who in the most creditable manner dissect and poke and pry and weigh. Their results deserve respect, but it resembles that which we pay to a corpse. Their figures are like the slain heroes in the Russian folk-tales on which the resuscitating Water of Life has produced its first effect. Sprinkled over the mangled remains of the dead man, it at once consolidates his scattered fragments, healing every wound and obliterating every blemish. But it is not till a second operation is performed by the dispenser of the magic balm that the corpse becomes a living man. Fully alive are the men and women with whom Mr. Turguenief has made us acquainted. And so lovable are many of them that we often forget the skill of the artist and the beauty of his art, thinking only of the sorrows and successes of the men, the grace and charm of the women, whom he has added to the list of our unknown friends. If to these merits are added those which he possesses as the wielder of a style unrivalled for delicacy and seldom equalled in force, it will be easy to see that in his own field he stands alone. If any one is inclined to dispute this conclusion, let him turn for a proof of Mr. Turguenief's power to the scene ("Father and Sons") in which the dying Bazarof, that modern Russian Titan, closes his eyes on the world for which he had hoped to do so much, but in behalf of which he can now do nothing but "die decently," and his distracted parents fall down together "with their faces to the ground, exactly like two lambs" (says the old servant-maid), "like two lambs in the heat of the day." Or let him read those most tragic of pages in which is described the funeral of the poor girl ("The Unhappy One"), brought to an untimely end by the slow but steady torture to which she is subjected by her unrelenting stepfather, who scatters the dust over the coffin to which his cruelty has reduced her "with the air of a man who is stoning an enemy." If it be the perfection of delicacy and grace of which he desires a specimen, let him take those chapters in which Liza ("Nichée de Gentilshommes"), one of the most charming of all characters of fiction, takes leave of the room in which so much of her calm and contented childhood and youth has been past, setting all things in order, giving each flower a caressing touch, and doing all "deliberately, quietly, with a kind of sweet and tranquil earnestness in the expression of her face," after having made up her mind to devote the rest of her days to the convent in which he whom she had loved so tenderly, from whom only an undeserved disaster had parted her, sees her once as she crosses from choir to choir, passing close beside him, "passing onward steadily, with the quick but silent step of a nun, and not looking at him." Seldom has a sadder termination to a story been written, and yet it does not leave behind it a painful impression. The sadness is not of a depressing nature. Rather is it elevating and ennobling, akin to the sort of melancholy solace inspired by the sight of a calm and grand autumnal sunset. For Mr. Turguenief

never wantonly and unnecessarily harrows the feelings of his readers. If he wishes to touch their hearts, he produces the desired effect, not by the vulgar means which lie at the door of every literary surgeon or undertaker, but by appeals to their highest sympathies. Even when he was most in earnest and least in hope, when he began to call attention by his "Notes of a Sportsman," in the time of the Emperor Nicholas, to the sad condition of the enthralled peasantry of Russia, he never resorted to such descriptions of the knout or the dugeon as form a great part of the "properties" of the inferior dramatists who have brought similar subjects on the stage.

This reticence, this self-restraint on his part, greatly enhances the charm of his work. Scarcely any other novelist has been able to produce such marked results by such simple means, to produce a striking portrait by so few strokes. Take as an instance of his extraordinary faculty of rapid and correct sketching, the figure of Lenon, the German music-master, in "Liza." The poor old artist has but a very small part to play, and but seldom emerges from the background. But he can never be forgotten by any one who has read that story aright. What has been said of Mr. Turguenief's figure-pieces applies equally to his landscapes. A few words serve to bring vividly before our eyes the scenes through which move the characters of his tales--the level plain, green in spring, and golden in autumn, and white in winter; the steep bank leading down to the slow river; the "dreamy" forest, with its columned aisles. In the same way his village or town interiors are rendered by the fewest of touches more distinctly and permanently visible than the majority of similar pictures on which the labour of long hours has been lavished. Of one other charm of his works, their exquisite felicity of diction, it is useless to speak here. It can only be appreciated by those who can read them in the original Russian.

We have already assumed that our readers are familiar with Mr. Turguenief's principal works. Almost all that he has written has been translated into French and German. And in America English translations have been published of "Fathers and Sons," "Smoke," "Dmitry Roudine," and "Spring Floods," as well as reprints of versions which had previously appeared in England, including those of "Liza," "On the Eve," and some short pieces. So that there is but small excuse for any one's remaining stolidly ignorant of some of the finest work which any novelist has ever produced. It is to be hoped that the translator to whom Mr. Turguenief has confided the translation of some of his most exquisite tales will soon be able to accomplish his task. Among their number may be specially mentioned "Faust," that wondrous study of the new world opened by the perusal of Goethe's work before the astonished gaze of a girl who had been brought up in as complete an ignorance of fiction, whether in prose or verse, as was enjoyed in the matter of reading and writing by the heroine of the "Golden Butterfly"; and "Moomoo," the story of a deaf and dumb giant of a man who cared for nothing in the world but his dog, and was compelled to kill it because it first despised and then disturbed the great lady whose house-porter he was--a story in reference to which Mr. Carlyle said to the present writer, "I think it is the most beautiful and most touching story I ever read." Of the immense amount of light thrown upon recent events in Russia by Mr. Turguenief's later works, beginning with "Fathers and Sons," and ending for the present with "Virgin Soil," it is unnecessary to speak. That has been universally acknowledged. Still more will the dark places of revolutionary Russia be illumined when his forthcoming novel appears, in which he proposes to show how great a gulf divides the Socialism of Russia from that of Western Europe. But we will not now touch upon any vexed question.

We have said something about Mr. Turguenief's merits as an artist. We will now devote a few lines to his moral teaching. Seldom has there lived a writer of fiction whose work has been from first to last at once so lofty and so pure. With the subtlety of a French novelist he has combined the healthy and vigorous humanity of such writers of our own as Scott or Thackeray. And therefore his works may be as highly valued for their moral as for their æsthetic merits. One fault has sometimes been laid to their charge, that of being over sad. It is true that the Slavonic melancholy often casts a shade over their scenes, and their melodies are, like Russian folk-songs, frequently set in a minor key. But that Mr. Turguenief is a genuine humourist, capable of exciting the healthiest of laughter, can never be doubted by any one who has read his tale called "The Dog," which has been translated in *Temple Bar*, or his as yet untranslated dramatic sketch entitled "A Breakfast at the House of the Marshal of the Nobility."

We will conclude with a few words about the translations of Mr. Turguenief's works. Those in German are usually quite faithful, but are sometimes a little heavy in style. Those in French are for the most part excellent, having been executed under the author's eye. But some of the English versions are as bad as bad can be. The translation of "Smoke" from the French, which appeared in 1868, was probably the worst version of any book ever made. It is a rare book now, having, we believe, been suppressed in consequence of a single shot fired by one of our contemporaries. As specimens of its merits the following may be taken:--"Au fond, c'est un imbécile," appeared in English as "He is quite a child, at the bottom"; and where the author said that his charming heroine, in consequence of her long troubles, "avait un peu maigri," the translator made him declare that she had "grown a little stouter." But perhaps the

greatest outrage on the part of a translator from which Mr. Turguenief has ever suffered was committed by the English translator of "On the Eve." Of this particular version a Russian critic remarked that it was a model of everything which a good translator should avoid; and no wonder, considering that the book swarms with such abominations as the amplifying of the words, exactly characteristic in their simplicity, "the larks sang, the quails called," into "the larks were singing above them, and the chant of birds was to be heard all around," and such utter blunders as the statement that a sculptor, who really jumped up and kicked himself three times behind, "bent his knee three times, each time touching the ground with his forehead." But the unkindest of all the translator's offences was this. Mr. Turguenief describes his enthusiastic heroine as suddenly discovering one morning that she was in love. In spite of the sunlight, he goes on to say, she suddenly opened her arms and exclaimed, "Oh! if he only loves me!" The translating "traitor" makes him affirm that the young lady, "unabashed by the light that shone in upon her--threw off the clothes." The force of bathos could no further go. The American reprint of this precious production claims, on its title-page, to be provided "with amendments." But this almost splendidly mendacious passage remains unamended. The explanation of the blunder seems to be that the translator mistook the Russian word *obyatie*, "embrace," for *odeyalo*, "a counterpane." They both begin with the same letter. England owes Mr. Turguenief amends for such an outrage. We trust that his present visit to our shores may serve to efface its memory.

#### THE DRAINAGE OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

THE researches, published two years ago, of Professor Klebs of Prag, and Professor Tommasi-Crudeli of Rome, on the nature and origin of malarious fever have not only proved of importance in the development of the germ-theory of disease, but suggest historical questions of the greatest interest, towards the solution of which some steps have already been taken. In the current number of the *Practitioner* there is a most instructive paper by Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, summing up the results of former publications on the nature of the microscopic plant by which malaria is produced, and discussing more fully the historical side of the matter. How is it that the Campagna, now so deserted, was once populous? How is it that it was not merely inhabited by people who could live nowhere else, but that it was studded with the villas of wealthy Roman proprietors, who chose for their places of recreation spots now shunned as the worst haunts of disease? The question has often been asked, but till lately no answer has been offered which rested on any basis of fact or science. The answers were all guesses, because they were made, first, in ignorance of the true nature of the disease itself against which the ancient inhabitants of the Campagna contrived to struggle with success, and, secondly, before any sufficient excavations had been made to show whether, as has been conjectured, there was in old times a complete system of drainage of which the outward traces are now lost. The transfer of the seat of Government from Florence to Rome, and the consequent extension and partial rebuilding of the new capital, have caused many new excavations to be made inside the city itself. Outside the walls the same thing has happened. Many of the landed proprietors are now busy on improvements, in the course of which new facts as to the soil and drainage of the Campagna have come to light; and, besides this, various excavations have been undertaken with the direct object of solving a problem which has now a practical as well as an archaeological interest. If the Campagna was habitable and fertile in the days of the Romans, there is hope that it may be made so again. The economic gain to Italy, could this be done, would be enormous, not only from the vast spaces which would then be reclaimed to cultivation, but from the thousands of human lives saved from death or permanent enfeeblement. Malaria is often fatal; but even a slight attack, as any one who has suffered from it knows to his cost, may be for years a serious injury to the constitution, and may diminish by a heavy percentage, even when a man looks outwardly healthy, his number of working days throughout the year.

The researches of Professor Klebs and Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, now generally accepted by the medical profession, established that malaria is due to a specific microscopic plant which exists in the soil of certain districts and floats in the atmosphere above it. This plant, when inhaled and absorbed, finds in the human body conditions favourable for its growth and reproduction, and it prospers and multiplies at the expense of the organism in which it dwells. The mode of combating it is twofold--first, to find suitable and, if possible, inexpensive remedies for it and prophylactics against it; and secondly, to prevent, if possible, its generation and multiplication in the soil itself. The conditions necessary for its development have been found to be--first, a temperature of not less than 60° to 70° Fahrenheit; secondly, a moderate, but not excessive, degree of permanent humidity; and, thirdly, a free supply of oxygen. "The absence of any one of these three conditions is sufficient to arrest or render impossible the development and multiplication of this organism." It is necessary to clear our minds from the old prejudice that malaria exists only, or even chiefly, in marshy soil. The Campagna, as it happens, is not really marshy. Professor Tommasi-Crudeli is of opinion that, speaking roughly, two-thirds of the malaria-stricken districts in Italy are situated on high

"Sometimes," he says, "the surface of these districts is completely dry during summer, but the production of malaria in them goes on just the same, provided they are kept moist below the surface by special conditions of the subsoil, and the air can reach the moist strata by pores or crevices in the surface. This is precisely the condition of the greater part of the rising grounds in the Campagna of Rome." Further, the direct action of the oxygen of the air is so necessary to the development of the plant that the most pestilential marshes become innocuous when the soil is completely covered by water. Pavements, buildings, and the like, may act in the same way and arrest the development of the plant by cutting off the necessary supply of oxygen. But if, even after the lapse of years or of centuries, communication with the outer air is restored, while the other conditions remain the same, the soil recovers its noxious properties. Again, a very moderate amount of moisture suffices to evoke malaria, when other conditions are favourable, as is shown by the fact that malarious districts may be safely inhabited during a very hot and dry summer, but that the first shower of rain is followed by an outbreak of the disease. Here, in fact, lies the practical knot of the question. If a large, instead of only a small, amount of water were requisite for the development of these germs, the problem would be comparatively simple, for any ordinary system of drainage would meet the case. "Neither hygienists," says Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, "nor engineers have as yet faced the problem from this point of view; for all medical schools are still dominated by the paludine prejudice, namely, by the idea that malaria is produced exclusively in marshes or in localities analogous to marshes. The natural consequence of this prejudice has been the concentration of the attention of those who have tried to hinder the production of malaria upon marshy localities. They have completely ignored, or at most have hardly recognized, the most important part of the problem of disinfection—namely, the disinfection of malarial districts which are not, and never have been, marshy."

The Roman Campagna, which, when seen from a distance, presents the appearance of a vast level expanse, is in fact, as those who have walked or driven over it will remember, very far from being a plain. It consists, on the contrary, of a series of undulations, some of them of considerable height. Though the annual rainfall is inconsiderable, it is a curious fact that this district is remarkably rich in springs and ponds of water, which do not disappear even in the dry and arid Roman summer. From what source, then, are these supplied? The conclusion at which the writer, with others who have studied the problem, has arrived, is as follows. The old volcanic craters which rise above the Campagna on both sides of the Tiber are now either lakes—as, for example, the Lakes of Bracciano and Baccano on the north of the Tiber, and of Albano and Nemi on the south—or else they form close basins, such as the old Lake Regillus, the valley where Aricia once stood, and the valley of the Molar in the Latian hills. The lakes are some of them very deep, and the downward pressure which they exercise must be enormous. The water which accumulates in them, having no other outlet, or no sufficient outlet, filters gradually down through the subsoil of the district (much of which is of such a nature that it readily allows of the passage of water through it), thus moistening the whole of it, and accumulating in greater quantities here and there, according to the character and disposition of the strata through which it passes. It is this water, permeating the whole subsoil of the Campagna, by which these perennial springs and ponds are fed. Now for a long time past, when excavations have been made in the volcanic tufa of the Campagna, small tunnels, about five feet high and one foot eight inches broad, have been met with. The common opinion has been that these tunnels were used as conduits for drinking-water. The most recent view, taken by the writer above quoted, is that they have nothing to do with conduits or cisterns or sewers, but that they are remains of an extensive system of drainage.

We cannot enter into a full description of this system of tunneling, but must refer our readers for details to the essay in the *Practitioner*. These tunnels, with their smaller branches and connexions, have now been found in so many parts of the Campagna and of Rome itself, their position and arrangement are so precisely adapted for purposes of draining, and there is so much in their construction that is inexplicable on any other hypothesis, that the truth of the drainage theory may be safely assumed, at all events provisionally, as the basis for further and closer investigation. In some of these subterranean passages the picks used by the miners have been found, and a cramp, probably used to hang the workman's lamp upon. "On the walls and vault of these tunnels the volcanic strata are quite exposed, and one could count the strokes of the pick upon them, as if the work had been finished yesterday." The extensive excavations made in the construction of the new fortifications of Rome have offered increased opportunity for studying these remarkable remains. Where the permeable nature of the subsoil renders these drainage-tunnels superfluous they are not found. "We often find several networks of tunnels superposed, so that the hill is perforated like a beehive through its whole height. The Aventine, for instance, is perforated by four strata of these networks below the Church of Santa Sabina. On the Quirinal, under the foundations of the new War Office, two strata have quite recently been found, one at a depth of 33 and another of 56½ feet. Sometimes the different strata communicate with one another by means of several vertical wells, and the inclines of the upper strata are calculated so as to throw the drainage waters into the stratum below. The majority of these drains run entirely underground. It is very rarely that

we happen to see a gallery destined exclusively to receive the direct drainage of the vegetal soil. More often we meet with galleries whose general course is subterranean, but from which several branches rise above the surface of the subsoil and drain the vegetal soil directly."

Two questions naturally suggest themselves in reference to this investigation. First, what is the date of this vast and complicated system of drainage? and, secondly, how is it that ancient writers are silent about it? The probable answer is that it was a phenomenon so familiar that for that very reason it passed unmentioned. The fact, also, that both Livy and Cæsar, who, when they describe siege operations, enter frequently into the minutest details, are content to say simply that a mine or tunnel was made, is significant, and seems to show that tunneling was a process understood by every reader, and requiring no explanation. Further researches are necessary before even an approximate date can be assigned to these works; but the silence of the historians makes it probable that they are of the greatest antiquity. For there is not even a tradition on record as to when or by whom they were made. It can hardly be supposed that, had the drainage of the Campagna been carried out within human memory, so remarkable an undertaking would be passed over without any mention whatever being made of it. It seems, therefore, not unlikely that the aptitude for operations of this kind which characterized the Roman people, and which still, curiously enough, is to this day possessed by the Roman workman, should have been acquired in prehistoric times. Whether, again, the works were undertaken primarily for agricultural purposes is a question to which it is hard to give any definite reply. But it is evident that, if not intended for, they answered, hygienic ends. We are now, however, only on the threshold of an inquiry as interesting on its historical as on its scientific side. It is one on which more light will be thrown every year, now that the start has been made. Though the solution of the question is of infinitely more practical importance to the Italians than to any other people, we trust that English archaeologists may help to throw light on the many interesting and obscure points in which this investigation abounds.

#### CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY.

IT was determined early in the year by the members of this Society that something should be done when the time arrived to mark the centenary of its existence, and various suggestions were made as to the form the commemoration should take. Centenaries of persons or institutions generally present something characteristic of their *raison d'être*, and it was rightly felt that neither a big dinner nor a big dance (after the manner of those held some thirty years ago in the Archers' Hall) would exactly suit the occasion. A representative Archery Meeting was finally decided on as the most natural and appropriate form of recognition, and steps were taken to secure the presence of the best archers in the country.

A hundred years ago, just as the Archers' division of the Honourable Artillery Company and the Finsbury Archers were becoming extinct, Sir Ashton Lever and fourteen others formed themselves into a Society which they called the Toxophilite Society; and, as some of them were the actual survivors of the two expiring Clubs and brought with them their valuables, the Toxophilite Society became their direct successor. It has not from the first been installed in its present convenient and secluded grounds. Its infancy was passed at Leicester House, Leicester Square, better known of late years as Savile House; and the members used to shoot on a lawn at the back, where Lisle Street and Gerard Street now stand. The space here was limited, and the more important target meetings were therefore held at Highbury Barn, Canonbury House, or the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company. In 1791 the Society moved further north, to ground between what now forms the west side of Torrington Square and the east side of Gower Street; but in 1805 the space was required for building purposes, and the Society was without any shooting grounds until 1821, when it moved to Bayswater. There it continued until 1834, when it acquired a lease of the quarters it now occupies. It earned its prefix "Royal" in the days when George IV., then Prince of Wales, joined it and used to go and practise at the butts behind Leicester House. Since then William IV., the late Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales have each in turn become its patrons. The members, who at one time mustered as many as 168, are now restricted to 100, without the Committee, and the conditions of entrance are much the same as those of other London clubs; the annual subscription is lower than that of many, and its attractions are numerous and substantial. A member may, if he chooses, secure the whole place to himself on one day in the week, so as to entertain his private friends; and the lady members of his family have the privilege of practising there on all but target days. Should he reside in the neighbourhood, there is the opportunity of an hour's shooting in the morning on his way to business, and another hour on his return, only limited by the presence of lady archers. Through the summer and autumn months a target meeting is held once a week, when challenge and other prizes are shot for. In the winter, the shooting-ground is flooded to the depth of a foot or less, and in a hard frost members can skate with a safety, privacy, and comfort not to be met with elsewhere.

With regard to the present centenary, as soon as it was settled

that the most suitable way of celebrating it would be to hold a two days' meeting, to which the best shots of other Societies should be invited, a sub-committee set to work to bring together such a gathering of English archers as would use their bows in a manner worthy of the occasion. This gathering took place on the 12th and 13th instant in the Society's grounds in the Regent's Park, and the competitors numbered 65. Of these rather more than half were Loyal Toxophilites, and the rest were for the most part good shots selected from the Woodmen of Arden, the West Berks, and other Societies. A very handsome silver jug, presented to the Society in 1834 by William IV., was shot for, in addition to numerous money prizes, and a handicap, based on the first day's shooting, gave an extra zest to the final struggle. Twelve pairs of targets were used, the ordinary York Round was shot—i.e. 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 at 80, and 24 at 60—and the shooting occupied just five hours each day. This is not the place to describe at any length the details of the contest. They would be unintelligible to many of our readers, and without interest to others; and the select few who would appreciate them must therefore refer to the full report in the *Field* of October 15. It may, however, be stated that Mr. Palairot, the champion, made the first score, and a finer one than he has yet made in public; nor has it ever been exceeded at any of the public meetings, except by that prodigy of modern bowmen, the late Mr. Horace Ford. Mr. Palairot's score was 1,062 from 210 hits. Next to this, but some way behind, was Mr. Rimington's score of 872 from 194 hits; then came Mr. Bridges with 835 from 191 hits; Mr. Prescott with 806 from 190 hits; Mr. Piers Leigh with 775 from 181 hits; and Mr. Pardoe with 753 from 175 hits. These were the six top scores, the first three being made by members of the Royal Toxophilite Society and the next three by members of other Societies. These scores, with the exception of Mr. Palairot's, were, however, not fair specimens of what the performers can do and have recently done. This may be accounted for in many ways. It is late in the season for archery; there was a strong wind blowing during the whole of the 100 yards' shooting, the light was very bad on both afternoons, and every one was complaining of the cold. In addition to these drawbacks, the importance of the occasion and the knowledge that much was expected of them may have had a demoralizing effect on the nerves of the competitors. The best gold of the meeting was made by Mr. Bridges at the 80 yards' range on the afternoon of the second day, and it all but broke the pinhole. Five hundred other golds were made (of which Mr. Palairot contributed 23), and 110 were central enough to be measured—this being done by Mr. Follett, who acted as judge. The number of golds is significant, if it be mentioned that in 1791, at a grand gathering of nearly two hundred archers at Blackheath, the gold was only struck seven times during the day, whilst two persons were slightly wounded by standing too near the targets. From there being no details in the records of the Society of the scores made at its first target meeting in 1781, no comparison with last week's results is practicable. It is known, however, that there were eleven shooters on the occasion, and that they made 29 hits between them; but no information is to be found as to the number of arrows shot, the range, or the size of the targets. It may be safely asserted that, as a rule, the number of arrows being equal and the size of the targets the same, the gold would be more frequently struck now than the target was then. It is during the present generation that archery has received its greatest impetus. Numerous clubs have sprung into being, and the standard of archery lore among the better shots is considerably higher. Mr. Ford's book, *Archery: its Theory and Practice*, has been in such demand that it is not to be met with now except by chance at a bookstall; but it has done good work, and its sensible advice has been carefully studied by those who were anxious to get the best hints on the subject. No two men ever shoot exactly alike, and it is surprising to find how few there are who have adopted Mr. Ford's principle of aiming, to which much of his fine shooting was doubtless due. The ways of aiming are so multitudinous and inexplicable that it is no longer safe to trust the old maxim that a man is known by his aim, not by his arrow. As a matter of fact it is by his arrows he is known nowadays, for every archer must have his name or distinctive mark upon them. The better shooting has helped to improve the quality of the bows and arrows. Made of wood thoroughly seasoned and scrupulously "clean," they are turned out with a strength and finish that are the envy and despair of even skilled American workmen. And so, with excellent materials, good examples, a thorough mastery of the art of shooting, and an abandonment of the pet theory of drawing the arrow to the ear, archers are plentiful enough now who would have astonished the merry outlaws of Sherwood Forest.

Although the Society has lost several volumes of minutes of its proceedings, and in spite of the scant records of its early shooting, many curious and interesting facts remain in its books. Some relate to wagers between members from 1834 to 1869, and it seems they were frequently won by men who backed themselves to shoot birds or rabbits with bows and arrows. Some describe particular feats—such as when a member in one minute shot twelve arrows into a mark 2 feet square at 46 yards, or when another put ten successive arrows into a sheet of paper 8 inches square at 30 yards. There was a rule of the Society that no game or pastime, except archery, should be played in the grounds; but it appears that one target day in 1839, when rain had put a stop to the shooting, three members were seen actively engaged in a certain diversion, commonly known under the name of "pitch

and toss." Attention was called to the infraction of the rule, and the Committee were directed to fine the delinquents 2s. 6d. each; but it was whispered that the Chairman of the Committee had himself acted as umpire during the illegal pastime, and the matter ended by his being fined 2s. 6d. and the others 1s. each. Two unsuccessful attempts were made recently to introduce lawn-tennis into the grounds where it would not interfere with the shooting; but it was considered too formidable a rival to harbour in the same camp with archery, and the proposal was rejected. The rule about wearing green or black coats on target days is strictly observed, and only last week a member was fined for disregarding it. The uniform is as simple as possible now, being merely a green coat with the Society's buttons and a green cap. In Sir Ashton Lever's time it was more elaborate, and consisted of grass-green coat with the proper buttons, buff waistcoat and small clothes, Hessian boots, and hat turned up on the right side with a black feather; and on grand public occasions ladies used to dress in the uniform of the different Societies represented. But then these great gala gatherings that were held nearly a century ago occupied a far more exalted place in the estimation of the public, and naturally, for they were conducted with much pomp and pageantry and music, and, moreover, archery as a pastime was in the heyday of youth, requiring some outward glitter to encourage its growth. Archery meetings, not too frequent in those days, were more fashionable and talked about because they were so picturesque in themselves and because there were none of the counter-attractions that abound now. The modern public meetings are shorn of most that would attract spectators, for the competition is so keen and all-absorbing that men prefer to be without noise or distraction of any sort.

The Society has begun its second centennial career under favourable auspices, and it is to be hoped that, having so successfully weathered the storms of the last hundred years, it may have strength and vitality to hold its own against all comers.

#### THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

THE interruption of telegraphic communication owing to the destruction of overhead lines by the late gale will no doubt again bring up for discussion the subject of underground wires. It is well known that this system has the advantage of being protected from wind and snow, which so often cause interruptions in aerial lines; but not only do long subterranean lines suffer from the retardation of the signals, caused by a static charge produced by induction, and also from interference one with the other by the inductive effect of the starting and stopping of each other's currents, but also such lines, however carefully jointed and laid, give much trouble, from the failure of insulation. As gutta-percha, the substance most generally used for the purpose of coating the wires, "perishes"—that is to say, becomes brittle and full of minute cracks—after a comparatively short time, unless it be kept always moist, as it is in cables laid under water, which are very durable. The problem of finding some cheap insulating substance which shall not act chemically on the wire, which can be readily joined, and which will not deteriorate by age, has long engaged the attention of electricians, and we had hoped to find some results of their research at the Paris Exhibition. But as yet it would appear no practical solution of the problem has been found. Some years ago Professor Abel announced to the Society of Telegraph Engineers that there were great hopes amongst chemists of getting a good insulator by combining a black substance which remains in the retorts after the distillation of Ozokerit or fossil wax with india-rubber and other substances. Some examples of compounds of this product are exhibited; but thus far they have come so little into use, that the important question of their durability is not yet answered. The same may be said of the wire coated with plaited cotton soaked in paraffin wax which is now so extensively used by the Telephone Company for making connexions in houses. So important is this question of insulation, that electricians actually consider worthy of notice so complicated a device as that of laying wires in iron tubes filled with liquid paraffin with an apparatus for supplying any loss which may occur by leakage.

We have before pointed out the importance of insulation in connexion with electric lighting and transmission of energy, and we must again insist on the point. Insulation, or rather the failure of insulation, is now the great difficulty in the way of any extensive system of transmitting large currents produced by high electromotive force. Without wishing to be alarmists, we must point out that, at all events as far as English experience goes, the danger of failure from giving way of insulation has hardly arisen; for the time since our electric light lines have been laid is not long enough to test the durability of the system of insulation. Further, the weak points of a line are always at the joints, and it is not until a very extensive system has been laid down, necessitating a very large number of joints, that the durability of any system of underground insulated conductors can really be tested. Now, for the transmission of the currents for lighting or driving machinery, such large leads are used that any extensive use of the overhead plan would be very dangerous, especially in towns, where the breaking of a wire passing over a crowded thoroughfare is almost certain to cause injury and loss of life—so that the underground system alone remains for practical purposes. In connexion with the subject of insulation, it is interesting to notice the change of system which has been made at Paris in the Siemens electric



tramway. At Berlin, where a somewhat extensive line has been laid, the road passes over porous sandy soil, which rapidly drains the surface. Here a conductor is used, laid on the ground on insulators. The same plan was, we believe, tried on the short line from the Place de la Concorde to the Palais de l'Industrie; but the rainy weather prevented its success, by destroying the insulation, and the tramcar now is supplied with its current by means of a copper bar supported on poles beside the line. The bar has a deep groove cut in its upper surface, in which run two little blocks of copper, supported on wheels, and attached to the car by flexible wire ropes. This, of course, is a return to the overhead system, and on long lines must be expensive, from the number of poles required. The overhead system has already shown its weakness for telegraphic purposes, and latterly we find that it has a tendency to produce misdirection of energy on the part of some animals; if we take up a text-book of practical telegraphy we are pretty sure to find a chapter headed "Spiders." At first the uninitiated reader naturally imagines this to be a term of art, and pictures a spider to himself as a many-legged pole, or a support for insulators with numerous arms; but the real fact is that the chapter is about common spiders, for in Europe they find the cup-shaped hollows of the telegraph insulators convenient places to deposit their egg-bags. These and the webs of the parent spiders get saturated with moisture and dirt, and so diminish the insulation of the line. In Japan, however, spiders, despising such petty mischief, often spin a thick curtain of gossamer from the wires to the ground many miles in length in the course of a single night, and so destroy the insulation altogether and completely interrupt all communication. These instances may be put down to pure malice: but we cannot help pitying creatures which waste their valuable time in doing unconscious mischief under the influence of mistaken ideas. The Director of Telegraphs at Christiania gives us some examples of the effects of these misunderstandings. He exhibits a telegraph-pole which has had a large hole dug completely through it by woodpeckers, under the impression that the vibrations of the pole caused by those of the wires were due to the work of an insect deeply imbedded in the wood. Our pity for these well-meaning but destructive birds is increased by knowing that the pole was "Boucherized"—that is, saturated with sulphate of copper. In a card on this exhibit we are also told that bees in their search for honey often dig up the heaps of stones which are piled round the base of the poles in exposed places in the mountains, mistaking the humming noise from the pole for the buzzing of bees.

In all industrial exhibitions there is a strong tendency of the catchpenny bazaar element to develop itself, and the Commissioners of the Electrical Exhibition are to be congratulated on having reduced this pest to a minimum. It is true that mechanical pianos and sewing and embroidering machines seem at first a little out of place; but, as they are driven by electro-motors, we welcome reconciled to them as interesting illustrations of the handiness of electrical transmission of energy. We look more doubtfully on metal pens, which receive their final polish by being agitated in a tube, even though that tube be worked electrically; and though we feel the difficulty of excluding such things, we object still more strongly to one or two displays of "magnetic curative appliances." No word that we have said is intended to reflect on the electrical toys which are exhibited in the galleries, and which are worthy of all praise. Some are sets of moderately cheap miniature apparatus for illustrating and demonstrating the principal laws of electrical science, which will be found, no doubt, to "combine instruction with amusement"; indeed, some of the instruments are so well designed and made that they might be used for some purposes of original research by those whose means do not allow of their having more finished apparatus. But, we confess, the toys which most fascinated us were those designed to do something rather than to teach something. Much happiness can be got from a zoetrope worked by a small bichromate cell, and a little stamp-mill or circular saw driven by the same power would give some joy; but no one, we think, of any age could ever know care or sorrow again if he had a little screw boat which travels quite fast and for a long time when once its battery is charged and put in its place. The sight of these would be charming, but that the room in which they are is haunted by a young lady of importunate and irresistible manners, who insists on every one trying a small opera-glass in the sale of which she appears to be interested. It is in vain to say that you do not want an opera-glass. She returns to the charge, and begs you, nevertheless, to try it to oblige her, &c., until one fancies oneself back in England and undergoing the torture of a fancy bazaar. This, however, is the only instance of personal annoyance by exhibitors which we met with throughout the Exhibition.

Before leaving the subject of the bazaar element, we must express our regret at the symptoms of advertising charlatanism which we detected here and there. Of course most of the important exhibits are shown by commercial men, and their inventors are no longer responsible for the means taken to get business; but we doubt whether inflated boasts unaccompanied by any quantitative measurements taken by independent men are really advisable even from a purely commercial point of view. In one room we came upon a battery of gigantic cells, which was reported to be something very good indeed. We sought in vain for information. A printed fly-sheet spoke of one of the fluids being a "Mélange pour remplacer l'acide azotique," which was vague. However, there was the battery labelled "Pile de 50 éléments," and over it was burn-

ing a rather bright arc light, the inference being that the light was supplied by the battery. It seemed so bright with so few cells to produce it, that we examined it more closely, and found that the battery was not charged, and, therefore, that the light must be supplied from some other source of electricity. In our opinion this *suggestio falsi* is as unwarrantable as that of the man in the streets who squeaks with his lips as he lets the penny Jack-in-the-box fly up. He does not say that the toys squeak; but little boys think so, and buy them, and are disappointed. So the inventor of this battery does not say that the light is produced by his Pile de 50 éléments; but every one who has not climbed up and pulled out the stoppers thinks that it is.

It is even reported that some of the exhibitors of dynamo-electric machines have objected to submit them to the measurements which the jury desire to make of all the competing machines. We can hardly believe that any man could be so short-sighted as to take this course, which would probably be noticed in the award of the jury, and so do the invention much more harm than if it were to be placed even very low down in the order of merit. But the ways of commerce are most puzzling. We find the French newspapers full of Mr. Edison's doings. All that the influence of the press can do is being done to lead the French nation to believe that Mr. Edison has invented everything. We do not wish to disparage this ingenious American inventor; we are ready to admit that his carbon telephone transmitter, his pressure relay, and the microtasmeter are clever and more or less original inventions; and that the phonograph is perhaps the simplest and most brilliant discovery ever made in practical physics. But in duplex telegraphy, in the construction of dynamo-electric machines, and, above all, in the field of incandescent electric lighting, he has only repeated—no doubt in perfect good faith and ignorance of the work of others—the experiments and discoveries of the whole scientific world for the last twenty years or so; and yet, though Mr. Edison has, we believe, never set himself up as a worker in pure science, but only as a ready and clever inventor of commercial applications of scientific discoveries, such a passage as the following can be written and published in the Official Catalogue:—

En voyant toutes ces merveilles, on se demande quel est cet homme étonnant qui, en si peu d'années, a pu atteindre le point culminant du monde scientifique et de l'invention pratique? Son histoire ressemble à celle de Franklin et de Faraday; elle commence par lui, car il ne compte pas d'aleux.

Even though he is connected with a Company, we are rather startled to find Mr. Edison on the *point culminant* of the scientific world, and we do not think that his highest popular claim to that place—that is, the fact that he did not invent the incandescent light—is a very strong one.

However, we hope that the jury will clear away these promoters' cobwebs, and give us some facts which will be of use both practically and scientifically. The jurors have at last been elected, and the difficulty of getting seventy-five men, not of French nationality and not exhibitors, and who should nevertheless be competent persons, has been overcome, and the work of judging is advancing rapidly. Arrangements have been made for taking exact quantitative measurements in the case of dynamo and magneto machines, and it is hoped that by a judicious system of division of labour the work will soon be got through.

#### COMPARATIVE VALUE OF THE HOME AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

IN the first of his speeches at Leeds on the Fair-trade controversy, Mr. Gladstone committed a mistake which is likely to do much more harm than the elaborate statistics he afterwards produced will do good. We refer to his extraordinary and unaccountable under-estimate of the value of the foreign trade of this country. It is perhaps natural that controversialists should yield to the temptation to decry what their opponents extol too much. The Fair-traders are attaching such undue importance to the foreign trade that it is hardly surprising that Free-traders with more zeal than discretion should run into the other extreme and undervalue the importance of our commerce with other countries. But this is a temptation which Mr. Gladstone ought to be able to resist. His immediate object in the speech to which we refer was to trace to the agricultural distress the trade depression from which the country has been suffering and from which it has not yet quite recovered. In this we have no doubt he was to a very large extent right. The succession of bad harvests with which the country has been visited is manifestly the main cause of the decreased prosperity. But there was no occasion in establishing this proposition to undervalue the profits of our foreign trade, as Mr. Gladstone unquestionably did. Assuming that the foreign trade of the country in 1873 was on a sound basis, and consequently that the fall of prices which has since occurred is a loss of profit, Mr. Gladstone showed that in the three years 1878, 1879, and 1880 the loss upon the foreign trade of the country was 161 millions; in other words, if the high prices of 1873 had continued to the end of last year, the exports of British and Irish produce and manufacture would have been worth 161 millions more than, as a matter of fact, they were worth in those three years. But Mr. Gladstone goes on to observe that all this was not pure loss; that, on the contrary, the real loss was only the loss of profit in the

transactions not entered into; and this profit he estimates at no higher than 10 per cent. Consequently, he says, the real loss to the country in this falling-off of trade was only 16 millions; or, adding the loss in the carrying trade through the falling-off in the exports, which the outside was not more than 8 millions, the total loss did not exceed 24 millions.

There is a great parade of fairness in this statement, and at the same time an extraordinary misrepresentation of facts. It is quite clear, as we have often shown, that the falling-off in trade has been nothing like as great as Mr. Gladstone here assumes it to have been. The volume of trade—the actual quantity of goods sold—has decreased very little indeed. It is only prices which have fallen; and low prices, it must be borne in mind, may yield to the dealer quite as large a profit as high prices. If everybody engaged in trade has to pay high wages to his workpeople and high prices for the raw material or the unfinished goods in which he deals, the high price which he himself receives for the goods he manufactures or partly manufactures may yield him no more profit than if prices and wages were all at the level of to-day. But, passing over this for the moment, and assuming, with Mr. Gladstone, that the decrease in trade was as much as he conceives it to have been, it is quite evident that the loss of profit which he makes out is totally inadequate. In the first place, it is not a single profit which has to be allowed for, but a series of profits. Every article manufactured passes through a number of processes. Cotton and woollen, for example, have to be carded, spun, woven, bleached, dyed, and so on, and each successive manufacturer has to receive his own profit on the capital invested. Ten per cent. is clearly, then, an inadequate estimate of the profits of these various manufacturers, even if we look at profit alone. But, in addition, there are the wages to be considered. In all manufactures wages represent by far the largest part of the expenditure. And this is true of manufactures for the foreign trade quite as much as for the home trade, and it is true also in the manufacture of goods made from raw materials produced abroad. A single example will perhaps put this in a clearer light than any amount of assertion. Last year we imported raw cotton of the value of 42,765,183*l.*, but we exported again in a raw state cotton to the value of 5,466,879*l.* Roughly speaking, therefore, the raw cotton retained at home for manufacture was somewhat less than 37½ millions. But of cotton yarns we exported in the same year to the value of 11,906,126*l.*, and of cotton goods 57,678,619*l.*, being a gross total of 69½ millions. Consequently the value of the cotton manufactures which we exported last year exceeded the value of the raw cotton imported by over 32 millions, and at the same time we supplied the whole of our own population with all the cotton goods of every kind which they required. Now what was it that made this enormous addition to the value of the raw cotton we imported last year? Surely not the 10 per cent. profits which Mr. Gladstone allows, but mainly the wages paid to the operatives engaged in converting the raw cotton into cloth. Every kind of manufacture, of course, does not pass through the same number of processes and does not give employment to an equal amount of workpeople; but every manufacture does give employment to large masses of labour, and the employment of this labour is part of the benefit which a large foreign trade affords to a country. It may be said that, if the capital and labour engaged were not employed in the foreign trade, they would find occupation in producing something else for the home trade. But that is a mere assumption. As a matter of fact, we find that all commercial countries have a large foreign trade, and that the richer and more advanced they are the larger their foreign trade becomes. But, without going into that point, it is enough to say that, when we find great masses of capital and labour engaged in any trade, the fair inference is that that trade is more profitable than any other to which the capital and labour could be diverted. It is not easy to see how Mr. Gladstone came to overlook this important part of the question with which he was dealing; but it is to be regretted that he gave currency to so mistaken a view of the subject, for his error in this matter is likely to throw discredit upon his whole argument, and to help the Fair-trade advocates more than any argument on their own part. It is the more to be regretted too, because his argument really did not require the mistaken view which he put forward. It was quite possible for him to prove that the depression in trade was greatly aggravated, if not mainly caused, by the succession of bad harvests, without in the least under-estimating the importance of the foreign market; and, moreover, it is easy to show that the home trade is really of much more importance to the country than the foreign trade, if that was his object.

If we look at the matter impartially, we shall see that the home trade, in the nature of the case, must be more valuable than the foreign trade. We have here closely packed together in these islands 32 millions of the richest and most energetic people in the world—a people, too, who are as eager in their spending of money as they are in the making of it. It is natural to suppose that this population gives a larger employment to the traders who form part of it than can be given by scattered and unimportant minorities of foreign populations. And this natural supposition is confirmed by all the facts that we can collect. Unfortunately, we have no statistics of the home trade such as the Board of Trade Returns furnish of the foreign trade; but various considerations will bear out what we are saying. In his paper on recent accumulations of capital, Mr. Giffen estimates the savings of the United Kingdom between 1865 and 1875 at 240 millions a year. If this be

correct, the mere savings were equal to the whole of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures; and however largely we may estimate the profits of the foreign trade, both to the workpeople employed and to the capitalist, it is evident that the savings from this trade must have been quite insignificant compared with the total savings just mentioned. Consequently, these savings must have been drawn mainly from the home trade. Again, it is estimated by Mr. Caird that the agricultural produce of the United Kingdom is of the value of about 260 millions a year. In this, of course, is included the value of all kinds of agricultural produce—corn, green crops, hay, cattle, and so on. According to Mr. Caird, then, a single trade, even though it be the largest of British trades, yet one which is carried on exclusively for home consumption, and which gives employment to but a small minority of the population of the United Kingdom, yields a larger return than the whole of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures. It is true, no doubt, that of the agricultural production a portion is consumed by the agricultural population itself. But even of what is consumed on the farm, a large proportion goes to raise some other kind of agricultural produce more valuable than that which is so consumed. For instance, the grass, hay, turnips, mangolds, and so on, consumed by cattle are consumed for the purpose of fattening those cattle, or of producing milk and butter for the market. Further, the railways of the United Kingdom earned a gross income last year of very nearly 62 millions sterling; and in addition to the railways there were tramways, omnibuses, coaches, hackney carriages, and steamboats employed in locomotion. The mineral production of the United Kingdom last year was over 64½ millions. We have no means of ascertaining the value of the mass of trades, but it must be immense, and the great majority are exclusively home industries. The building trade is so, for instance, and even iron, coal, and the textile trades, though furnishing large contingents for export, have yet probably a still more valuable home connexion. This is certainly true of coal—the consumption in our own manufactories, upon our railways, and in our houses being vastly greater than the quantity exported. It is true doubtless also of iron, and we make no doubt that it is also true even of cotton. It does not seem, then, an exaggeration to say that the home trade is really several times more valuable than the foreign trade. No economist, in short, who has given attention to the subject will for a moment doubt that the home trade is incomparably the more valuable of the two; but it does not follow therefore, and it serves no good purpose to imply, that the foreign trade is unimportant. Because an unwise cry for Protection is raised, that is no reason why sensible men should deny the very great importance of the foreign trade.

As we have shown above, the foreign trade gives employment to British capital and British labour; but in addition it also enables us to pay for the imports which are increasing year by year. From the point of view of national comfort, no doubt, the imports are more important than the exports. The imports we buy because we need more food than we raise at home, and because we desire to have comforts, conveniences, and luxuries which our own climate will not produce, or which, for one reason or another, are produced in greater perfection abroad than at home. And we pay for these imports mainly by means of our exports. It is possible to conceive that we might pay for the imports by means of services rendered, as, for example, by the carrying trade, and by means of the large income derived from foreign investments. But neither the carrying trade nor our foreign investments are at present sufficiently large to pay for the imports we require, and, according to all probability, they never will be so. It must always be mainly by means of exports proper—that is, the exports of commodities—that we shall pay for our imports; and therefore, even looking merely to the imports, it is desirable that the exports should be maintained large. Besides, a large export trade gives us advantages of various kinds. It makes us acquainted with all the markets of the world, and enables us to buy what we require cheapest and best. Indeed one of the follies committed by Protectionists is that, in their anxiety to maintain a home market for native industry, they shut themselves out from the foreign markets of the world, and render themselves less able to obtain the imports which they require.

#### NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE opening of the Second October Meeting was a great contrast to that of the First. Instead of soft, warm, summer-like weather there was a piercing north-easterly wind, the sky was cloudy, and the atmosphere damp and chilly. Nor was the racing on the first day good enough to make up for the deficiencies of the weather. The sport began with a Post Produce Stakes for two-year-olds, for which only four started; and for once in a way as much as 5 to 1 was laid against Archer's mount. Fordham was riding the favourite, a filly belonging to Mr. Crawford, but Archer brought up Lord Falmouth's Darnaway in the last hundred yards, and won by a length. The favourite for the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap was Sir John Astley's Windsor, the winner of the last Chester Cup. The race was run over the severe Cesarewitch course, and when Windsor came out at the T.Y.C. post he seemed to be winning, but the long distance had been too much for him, and Gladstone caught him in the last fifty yards and won by three-quarters of a length. Either the field for

the Chester Cup must have been a bad one, or Windsor must have fallen off terribly since May. In the Clearwell Stakes Dutch Oven had to meet Nellie once more. We have described the former races between these two famous fillies in previous articles. As much as 3 to 1 was laid on Dutch Oven, and 9 to 2 was laid against Nellie. Archer rode the former, and Fordham the latter. Although Dutch Oven was giving Nellie 3 lbs., the long odds laid on her seemed justified by previous running. The only thing to be said against them was that at York, where Nellie beat Dutch Oven when receiving 7 lbs., the ground had been deep; and now again the course was just a trifle heavy for a filly with such low sweeping action as Dutch Oven. As it turned out, the layers on Dutch Oven had a good fright for their pains. When the horses came up to the cords the two favourites were racing hard against each other, and Dutch Oven was evidently very hard pressed, if not absolutely beaten. The two crack jockeys were exerting all their skill as they raced up to the winning-post, with their horses running neck and neck. Dutch Oven managed just to win by a short head, but it was a narrow escape. Lord Falmouth has been very fortunate in the Clearwell Stakes, as he had previously won it with Bal Gal, Jannette, Silvio, Farnese, and other horses. Wood, who is a very rising jockey, won the next race on Sir J. Astley's Warren Hastings, the first favourite, Strathavon, ridden by Archer, being third. At the First October Meeting Wood had been very successful, beginning the meeting by winning three races in succession.

On the second day the Cesarewitch engrossed all attention, and but little interest was taken in the rest of the racing. Archer rode the winners of four out of the seven races of the day; but in each case he was riding the first favourite. It is only fair to say that when there is not much to choose between the starters, his mount is generally made the first favourite from the simple fact that it will have the advantage of his jockeyship. He rode a very fine race in the first event of the day, waiting patiently on Angelina as far as the Dip, and then coming with one resolute rush up to the winning-post, which he reached three-quarters of a length in front of Kubleborn. In the Burwell Stakes, Archer had to exert all his skill on Golden Eye to catch Groves on an unbacked outsider belonging to Count Lagrange, called Davy Jones—a horse that has run in a dozen races without winning one. Archer brought up Golden Eye with one of his most scientific rushes; but Jones rushed too, and although Golden Eye won, it was by so short a head that her backers must have felt far from comfortable until they saw her number put up. To turn from the riding of perhaps the most celebrated jockey in the world to that of ten jockeys who had never won a race, we may notice the Maiden Rider's Plate. There was in this case no dashing up at the last moment and winning by a short head on the post. A long way from home one of the lads brought his horse right away from his opponents, and, never being caught again, he won by half a dozen lengths. Fiddler, who had run third in the Cesarewitch, making the running during an important part of the race, was brought out again shortly afterwards for the Royal Stakes. Although he had had a severe race in one of the fastest Cesarewitches ever known, and had now to run over a course a mile and a quarter in length, he made his own running and won in a canter by four lengths. We described the Cesarewitch last week. As a spectacle, it was a singularly dull affair to those who had not studied the antecedents of the competitors.

It cannot be denied that the Middle Park Plate is a very interesting race; but it must be allowed that it has scarcely turned out such a success as its founders anticipated. To begin with, it has not proved by any means an infallible guide to the Derby, which was one of the objects for which it was supposed to have been instituted. Secondly, it has not maintained its popularity among owners of racehorses, the number of subscribers having decreased, until, on the late occasion, they were reduced to 126. The year the race was first started there were 186 subscribers, and the value of the stakes was 4,840*l*. This year the value of the race was only 2,817*l*. In 1875, thirty horses started for it, but this year only thirteen ran, which was the smallest field that ever came out for the race. The favourite was Lord Rosebery's Kermesse, a filly that had won every race for which she had started, with the exception of the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, when she was a head behind Dutch Oven. In that race, however, she had given 4 lbs. to her conqueror, and subsequently, in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, she had beaten Dutch Oven by half a length at even weights. In the July Stakes Marden had run within half a length of her, and as he was now to be ridden by Archer he was made second favourite. Soon after the start Kermesse went to the front, and, piloting her field at a fast pace, she led them up to the winning-post, finishing without effort a length in front of the nearest of her rivals. The second in the race was an American horse called Gerald, belonging to Mr. Lorillard, the owner of Iroquois, the winner of the Derby. Gerald has only been a few weeks in England, and is said to have been troubled with a cough since his arrival. He is a very good-looking colt, with plenty of size and length, but he is at present deficient in muscle, and looks unfurnished. If he thickens out into a powerful horse, he may rival the performances of Iroquois and Foxhall next year, and it must be remembered that the form he showed in the Middle Park Plate was very good for an unfurnished colt. It would add greatly to the interest of next year's Derby if a good American horse were again to be among the favourites. Kermesse is neither entered for the Derby nor the

Two Thousand, but she is in the One Thousand, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. There was a very fine race after the Middle Park Plate for a Hundred-pound Selling Stakes, and the battle was fought out between Archer and Wood. Against a worse jockey than Wood, Archer would probably have won, but Wood held his own with very great judgment and resolution, winning by half a length after a capital race. Wood also won the Flying Welter Handicap very cleverly with the outsider Althotas, David Jones, who had given Archer so much trouble the day before, being second. Foxhall, the winner of the Cesarewitch, won the Select Stakes in a canter, beating Tristan, to whom he was giving 5 lbs., by three-quarters of a length. According to this form he must have improved considerably since June, as he only beat Tristan by a head at even weights in the Grand Prix de Paris.

In some respects, the most interesting day of the meeting was the Thursday, for then the winners of the Derby of this year and last year were to meet at weight for age in the Champion Stakes. Last year Bend Or and Robert the Devil, the winners of the Derby and the St. Leger, had met in this race, when Robert the Devil had won by ten lengths, and now Bend Or and Iroquois were to fight out the dispute as to the relative merits of the three-year-olds and four-year-olds of the current season. Bend Or won the race by three-quarters of a length after a hardish struggle; but the opponent that he had some difficulty in shaking off was not Iroquois, the winner of the Derby, but Scobell, who had been far behind Iroquois in the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger. The complete reversal of public form appears to be the special delight of the capricious Scobell, and it seems impossible before any race to foretell how well or how badly he may run. Iroquois was beaten at the Bushes, and his running is quite incomprehensible when his previous public form is taken into consideration. At any rate the Americans are likely to be of this opinion, for it is reported that after this race they had to refund to the Britishers a large portion of their winnings on the Cesarewitch. Bend Or has evidently had something the matter with one of his fore-legs, for even through the bandage which he wore it was perceived that he had an enlargement of the suspensory ligaments. Archer had to press him to his best pace from the Bushes, and if he had not ridden him with great perseverance and resolution down the hill, and up from the Dip to the winning-post, it is probable that Scobell might have beaten him. The question still remains whether Bend Or could have beaten Foxhall if he had been started. It is quite impossible to decide this point; for if Iroquois's running with Bend Or was correct, Foxhall could have had but a small chance, and yet, on the previous running of Scobell and Foxhall, Foxhall ought to have beaten Bend Or easily. Another interesting race was the Queen's Plate, in which Chippendale and Petronel met at even weights over two miles. It turned out to be a fine thing between the pair, but Petronel ran with far more gameness than his adversary, and won by three-quarters of a length. The Corrie filly, who, after being one of the leading favourites for the Cesarewitch, had been scratched three hours before the race, was the first favourite for the Newmarket Oaks. We noticed last week that she had slipped up a few days before the race, and traces of her accident still remained in a pair of broken knees. She did not gallop, however, as if any evil had resulted from her fall, but she is scarcely a fine specimen of a race-horse, and she was beaten by a head, after a hard struggle, by Perplexité, a filly that had been unplaced in the Epsom Oaks. Fordham was riding the Corrie filly, but he made up for his disappointment by winning three races later in the day.

On the last day of the meeting, Iroquois won the Newmarket Derby in a common canter, beating Ishmael with the greatest ease, though by only three-quarters of a length. After his running with Bend Or in the Champion Stakes, Scobell had every claim to be the favourite for the Fourth Great Challenge Stakes. The ill-tempered Peter went down to the start, but, after making himself as disagreeable as possible, he was left many lengths behind when the field got fairly away. Tristan made the running, but at the bushes Scobell took the lead, and maintained it as far as the ascent out of the Dip, where the two-year-old Nellie came to the front and beat him easily by three-quarters of a length. If Scobell's running in both the Champion Stakes and the Challenge Stakes was correct, it would appear that the three-year-olds of the year must be below the average, but that the two-year-olds are exceptionally good, for if Nellie could beat Scobell so easily, what must Dutch Oven, Kermesse, and Geheimniss be? Throughout the week, Newmarket Heath was swept by a cold wind, and on the Friday there was a violent hurricane, though very little rain fell during the racing.

## REVIEWS.

SIR THOMAS MUNRO.\*

SIR THOMAS MUNRO went out to India as a cadet in the Madras army in 1780, and died Governor of that Presidency, after a sharp attack of cholera, in July 1826. The editor of these

\* Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., K.C.B., Governor of Madras. *Selections from his Minutes and other Official Writings*. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir and Notes, by Sir Alexander J. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

Minutes reached India only about fifteen years after Munro's death, and served with distinction in the Civil Service in various high offices, including the post of member of Council at Madras and member of the Council of the Viceroy, for more than thirty years. The period embraced by the Memoir, the Minutes, and the personal experience of the editor, extends consequently to nearly a century. Few persons, from training and opportunity, could be more competent than Sir Alexander Arbuthnot to give a concise summary of Munro's life and services, or to select from his copious writings such portions as might instruct the ignorant, rebuke the presumptuous, and encourage the diligent student of Indian affairs. We do not mean to say that any large number of educated Englishmen will care to study the Ryotwari system of Madras. But we do say that, as explained in these pages, it is much more satisfactory and easier reading than three-fifths of the speeches on the Irish Land Bill; and though the purpose of the editor was not to give us an insight into the details of the Madras administration as distinct from that of Bengal, Agra, or the Punjab, any one who gives due diligence to these two volumes will acquire a fund of knowledge about the assessment of the revenue, the cultivation of wet and dry land, the defects of irrigation, the relative position of a principal Collector and his Sub-Collector, the functions of a Potail or head of a village, the rights of individuals in property, such as they were under native Governments, and a hundred other matters, which, in dealing with Oriental questions, are usually deemed essential to the formation of any conclusion at all. The book is well got up; the errors in printing are infinitesimal; there is much to be said in praise of the table of contents and the index; but why, as in so many other cases, have we to notice the want of a good map? Munro's Minutes and towns teem with geographical notices, and not every Anglo-Indian official can carry in his head the relative positions of such places as Salem and Bellari.

The memoir, which fills about two hundred pages, is a judicious condensation of Mr. Gleig's Life of Munro, set off by additional information collected by the editor in a long career in various departments. The leading facts of the life can be stated summarily. Munro served long enough under his namesake Sir Hector Munro and Sir Eyre Coote, between 1780 and 1792, to see a great deal of active warfare and to acquire a very good knowledge of military affairs. Readers of Wellington's despatches may remember that Munro's friendly criticisms about the strategy at Assaye procured him the honour of a detailed justification of his plan of attack from the great captain. But Munro's talents were developed, like those of Thomson, John Lawrence, and others, in the "Settlement" of our new acquisitions. In the Baramahal, in Southern Canara, in the ceded districts—comprising Bellari, Cuddapah, and Kurnool—he planned and carried out the revenue Settlement which is the mainspring of civil society in the East. He spoke Telugu and Canarese fluently, and, we apprehend, must have picked up a little Tamil. He became a proficient in Urdu and Persian. Few men, if any, ever surpassed him in familiarity with village and agricultural life. In 1807, after years of valuable work and exposure in camp, he returned to England, and remained long enough to give useful evidence before the House of Commons in 1813. In 1814 he went back to India, after a marriage which proved singularly happy, to be employed on a Judicial Commission; a duty in which he met with opposition from sundry antiquated officials, who were convinced that everything was in the best possible state. From this he was removed, at his own request, to an independent military command during the Mahratta campaign of 1817-18, and proved, to quote the words of Canning, that the "accomplished statesman" was also at need "the skilful soldier." In 1820 he was appointed to the Governorship of Madras, and for more than six years was occupied both in actively governing the country and people, and in devising plans of reform which have facilitated the task of government for his successors. The memoir embodying these results may be read with advantage by those who do not care to ascertain more precisely the humble functions of a *Curnum*, or the enormous responsibility of a Collector-Magistrate who has to realize punctually thirty lacs of revenue and to rule and content two millions of people.

English politicians, in these troublous days, are wont to appeal to the speeches of deceased orators and statesmen; to ask how Canning would have acted, how Palmerston would have written on the Græco-Turkish question; what Peel and Huskisson would have now thought of free-trade, or how "Lord John" would have defined the balance of Continental Power. Minutes represent the speeches of such Anglo-Indians as Malcolm and Munro. Let us now see what our soldier-civilian thought of many of those questions which were not fathomed to their depth by the genius of Dalhousie or irradiated by the serene intellect of Canning. No arrangement can be better than the editor's division of the Minutes into Revenue, Judicial, Military, Political, and Miscellaneous. Revenue was Munro's strong, perhaps his strongest, point. He had all the details at his fingers' ends. No obtuse or ignorant civilian could blunder and escape the keen eye of the Governor; none so able and experienced but could benefit by his criticisms and suggestions. In Minutes at Council as in earlier letters to the Revenue Board, Munro enlarges on the merits of the Ryotwari system, and removes sundry false notions as to its principles, intent, and operation. It ought not to be a variable yearly assessment of what each tenant is to pay. On the contrary, the assessment must be light, and be fixed for a term of years. There are to be no extra charges on the more valuable kinds of produce. Rice is to be assessed at the same rate as tobacco, and pine-apples

are to pay no more than *jowari*, a sort of millet. There may be a small extra charge for irrigation if this want is supplied by Government; but a Ryot will pay either the same, or more, or less, in any one year, according as he cultivates an equal, a larger, or a smaller portion of land. He may take a plot in addition one year and throw it up in the next; but his rate for the land he actually occupies and cultivates will not vary. All the improvements are to be his. The duty of the collector, in the annual tour of inspection, will be to inspect the *Curnum's* accounts, to talk to the head men, to record new lands taken up as well as old lands thrown out of cultivation, to see that the village officials do their work without cheating the Government or oppressing the tenants, to encourage Ryots to make ordinary repairs to tanks and water-courses, and to leave behind him a population impressed with that sense of security of tenure and "fair rent" which is the foundation of all obedience and loyalty to the Government. In fact, some of Munro's Minutes on Revenue, written seventy years ago, might be applicable to a very visionary Ireland where cattle are not mutilated, nor agents shot, and where all dues are paid. All that Munro laid down on the Ryotwari system is sound, if we prefer that system to the village coparcenary tenure or to the Talookdari. That in the hands of competent officials it is worked with smoothness, ease, and benefit to the people, there can be no sort of doubt. Probably in several respects the tenant-proprietor of Bellari or Cuddapah is fully as well off as the *putidar* of the North-West Provinces, and better than the *jotedar* of Lower Bengal. But, with all its abuses and defects, the value of the Zemindary system has been tested and found to answer in famine and rebellion. The village system of the North-West Provinces collapsed at once on the withdrawal of British authority. The anarchy threatened by sepoys in Dacca, Chittagong, and even Behar, dwindled away before the impulsive, not to say the loyal, behaviour of several of the great Bengal Zemindars. We think, too, that Munro occasionally underrated the advantage of having a class of large proprietors between the Government and the cultivating community, who by association, wealth, and privilege should be enlisted on the side of law and order. But Munro perhaps knew a little too much of the proclivities of big Mohammedan rent-collectors and of ignorant and oppressive Rajas, and, as was natural, his sympathies were all with the Ryots, who had crowded to his tents, and for years afterwards exhibited the leases of the Colonel *Dora* [Sahib] as the strongest and surest of their title-deeds.

We pass from these boundless subjects of tenures, taxation, and revenue systems, to the employment of the natives. Here Munro was a long way in advance of his age. He dwells on the political as well as the pecuniary reasons for employing natives in higher posts. It is absurd, he argues, to give a high literary or scientific education to people who are debarred from all honour and public employment. We cannot perpetuate the degradation of a whole community by refusing them all share in the government of themselves. We must give them a fair chance. These generous sentiments, which are expressed in noble and almost eloquent language, derive still more force and support from the absence of all cant. Munro never hazards the opinion that "representative institutions" would grow like cabbages and would be a preventive against Indian famines, or that we are to look hopefully forward to the day when we may betake ourselves to our ships and leave the natives to govern themselves. On the contrary we are never to consider India as a "temporary possession;" "our sovereignty should be prolonged to the remotest possible period," and the natives are to be "employed consistently with the due preservation of European control." In short Munro's views were liberal, humane, but severely practical. He had no store of pet projects or grandiloquent phrases, and his Minutes hit the just mean between sanguine belief and undue depreciation where the Hindu or Mussulman character was concerned.

In the government of the civil and military servants of the Presidency, as well as in the management of colleagues who might have been jealous of his elevation, he seems to have been very successful; and there is an instructive episode of a case of an *inam* or grant of land to a native of rank, which was brought before the Supreme Court of Madras and decided by the Chief Justice adversely to the view entertained by the Executive Government. The Court decided practically that it had jurisdiction in matters of Public Revenue, and that it had a right to interfere in what was substantially an important political act. Munro, in a masterly argument, showed that the Court was acting wholly without jurisdiction and *ultra vires*; and he exposed the confused, rambling, and hazy reasoning of the English lawyer at the head of the Court about Crown lands, Queen Anne's Government, and *prim. et quint. Eliz.* The error was set right by an appeal to the Privy Council; but this is not the only instance in the annals of British administration where a barrister-judge, brought up mainly on Tidd's Practice and Chitty's Pleadings, has perversely tried to encroach on the legitimate functions and rights of the Executive Government, and has met with a rebuff in consequence.

Munro's general character for sagacity will not perhaps be impaired by his evident inability to conceive such a famine as that which desolated the Madras Presidency fifty years after his death. He never apprehended two bad years in succession, or thought that famine on a vast scale was possible save in conjunction with war. But many of his recommendations to mitigate scarcity or partial famine would have been as applicable in 1877 as in 1854; the importation of grain on a large scale, the remission of assessment, the employment of the poor and destitute in repairs of roads and wells near their own villages, and the in-



appropriateness of wholesale relief gratis by Government. Had Munro lived to see a mutiny, to which contingency he was by no means blind, he might not have disapproved as he did of the disarming of the people. In his day the inhabitants of the Ceded Districts had troublesome neighbours in Mysore and the territories of the Nizam and the Peshwa, but he was quite prepared to pay a moderate price for the surrender of weapons on the part of those who had no occasion to use them. Very likely his remarks on the dangers of a free and unrestricted press will cause a shudder to sensitive Radicals. He shows clearly that unbridled discussion is not good even for the natives themselves, and he anticipates many of the reasons which led the Government of Lord Lytton, supported by the opinions of the most experienced administrators, to impose a moderate and wise restraint on spite, disloyalty, and malevolence, disguised under the sham names of free and wholesome writing. The Minutes on the conduct of the first Burmese war tend to show that the proper place of the Governor of Madras would have been in the Council Chamber of Calcutta. Munro at Madras could but suggest, and was only called on to aid military operations in Pegu by the despatch of additional troops and by supplying stores and bullocks. His opinion was never formally asked about the conduct and object of the campaign, but it is obvious that Lord Amherst would have been a good deal the better for a conference with a man who could argue forcibly on the impolicy of commencing a war in the delta of the Irrawaddy with an inadequate force, or of feeding English soldiers on salt meat in such a latitude as Rangoon. In forecasting the conditions under which peace should be made, it did not escape him that the key to Upper Burma and Amarapura was the possession of the kingdom of Pegu. Munro would have accomplished this aim by restoring the old kingdom of the Talains. Lord Dalhousie settled the matter, a quarter of a century later, by making Pegu a British possession; and at this moment there is no part of our possessions in which reasonable progress is more combined with the loyalty and the contentment of the community. The Minutes, as might be expected, abound with hints and maxims profitable to administrators in every stage of their career. Gentlemen in the Educational Department are not to claim a monopoly of the appointments to the lowest class of native judges, on the ground of their having obtained certain college certificates. Magistrates, as was remarked some few years ago by Lord Salisbury, on a case of riot, to the Government of Bombay, are bound to preserve the public peace in a dispute between right-hand and left-hand castes claiming to use flags and palanquins in public processions. No campaign will be well conducted without an efficient and well supplied bazaar. A military Board of three quarrelsome members is extremely ill-adapted to control a Commissariat. A collector should have no money dealings of any kind whatever with any Zemindar or "other inhabitant" within his jurisdiction. Grants of land rent-free in perpetuity are objectionable. A term of three lives is ample, and this was the principle mainly adopted in disposing of this difficult subject after the annexation of the Punjab. A previous training in the Revenue Department is a valuable qualification for judicial office. Not only should a young man see the natives under other aspects than those of irritated litigants, but, in order to decide civil suits about real property, a judge should know something about the partition and management of estates, the conditions of agriculture, the payment of revenue, and the pleas on which rent is increased by one party or withheld by another.

Sir Alexander Arbuthnot draws a parallel between Munro and Elphinstone, Metcalfe, and Malcolm, and endeavours to fix the exact place of the former in the catalogue of Indian statesmen. Less erudite than Elphinstone, less genial than Malcolm, and less successful than Metcalfe in reaching an eminence which only two other civilians have attained, Munro in many respects was equal to either of the three. He never was entrusted with difficult diplomatic negotiations. He had never to advise, restrain, and encourage proud Rajput and Mahratta chieftains; and, like Meadows Taylor, he does not appear to have come under the special notice and commendation of the statesmen who filled the office of Governor-General from Lord Cornwallis to Lord Hastings. His career, too, was passed exclusively in Southern India, in which public interest was less excited after the capture of Seringapatam. It was not his fate to forecast Russian advances or Sikh aggrandisement. But we doubt if he was ever excelled, save by one or two eminent Bengal civilians, in intimate knowledge of the wants, character, and temperament of the natives; and these two volumes do no more than justice to his rare talents for military warfare and civil administration, to his political foresight and capacity, to his power of influencing bodies of natives, and to the simplicity, dignity, and worth of his private character.

#### THE ANTIQUARY.\*

IF we were disposed to find fault with *The Antiquary* it would be chiefly on account of the bewildering multiplicity of its topics and the want of system in their arrangement. Opening the present volume at random we find "A Walk Round St. Paul's in 1501" prefixed to "The Pedigree of Shelley," which is followed by "Antiquarian Notes on the British Dog," and "The First

Spinning Jenny." We are then suddenly introduced to "Some New Facts respecting the Chevalier d'Eon," and to the "Remains of the London Wall near the Minorities." Having done with the Minorities, we come to "Our Colonies under the Merry Monarch," with a history of "The Wedding Ring," and a disquisition on "The Romant of the Rose." We are then taken on an "Archæological Tour in Norfolk," in which the interest of Oastle Acre is despatched in fourteen short lines; when, having gone through an "Exhibition of the Old Masters," we stop at a review of "A Guide to the Study of Book-plates," which is succeeded by numberless short notes, more or less on antiquarian subjects. Instead of being reminded of Cheapside, where we can find an inexhaustible supply of whatever things we want, whether snow-white lawn or perfumed gloves, amber necklaces or bugle bracelets, and in as attractive display as the wares offered by Autolykus, we seem to be taken into the general shop of a country village, where we can get much of nothing, but a little of everything, though not perhaps of the best quality. Every one, it is true, has not at all times an opportunity of dealing in Cheapside, so he may be grateful for the accommodation of the country store, but he defers his larger purchases till a more convenient season. In the same way, we must take the papers here rather as samples of their kind, and go to more copious sources for fuller information on the subjects treated of. That short articles should appear in a periodical like the present is unavoidable, and even to be desired; but it might also be well that a more extensive dealing with special matters should likewise be attempted. For instance, the opening paper in the volume before us is on the "Roman Villa near Brading," by Mr. Cornelius Nicholson, and is an intelligent account of that interesting discovery. Quite apart from this particular contribution, which is complete in itself, a series of papers on the remains of Roman villas in Britain would help towards so sufficient an education on their subject that the consideration of some new disinterment, like the one just mentioned, would serve as a profitable illustration of the general plan of those remarkable works. It would be absurd to expect every branch of archæology to be thoroughly explained in a popular antiquarian magazine, and there are treatises and handbooks in which a learner may find most of the information he needs. But the business of a publication such as *The Antiquary* should be to educate its readers, as well as to supply a mere collection of papers that, beginning and ending in themselves, leave but little impression upon the mind.

Among larger subjects that might reasonably have here a foremost place, and that would help to give the work a permanent value, is conventual arrangement. Except Canon Venables's excellent article on Abbeys in the current edition of *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, we know of no English work where distinctive plans of the houses of the various religious orders are satisfactorily discriminated. We are not forgetful of the late Precentor Walcott's several volumes on monastic matters, but he is on many points by no means a final authority; and it would be too much to expect that he should be so, seeing how immature is the knowledge that has as yet been acquired on the extensive range of topics involved in the study of monastic construction. A succession of papers in which each class of abbey and priory—Benedictine, Cistercian, Cluniac, Carthusian, Augustinian, Gilbertine, and others, not forgetting the houses of the four orders of friars, of the Knights Templars, and of the Knights of St. John—should be carefully defined, or at least discussed, and compared with existing or historical remains, would be of invaluable service to the student. A religious house of old, in its architectural plan, was not a mere accidental accommodation to the wants of its inmates, but was a symbol of their rule of life, and expressed the nature of their discipline. Not only each apartment, but every door, window, pillar, arch, recess, moulding, and niche had a purpose, and was alive with meaning, while the historical changes of architectural plan showed a corresponding alteration of practice. In secular life a man may change his morals or religion without transforming his abode, but when the Cistercians introduced painted glass, heraldic pavements, carved imagery, and other features forbidden by the Rule, their buildings became the exponent of modifications of their own discipline. As it is, each number of *The Antiquary* is usually complete in itself, and is fitter for those who run and read than for such as sit down and study. "I'd give 'em a coorse; there's nothing like a coorse in our connexion," says Mr. Tozer in *Salem Chapel* to the new minister; "I'd touch 'em up in the State Church line, Mr. Vincent, if I was you. Give us a coorse upon the anomalies, and that sort of thing—the bishops in their palaces, and the fishermen as was the start of it all; there's a deal to be done in that way. It always tells." With some variation of topic, Tozer's advice might be made to tell in a periodical such as the one before us; a comprehensive dealing with a single subject would give character to a whole volume, while space would still be afforded for miscellaneous articles.

Turning to the special papers, we are attracted to "Some Traditions and Superstitions connected with Buildings," by Mr. G. L. Gomme, which seems to suggest sombre memories of feudal castles and lonely granges, where ghosts in armour clank up and down the long corridors, or ladies in white pass before the windows—a theme which has been fearfully and wonderfully rehearsed by Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Crowe. Mr. Gomme, however, has nothing to say about spectres and goblins, though these might have infested the blood-stained buildings he mentions as appropriately as any of their usual haunts. At first sight nothing

\* *The Antiquary*: a Magazine devoted to the Study of the Past. Vol. III. London: Elliot Stock. 1881.

seems to confirm the philosophic opinion of the madness of human kind more than the strange customs and wild superstitions which are to be found in more or less degree amongst all people, whether savage or civilized. But it is easy to see that whereas in cases of individual unsoundness the imagination takes possession of the reason and produces extravagance of conduct, the irrational customs of communities are owing simply to the joint working out of distinct feelings and passions with a view to some intelligible end. When the dread of the supernatural, and a desire to propitiate unseen powers, combine with instinctive cruelty, we find such practices as are said to have been common among the Milanese, where in the deep hole which had been dug to receive the post of the largest house a slave girl was placed; when, the lashings by which the heavy timber was suspended over the excavation being suddenly cut, the victim was crushed to death, a sacrifice to the spirits. Many like instances of buildings being founded in blood are related in the same paper in connexion with such wide-apart places as Galam in West Africa, Japan, the Punjab, Polynesia, and even Great Britain, and the list might have been extended had the writer further used the researches of Dr. Tylor, whom he quotes. Even the Christian religion itself, and no less a saint than Columba, are represented to have sanctioned the horrid custom. There is a legend that when Columba began to build on Iona, the walls by some invisible agency fell down as fast as they were erected. It was then supernaturally revealed to the saint that a human being must be buried alive in order to ensure the foundation. According to one account, Oran, the companion of Columba, willingly devoted himself and was interred accordingly, while some pretend that he became a compulsory victim. At the end of three days, however, Columba had the curiosity to take a farewell look of his old friend, and ordered the earth to be removed. Oran raised his swimming eyes and said, "There is no wonder in death, and hell is not as it is said to be." The saint was so shocked at this impiety that he instantly ordered the earth to be cast in again, uttering the words, "Uir! Uir! air beal Orain ma'n labhair e tuile comb'radh"—that is, "Earth! earth! on the mouth of Oran that he may blab no more." Happily for the fame of St. Columba there is no more occasion to accept the truth of the story than of the similar one concerning Merlin, who managed sagaciously to escape his doom. Neither tale need, at any rate, be more seriously credited than the more familiar legend of the assassination of Remus for leaping over the ditch of his brother's pomerium, which seems in some sort an anticipation of the same barbarous rite. There is no doubt, however, of the wide prevalence of the fierce superstition which such stories illustrate.

Mr. Jones's well-known work on *Finger-Ring Lore*, together with a series of papers on "Old Rings" which appeared in the fifty-third volume of *Fraser's Magazine*, might almost have saved the necessity for the two short articles here given on "The Wedding Ring." The subject, however, involves so much historical anecdote, and affords such opportunity for selection of curious particulars, that a fresh handling of it can rarely come amiss. The literature of poetry and romance is fertile in references to the betrothal and the wedding ring. The German ballad of "The Noble Moringer," as translated by Sir Walter Scott, is a ready instance, where the hero returns from the Holy Land after many years' pilgrimage, and in the disguise of a palmer enters his castle on the eve of his wife's nuptials with another knight. The lady hospitably sends the pilgrim a cup of wine. Into this he drops his ring, and sends it back to the lady with a request that she will empty the cup herself. She does so:—

The ring hath caught the lady's eye, she views it close and near;  
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "The Moringer is here!"  
Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in torrents fell;  
But whether 'twas from joy or woe the ladies best can tell.

The writer remarks that the early history of the wedding ring can hardly be separated from that of the betrothal ring, which was formerly the more important of the two. Breach of contract is now but a civil business, but in times of violence and unrestrained passion the Church threw its protecting arms round the woman by sanctifying the espousals and punishing the betrayer of his engagement by excommunication. Marriage itself, however, was, according to Blackstone (i. 439), first declared an ecclesiastical contract by Pope Innocent III. (A.D. 1198), who ordered that weddings should be celebrated by the Church, and further hallowed the marriage vow by making it sacramental. In the Greek and Roman Churches the thumb and first two fingers were symbolical of the Holy Trinity, and in the ancient ritual of marriage the ring was placed on the top of the left hand thumb of the bride with the words "In the name of the Father"; on the next finger, saying, "and of the Son"; on the third, adding, "and of the Holy Ghost"; and on the fourth with the closing word "Amen." The invocation after leaving the ring loses much of its point in our Common Prayer by the omission of the words in italics—"That as Isaac and Rebecca, after bracelets and jewels of gold given of one to the other for tokens of their matrimony, lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made, whereof this Ring given and received is a token and pledge"; but the words are to be found in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. Queen Mary decided not to be married to Philip of Spain with a decorated ring, but "with a plain hoop of gold, like other maidens," which was laid, in what might seem very unpoetical fashion, on the Bible. Oddly enough, Martin Luther's ring might have suited a sister whom white virgins had adorned as the consecrated bride of

Christ, rather than a nun who had renounced her convent vow for a man who also had revoked his vow of celibacy, and lifted his hand against the Pope and all his works. Combined with a carved crucifix was a group of emblems of our Saviour's Passion—the pillar, the scourge, the ladder, the spear—a small ruby being set in the centre above the head of Christ.

Ring posies are, of course, required to be very concise, and can rarely be suffered to exceed a short couplet. Many of these conceits, although laboured, are hardly worth being carved in gold. Others, such as "All thine is mine," are so abrupt an avowal of a husband's usurpation of person and estate as to seem too outspoken for a wedding ring. The inscription on a Monmouthshire ring, "If thee dost not work thee shas't eat" (*sic*), is also too huckstering for our taste. "All perfect love is from above" is pious but trite, and, indeed, it is hard to find a ring inscription that is not so. The following are at least rhythmical, and are better than many: "You and I will lovers die," "My promise past shall always last," "A loving wife prolongeth life," "This hath no end, my sweetest friend," "All I refuse, but thee I chuse," "Let him never take a wife that will not love her as his life"; but "If I think my wife is fair, What need other people care," is rather too plain a hint that she is not fair. Extemporized wedding rings have necessarily sometimes been of the inferior metals, and occasionally not of metal at all. There is an instance of a leather ring made on the spur of the moment out of an annulet from the finger of a bride's glove. Even the church key has been used in the wedding ceremony, and, as is well known, the Duke of Hamilton was married to one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings with a ring of the bed curtain, at half-past twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel.

"Anniversaries," by Mr. Danby P. Fry, is a very clear explanation of the change of style in the English Calendar which took place in 1752, by which eleven days were subtracted from that year, thus rendering the common celebration of the anniversaries of events before that date eleven days in arrear of the natural time. A notice of the battle of Trafalgar from a contemporary MS. might seem, with its Table of Signals, better fitted for *The United Service Journal* than for an antiquarian magazine. Mr. J. H. Parker's article on the roads and aqueducts of Rome contains, unexpectedly enough, some fresh treatment of the rather worn subject of the symbolism of the nave of a basilica or church. The account of the "Settlement of French Protestants in America" is worthy of the editor of several of the Colonial Series of State Papers, Mr. W. Noel Sainsbury. The symbolism and meaning of some "Ancient Forms of the Cross," by Mr. J. Jewell Jewitt, is full of curious and minute investigation, and, like his papers generally, is well illustrated with woodcuts.

On the whole, the present volume gives promise of good work in the now fashionable cause of antiquarianism; and there is evidently a steady endeavour to render the publication worthy of the acceptance of an increasing number of readers to whom the past is more beautiful than the present, or who at least find it an agreeable retreat from the dust and turmoil of every-day life. These are not a Philistine class, and it would be a pity indeed that so handsomely executed a book should be offered them if they were. We trust that *The Antiquary* will have a long and useful career.

#### KITH AND KIN.\*

CRITIC has not unfrequently to deplore the low moral tone of the characters in the novels which he reviews. It is seldom that, as in the case of Miss Fothergill's *Kith and Kin*, he has to complain of a too lofty morality. Miss Fothergill's heroine, Judith Conisborough, breathes an ethical air so high and so rarefied that it is impossible for other people to live up to her ideas of life and duty. To put it otherwise, Judith has the most absurd and even idiotic scruples, which she permits to stand, not only between herself and happiness, but between her sister and an attached and passionate, though rather underbred and affected, lover. In Miss Fothergill's new novel the course of true love would have run as smooth as a canal, if the high-flown heroine had not put her foot, so to speak, into the fountain at its very source, troubled the water, and made the stream squirt over all manner of rough and stony ground.

Judith Conisborough was a young lady who deemed it morally impossible for herself or her pretty sister Delphine to marry the men of their hearts, because their mother had once, not exactly told a falsehood, but permitted a somewhat perverted view of the truth to be accepted where her own interest was concerned. We are informed that Judith and her sister, though they lived in an out-of-the-way part of Yorkshire, where there are no circulating libraries, and though they could not afford to subscribe to Mudie's, had yet been baptized with the spray of the mighty wave of Progress. But surely Progress has not come to this point; it is not universally understood, even in advanced places like Birmingham, that a lady may not marry because her mother did not prevent her uncle from quarrelling with his daughter-in-law. If ideas like this are to be accepted, the peccadilloes of the fathers will soon cease to be visited on the children. There will be no children at all. There will be no marrying nor giving in marriage. Lovers, with writhing lips and pallid faces, will confide to each other that their mother once jilted a guardman; that their father was a sad firt; that

\* *Kith and Kin*. A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill, Author of "The First Violin." London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1881.

they are dishonoured, blighted beings, who must hide their heads as nurses in hospitals, till death relieves them from the burden of hereditary guilt. We almost prefer a frank set of sinners to people whose moral tone is so highly strung. Lest the reader should suspect us of exaggerating the austere Judith's conception of duty, we must analyse the plot of Miss Fothergill's story. And to do this is to do the book no wrong. The plot is not concealed cunningly, with the skill of Gaboriau or Hoiagobey. Any one can see how matters will fall out as soon as he is introduced to the characters, though perhaps the most acute reader could not foresee the nature of Judith's singular scruples.

We are first introduced to Bernard Aglionby and Percy Golding. Aglionby is a salesman of cotton goods at Irkford, a large manufacturing town. He has "a dark, lean visage" and a smile "the reverse of angelic." At first we rather hoped that Aglionby was the villain of the piece, for he was a Radical and an Agnostic, and he was going to cheer Mr. Bright at a big Liberal "demonstration." Percy Golding, on the other hand, had the air of a hero. He had "a fair and ingenuous countenance." He was a Tory, and, to put it shortly, was "a commonplace type, with a stick and a pipe," "a threepenny 'bus young man." But our sympathy in this romance is to be with the "*je ne sais quoi* young man," Mr. Aglionby, the young man who is dark, and lean, and liberal to a degree, and enigmatic. Aglionby goes to his demonstration, cheers Mr. Bright, and behaves with courtesy to a fine old country gentleman and a very handsome dark young lady, who have strolled into the "Temple of Ceres." Then Aglionby goes home, and has tea with Lizzie Vane, his betrothed. Miss Vane's dress is thus described:—

Miss Lizzie Vane wore a dress which faithfully followed every worst point of the prevailing fashion; and exaggerated all of them a little, by way of originality. Her gown was the gown of the present day. It fitted her almost half the length from her throat to her heels, like a skin; it was well tied back just behind the knees, and on the ground behind an abundance of perfectly meaningless little frills, arranged upon a spoon or wedge-shaped piece of stuff, wagged and whisked about with her every movement. This was the "train" of Miss Vane's gown; for a young lady moving in her exalted sphere, and living too in one of the palatial family mansions of Crane Street, could hardly be expected to dispense with so useful, so necessary an appendage.

Now, pretty as Miss Vane was, with a "long, slender, white throat, and a lovely little head," and an exuberant fringe, and forget-me-not-blue eyes, and "a bust and hips forced into a prominence displeasing in itself," one at once perceives that she is not the right bride for a stern swarthy Agnostic. She is much better fitted for the commonplace type—for the Conservative, and therefore brainless, Christian, Percy Golding. Moreover, when we find that the tall dark girl of the public meeting is once more brought by accident into contact with Aglionby, we feel certain that she, and no other, is the dark Agnostic's fated bride. But this dark young lady, Judith Conisborough, will not let things arrange themselves. She was the daughter of a Mrs. Conisborough, who, again, was the piece of old Aglionby of Scar Foot, the old country gentleman who attended Liberal demonstrations. Some twenty-eight years ago, Mrs. Conisborough was a young lady, living with her uncle and his only son at Scar Foot, a beautiful place in a lonely Yorkshire dale. Old Aglionby was an old tyrant, a domestic despot. He insisted that his only son should marry his niece; the son refused, left home, wedded a woman of the middle classes, and was cast off by his father. The son died, leaving a little boy, and then old Aglionby showed a singular want of discretion. His niece was by this time a married woman with a child, and it was of course her interest that Scar Foot should become the heritage of herself and her offspring. In spite of this the old Squire thought her a proper person to send with his proposals to his son's wife. He would support her if she would let her boy live with him for eleven months in the year. Mrs. Conisborough carried an oral message to the widow, and she did not carry it in an agreeable or acceptable form. When the widow refused with scorn, and said that her relations would not allow her child to starve, Mrs. Conisborough permitted old Aglionby to suppose that the aforesaid relations were rich people, and that the boy would be properly educated. But when old Aglionby, casually meeting his grandson at the demonstration and at the theatre, cleverly divined the relationship, he was shocked to find that he had been deceived by Mrs. Conisborough. After a stormy interview with young Aglionby, who had a good deal of his own temper, he went home to Scar Foot. His niece, with her three daughters, Judith, Delphine, and Rhoda, lived, in great poverty, at the neighbouring town of Yoresett. The old tyrant had meant to make them his heiresses, but meanwhile kept them poor, and subject to his despotism. On reaching home, he violently insulted Mrs. Conisborough, turned Judith out of his house, sent for the lawyer, changed his will, and died, full of years and ill-temper.

After young Aglionby became, by his grandfather's will, the lord of Scar Foot, he set about falling in love with Judith, with the utmost promptitude and despatch. He also initiated her into what seems to be the chief article of the cheerful creed of Agnosticism—namely, that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. Now Judith, by putting various things together, had discovered the nature of her mother's offence, and divined that she had not done her uttermost to reconcile the mother and the grandfather of young Aglionby. Judith leaped to the conclusion that she and her sisters were involved in some mysterious Atā, or family curse. Even after Lizzie Vane, a lively and amusing young person, had ceased to conceal her preference for

Toryism and Christianity in the shape of Percy Golding, even after Bernard was free, Judith persisted in taking refuge from Atā as nurse in a hospital. When a neighbouring hobereau, Randolph Dancesdale, son of the local baronet, fell in love with Delphine, Judith's gloomy preachings made Delphine reject him. So every one went on being profoundly miserable, and bullying poor Lizzie Vane for her want of breeding, till Mrs. Conisborough revealed her secret sin to Aglionby. This scene is excellent, as Mrs. Conisborough is able, even on her deathbed, to make out a pretty good case for herself. Armed with her confession, Aglionby makes Judith relent, Delphine does the same, and all, without exception, are as happy as they might have been if Judith had possessed a little common sense.

Provoking as Judith's conduct is, the novel is eminently easy, and even pleasant to read. The style is clear and unpretentious, the descriptions of nature few and well done. Randolph Dancesdale is not quite a gentleman, and permits himself to be affectually offensive to guests in his father's house. Rhoda Conisborough, a mere sketch, is a charming figure. So is Delphine; and we have not concealed our partiality for Miss Vane, in spite of her fringe and her frivolity. The younger Aglionby is the virtuous Rochester (Miss Brontë's, not Charles II.'s) of an Agnostic age. Miss Broughton would have drawn old Aglionby in a more amusing style. But with Judith we imagine that few readers will keep their patience. Heroes are usually prigs, but it is unnecessary that a prig should be the heroine.

#### NELSON ON HINDU LAW.\*

THE technical and unattractive title of Mr. Nelson's book conceals a critical essay on a subject of considerable social and political importance. His real purpose is to demand a serious reconsideration of the system on which English judges and magistrates administer justice in the South of India. Some preliminary statement of the facts is needful to make the nature of the case he puts forward generally intelligible. A great number of tribes and castes, differing widely in race, language, and manners, but agreeing in this, that they are, with trifling exceptions, non-Aryan, live under British government in the Madras Presidency. The British Government throughout India professes to maintain and administer the native customary laws in matters of inheritance and the like. We have no common English term or terms that will properly denote the field thus reserved to native law, but the German *Familienrecht* and *Erbrecht* may be taken as together covering it with sufficient exactness. Two principal systems or types of "native law" have been studied by Anglo-Indian scholars and lawyers. One of these is the Mahometan, which does not now concern us, and which has been imported within historical times. The other is the Hindu, or more properly Brahmanical. This, we now know, was imported by the Aryan conquerors of Upper India, or rather developed by them at some unknown time after their settlement. As regards Bengal and the Central Provinces, Hindu institutions are probably native, in anything like their present form, in the literal sense, and certainly native for all practical purposes. But in the South of India the Aryan settlement was never more than superficial. Aboriginal, or relatively aboriginal, manners and superstitions have received a more veneer of Brahmanism, if so much. Because the religious externals of Hinduism have been adopted, it does not follow that Hindu religious ideas have been allowed to prevail over older social usages which may be inconsistent with them. Nor does it follow, even if Hindu customs have been actually adopted to some extent, that they have been adopted altogether. Therefore it becomes the business of the Government to ascertain concerning every sort of people who seek civil justice at its hands how far they have come under the rules of Hindu law and usage; and, in so far as they have not, what their own customs are. Of course there are to be found in corners of every Presidency and province of India savage or half-savage tribes who are no more Hindus than than they are Quakers; but these give comparatively little trouble. The non-Aryan people of the southern peninsula are civilized enough to be litigious. We assume for the moment that Hindu law and usage, as applicable to undoubted Hindus, are sufficiently understood by the English authorities.

How then have we performed this duty of doing justice to the Southern people according to their own customs? Nobody denies that we have honestly tried to do it; but Mr. Nelson asserts, not without support from some of the best recent authorities, that we have made serious mistakes. English judges and officials were naturally under strong temptation to be guided as much as possible by that kind of native law which existed as a more or less coherent system, and which they thought they knew something about. They were mostly unable to observe for themselves (it is said, indeed, that no European can get to the bottom of native institutions and family life in any part of India); and most of their information about native usage was derived in the first instance from Brahmins; in other words, from a class of persons who were nearly as much strangers in the land as themselves, and whose interest and prejudices would and did lead them in every way to magnify the authority of Brahmanical usage and the extent to which it was regarded as binding. Then, courts on the English

\* *A Prospectus of the Scientific Study of the Hindu Law.* By J. H. Nelson, M.A., a District Judge in Madras, &c. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. Madras: Higginbotham & Co. 1881.

system being established and decisions reported, the judges began to develop and define legal rules in the English fashion. When they had once decided that a particular maxim about inheritance or adoption was part of the Hindu law accepted in the South of India, and as such binding on the people of a given district and caste, they felt bound to decide the same again, although other and better information had come to light than that on which they first proceeded. And thus it has come about that we are elaborately administering to a great number of people, under the name of Hindu law, a set of rules and ordinances which in some cases are known, and in more are suspected, to have about as much relation to the customs they really use among themselves as the English law of real property. We may add that in at least one case the absurdity of this proceeding (from which, however, the Court did not see its way to escape) has been judicially recognized.

But this is only half Mr. Nelson's complaint. It seems odd enough that our courts should enter into minute discussions of Hindu law for the benefit of suitors who are not Hindus at all. But Mr. Nelson further says that we do not know what Hindu law really is, and that much of what we have administered under that name is the speculative deduction of English lawyers from imperfect or erroneous premises. On this ground, too, he has much to say for himself, and some of the most important points are, so far as we can discover, undisputed. So that there are two distinct questions: To whom is Hindu law, whatever that may be, applicable? and, What is Hindu law? These questions are obviously different in kind. The first is a matter of ethnology and existing facts, which in a particular case of doubt can be dealt with only by careful inquiry on the spot. The second involves, or may involve, points of Sanskrit scholarship and critical archæology, much sifting of Brahmanical tradition and Brahmanical and other native opinion, and a good deal of local inquiry besides. It would seem, therefore, the natural course at first sight, at any rate for an inquirer chiefly interested in the administration of justice in Madras, to deal with the ethnological question before the critical one. But Mr. Nelson takes them in the reverse order, and not without reason, as we see when we have come to the end. Hitherto the rule of English officials has been to presume that people who were to outward appearance Hindus were governed by Hindu law, and to throw on those who alleged any different custom the burden of strictly proving it. The ground would be cut from under this presumption if it could be shown that the current English view of Hindu law as a complete and uniform system, accepted with only slight local variations throughout the Aryan communities of India, and ultimately resting on certain generally acknowledged authorities, is mistaken, or at least exaggerated. And this is exactly what Mr. Nelson endeavours to show. He has gone about this part of his work, we think, with a certain excess of zeal. He commits himself here and there to conjectures which most Sanskrit scholars will probably deem paradoxical; and he has too much the air of one crying in the wilderness. His general position has been far more widely admitted than any one would think from reading the book itself. Ten years ago Sir Henry Maine stated, as the opinion of the best modern authorities, "first, that the codified law—Manu and his glossators—embraced originally a much smaller body of usage than had been imagined; and, next, that the customary rules, reduced to writing, have been very greatly altered by Brahminical expositors, constantly in spirit, sometimes in tenor." And he speaks of the actual unwritten usages of the people, more especially in the North-West, as "probably older and purer than the Brahminical written law." To the same effect Dr. Hunter writes (expressly citing an earlier work of Mr. Nelson's, published only in India) in his article on India in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He plainly says that the ancient Hindu customs, the so-called codes of Manu and Yājñavalkya (on which all the later law-books and commentaries profess to depend), "only recorded the usages of certain Brāhmanical centres in the North, and perhaps did not fairly record even them." And again, "the High Courts" (of the Presidency towns) "enforce the Brāhmanical codes with a comprehensiveness and precision unknown in ancient India." Once more, to return to Sir Henry Maine, "Indian law may be affirmed to consist of a very great number of local bodies of usage, and of one set of customs, reduced to writing, pretending to a diviner authority than the rest, exercising consequently a great influence over them, and tending, if not checked, to absorb them." Statements of this kind, and from such writers, might perhaps be thought to make it superfluous, as regards any practical conclusion, to enter into minute criticism of the origin and relative authority of existing Sanskrit law-books. Mr. Nelson, however, seems not content to stop here. He is so anxious to show that there is really nothing but local custom that he ignores even the encroaching and absorbing tendency pointed out by Sir Henry Maine. We understand Sir Henry Maine to speak of it as a known fact. But the thing is, anyhow, so probable that it would require strong evidence to convince us that it has been otherwise. When customs of uncertain extent and differing in detail, but embodying a common order of ideas, are reduced to writing and commented on, a kind of competition is necessarily set up, in which one or two of the rival recensions will prevail. Mr. Nelson will have it that the superior authority ascribed to particular Sanskrit books by Anglo-Indian lawyers is a mere figment, based on gross error or rash conjectures; and on this point, as it appears to us, he undertakes to prove too much.

It is quite possible that, as Mr. Nelson maintains, the *Mānava Dharmasāstra*, commonly called by English writers the Code of

Manu, was originally nothing but the custumal of a particular sect of Brahmins, called *Mānavas* as being professed followers of some mythical or historical personage named *Mānu*. But this neither proves nor tends to prove that when Sir William Jones first heard of and read Manu the book had not come to be accepted as authoritative (subject to sundry and more or less divergent glosses and interpretations) by the great bulk of orthodox Hindus. In one sense, no doubt, it could not be accepted by the majority of Hindus, nor could any other Sanskrit law-book, for the simple reason that they are not, nor have their ancestors been within historical times, able to read or understand it. But this is known and allowed on all hands. The fact that unlearned Germans cannot read Latin does not make it the less true that Roman law is the foundation of the common law of Germany. Mr. Nelson expects us to believe that Sir William Jones as to Manu, and Colbrooke as to the books of authority in Southern India, were deceived or rashly credulous, not merely as to the origin or age of the particular books, but as to the esteem in which they were actually held at the time. "How did it come about," he asks, "that the law-book of an obscure, petty, extinct sect was believed and declared by Sir William Jones to contain the law of the Hindus generally?" How, indeed? Mr. Nelson cannot get off, we think, by leaving it for others to "settle this curious question hereafter." This is to leave an unexplained and violent improbability confronting his theory. And how did it come about, we further ask, that no native scholar or pleader from one end of India to the other, and from Jones's time to this, ever protested against a misapprehension so enormous? There is no lack of such men who know enough of European critical methods to see the importance of the question. Again, Mr. Nelson suggests that the *Mitāksharā*, which is his peculiar aversion as being the leading received authority with the British courts in the South, may date from the seventeenth or even eighteenth century instead of the early middle ages. If so, that would surely be rather in its favour from his point of view, for he does not set up any case of deliberate perversion in the Brahman interest, and apart from this the work would be all the more likely to correspond to the facts of recent usage. Much more important is the general consideration, admitted by the Sanskrit books themselves, but too often overlooked by English judges, that the texts are at most records of typical customs, and must always yield to proof of an existing contrary custom applicable to the case in hand.

Perhaps we may be helped to a juster apprehension of the problem by a comparison which we have already used, and which, though not exact, is near enough to be instructive. Let us suppose that a foreigner without any previous knowledge of Roman law has to study the common law of the old German Empire. He will first learn in a general way that the "paramount authority," to use a current Anglo-Indian phrase, is to be found in the texts of the Roman Corpus Juris. His tendency will be to solve particular questions by direct investigation of the texts. Then he will learn that this is an impracticable method; that there are established traditional interpretations and conceptions which have largely superseded the text itself; and that some parts of the Roman institutions are obsolete, while others have never been received. Yet more, he will discover that the application of the law is subject to local variations and exceptions, of which the principle is expressed in the maxim "*Stadtrecht bricht Landrecht, Landrecht bricht Gemeinrecht*," and that these exceptions are many and grave. It would not be wonderful if at this point he were to run into the opposite extreme to the simplicity of his first belief, and deny that the common foundation of Roman law had any real existence. Mr. Nelson appears to be in some such stage of thought as regards Hindu law; he writes like a man still in the anger of disillusion. We have said nothing about the mistakes stated to have been made by our courts through sheer ignorance or mistranslation of the Sanskrit law-texts, because that (though a serious matter enough in itself) seems to us a collateral point hardly touching the main argument. And Mr. Nelson's critical opinion of those texts is of course a thing apart from his opinion as to the habits and wants of the people among whom he lives, and does not affect its weight.

#### NUMA ROUMESTAN.\*

A PUFF preliminary issued among the leaves of M. Alphonse Daudet's latest novel informs us—which is, no doubt, true—that the book has been eagerly looked for. "On sait," it goes on, "que plus de quarante mille exemplaires étaient demandés à l'éditeur Charpentier avant que le volume ait paru. C'est un fait presque sans précédent, et l'on peut prédire la durée de ce succès bien mérité, car il est peu de romans aussi attachants, aussi remplis de charme et d'ironie, aussi amusants, en un mot, que ce nouvel ouvrage de l'auteur de *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné* et du *Nabab*." It is not to be supposed that M. Daudet is responsible for this style of advertisement; but, at the same time, it is amusing to find it attached to a book the chief object of which is to depict the nature of the *hommes au Midi*. The title-page of the book, it may be noted, bears under the name of the principal character the words "*Mœurs Parisiennes*," which again is a little amusing, as "*Mœurs du Midi*" would surely have been a more appropriate title. On a former occasion M. Daudet held up the people of the Midi

\* *Nouvelles*. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Charpentier.



to good-natured ridicule in that delightfully amusing book *Tartarin de Tarascon*. Whether they will be grateful to him for this more serious and more elaborate attempt to depict their nature is perhaps an open question; but as to the success of the attempt considered as a piece of character-drawing there can be little doubt. Indeed, so keen and clever is the study that it becomes a comparatively unimportant matter that to the construction of the book it is impossible to give much praise. M. Daudet has sometimes been called, foolishly enough, the French Dickens, and in *Le Nabab* he introduced what certainly looked like a servile imitation of one of Dickens's most humorous scenes, much as in the most important scene of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* he followed closely enough in the footsteps of Thackeray. But, without comparing him with either of the writers just named, it may be said that he has quite enough original power to stand on his own merits. In *Numa Roumestan* he has written of what he knows thoroughly, and, so far as study of character and description go, he has perhaps never done anything better.

We are first introduced to Numa Roumestan at "une grande fête de jour aux arènes d'Aps-en-Provence. . . . Voilà dix ans que Numa, le grand Numa, le député leader de toutes les droites, est prophète en terre de Provence, dix ans que, pour ce fils illustre, la ville d'Aps a les tendresses, les effusions d'une mère, et d'une mère du midi, à manifestations, à cris, à caresses gesticulantes." The chatter and movement of the adoring multitude, Numa's expansive, good-humoured reception of their homage, his swift, almost unconscious, change of manner for each person to whom he talks, the glaring brilliancy of the scene with the crowd of excited Provençals—all this is admirably hit off. Only one personage in the assemblage seems bored—and that is Numa's wife. "Ces gaietés méridionales, faites de turbulence, de familiarité, cette race verbeuse, tout en dehors, en surface, à l'opposé de sa nature si intime et sérieuse, la froissaient peut-être sans qu'elle s'en rendit bien compte, parce qu'elle retrouvait dans le peuple le type multiplié, vulgarisé, de l'homme à côté de qui elle vivait depuis dix ans et qu'à ses dépens elle avait apprise à connaître." When her silence seems to reproach Numa for the impossible promises of places which he scatters broadcast among the crowd, he says to her:—"N'oubliez pas que nous sommes dans le Midi, entre compatriotes parlant la même langue." The promise is taken in the same spirit in which it is given. It gives those to whom it is made a pleasant subject for their imagination to play with. "Pourquoi les priver de cette joie? Du reste, voyez-vous, entre méridionaux les paroles n'ont jamais qu'un sens relatif. C'est une affaire de mise au point."

It is perhaps one of the faults in the construction of the book that Numa's history, as related by M. Daudet, dates, to begin with, backwards from the opening chapter, and then has to be caught up again at or near the point of his first appearance. Thus it is not until we have read some way into the book that we come to what may be called the key to Numa's character, as it is to the feeling towards him on his wife's part. Some time after they had been married she came into his study, and found him writing a letter, which she asked to see. "C'était, en style maigre et emphatique, ce style de barreau qui gesticule avec de grandes manches, une lettre à l'Empereur, par laquelle il acceptait le poste de Conseiller d'Etat. Cela commençait ainsi: *Vendén du Midi, grand dans la foi monarchique et le culte respectueux du passé, je ne crois pas forfaire à l'honneur ni à ma conscience* . . . ." When she had read thus far Rosalie exclaimed, "Tu n'enverras pas ça!" He answered her with scolding eloquence, "Il tonnait, comme à l'audience, devant la tranquillité muette, presque méprisante, de Rosalie," and she replied by repeating what she had said before, and adding, "ce serait mentir à ta vie, à tes engagements." Then she reminded him how he had first won her heart by his denunciation of the "masquerade impériale," and finally she over-persuaded him, so that the letter as sent ran thus:—"Vendén du Midi, grand dans la foi monarchique et le culte respectueux du passé, je croirais forfaire à l'honneur et à ma conscience en acceptant le poste que Votre Majesté, &c." This letter it was that made Roumestan's political fortune. Like many great men, Roumestan has a hanger-on, a certain Bompard, who is a variety of the Tartarin genus, and who never hears a great man or a great event mentioned without giving some personal reminiscences. Any one who took the trouble to piece them together would have discovered that Bompard in one and the same year "commandait une compagnie de déserteurs polonais et tcherkesses au siège de Sébastopol, dirigeait la chapelle du roi de Hollande, du dernier bien avec la sœur du roi, ce qui lui avait valu six mois de casemate à la forteresse de la Haye, mais ne l'empêchait pas, toujours à la même date, de pousser une pointe de Laghouat à Gadamès, en plein désert africain."

The pathetic interest of the book is mainly supplied by the contrast of character between Roumestan and his wife, which at one point leads to a tragic situation, and by the misfortunes of a certain Valmajour, a player of the *tambourin* and *galoubet*, who is a native of Aps-en-Provence, and who is befooled by Roumestan's meaningless promises into leaving his home and coming to meet with a disastrous failure on the Paris stage. The first description of Valmajour in his fine simplicity, and the subsequent accounts of his demeanour after he has been spoilt by the hope and promise of notoriety, may be counted among the finest touches in the novel. In connexion with this Valmajour and with Roumestan's sister-in-law there is an underplot, which seems to

us by far the weakest and least artistic point in the work. Granted—and this is perhaps not much to grant—that she could be for a time under the spell of Valmajour's *farouches* picturesqueness, and that this should lead her into certain difficulties, it is, we think, hardly possible that she should have allowed herself to be so tyrannized over by Valmajour's sister, on the ground of her being his "promise." The situation is, as it strikes us, long drawn out, and disagreeable without being forcible. But, as we have said, this and other faults are outweighed by the freshness and force displayed in the treatment of the principal characters. We have spoken of the descriptive skill found in many passages of the book, and we may close our notice by quoting the account of the *farandole* which follows Valmajour's performance in the first scene:—

Valmajour salua sans un mot, tourna sur ses talons et descendit le large tapis de l'estrade, sa caisse au bras, la tête droite, avec ce léger déhanchement du Provençal, ami du rythme et de la danse. En bas des camarades l'attendaient, lui serraient les mains. Puis un cri retentit: "La farandole!" clameur immense, doublée par l'écho des voûtes, des couloirs, d'où semblaient sortir l'ombre et la fraîcheur qui envahissaient maintenant les arènes et rétrécissaient la zone du soleil. A l'instant le cirque fut plein, mais plein à faire éclater ses barrières, d'une foule villageoise, une mêlée de fleches blanches, de jupes voyantes, de rubans de velours battant aux coiffes de dentelles, de blouses passementées, de vestes de cadis.

Sur un roulement de tambourin, cette cohue s'aligna, se défilait en bandes, le jarret tendu, les mains unies. Un trille de galoubet fit onduler tout le cirque, et la farandole menée par un gars de Barbantane, le pays des danseurs fameux, se mit en marche lentement, déroulant ses anneaux, battant ses entrechats presque sur place, remplissant d'un bruit confus, d'un froissement d'étoffes, et d'haleines, l'énorme baie du vomitoire où peu à peu elle s'engouffrait. Valmajour suivait d'un pas égal, solennel, repoussait en marchant son gros tambourin du genou, et jouait plus fort à mesure que le compact entassement de l'arène, à demi noyée déjà dans la cendre bleue du crépuscule, se dévidait comme un bobine d'or et de soie.

— Regardez là-haut! dit Roumestan tout à coup. C'était la tête de la danse surgissant entre les arcs de voûte du premier étage, pendant que le tambourinaire et les derniers farandoleurs picquinaient encore dans le cirque. En route, la ronde s'allongeait de tous ceux que le rythme entraînait de force à la suite. Qui donc parmi ces Provençaux aurait pu résister au sifflet magique de Valmajour? Porté, lancé par les rebondissements du tambourin, on l'entendait à la fois à tous les étages, passant les grilles et les soupiraux descellés, dominant les exclamations de la foule. Et la farandole montait, montait, arrivait aux galeries supérieures que le soleil bordait encore d'une lumière fauve. L'immense défile des danseurs bondissantes et graves découpait alors sur les hautes bules entrées du pourtour, dans la chaude vibration de cette fin d'après-midi de juillet, une suite de fines silhouettes, animait sur la pierre antique un de ces bas-reliefs comme il en court au fronton dégradé des temples.

#### JOWETT'S THUCYDIDES.\*

THERE is perhaps no point in which the difference between the educational methods of the two great Universities is so conspicuously displayed as in the matter of translations from Greek and Latin prose authors. We say "prose" because, owing to the diversity of ancient and modern metres, the closest poetical rendering of poetry must always be more or less of a paraphrase. But when it comes to the rendering into English of a philosopher or historian, it is obvious that, barring a few highly idiomatic phrases, every sentence may be turned word for word without loss at all events of intelligibility. It is, however, equally obvious that what may be a good style in Greek or Latin need not necessarily be so in English, and further, that it is possible to express the same meaning in various styles—such a process, under the name of "paraphrasing," forming, indeed, one of the earliest exercises undergone by pupil teachers and other young people who are learning the use of their native tongue. Thus, too, when the revisers of the New Testament give us, in place of "the shipmen deemed," "the sailors surmised," though we may wonder at their taste, we cannot say that they have modified the meaning of the words. But whether Buffon or any one else did or did not say "Le style c'est l'homme," there can be no question that a man's style gives an indication of the way in which his mind works, such as may often be of the highest importance as a help to the right appreciation of his meaning, especially where there is also a question between various readings. Recent Cambridge translators, regarding a translation as being merely an aid to persons wishing to read the author in his own language—something to be used, in the words of Pericles, *ἔργον μᾶλλον κατὰ ἡ λόγον κόμψω*—have gone perhaps as far as is desirable in the direction of literal rendering. In one case, indeed, the translator's anxiety not to misrepresent his author has led him to retain many of the original words, Greek and English being thus mingled with a somewhat comical effect. Effacement of oneself and loyalty to one's author reach their limit here. It would be an interesting question (upon which, however, we do not propose to enter now) how far this is a mark of the extent to which devotion to the exact sciences has moulded Cambridge thought in reference to other branches of study. The tendency of Oxford scholars is no less marked in the opposite direction. There is a rather malicious legend extant to the effect that when Professor Jowett's translation of Plato appeared, an Oxford admirer—hoping, no doubt, to elicit a complimentary reply—inquired of a Cambridge friend, competent to judge of the work alike under either aspect, what opinion was taken of it in his University. "Well," was the pitiless response, "we doubt if he understands the philosophy; and as a crib we think it valueless." It is only with the latter

\* *Thucydides*. Translated into English by B. Jowett, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1881.

part of this judgment, of course, that we are now concerned; and, without endorsing it unreservedly, we cannot deny that it is in a great measure applicable to the work before us. The Professor may of course reply that he does not mean his work for a "crib"; and, judging from some things which we have heard about the way in which Oxford men nowadays read the Classics, we can quite imagine that a term implying any study whatsoever of the original Greek might be out of place. But, if so, why translate Thucydides at all? In the case of philosophy it is, no doubt, useful for the student to have access to the thoughts of each thinker without the necessity of puzzling them out of his language; but no one who wants merely to learn the history of the Peloponnesian war would go to Thucydides, even in the original, rather than to Grote; so what would he do with a translation? It is, then, after all, upon its merits as an aid to reading the original Greek which Thucydides wrote that we must estimate Professor Jowett's version; and, judged by this measure, we cannot consider it as a work worthy of one of the Royal teachers of the Greek language.

In the first place, without requiring a close copy of Thucydides's fearful and wonderful *anacolutha*, which are feebly represented by the famous "An awkward beast to drive is pigs; one man many of them very," and which arise mainly, no doubt, from the struggles of an acute intellect to express itself accurately in a language not yet completely developed as regards its grammar; and fully recognizing the duty of an English translator to obey the ordinary rules of English syntax, we must demur to a style which renders a *καί*, a *τε*, a *γάρ*, or a *ὥστε*, to say nothing of even more important particles, alike by full stops and semicolons, and expands (as in iv. 26) *αἴτιον* into "the secret of this protracted resistance." Nor, again, do we understand why (as in iv. 40) a simple phrase like *παρὲ ὕπερον* should be left altogether unrepresented. In the previous chapter the Professor seems to have gone out of his way to emphasize the dislike of Thucydides to Olen. *Καίτερον μάλιστα οὐρα ἢ ὑπόσχεσις* does not mean "the mad promise," nor should we envy the fate of the schoolboy who happened to render either phrase by the other.

But it may be better to "instance in" a longer passage, in order to give an idea of the Professor's style, which, if it is at times a little too ornamented, often flows smooth and limpid; and also to show by a typical example the way in which he appears to us to fall short of the mark as a translator of Thucydides. We will take Book v. Chap. 89, wherein the Athenians, opening their controversy with the Melians, anticipate a form of political reasoning not unfamiliar—in the mouths of foreigners—at the present day. We assume the possession by our readers of what Mr. Colclough called "all the works of Thucydides." They will thus be able to compare the original with Professor Jowett's rendering, which runs as follows:—

Well, then, we Athenians will use no fine words; we will not go out of our way to prove at length that we have a right to rule, because we overthrew the Persians; or that we attack you now because we are suffering any injury at your hands. We should not convince you if we did; nor must you expect to convince us by arguing that, although a colony of the Lacedæmonians, you have taken no part in their expeditions, or that you have never done us any wrong. But you and we should say what we really think, and aim only at what is possible, for we both alike know that into the discussion of human affairs the question of justice only enters where the pressure of necessity is equal, and that the powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must.

Now it appears to us, if we may without presumption differ from the Professor, and indeed from other authorities, that the opposition between *δυνατὰ* and *δίκαια*, "might" and "right," is missed in this version. Venturing on a rough summary, we should put it somehow thus:—"We are not going to offer a long argument about the *right* of our case, nor do we recommend you to expect to persuade us by doing the same, but rather to settle the question of *might* according to the thoughts that we both of us really have in our minds, for we and you both know quite well that the question of *right* only comes on for decision in human affairs when the force [or stress] is equal on both sides, but that when it is a question of *might*, the stronger exact and the weaker give in." Throughout this "Melian controversy," which, as being perhaps the most notorious *crux* in the whole of Thucydides, demanded specially careful handling, there appears far too great a tendency to shirk difficulties by means of paraphrase. Once or twice we find cases in which a better rendering of even a few words might have been given—e.g. in chap. 105, *μακαρίστους ὑμῶν τὸ ἀπειρόκακον* is rather "congratulating you on your innocence of evil" than "admiring the simplicity of your idea." One is as easy to write as the other, but one gives, as the other does not, the fundamental meaning of the Greek words.

This tendency to give a general rather than the particular interpretation is always appearing. Take, for instance, Pericles's defence, in Book ii. 60 *egg*. The second sentence of this runs somewhat in this way:—"For I hold that when a State is prosperous as a whole, it does more good to its private members than when it is doing well as regards each individual citizen, but is coming to harm in its collective capacity." This is merely a rough rendering; but Professor Jowett ought surely to be able, without loss of elegance, to come nearer to it than "In my judgment it would be better for individuals themselves that the citizens should suffer and the State flourish, than that the citizens should flourish and the State suffer." In the next chapter a point seems to be missed. *Ἐν τῷ ὑπερίπε δόξαντι τῶν νόμων* is not "because your characters are weak," but "at a moment when your judgment is unsound (*lit. sick*)."

This verbal criticism may appear earping. It may be said that if the author's general drift is fairly retained, a strict adherence to his style and language is mere pedantry. We have already given our reasons for holding that in the case of an historian a mere adherence to the narrative is not of much practical use, since few ordinary students of history are likely to want to examine the materials of which their teachers have availed themselves. Those who read Thucydides will, after all, do so mainly with a view to studying the language in which he wrote—not, of course, as a mere organism the structure of which may be dissected, and the evolution of its parts traced out, though this is in itself a study not unfruitful in useful results; but as a vehicle used by an acute thinker for expressing his ideas, with all their sequences and associations. "The difficulty of literature," says a recent essayist, who has himself succeeded very well in surmounting it, "is not to write, but to write what you mean; not to afflict your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish." Now no language probably, since the world began, has been so fine an instrument for this purpose as the Greek; and it is in proportion as the modern student can see how the ancient author wished to affect his readers that he is entitled to the name of a scholar; so that a Greek scholar means, among other things, a person who has acquired no small insight into the working of some of the shrewdest minds which the world has ever produced. This is a point which would appear to have been overlooked by those who depreciate the study of Greek as an educational exercise; nor can we imagine anything much better adapted to strengthen their view of the matter than to see a Greek Professor translating the chief of Greek political thinkers, a writer embarrassed at times by the fullness of his thought, as though he were a mere chronicler of passing events capable now and then of making a smart remark. It would be strange, indeed, if Greek learning in this country were to receive its heaviest blow from the hand of one whose special function it is to foster it.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the notes. These are copious and useful. One of their best features is the frequent illustration from the contemporary Aristophanes. Nothing affords a better notion of the most remarkable points in the Greek character than to realize how the Athenian people were able to witness, apparently with perfect enjoyment, the burlesques in which the great comedian extracted fun out of every stage of their life-and-death struggle. The chief point in which we should be inclined to find fault with the notes is, as in the text, the want of appreciation which they occasionally show of the finer points of scholarship; but enough has been said on this head. Students will be as grateful to Professor Jowett for his second volume as they will be ready to dispense with the aid of his first; and every one will be amused with the terms of the dedication to Viscount Sherbrooke.

#### THE PICTURES AT HAMPTON COURT.\*

ALTHOUGH the days are long gone, by since every portrait of Henry VIII. was called a Holbein, and every likeness of Elizabeth a Zuccherò, the old misleading titles are still attached to the frames in the Hampton Court Gallery, and as a natural result the good and genuine works are compromised. When you see "Titian" and "Raffaello" on pictures which evidently were never in Italy, you find it hard to appreciate justly even the real Titian or real Raffaele which may hang close by. Nowhere is this more apparent than at Hampton Court; while some people are perhaps of opinion that there is not a single painting of any value in the whole Palace. We cannot always agree with Mr. Law's conclusions, but his book is an honest attempt to bring order out of confusion, to expose false pretensions and distinguish real merit. It is, moreover, unlike many such books, extremely pleasant reading, being full of historical anecdotes, and also here and there betraying somewhat quaintly the prepossessions and prejudices of the author. It is interesting to see how many of the Hampton Court pictures belonged originally to the collection of Charles I. If Mr. Law's index had been worthy of the book we should have been able to give him more unqualified praise. It is obviously better that a book should have no index than a bad one. As an example, taken at haphazard, we may turn to the index to see if there is a portrait of, say, William, Duke of Gloucester. We find under "Gloucester, William, Duke of, son of Queen Anne, 41, 830." Under "William" we find one reference, "41." Turning, then, to No. 41, we find that the portrait by Kneller has been withdrawn. Turning to No. 830, we find the full description of another portrait by Kneller, and so conclude that at Hampton Court there were formerly two portraits of the Duke of Gloucester by Kneller, and that only one remains there now. But when we go through the catalogue in detail we find two other portraits, with Nos. 192 and 515, both of which Mr. Law identifies with the Prince. We have a few other faults to find, and may as well notice them here. Mr. Law, in his preface, tells us of a picture described in the inventory of the goods of Henry VIII. as a "Table of the Bishop of Rome, and the Four Evangelists casting Stones upon Him." "This," he says, "is doubtless No. 787, with which it exactly corresponds in description." But under No. 787 there is no mention of this circumstance, and a picture, going with Mr. Law's book in his hand, would mislead it, unless

\* *Historical Catalogue of the Pictures at Hampton Court Palace.* By Ernest Law. London: Bell. 1881.

he happened to know the preface very well. In speaking of the famous portrait of Lady Middleton, No. 53, he mentions "Alan Brodrick, created Viscount Middleton in 1710." But Alan Brodrick was created Viscount Middleton, a very different name. About another peer, too, he stumbles sadly. No. 336 represents, we are told, "Edward, eleventh Lord Zouch," who "died in 1625, in his seventieth year, and, leaving no issue, the title became extinct." But Edward, Lord Zouch, was the twelfth in succession, and left two daughters. From one of them descends the present holder of the title, which is not extinct by any means. Under an account of Mirevelt's portrait of Prince Rupert, Mr. Law falls into an old mistake. He says that "to his scientific spirit we owe mezzotint engraving." It has been abundantly proved that Prince Rupert was one of the first engravers in mezzotint, but also that he learnt the art from an older engraver.

If we find fault with Mr. Law's occasional inaccuracies, it is in no carping spirit. His book is so good that we should be glad to see it better, and it is for that reason that we point out its shortcomings. It is more congenial work to call attention to the many interesting facts Mr. Law has elicited in the course of his investigations. We wish, as he has been at the pains of describing carefully each room as we enter it, that he had added a few pages of description of the whole Palace, as his book would then have been a complete guide. As it is, the visitor will require a second book if he wishes to do the place thoroughly. Mr. Law's anecdotes are well selected, and will be new to many of his readers; while others will be amused at such expressions as those with regard to Queen Mary of Scotland. Under No. 560, erroneously indexed as 566, we are told that "the reader will doubtless prefer to turn to the sympathetic verse of the chivalrous Frenchman (Ronsard) than to listen to the detestable libels of her surly maligners." Again, under No. 631, we read of her voyage from France, in 1561, that "in four days she reached the land of fogs and cant and Calvinism." His opinion of the modern "Queen Anne style" is also incisively expressed. The visitor to Queen Anne's drawing-room can judge of the real taste of the day, "which was nothing better than a poor imitation of the bastard-classic of Louis XIV. as distinguished from the so-called Queen Anne style, which never had any existence at all, except an imaginary one in the brains of modern china-manics." Mr. Law has perhaps made this passage a little too strong. He tells a curious anecdote, by the way, in speaking of this apartment. "I wonder," observed the Duke of Sussex, when passing through it, "in which of these rooms it was that George II. struck my father. The blow so disgusted him with the place that he never afterwards could be induced to think of it as a residence." In describing West's picture of the "Apotheosis of the infant princes Octavius and Alfred," Mr. Law tells us that George III. said when the first of them died, "I am very sorry for Alfred, but had it been Octavius I should have died too." Yet Octavius followed his brother within the year. Among the painters of this time occurs the name of Dominic Serres, R.A., a native of Gascony, "who, after running away from home, becoming a sailor, and then master of a trading vessel, and being captured by an English frigate, settled in England and took to painting marine pieces to earn a living." His son was also a painter, and obtained an unpleasant notoriety as the husband of the celebrated "Princess Olive of Cumberland, who lost him his appointment, and brought him to misery, destitution, imprisonment, and madness."

The book is full of curious and interesting notes of this kind. With regard to Mr. Law's critical observations on the authenticity of the pictures, there is also much that is interesting. Of the so-called portrait of Raffaele by himself (No. 710), however, he is careful not to express his own opinion, if indeed he has formed one. Of the companion portraits, formerly hinged together, of Erasmus and Froben, Mr. Law thinks, with Wornum and others, that they have been "improved" by Steenwyck, who put in backgrounds of Gothic buildings to Holbein's "simple foil." Froben was the printer and publisher of the writings of Erasmus, who was in great distress at his death. He had lived in his house for some years on terms of close friendship. It is to be feared that few of the modern representatives of Froben's trade contrive to inspire their unfortunate clients with the feelings of Erasmus towards his publisher. In Chelsea Church there is a well-known monument commemorating a certain Mrs. Spragge, who fought beside her brother in a naval engagement for six hours, and eventually died in child-bed in 1692. One of the pictures at Hampton Court represents probably this very battle. "The Dutch are shown on the left, the combined fleet on the right. At the first onset the French sailed away, and left Sir E. Spragge to bear the brunt of the fight. Tromp came up, and singling out Spragge's ship, the *Royal Prince*, a severe contest took place which lasted three hours. At the end, the *Royal Prince* was so disabled that Spragge had to change his flag into another vessel, in doing which, however, he was drowned. The Dutch said of this battle that the French had hired the English to fight for them, and that they only looked on to see that they earned their wages." Sir Edward Spragge was buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving as his heir his cousin, John Spragge, eventually the husband of the combatant Miss Chamberlain, whose epitaph regrets that she did not live to bear a race of naval heroes. The most remarkable of the pictures at Hampton Court are, of course, the Mantegnas. The series, which comprises nine separate works representing the triumph of Cæsar, is now hung

in the "Communication Gallery," as Sir Christopher Wren named it, being the passage between the king's apartments and the queen's. The cartoons, as they are somewhat improperly termed, were not designs for hangings, but "were painted *in tempera* on twilled linen, with the object of being stretched on frames and affixed to the wall as a frieze." They were purchased by Nys, the agent of Charles I., at Mantua, in 1628, for about 10,500*l.*, some marbles being included. At the Commonwealth they were valued at 1,000*l.*, but were not sold, and they were later reserved to the Protector, who also, it will be remembered, had the good taste to rescue Raffaele's cartoons. They have remained at Hampton Court ever since, and though terribly "restored," in the worst modern sense of that word, are still what Waagen called them, "the most important example of that enthusiasm for the grandeur of the ancient Roman world, which prevailed in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries." Mr. Law carefully describes each picture. There is but one painting on the Queen's Great Staircase; but Mr. Law takes the opportunity, before describing it, of introducing a ghost story. On the right as you go down the stair there is a side door. It leads to the "Haunted Gallery," now a lumber-room for old pictures. Here it was that Queen Katharine Howard, having escaped from her own chamber, where she was confined before her removal to the Tower, ran through the passage to obtain an interview with the King. He was at prayers in the adjoining chapel. "Just, however, as she reached the door the guards seized her and carried her back, and her ruthless husband, in spite of her piercing screams, which were heard almost all over the Palace, continued his devotions unmoved." In this gallery, then, a female form is seen, passing and repassing, with wild shrieks, between the entrance to the Royal pew and the door. Mr. Law gives no authority for this thrilling story, and it does not occur in Jesse. But we should be sorry if he had omitted anything so well calculated to deepen a visitor's interest in Hampton Court.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO MILITARY AND STATE MEDICINE.\*

THIS is the first volume of a new series which is to be devoted to topics connected with Military and State Medicine. No explanation is given, however, as to the precise objects and intentions of the founders of the series; neither is any information forthcoming as to the names of the founders, or the limitations, if any, to be imposed upon contributors either as regards their qualifications or as to the precise range over which their expositions may extend. Here is the first volume, but who have called it into being, how often we are to look for another, or by whom it is to be supplied—these are questions concerning which we are left absolutely in the dark. This volume consists of two distinct essays by the same writer, a military surgeon, for the first of which he was awarded a medal and prize by the Statistical Society, and for the second a similar distinction by the Army Medical Department. About one-fourth of the volume is occupied by the first of these essays, which treats of "The Effects of Health and Disease on Military and Naval Operations." This is a mere condensed sketch of a very wide subject. Altogether it savours not a little of the "prize essay" quality, and is to a considerable extent composed of quotations. Still the arrangement adopted by the author is good, and many of the topics referred to are of much interest and importance. The diseases which most frequently occur in armies on active service are considered according to their causes, in the first rough sense of that word. Thus they are referred to as effects of overcrowding, of climate, of privation, of fatigue, or of youth and age. The most important diseases of the first group are erysipelas, hospital gangrene, typhus, yellow fever, and cholera. The mortality from erysipelas and hospital gangrene should, the author says, be ascribed to wounds, of which accidents they are the only too frequent consequences. It is a well-known fact that deaths from wounds and these secondary diseases are, as Mr. Martin reminds us, "much more numerous than those from slaughter in the field." It seems possible, however, that much may be done in the future to diminish the frequency of these dreaded *sequela* by the more thorough, early, and complete adoption of such antiseptic methods of treatment as may be found available or possible on the battlefield, or in the often too crowded camp hospital. To check the occurrence of putrefaction in and about wounds is now universally recognized as of prime necessity for the achievement of such a result. And this unanimity in regard to one of the principal practical aims in the treatment of wounds is all the more fortunate since the recognition of its importance affords a meeting-point for those who on the side of theory are in complete opposition as to the actual order or series of the causal agents concerned in the production of such diseases as erysipelas, pyæmia, or septicæmia.

Of the other chief diseases in armies which result from or are attendant upon overcrowding (namely, typhus, yellow fever, and cholera) by far the most important is typhus. The history of the effects of this one disease on military operations affords some remarkable facts to which the author calls particular attention. It has always been the scourge of Continental armies. Yellow fever has not to anything like the same extent influenced

\* *Contributions to Military and State Medicine.* By John Martin, Surgeon, Army Medical Department. Vol. I. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1891.

the operations of actual warfare, and its ravages have, moreover been experienced by navies rather than by armies. Cholera, however, is of much more importance, especially within its endemic area, since it has many times greatly reduced the strength of our Indian army.

The second essay is one of considerable importance. It deals with the subject of "The Influence of Drinking Water in originating or in propagating Enteric Fever, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Cholera." These are problems of considerable difficulty and complexity, and though their solution is of great moment professional opinion in regard to them is, for the most part, still in a very unsettled condition. The author is fortunately a logical thinker, and he handles his subject in a very methodical manner. He is apparently well qualified to take a general survey of the evidence available in regard to the ætiology of these important diseases which so frequently appear in epidemic fashion. As the title of his essay implies, Mr. Martin shows himself fully alive to the possibility that communicable diseases are still being originated as well as propagated, and throughout his essay he strongly insists upon the necessity of looking at evidence as to the production of such diseases from this double point of view. Practically, too, this search for cases of *de novo* origin may be of considerable moment; for, as Mr. Martin says, "If such cases do not occur, then our efforts should be directed against the propagating causes; if they do occur, we should endeavour to counteract the originating cause; and if this object be attained, the propagating cause will cease to exist." His own view as to the existence of such cases is expressed in no hesitating terms. He says:—

I think most persons, after due consideration and a careful study of epidemics, will agree with me in believing not only that such original cases do now occur, but also that they are of frequent occurrence; and, moreover, that propagation holds a secondary place in epidemics. . . . An objector may reply by pointing to our improved sanitation, and the lessened mortality of epidemic disease, as cause and effect. But this is no valid objection unless he prove that sanitary improvements have operated solely against propagation, and have not influenced the origination of disease.

The author enunciates and defends the position that "specificity of a disease does not necessarily imply specificity of its cause." He thinks that non-specific phenomena may occasionally be instrumental in initiating a specific disease, although such specific disease may subsequently be propagated by specific agents (contagia). He points out, also, that a corollary of this doctrine—namely, that specificity of cause does not imply specificity of disease—is a principle worthy of more consideration than it has hitherto received, and he thinks that even now important evidence is not wanting to show that the same cause acting upon different organisms, either of the same or of different species, may lead in them to the evolution of what are usually considered to be totally distinct diseases. This corollary Mr. Martin only refers to here and there incidentally, but the main doctrine is fully considered in regard to each of the diseases concerning which he writes. It is in respect to diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera that he has most of positive evidence to bring forward concerning their multiple and independent modes of origin. His discussion of the ætiology of the second of these diseases, so far as it is influenced by drinking water, is particularly able, and affords a good example of the complexity of the problems involved in such a question, and of the enlightened mode in which the author considers them. Though it is in these diseases that he finds so much evidence of origination as opposed to propagation, he is of course quite prepared to admit that cholera is not unfrequently propagated through the medium of drinking water.

The evidence in regard to the actual *de novo* origin of enteric or typhoid fever is not so positive or so generally admitted as that which relates to the other disease. Pathologists in this country have long ranged themselves into two opposite camps in regard to this question; and it is not here only that doubt exists:—

The Continental schools are divided in an exactly similar way as regards this postulate. Pottenkofer, Ranke, and Wolfsteiner range themselves with Murchison, believing that the disease sometimes arises from causes independent of a foregoing case, as well as sometimes by contagion; while Gietl and Friederich believe, with Budd, that a prior case is necessary, and refuse the postulate assumed by the others. It matters little, however, whether they refuse it or not, since it is granted by common sense and by experience. Murchison and his school believe in the origin and propagation of disease; while Budd and his school believe only in the propagation, and do not acknowledge any origin for specific disease.

It is clear from this passage to which school Mr. Martin belongs. He boldly protests against the general view supported by Sir Thomas Watson, that if this disease be once proved to be propagated by contagion, such a fact should of itself instil grave doubts as to its ever being originated *de novo*. He contends that this as a general principle is illogical. Fire may spread from object to object, so long as the objects attacked are inflammable and more or less contiguous; no one, however, supposes that fire may not be originated as well as propagated. On the same principle he contends, and we thoroughly agree with him, that it is unwise to assume that contagia which may be propagated may not also originate. Nay, further, some of those who hold the contrary view in regard to the contagia of typhoid fever, are by no means prepared to admit the same principle in regard to the commoner contagia of erysipelas. But it is on the ground of experience, so far as it goes or can go in the settling of such a question, that Mr. Martin in the main relies, and especially experiences of typhoid fever as it occurs in India. Here, he says, overwhelming evidence is to be found against the exclusively contagionist doctrines of

Budd and his followers. More instances of origination than of propagation of typhoid fever are, he believes, to be met with in India. To some extent, therefore, the same kind of thing obtains in regard to this disease as in regard to cholera; India is a sort of hot-bed favourable to its birth. It is not, however, so exclusively favourable as it would appear to be for cholera, which, according to the conclusion of the International Sanitary Conference at Vienna in 1874, "arises spontaneously only in India, and reaches other countries from without." Mr. Martin dwells upon evidence existing as to the diffuse and sporadic appearance of typhoid fever in India, especially at certain times and seasons, as may be gathered from the Indian Sanitary Reports, and he calls particular attention to the widespread outbreak of this disease in India during the last ten days of August 1872, when almost every military station, over several enormous areas, began to report cases of this fever. He adds, that it was not only typhoid fever which came forward at this period, "but purely climatic fevers of every variety, and while the exciting cause of all was the same, the type varied according to predisposition and special circumstances." This simultaneous outbreak of typhoid fever over wide areas in India is all the more important inasmuch as the distribution of the disease, according to our author, does not seem to be at all distinctly related to the course of rivers. This point he has ascertained by careful inquiries concerning many epidemics of typhoid fever in India. "The value of this observation," he adds, "can hardly be rightly estimated by persons who have not studied the phenomena of epidemics in tropical climates," where the water supply is not artificial, but in which "the population use streams largely for drinking purposes (as in the outer Himalaya)." The author himself holds certain opinions, necessarily crude and tentative, as to the mode in which typhoid fever is actually engendered in the human body; but, as he sees clearly enough, the truth or falsity of these opinions does not affect the more general question. On several points of detail we are not inclined to agree with Mr. Martin. We cannot, for instance, accept his view as to the foundation on which the germ theory of disease has been based; nor do we think that some of the limitations which he has imposed upon the scope of his inquiry are of such slight importance as he imagines. The explanation (p. 95) that, according to the "physico-chemical theory" of the origin of certain contagious diseases, "the minute organisms found in the tissues after death are the causes and not the results of pathological change," is probably the printer's, rather than the author's, view of the matter. The essay, however, is one which does credit to its author, and it will usefully serve as an antidote to the narrow and exclusive doctrines concerning contagious diseases which are now only too prevalent. The author's conclusions are drawn throughout with the greatest care and moderation; and it is evident that he is not only an accurate thinker, but also one who has had considerable experience bearing upon the ætiology of the important diseases to which he has directed his attention.

#### THE CAMERONIANS.\*

IN the first volume of this book we are introduced to Sir Piers Montgomerie, Bart., a retired general officer, who is also G.C.B. and G.O.S.I., Colonel of the 26th Regt. (The Cameronians), and Governor of Dumbarton Castle. He is at breakfast, the rest of the party consisting of his remote kinsman and heir, Hew Montgomerie—of the Indian Civil Service, home on a year's leave—his grandniece and orphan ward, Mary Montgomerie, her friend, Annabelle Erroll, and an old lady, Mrs. Garth, Mary's governess and friend. Sir Piers is a fine, fresh old gentleman nearing his seventieth year; is by nature generous, but peppery and proud. Hew Montgomerie is about thirty years of age, "a sharp hand at cards and with a brilliant cue, deeply in debt, and with the current reputation among his set of being a bad lot." The Baronet, taking up the *Ayr Observer*, learns that a detachment of the 26th Regiment has arrived at the Castle of Dumbarton, under the command of Lieutenants Cecil Falconer and Leslie Fotheringham. He instantly makes up his mind to invite the senior Lieutenant, Falconer, to his house for a few days' cover shooting. Hew does his best to dissuade the Baronet from carrying out this intention; but the latter persists, and after a short interval we find Mr. Cecil Falconer installed as an honoured guest at Eaglescraig, and already become a prime favourite with the General and the ladies. Hew and he, however, do not at all hit it off, and indeed a mutual dislike was discovered at their first meeting. Cecil and Mary Montgomerie contrive, without contriving, to see a good deal of each other, with the result that he falls very much in love. He then makes the unpleasant discovery that the object of his affections is bound by the terms of her father's will to marry her cousin Hew, or, in default, lose all her money. The cousin seems to have entered thoroughly into the spirit of the father's testament; but, even before the advent on the scene of Cecil Falconer, the young lady has shown plainly enough that she would sooner lose her money than accept the imposed husband. Mary is a lovely girl, frank and open-hearted in disposition, and she sings well. Annabelle sings well, too, and Falconer is also musically inclined, so the evenings are often spent at the piano. When the Baronet and the ladies retire for the night, Hew takes Falconer to his room, and they play *scotch*. The result is so one-sided that,

\* *The Cameronians*. By James Grant, Author of "The Romance of War," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.



after losing all his disposable cash, Falconer is constrained to apply to his friend and brother-officer Fotheringham for 180*l.*, in order to meet an I.O.U. given to his opponent; and the friend, better circumstanced than some lieutenants are, is able to forward the sum by return of post. Falconer pays Hew, and resolves to see a little more of his adversary's sciences. A pet dog belonging to Mary, unknown to the players, watches the play also, and comes to Falconer from under the table with a card in his mouth. Thereupon Falconer looks under the table, and sees several discarded cards. Hew denies having dropped them, but Falconer declines to play again. Afterwards Hew goes away on a visit, and on his return discovers Cecil and Mary in a grotto engaged in tender exchanges following on a proposal and avowal. This is too much for Hew, who, filled with rage and jealousy, determines to ruin Falconer in the estimation of his host. He tells him the guest is of no family, that his mother is an opera singer or dancer, and that he is in the habit of dropping his cards at *carté*. The Baronet waxes wrathful, but, as Falconer is to leave on the morrow, says nothing, and contents himself with extending to him a cold good-bye. The Baronet had a horror of misalliances. His only son had married a painter's daughter in Italy, and, aware of his father's infatuated pride of family, was afraid to bring her home, his father giving vent to the genial sentiment "May the moment that I forgive you and her be my last on earth." The son died, and the Baronet's watchfulness was transferred to his ward, and Falconer he now watches from a distance. "And he set a watch to watch them, and Sir Aylmer watched them all." Unhappily for his views, he takes his family to Edinburgh, hoping that change of scene may make his charge forget the Falconer incident; but the Cameronians happen to move into garrison at the northern capital about the same time, and love, which laughs at bolts and bars, finds ways of bringing the lovers often together.

Hew, whose own chances, he is now well aware, are gone, if they had ever existed, knows of these meetings, but bides his hour of revenge. A ball is given by the Cameronians; and, while Falconer and Mary Montgomerie are dividing their attentions between each other and supper, Hew manages, unperceived by either, to drop some powder into Falconer's glass. The latter finishes the contents of the glass at a draught, forthwith becomes deadly pale, then makes a wild clutch at the table, but falls with a crash on the floor. He is borne away, and the next morning the adjutant of the regiment informs him he is under arrest, having been drunk and incapable at a public entertainment. A court-martial follows, with the result that Lieutenant Cecil Falconer is "dismissed generally, not specifically," Her Majesty having no further occasion for his services. Kindly Mrs. Garth escorts Mary to see him before he leaves the regiment, and then he says no word to any one, but departs. When next we hear of him he is on the banks of the Morava. Servians and Russians are both loud in their praises of a gallant but nameless volunteer who has saved the life of General Tcherniaeff and his aide-de-camp Count Palenka. This is no other than our luckless hero, who is striving to forget his misery in the excitement of a campaign. Meanwhile Mary is disconsolate, of course, and so is her friend Annabelle, who has become engaged to Fotheringham and believes him to be trifling with her.

Soon after Falconer's dismissal the Baronet's lawyer informs Sir Piers that he has discovered, though young Piers and his wife are both dead, that they left a son who joined the Cameronians under the name of Cecil Falconer. The childless old man is overjoyed to learn the existence of a grandson, and becomes all anxiety to ascertain his whereabouts. Mary is gladdened to the extent of thinking it must be a dream that Cecil is her own cousin, the lawful heir of Eaglescraig, the man foreappointed to be her husband, and that Hew, the pretender, is scarcely even a cousin by Scottish reckoning. Falconer is informed of the extraordinary turn affairs have taken at home, but the intelligence does not reach him until after he has made his name of "British Volunteer" famous throughout the Russo-Servian army, and until he has several times almost succeeded in getting killed. Then he comes home, the proceedings of the court-martial are quashed, Eaglescraig *en fête*, Annabelle discovers that Fotheringham means all he says, and everybody, excepting Hew, lives happily ever afterwards.

The title of the book led us to expect that the story would be more or less connected with the 26th or Cameronian Regiment as a regiment; but we see no particular reason why, with a change in one or two names, the novel might not have been headed, with equal appropriateness, the "Sherwood Foresters" or the "Pompadors." The preface of the book led us to expect that the author, who "by a correspondence with Mr. Childers in March last was fortunate enough to secure the royal yellow of Scotland for all Scottish infantry not faced with blue," would introduce his own or somebody else's—perhaps his hero's—opinions upon the impending changes in regiments, and the effect these will have upon uniform, if not upon *esprit de corps*. However, the author winds up by saying, "Of the merits of the new regimental system it is difficult to speculate as yet; but it will too probably create an endless confusion, and be long a source of regret to the entire army." After this we anticipated finding the merits of the old system exposed, or, at any rate, some argument in the course of the narrative which would allow us to believe that the story bore an appropriate title. The court-martial which tries and condemns Captain Falconer is certainly not a model tribunal. The president, we are told, was a "cranky old colonel," and presidents are sometimes cranky; but we doubt if it is the ex-

perience of any officer that the crankiest of them allow members of the court to prescribe the order of the proceedings and usurp their functions. A certain Brevet-Major Raunner is distinctly irregular on several occasions. He orders the court to be cleared, and lays down the law dictatorially. Then another member shouts "Clear the court!" "What utter stuff this is," said Falconer to the Adjutant, as they smoked a cigar outside, while the fourteen members of the court, the president, and the deputy-judge advocate seemed to be all speaking and wrangling at once; and after some twenty minutes' deliberation the court was re-opened and all the audience trooped in again." What business Major Raunner and other individual members, especially when the prisoner was present, had to expound the law when the deputy-judge advocate was there authoritatively to interpret it, we are unable to say. It is certainly a novel way of managing matters; but then this court-martial is the tribunal of a novel. We may mention, in passing, that Captain Falconer owed much of his popularity amongst the men of his corps to the circumstance of his having, when commanding an advanced piquet before the enemy, despatched an omitted to report one of his sentries whom he found asleep on his post, which, moreover, was one of great importance. He contented himself with shouldering the man's piece, and doing the duty himself. In order to show up Falconer's magnanimity (by the by, that officer was neglecting his own proper work), the gravity of the occasion is further insisted upon, for on the enemy advancing, the duty of firing the first shot and alarming the piquet devolved on Falconer himself, *vice* his sentry sound asleep. Probably he thought he could not do better than follow Suwaroff's conduct on a like occasion, but he should have been tried by court-martial all the same. Those who would instruct the public on things military should first of all explore the ground thoroughly themselves.

On the whole, *The Cameronians* is a very readable novel. The ladies are interesting, the hero is a brave man and a good; the "ruffian of the piece" is an out and out scoundrel, but then he lost a beautiful wife, a large fortune, and a "desirable demesne." The story of his having drugged his rival's wine at supper in the middle of a crowded ball is so grossly improbable that we may charitably hope there was some mistake. For those who appreciate what are popularly designated as "sells" there is a brilliant specimen in the book before us. After Cecil Falconer had left his regiment, and when the Piers family lawyer had discovered the relationship existing between that gentleman and Sir Piers, it was suggested that advertisements should be inserted in the papers with a view of ascertaining Falconer's whereabouts; "but," we are told, "poor Cecil was now *where no advertisements would ever reach him*." Who would suppose that Cecil was elsewhere than in his grave, or at the least in the region of Timbuctoo? As a matter of fact he was engaged in the Servian war with Turkey, had acquired considerable reputation, and was in the company of other Englishmen who received both letters and newspapers in the ordinary course of post. As it happens, it is through the medium of an advertisement in the *Times* that he is discovered.

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SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

**T**HERE has been a perfect deluge of speaking, and especially of Ministerial speaking, during the present week. Mr. GLADSTONE himself has again appeared on the scene, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have been delighting or astonishing gatherings of enthusiastic Liberals at Glasgow and Liverpool. These extra Parliamentary meetings are a godsend to many Parliamentary speakers. Not only are they brought into exceptional and exclusive prominence, but they have an opportunity of speaking as they can speak at their best. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is far more effective when addressing a sympathetic audience and allowed to treat any subject in any order and in any manner he pleases than when he has to confine himself to the topic under discussion in a House of Commons which he sometimes commands, but seldom if ever fascinates. At Glasgow he showed that, in circumstances that suit him, he is in his own style one of the most telling and pointed speakers of the day. He can be by turns cheerful, playful, solemn, and sublimely moral. His business was to defend the Government to which he belongs, and to cry down the party which he largely contributed to eject from power. He defended the Government by showing that it has been guided by an almost superhuman wisdom, and has invariably acted on the noblest principles; and he cried down his opponents by showing that they never did wise things and always said foolish things. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is the fighting leader of the Liberals, as Lord SALISBURY is the fighting leader of the Conservatives, and lookers-on may be content to recognize that each has fought very well for his side. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN went to Liverpool not so much to speak on political subjects as to reveal himself to Liverpool and to the world. He felt that it would be interesting to a large number of people to know what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought, what he was doing, and what he intended to do. As Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a rising man in a rising party, it is undoubtedly a matter of some moment to know what he thinks and what he is aiming at. The first impression which his revelations produce is that office has done him good, and that as an official he is a man of many ideas and indefatigable energy. He confessed, with commendable candour, that he entered office with an entirely wrong set of ideas as to what the inside of official life really was. He expected to find the Board of Trade a nest of red tape, pedantry, and obstinacy, and he found that it was permanently governed by a set of zealous, unformal, and enlightened officials. He has also been taught by office that there are things in the world which reformers out of office assume that Government can do with perfect ease if the necessary powers are given it, and which reformers in office find a Government totally unable to accomplish. He announced the painful discovery that the efforts of the Board of Trade to work out the scheme created for it by Mr. PLIMSOLL had ended in a total collapse. It cannot stop unseaworthy vessels from going to sea, and it cannot procure the conviction of those who send unseaworthy vessels to sea. In despair he is moulting a plan for coaxing shippers into superintending themselves. Office, too, has carried Mr. CHAMBERLAIN so far into the theory of general politics as to make him realize that occasionally it may be the duty of a Liberal Government to support law and order; and it has forced him to bring home to his mind the inevitable consequences of the separation of

England and Ireland. It has also made him look the facts of current life in the face, and has taught him to describe with accuracy what has really taken place. With a frankness which other members of the Cabinet have not ventured to imitate, he pictured the Land League as an organization, not only innocent, but most salutary and even indispensable, while the Government was engaged in carrying the Land Bill, and as an organization pernicious and lawless when it tried to thwart the measure which the Government had carried. This really represents the way in which the Government has dealt with the Land League; and it is much more to the purpose to say this frankly than, like Mr. GLADSTONE, to dwell time after time on arguments which show that Mr. PARNELL differs from another Irish leader who agitated forty years ago, and whom Mr. PARNELL has never professed to imitate.

Among the secondary speeches of the week there have been two at least of great merit. Mr. PLUNKER has given the views on Ireland of a moderate, just, and very intelligent Conservative; and the Duke of SOMERSET has made a serious attempt to bring the vague theories which are beginning to group themselves round the question of Land Reform in Great Britain to the only satisfactory test—the test of facts. It was not only the truth of what Mr. PLUNKER said in answer to Mr. GLADSTONE's charge against the Irish landlords that they had not done their duty, but the calm, courteous, reasonable way in which he disposed of the charge, that commanded attention. With regard to the land question on this side the water no two speakers could have approached the subject in a manner more totally different than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the Duke of SOMERSET. The subject of English Land Reform has not yet come within Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's official range. He consequently looks at it in what may be termed his native way. He is a Radical leader, thinking how Land Reform may be fitted into the Radical programme. He disposes of it with a sweeping assertion, and looks to it for a political cry. He comes to be a Minister, and lapses into the Birmingham wirepuller. First of all, he announces that a sweeping measure of Land Reform is almost, if not quite, as necessary in Great Britain as in Ireland. He then considers how the sweeping measure is to be carried, and he has come to the conclusion that it can only be carried by a Parliament which the agricultural labourer has had a large share in returning. But, if the newly-enfranchised labourer is to vote straight, he must have something to gain. Something very big, comfortable, and attractive must be done for the agricultural labourer. The ostensible opinion entertained of the agricultural labourer is that he is so well educated, so honest, and so intelligent, that he fully deserves a vote. The real opinion entertained is that the labourer, with all his education, honesty, and intelligence, is almost certain to vote wrongly unless he is handsomely bribed. The grave social and constitutional dangers of treating the agricultural labourer in this way are too apparent to need any extended notice; but it may be observed that this appeal to the interests of the agricultural labourer is merely a form of Fair-trade or Protection. It is quite consistent with Free-trade to do anything the law can do to make agriculture a trade as thriving as it can be in the face of full competition, and to leave the labourer to make the best terms he can in a rising market. It is simply Protection to place the labourer in an advantageous position artificially created for him at the cost of the State or by

taking away the property of other people. And generally on the subject of Free-trade Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seemed to be not altogether coherent and not altogether fair to his opponents. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE no doubt looked on Fair-trade too much from the point of view of a man who had to manage his party, and too little from the point of view of a man who had to guide and instruct his party. But Lord SALISBURY spoke out as distinctly in favour of Free-trade as is possible when a Free-trader is prepared to accept Treaties of Commerce. If a nation wishes for a Treaty of Commerce, and cannot get it by negotiation, whether the best way to get it is by waiting patiently until negotiating can be resumed, or by putting high duties on luxuries imported from the country with which the treaty is to be made, is a question of expediency, not of principle.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN passed into his official vein when he spoke of the Treaty of Commerce with France, which he hoped would soon be concluded. He was delighted with the part the Board of Trade had taken in the preliminary discussion, with its activity, its zeal, its knowledge, and with the immense services it had rendered to the Foreign Office. Since he became its head the department, as he said with ingenuous pride, has deserved to be called a Ministry of Commerce rather than a mere Board of Trade. All these efforts seem now about to be crowned with success; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is pleased because he wishes to have a Treaty of Commerce with France, and he wishes to have this treaty because he thinks it will promote friendly relations between the two countries. This is the real justification for a treaty. It is politically expedient, not financially just. If English woollen goods are imported into France which would not otherwise be imported, and the drinkers of French wine get it cheaper because the duties are lowered, the payers of those taxes which must be increased to make up the loss to the revenue give a bonus to the exporters of woollen goods and the drinkers of French wine. In return, they get all the benefits they are capable of deriving from a state of cordiality between England and France. This is the whole and very simple story of a Treaty of Commerce. One set of Englishmen gives a bonus to another set of Englishmen, in order that all may live on good terms with a powerful neighbour. The main objection to Lord SALISBURY's proposal of increasing duties on French imports is not that it is a greater departure from Free-trade than a Treaty of Commerce is, but that it might embitter the relations of the two countries more than the Treaty of Commerce which it is supposed to lead to could sweeten them, and whether it is likely at a given moment to have this effect is a political, not a financial, question. As there now seems a fair chance of a treaty with France being made, the discussion of what it would be wise to do if no treaty could be concluded becomes of a purely speculative character. In spite of all the Bills, with all their clauses, that have been drawn regarding English-Scotch law, it may be doubted whether this is not really also the character of projects of English Land Reform. Special reforms may easily be accepted and proposed; but they are only of a very secondary kind, and could have no great practical effect. Conservative, as well as Liberal, speakers have shown themselves quite ready to give the owners of life estates greater facilities for improving their property, to assure the tenant fair compensation for any unexhausted improvements, and to limit the duration of the time in which the landlord can exercise his right of distress. But when we come to sweeping changes, we find, as the Duke of SOMERSET pointed out, that the friends of the tenant, when they keep clear of mere robbery, ask either for something the tenants do not want, or for something they can get any day they please to take it. They do not want to become rooted in the soil by having long leases; or, if they choose to ask for long leases, with covenants amply protecting them, landlords would be only too glad to comply with their wishes. There may be changes in the law which evidence that could be rigorously tested would show to be likely to improve the general condition of English agriculture. But no one proposes such a change and at the same time brings forward the evidence by which it is supported, and until this is done Land Reform remains outside the region of practical politics. It lies where Mr. CHAMBERLAIN puts it—in the dismal region of a possible cry to catch a non-existent voter.

#### THE PANAMA CANAL.

No rule of international law requires that Governments should make their diplomatic despatches pleasant to those whom they may address. A collection of the communications made by the United States to the English Government would be an encyclopedia, of reproaches, and of veiled or overt threats. The general tone of American correspondence is partially explained by the double purpose which it is almost always designed to serve; the Secretary of State for the time being is not unwilling to annoy a foreign Government, but he is still more anxious to display to his countrymen his own patriotic zeal. Twenty years ago Mr. SEWARD, in surrendering, after long hesitation, the Confederate Envoys who had been lawlessly seized on board an English packet, thought proper to end a long exposition of his reasons for performing a simple act of justice with a gratuitous declaration that the American Government would have detained the prisoners if it had attached any value to the possession of their persons. Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues wisely accepted the concession, without entering into any controversy as to Mr. SEWARD's hypothetical action in a contingency which had not occurred. The publication of Mr. BLAINE's despatch on the subject of the Panama Canal coincides with the formation of Mr. ARTHUR's new Cabinet. If, as is probable, Mr. BLAINE is about to retire, he apparently thinks it expedient to place on record his unqualified and vigorous assertion of American claims. A successor may be trusted to express sentiments equally patriotic; but he might perhaps forget to attribute a portion of the credit to Mr. BLAINE. The despatch is addressed to all European Powers; but it principally concerns England, and, to a certain extent, France. Other European Governments would be willing to acquiesce in any arrangement which might satisfy the chief commercial and maritime Powers.

The American Government now gives formal notice to the rest of the world that it will maintain the absolute political control of the proposed Canal. The same intention has been intimated on several previous occasions; but it is now for the first time communicated to the European Governments. The only partner in the protectorate or monopoly is the Columbian Government, which possesses the territory through which the passage is to be effected. The giant has no hesitation in allowing the dwarf a share of the privileges which he denies to his equals. With a kind of lofty generosity the SECRETARY of STATE proposes to concede to all nations the commercial use of the Canal; nor is he in any way troubled by the fact that the stock of the undertaking is principally held by French and foreign capitalists. The Panama Railway was constructed under similar circumstances by American undertakers; and many American railways are principally owned in Europe. There is perhaps a literary defect in Mr. BLAINE's combination of declaration and argument. He contends that the Canal will be principally used by American shipping passing between the Atlantic and the Pacific harbours of the Union. There is no doubt that, as he magniloquently says, the possessions of the United States on the Pacific slope are imperial in extent and extraordinary in growth; but it might be answered that the commercial relations of the two coasts require no political ascendancy to be exercised. It would certainly not occur to any other Power to attempt interference with American trade; and in time of peace a protectorate would be useless and inoperative. It is by no means certain that at Panama, as at Suez, English ships will exceed in number those of every other nation; yet the English Government would never dispute the sovereignty of the Columbian Federation. The imaginary scheme against which Mr. BLAINE protests is no other than the proposal of guarantee of freedom of transit on the part of all maritime Powers. It is difficult to understand how such an arrangement could be injurious to commerce. It would for that purpose be wholly unnecessary to consider the amount of shipping which might use the Canal under any separate flag. If the Canal were by common consent regarded as neutral, the competition might safely be entrusted to private enterprise.

The part of the despatch which relates to commerce is in fact superfluous. The real object of the communication is to extend the famous MONROE doctrine. The United States claim for themselves the same political supremacy in the Western hemisphere which is exercised by the six Great Powers in Europe and Asia. "The United States will



"insist on their right to take all needful precautions against the possibility of the Isthmus transit being used offensively against their interests by land or by sea." Mention is elsewhere made of possible war to which the United States or the Columbian Union might be parties. In such a case, the declaration of the American Government would be irrelevant and useless. The belligerents would open or close the Canal as their interest might require and their power might avail, without regard to the powers and rights which are reserved in time of peace. The gist of the despatch is contained in a reference to a treaty, concluded in 1846, between the United States and Columbia, and in a haughty announcement that "this guarantee does not require reinforcement in accession or assent from any other Power." In other words, Europe or England is prohibited from interfering with the American continent; yet it might be thought that Canada, if not England, had something to say to the connexion between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The BULWER-CLAYTON Treaty between England and the United States expressly recognized the right of joint guarantee, which is now formally denied. Nothing has since happened to affect the question, except that the population and wealth of the Union have enormously increased. It is true that England is, to a larger extent than at any former time, at the head of all nations in commercial marine. On the other hand, the American Government has conducted a great war to a successful issue; and it succeeded in placing a veto on the continuance of the French enterprise in Mexico. Mr. BLAINE may plausibly contend that his Government has as much right to the sovereignty of the Panama transit as to the decision whether there should be a Mexican Empire or Republic.

The Americans will in all probability be able to control the Canal, whether their right to exclusive interference is recognized or denied. In international as in private transactions it is perhaps courteous to disguise rather than to assert the possession of special advantages; but it would scarcely have suited Mr. BLAINE's purpose to leave the claims of his own country and of foreign Powers to settle themselves as occasion might serve. A pugnacious disputant has so far the advantage that he has released himself from the restraints of timidity or delicacy. It is assuredly not the wish of England or of any European Power to engage in a controversy with the United States which might easily become a quarrel. Mr. BLAINE is perfectly ready for the contest, and, if his challenge is not accepted, his successors will assume that his pretensions have been admitted. The truth is that the practical solution will be independent of present diplomacy. If in any future war a belligerent should be able and willing to impede the transit of ships, he will not be restrained by a declaration which has no ground in international law, except so far as that anomalous branch of jurisprudence really rests on a comparison of forces and opportunities. The despatch leaves in uncertainty the important question of equal or differential rates on trading vessels of different countries; but, at least in the first instance, the proprietors, like those of the Suez Canal, will probably charge equal rates. There is an ulterior danger that the Government of the United States might obtain more favourable rates for its shipping by negotiation or by purchase. Political control over the Canal and adjacent territory might afterwards be employed to confirm the possession of commercial advantages. As it is certain that the Government of the United States will not hereafter waive the claims which are now advanced, it remains for the European Powers to consider how Mr. BLAINE's imperious document ought to be received. The English Government will perhaps deem it expedient, in acknowledging the communication, to declare that no pretension of the kind can be strengthened by the use of menacing language. It may be well to reserve a right, which may perhaps never be exercised, of protesting against encroachment on the neutrality of the Canal. If a collision at any time occurs, the result will not depend on the arguments which might now be plausibly used. Precedent, down to the time of the French expedition to Mexico, and sound reason are opposed to the American claim; but it is highly probable that the territory on the banks of the Canal will become virtually subject to American sovereignty, and it would be difficult to displace occupants in possession. It is to be regretted that Mr. BLAINE's political position should have required the publication of the despatch.

## CONDITION OF IRELAND.

IRELAND still continues to occupy the foremost place on the political scene, and the advantages of the action of the Government, tardy as it has been, continue to be demonstrated. The higher Roman Catholic clergy, according to their habit, have apparently discerned the winning side, and have cast in their lot with it, though the vigorous action of Archbishop McCABE in reference to a priestly Land Leaguer in his own diocese may not be followed universally. It is too early yet to decide whether the cheerful declarations of some supporters of the Ministry, to the effect that the neck of the Land League—that League which so lately had their open or half-concealed sympathy—is broken, but it is certain that symptoms of paralysis are visible. The cases which the League was to present have, contrary to some expectations, made their appearance before the Commissioners; but that is a function to the exercise of which there can be no particular objection. Outrages, indeed, continue; and in one case—unfortunately, a fatal one—it would seem as if Mr. GLADSTONE's advice at Leeds to anti-Land Leaguers had been taken with that literalness which Irishmen usually show in interpreting the PRIME MINISTER's illustrations and arguments. But there has been no repetition of the Dublin and Limerick riots, and the Liberals, as distinguished from the Land Leaguers, of the Dublin Town Council have mustered up courage sufficient to enable them, with the assistance of their Conservative colleagues and the casting vote of the LORD MAYOR, to defeat the impudent proposal for conferring the freedom of the City on Mr. PARNELL. Nor can it be doubted that the remarkable and very unexpected success of the Government candidate at Berwick is to be taken almost wholly as a verdict of approval in reference to the change of their policy towards Ireland. In the intoxication of this triumph some Radical organs have ventured to hint that they could do without such Conservative support as that which Mr. STANHOPE and Mr. PLUNKET have offered, and which even the HOME SECRETARY acknowledges with gratitude. The leaders of the party, with the possible exception of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, are likely to put a wiser construction on Mr. JERNINGHAM's majority.

It is unfortunate, but inevitable, that in a system of polity such as prevails in England at present public attention should be continually distracted from the actual necessities of the moment by controversies as to the past. It was quite natural that speakers and writers who had been for months and almost for years deprecating the adoption of a certain line of policy should be volubly eager to prove that they had never deprecated it at all. It is equally natural that Opposition critics should indulge in sarcastic reminders; but neither proceeding can be regarded as particularly profitable. The HOME SECRETARY and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE in their respective addresses at Birmingham and Liverpool seem to have arranged to divide the field, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN apologizing for the present, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT courageously attempting to obliterate the past. The HOME SECRETARY has always been remarkable for moral courage, and he has never perhaps shown the quality more conspicuously than in his taunts to his adversaries because they did not themselves nip the Land League in the bud. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT seems to possess the failing with which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN taunted Lord SALISBURY—a short memory. He would otherwise doubtless have remembered that when Lord BEACONSFIELD's famous manifesto appeared, its prophecy of coming dangers in Ireland was met by the opposite party with a unanimous shout of ridicule, as an attempt to conjure up ghosts in daylight, and an electioneering device. It was after the present Ministry succeeded to power that the Land League, which was previously not in bud, but only in seed, came to be in a state to be nipped; and all the world knows with what energy Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues have until the last few days used the nippers. But these controversies as to by-gones are, as has been said, not over profitable. It is in one sense too early, and in another too late, for them. There is more interest in the spectacle of the Liverpool Liberals, who not so long ago rapturously cheered Lord RAMSAY and Home Rule, rapturously cheering Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Imperial integrity, and still more in the spectacle of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE himself engaged in drawing up a kind of Harmony of the Gladstonian gospels. It is the wont of harmonizers to begin by laying down general principles, and Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN has laid down one which has had at least the merit of providing a subject of amusement for some days to all Tories and most Liberals—that is to say, to the whole people of England save a small fraction. The generous admission that “there may be times when it is “the highest duty of a Liberal Government to support “and assert the law” is not likely very soon to be forgotten. The sermon of which this was the text would have been more effective if it had not, like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT’s, been vitiated by the presence of some singular readings of history. To say that conciliation towards Ireland is a policy so recent that it has not had time to produce results, and that force has always failed, is simply to reverse the facts. The three-quarters of a century of peace and quietness which, even when England was in sore straits, followed the capitulation of Limerick, contrasts curiously with the half-century of trouble and veiled or open rebellion which, with its continuous series of conciliations, has followed the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. Against romancing of this kind the plain matter-of-fact statements of the Dukes of ABERCORN and MARLBOROUGH—persons whose acquaintance with Ireland perhaps equals that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—may be set with considerable advantage; while Mr. PLUNKER’s speech (could telephonic communication have been established between Chelsea, Birmingham, and Liverpool) would have acted as a simultaneous refutation of the two Ministers. For historical accuracy and political moderation this speech deserves to rank among the very best that the whole question has produced. Mr. GLADSTONE’s remarks at Knowsley were, putting the position of the speaker aside, of less interest than those of his colleagues; but it is fair to make the allowance that he came after them with nothing new to talk about. It was probably impossible for him to be silent, yet silence would have saved him from two awkward utterances. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is to be believed when he says that but for the Land League the Land Act would not have been passed, how is Mr. GLADSTONE to be believed when he says that the Land League had nothing to do with his Bill or its success? If Mr. GLADSTONE is to be believed when he says that the League is or was an organized attempt to override the will of the Irish nation, how is it that he left it to work its will so long?

There is, however, one thing that is satisfactory about the apologies of the Government. Lame or not, they commit them and their supporters, as far as such things can do, to the maintenance of their later, as contradistinguished from their earlier, attitude in reference to the Irish question, and that is the principal matter. Supposing this attitude to be indeed maintained, the interest of the situation unquestionably centres upon the working of the Land Court itself. Hitherto the operations of that Court have been merely preliminary, and, whatever their importance, have not had the public attractiveness which will belong to the actual settlement of the first disputed rent in a genuine test case. It is complained, with perhaps not unnatural, but certainly with unwise, querulousness, that the Court has been somewhat ostentatious in inviting tenants to come and be relieved of their burdens. The complaint might come with weight from supporters of the measure, but scarcely from those who have from the beginning regarded it as intended to benefit the tenant at the expense of his landlord. Judge O’HAGAN and his colleagues could not with any decency or gravity invite landlords to come and be shorn; nor can much fault be found with their reply to Lord LONGFORD’s request for information. For it may be reasonably suspected that Lord LONGFORD would receive a very similar answer, perhaps not distinguished by the courtesy which he admits, if he addressed similar questions to any Court sitting, or to sit, between the Strand and Carey Street. It is idle to pretend that the Land Court is a mere *Conseil de Prud’hommes*, appointed to settle the amicable differences between landlords and tenants. Where the differences are amicable, there was and is no need of a Land Court at all; and where they are not amicable, the very fact of its constitution announces it as created to protect, not the landlord against the tenant, but the tenant against the landlord. The measure and extent of this protection remains of course to be proved. There is, however, one remark of Judge O’HAGAN’s which shows more clearly than ever the enormous responsibility which will rest upon the sub-Commissioners, and the great expense of the proceedings. A solicitor, on the part of a

landlord, applied for the exclusion of certain town parks under the Act; the Commission, however, refused to decide the case on this preliminary objection, on the ground that a sub-Commission only could determine the facts by visiting the spot. It would, indeed, almost seem that the Judge does not intend in any case to admit the question of fact, thus constantly involving a double process. These and other points will doubtless be made clear by actual decisions on the merits before long. But, in the meantime, it is not surprising that Irish landlords, whatever confidence they may have in the impartiality of the tribunal, are reluctant to anticipate its operations by voluntary reductions of rent. Such reductions would not save them from a subsequent appeal to the Court; and of the expense, the duration, and the probable results of such an appeal, they are, in the meantime, unable to form the slightest idea.

#### AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

EVERY possible effort is being made at Vienna to give not only a decorous, but a hearty welcome to the King of ITALY. He himself is accompanied by his QUEEN, and attended by his principal Ministers; and Italy is as anxious as Austria to mark its sense of the importance of the visit. The Crown Prince and Princess of AUSTRIA will be present to take their part in what is felt to be, not only a splendid ceremonial, but a considerable political event; and not only the Court, but the people, appear eager to testify their good will towards the head of a State which was until lately regarded as the undying enemy of Austria. That the King of ITALY should come as the cordial friend of the Emperor of AUSTRIA is regarded with peculiar gratification by the Austrians. They are perfectly ready to forget the past; or, if their memory must wander backwards, they may have a secret satisfaction in calling to mind that, amid all the reverses of recent years, they at least always beat the Italians when single-handed. But no doubt they think much more of the future than of the past, and regard the KING’s visit chiefly as a token that the modern policy of Austria is that which most commends itself to Italy as the basis of an intimate alliance. Italy shows that it considers the friendship of Austria as the friendship which suits it best, and Austria shows that it is much pleased that this should be the well-considered opinion of Italy. Such feelings, however, though genuine, are vague, and there could not be a better mode of expressing them than that to which a Royal visit gives a peculiar opening. The tendency of modern civilization is to confute, in the most unmistakable manner, the theory that one man is as good as another. The personal element in government comes continually into greater, and not into less, prominence. Prince BISMARCK is everything in Germany, M. GAMBETTA is very much in France, and Mr. GLADSTONE is at least much in England. Royalty must always be the embodiment of the personal element of government in some shape or other. Both the QUEEN and the PRINCE of WALES are always doing something which no one else could do, and which innumerable persons are extremely pleased to see them doing. It was in a large measure as a personal tribute to the QUEEN that the American Government ordered that the English flag should be saluted at Yorktown, and the sympathy shown by the QUEEN at the time of the late PRESIDENT’s illness and death has done more than anything else to set the tide of American opinion against the Fenians in the States. Towards the accepted and customary embodiments of the personal element in government kindly feelings can be expressed with a warmth and an absence of restraint which cannot always be displayed towards a whole nation, or a principle, or a cause. Those who display the feeling are not obliged to ask how far they may be committing themselves. It is easy and pleasant to give a very courteous and animated welcome to the King of ITALY when it might be difficult to see what is the exact kind of friendship with Italy that Austria desires, what aims it embraces, and what strains or tests it would endure.

No one can doubt that the primary object of the KING’s visit to Vienna is to give a reply on the part of Italy to the Tunis expedition. Not that there are any signs of immediate hostility between France and Italy. On the contrary, the Italian Treaty of Commerce, which the French Government had postponed with an appearance of lukewarmness greater even than it has manifested towards

the English treaty, seems now on the point of being really concluded. Both Governments, too, have a solid tie of friendship in the enmity with which the Papacy equally regards them. The Tunis expedition itself has had the wholesome effect of increasing the dislike of the French people for war, and Italy has at this moment every reason for desiring peace which a delicate financial situation can suggest. It is the future, and probably a not very near future, that Italy is considering. Travellers who have recently visited the mountain districts which divide France and Italy must have noticed the eagerness and rapidity with which military works of defence are being pushed forward on both sides of the Alps. Italy and France are not contemplating a war, but they are contemplating what might happen if a war ever broke out. They are at least guarding against those surprises the facility of executing which often leads to war. Probably the French and Italian Governments could say with equal truth and equal earnestness that what they are aiming at is not so much to make war difficult as to make war unlikely; just as we fortified Portsmouth some years ago, not so much to secure ourselves in case of a war that we foresaw, as to remove from the EMPEROR the temptation of thinking that he could begin a war by seizing on one of our great naval strongholds. The Royal visit to Vienna is very much like the erection of one of the new forts on the Italian side of the Alps. It is a strengthening of the defensive position of Italy. War with Italy would be one thing, and war with Italy backed by Austria, even if Germany kept aloof, would be another and a very different thing. It would be a war into which no French statesman, not even M. OLLIVIER or M. ST. HILAIRE, could enter with a light heart. The Austrian alliance, like a new fort, only in a much greater degree, makes a French war more difficult, and therefore more improbable.

It is not impossible that ecclesiastical matters may occupy some of the attention of the Imperial host and his Royal guest; for it would be by no means wonderful if the Pope decided to leave Rome; and if he chose Salzburg as the place of his exile, and was received there by Austria, it would be a point of great moment to Italy to know what attitude Austria, with the temporary centre of Catholicism in its midst, would hold towards Italy. But a speculative topic like this can only form a subsidiary part of such communications as the EMPEROR and KING may interchange. In all probability they will not interchange any communications of a very definite or practical character. The significance of the meeting is not in the consequences to which a friendship between Austria and Italy may lead at the present moment, but in the friendship itself and its ulterior consequences. In the first place, it is an alliance between the two minor Mediterranean Powers against one of the chief Mediterranean Powers. In the next place, it is an adhesion of no very formal kind, but still an adhesion sufficiently unmistakable, of Italy to the central Powers of Europe, as against France on the one side and Russia on the other. No one in Turkey or out of it believes that the present state of things in the East is likely to be of long duration. Every European statesman must consider how, when the change comes, it can be so shaped as to further the ends which he is in the interests of his own country, and in the interests of the permanent peace of the world, thinks the best. Before the day of great things comes the day of little things is always coming. There is always some minor point arising, such as the Tunis expedition, the action of France and England in Egypt, or the pressure of Russia on the Porte for the payment of its war indemnity, which keeps on the alert all the Powers interested in the ultimate solution. For all the Great Powers, except Germany, the Eastern question is really a Mediterranean question. France, Italy, and Austria are naturally Mediterranean Powers. Russia longs, above all things, to get an outlet from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and England regards it as indispensable to the existence of her Empire that she should keep the highway through the Mediterranean open. Italy, from a variety of causes, of which political gratitude was a powerful one, especially in the minds of the late KING and of those who took a leading part in the politics of 1859 and of the years immediately succeeding, was long of opinion that it would be her best policy as a Mediterranean Power to sail in the wake of France. Her exclusion by France from participation in the control of Egypt

and the Tunis expedition have altered the opinions of Italian statesmen. They see that France will always keep down Italy as a Mediterranean Power as much as possible, and that the traditional notion that the Mediterranean ought to be a French lake has still a strong and abiding hold on those who govern France. A coalition between the two minor Mediterranean Powers seems not unnaturally to Italians, under present circumstances, to be the best way of preventing the realization of the French dream. It must be perfectly obvious to every Italian of sense that Italy has nothing to gain in the way of territory that could be of the slightest use to her by the mere breaking up of the Turkish Empire, while Austria has, or may not unreasonably think she has, very much to gain in such an event. That Austria may possibly be some day aggrandized, while Italy is not, is a contingency that Italian statesmen cannot help taking into account. But when they have taken it into account, they may be wise in thinking that Italy, in alliance with an aggrandized Austria, would have a better chance of holding her own in the Mediterranean than Italy as an ally of France, subject to perpetual humiliations. But it is not only the breaking up of the Turkish Empire, which perhaps may not come for years—for it could not come without a prearranged partition or a great war—that is to be thought of. What is to come while the Turkish Empire still endures is the thought that must chiefly occupy the Italian mind. In this preliminary stage of things everything is a question of influence. What is to be the influence of Italy at the Porte? what in Egypt? what if Tripoli is threatened or Morocco is threatened? The influence of Italy at the Porte, or in Egypt, or with Europe, if Tripoli or Morocco is threatened, is likely to be far greater if she appears on the scene as the ally of Austria, and therefore of Germany, than if she remains in the weakness of isolation or in the character of an ally of France, always obliged to endure whatever her great and very imperious neighbour chooses to impose on her. In return, the influence of Austria will be considerably increased when she can come forward as representing not only her own very confined Mediterranean seaboard, but the long coasts of Italy. How each country is to exercise the influence it gains is a point which it may be left to circumstances to determine. It is the fact of the intended co-operation of Austria and Italy that gives significance to the Royal meeting, and as the meeting itself gives assurance of this intended co-operation, it would be an important political event even if the EMPEROR and the KING talked of nothing but the weather when they were together.

#### THE TRANSVAAL.

THE ratification by the Transvaal Volksraad of the Convention is the result of simple causes. The leaders invited the Volksraad to violate the pledges which they had themselves given, in the belief that the Imperial Government would be afraid to resort to force. Mr. GLADSTONE'S declaration at Leeds, and the movement of the troops under Sir EVELYN WOOD, have convinced them that there was a limit to the concessions which they could extort. The Convention is accordingly ratified by a unanimous vote; but it is accompanied by an unintelligible comment. The Boers profess to rely on an assurance of the English Government that the terms of the Convention shall be revised if it is found not to work well in practice. No such promise has been communicated to the press, or otherwise made known in England. It is possible that there may be some inaccuracy in the report. Before the latest news a long interval had occurred since the date of the last important communication from the Transvaal. The Boer leaders had time to become fully acquainted with the impression which was produced in England by the language of the negotiators in their address to the Volksraad, and by the subsequent Report of the Committee. They were also distinctly informed by the PRIME MINISTER, both in his speech at Leeds and probably in more diplomatic form, that they have no further serious concessions to expect from England. The result has proved the justice of the anticipation that, when they found it impossible to rely on the weakness which they must have attributed to the Government, they would induce the Volksraad to ratify the Convention to which the chosen representatives of the Boers are already pledged. The military operations

proved to be the most efficacious arguments. It would have been a great misfortune if regard for national honour had rendered necessary a fresh appeal to force.

Although the Volksraad has sanctioned the Convention, the Boers are not likely after the evacuation of their country to observe its terms with minute fidelity. The Report of their Committee was remarkably candid in the enumeration of articles to which objection was taken. It might, perhaps, be supposed that the English Government would make concessions as to the debt, especially as it may be found difficult to recover any sum which the Boers may promise to pay. It is more surprising that the Committee should express the objections which they really entertain to those parts of the Convention which excite the strongest popular feeling in England. The Committee urged the Volksraad to insist on the omission of three or four important articles, on the idle pretext that they were unnecessary and affronting. Among the provisions which, according to the Report, ought to be excluded from the Convention, are the guarantee for freedom of religious worship, the prohibition of slavery, and the protection of the European inhabitants who have remained faithful to the Crown. The sincerity of one at least of their protests is proved by the recent seizure of property belonging to one of their own community who had refused to join in the rebellion. The obstinate denial of religious freedom, though it is consistent with the old traditions of Calvinism, sounds in the present day like a strange anachronism. The stipulation against slavery was included in the original Sand River Treaty; and there is a kind of audacious honesty in the professed disinclination to renew obligations which have not been found practically binding.

There can be little doubt that the least acceptable part of the Convention is that which provides for the protection of the native population. It is true that the right of interference which was reserved to the English Resident is incompatible with entire independence; but the Dutch negotiators, in recognizing the suzerainty of the Queen, conceded in general terms a limitation of the absolute sovereignty of the Republican Government. It is not known that the representatives of the Boers made any strong objection to the control which the Imperial Government proposed to exercise over the foreign relations of the Transvaal. For English interests the provision is perhaps the most important part of the Convention, especially since the restriction could, unlike some of the internal arrangements, be practically enforced. The pretence that the Transvaal Republic requires facilities for negotiating as to freedom of commerce and transit with the neighbouring Portuguese settlements may be summarily dismissed. The English Government would certainly concur in any reasonable agreement for such purposes, and it would have a right to guard itself against any scheme of differential duties in favour of other nations. Circumstances might arise in which it would be just and necessary to guard against intervention, in the form of treaties with the Transvaal, which European Powers might wish to exercise in South African affairs. A community of forty thousand men, women, and children can scarcely require diplomatic communication with distant States. At the time when hostilities were interrupted, it was distinctly understood that the independence of the Boer Republic was to be limited to internal administration.

It may possibly be desirable to reconsider the terms of the English protectorate over the natives. During the short period of annexation, the native tribes, having technically become English subjects, may perhaps have established a certain claim on the Imperial Government. In practice the relations between the Dutch farmers and the natives had not been materially altered. The coloured population being remitted to its former condition, loses rather a prospect of improvement than any advantage actually enjoyed. No Government could have established equality of rights between the dominant minority and the inferior race. It is impossible to confer full constitutional privileges on half-civilized tribes which largely outnumber the residents of European descent. In the Cape Colony a liberal and judicious experiment has been tried by the institution of a high franchise, which enables a few natives of the highest capacity to exercise political rights. If too many of the natives complied with the conditions under which equality is attained, it would be necessary to readjust the suffrage, so as to secure to the white inhabitants

the control of public affairs. The Boers of the Transvaal will not be at present disposed to admit the natives within their borders to a share, however small, in the government of the country. Lord SALISBURY in his speech at Newcastle reminded his audience that the Boers were not the entire population of the Transvaal, nor even a majority. For his immediate purpose the argument was sound; but, when a civilized community is surrounded by barbarians, political rights cannot be apportioned by the process of counting heads. At this time some of the colonists of Natal are beginning to agitate for the concession of practical independence in the form of responsible government. Their aspirations are injudicious and premature, for their own population is insignificant, and the natives within their borders outnumber them by ten to one. It is for the interest of all parties to retain the control and protection of an impartial Government.

If the English Resident is entrusted, in reality as well as in form, with the protection of the natives, there is reason to fear that his interference may prove to be both irritating and ineffectual. He will have no armed force at his disposal, nor will he command the services of a single policeman. The duty and right of remonstrance will be at the same time ineffectual and undignified; yet, if he neglects to interpose in cases of oppression, his inaction will involve his office and the English Government in discredit. It is not desirable that factions Boers should think their honour concerned in exhibiting the impunity with which they will be able to violate the terms of the Convention. If no real protection is afforded, the natives will suffer by the nominal maintenance of an illusory safeguard. It must also be remembered that a right of protecting natives involves, to some extent, the responsibility of restraining their encroachments. The people of the Transvaal would have a right to complain of any violence or plunder which might be perpetrated by native chiefs who were under the protection or patronage of the English Government. If the stipulations of the Convention are in this respect relaxed, it would be neither necessary nor becoming to rescind the prohibition of kidnapping and slavery. If the engagement was broken by the Boers, the Imperial Government would, as in all similar cases, be entitled to choose its own time and methods for enforcing the performance of the treaty. Since the Convention has been ratified as a whole, it is not impossible that some arrangement with respect to the natives may be made by friendly negotiation. The English Government is bound to secure the rights and property of those who adhered to their allegiance during the recent troubles, and especially of the English residents. The Boers have nothing to gain by persecuting their political opponents, and their possible desire of revenge deserves no favourable consideration. In their contention as to the debt they are probably in the wrong; but in such cases the debtor who is unwilling to pay has a great advantage over a rightful claimant.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. DISRAELI compared the two ancient party Reviews to hangers-on at rival coaching inns which had been left desolate by the transfer of traffic from roads to railways. The comparison has become even more accurate with the further lapse of time. Whether one of them painfully argues that Mr. GLADSTONE's Administration is actuated by sound Whig principles, or its rival denounces the Whig oligarchy which has long since become powerless, their relation to the political contests of the present day is as remote as the traditions of the "High-flyer" or the "Rocket." It would be well for the Conservatives if the Government adhered to old Whig principles; and they would profit still more largely by the re-establishment of the Whig oligarchy as it flourished down to the death of Lord PALMERSTON. An article on the Past and Future of the Conservative Party in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* is partly occupied with a vindication of PITT, by whose example, rather than by that of PEEL, modern leaders of the party are exhorted to regulate their conduct. The PITT and FOX controversy is introduced by a short discussion of Whig and Tory politics from the Revolution of 1688 to the end of the eighteenth century. A disquisition on the principles of the twenty-fifth Egyptian dynasty would for practical purposes be



equally instructive. The writer, who might be thought a zealous partisan, suddenly arrives at the conclusion that party government ought no longer to be maintained. As it is impossible to get rid of the system, and especially of the large Liberal majority which is its present result, it is hardly worth while to inquire whether division into parties is expedient or necessary. If there were no parties, there would be no need to discuss the Past and Future of the Conservative Party. It also seems slightly inconsistent for a writer who disapproves of party politics to direct against the Government a not undeserved attack. At the present moment it is true that party struggles ought to be, and indeed are, suspended in presence of a common danger. If Lord BEACONSFIELD or Lord SALISBURY had been called upon as Minister to suppress rebellion in Ireland, there is little doubt that some members of the present Government would be at the head of an agitation in favour of the Land League. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, indeed, even while in office, avows his partial sympathy with an organization directed against proprietary rights. The conduct of the Conservatives has thus far been admirably loyal and patriotic.

The *Quarterly* Reviewer with reason declares that, if the Opposition hopes to resume power, it must, instead of contenting itself with exposure of the errors of the Government, form and support a policy of its own. The doctrines which the Conservatives are advised to profess and defend would, if the counsels of the *Quarterly* are followed, effectually perpetuate Liberal supremacy. To the approaching extension of the suffrage the Reviewer offers no objection. He is willing to concede household suffrage in counties, though he fears the results of redistribution of seats. It will perhaps be found impossible to resist one of the most mischievous changes which have yet been proposed by the subversive party; but a vast increase of the power of the poorest class is not to be regarded with complacency. The same majority which is about to enfranchise the agricultural labourers will regulate at its pleasure the reapportionment of seats; or, if redistribution is postponed, it will be more thoroughly effected in a future Parliament with the aid of the augmented constituencies. It is but an idle pretence to affect popular sympathies merely because submission to superior force may be unavoidable. The House of Lords, in dealing with the Land Bill, set an example of the tone and spirit in which statesmen may acquiesce in objectionable legislation which they cannot prevent. The principal speakers exposed with unanswerable force the errors of a measure which they nevertheless could not reject without causing greater evils. The Conservative party will not be strong enough to prevent a further degradation of the suffrage, but it is not bound to applaud a vicious policy. The Reviewer also favours the institution of County Boards which will be constructed in such a manner as to abolish the influence of the gentry.

The historical disquisitions of the *Quarterly* Reviewer, and his unwilling approval of household suffrage, have but a slight connexion with the main purpose of his essay. In his opinion the Conservatives are to rehabilitate themselves by a recurrence to the commercial policy which he attributes to CANNING and HUSKISSON, or, in other words, to a comparatively moderate system of Protection. Though his meaning is enveloped in some obscurity, he evidently thinks it desirable to impose duties on corn, and on foreign manufactures, if not on raw materials. By this short and simple method he hopes to win over, not only farmers and landlords, but artisans and traders. It is nothing to a professor of antediluvian politics and economy that the landowners know the restoration of the Corn-laws to be impossible, while most of them would deem it unjust. Neither manufacturers nor workmen fear the competition of foreign goods, though it is true that many among them resent the protectionist tariffs of foreign countries. The imaginary corn duty would, according to its proposer, not even benefit the English producer. Part of the Reviewer's scheme is the fantastic plan of uniting the colonies with the mother-country in a Customs Union, with the result of allowing Canadian corn to be imported free of duty, while American produce would be taxed. Manitoba is, as he truly says, not less well suited to the growth of wheat than the best parts of the Western States; and it would seem to follow that the English farmer would still be undersold, though he might, if he thought it worth while, console himself by the reflection that the profit went into the pocket of a colonist. As a supplement to his notable

project the Reviewer contends that colonial members ought to be admitted into the English Parliament. Perhaps Victoria would return Mr. BERRY, who is bent on excluding from the colony which he lately ruled, not only English goods, but English immigrants. The writer has not the smallest ground for believing that any of the great colonies would concur with the mother country in a common tariff. On the other hand, Englishmen are not prepared to be governed by a Parliament recruited from another hemisphere or from the antipodes.

It would be a waste of time to discuss the absurdities which purport, according to the Reviewer, to form the policy of the Conservative party. It would be a grave misfortune if the only nucleus of constitutional opposition were to be dissolved by the pursuit of impracticable chimeras. The writer in the *Quarterly* violates not only the rules of common sense but the simple principles of discipline. The party can do nothing if it mutinies against its leaders, who have already repudiated the newfangled Protectionism which has been revived under another name. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has on several occasions expressed his continued conviction of the truth of the principles which he has always maintained. Lord SALISBURY at Newcastle declared that raw materials and the food of the people were sacred; and there is no serious agitation for any impost except a duty upon corn. The attempt to snatch a few votes here and there by humouring temporary and local prejudices can only weaken a party whose influence is indispensable to the country. Those who tamper with schemes of "Fair Trade" risk the defeat or postponement of the coalition which may be anticipated at an earlier or later period between the two great sections of constitutional politicians. No Liberal of any shade will co-operate with advocates of Protection. Even retaliation must be limited to articles which are not produced at home. A duty on Lyons silks would for the time encourage the English manufacturer, with the result of his sudden ruin if the retaliatory policy produced its intended effect in the modification of the French tariff. Lord SALISBURY confined his illustration of retaliatory duties to French wines, which come into competition with no English products. The Conservative party will have enough to do in defending the Crown, the House of Lords, the Church, the institution of property, and the right of free contract, without wasting or annihilating its strength in foolish and impossible enterprises.

#### THE NEXT FRENCH CABINET.

THE month which is almost at an end has been an exciting, yet disheartening, time for the political gossips of Paris. They have found a new rumour awaiting them at every street corner; but they have been unable to retail it except under peril of hearing it contradicted by the fortunate possessor of some newer rumour still. Even the august Bureau which transmits the most authentic intelligence to the English public has had to own itself at fault. The certain truth of one day has been the exposed falsehood of the next. There is reason to think, however, that the two opinions between which M. GAMBETTA was for a time supposed to be halting really represented successive stages in his mental history. He may at one moment have wished M. FERRY to resign without waiting for a debate in the Chamber, and at another have wished him to resign after and in consequence of a debate in the Chamber. Each of these desires is in itself intelligible, because each aims at a different end, and proposes to attain it by different means. In the first instance, it is probable that M. GAMBETTA was genuinely anxious to get the transfer of power from M. FERRY to himself accomplished with as little noise as possible. In this way M. FERRY and the least incapable of his colleagues might have been included in the new Cabinet. It may be objected with much plausibility that a man whose only experience of office has been gained in the character of a dictator could hardly have cared to have for his lieutenant a man who had only just ceased to be *Primo Minister*. The influence which the latter might have been expected to exert in the early days of the new Cabinet's existence would have been inconveniently great. He would have had the threads of all that was going on too much in his own hands. M. GAMBETTA, unless rumour does him injustice, will mean to be master in his own Cabinet; and M. FERRY

is plainly a man who would have had the will, and occasionally perhaps the power, to thwart this intention. But then M. GAMBETTA may have felt that he was bound to think of the political situation, as well as of his personal tastes; and, from this point of view, there was much to be said in favour of a method of Ministerial reconstruction which would have allowed M. FERRY to take office under his successor. Had this method been adopted, the new Cabinet would at starting have been a GAMBETTA-FERRY Cabinet, not a GAMBETTA Cabinet pure and simple. In appearance, at all events, such a Cabinet would not have differed very much from the existing Cabinet. It would have been progressive, because no Republican Minister since M. DUBAUX has been bold enough to proclaim that the Republic would do well to stand still; but it would not have moved further or faster than it fancied itself obliged to move.

For some reason or other, however, M. GAMBETTA thought it wise to reject this unobtrusive way of taking office, and to insist upon hearing from the Deputies what it is that they wish him to do. Now, unless the Deputies are prepared to eat their own words with unusual promptitude and unusual affectation of appetite, the discussion with which the Session will open is almost certain to be of a violent kind. It is said, indeed, that many of the Deputies are less extreme in their views than they allowed the electors to believe. But this suspected moderation is not likely to be shown just yet. Those who secretly favour it will wish to see which way the wind is blowing before they commit themselves to their course. They will allow the speaking to be done by others, and as the issue raised relates only to the acts of a Ministry which is already condemned, they will vote as they are expected rather than as they themselves wish. The result will be, that the apparent strength of the extreme party in the Chamber will be greater after the debate than it was before it, and a Cabinet formed under these circumstances will naturally reflect the tone of the debate which has given birth to it. It will be likely to look for its chief support to that section of the Advanced Left which differs from the Extreme Left in little else than in its desire to see a Radical policy carried out by M. GAMBETTA rather than by M. CLÉMENTEAU. M. GAMBETTA's determination to give the majority in the new Chamber an opportunity of formulating its opinion before he sets to work to construct an Administration is consequently something more than a matter of purely personal moment. It may prove to have some degree of political significance. A large number of the deputies who have been re-elected have not been re-elected to vote quite as they have voted hitherto. They have come back under more stringent pledges to the electors. That they will ultimately try to evade those pledges is likely enough. The men themselves have not changed since 1877; the only difference is that they have had to make larger promises in order to retain their seats. But they will hardly make this attempt in the first debate of the first Session. They will not mount the tribune in October merely to declare that all that they said no longer ago than August was so much moonshine. So far as they speak at all, they will speak in the sense of their addresses to their constituents. They will talk of the necessity of sweeping reforms—reforms which shall for ever purge the Republic of the last taint of monarchical leaven, and make short work of the Church, the magistracy, and the Senate. M. GAMBETTA may know perfectly well that these seeming enthusiasts only mean a fraction of what they say. But he may not be able, when framing his programme or forming his Cabinet, to disregard what has been said and to think only of what has been meant. When the desire to learn the views of the majority from their own lips has been professed by the leader of the Left and deferred to by the President of the Republic, it will not be easy to act as though no such wish had been entertained or acted on.

For the moment, indeed, M. GAMBETTA appears to be once more leaning towards moderate counsels. His speech and his silence during his recent visit to Normandy have alike pointed in this direction. He has for the most part kept clear of politics, and, on the one occasion when he did allow himself to touch on them, it was merely to utter the reassuring commonplace that, as the Republic belongs to the nation and not to a party, it is wide enough to embrace every Frenchman. Generalities of this kind have seldom been found to hamper their authors when it has proved convenient to disregard them. A man must show himself a Frenchman before he can

establish the title to be enfolded in these maternal arms, and the possession of sound political opinions may easily be made a part of the Republican conception of nationality. The foes who belong to a man's own household may fairly claim the largest share of his hatred. That M. GAMBETTA has not lost sight of the advantages associated with the pursuit of a conciliatory policy may be fully admitted. But his realization of these advantages has not governed his action in the past, and there is not much ground to suppose that it will exert any more effectual influence upon his action in the future. In form, indeed, it may still be an open question whether he is going to ally himself with the Moderate or the Extreme section of the Republicans. But, in fact, it seems to be no longer of much importance what the party with which he happens to associate himself happens to be called. The faculty of offering an effectual resistance to the continually growing demands of the extreme Radicals is, to all appearance, denied to French Republican politicians. The utmost they can bring themselves to say is that the time has not yet come for doing this or that, and this dilatory plea naturally serves as an invitation to the Radicals to show that the time has come sooner than the Government expected. The only difference that is likely to be visible between a GAMBETTA Cabinet in which the Moderate Left has the predominance and a GAMBETTA Cabinet in which the Advanced Left has the predominance is that in the one case the Extreme party will dictate what the Cabinet is to do, while in the other case an Extreme Cabinet will do what it dictates to itself.

#### THE ENGLISH LAND QUESTION.

THE agitation for the transfer of ownership from landlords to tenants is so significant and characteristic that, at the risk of repetition, it may be expedient to recur to the subject. Sir GEORGE BOWYER has lately quoted Mr. GLADSTONE's former declaration that the principle of the Irish Land Bill is not applicable to England; yet the chief danger of the movement consists in the uncertainty which prevails as to Mr. GLADSTONE's present or future intentions. He has, with full knowledge of the predatory nature of the schemes which are proposed, vaguely promised to introduce a Land Bill. It is not known—perhaps he may not himself know—whether his designs refer to land-tenure or to the relations between agricultural lessors and lessees. There is some inconvenience in the existence of an omnipotent Minister who cannot be trusted to protect any existing institution or any kind of property. For the moment the land-theorists are comparatively silent, although they may be supposed to retain their objections to life estates, and their desire to create occupying freeholders. The Chairman or President of the Farmers' Alliance, who is the principal author of the project of legislative robbery, has for many years taken an active part in the less iniquitous agitation for changes in the tenure of land. He on some occasions resented, perhaps not without reason, the suggestion that he well knew how little entails or settlements for the most part interfered with profitable cultivation. There is no doubt that, although the great settled estates are better and more liberally managed than small properties, life-tenants are in many instances unable or unwilling to provide capital which might be advantageously applied to improvements. The greater or less extent of the evil was a legitimate subject of discussion. The law of devolution will probably be altered in a few years, if not by the present Parliament; and experience will show whether the abolition of restrictions will tend to the benefit of occupiers. Large farmers will be the principal sufferers if great estates are broken up; and it is perhaps for that reason that the agitation against the existing land laws has for the present subsided. If the difficulties of which their advocates have loudly complained had been urgent, Lord CAIRNS's Bill of last Session, which removed many impediments to the transfer of land, would have been gladly accepted. Perhaps some of the more sagacious tenant-farmers may regard with apprehension a possible result of changes in the law in the form of the multiplication of small freeholds. At the late meeting of the Farmers' Alliance, a simple-minded member who was not in the secrets of the governing body expressed some surprise at the omission in the Bill of any provision for the liberation of the land from the restric-

tions to which estates are now often subject. Mr. HOWARD replied that it was thought expedient for the present to confine the efforts of the Alliance to the adjustment of relations between landlord and tenant.

Since the time when the agitation for changes in the laws of land-tenure was prosecuted under the same auspices, nothing has happened which affects the right of free contract, except that the Irish Land Bill has supplied a precedent for arbitrary interference with the rights of landowners. Repeated and strenuous protestations that the circumstances of Ireland were wholly exceptional are now coolly disregarded. The main principle of the Alliance Bill is servilely copied from the legislation of last Session; and the machinery is more flagrantly unfair than that of the Irish Bill. The tenant-farmers of each Poor Law Union are to elect the arbitrators who will determine the share of the property of the landlords which is to be transferred to the tenant. One member of the Alliance, with a certain sense of delicacy, proposed that the constitution of the tribunal should not be settled before the creation of a new system of County Boards; but the authors of the Bill adhered to their original scheme, though the proposed modification would have made little difference. In the County Boards, as in the Boards of Guardians, the landlords who are to be plundered will be in a small minority. It must be assumed that Mr. HOWARD spoke with literal truth when he declared that few or none of the clauses of his Bill were taken from the Irish Land Act, which Mr. GLADSTONE declares that he will never apply to Great Britain. The promoters of the Farmers' Alliance evidently believe that they have taken accurate measure of Mr. GLADSTONE's character. With or without the use of the same phrases they propose, according to the interpretation of their own partisans, to create fixity of tenure and freedom of sale, and to regulate rents by the discretion of a Court of Arbitration instead of by bargain between the parties. With an abundance of precaution, they have also taken care to pack the tribunal. Perhaps they have some excuse for thinking Mr. GLADSTONE capable of expropriating English landlords in spite of his pledges, on the pretext that the text of the Irish Bill has not been literally copied.

The pretence that the main object of the Bill is to secure compensation for tenants' improvements is transparently fallacious. The supposed improvements are to be measured by the price which a purchaser will give for the tenancy at a rent determined by the tenant-farmers who will be assessors. The landlord may, if he chooses, pay the amount, with the consequence of either occupying the land himself for the future or of letting it to a farmer who will instantly acquire a second tenant-right, to be similarly sold. An applicant may safely bid high for an occupation which happens to suit him, with the knowledge that he may at a later period apply to the Court to reduce his rent. The enactment of the Bill would probably reduce at a stroke the saleable value of all the land in the kingdom by thirty, forty, or perhaps fifty per cent. It would also deprive the landowner of all the pleasures and advantages of his position, except as far as regards the land in his own occupation. If through absence, or during a widowhood or minority, the grazing of a demesne were let to a neighbouring farmer, the tenant would at once become the part owner, and the real proprietor would only be able to resume possession by a partial repurchase. The clauses which affect to provide for any kind of compensation to the landlords would be in practice nugatory. Mr. HOWARD, who, not content with despoiling his victims, seems to wish to practise on their credulity, remarks that the landlord will derive an advantage from the interest which the outgoing tenant will have in providing a solvent and capable successor. Another speaker more candidly observed that he thought that the meeting had better confine itself to the benefits to be conferred on the tenants, without troubling itself about the interests of the landlords. It is not an encouraging illustration of the tendency of democratic government that an intelligent and personally respectable body should publicly meet together to ask from Parliament a gratuitous donation to themselves of property belonging to a class which, as they think, commands fewer votes. Few of their number can really think that their demands are just or reasonable.

Owners of other kinds of property will be guilty of culpable imprudence if they countenance or tolerate an open attack on the rights of landowners. The bold and

paradoxical demand of the abolition of all freedom of contract between landlord and tenant will assuredly not be confined to one kind of wealth. Land has been acquired by its owner as honestly and as lawfully as any other kind of investment. The State has guaranteed his possession as fully as if he or his predecessors had bought Consols, or shares in mines, in railways, or in other industrial undertakings. One of the implied conditions has been that he should, subject to the law as it existed when he invested his money, be at liberty to make the most advantageous bargain with any persons who acquire under him any estate by hire or by purchase. The right of the Legislature to expropriate him for public objects has in most cases not been a matter of practical consideration; and, in any event, it was to involve full compensation. It is now proposed that any contract of letting which he may make shall be invalidated if the tenant, finding it disadvantageous, can satisfy a partial Court of the justice of his contention. The whole land of Great Britain is to be summarily excluded from the domain of free contract, founded on demand and supply. On the other hand, the tenant, if he deems his case too outrageous to be brought into the Land Court, can at any time practically throw up his occupation. The recent experience of landowners shows that the abandonment of farms is a common occurrence. If the Irish Land Act, in itself anomalous, is to form a precedent for an English Land Act, the Bill of the Farmers' Alliance will more fully justify future schemes for the confiscation of capital. On the Continent projects of legislative spoliation are more usually directed against personality than against property in land. The farmers themselves will do well to take warning by the threats of the Labourers' Union. Agrarian revolution will not end with the creation, without a shadow of right, of perpetuities in favour of those who at present happen to occupy large farms. With cynical selfishness, the agitators not only covet the property of landlords, but utterly disregard the interests of future applicants for farms and of small purchasers. The Alliance Bill, if it became law, would in a great degree prevent the acquisition of freeholds of moderate size, because no man could prudently buy a farm which he could not safely let. The labourers will, in virtue of the votes which they will soon acquire, be able to use the only argument on which the Alliance agitators now rely. If property is to be distributed by popular suffrage, it will not belong to large farmers.

#### THE WILBERFORCE CASE.

THAT the trial of MABEL WILBERFORCE could come to only one end was from the beginning as much a matter of certainty as anything can be which depends upon that very variable quantity, the intelligence of a jury. It would have been a grave misfortune if a flagrant example of one of the most mischievous of crimes had missed its due punishment; yet the trial cannot be said to have been altogether satisfactory in its result. No one, except very stern moralists, will complain of the comparative leniency of the sentence. MABEL WILBERFORCE, or AMY NORMANDY, or MRS. TRENEFID, or the Countess DE PENEFLIS, was a sufficiently audacious adventuress, and the evidence shows very clearly that, at least in her earlier life, she had not been too careful to keep untarnished that "crown of her womanhood" of which she spoke so pathetically in court. But of positive crime as distinguished from vice there is, putting her perjuries out of the question, not a very heavy record against her; indeed the record may be said to be confined to a failure to discharge the bills of carvers and gilders with due punctuality. She was certainly not the sort of person that an affectionate son would desire as a companion for a father in something like a condition of dotage; but that is about all that can be said. The extraordinary recklessness of her fictions, in which she utterly disregarded a certain wise criticism and "kept 'not time,'" has been much commented upon. But this is a not uncommon failing of her sex, and it may be accounted for partly by an old habit of making assertions which nobody took the trouble to examine or expose, and partly by the irritation which the Charity Organization Society has the special faculty of arousing in the guilty and the innocent alike. That association has many enemies; but a defender of it who should not blush at paradox might urge that this faculty is not without its

value from a public point of view. It cannot do much harm, though it causes much annoyance to the innocent, and induces the guilty to put themselves definitively within the grasp of the law. So Miss WILBERFORCE, in a familiar phrase, "put her head down," and went blindly into the fray, with the natural results. The prosecution could certainly afford to abandon point after point which she professed herself accidentally unable to meet. Enough remained to support half-a-dozen distinct charges of perjury; and it is only surprising that so artless a person should have succeeded in living on her wits until the tolerably ripe age of forty or forty-two, which, it would seem, must be substituted for twenty-seven in Miss WILBERFORCE's description. It is true that the history, as opposed to the fiction, of her life was not got up by the prosecution with the artistic completeness of a French *dossier*. Her own story was complete; but, unluckily, the parts would not hold together. Mr. POLAND's story was quite invulnerable as far as it went, but it leaves large portions of Miss WILBERFORCE's life unaccounted for. It is, indeed, possible that edification, as contrasted with amusement, has not lost much by the existence of the gaps.

In this, however, as in some other points connected with the trial, there is matter of more public importance than the mere detection and punishment of an interesting adventuress. It is perfectly clear, from what has actually been proved, that Miss WILBERFORCE was a person upon whom it would have been just as well that the police should have their eyes, and it does not appear that, until she drew down upon herself the suspicions of the Charity Organization Society, anybody had any kind of watchful eye upon her. This is, indeed, a minor point, because it is on the whole better, according to the English conception of personal and political freedom, that wolves should sometimes be able to masquerade in sheep's clothing, than that sheep should have their fleeces rudely pulled about and officially inspected. The actual conduct of the trial itself suggests other matters of more importance. There can be no doubt that, however badly MABEL WILBERFORCE played her game as a concocter of personal and family history, she did not play it at all badly as an advocate for her client. She succeeded in wasting a great deal of time; in actually parrying, not by acute cross-examination, but by well-acted helplessness, some of the charges brought against her; in attracting a considerable amount of sympathy out of doors, and in producing a most extraordinary effect on the jury. All this would have been prevented, while the ends of justice could not have been in any way defeated, by the appointment of a responsible counsel for her. It may seem at first sight brutal to deprive a woman of her recognized feminine arms; but a very little consideration will show that such conduct of a case as that which MABEL WILBERFORCE was allowed is an absurdity. She was alternately counsel and client—the former when she thought she could meet a charge, the latter when she knew she could not. No one was exactly to blame for this. In instances where a defendant is both able and willing to conduct his own case under the ordinary restrictions imposed on counsel, it is of course desirable that he should be allowed to do so. But in cases where those conditions are not fulfilled, it seems desirable that professional assistance should be as a matter of course assigned. This is already done in certain cases in England; in Scotland it is, if we mistake not, the rule; and there are advantages in it which are obvious enough, and which have been strikingly illustrated in this case.

The conduct of the jury, however, and the eccentric manner in which the actual verdict was arrived at, are, after all, the matters which most deserve comment. It must have been impossible for any reader of the report to repress a feeling of devout thankfulness that his own life, freedom, or property was not subject to the arbitration of the singular beings who hesitated, and for a long time refused, to find MABEL WILBERFORCE guilty of perjury. Nothing need be said of the recommendation to mercy; that was sensible enough, and would probably have been endorsed by a very considerable number of persons both in court and out of it. But how any reasonable man with the evidence before him could doubt that perjury had been actually committed is a mystery which is comprehensible only to those, and even to those but partially, who have had the misfortune to be on juries themselves, and have thus had an opportunity of analysing the reasoning processes of the average jurymen. The

*pulcheris exigui jactus* by which this unexpected disturbance was quelled was as characteristic as the trouble itself. The belief of the jurymen in Miss WILBERFORCE's innocence was proof against logic, but not against lunch—or rather the loss of it. Had Mr. Justice HAWKINS been more compassionate or less patient, an absurd miscarriage of justice, which would have been a great encouragement to the honourable fraternity of perjurers, must have occurred. As it was, the jurymen, driven to choose between Miss WILBERFORCE and their midday meal, decided for the latter—an additional proof of the wisdom of PERCIUS and RABELAIS in indicating the true Master of Arts, Logic, among the rest. It is not wonderful that the circumstance should have been made an occasion of renewing the cry for the substitution of decision by a majority for unanimous decision in such cases. Unluckily it is by no means invariably the case that the majority are on the right side, and so the one system has nearly as much chance of going wrong as the other. However, on this particular occasion no actual harm has been done, except the harm which may arise from such a display of the haphazard manner in which pains and penalties may or may not be incurred. It is to be hoped that when Miss WILBERFORCE, or Mrs. TRENEFIDE, comes out of prison, she will bestow in some better way the talents which, despite her inability to make up a connected story, she undoubtedly possesses. Judging from the conduct of the jury, she will not find it impossible to discover believers in her complete innocence even then. Indeed, the brightness of her at present rather dark prospects and the reputation of the jury for intelligence both gain from a supposition which is, after all, not improbable—that her defenders among the twelve voted as they did, not because they loved her much, but because they disliked the Charity Organization Society more.

#### PONTIFICATE OF LEO XIII.

THE current number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an interesting article on Pope Leo XIII., chiefly occupied in recounting, from the writer's point of view, the past events of his pontificate. There is not much in the actual record that will be new to our readers, and many of the views expressed are in substantial accord with those which we have frequently put before them; but the reviewer makes some statements which are questionable or exaggerated, or at least require confirmation, and others which are unquestionably incorrect; and while his estimate of the aims and intentions of Leo XIII. is in the main a fair one, the final verdict pronounced on his career as a whole is certainly premature and probably unjust. On the details of the last Conclave it is needless to enlarge here, the more so as the subject was fully discussed in our columns at the time; but there are one or two points in the Reviewer's narrative which require supplement or correction. It was not only the successful discharge of his duties as nuncio at Brussels, but still more the express recommendation of King Leopold I., which made it practically impossible to ignore Pecci's claim to the purple, though the secret distrust of Pius IX. and the unconcealed jealousy of Cardinal Antonelli interposed an unprecedented and scarcely decent delay to his promotion, nor was he summoned to Rome till after the death of the latter. It is true that he was then raised to the high dignity of Camerlengo, but the Reviewer omits to explain that this act of the moribund Pontiff may not improbably have been designed to bar his way to the succession, as it is very unusual indeed for the Cardinal Camerlengo to be elected Pope. There were, by the way, if we are not mistaken, not two but four "creatures" of Gregory XVI. still surviving at the time of the last Conclave. It is a popular error no doubt to imagine that "the great Catholic Powers have or had a veto on a consummated election." No such right was ever claimed or admitted. But it is hardly accurate, on the other hand, to speak of the veto which is claimed by Austria, France, and Spain, and has frequently been exercised, as simply "a matter of courtesy," though it rests on no express written guarantee. No candidate whose name had been previously denounced by the Cardinal representing any of the three privileged States has for many centuries been elected, but this veto must precede the election, and can be exercised once only. There is one incident again connected with the election of Leo XIII. on which the Reviewer dwells at some length with more severity, to say the least, than our existing information justifies. It may reasonably be regretted that the new Pope yielded to the persuasions of those around him and gave his primary benediction *urbi et orbi* from the inner instead of the outer balcony of St. Peter's; but it was reported at the time on high authority that his hesitation was due to the refusal of the Italian Government, which had been privately communicated with, to ensure order at the traditional programme was observed; nor can it fairly be said that their subsequent conduct makes this explanation a less plausible one. That another and far graver procedure of the newly elected Pontiff was more well-intentioned and con-



scientific than discreet we have always ourselves maintained. To restore—or rather to give—at once to the College of Cardinals the full enjoyment of their constitutional rights as the standing Council of the supreme ruler of the Church was in itself a most praiseworthy act; but for Leo XIII. thus to seize the first moment for making into a reality what for centuries had been little more than a traditional fiction, while the Cardinals were, almost to a man, the chosen nominees of Pius IX., was to tie his own hands by anticipation with fetters the pressure of which he has never ceased to feel. We can readily believe, though we should have liked to hear the Reviewer's authority for so positive an assertion, that "he soon began and has never ceased bitterly to repent it." It is true that fifteen Cardinals have died since then whose places have been filled up by Leo himself, but this does not materially alter the situation, especially when we bear in mind how many collateral considerations of precedent, claims of foreign Powers, personal distinction and the like, quite apart from his own immediate wishes and aims, a Pope—and notably a constitutional Pope—is bound to recognize in his nominations to the Sacred College.

There are two points, distinct but closely connected with each other, as both arising out of his relations to the Italian Government, which from the time of his accession have been among the chief difficulties of Leo XIII. The one may be summed up in the well-known formula of the last reign—*Nè eletti nè elettori*—while the other concerns the Law of Guarantees and the income of three and a half million francs provided by it for the Holy See, which, however, has never been accepted. On the former point the Reviewer has not much to say that is new, but our readers may recollect that we called attention not long ago to a remarkable Italian pamphlet advocating a change of policy in this respect, which was believed to emanate from Papal inspiration, and a paper of Mr. Adolphus Trollope's, who professed to speak from personal knowledge, and proceeded to discuss the probable effects of such a change on the composition and policy of the Parliament. The opinions entertained on the matter for some years past by Father Curci are sufficiently notorious; but his position is in many ways so unique that the following account of his first appearance as a reformer may be worth extracting:—

One man there was, however, in no wise included in those [ruling] classes, who, having very strong convictions upon the subjects in question, cast prudence to the winds, and raised his voice in vehement protest; and the voice was one which could not fail forcibly to arrest the attention of those to whom it was addressed. Father Curci was a member of the Company of Jesus. The Jesuits were, speaking generally, the most violent and thoroughgoing of all the supporters of Pius IX. in his claims, his purposes, and his policy. Yet it was from the ranks of the venerable company that issued this solitary voice, arrainging the wisdom of the line of conduct marked out for the Church by its rulers. Father Curci was an eminent member of the Order, and one of whom it had good reason to be proud. He was known as a man deeply versed in theological learning, especially great in exegesis, and as a preacher of rare eloquence. He had given at Florence a series of exegetical lectures on the books of the New Testament, and received much praise for them. But on publishing these lectures in four large volumes, he inserted a preface (published also separately as a pamphlet), the effect of which within the ecclesiastical pale was as the sudden and clanging blast of a trumpet breaking a drowsy silence. This was towards the end of 1874.

This very remarkable pamphlet, consisting of fifty-six closely printed octavo pages, was sold for half a franc, and was therefore evidently intended for extensive circulation. It is in truth more than remarkable: indeed, considering the position of the author, a most extraordinary manifestation of opinion, highly curious in many respects: curious from the striking difference between the mode in which the author's mind evidently works and that to which the reading world is accustomed by modern thinkers; curious from the strictly ecclesiastical style of the writing, looked at merely as literary composition; and above all curious as the study of a very original, powerful, and conscientious mind, subjected to all the influences, all the pressure, all the education of a Jesuit priest. The fifty-six pages of the pamphlet would be well worth a close and detailed examination, not only for the above reasons, but on account of the sensation caused by the publication, and the results which ensued from it.

Of his last publication—*Nuova Italia ed i vecchi Zelanti*—we have before now had occasion to speak, and we shall have to refer presently to the reception it has met with from the Church authorities. The very different personal treatment of the author by the late and the present Pope was already well known; he was not only entertained by Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, at the Vatican, but during his stay there had several private interviews with his Holiness. We were not, indeed, aware that Leo XIII. also purchased many copies of Curci's earlier works "which he gave as presents to a variety of ecclesiastical seminaries"—presumably in order to disseminate the opinions broached there among the rising generation of the priesthood; or that Curci himself had emphatically assured an English resident at Rome at the close of last year (the italics are not ours) that "*the Pope thinks on this subject [the recognition of the Italian Kingdom] as I do.*" But it is certain that the general line of conduct pursued by Leo XIII. since his accession, and his manifest anxiety to use every available means for healing the breach between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in every part of Europe, entirely confirm this view. The notion vaguely started by one section of Ultramontanes during the later years of Pius IX. of appealing, like Hildebrand, from the Government to the masses, clearly does not find favour with his successor. In Germany, in Belgium, and in Russia, the changed attitude of the Holy See has not been unproductive of results favourable to the Church, and there can be little doubt that the Pope would be only too glad if he could also come to terms, or at least devise some tolerable *modus vivendi*, with Italy, where however the problem is confessedly surrounded on all sides with quite exceptional difficulties.

The fiction of "imprisonment," which it is the misfortune rather than the fault of Leo XIII. that he has found himself unable to break through may be absurd enough, but recent events in Rome have not been encouraging to the aspirations even of a liberal Pontiff, and there can be little doubt that the question of at least a temporary migration from Rome has been, and is, seriously entertained, manifold and various as are the grave objections to such a step which must inevitably occur to those concerned. There is, apart from all disputed questions of principle, more than one practical difficulty about accepting the Law of Guarantees and the income it offers, even if that income were, as it is not, sufficient for the purpose. There is, for one thing, as the Reviewer justly observes, "no security whatever for the permanence of such an income. It may be observed, on the other hand, that neither is there any security, especially under a liberal pontificate, for the permanence or adequate amount of the precarious income at present derived from Peter's Pence. There are strong grounds for believing that under Pius IX. the opportunities for embezzlement, now cut off, acted as a stimulus to the zeal of collectors of the *obolo*, and there can be no doubt at all that the Jesuits have been less active promoters—if not active hinderers—of the collection of supplies for a Pope who declines their guidance. Certain it is that the receipts have regularly varied according to the tone of the public utterances of the present Pope; that there was a conspicuous falling-off in the amount at the beginning of his reign, and that every indication of a resolve to maintain the claim to the temporal power has been at once followed by a marked increase in the amount collected. He is thus placed, as it were, between two fires, and must depend for the necessary supplies on the constancy of a Government he cannot trust, or on the caprice of Ultramontane wire-pullers who heartily distrust him. A Pope placed in so trying a position may well expect to have some allowance made for what might seem an over-cautious or vacillating policy. And the appearance of Curci's last book, little as he might find in the opinions advocated to disapprove, could not fail seriously to increase his perplexities. Among other things Curci sharply condemns the publication of the too famous Syllabus, though he insists that it contains no new doctrine or new ecclesiastical pretension—which is only true in a sense. The Syllabus contains doctrines and pretensions which have never before been summarized and propounded with the same emphasis and solemnity, and in a form maintained by many high authorities—though Cardinal Newman ridicules the idea—to be an "*ex cathedra*" decision. The Reviewer rather understates than overstates the case when he says it was like pointing a pistol at the head of the lay world with an intimation of "This or nothing." And Curci touched a still more burning question in the chapter headed "By whom and why, this [infallibilist dogma] was determined on; the liberty of the Council rendered doubtful by intruders." That the Vatican Council had no real liberty of action has all along been notorious, but we were not aware of the startling confirmation of the fact supplied by a letter of Bishop Strossmayer's which appeared originally only last July in the *Deutsche Merkur* and was reprinted in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. It is too long for extracting here, but the Bishop states his "firm and unshakable conviction, which I shall uphold before the judgment seat of God," that the Vatican Synod lacked the liberty necessary to make it a real Council binding on the consciences of the faithful, and he proceeds to dwell on the detailed evidence of this which will be familiar to readers of Friedrich's *Tagebuch* or the *Letters of Quirinus*. A book containing this and other suspicious matter from the pen of an ex-Jesuit could hardly be published with impunity, and the "*Vecchi Zelanti*" naturally urged the Pope to condemn it. He replied that it was the business of the Congregation of the Index to examine it. And here we must correct a strange blunder of the Reviewer's, who says that the sole business of this Congregation is to decide "whether a book is heretical." On the contrary, nine-tenths of the publications placed on the Index are censured on some minor count, as e.g. "proximate to heresy," "ill-sounding," "offensive to pious ears," inopportune, or the like; and the "laudable submission" of an author to the censure is not at all necessarily understood to imply any retraction of his opinions. The iniquitous condemnation of Rosmini's famous *Cinque Pighi* is a case in point, for after his death all his works were pronounced by the Roman authorities to be entirely free from error. We had certainly imagined that Curci's book was placed on the Index, and that he had "laudably submitted himself." The Reviewer says however that the Congregation, in spite of having their attention specially called to the passages we have referred to, declined to pronounce any decisive judgment, and that the book was therefore handed over to the Congregation of the Inquisition, who condemned it, not as heretical, but as "a libel on the Church and the Holy See," and whose sentence was sanctioned by the Pope. If this is an accurate version of what took place, it is difficult to defend the conduct of Leo XIII., who probably considered imprudence the worst fault chargeable on Father Curci's book; but neither would it be fair to blame too severely his conduct under very difficult circumstances. He may have taken care to exempt the work from the stigma of heresy, which it would certainly have incurred under Pius IX., and may have thought a modified censure, which need not mean very much, the only practicable method of averting worse complications. In any case it is much too soon to pronounce a sweeping condemnation on his "moral cowardice," and invoke against him the familiar sarcasm of the great Roman historian, *dignus imperii, nisi imperasset*. Many things have happened, and much has been

affected by him, in the three years he has already filled the pontifical throne, and, if only his health is preserved awhile longer, much more may still be accomplished before he yields his place to another.

#### THE SALE OF GIBRALTAR.

A CURIOUS side light on the views which are entertained abroad of the foreign policy of the present Government, and at the same time a prospect of much congenial occupation for the Prime Minister, is to be obtained from a paragraph which went the round of the papers at the beginning of this week. Spain, it seems, has so much money that she does not know what to do with it, and the moment seems so favourable for such an operation that a subscription is to be set on foot for the purchase of Gibraltar from England. Some Madrid bankers have offered to start the fund with five million of francs—a handsome basis certainly. In the improbable event of England declining the bargain, the money is to be spent on rival fortresses dotted about the Straits; but this is evidently “done as chapmen do,” to quote *Troilus and Cressida*. The inconveniences of muzzles at Ceuta and Algeiras are only intended to frighten the shopkeeping nation into an acceptance of the bargain. We do not know what the total price likely to be offered may be. Fortresses are not very often quoted in the market, and then there is the *pretium affectionis* to consider. The Heathfield picture, the perpetual copyright and all obtainable exemplars of Drinkwater’s History, the memories of Rooke and Rodney, and so forth, would have to be reckoned in. Just at present, however, all this may be classed under the head of “Vieux habits, vieux galons,” and is not likely to fetch much. The Spaniards have calculated their time well. However, judging from the proposed basis of the Madrid bankers, we should imagine that a nation of Castilian and other gentlemen could not do much less than cover this deposit several times over. A million sterling—if not two—ought to be bid at the very least. Then there is the important consideration of the relief on the garrison expenditure. This, again, is not very easy to calculate. But the normal garrison of Gibraltar is, we believe, five thousand men, and there is a rough and ready computation that every man on active service costs Britannia, all things considered, about a hundred a year. Call it half a million, then, and capitalize it at thirty years’ purchase—which, with Consols about par, is certainly not too much—this will give altogether a *benefice* of sixteen or seventeen millions for Mr. Gladstone to manipulate, with the prospect of at least as much more should Italy follow so excellent an example and buy Malta. For the present, however, we shall confine ourselves to the actual “deal” which is at his disposal, for the prospect of what might be done by a judicious realization of disposable assets of this kind in different parts of the world is altogether too dazzling. Let it be supposed, then, that Mr. Gladstone has a chance of only sixteen or seventeen millions (the loss of prestige and of the command of the Mediterranean may be treated as Mr. Perker treated “breach of honour and loss of the lady” in a famous instance), to be obtained by the simple process of handing over those keys which are believed to repose nightly under Lord Napier of Magdala’s pillow, and which, to judge from recently published statements, are, more prosaically speaking, frequently within the control of a sergeant of infantry.

It is impossible for any one to ignore the numerous attractions which such a plan would have for the present Prime Minister. To speak generally, three things may be said to be dear to Mr. Gladstone—the giving up, or destruction, of something or other belonging to his country; the elaboration of ingenious reasons for the defence of his conduct, no matter what it may be; and the opportunity of playing complicated games of a financial character. Mr. Gladstone doubtless read his Plato at an early age, and there can be no doubt that the sentiments of Cephalus, the father of Polemarchus, inspired him with a proper repulsion. That easy-going Athenian’s ambition was to hand on his patrimony, if possible, slightly increased, but certainly not diminished, to his successors. The more worthy ambition of Mr. Gladstone is to strip this little island, as he is pleased to call it, of a portion of its superfluous possessions, that so Mr. Chamberlain and his other heirs may find it easier to manage. He has already been wonderfully helped in this respect. But the expunging of Gibraltar from the roll of British possessions would be a far nobler distinction than that of mere windfalls and bad bargains like the Ionian Islands and the Transvaal. There is not a stone of Gibraltar which does not represent an English life gallantly lost, or not less gallantly, though bloodlessly, spent, in the service of England. There is not a square of bunting anywhere on the globe that flies encircled with prouder historical associations than that which surmounts the Rock. To get rid of all this must have some savour in it to a temperament like Mr. Gladstone’s. Then, too, there is the opening presented for financial exercises. It is but seldom that such a transaction brings money with it, and some of Mr. Gladstone’s experiments of the kind have been notoriously rather expensive, though highly satisfactory to the national conscience. Here the national conscience and the national pocket would be in an equally happy condition. It requires a steady head even to conjecture the feats which seventeen millions in hand would enable Mr. Gladstone, especially at his recent rate, to perform with English finance. There is, for instance, the abolition of

the Malt-tax which fills certain persons with such endless admiration and delight. We forget exactly how much Mr. Gladstone estimated it would cost him to take the duty off malt, and put it on (rather more heavily) on beer. But it was not much, and indeed the proceeding does seem capable of accomplishment at no heavy expense. With seventeen millions what might not be done? The tea duty might be abolished entirely—to be put on again in stamps on teapots—and so Mr. Bright’s ideal of legislation might at last be fully, or very nearly, achieved. Tobacco could be freed—and of course a corresponding licence duty put on smokers. We really do not see why the Income-tax should not be abolished with the help of these seventeen millions, though of course it would be in the highest degree unreasonable to prevent Mr. Gladstone from making up the loss to the revenue by a tax upon expenditure. The capacities of the Malt-tax operation are nearly infinite even in themselves; but when a man comes to the work with seventeen millions in his pocket for contingent expenses, he must be an uncommonly bad operator if he cannot do wonders.

The attractions of the subject for Mr. Gladstone and the probable interest to his admirers and observers—the two words are not invariably synonymous—have, however, not been yet exhausted. It is particularly pleasing to think of the series of speeches which would announce and justify the acceptance of the patriotic proposal of the Madrid bankers. “The tail is wonderful, but the reason is much more wonderful than the tail,” says an author with whose works Mr. Gladstone is no doubt acquainted, though perhaps only by name. There are, we fear, considerations which make it impossible that Lord Beaconsfield should have had Mr. Gladstone in his mind when he wrote that remarkable sentence, but nothing could be more accurately descriptive. Mr. Gladstone’s tails (in every sense and spelling of the word) are always wonderful, but his reasons are much more so. The modest student may indeed frankly profess that it is impossible to anticipate them exactly and in detail. No one except a reckless caricaturist could have anticipated the Doctrine of the Wicked Grandfather or the Principle of Centrifugal Representation. Few who speak honestly will say that they knew the distinction between the responsibility attaching to polemical and political utterances before Mr. Gladstone told them. The glow and triumph of such a stroke as the surrender of Gibraltar would almost certainly inspire him with some of those unimaginable flights of paradoxical casuistry by which he has assured himself a place in history. But the general lines of the *apologia* may probably be divined. We should certainly hear once more that righteousness exalteth a nation—a text the repetition of which, taken in connexion with that of a few others, seems to argue the existence of a dim idea on the part of Gladstonian controversialists that the final cause of the Scriptures was to supply them with suitable excuses for convenient acts. A glowing picture would certainly be drawn of the impregnable moral barrier which the modern Hercules had erected at the Straits. Mr. Gladstone is your only architect of moral barriers, and the sole objection which can be taken to them is that they don’t keep out immoral antagonists. “Oh, gentlemen,” Mr. Gladstone might say (this particular formula of address is reserved for great occasions when it is desirable to break up the Turkish Empire or unsettle the sons of those who dare to preside at gatherings held in the honour of Mr. Gladstone’s rivals), “Oh, gentlemen, let us continue virtuous, for the state of those who have ceased to be so makes me tremble.” The gratitude of the Spaniards for the sublime acceptance of their millions; the extreme convenience of possessing those millions; the financial wonders that would be produced by their due employment; and the contrast between the wicked Tories who spend and the virtuous Liberals who save, would all figure. Especial stress would be laid on the envy and wonder of the nations at the magnanimous conduct of Great Britain; and, while it was left in obscurity whether the envy was directed towards the millions or the political act, it would be hinted that the real satisfaction was to be found in the combination of a quiet conscience and a full purse. We have owed to a modest reluctance to attempt the finer strokes. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone would demonstrate that the history of Gibraltar since the unapologetic conduct of Tarik was such that no right-minded nation could comfortably retain it in its list of belongings. Perhaps he would insinuate that, as Sir George Rooke was a Tory—and there is no doubt that he was—the original acquisition of the place was tainted so irremediably that the least a decent Liberal Government could do was to get out of it as soon as possible. There is no knowing what eccentricities of history or logic would be uttered, and of course promptly cheered by Brother Hiley and Brother Bragge on the platform and in the press. But it is certain that the moral barrier theory and the quotation about righteousness, or some other to be found without much difficulty to the same effect in Cruden, would figure.

The only drawback to the prospect which must cheer Mr. Gladstone is to be found in the recent utterances of his friend, the President of the Board of Trade. It has often been noticed as a singular phenomenon that English democrats are almost alone in their class in seeking to destroy the greatness of their own country. Now, if Mr. Chamberlain is to be taken as speaking literally, and not polemically, he is a desperate Imperialist, while another Radical member of the Ministry, though not of the Cabinet, has sometimes been irreverently described as a Jingo in sheep’s clothing. It would be an awful thing for Mr. Gladstone’s grey hairs if he should discover that he has nursed a brood of serpents who fail to see the

beauty of renunciation, and are disposed to talk and think and act like Americans and Frenchmen on the subject. He has, indeed, been converted before now, and has always possessed a mind singularly open; but, after all, there are limits to openness. Fortunately for him, there are as yet but few signs that Radicals as a body have been inoculated with the poison which makes an American President speak of the possessions of the United States as "quite imperial." As for the general run of his supporters, their attitude towards the proposal might be an 1874 attitude, or it might be an 1880 one. The reflection is both consolatory and indisputable—not, however, in equal degrees.

#### THE MIDLAND RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

THE first impression probably which the account of the accident on the Midland Railway made on those who read it was, that here, at all events, was a case in which the Railway Company was blameless. At the place at which the express train ran into the mineral train the points are ordinarily worked on a system which makes the occurrence of such a disaster all but impossible. Given that the driver of the express train is looking out for the signal in front of him, and that, if this signal is at danger, he at once turns off steam, there is not the slightest fear of his running into a train standing where the mineral train stood. The passage into the siding is only open to him when the signal warns him that he must come no further. As soon as the signal allows him to advance, the points are mechanically closed and he cannot leave the main line. In this instance the machinery by which this mutual action of points and signals is usually secured was out of gear. Instead of the signal necessarily standing at danger so long as the points leading into the siding remained open, it would only stand at danger if the signalman had remembered to place it there before or after he had opened the points. The mechanical security was suspended, and in its stead there was only the security of a particular servant's memory and self-possession. Unfortunate, however, as the results of this substitution proved, the substitution itself was not the fault of the Railway Company. The machinery had been blown down by the late gale, and as the same thing had happened in many parts of the line, there had necessarily been some delay in replacing it. During this interval the signalman nodded. He opened the points to allow the mineral train to pass into the siding, and, having opened them, he forgot to close them again. They were consequently still open when the express train came up, and, this being so, the express necessarily ran at full speed into the same siding in which the mineral train was standing. The deaths and mutilations which followed are plainly due to the signalman's forgetfulness. If he had done his duty, the points would have been closed as soon as the mineral train had gone over them, and the express train would never have left the main line. Under such circumstances, no moral responsibility can attach to a Company.

If this were a complete as well as an exact statement of the facts, no fault could be found with the conclusion. The accident would take its place among the unavoidable calamities which are from time to time met with in railway travelling. Is it quite clear, however, that when the disaster has been traced home to the omission of the signalman to close the points, the distribution of blame is complete? Before this question can be answered satisfactorily three things have to be considered. In the first place, there is the unfortunate signalman's assertion that his box was not "kept private enough." Of course a statement of this kind, made in the first horror of discovering the destruction which his omission to close the points had wrought, must be taken with due reserve. A man who suddenly becomes aware that some act or omission of his has caused an express train to run into a goods train will instinctively try to make out that his fault is less than it appears to be. He can hardly believe that all this ruin has been brought about by himself alone, or that his carelessness has really been as inexcusable as it has been fatal. In this instance the signalman had, it seems, been talking to a fellow-servant just when he was busy in opening the points for the mineral train; and it is not wonderful that, after the accident had happened, this fact should assume in his memory a very different complexion from that which it would have worn if the express train had gone safely on its way. The conversation thoughtlessly begun might become an interruption thrust upon him against his will, and so go some considerable way towards relieving his conscience of the burden thrown upon it by the results. Still, though large allowance should be made for the strength of the temptation to make out some excuse for himself, the signalman's complaint ought not by any means to be lost sight of. It is at least conceivable that the rules of the Midland Company as regards the interruption of signalmen are either not sufficiently stringent or not properly enforced. The function belonging to the place is so important that every possible protection ought to be given to those who have to perform it. They should be defended alike against themselves and against their companions. They should know that, if they talk while they are on duty, they are guilty of an offence which, if detected, will at once be punished by dismissal, whether it is or is not followed by any disaster; and every other servant of the Company should be equally aware that the same measure will be meted out to any one who is a sharer in the transgression. It is

quite possible, of course, that the rules of the Midland Railway do effectually provide this safeguard; but the want of it alleged by the signalman will be a proper subject for investigation.

In the next place, if the omission of the signalman is accurately described, it seems to suggest that he had not been instructed to take sufficient precautions against the occurrence of this particular accident. He is blamed for neglecting to close the points after the mineral train had passed into the siding, and it is plain, of course, that, but for this neglect, the express train could never have got upon the line on which the mineral train was standing. But, if the signalman committed a sin of omission only, it would have been almost equally impossible for the express to leave the main line. How came the signal not to be standing at danger while the points leading from the main line to the siding still continued open? Had this simple precaution been observed, no harm beyond a little loss of time would have come to the express train. The signal, which must be assumed to have been standing at danger so long as the mineral train was itself on the main line, would have remained at danger until the signalman had come to an end of his conversation and bethought him that the driver of the express train might be waiting for the signal which should tell him that the points were closed and that he might come on without fear. The mistake, therefore, really lay in altering the signal from danger before the points leading into the siding had been closed. It may be that the misdescription, which makes it to lie in the omission to close the points after opening them, is merely a blunder of the reporter's. But it may also be that the directions given to the signalman were faulty, and that, in order not to delay the express train, he was permitted or ordered to take that as done which he meant to do, and to move the signal from danger while the danger to which it ought to have pointed had been guarded against only in intention.

In the third place, it may well be doubted whether the temporary absence of the mechanical security which the system of interlocking points usually provides ought not to have been treated in a much more serious way. The fact that a signalman is accustomed to a system which relieves him of all responsibility for the nature of the information conveyed by the signal is in itself calculated to unfit him for a system under which that responsibility suddenly revives. Perhaps this very man had for years known that, as soon as the points were opened, the signal marked danger, as a matter of course, and that so long as the points remained open the signal would go on giving the same warning. It is not very strange, therefore, that during the few days when he had to move the signal as well as the points he should once forget to do so. He was expected to break through a habit, and to remember, every time he opened or shut the points, that this action did not exert its customary mechanical effect on the position of the signal. The lives and limbs of railway passengers and railway servants ought not to be left dependent on the chance that this recollection would always be present to him. After the semaphore had been blown down the drivers of express trains should have been instructed to slacken speed when passing the places at which the mechanical warning usually given them was no longer to be had, so that, if the signal should turn out to be misleading, there would be time to bring the train to a standstill before any harm had been done. No doubt this precaution would have involved some temporary disturbance of the Company's arrangements. They would not have been able to run their trains quite so fast, and they might even have been prevented from running quite so many in the day. But an inconvenience of this kind would have been of no moment by the side of the disaster which followed upon the neglect of any such precaution. Speed and regularity are matters of real importance in railway management; but their importance is altogether misunderstood if they are regarded as substitutes for safety, instead of as means for ensuring it.

#### LE SAGE AND THE SPANIARDS.

THERE ought, properly speaking, to be no more entirely dead and forgotten literary question than the originality of Le Sage. It was natural that it should once have been doubted. A writer who avowedly took much from little known foreign sources laid himself open to charges of plagiarism where he was wholly innocent. He would have been accused of it even by indifferent critics, and Le Sage was too little scrupulous about offending his contemporaries not to have made his critics in many cases hostile. It was a pleasant revenge for Voltaire to accuse the writer who dubbed him with the ridiculous name of Triaquero—i.e. maker of Venice treacle or quack chemist—of having stolen *Gil Blas* bodily from *Marcos de Obregon*. The accusation was not the less easily made because Voltaire had obviously never even seen the work of Vicente Espinel, and does not so much as give its mere title with a decent approach to accuracy. As a matter of course, smaller men were content to echo Voltaire, and the Spaniards did so more loudly and more sincerely than others. The charge was kept alive by the obscurity of Le Sage's models even more than by the fame of *Gil Blas*. So little was known of the *novelas picarescas* that the defenders of Le Sage were cautious about making assertions concerning a class of books of which they had necessarily little knowledge. No critic who has as yet contrived to gain a hearing has been able to defend Le Sage in the proper way—by a comparison of his writings with the Spaniards, and a demonstration of their entire difference in spirit. We are not at this moment referring to *Gil Blas*. That

work nobody, even in Spain, possessed of the knowledge which entitles him to an answer, now believes to have been a translation. The other books, such as the *Estevanillo Gonzales* and the *Guzman d'Alfarache*, afford abundant proof of the originality of Le Sage.

Mr. Saintsbury, the author of the last contribution of importance to the large literature which has been collected round the author of *Gil Blas*, has, from the mere internal evidence, proved the originality of Le Sage's masterpiece as far as it now needs proof, though we think he rather over-estimates the amount of the other works which is taken from Spanish writers. Mr. Saintsbury is careful to declare that he does not speak with authority on the Spanish writers; but the perfect accuracy of what he does say about them shows that, had he not allowed himself to be unduly irritated by an assertion of Mr. Pattison's into laying more stress than is just on the mere style of Le Sage as an element in his popularity, he would have more fairly defined his relation to the authors of the *novelas picarescas*. The Rector of Lincoln's saying, that "mere style cannot confer immortality upon any book apart from its contents," illustrated by a judgment on the *Provinciales* and *Penées* of Pascal with which Mr. Saintsbury cannot agree, has provoked him into some assertions to the contrary with which we, for our part, cannot agree. Mr. Saintsbury, after pointing out the dangers of exaggerating the influence of style, goes on to lay it down that "the attitude of men's minds changes singularly from one time to another with regard to any 'contents'; it changes very little with regard to the expression of those contents." Mr. Saintsbury illustrates this opinion, which is at least as hazardous as Mr. Pattison's, by citing, first, the unique popularity of *Robinson Crusoe* among the works of Defoe, and then the especial popularity of *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux* among the works of Le Sage, and attributing it to their style alone. To our mind the difference between these eminent critics is purely imaginary. It is hard to see how there can be any merit of style apart from solidity of "contents," unless it is true that, in literature at least, the making of silk purses out of the material proverbially unfit for the purpose is a mere question of the proper use of the needle. But we are not concerned at present to argue the general question. Our business is with the illustrations cited by Mr. Saintsbury. He says:—"Between the merits of the contents of Defoe's different novels there is not very much to choose; yet no one who speaks with competence will question that the literary art of *Robinson Crusoe* is, on the whole, far superior to that of *Moll Flanders* and *Colonel Jack*." At the risk of being ranked with such as speak without competence, we venture to question the accuracy of this explanation of the popularity of *Robinson Crusoe*. This, as it seems to us, is quite sufficiently accounted for by the pathos of his lonely struggle on the island, which is a matter of "contents." We at least can find no superiority in other respects, either to *Colonel Jack* and *Moll Flanders*, or to the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* and *Captain Singleton*. The natural connexion there is to every Englishman between Defoe and Le Sage would excuse the space here devoted to the former. But Mr. Saintsbury's use of *Robinson Crusoe* as a parallel case to *Gil Blas* gives the question of the reason for the popularity of the former a direct bearing on the subject. After attributing the fame of *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux* entirely to their style, he enforces his judgment by saying that, as regards the contents, *Guzman d'Alfarache* "has perhaps a positive advantage over much" of *Gil Blas*. Now *Guzman d'Alfarache*, in incidents, is the least original of the stories of Le Sage, and what advantage it may have as a story over the others will therefore be due to what he took from Mateo Aleman. Perhaps that is a thing which every man must decide for himself. What a reader finds interesting must depend at least as much upon him as upon the book he is reading; but the judgment of the world scarcely bears out Mr. Saintsbury's. We can hardly accept his opinion that the style alone has given *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux* their popularity. By what possible test can it be shown that either of the two is better written than, for instance, the *Aventures de Beauchêne*? That book has all the "science prodigieuse du procédé" which is to be found in all Le Sage's writings. It fails to interest because of the "nullité presque absolue de l'inspiration" which makes it dull. And what inspiration failed to give Le Sage here was character and truth to life.

What constitutes the real originality of Le Sage is the way in which he took the stock figures of the *novelas picarescas* and made them so marvellously human and true. His superiority is shown, too, in the entire difference of his intention from that of the Spanish writers. Mr. Saintsbury has justly attributed much of the charm of Le Sage to the absence of any intention "to get into the pulpit and preach"; now the great, the avowed, object of every author of a *novela picaresca* is exactly to get into a pulpit and preach. The only exception, and he is but a doubtful one, is Quevedo. But the *Gran Tacuño* of Quevedo is a work of such ferocity of satire, and dwells with such obvious delight on the merely base side of human life, that we doubt whether any one would care to read it a second time. A writer who drew men as Swift drew them, with inferior genius and in the most jerky of styles, can only live as a literary curiosity. The didactic intention of the other is openly avowed. The very title-page of Mateo Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache* explains why this work, which was in its day more popular than *Don Quixote*, has become unreadable, or readable only with the assistance of an editor. The author's intention was to call his book the "*Atalaya de la Vida*," the Beacon of Life, and to make it in fact a moral treatise. His way of effecting his object was to put into the mouth of Guzman long preachments to

follow each of his adventures. If any one who cannot read Spanish wishes to see for himself what it was that Le Sage did for the *novelas picarescas* he can do so by taking the volume of Ribadeneyra's collection of Spanish authors, which contains *Guzman de Alfarache*, and if he looks down its double columns a glance will show him that almost every alternate paragraph is headed by a *Q.* These are put in by the judicious editor to warn the reader off a long sermon worthy of a barefooted friar with a fluent command of classical commonplace. All this, or nearly all, Le Sage struck out, retaining only the few passages of solemn morality which stand out so curiously in his *risaccimento*. That he kept even so much was perhaps due to his respect for Mateo Aleman's singularly flowing and fine Castilian. This respect for his author is also perhaps the reason why Guzman retains, more than any of Le Sage's other heroes, the features of the Spanish *pícaro*. He has, almost unchanged, their cheerful spontaneous roguery, joined to a weakness for what Ford calls "the Castilian vice of twaddle." This truth to the original is very far from being to his advantage. If we compare Guzman to even Estevanillo Gonzales we see at once that the latter is a human being, the former a mere puppet. The Spaniards, whether in their stories or on their stage, were very indifferent to the human truth of their characters. With them the interest was wholly in the incident and in the moral lesson to be drawn from it. For the sake of the incidents they make their hero a scamp on one page and a hero on the next, with complete indifference to the inconsequence of so doing. As for the moral lessons, there is no literature in the world so overrun by "l'horéie de l'enseignement" as the Spanish of the seventeenth century.

Even where Le Sage is most closely following a Spanish writer, the incidents undergo in his hands a subtle change of spirit which gives them a complete originality. The frank manner in which he acknowledges his indebtedness should have been enough to defend him from the charge of mere plagiarism; but, if he must be otherwise defended, the best way is to take any of the incidents he has confessedly borrowed and compare them with the original. The story of the muleteer of Oacabelos is as good an example as any. This adventure is taken from the *Marcos de Obregon* almost word for word up to the point when the muleteer is brought before the judge. Here Vicente Espinel has nothing better to give us than a ponderous eulogy on the authorities of his time. There is nothing answering to the *malice* of Le Sage. "Le juge l'écoute, et, l'ayant attentivement considérée (l'Asturienne) jugea que l'accusé était indigne de pardon." It has been said that the preface of *Gil Blas* was taken from the *Marcos de Obregon*, and even so accurate a writer as Ford has made this mistake. What Le Sage has really done is to take the mere form and give it a life of his own. In the Spanish work two students find a tombstone, on which are carved twice the words "Conditor unio." One laughs at the inscription and goes on his way. The other opens the grave and finds there the skeletons of the lovers of Antequera, with a pearl of price round the neck of the woman, which he sacrilegiously appropriates. We all know what Le Sage substituted for this. He has also suppressed not a little moralizing. The two prologues, so like and so unlike, fairly illustrate the entire difference of spirit between the works of Le Sage and the works of the Spaniards. It is characteristic that Vicente Espinel should have opened his work by referring to a legend of his own country of the Ronda; but it would require a comment of some length to make a foreign reader understand all that the story of the lovers of Antequera means to an Andalusian. Who needs the aid of any annotator to understand the bag of doubloons wherein lay buried the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcia? Vicente Espinel and all his countrymen think first of what makes a striking story, and the more entirely Spanish it is the better. If they are read and enjoyed beyond Spain, it must be as an acquired taste, seeing the intensely national character of their work. Le Sage speaks to all the world, not because he is less national than Vicente Espinel or Mateo Aleman, but because he is truer to human nature, and it is that which makes his work universal. There is a further test of the originality of Le Sage proposed by Ford, which is perhaps the most convincing of all. It is only within the reach of those who can read Spanish, and are therefore least likely to need it; but it is absolutely decisive for them. Let any one who can do so read the Padre Isla's translation of *Gil Blas*, and then ask himself whether or not it is the work of a Frenchman. We imagine there could be but one answer.

#### ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

IT may perhaps be said, without being too fantastic, that England is the only country where nature paints her landscapes in water-colours. In those parts of Europe and America which are most eminent for picturesque beauty the eye is so much occupied by the grandeur of outline and by the colossal lines of the landscape that it scarcely notes the absence of those intimate points of detail that animate almost every rural scene in Sussex or Devonshire. Yet this lack is one which gradually makes itself felt, and is at the bottom of much of that indifference and even repugnance to sublime mountain scenery which the English traveller so often experiences towards the end of his autumn holiday. Long ago Mr. Ruskin advised the Alpine climber who felt himself fatigued with the vast outlines of the mountains to stop at once, and, withdrawing his eyes from the distance, to rivet them on a tuft of edelweiss or a cluster of



gentians. Yet these flowers form, on the whole, but a very unsatisfactory foreground; and in Norway, which is perhaps a type of the country which is purely picturesque and never pretty, the traveller who wishes to descend from the infinite to the particular has nothing better to look at than a heap of rubble or a hummock of coarse grass. It is this that has made the fast-fading beauty of the Cumberland lakes so enjoyable. Here, perhaps more than anywhere else in Europe, the sublimities of landscape were combined with a foreground full of minute and sequestered charm. Broad atmospheric effects, to use a painter's phrase, were dashed in in the background and middle distance, while the foreground was elaborately supplied with agreeable detail. But in counties less remarkable for natural beauty than Cumberland something of the same peculiar charm is found, as fresh and untouched as ever. The march of civilization has not yet introduced it to the notice of the London rough, and it is so unobtrusive and so indefinite that no swarms of tourists are ever likely to disturb it with their uncouth homage. When all Wordsworth's country is one huge hotel, when the Thames is entirely given up to steam-launches and the irrepressible Arny, when Stonehenge is restored, and all the rivers of Yorkshire destroyed with poisonous dyes—the sleepy dingles of Kent, the old thatched hamlet, and blossoming orchards, the mills in the angles of the streams, the rural corners of all those parts of England which are still obstinately blind to their powers of political obstruction, will retain their beauty for the few who care to enjoy it.

This special charm of English landscape has produced within the present century a whole class of artists who have been more or less faithfully its expositors. These men perceived that the quality of our native scenery was very delicate and volatile, and from the first they began to record it in the art of water-colour. The over-varying tone of a country landscape is perhaps better given in this way than in oils. Our most successful landscape painters in this latter medium have chosen to compose their landscapes with a conscious intellectual aim. Gainsborough and Crome have treated English scenery not without an evident thought of Gaspar Poussin and of Rubens. Of Turner, whose all-sidedness puts him out of court as a witness in either case, this at least can be said, that very early in his career he comprehended the necessity of composing his slightest sketches, and voluntarily abandoned a purely realistic rendering of odd bits of landscape. But the modern school of water-colour painters, as represented by that Society which will celebrate next year its eightieth anniversary, has been on the whole indifferent to selected composition, and has done justice in a humbler spirit to the fragmentary charm of English scenery. Nowhere has nature more of delicate and liquid colour than in the South of England. At this very moment, over how many districts dedicated to the sacred pheasant has not the genius of Autumn thrown a mist of variegated beauty! It is not merely that the woods have clothed themselves in russet and amber, that the viburnums are flushing into scarlet and purple along every hedge, or that the fern is withering in rich tones of yellow over common and copse. There is a "brownier horror" spreading across the oaks, and, as Clough puts it—

One great glory of broad gold pierces the aspen,  
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,  
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, nocklace, and ear-rings,  
Cover her now, o'er and o'er; she is weary and scatters them from her.

But, besides this accidental blaze of colour, there are other tints that need but soft sunshine at any period of the year to wake them into life. The least group of houses glitters among the trees or above the meadows with the warmth of old brick or the brightness of fading whitewash. If the village is what the Scotch call a "kirktown," the church accentuates the landscape for miles around with its shining spire or substantial tower. Above the village we take a "journey into the blue distance," as mysterious as any that Tieck or Poe ever dreamed of. And everywhere we feel that; while in other countries all is sacrificed to the emphasis of sublimity of the great lines of the landscape, here it is the fusion of refined tones, the unobtrusive harmony of detail, that so much delight the eye and give to the scene its peculiarly English character.

We have been led to this course of reflection from having turned over the pages of a very beautiful collection of Mr. Birket Foster's *Pictures of English Landscape* (Routledge & Co.), which originally appeared twenty years ago, and have now been reproduced in an *édition de luxe*. They are thirty in number, and, as engraved by Messrs. Dalziel, they form a remarkable tribute to the most successful of that school of water-colour painters of which we just spoke. Perhaps these fine India proofs, carefully mounted on Whatman paper, give an almost more agreeable idea of Mr. Foster's art than the original paintings from which they are engraved. Even at his best days, it was to be desired that Mr. Birket Foster's colour should be a little more pearly than it was and his tones less crude. In the engravings themselves, certain faults in the artist's design may still be discovered. His peasant-figures are needlessly clumsy, and are grouped sometimes with an awkward affectation. He has learned to render the foliage of the elm with a pleasing trickiness, and can hardly persuade himself to give up this advantage by attempting an ash or a beech-tree. But when we have admitted these mannerisms much that is truly charming and valuable remains to be admired. The artist's subtle feeling for rustic architecture, his sympathy for the poor, his curious love of unsophisticated company in sequestered places, are combined with an extraordinary sureness of eye

and fineness of touch. The designs before us display Mr. Birket Foster at the height of his genius. His art had not begun to be paltry or mechanical. Excess of popularity had not tempted him to work hastily and feebly, and no one had yet invented the process of chromo-lithography under which his designs have been so miserably vulgarized. He was going through a crisis in his artistic career, and passing the very point where he resolved to dedicate the experience which more than thirty years of work for the wood engravers had given him to the finer art of painting. For years after this, his beautiful little pictures were less known to the public than his designs in black and white, and his name occurs but once in the catalogues of the Royal Academy before the removal of that body to Burlington House in 1868.

We are not among those who find in the unbounded popularity of Mr. Birket Foster a proof that his excellence in landscape has been unsurpassed. Without naming half a dozen artists of the present day whose treatment in our opinion considerably improves on his, we have but to mention Cotman and Cozens and Girtin to indicate landscape painters in the past whose peculiar skill and delicate touch left his somewhat obvious processes far behind. Yet, with all its shortcomings, Mr. Foster's art has extraordinary merits, and not the least of these is the genuine and undiluted English feeling which he gives to his scenes. Of the thirty designs in the vellum-bound volume before us, there is not one which could be mistaken for a piece of any nation but our own. Unlike many of his brothers of the brush, "in spite of all temptations to belong to foreign nations," Mr. Birket Foster remains an Englishman. He might, as many do, have studied at Düsseldorf and become a Prussian; he might, in these days of Continental training, have sought the fashionable atelier of M. Aivazovsky and become a Russian; the annals of landscape-painting in the North of Europe show only too clearly how easy it is to be Italian. When the progress of civilization shall have improved off the face of the earth all the old mills and weirs and ramshackle cottages that now give beauty to the face of our country, the man whose pencil has preserved those features will deserve well of posterity.

We note at the end of this volume an announcement on the part of the publishers that this selection from Mr. Birket Foster may possibly be followed by one from the pictures of Frederick Walker and G. J. Pinwell. While heartily hoping that nothing will intercept the performance of this admirable intention, we cannot but express surprise that so long a time has elapsed since the deaths of these artists without the execution of any such scheme. It is nearly seven years since the painter of "The Mothers" passed away in his Algerian exile; it is nearly as long since we lost the creator of "The Earl of Quarterdeck"; and as yet nothing has been done to enshrine their memories, except what was performed soon after their deaths by the zeal of friends. Life passes so quickly in these modern days that already a generation has arisen that does not realize what these men did in English art! We should welcome no publication more warmly than one in which adequate renderings were given of the principal designs of Walker and Pinwell.

#### THE DISASTERS AT SEA.

THE disasters at sea caused by the recent heavy gales are perhaps in one sense less shocking than is such an event as the foundering some time ago of the *Princess Alice* in the Thames. Exceptionally heavy weather generally brings with it a history of wreck more or less tragic, and in this instance some of the history is certainly tragic enough. As frequently happens, one particular misfortune has drawn more general attention than have various others, which may have involved in the aggregate more widespread misery, but which have not been accompanied by the special circumstances that attract the public eye and ear. The interest which might have attached to other losses has been to a great extent swallowed up in that attaching to the destruction of the steamer *Clan Macduff*. The reasons for this are, in some sense, the same as those which lent a novel horror to the Thames disaster just referred to, as the security expected and felt in both cases is the same in kind, if not the same in degree. A passenger steamer may fairly be thought capable of weathering a gale which fishing-smacks can hardly be expected to withstand; and while loss in the one case may unhappily be regarded as not unforeseen, in the other case the news of disaster cannot but bring with it surprise as well as sorrow. It would be rash as yet to pronounce any definite opinion as to the exact nature and cause of the loss of the *Clan Macduff*; but there seems too much reason to suppose that the disaster can hardly be classed with unavoidable misfortunes. The accounts given differ in some particulars which may turn out to be important, but have a general consonance, and one published by a contemporary, and given by Mr. Ward, a comedian, who had started in the *Clan Macduff* with a dramatic company of eleven persons to fulfil an engagement at Bombay, gives a vivid notion of the disaster as it impressed one of its victims.

The steamer, it seems from his account, was to have started three days before the actual date of departure from Liverpool, Tuesday, October 18th, the delay being the result of the heavy weather. At six o'clock on Tuesday evening Mr. Ward heard the Captain say, "There is a heavy wind against us. I think we had better not sail to-night." They did sail, however, and at three o'clock on Wednesday morning the narrator was alarmed by the engines stopping, and by

the water rushing through the porthole in his cabin, and was reassured by the Captain's telling him that the engines had stopped to set down the pilot. Later on, the engines stopped again, and on this occasion one of the stewards admitted that there was something wrong. The owners, it may here be mentioned, have contradicted the statement of supposition that anything was wrong with the engines and steering gear, saying "that both were in thorough working order during the whole time the pilot was on board the unfortunate vessel, and this they are in a position to assert on the authority of the pilot, who reported that everything went well and satisfactorily until he left the ship. The idea that the steering-gear and engines were out of order might have arisen from the fact that the latter were slowed for nearly four hours to allow of the boat coming up to take off the pilot." It is perhaps conceivable that the dictum of a pilot as to the condition of a steamer's engines might be contested; but this is one of the matters on which, in the absence of further information, it is impossible to form a decided opinion. Nor, as we have said, is it easy even to guess what was the real cause of the vessel's loss. From Mr. Ward's account we learn that at a time when the chief engineer expressed, rightly enough perhaps, a hope that "she would be all right," the water "was six feet deep in the fire-hole, and there were forty men below trying to baffle out with buckets." Later on the men, who "had been baling up to their necks," gave in, and the Captain told the passengers to prepare for the boats. Meanwhile a flag of distress had been hoisted, and it would seem from the context, found and hoisted. "A full-rigged vessel passed us at this time a couple of miles away, but took no notice. Whether she saw us or not I do not know." The life-boat, and apparently three other boats, were broken to pieces in the attempt to lower them. Mr. Ward was in one of the boats, Number 5, which were safely lowered, and he bears a high testimony to the behaviour of the crew. "Excellent discipline was preserved by the crew, who all stood back and allowed the passengers to take to the boats." From another account we learn that the Captain, when he had seen the passengers out of the vessel, jumped himself with a life-buoy for one of the boats, into which he was hauled, and which "was lost sight of in the blinding spray." The chief officer then took command of the *Clan Macduff*, and had lights burnt and the fog-horn sounded during the night. "The vessel lay completely at the mercy of the storm. Her decks were washed from stem to stern, and she gradually dropped by the head." As the morning (of Friday) broke she "began to settle down aft, the water pouring in from between decks through the saloon." About two hours after upon on Friday the nineteen men remaining on the *Clan Macduff* were picked up by the Cork Liner *Upupa*, Captain J. M. Brown, which stood by the *Clan Macduff* until she suddenly disappeared, and then bore up for Plymouth, where she arrived safely on Sunday 23rd, "after weathering the fearful gale on Saturday night, during which two hundred head of cattle were washed overboard." Meanwhile the occupants of boat No. 5 had an extraordinary escape from destruction. A seaman named Ingram took command of the boat (which was 21 feet long by 6 broad), and seems to have steered it through the heavy seas with admirable judgment and courage. "We had only one oar, the other having been broken in keeping the boat off the side of the steamer." At daybreak, after a night in which the rain had fallen heavily, the broken oar and a blanket were rigged up by way of a sail, and at last Ingram sighted a steamer and managed to alter the boat's course. Finally those in the boat were picked up by the steamer the *Palestine* and brought back into the Mersey. One of the ladies in the boat had "felt so certain that they would all be lost that she drew all the heavy wraps she could obtain about her, in order that they might weigh her down and cause her to drown quickly." Of the twenty-five people who started in Number 3 life-boat, and amongst whom was the Captain, three only seem to have survived. Amongst the reports published as to the disaster is one purporting to come from the chief engineer, to the effect that he reported to the Captain the unsatisfactory state of the vessel in time for her to have made an anchorage, and that if "she had thus got into an anchorage it would have been found that her principal requirement was to clear the bilges." But thus far all the suggestions and accounts as to the cause of the loss of the *Clan Macduff* are more or less conflicting, and for the present we can only regret the loss and rejoice in the escapes effected. It is, perhaps, only fair to the owners to add that they state that "the steamer was well manned, thoroughly efficient, and equipped in every respect. She passed the Board of Trade survey for hull, machinery, and equipment prior to sailing."

It is pleasant to turn from the disasters of the *Clan Macduff* and of other vessels to the consideration of the cases in which prompt and daring help has been given to vessels in distress. Prominent amongst these is the saving of a Swedish brig off Hartlepool, by the Life Brigade, under the command of Mr. Wraite. The brig had driven on to rocks, and a rocket was fired carrying a line over the vessel, the crew of which had been forced to take refuge in the rigging. The gear, unhappily, got entangled and out of order, and then, in circumstances of much difficulty and danger, the Coastguard, "assisted by Captain Meldrum, of the steamship *George Cowland*, and Tom Reed, coxswain of the National life-boat," managed to make "a hawser communication with the vessel, along which the captain and crew of seven all climbed safely to the pier." This is, of course, one of many instances of the bravery and devotion in the saving of life at sea

which are shown whenever ships in distress are discerned off the coast, and which, recorded generally to some extent, find a special history in the pages of the Lifeboat Journal, the quarterly issue of which lies before us. This, besides various brief, but interesting, records of life-boat doings, and other more technical matter, contains a special fly-sheet drawing attention to the Wreck Register and Chart for 1879-80.

That the life-boat service is admirable and indeed invaluable cannot of course be doubted, and would not be doubted even if there were no special journal devoted to its interests. The heroism of life-boat crews is indeed a matter of universal knowledge, and is in welcome contrast to the stories, which are too often told, of ships which pass by on the other side of the way, to save their time rather than stop to help a comrade ship in distress. This selfish conduct has, it may be noted in passing, been most unhappily encouraged by a recent decision in the Admiralty Court, according to which every technical difficulty is thrown in the way of one ship rendering aid to another in distress. But, as has been said, the life-boat service and its doings scarcely need any praise. Since 1854 no less than 18,736 lives have been saved by the exertions of life-boat crews—a total, as the fly-sheet referred to points out, more than equal to the number of men who man the British fleet. But it is perhaps to be regretted that the statistics given or quoted in the fly-sheet have not been more carefully arranged. We are given the number of wrecks and the number of lives saved; but we find that the 2,519 wrecks registered really represent the damage done to 3,138 vessels, as all cases of collision between two or more vessels "are of course involved in one casualty." The fallacy of this is obvious enough, but will not of course detract from the very great credit due to the National Life-boat Institution and to all those who work under its authority. The fact remains that they have done, and continue to do, work which it is not too much to describe as heroic. Had the *Clan Macduff* been within reach of a life-boat of the National Institution, instead of having to trust to her own resources in mid-ocean, there might, no doubt, have been a different tale to tell of the fate of her crew. In the circumstances there is room for rejoicing in the fact that so many of the crew were saved; but there is also, unluckily, room for surprise and regret that a steamer, well manned and equipped, as the owners have stated, should have foundered in a gale which was successfully weathered by some ships of much lower register at Lloyd's.

#### CONVEYANCING REFORM.

ON the 22nd of August last the Royal Assent was given to an Act which, originating in the Upper House, slipped through the Lower almost unnoticed amid the turmoil and excitement of the Irish Land Bill. Possibly its uninviting title and technical wording helped to facilitate its passing by encouraging the idea that it was a purely formal enactment of no general interest. This, however, is not the case, and though the Conveyancing and Law of Property Act, 1881, will on its coming into force on the 1st of January next make itself most felt by conveyancers and solicitors, it offers such advantages to all who have to avail themselves of the services of these gentlemen that it seems desirable that the public should be made cognizant of the impending change, especially as the absence of discussion precluded the world at large from acquiring familiarity with the details of the measure.

Very briefly stated, the main objects of the Act are—first, to abolish or modify the intolerable volume, prolixity, verbiage, vain repetition, and consequent expense which have for ages characterized legal instruments relating to landed property, which have encumbered and impeded anything like freedom of transfer, and afforded matter for wonder, scorn, and derision to all non-professional persons; and, secondly, to supplement this reform by the introduction of certain salutary, if not very fundamental, changes in the law touching land and the various interests therein. Incidentally, the Act involves an unambitious effort at codification, inasmuch as it repeals portions of divers Acts bearing on the same subject-matter and embodies their main provisions in itself, incorporating, moreover, a good deal which has come to have the force of law by reason of successive judicial decisions. The Act commences with the usual preface of a very long and very sweeping interpretation clause—so sweeping, in fact, as to raise serious doubts as to whether the subsequent provisions of the Act can well be made applicable to all the subjects to which by this interpretation clause their operation would be extended. Thus at the very outset property is defined to include real and personal property, whereas Section 3, to which we shall presently refer, is obviously only framed with relation to real property, although in terms it refers to property generally. The object of Section 3 is to render unnecessary the introduction of a number of common forms into contracts for sale. Enumerating seriatim a variety of conditions and stipulations usually imported into contracts for the purchase of land, it provides that in all such contracts these provisions shall be deemed to be incorporated, unless a contrary intention clearly appears on the face of the instrument. The condensation of these conditions is cleverly carried out, and is well calculated to facilitate the reduction of this particular class of documents within reasonable limits; but, as we have hinted before, an agreement for the sale of a horse is a contract for the sale of property within this section, and it is difficult to see the precise bearing of stipulations as to abstracts of title, fines,

discoveries, court rolls, and so on, with regard to such a transaction. This, however, is possibly a hypercritical objection easily dismissed by a well-regulated mind, and, at any rate, no harm is done. Sections 4 and 5 introduce two very salutary provisions with regard to contracts for the sale of land. Section 4 solves the difficulty which arises when a man enters into a contract for the sale of land, and dies before completion. In equity, of course, such a contract is held to change the ownership of the land from the date of its execution, and specific performance would be enforced against the heir or other person claiming under the original vendor. On the other hand, the executors of the deceased are the persons primarily liable to an action for non-completion of the conveyance, although it may be absolutely out of their power to carry out the sale. In order to remedy this, the section in question gives the personal representatives power, under such circumstances, to convey the property as fully as the deceased might have done—a course which has the additional advantage of tending to concentrate all matters connected with property, on the death of its owner, in the hands of persons selected by that owner. The other section referred to—Sec. 5—affords to the purchaser of land on which there are mortgages or other incumbrances the means of at once clearing the property of all such charges by the expedient of paying into Court a sufficient sum of money to meet or discharge them, the due application of which the Court undertakes to carry out.

The occasions on which such a power may be exercised with advantage are innumerable. Probably the most characteristic example would be that of a rich man of business who is anxious to become the owner of the family estate of an impoverished peer, which estate, by successive mortgages and charges for jointures and portions for younger children, has become the subject of a large number of interests, so that to get it clear in hand would entail infinite dealings with a whole tribe of vendors. All this the Act obviates, making the question purely one of money, and ensuring, by the supervision of the Court, that the purchaser is not driven into giving fancy prices in order to attain his object. But the section is not solely for the benefit of purchasers; vendors also may avail themselves of the machinery it provides, and, by doing so, may secure a way out of their difficulties.

After this deviation the Act returns to its primary business of simplifying and rationalizing our present system of conveyancing. Following the plan pursued with reference to contracts of sale, a series of well-drawn and comprehensive sections and subsections set out, in accepted phraseology, the usual enumeration of the appurtenances to lands, houses, or manors, and provide that the conveyance of any of these respective classes of property shall be deemed to carry with it all the specified appurtenances referable thereto. Then follow pages of similar matter, applying the same process to the ordinary and well-nigh invariable covenants, reservations, conditions, powers, and provisions, now inserted at full length in every settlement, conveyance, and mortgage, and at the same time ingeniously modifying their form, so as to render them practically applicable to almost any conceivable case. The infinite variety of such stipulations, and the saving of time and money which will be effected by their tacit incorporation into instruments whose bulk they would otherwise go to swell, can only be fully appreciated by those conversant with the practice of conveyancing; but a fair idea of the economy rendered possible by the Act may be gained by comparing the curt and simple forms of a Mortgage, a Conveyance, and a Marriage Settlement given in the fourth Schedule to the Act with the enormous pile of parchment which now testifies to any one of such transactions, and bearing in mind that the shorter document is to the full as efficacious as the longer, it being merely a question whether certain terms are expressed or understood. No doubt the examples given in the schedule are exceptionally favourable ones, inasmuch as they adopt the statutory provisions *en masse*, whereas probably in most cases some slight modification of some one or more of such provisions might be found necessary or advisable. Still he would be an extraordinarily fastidious settlor or vendor who could not derive from the provisions supplied by this Act a very solid substratum for the instrument embodying his dispositions.

Well devised and well carried out unquestionably this part of the Act is; the only question is, what measure of acceptance is it likely to find with the profession and the public? For the Act is in this respect absolutely optional; its operation may be totally or partially excluded or varied in any particular by the express terms of the deed, and it is specially provided that "nothing in this Act shall be taken to imply that the insertion in any such instrument, or the adoption in connexion with or the application to any contract or transaction of any further or other powers, covenants, provisions, stipulations, or words is improper." The only inducement held out by the Act itself to attract people to adopt it is a most legitimate one, consisting of a reasonable amount of protection extended to solicitors, trustees, and others who discard the usual formularies in favour of those instituted by the Act. It may be said that it is more satisfactory for persons who may be dealing with property to be clearly informed, by perusal of the document evidencing such dealing, as to the obligations they are really assuming and the full nature and effect of the transaction, and that this object is better attained by the present system of including every possible contingency within the four corners of a deed than by affecting the parties with certain statutory liabilities and rights in virtue of an Act of Parliament of whose very existence they may be blissfully ignorant. But the nature of the legal instruments in question defeats their object. The more carefully a layman were to study an ordinary conveyance, the more blankly

would his mind be confused by the legal jargon, the involved and ungrammatical construction, and the absence of stops to be found there. As a matter of fact, people seldom, if ever, attempt to master the contents of such documents; they rely solely on the authority of their solicitor in such matters, and the simple abstract of the provisions of the deed with which he furnishes them. It is difficult to see what other reasons could be alleged on behalf of the public at large against the general adoption of the Act; which is specially designed to save them money and risk. Solicitors and conveyancers, indeed, may fairly enough regard the measure with unfavouring, or at least distrustful, eyes. The late Mr. Joshua Williams, in his great text-book on Real Property, has some remarks on professional remuneration which may give a clue to the ground of this antipathy. He says, "The payment to a solicitor for drawing a deed is fixed at one shilling for every seventy-two words, denominated a folio; and the fees of counsel, though paid in guineas, average about the same. The consequence of this false economy on the part of the public has been that certain well-known and long-established lengthy forms, full of synonyms and expletives, are current among lawyers as 'common forms,' and by the aid of these ideas are diluted to the proper remunerating strength." To do away with common forms is, of course, the very object of the Act. As a sop to the solicitor, however, the Government passed an Act on the very same day as the Conveyancing Act, by which a Committee consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Master of the Rolls, and the Presidents of the Incorporated Law Society and of one of the Provincial Law Societies, may make general orders regulating and prescribing the remuneration of solicitors for conveyancing business; and if such general orders are judiciously framed, the result ought ultimately to be more satisfactory to both solicitor and client than paying and being paid by the yard. The conveyancers seem to be the only people left out in the cold; but we imagine that, as a body, they are perfectly capable of looking after their own interests. So that, on the whole, we may reasonably anticipate a general adoption, or at least a fair trial, of this portion of the Act, with probably distinctly beneficial results.

Beyond this, it is only necessary to notice some of the more important amendments of the law of landed property incorporated in the Act. Sections 10 and 11 deal very rationally with the technical difficulties apt to arise where the reversion expectant on a lease gets subdivided, by providing that all the rights and liabilities under the covenants in such lease shall attach to the person immediately entitled on its termination. Section 14 is a rather strong step in the favourite direction of the present Government, as fettering the freedom of contract, and advancing the interest of the tenant at the expense of the landlord. The section, which is retrospective in action so as to include existing leases, debars the landlord from enforcing his remedy by forfeiture of the lease and re-entry for the breach of any covenant other than one against assigning or for payment of rent, unless and until the tenant has omitted, on due notice from the landlord, to remedy the breach, if remediable, and make reasonable compensation for the same. The section further gives the tenant a general recourse to the Chancery Division in case he considers himself hardly treated in this respect by the landlord, and provides that no stipulation to the contrary shall be effectual to contract the tenant out of the rights so conferred upon him. This certainly seems carrying paternal legislation a little too far; the existing Equity rules have always been supposed sufficiently to protect the tenant from undue eagerness or severity on the part of his landlord, and the possibility of the latter occasionally reaping some benefit from the negligence or obstinacy of the former was regarded as a fair chance in his favour, analogous to the odds in favour of the bank at a gambling-table, or the gain made by a Railway Company where a passenger does not use the second half of a return ticket. The innovation is the more startling as the Act extends to Ireland—a country in which one might fairly think that enough had been done for the tenant just at present. Section 39, the last that we shall notice, gives the Court the power, when it shall see fit, to remove from married women the disability of dealing with their own property imposed by what is known as a restraint on anticipation. The doctrine of protecting property intended for the separate use of a married woman from her own extravagance or her husband's influence, by rendering it inalienable, is undoubtedly a wholesome one; but conditions may arise in which it is clearly for the lady's interest as well as that of her husband or family that a lump sum should be available; and it is these cases which the section is designed to meet, while the necessary intervention of the Court will afford sufficient guarantee that the original intention of the settlor is not disregarded save for good and substantial reasons.

The length of the Act—78 sections, every one of which contains subsections more or less numerous—procludes the possibility of dealing with it more in detail. It will well repay minute study as representing a comprehensive and praiseworthy effort to reform a branch of legal practice much needing reformation—an effort which, but for the danger of its having to encounter unreasoning prejudice and obstinacy, bids fair to attain its object.

## THE BANKING RESERVE OF THE COUNTRY.

THE revival of activity in speculation and trade has revived interest in the question of maintaining a larger banking reserve than has hitherto been maintained. Under our present system the Bank of England keeps the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country, and this reserve is so small that on several occasions already the Bank Charter Act of 1844 has had to be suspended, or the Bank would have been obliged to close its doors; yet it has not been taught by experience, and still keeps a very inadequate reserve. A fortnight ago it was under 10 millions. Last week it somewhat exceeded that amount; and this week it is again somewhat larger, but is still under 11 millions, and, roughly speaking, it is only a little over one-third of the liabilities of the Bank. This would be ample, perhaps, if the Bank of England were only one of a number of banks each of which kept a reserve for itself; but, when the reserve of the Bank of England is also the reserve of all the banks of the kingdom, it is entirely inadequate. In the United States every national bank is required by law to keep a reserve in cash equal to 25 per cent. of its net deposits, and the Bank of France keeps a much larger reserve still. With ourselves, however, the law is silent on the point, and the other banks are content with a state of things which is profitable for themselves. They undertake to pay interest on the deposits they receive from their customers, and they are naturally anxious to leave idle as little as possible of the money so obtained. Accordingly, they keep by them in actual cash only the amount of till-money which experience tells them is absolutely indispensable to meet their ordinary requirements from day to day. As, however, they are always liable to sudden and exceptionally large demands on the part of customers who keep very large accounts with them, they provide against this by lending out further sums at interest to the bill-brokers. The money is lent "on call," as the phrase is—that is to say, is repayable on demand—or for very short periods, as a day, five days, or a week; and whenever the lending bank has reason to expect an unusually large demand upon it, it calls in from the bill-brokers some of the money so lent out. The bill-brokers, being men of capital and credit, have no difficulty in repaying this money in quiet times, because, if one banker calls in, other banks are ready to lend. But the bill-brokers themselves keep no reserve. They pay interest for every deposit they receive, and as the competition for bills is intense, and the rates they are able to obtain are therefore only small, they cannot afford to keep a reserve of unused money; in other words, they employ the whole of the amount they borrow, and, accordingly, when a bank requires from them any of the money lent at call, they have no alternative but to borrow from some other bank. In times of crisis, however, it becomes impossible for the bill-brokers so to borrow, except from the Bank of England. Every bank is then calling in its money from the brokers, so as to provide itself against any contingencies that may arise; and unless the bill-brokers could borrow from the Bank of England, they would find themselves unable to meet the demand upon them, and would be obliged to close their establishments. Clearly, therefore, the money lent out to the bill-brokers at call and on short notice is not a reserve for the banks. The only other reserve which they keep consists of their balances at the Bank of England; but in strictness neither do these balances constitute a reserve. The principal banks in London are all members of the Clearing House, and the great mass of payments which they have to make are made by exchanging cheques through the Clearing House, which are settled by the Bank of England, the Clearing House bank. To enable this clearing system to be carried through, it is evident that the various banks forming the association must keep sufficient balances at the Bank of England; and therefore in strictness the balances so kept are but till-money. Some banks, indeed, are understood to keep balances larger than are required for Clearing House purposes, and the surplus so kept is, of course, a reserve in the strict sense of the word. But the banks which keep only the amount they deem necessary to meet their Clearing House engagements do not keep what constitutes a reserve. Thus the only banking reserve really kept in the country is kept by the Bank of England, and whatever payments the country has to make must be drawn from this reserve. If, for example, the Italian Government, having floated its loan for the resumption of specie payments, chooses to draw any of the proceeds from London, it is from the Bank of England that the gold would be taken, and this would reduce the reserve kept by the Bank. It is quite evident, then, that a reserve of less than 11 millions is entirely inadequate for the business of the country at present, and it is specially inadequate just now, when demands of various kinds may arise to reduce the reserve still further. Thus, should the difficulties of the Paris Bourse become intensified, there might be withdrawals of gold that would reduce very seriously the Bank reserve; or, were the drain of gold to New York to set in again for any reason, the reserve might still further be depleted.

It seems at first sight unreasonable to expect the Bank of England to keep a reserve for all the other banks and money-dealers of the country, who are, in their degree, every one of them competitors of the Bank. By keeping locked up idle in its vaults large sums of money it deprives itself of large profits that it might make. Accordingly the Bank has never officially recognized the duty resting upon it of keeping an adequate reserve for the whole country. It has always argued that the other banks should provide for their own liabilities; and, even while acting as the keeper

of the ultimate reserve of the country, it has in terms denied its obligation to do so. But, as a matter of fact, all things stand at present, it does keep the ultimate reserve of the country, and it has no option but to continue to do so. If it were to refuse, and in case of a panic were to allow other banks to become bankrupt, the panic would undoubtedly grow to such an extent that it would itself be placed in peril, if not actually compelled to close its doors. By the necessity of the case it is thus forced to act as the keeper of the ultimate reserve. Besides, as the bank of the other bankers, the keeper of their balances, it is constituted the keeper of their reserves. It cannot escape, then, from the obligation to keep an adequate reserve. And, on their part, the other banks contend that in fact the Bank of England does not keep the reserve at its own cost, but is provided by them with the funds which it holds against contingencies. As we have already stated, the other banks keep balances at the Bank of England, and they assert that these balances constitute at all times three-quarters, and sometimes the whole, of the reserve held by the Bank. There is some truth in this contention. In 1844, when the Bank Charter Act was passed, the London bankers' balances at the Bank of England were under a million sterling. They have steadily increased ever since, and in 1877 exceeded 9½ millions. Since 1877, unfortunately, the Bank has ceased to publish the amount of the balances. There is no law requiring it to give the information, but until 1877 it had always done so in compliance with an application from Parliament. Since 1877, however, it has ceased to publish the figures, and we are unable to say, therefore, how much the bankers' balances are at present; but it is believed that they are not less than they were in 1877, and that, in fact, they are just now little, if at all, less than the reserve kept by the Bank. During the time that the information with regard to these balances continued to be published, the balances occasionally exceeded the amount of the reserve; in other words, if the other banks had withdrawn their balances from the Bank of England, the Bank would not only have been left without a reserve, but would have been unable to repay the whole of the balances. This, however, was only occasionally. Usually the Bank held somewhat more than the bankers' balances; but the surplus was never very large. It is curious, in fact, that since 1844 the reserve held by the Bank has diminished instead of increasing, as one would have expected. As we have already said, in 1844 the bankers' balances averaged less than a million, and in the same year the average reserve was 8½ millions; in other words, deducting the bankers' balances, the average reserve was about 7½ millions. But in 1877 the bankers' balances averaged somewhat more than 9½ millions, while the reserve did not quite average 12½ millions—that is to say, the reserve, deducting the bankers' balances, was not quite 3 millions. It would seem, therefore, that since 1844, the reserve kept by the Bank, independently of the bankers' balances, has very greatly diminished. No doubt, it is to be borne in mind that the bankers' balances constitute a fund which is very rarely touched upon. As we have already explained, the object of keeping these balances is to facilitate the working of the Clearing House, and when payments are made through the Clearing House the real operation is very little more than a transfer of book debts. A payment made, for example, by the London and Westminster Bank to the Union Bank of London is merely a transfer of a credit on the books of the Bank of England from the former bank to the latter. The actual money remains in the Bank of England all the time. Therefore the Bank of England is fairly entitled to use the bankers' balances in lending and discounting, as Mr. Hicks Gibbs justly contends in a correspondence which passed some time ago between him and Professor Bonamy Price. There are occasions, however, in which the bankers' balances may be seriously touched upon, as was pointed out by Mr. Bagehot. For example, if the Italian Government has a credit with any of the London banks, it may at any moment withdraw a large amount of gold from the Bank of England, and yet the Bank of England cannot know what credit the Italian Government has with the bank in question, or to what extent it may be inclined to draw upon the balance standing to its credit. Up to a certain point, then, it is quite true that the Bank of England is justified in using the bankers' balances as a fund available for lending and discounting; but beyond that point it ought not to go, and it ought always to keep intact a margin for such contingencies as we have just referred to.

Various plans have been suggested for maintaining a larger reserve, but as yet without avail. The Bank of England, as we have already said, denies its obligation to keep the reserve for the whole country, and insists that the other banks are bound to provide for their own liabilities. On the other hand, the other banks contend that the Bank of England does not keep the reserve; that such reserve as it keeps is really made up of the balances which they maintain with the Bank of England, and that it is they, therefore, which keep the reserve. Without now entering into this dispute, it is sufficient from a public point of view to remark that, whoever keeps the reserve, that reserve is manifestly inadequate. The deposits of all the banks are measured by hundreds of millions, and the whole of the reserve kept against them is only at present under 11 millions, and seldom exceeds 15 millions. At this present time there are various liabilities which may reduce the reserve to a very serious extent at any moment; and a serious reduction in the reserve would create apprehension and anxiety in the City, and would give rise to a state of feeling which is always dangerous. Any accident occurring while such a state



of feeling existed might give rise to a panic leading to the most disastrous results. The Bank of England, then, ought to insist upon the other banks keeping a permanent reserve over and above the balances necessary for Clearing House purposes. The balances necessary for Clearing House purposes do not, we repeat, constitute a reserve. They are, in the strictest sense of the word, only till-money; the other banks ought clearly to keep, over and above this till-money, a reserve proper, and if the Bank of England were firm it would be able to compel them to keep such reserve. On the other hand, the other banks ought to insist upon the Bank of England maintaining the reserve which they supply separate from the amount necessary for Clearing House purposes. In order to this it would be necessary to distinguish in the weekly return published by the Bank of England the bankers' balances from the "other deposits." The effect both upon the Bank of England and upon the other banks could not fail to be beneficial; for the public would be enabled to see what the reserve really kept by the Bank of England was, and how much the other banks contributed to it. The Bank of England would then very soon find itself under the obligation of keeping a better reserve, and the other banks would also recognize their duty in the matter. As things now stand, each party disputes its own obligations, and in the meantime the essential interest of the country is neglected. It has also been suggested that the other banks should keep a reserve for themselves distinct altogether from the balances maintained by them at the Bank of England. This would be the best system undoubtedly if it could be introduced; but the difficulty is to induce the banks to make the sacrifice. At present they are unwilling to keep funds idle which they can employ profitably; and it is hardly to be hoped that they will voluntarily give up gains they have enjoyed so long without any apparently urgent need. To get over this difficulty it has been suggested that the reserve should be kept in Government securities. But Government securities in case of a panic would not be available for payments. Some institution would still be required to keep the means of lending upon them, and therefore the present obligation resting upon the Bank of England to maintain the ultimate reserve of the country would remain. It would, however, be much easier for the Bank of England if the other banks kept a reserve even in Consols in some reasonable proportion to their liabilities.

#### THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

ALTHOUGH the Cambridgeshire is supposed to rank on equal terms with the Cesarewitch, it is in our opinion a less interesting race. We care less to know which is the quickest horse over a mile than to learn what horse can distinguish himself best over a long wearying course of two miles and a quarter. Then, in a race only a mile in length, a bad start more seriously damages a horse's chance of victory than in one that is double that distance. In a large field of horses there are more possibilities of a horse getting shut in, or otherwise interfered with, than in one of moderate size. The fields for the Cambridgeshire are generally immense, and for the last half-dozen years their average has been about thirty-five. A glance at the results of the Cambridgeshire during the last few years will sufficiently illustrate its extreme uncertainty. Last year Fernandez, a heavily-weighted three-year-old, was the first favourite; but the race was won by the four-year-old Lucetta, who was carrying a stone less than the favourite. Fourteen to one was laid against Lucetta at the start, and her previous performances had certainly not appeared to entitle her to any higher position among the favourites. In the previous year the Cambridgeshire was won by a 30 to 1 outsider. This was La Merveille, a four-year-old, handicapped at 8 st. Three horses were within a head of each other at the winning-post, and they were all of them outsiders. In 1878, as much as 40 to 1 was laid against the winner at the start, and neither of the three leading favourites was placed. The winner afterwards proved himself to be one of the best horses of modern times; for, whether the distance was long or short, economy always seemed suited to his course. But little shorter odds were laid against Jongleur when he won the Cambridgeshire in 1877, and neither of the five leading favourites gained places in the race. In 1876 the first favourite won, but a 40 to 1 outsider ran within a neck of him. We have written enough to show that the public is not, generally speaking, very successful in foretelling the winner of the Cambridgeshire.

A handicap is a piece of work which is submitted to criticism like an opera, a novel, or a picture. Betting men, more especially backers, are its critics. When they make an exceptionally strong favourite, and that particular horse wins, their criticism is proved to have been a fair one, and the weak point of the work has been justly exposed; but when the public favourite is hopelessly beaten, and even more when none of the leading favourites are placed, the artist has the laugh at his critics. Although the length of the Cambridgeshire course is comparatively short, the pace is usually terrific; consequently the race is a tiring one, and high capabilities of a certain kind are essential in horses that are to compete for it with any hope of success. Moreover, at a critical point of the race, rising ground has to be ascended at very high speed, and considerable power is necessary for this purpose; so that, although the Cambridgeshire is not a great test of endurance, it tries a horse's speed and power at the same time. The distance—240 yards over a mile—is quite enough to render it something more than child's play. We would undertake to

say that most horsemen, such as ordinary hunting-men who are unaccustomed to race-riding, would feel considerably blown if they were to ride the Cambridgeshire course at Cambridgeshire speed, especially if they had to endeavour to get the most they could out of their horses at the end of it, although many people, who talk grandly about the deterioration of "our noble breed of horses," are fond of sneering at the Cambridgeshire as a short race. When criticizing the Cambridgeshire, people are apt to get puzzled about the relative weights for age over such a course at such a time of year. Weight for age, however, in the Cambridgeshire may be very briefly summarized, and easily remembered, in these few words—three-year-olds receive 8 lbs. There is really nothing more to be said. Over one mile in October, four-year-olds, five-year-olds, six-year-olds, and aged horses, all carry the same weight—namely, 9 st., and three-year-olds carry 8 st. 6 lbs. As two-year-olds do not run for the Cambridgeshire, it is needless to inquire what their relative weight would be over the distance. Although, at weight for age, there would only be 8 lbs. between any of the horses entered, the handicapper made a difference of 4 st. 7 lbs. between the highest and the lowest weight in the late race; 10 st. was a serious burden for Peter; but, on his best form, he deserved the weight. The probability, however, was so great that he would be left kicking at the post, that he was rarely noticed by backers. Even under 9 st. 8 lbs. Bend Or was greatly fancied. It was true that the Cambridgeshire had never been won under such a weight; but Bend Or was such a popular idol that he was backed for an immense amount of money. In the Champion Stakes he had had to do his best, or within a trifle of his best, to beat Scobell; and in the Cambridgeshire he was to meet Scobell on 10 lbs. worse terms than those under which he had defeated him with some apparent difficulty in the Champion Stakes. Then, at Newmarket Second October Meeting, one of his forelegs had looked most suspicious, and very serious doubts were entertained as to his capabilities of running sound to the Cambridgeshire winning-post. As regarded incendiary, the stable-companion of Bend Or, the preference, or supposed preference, of his trainer was considered sufficient evidence in his favour; but it was also remembered that in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, over a mile and a quarter, he had run within a length of Victor Emmanuel, when he was handicapped on 17 lbs. worse terms with that horse than those relatively apportioned to the pair in the Cambridgeshire; moreover, he had beaten Prestonpans in the Chesterfield Cup by several lengths, at much the same relative weights as those allotted to them in the Cambridgeshire. As a four-year-old he was certainly not overburdened at 7 st. 1 lb. Prestonpans was a remarkably good-looking horse, but qualified critics were much divided in opinion as to his capability of winning under 8 st. 10 lbs. Lucy Glitters had been third for the St. Leger, but she has run in a very in and out fashion; yet on her best form she was quite the best handicapped horse in the race at 6 st. 7 lbs. Another uncertain horse was Tristan, but he seemed handicapped within two or three pounds of his very best form at 7 st. 9 lbs. It was true that he had run Foxhall to a head in the Grand Prix de Paris, but subsequent running tended to show that Foxhall was many pounds his superior. Under the crushing weight of 9 st. it seemed impossible to make Foxhall first favourite; nevertheless many good judges thought that he had considerable chances of success. His great power rendered him peculiarly suited for the Cambridgeshire hill, even under 9 st. He was handicapped exactly at weight for age with Bend Or, so that the race between the pair promised to be singularly interesting as a match between one of the best four-year-olds and one of the best three-year-olds of the season. Lord Falmouth's filly Muriel had won a Produce Stakes at the First October Meeting, beating Edelweiss and Zealot at weight for sex, and it was thought that she might perhaps have a chance under 7 st. 4 lbs., although it did not seem to be a very bright one. Elizabeth was a good deal backed at times, but she had not shown by her public running this season that she was likely to win a race like the Cambridgeshire, even under the moderate weight, for a four-year-old, of 7 st. 2 lbs. Then there was the broken-kneed Corrie Roy, who, as the Corrie filly, had been such a strong favourite at one time for the Cesarewitch. Distrusted as she was, some of her old admirers still clung to the hope that, under the nominal weight of 6 st. 2 lbs., she might outrun her betters when their heavy burdens began to tell upon them on the Cambridgeshire hill.

Peter delayed the start for a quarter of an hour, as is his wont whenever he appears on a racecourse; but when once the thirty-two runners had got away, they ran on very even terms for a few strides. After that Lucy Glitters made most of the running almost to the distance, where she swerved, thereby interfering with Tristan's chance as well as her own. This allowed Foxhall to come up, and although both Lucy Glitters and Tristan made a great effort to re-pass him, they did not quite succeed in doing so, and he just had his head in front as the trio passed the winning-post, Tristan being only a neck behind Lucy Glitters. Great credit is due to Watts for the judgment and resolution with which he rode the winner. We do not say that the race was won by riding; but we do say that worse jockeyship would have lost it, and the jockeyship of Watts on this occasion was as near perfection as possible. This was not the first time that both the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch had been won by the same horse; but the Cambridgeshire had never previously been won under 9 st. That it was an extraordinary performance there can be no doubt; but it would be rash to infer from it that Foxhall is the best horse that

has ever trodden on a racecourse. At present he is in fine form, and Bend Or has a weak leg. When Bend Or was all right in the spring he beat Foxhall in the City and Suburban, when giving him a liberal allowance of weight. But there is an inference from the victories of Foxhall, Jongleur, and Robert the Devil, under extreme weights, in the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch, which appears to us perfectly reasonable; and it is this—that in these days there are horses which are so good that they cannot be handicapped out of a race with any fair weight, which ought to be a matter for congratulation to all those who take an interest in thoroughbred horses. No one ought to grudge the Americans their brilliant victories of this season on the British Turf, although it is reported that one American gentleman alone has won over 70,000*l.* from the English bookmakers during the year. We are not in the least afraid of the Americans bringing such horses as Foxhall and Iroquois to this country; what we do fear is that they may take them away again. It would be a matter for serious regret if Iroquois and Foxhall should leave England when the time comes for their establishment at stud farms.

Now that the two great autumn handicaps are over, we may conclude our notices of them by making a few remarks upon the question of their utility. We think there can be no dispute as to their being great incentives to gambling. It is all very well to argue that if they were abolished people would gamble on something else. Without doubt they would; but if there were no Cesarewitch and Cambridge, many thousands of pounds which are lost and won over those races every year would not be betted at all. Yet, as races, putting the question of betting on one side, these two great handicaps appear to us to be quite justifiable. When horses have raced at weight for age during the season, and have been honourably beaten, it seems very reasonable that their owners should be given an opportunity of gaining a prize by having them so leniently weighted that they may fairly hope to beat their former victors. Moreover, to the non-horse-owning public—to use an expression common among trainers—these great handicaps are intensely interesting. It has often been said that there is no interest whatever in a handicap apart from gambling. We think otherwise, and can only say that an experience of many years has practically convinced us that what Admiral Rous used to call “the game of weights” can be thoroughly enjoyed over the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, without wagering a sixpence, or even without the possession of a betting-book.

## REVIEWS.

### THE HAIGS OF BEMERSYDE.\*

SHORTLY before Sir Walter Scott left his cherished Abbotsford for Italy, whence he was to return home only to die, he was visited, as his biographer narrates, by “the great artist Turner, whose errand to Scotland was connected with the collective edition of Scott’s poems.” Among several little excursions made by host and guest during this visit was one (in which they were accompanied by Lockhart, Skene, and the publisher Cadell) to Smailholm Crag, the scene of one of the most popular of Scott’s ballads, and to Dryburgh Abbey. “We have nothing left of Dryburgh,” he had written a quarter of a century before in the autobiographical fragment prefixed to Lockhart’s *Life*, after recounting the sale by his maternal grand-uncle of that part of the estate which comprehended the Abbey ruins, and which had actually been settled on Sir Walter’s father, “but the right of stretching our bones, where mine may perhaps be laid ere any eye but my own glances over these pages.” A more potent presentiment than this was upon him in 1831, after the serious warning he had received early in that year; and on reaching Dryburgh, says his biographer, “he excused himself from attending Mr. Turner into the inclosure. Skene and I perceived that it would be better for us to leave him alone, and we both accompanied Turner.” But a more cheerful episode was to follow. “Lastly,” continues the narrative, “the painter must not omit Bemersyde. The good laird and lady were of course flattered, and after walking about a little while among the huge old trees that surround their tower, we ascended to, I think, the third tier of its vaulted apartments, and had luncheon in a stately hall, arched also in stone, but with well-sized windows (as being out of harm’s way) duly blazoned with shields and crests, and the time-honoured motto, *BETIDE, BETIDE*—being the first words of a prophetic couplet ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer:—

Betide, betide, whate’er betide,  
There shall be Haigs in Bemersyde.”

And a little later—only a little later—in his biography, Lockhart relates how, when Scott was carried to his last resting-place in Dryburgh Abbey, some accident “caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill of Bemersyde—exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter had always been accustomed to rein up his horse.”

An engraving of the sketch taken by Turner on this occasion, which represents Bemersyde House as it was between 1796 and 1859, and the figures in which include those of Sir Walter Scott and his biographer, serves as a charming frontispiece to the

volume now before us. In it Mr. John Russell has narrated, with a judicious combination of brevity and fulness, the fortunes of a family which has many claims upon the interest of Southern as well as of Scottish readers, besides its near, though not always amicable, relations to the ancestors of the great Romancier of the Border. “Of the hundreds of forts and castles which once existed” in that district, writes Mr. Russell, “Bemersyde is the only one that is still inhabited as a manorial residence, and inhabited, too, by the family that were its original founders.” The family papers of the Haigs of Bemersyde range back from the present time to the year 1162 (those in the family charter-chest dating from 1425 onwards), while tradition carries back the continuity of the line three centuries more. There is no main stage in the legendary or historical life of the Borderland in which this family has not taken either a conspicuous, or at least an active, part; and yet it has never become possessed either of wealth or of honours such as to make it no longer typical of the social class to which it belonged. Thus what Mr. Russell has in this volume accomplished, with not less care than zeal, is a record which in some respects it would be difficult, and in some impossible, to parallel. Only the other day M. Gustav Freytag completed—not without some natural signs of weariness at the last—an ambitious, and on the whole successful, endeavour to mirror the principal phases in the political and social history of a great nation in the fictitious narrative of the fortunes of a single family; and no less exacting a critic than M. Julian Schmidt tendered to his friend the thanks of every German patriot for his national work. Mr. Russell’s account, well authenticated in every particular, of the experiences of a long line of Borderland lairds, even more faithfully, though quite unpretentiously, reflects the course of their native country’s history during more than seven centuries, and is thus almost as full of fascination for the general student of Scottish history as it can be for the most eager and critical successor of the late Robert Mylne.

The present school of Scottish antiquarian research, of which Mr. Russell appears to be a thoroughly representative member, makes short work of the genealogical assumptions or conjectures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mylne, who is occasionally found tripping, even when out of the twilight of prehistoric times, states in his MS. account of the Haig family, bearing the date of 1710, that it is acknowledged “by all our historians and writers” to be of “Pictish extract.” Without binding himself to an acceptance of his own conclusions, he professes to have based upon the statements of “our own histories and foreign writers” a genealogy showing the descent, in the seventh generation, from “Druskine, the last king of the Picts,” of “Petrus de Ilago,” who, being wrecked off Eyemouth, resolved “never to put to sea again, but to try his fortune in Scotland.” A Petrus del Hage appears as a witness to a charter probably dating between the years 1162 and 1166; and Mr. Russell, while unceremoniously throwing over King Druskine and his warlike progeny, inclines to the opinion that the founder of the family, as the suffix to the preposition before his name in the first charter containing it would seem to imply, came from the locality of Cape de la Hague in Normandy. In this case he was very probably one of those Norman knights whom David I. provided with lands in this very district in the days before the Battle of the Standard; and Bemersyde Tower may in some measure form an exception to the remark of the late Mr. John Hill Burton, that no remnant exists of a Norman castle in Scotland. Curiously enough, the name Haig, though it probably came to Scotland from Normandy, is, as Dr. J. A. H. Murray shows in an appendix to this volume, in all likelihood of Old Low German origin, since the word *haga* (an enclosure) occurs in this as well as in the Old High German and Old English branches of the language, and since numerous Saxon settlements are well known to have been formed at an early period along the French seaboard of the Channel.

The name of the first Petrus del Hage, Petrus de la Hage, or Petrus de Ilago, occurs with these and other minor varieties of spelling in divers other charters of the twelfth century; but it is not till the time of his son and namesake that, in a deed dated by Mr. Russell as belonging probably to the period from 1215 to 1220, Bemersyde appears in the possession of the family. Curiously enough, the owner of Bemersyde is found on this very occasion bestowing a gift of land upon Dryburgh Abbey; and there seems no reason to doubt the statement of Sir Robert Douglas, that it was in the time of this second Peter that the right of burial in Dryburgh Abbey was bestowed upon his family. Of the three divisions of this illustrious burying-place, that which belonged to the Haliburtons (now extinct) contains the grave of their representative in the female line, Sir Walter Scott; but the only one of the three of which the ownership has remained unchanged during seven centuries is that appropriated to “the most ancient family of Haig of Bemersyde.”

The friendship of the Church was of high value in the days of her prosperity, which coincided with what has been called the golden age of Scottish history; and the third Petrus de Haga (the fourth known representative of the line) is found substantially increasing the gift of land made to Dryburgh Abbey by his grandfather. His dealings with King David’s other foundation, the Abbey of Melrose, and with the chapel of the old convent which it had virtually superseded, we must leave to the learning and ingenuity of Mr. Russell to interpret; but the deed in which the lord of Bemersyde, with the consent of the Abbot and Convent, commutes the ruinous annual payment of ten salmon into that of half a stone of good and valuable wax, has an importance in-

\* *The Haigs of Bemersyde: a Family History.* By John Russell. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

pendent of its contents. One of the witnesses to it is "Thomas Rymor of Ercildoune"; and as this is, according to Mr. Russell, the only instance of the mention of Thomas's name in a document of unquestionable authenticity (it occurs, however, also in his son's charter quoted by Dr. Murray), it might almost be said that he owes his survival as an historical personage to the family whose actual survival, according to popular belief, his prophetic utterance ensured. Mr. Russell, who points out this circumstance, takes some trouble to establish as the correct version of the Rhymer's prediction the following:—

Tyde what may betyde,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

Considering that in 1745 the Jacobites took comfort from certain of his prophecies very much obscure than this, it is not to be wondered at that in the prophet's own native district (for tradition places the site of the "Rhymer's Tower" only a few miles from Bemersyde) implicit reliance should have been placed upon his words. The house itself afterwards adopted them, or part of them, as its motto; and in 1680 Anthony Haig, while leaving it an open question whether his family was "left of the Pikes" or "planted by a familie" of the Scots, uttered a fervent prayer that "Thomas Rymores prophecies might hold treue of it." He had, to speak humanly, reason for his hope; for he was himself *the thirteenth child and only son* of his parents. When at last, in 1854, his great-grandson died without leaving a male heir, and the unentailed property passed into the hands of his unmarried sister (from whom it was again to pass to an unmarried sister), it was thought in the neighbourhood that something awful must needs happen. Nor was this apprehension destined to be altogether disappointed. When Mr. James Haig's funeral procession had reached the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, "the very moment the feet of the bearers touched the consecrated ground, and the voice of the officiating clergyman" (from whose own statement this relation is taken) "was heard to utter the first words of the solemn service, a blinding flash of lightning leaped forth from the black line of cloud immediately above, followed instantaneously by a crashing peal of thunder; nor did the storm," the occurrence of which was quite unusual at the time of year, "abate till after the completion of the ceremony." As our readers are doubtless aware, "True Thomas" is True Thomas still; for on the death of Miss Sophia Haig at Rome in 1878, she was, according to a joint disposition made by herself and her two sisters, succeeded by a direct descendant of the Clackmannanshire branch of the family, the distinguished officer who is now Laird of Bemersyde.

A rapid and necessarily very far from complete attempt to indicate the most noteworthy points in the history of the Haigs of Bemersyde, from the close of the thirteenth to the close of the eighteenth century, may perhaps most fitly conclude this notice of a most interesting volume, and justify the confidence with which we commend it to all friends of good reading. There was, as we have said, no period in the history of the Borderland, and of the kingdom to which it belonged, that failed to leave its impress on the family annals. John, the son of the second Peter, had enriched the Abbey of Melrose by more important gifts than that promised by his father; but times had changed in the evil century that followed, and in 1422 we find his namesake, the fourth John, formally excommunicated by the Abbot of the same convent, as a Gentile pursuing the errors of his Gentilehood, on account of a piece of ground disputed between them. The quarrel was finally settled, through the mediation of the Earl of Douglas, by a jury of laymen, so that the excommunication had virtually only been one step forward in a process of litigation. The troubles in which the turbid politics of this and the following century involved the Haigs were of a graver nature. They seem at no season in this period of their history to have been missing from the thick of the fray. John de Haga, who, together with other Border chiefs and prelates, had sworn fealty to Edward I. at Berwick in 1296, had in the following year fought under Wallace at Stirling:—

When Wallace came to Gladwood Cross,  
Haig of Bemersyde met him with many good horse.

His son and successor is said to have been present at Bannockburn as a mere boy, and to have fallen at Halidon Hill while still in his prime. Another John, according to repute, fell at Otterbourne; and yet another (the excommunicated one) at Piperdean, in 1436, when helping a Douglas against a Percy, like his grandfather. Then came the troubled times of James III., and of the rising of his nobles against him in the name of his son, whom they proclaimed as James IV. The Laird of Bemersyde took arms for the King, and his eldest son for the Prince, and both bore part in the battle of Sauchieburn, in flying out of which like a craven James III. was killed by an assassin. James Haig was fortunate enough to be allowed to make over his estates by a deed of resignation to his son William, who in his turn fell on the fatal field of Flodden by the side of the beloved King to whom he had so faithfully clung. His successor, Robert Haig, was accounted a lawless man in an age of lawlessness; but he distinguished himself at Ancrum Moor in 1545, when he had to avenge the destruction of his own house by the English invaders, and when he is even said, in the private memoirs of the Haigs, to have made Lord Evers prisoner with his own hand. The English lord, this account continues, died at Bemersyde, whence he was taken to Melrose Abbey for burial. Lord Evers is, however, as Mr. Russell notes, usually supposed to have fallen on the field; and it would certainly have been strange had the desecrator of the tombs at Melrose himself been laid to rest among them. In any case, Robert Haig's loyalty, like that

of many another Border laird, was not proof against the temptations of the times, and he "took assurance" of the Protector Somerset (i.e. was certified a friend of England) only two years after the battle. Why he also gave up his estates to his eldest son, reserving for himself only a life-rent, it must be left to conjecture to explain.

All these dangers and difficulties, however they might have impaired the possessions and darkened the prospects of the family, had still left it standing erect among the ruins of many houses great and small around it. Its worst days—because days in which dishonour transiently blotted its scutcheon—fell in the reign of King James VI. (I.), to the scandalous private history of which the biography of James Haig contributes a fitting page. After a few years of reckless living he had resigned his estates to his brother William, already a lawyer of some eminence; but he soon repented the sacrifice he had made for the sake of the family, and began to plot his brother's ruin. Going straight to the fountain-head, he contrived to let the King know that William Haig had criticized and insulted a sovereign whom James himself esteemed "sibber than all the brothers and sisters he had in the world": and with these charges—quite in the spirit of the times and of the man he addressed—he combined some mischievous information about William Haig's dealings with a French astrologer who had predicted the death of Prince Henry and declared that the King's own "glass was almost run." Like so many scandals of the reign this was mixed up with the central scandalous mystery of the Overbury murder; for William Haig had recently committed the grave indiscretion of writing, out of pure "Scots kindness," a paper in favour of the fallen Earl of Somerset (himself the scion of a Border family). His arrest can, therefore, hardly have surprised him; but very soon his accuser was apprehended likewise, and both were sent down to Edinburgh, to await in the Tolbooth a judicial inquiry into their case. The picture of the two brothers preparing their depositions against one another, and each complaining that the other was better treated than himself, is one which a dramatist of the age might have turned to profitable account. In the end, after James Haig, who had to be maintained at the public expense, had characteristically demanded—like another Francis I.—that the matter should be put to the issue of *trial by combat*, it was brought to some sort of conclusion by the judges. What this conclusion was remains unknown; but William's character must have been completely cleared, as he afterwards held the office of Crown Solicitor; as for James, his father's curse had come home to roost. It was said that he died abroad; but authentic history knows of him no more. William Haig, on the contrary—though his life, too, was to end on foreign soil—was destined to leave a memorable name in the history of his country as well as of his family. It was he who in the year 1633 drew up the "Supplication of the Nobility and other Commissioners in the late Parliament," which was intended to warn King Charles I. against the policy of violence and illegality so disastrously commenced by him on his coronation journey into Scotland, and which was thus, in its way, a forerunner of the Covenant. The Supplication was never actually presented, but its contents came to light, and its author had to fly for his life.

William Haig died in Holland a proclaimed rebel, but owing to a fortunate arrangement it was possible for his estates—he was unmarried—which had previously been held for some years by his nephew Andrew, to be secured to a younger nephew, David. The second nephew, Robert, and several other brothers were passed over; but a descendant of Robert is at the present day in possession. Thus the inheritance after all remained in the line of the elder brother James; but his descendants were fortunately unlike him. David Haig seems to have made caution the rule of his conduct. His long residence in the Netherlands and his marriage with a Dutch lady, whose mother Mr. Russell oddly describes as "daughter of Maximilian, Earl of Hohenzollern"—we have failed, by the way, to identify him after a conscientious search—introduced a new element into the family history; nor did he permanently settle in Scotland till 1646, when he took up his residence in an old fortalice on the estate called the Thrid, Bemersyde House remaining (under an agreement delaying the Rhymer's prophecy) in the occupation of the Haliburtons. But its occupation was recovered for the family in the next generation by David's successor, Anthony. Thanks to his own extant MS. book of business memoranda, and to a few personal papers of a more elaborate kind, this Anthony Haig stands forth in Mr. Russell's pages with more vividness than any of his ancestors or descendants. Scott or Thackeray—each in his own way—could alone have filled up the outlines of the picture. Anthony had begun his years of manhood as "ane excommunicat Quaker," and his young wife had sat solitary at home while her husband was inditing ecstatic exhortations to her from the Tolbooth, where he was confined for not less than five years. But these were his wild oats; for the rest of his life, which lasted till 1712, he devoted himself, with a zeal which to Mr. Russell justly seems pathetic, to the improvement of his estate, and in the earlier years more especially to his project of repurchasing the house of Bemersyde, which in 1780 he actually accomplished. On a blank page of his family Bible—happily preserved in the fragment which remains of it—he records, for the benefit of his successors, how he "bought back the place of Bemersyde, our head house, which for many years had been out of the hands of our family, which I advise you never to part with as long as God will bless you with the Injoyment of a furrow [furrow] of land: It is your mother-house, and head of your

estat and family." His improvements do not appear to have beautified the ancient tower; but the estate owed much to his care, though his energy, according to the custom of the Border, could not avoid finding vent in a succession of lawsuits.

His nephew Obadiah, to whose hand is due the earliest document which attempts an account of the Haig family in genealogical sequence, would have been a son after old Anthony's own heart. His actual heir, whom in the days of his Quakerdom he had named Zerubabel, was of a less docile disposition; but the account of his contention with his father, and of his ultimate emancipation from the *patria potestas*, must be read in Mr. Russell's pages. Zerubabel Haig, notwithstanding his name, was afterwards, partly no doubt in consequence of his connexion by marriage with the Gordon family, a good Jacobite, like most of the Border lairds (his sword is still preserved, with "God bless King James the 8" on one side of the blade, and on the other, "Prosperity to Scotland, and no Union"); yet he contrived to keep out of the rebellion of 1715, as his son and successor James, more by good luck than by good intentions, was kept out of the 1745, till the news came that the Prince was on his way back from Derby. James Haig cherished his opinions, however, with the usual family tenacity, and was extremely wroth with his son and heir for seeking a commission in the Border Yeomanry which rallied round the throne of King George III. in the invasion panic of 1778. Once more the determination of youth prevailed over that of old age; and in 1780 James Zerubabel Haig, the last but one of the lairds of Bemersyde of his branch, exchanged from the Yeomanry into a regiment of the line. He left behind him a journal of a tour in France and other countries, from which Mr. Russell makes some extracts, and a diary, full of touching reminiscences, of his home life on the estate to which he succeeded in 1790. But his days (he died in 1840) were already in part in too close a proximity to our own to make it necessary to prolong our outline, which has unavoidably failed to do justice to the variety of information and entertainment contained in Mr. Russell's valuable and delightful volume.

#### MYTHS OF THE ODYSSEY IN ART AND LITERATURE.\*

THIS book is, as far as we know, the very welcome first fruits of the classical training of Newnham. Miss Harrison has attempted to produce a kind of novelty in English literature; a volume which combines mythology—the literary treatment of myths—and "mythography," a criticism of the same myths as illustrated by the artists of the ancient world. The materials for "mythography" are necessarily scanty. It was not the province of sculpture to tell a story in detail. The pictures of the old world have perished, and it is only from the descriptions of Pausanias and other travellers and critics that we can learn, and that dimly, how Polygnotus illustrated the Homeric Hades on the walls of the Lesche, or gossiping club, of the Onidians. In the absence of pictures we have vases, the paintings within sepulchres, funeral urns, and the mural decorations of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the houses on the Palatine and Esquiline. Miss Harrison has studied these and similar documents with a great deal of attention, and her book contains much information that will be new to all but professed archaeologists. As M. Bitaudé said, in the preface to his French prose version of the *Iliad*, written exactly one hundred years ago, there is now a fresh and lively interest in Homer, and in everything that elucidates his meaning and the manners of his age. But, lest readers should be disappointed by Miss Harrison's book, we must mention the limits of her effort—limits of which she herself is perfectly conscious.

In the first place, Miss Harrison's work throws no new light on the myths of the *Odyssey* as they were accepted by the contemporaries of Homer. We possess, it is true, a number of works of Phœnician, Assyrian, and Egyptian art, of the sort with which Homer was probably familiar. The silver bowls of the Sidonians and fragments of ancient pottery, the wall pictures of Egypt and the carvings of Assyria, all illustrate the art that Homer knew. But these of course tell us nothing about the art of Greece herself in Homer's time, or about the contemporary Greek myths. The graves of Kertch have recently given up fragments of Greek raiment, beautiful and curious enough. But we can hardly expect even Dr. Schliemann to discover a portion of the web on which Helen embroidered the event of the siege of Ilios, as Matilda and her maidens wrought the tapestry of Bayeux. To recover some remnants of Greek art coeval with Homer (placing Homer, as Miss Harrison does, not later than the eighth century) is not, perhaps, beyond the reach of hope. But meanwhile our author has to be content with vases of which the earliest is at least three centuries later, with Etruscan illustrations, and with Roman pictures. Once more the comparative mythologist will find scarcely anything that helps his studies in Miss Harrison's book. "The express object of my work forbade my treating of the several myths in their purely literary form," she says; and adds, "I believe the materials for such treatment to be at present incomplete." We do not agree with Miss Harrison here, but she shows at least that she knows how Indian and Finnish fancy has dealt with the data which Homer weaves into the story of the Cyclops and Circe, and the Descent into Hades. The topic is one which we have occasionally touched upon, and, as Miss Harrison leaves the distribution of Homeric myths almost un-

noticed, we may possibly recur to it on some other opportunity. Lastly, Miss Harrison's discussion of the myths in the *Odyssey* is strictly limited. She does not deal with the central myths, at all, with the myths of the return and revenge of Odysseus, though she does show in a note that she is aware of the existence of a parallel story in the North American romance of "The Red Swan." The adventures in Phœnicia, too, she leaves on one side, and has no chapter on Calypso. She confines herself to the Cyclops, the Læstrygonians, Circe, the Descent into Hades, the Sirens, and Scylla and Charybdis.

It is not Miss Harrison's plan to describe the ancient illustrations of Homeric myths in chronological order. She observes with truth that in later Greek and in Roman art real illustrations of the poet's text were attempted, while the earlier vase-painters, like the dramatists, either treated the text more freely, or were inspired by some traditional version of the story. The process by which our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* became canonical, so to speak, while the other old epics dwindled into the place of the Apocrypha, was a long and slow one. Miss Harrison's first plate is from a bas-relief at Volterra; it is late, and represents Odysseus, with his sailor's cap, offering the wine to the Cyclops. Here, as is usually the case before Roman times, there is nothing to show that the Cyclops is one-eyed. In a bronze in the British Museum he has two blind eyes, and a small rudimentary one in the centre of his forehead. In an early cylix found at Nola (plate 4), the Cyclops is sitting with two human legs in his hands; his left eye is visible, and the companions of Odysseus are apparently thrusting the beam into his right eye. Here we must make an opportunity to complain of Miss Harrison's illustrations. They are too often the very weakest caricatures of ancient art. No inexperienced reader can look at them without inferring that if these things resemble Greek vases, the Greek vase-painters must have been on a level with the artists of the pavement in London. "Where we can look at the originals, no copy must suffice us," says Miss Harrison. But the copies should not be quite so tame as the first illustration, in plate 10, a weak sketch of a capital vase, or so absurd as plate 38. Here the most prominent siren is made to resemble a bald man in trousers, a long dress-coat, and a white waistcoat. In many other plates the drawing is simply execrable, and we almost think it would have been better to give no illustrations at all than to induce readers to suppose that the Greeks could not draw. Vases can be reproduced with some success, as in Dr. Birch's book on pottery, in the illustrations of the *Gazette Archéologique*, and in those of the *Journal of the Hellenic Society*. The process is expensive, but some firmer and more accurate outlines might have been produced than those which are offered us in Miss Harrison's volume. To return to the Cyclops, the earlier vases are tolerably rich in pictures of Odysseus and the Ram. From the Homeric Cyclops, Miss Harrison turns to the amorous Cyclops of Theocritus, as illustrated by Pompeian wall paintings, derived, as Helbig shows, from the Alexandrian school. Here we are a long way from the few twisted boughs that in the vases indicate a thicket. Landscape is now studied with some care. The high rocks, often stooping forward like those in Claude's pictures, the grottoes, the laurels, the houses on distant heights, are anticipations of the Italian landscape. Beneath a high rock crowned with laurels stands a Cyclops who, unlike Polyphemus in Theocritus, possesses both his eyes. His goats and his dog stray round him. He watches wistfully a sea-nymph who rides a dolphin, and a little Cupid flutters past carrying a long parasol. To this courtly condition the over-refinement of Alexandria reduced the Cyclops. In another picture (plate 15) the love-lorn giant receives from a Cupid, mounted on a dolphin, the letter of Galatea. A mural painting in the house of Livia, on the Palatine, shows the Cyclops in a more fortunate moment. A Cupid has harnessed him, as Brer Fox harnessed Brer Rabbit, and driven him into the watery floor of Galatea's cave. In Miss Harrison's illustration (plate 16) the Cyclops looks a foolish, amorous yokel. Galatea contemplates him from the back of a sea-horse. The whole story of the Cyclops' fortunes in classical art is briefly condensed in a passage which we quote from Miss Harrison:—

These paintings have also a special interest, because their relation with contemporary literature is close beyond that of any former age. Sculptors and vase-painters no doubt drew their subjects and something of their inspiration from epic poets and tragedians, with what freedom we have seen; rarely, if ever, does a dramatist seek in return inspiration from a work of art. In the Alexandrian days not only were art and literature contemporary in approximate stages of development—a thing unknown before; but art paid back its long-standing debt to literature, and became in turn a source of inspiration. Poets begin to deal in detailed description; they paint minutiae instead of boldly sketching the old clear outlines. They begin consciously to seek after highly coloured effects and elaborate decoration, such as they saw daily around. So art and literature, mythology and mythography, act and react upon each other in ever-recurring waves of graceful decadence. How far this tide had ebbed we may best see by placing side by side the cylix in Plate 4 and the painting in Plate 15. The mere juxtaposition is enough; and we thank the Cyclops for living on from age to age to tell us in person a story so strange.

The myth of the Læstrygonians, the cannibals who devoured the men and destroyed the ships of Odysseus, has no great interest in itself. But a series of wall-paintings, attributed to the Augustan age, and discovered on the Esquiline Hill in 1848, give Miss Harrison materials for an interesting chapter. Here, as she says, are "the loathly monsters, depicted in no harsh outlines, but, as if Fate were ironical, with all the soft surroundings of rich

\* *Myths of the Odyssey in Art and Literature*. By J. E. Harrison. London: Rivingtons. 1882.



colouring and dim distance." Fate was not ironical, but classical art inherited romantic data, grotesque and terrible, from old traditions, and never could face the proper ugliness and horror of Scylla and the Cyclops, of Medusa and the Læstrygonians. Scylla's face, as Miss Harrison says, "becomes quiet and peaceful," or has "a wild sensational sort of beauty." And, as we chiefly know ancient art through comparatively late copies, while the taste for beautifying even horrible mythological figures increased as decadence advanced, we can hardly tell how Greek art of the best period would have dealt with the old mythical monsters. Archaic Greek art simply made them foolishly grotesque, like the good-humoured grinning Medusa of the Selinus marbles. To return to the Læstrygonians; the first of the Esquiline pictures (Auto-type i.) shows us conventional cliffs beside the sea. In the background are the galleys of Odysseus; a man in a boat represents the shore, and the fair and tall daughter of the ogre king (why have ogres always pretty daughters?) greets the comrades of Odysseus. In the second picture the ogres are picking up rocks to throw at the ships, and one of them carries off two sailors for dinner. In the background are graceful figures, inscribed NOMAI, pastures personified. The third picture shows, with abundant spirit and very little perspective, the scene in the haven when the Læstrygonians break the ships with rocks, "each of them a man's burden, and anon there rose from the ship an evil din of men dying and ships shattered." The fourth picture is a pretty landscape; the ship of Odysseus is escaping, and, far away, one sees him climbing up the hill in the enchanted isle of Circe.

The other myths are treated with fulness and learning; and there is much interest in the half-human figures metamorphosed by the enchantress of the sweet song and the powerful wand. The figures in plate 21 are particularly interesting. Here the companions of Odysseus are not turned into swine merely, but one wears an ox's head, one is half a horse, one has the head and neck of a swan. The picture is from an early vase, now in Berlin. Landscapes in the house on the Esquiline illustrate the Descent into Hades. A vase (plate 31) shows us the strange shape in which, according to one legend, death came on Odysseus from the sea.

Miss Harrison's work, as we have said, is copious and learned; and, as a rule, she sticks to the matter in hand, and does not wander into digressions. But her contempt for the idea of an all-seeing God need not have been expressed, as it seems to be, in this passage. "Semitic mythology," says Miss Harrison, "through the medium of mediæval tradition, still haunts the dreams of children with visions of a being whose

Piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night."

Does Miss Harrison really think that this is the Semitic form of the myths of the Cyclops, or does she suppose that only one eye is attributed to the Deity? In some places Miss Harrison's style is slightly archaic—a result, perhaps, of her very copious use of a recent version of the *Odyssey*. With better illustrations her book would have been a very valuable addition to the literature of ancient art. But probably the author is only responsible for the careful and sensible matter of her own essays. Here is a book that every student of the *Odyssey* will find interesting, and we can scarcely blame her for not giving, what she does not profess to give, some account of the origin and distribution of the myths.

#### WHEELER'S TALES FROM INDIAN HISTORY.\*

WE do not doubt Mr. Wheeler's ability to produce a good book on India; but it is a question if he has done wisely in challenging a comparison with Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. We discern nothing in this small volume which recalls to us Scott's careless but animated style, telling us so much about the Border clans and the incorrigible Stuarts. Moreover, too much is attempted in two hundred and seventy pages. An analysis of the *Maha Bharata* and the *Ramayana*; the reigns of three or four great Mohammedan Emperors, with sketches of Mahmud of Ghazni and Mohammed Toghlik; the rise of the Mahrattas; the history of early British settlers, and the policy of Hastings, Cornwallis, and Wellesley—all this cannot be adequately treated on the plan of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. Then we have political disquisitions about native life and character, the restraints of caste, the prevalence or decay of superstition, the want of public spirit amongst Hindoos, and divers other topics. The subjects are not new; and, while we concur with Mr. Wheeler in thinking that many of the facts adverted to by him are spread over bulky and voluminous publications, we are somewhat at a loss to discover what there is in his book which has "not been published at all."

The style is not wanting in animation, but these chapters must have been dashed off "in the intervals of business." That the outlines of Indian history should be correctly traced without any errors in spelling or misconceptions of phrases, titles, and dignities, is of course what we had a right to expect and what we found. But we also find strange omissions which argue hurry and want of dili-

gence. It is a fallacy to imagine that Indian history can be brought home to the intelligence of Englishmen by light treatment of unfamiliar subjects and by the occasional use of English synonyms. Occasionally there is recourse to padding, and surmises take the place of statements. Here are some examples. In the opening chapter we are told of "a blind Raja" who became the monarch of Hastinapura, some sixty miles from the modern Delhi. All Hindus and many Anglo-Indians know that the name of this unfortunate prince was Dhritarashtra. In like manner, when, by no means for the first time, we are told the story of Sevaji and his celebrated weapon the *waghnaik* or "tiger's claws," the name of the "Mohammedan general" whom the Mahratta robber treacherously assassinated is not given. He was known as Afzul Khan. When an historian writes of the assassination of a statesman he generally tells us whether his name is Cornelius de Witt, or Spencer Perceval, or Abraham Lincoln. Then the private character of the Emperor Akbar is discussed, and we are reminded, correctly enough, that this noblest of Oriental sovereigns was fond of religious discussion, tolerated Christian missionaries, and took to himself, amongst other partners, a Roman Catholic Miriam Bibi, to wife. But here Mr. Wheeler, like the diner-out who wanted to tell a good story, had something to say about Goa, its big ships, huge cannon, convents and churches, and the tomb of St. Xavier. So we are transported at a leap from Agra, Futtahpore, and the Emperor's tomb at Secundra, to the west coast of India, and are asked to imagine that "possibly Miriam was a Portuguese maiden educated at Goa"; and that "possibly she may have been an instrument in the hands of the Christian fathers from Goa and a fellow-labourer in the work of conversion." True history is not written on a vague hypothesis of this kind, which might have supplied the late Meadows Taylor with suitable material for his clever *Oriental Tales*. Olive died at the early age of forty-nine, as Macaulay's readers know; but why does Mr. Wheeler omit the fact that he died by his own hand? At page 143 the full effect of the defeat of the Mahrattas by the Afghans in the battle of Paniput in 1761 is hardly given. Mr. Wheeler says that Ahmed Shah's success paralyzed the Mahratta rulers, and that nothing was heard but weeping and wailing throughout the Mahratta country. What the victory of Paniput did was to check the rise of the great houses of Gwalior, Nagpore, and Indore for more than thirty years, till the British Government, under one Wellesley in the Council and another in the field, was able to cope with them and with Tipoo Sultan. At page 101, a most tremendous subject—that of the Oriental right to real or immovable property—is disposed of by the curt remark that "all the lands of the Empire belonged to the Padishah," that is, to the Emperor of Delhi. We have not space for an outline of the opposite view, and can only assert that it can be argued from Hindu and Mohammedan records as well as our own that the land was the property of the man who cleared and cultivated it, and belonged neither to Raja nor to Tulookdar. It was, no doubt, always burdened with rent and revenue. Indeed, Mr. Wheeler himself further on recognizes this, and admits that Ryots are often "hereditary proprietors or joint proprietors of the village lands, subject only to the payment of rent." "As far back as 1833 the trade monopoly," so we are informed, "of the East India Company was abolished." We must go back just twenty years further, or to 1813. In this year the East Indian trade was thrown open. The exclusive trade with China remained, and was only abolished in 1833, at which date those extremely snug and comfortable appointments known as "China Writerships" ceased to be bestowed on the sons and nephews of Directors of the old Company. The following sentence may perplex a good many civilians, missionaries, and other Englishmen who have mixed as much as was possible in native society. "The Hindus, as a rule, only marry one wife, and no respectable man, excepting a Raja, will follow the example of the Mohammedans in taking more than one partner." The evils of polygamy, especially amongst the Kulin Brahmins of Bengal, who are not generally Rajas, have been the theme of reformers for the last thirty and forty years. Many sexagenarian Brahmins, within a few miles of Government House Calcutta, have each taken more than a dozen wives. Instances are quoted where old dotards, almost ready for cremation at Neemtolla Ghaut, have taken a child-wife for their hundredth partner, and every official knows cases of a Sateen, or second wife, in the household of a strict and orthodox Hindu. We should be glad to believe that Kulin polygamy was "dying out," but the real reason against polygamy has been that it is an expensive luxury. An ordinary Hindu artisan, tenant proprietor, merchant, or official cannot afford to maintain more than one wife. In the account of Hastings and Impey, Mr. Wheeler too easily repeats the cry that forgery had never been treated as a capital offence in India. This is incorrect. The late Sir John Kaye, in the *Calcutta Review*, proved conclusively that persons had been formally condemned to death for this very offence, but respited by the "Mayor's Court," which preceded the old Supreme Court of Impey, Hyde, and Lemaistre. In an age which witnessed the execution of Dr. Dodd for forgery, there is nothing so very shocking in the capital sentence passed on Nundo Kumar. The record of his trial, we must inform Mr. Wheeler, was certainly extant a few years ago. It lasted more than two days. The accused was defended by able counsel. His original offence was backed up on his trial by perjury, and the blameless Sir Robert Chambers, the friend of Johnson, Gibbon, and Burke, was one of the full bench that rejected a legal plea in bar of punishment, on full deliberation, after sentence had been pronounced.

\* *Tales from Indian History; being the Annals of India retold in Narratives*. Complete in 1 vol. By J. Talboys Wheeler, late Assistant-Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, late Secretary to the Government of British Burma. London: Thacker & Co. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. Bombay: Thacker & Co., Limited. 1881.

Some of Mr. Wheeler's expressions are more fitted for an electioneering speech, or for the occasional and flashy notes of a second-class weekly journal, than for a history intended to "be interesting as well as instructive." The English exported salt-petre, and drove "a roaring trade" during the Civil War. "The present of a hundred thousand pounds must have *bothered* Warren Hastings." In the account of the Indian Mutiny we come on a sentence which would puzzle Sir John Kaye, Colonel Malleson, or any other writer who has described that great crisis. "The greased cartridges at Calcutta had created a mutiny at Barrackpore, but the incapacity of the military authorities at Meerut had turned the mutiny with a revolt at Delhi." The meaning is hardly made clearer by charitably supposing that "with a revolt" is a misprint for "into a revolt." We might argue that a mutiny is the greater of the two and that these substantives should change places, but even this is questionable. Of Muttra we learn that its "gilded domes" can be seen from Agra. The former place, associated with Hindu piety and trading, is just thirty-four miles from the ancient capital of Akbar. The intervening space is certainly a dead level. But we should like to know the exact authority, surveyor's or engineer's, on which it is said that the buildings of one place can be discerned from the other. These may be venial and accidental slips, but what are we to make of the following? At the Imperial assemblage at Delhi, where Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India, the camps were "pitched by a curious coincidence on the site occupied by the British army during the siege." In what does the curiousness of the coincidence consist? There was no room for the Viceregal assemblage inside the walls of the town, and the most natural and simple thing was to pitch the camp near the Ridge, Hindu Rao's house, and all the other places with which 1857 has made us so familiar. A good deal of bad and of good writing has been expended by others on the Taj Mahal. Mr. Wheeler describes this mausoleum very fairly and in temperate language, but adds that the "silence of death hangs over all" and that the "soul is gone." We should like to know the burrow, cairn, Mole of Adrian, or tomb of Cecilia Metella or other burial-place of which the same might not be said. Tombs are usually silent places unless profaned by vulgar sight-seers, and souls, by a law of their own, generally do leave bodies to moulder in such spots. In some of the concluding chapters about Afghanistan and our Eastern policy, the narrative descends to the level of an almanac or a Court Journal, and we are told in a note that the arrangements for the Imperial assemblage at Delhi were carried out under the direction of a gentleman who was then Private Secretary to Lord Lytton, and is now the Political Secretary at the India Office. Mr. Wheeler should have proceeded to tell us who were the caterers for this vast assemblage. Were Englishmen fed for a week or so at so much per head by Messrs Spiers and Pond, or by Mr. Kollner, who monopolises the refreshment rooms at Indian railway stations, or by the Great Eastern Hotel at Calcutta set up by the late well-known Mr. D. Wilson?

We must join issue with the author when he maintains that details about the registers of property in villages, the ownership in land, and the payment of yearly rents are of "small interest." Most administrators would tell him, on the contrary, that they are of the utmost value and interest, and that on them, properly arranged and interpreted, rest the very foundations of Oriental society and the loyal acquiescence of the agricultural community in any rule or Government whatsoever. Again, if Mr. Wheeler's dictum is correct, that "the history of the people of India, apart from religious developments, would lie in a nutshell," why are so many pamphlets, Blue-books, and articles written on the subject? This sort of hasty and off-hand generalization, like the merriment of parsons to Dr. Johnson, is "mighty offensive." A sentence more pithy and to the point is the following:—"The virtues of the Hindus are more domestic than political." That they are charitable, and even lavish; that, except in times of famine, they get on capitally without any poor law; that they deem it a moral obligation to pay the debts of their fathers, to support relatives and dependents, and to advance them in active life; and that they are capable of deep affection and lasting gratitude, is perfectly true. But of public and political morality they are often wholly destitute; and hence the unfavourable opinion formed of them by civil and military administrators and diplomats who have had to make their treaties and propound their laws. Like many others who have known India since the Mutiny, Mr. Wheeler is not without justifiable hope for an Indian future. But his last sentence has surely an odd ring about it. He finds fault with the custom of early marriages, and hopes that "generations yet unborn will be married at suitable ages." But how does the reader imagine that this desirable end is to be attained? Only by connecting India and England by rail, whereupon all native gentlemen are to send their sons to be educated at an English University, and representatives from India are to have seats "in one or other of the national assemblies at Westminster." There is a perfect craze in some minds for forcing on "representation" all over the world, but it is not easy to see why young Hindu girls should cease to be married at the age of eleven or twelve, even if Ram Dhan Mukarji from Bengal, or Gungadhar Shastri from the Southern Mahratta country, were to be pitchforked into the House of Lords.

We should have been glad to notice this work more favourably. Mr. Wheeler possesses industry, considerable literary talent, and valuable experience gained in the Indian Secretariat

and in the educational departments. We are confident that he can produce something much better than a series of disjointed sketches which demand sharp criticism, and suggest comparisons with other writers who have ably treated the leading events of battles and sieges, or have shown a more profound insight into native life and character.

#### HILDA DESMOND.\*

*HILDA DESMOND* is in many respects a remarkable novel, and says much for the ambition of the author. It is didactic, reflective, philosophic, and religious; while it abounds in surprising and startling incidents which prove that ingenious romance may be stranger than any reality. We may describe the story as written in the interrogative and ejaculatory style, and the printers must have been sorely put to it to provide the requisite type. The notice of each event is followed by a series of questions or exclamations, like the running commentary of the chorus in the Greek drama. "Ah! could they have foreseen!" "What will be the end of it all?" and so on. But, in an intricate narrative, decidedly overcrowded with episodes and characters, it is by glancing at some of the matter that we may best convey an idea of the book. The curtain rises on the grounds of a "farmer's" residence in Lincolnshire. But the farmer is a man of fortune, being the son of a successful Australian settler. In fact, he can allow his eldest daughter a couple of hundred per annum for pin-money, and yet the young lady is always in difficulties, which he freely relieves by supplementary cheques. The farmhouse was "a large handsome building in the Gothic style, but with all modern improvements." It was "called 'the Acacias,' probably from the quantity of those lovely trees which grew there," which reminds us of one of the couplets in Mr. Gilbert's *Lab Ballads*. "They called him Peter, I suppose, for Peter was his name." Whether the farmer's wealth had anything to do with it, we know not; but the graceful floral decorations of his abode set the seasons and the laws of nature at defiance. The red and white roses of midsummer flourished simultaneously with the clusters of vernal primroses which "gave the air a delightful fragrance." Alas!—if we may borrow the author's style—that the baser passions of our nature should have grown in rank luxuriance in that balmy atmosphere! The Carlises had everything the heart of man could desire; they had "conservatories, servants, handsomely furnished rooms." "Yet, with all this, there was something wanting. They never gave a thought to the Giver of all that wealth." "If they had been blessed with grateful hearts, how much happier they would have been, even though living in a humble garret." "Could they have even faintly foreshadowed their sad future, how differently they might have behaved! Had such been the case, my story would never have been written." We need not observe that we should have been exceedingly sorry to have lost the story, but we must say that the author seems to be rather hard upon the Carlises. It is true that the father proved a sad scoundrel, though he ended infinitely better than he deserved. And the beautiful Helen, the eldest daughter, who had dresses forwarded from Worth of Paris to the Lincolnshire farmhouse, had the heart of a fiend with the simplicity of a baby. But although the rest of the family may have been heedless in times of prosperity, they were transformed with the first cold douche of misfortune. The girls turned out remarkably well—one of them became an absolute angel of mercy and goodness; while the only son was destined to illustrate in perfection the qualities that make one of nature's noblemen.

We shall refer afterwards to his success in life; in the meantime we must return to the less pleasing subject of his father. Mr. Carlisle is somewhat oddly regarded as a tyrant by his children, while he appears to us to be foolishly gratifying their caprices. He reluctantly buys a horse for his son, which he believes to be vicious, and which the lad does not want, and because he slams the door on leaving the room his daughter observes that he is in a terrible temper. He is evidently worried and out of sorts next day; yet, though she asks him for more money most unseasonably, he hands her over 30*l.* with a playful observation on "Miss Extravagance." That may have been weak, but it is creditable to the kindness of his heart, for at the moment he is in painfully embarrassed circumstances. For an Australian capitalist and a respectable elderly man, he had recourse to the strangest expedients to avert impending ruin. We rather fancy that the author has got somewhat confused here over the escapades of the traditional scapegraces of fiction. Be that as it may, Mr. Carlisle goes to a neighbouring race-meeting, where he unluckily finds such opportunities of "plunging" as are rarely to be met with in the provinces. It strikes us that the author is a little "mixed" over flat-racing and steeplechasing, for she describes the second favourite as a splendid fencer; but we have a very spirited account of the grand event of the day, though not altogether in the style of sporting correspondents. We hear how the clever rider of Red Lily did "loosen his horse (sic) to her full will, and the noble animal swept on, till the hoofs seemed never to touch the earth over which they skimmed." With the powers of a Pegasus, naturally Red Lily left Flory Boss nowhere; and it was on the latter that the unfortunate Mr. Carlisle had staked far more than he could afford. *Fred's*

\* *Hilda Desmond; or, Riches and Poverty*. By Nellie Matson. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

*Aporn.* From horse-racing the harassed gentleman farmer passes to card-playing. We find him next in the Paris bells, and puzzled, like the author, over the mysteries of baccarat, which we had taken to be one of the simplest games in the world, but which he apparently confuses with chicken-hazard. Then he betakes himself to drink, and, as we need not add, it is all over with him—for the time at least. The sumptuous fittings of the "Acacias" are brought to the hammer—"the handsome walnut suite"; "splendid pictures, that were in themselves quite a fortune"; "barometers, centre-tables"; "the splendid silver, some hundreds of years old," are all disposed of without reserve. Having devoured the jewelry saved from the wreck, and drank the last fragments of his jotsam and jettam, Mr. Carlisle, who has never left his old neighbourhood, casts about for a situation. He applies to his former friend, Squire Denton, "whose house he had often visited as an honoured guest." Squire Denton, "who was a kind, noble man," but apparently not especially open-handed, offers him the post of head gamekeeper, at thirty shillings a week. "How pleased his wife was when she heard it!" She could now have a pound a week for the housekeeping, leaving her husband a third of his wages for the pothouse. Unhappily he does not keep the situation long. He takes to stealing the Squire's game; next he actually heads a gang of poachers making a raid on the coverts placed in his charge; owes his escape to the generosity of the noble squire; and, though penniless, manages to pay the passage to Australia. We meet him again in hospital at Delhi, having enlisted, gone to India, and been knocked over in the Mutiny, and all apparently by electricity, considering the shortness of the time. At Delhi it is an old acquaintance who discovers the rascal, and gets him forthwith gazetted to a civil appointment in the service of the Crown (!), in which, although his family have utterly lost sight of him, he succeeds in attaining to "high honour and fame."

As the scoundrelly parent ended so satisfactorily, it would have been hard indeed had the career of the son he ruined proved a failure. And some of the stirring scenes in the life of Frank are as good as anything in the novel. Thanks to the intervention of a friend, he is received as a clerk in a London banking-house. The idea of the City establishment appears to have been roughly sketched after some easy-going private firm in a country town. Messrs. Dodd and Johnson are sole partners. After a few months or weeks, they take to loving their new understrapper as "a child of their own." Nor is the copartnership affection chilled by a most untoward occurrence. On one unfortunate occasion all the clerks happen to quit the business room simultaneously for a moment, with the exception of an enemy of Frank's. Strangely enough, however, the cashier has left a bundle of notes on the counter. A sum of money is mysteriously abstracted. The loss is not discovered for a couple of days, which shows that with Messrs. Dodd and Johnson the system of checking accounts was irregular. Nor did they then hold the cashier responsible, but addressed themselves to the body of clerks in general. The clerks assented to the general proposition that the missing money must be found; as it was certain, indeed, that if there were a thief among them he must have placed his booty in security long ago. The solemn wiseheads of the firm went on to suggest that all the gentlemen present should have their "boxes" searched. The gentlemen eagerly welcomed this honourable ordeal, and the partners and police made the round of their lodgings. Then we have a dramatic series of situations, though they rather suggest maids-of-all-work and missing tea-spoons. The climax is of course arrived at when the money is discovered in Mr. Carlisle's "box." Dodd and Johnson, though sadly grieved, play a pair of Brutuses with this child of their own. They tell him that they are fully persuaded of his innocence, but at the same time must send the case to the sessions. Should the law acquit him, so much the better. At the same time they venture to assure him, with a confidence that does honour to their ingenuousness, that the trial shall have no sort of publicity. The trial comes off in two days; we are not told that reporters were excluded. The foreman of the jury is just going to give his verdict on the clearest possible evidence when an agitated woman bursts into court. She tells how a vile plot had been concocted. The prisoner is pronounced innocent amid shouts of applause, and steps out of the box. The actual culprit and infamous puller of the wires chances to be in court. He turns pale and trembles, and with good reason. Who shall say that English criminal proceedings are slow? Waters is thrust straightway into the box that Carlisle has vacated, and sentenced off-hand to imprisonment and hard labour. The firm "mark their respect" for Frank—presumably because he did not steal the money—by advancing his salary from 60*l.* to 100*l.* Shortly afterwards we hear of him as cashier, with the very moderate remuneration of 200*l.*, but finally, when the senior partner dies, he bequeaths his lucrative position to the adopted child of his affections. We should have been glad to have traced the fortunes of Frank's sisters and of the heroine, whom we happen to have forgotten. But after what we have said, we feel it to be superfluous. We must by this time have given a fair notion of the novel; nor do we think we have done the author any injustice, since we have justified our criticisms by quotations. At all events, we believe we may assure our readers that they will find the novel amusing, if it fails to interest.

## ZELLER'S HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.\*

THERE is a general impression in England that, although German writers of the second rank are usually very learned, they are incapable of expressing their thoughts in a clear and attractive style. At the time when German literature began to be seriously studied by Englishmen there was some excuse for this notion, but it is now altogether without ground. German writers of the last generation addressed themselves in the main to specialists, who, if the matter of a book was sound, cared little for the form in which it was embodied. Many of them now seek to reach a wider public, and are therefore obliged to pay more attention than their predecessors to the laws of expression. Professor Zeller is an excellent representative of this new tendency, his manner of writing, although not without occasional difficulties, having generally in a high degree the qualities of order, measure, and precision. At the same time, his learning, in his own department, is as extensive and thorough as that of the scholars who gave Germany her reputation for profound research; and there are few living writers who possess so remarkable a capacity for penetrating to the essential meaning of the ideas of past ages. In interpreting ancient philosophy a modern thinker cannot, of course, wholly escape from the influence of later speculation; but Zeller makes, perhaps, as near an approach to the position of a perfectly disinterested historian as it is possible to conceive. From beginning to end of his great work he strives to look at the world from a Greek point of view; and the effort is supported by an imagination so keen and a judgment so sane and vigorous that, except in matters of detail, his exposition is not likely to be improved by later investigators. Fortunately for English readers, he has found translators who have shown themselves capable of fully appreciating the importance of his labours. The present volumes are a model of what the rendering of such a book ought to be, the translation being strictly accurate, yet without any of those pedantic phrases which, in most books done into English from German, so often remind us that we are not reading a work written originally in our own language.

In the volumes previously translated the writer dealt with particular periods of Greek philosophy; here he sets forth not only the speculations of a particular period, but the principles which govern his work in its whole extent. And it would be difficult to point to anything in recent philosophic literature which is marked by more comprehensive knowledge, truer insight, and greater moderation of spirit than these introductory chapters. He naturally begins with the question as to the method in which such an investigation ought to be conducted. Hegel's theory was that the historical sequence of philosophical systems necessarily accords with the logical sequence of the categories of pure thought. Hence his doctrine affords ample scope for what Zeller calls "*a priori* construction." This view found many supporters in Germany when the Hegelian system was predominant; but, as numerous critics have shown, it has the disadvantage of not being in harmony with facts. Philosophy has dealt with other problems besides those connected with the categories of pure thought; and while in logical sequence we advance from abstract to concrete conceptions, in historical sequence development is invariably in the opposite direction. Besides, the growth of thought has not always been strictly logical. It is easy to see that thinkers of this or that epoch ought to have drawn certain conclusions from certain premises; but it does not follow that the opinion which commends itself to us was that which commended itself to them. They may have been influenced by peculiarities of individual temperament, by the special circumstances of their time, or by scientific and religious prepossessions, to which we have lost the key. An historian of philosophy, therefore, whose aim is not merely to illustrate a system of his own, has no alternative but to accept facts as he finds them; but his history need not on that account be a record of isolated opinions. One of the most valuable conclusions of modern thought is that no class of phenomena is exempt from law; and a definite order may be detected in the evolution of philosophic speculation as certainly as in that of organic forms, although it does not happen to be the order which Hegel attempted to establish. The doctrines of every important thinker and group of thinkers have some reference to a central principle, and each group has necessary relations to those which have gone before and to those which have come after it. As Zeller never loses sight of these fundamental ideas, there is as striking a unity in his presentation of Greek philosophy as in that offered by Hegel; and it is a unity which is not imposed arbitrarily, but which springs naturally from the study of the facts themselves.

It is difficult to sum up the general character of Greek philosophy; but Zeller is justified in maintaining that all Greek philosophers have an unmistakable family likeness. The distinguishing quality of mediæval philosophy was the completeness with which in thought it severed spirit from matter. The two essences were conceived not only as different, but as hostile; and it was supposed that the highest duty of spirit was to conquer material impulse and to live its own independent life. The most logical mediæval thinkers were those who, like St. Bernard, looked with suspicion even upon sacred art as an element which tended to withdraw the spirit from its proper sphere. Modern philosophy started

\* *A History of Greek Philosophy.* Translated from the German of Dr. E. Zeller, with the Author's sanction, by S. F. Alleyne. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

from this distinction, and, while maintaining it in a certain sense, has persistently sought for a common ground by which the two orders of phenomena may be essentially reconciled. Greek philosophy originated in an assumption of an exactly opposite character. In the earliest records of Greek thought and imagination there is no trace of a violent rupture between the mind and the external world. It is admitted that sense must be controlled by reason; but in themselves the claims of sense are held to be as lawful as those of any other part of our nature. A noble mind is believed to find a suitable manifestation only in beautiful forms; and the highest Greek art does not attempt to give expression to ideas which demand any other kind of embodiment. Form and matter are in absolute balance, and to modify one would be to injure both. The same unity of conception characterizes the earliest efforts of Greek philosophy, which argues from the physical to the intellectual world, and from the intellectual world to the physical, as if they were subject to identical laws. By and by a dualism of thought begins to manifest itself. Plato opposes to the fleeting illusions of sense the permanent realm of ideas; and Aristotle distinguishes the essential qualities of things from the matter in which they are represented. To the Stoics the true aim of life is to become indifferent to the evils which are regarded as inseparable from physical existence; and in Neo-Platonism spiritualism becomes so abstract as to have a close affinity to mediæval sentiment. Yet, even in its latest developments Greek philosophy has a constant tendency to return to its primitive conception. Notwithstanding its illusory character, the external world still seemed to Plato to be divine; and he did not sharply discriminate the various elements of human life—science, morality, and religion shaded into one another by imperceptible gradations. Aristotle attributed to matter an innate impulse towards the abiding forms from which it was ideally distinguished; and the secret of ethical philosophy he found in the harmonious development of our natural activities. The Stoics saw in the order of nature the only rule to which man must conform; and even the Neo-Platonists brought matter into intimate relation to mind by regarding the former as a power which had sprung from the degradation of the latter. This sense of the unity of all being is one of the chief sources of the charm of Greek philosophy; but Zeller has no difficulty in indicating that it was also one of the principal causes of its weakness. It prevented Greek philosophers from seeing the necessity of accurately determining the subjective conditions of knowledge. They were thus unable to obtain any secure test of what is trustworthy in acts of perception and reasoning, and the ultimate transition of the Western mind to other modes of thought was rendered inevitable.

Several admirable sections are devoted to the question how far Greek philosophy should be considered an original product. It has often been maintained that its leading ideas were derived from Oriental systems; but no importance can be attached to the ancient authorities appealed to in support of this position. A more formidable argument is obtained by reference to the resemblances which exist between Greek and Oriental doctrines. These resemblances have been elaborately set forth by Gladisch, who contends that the philosophy of Pythagoras is to be attributed to the Chinese, that of the Eleatics to the Hindoos, that of Heraclitus to the Persians, that of Empedocles to the Egyptians, and that of Anaxagoras to the Jews. There is, however, no known way by which ideas could have passed directly from the East to Greece. The Greeks were indifferent to every language but their own, and interpreters were not likely to be versed in philosophy. The ideas of the earliest Greek philosophers are of so simple a character that it is unnecessary to trace them to a foreign origin, and of the later systems it can be shown how one gave way to another by a necessary process of evolution. Some of the similarities pointed out by Gladisch are certainly remarkable; but we ought not, perhaps, to be surprised that the same conceptions frequently suggest themselves to races which are at a corresponding stage of culture, even if their external circumstances are widely different. On the whole, the evidence seems to leave no doubt that the philosophy of the Greeks originated among themselves, and that its development was due almost exclusively to the free exercise of their own powers. It was inevitable that a people endowed with so bright and penetrating an intelligence should endeavour sooner or later to form a coherent theory of the world, and many conditions of their social life were eminently favourable to the growth of philosophic theory. Among these a high place must be given to their religion, the most characteristic of all the manifestations of their national genius. It used to be thought that the mysteries had exercised an important influence on philosophy, but this conjecture must now be abandoned, since it is almost certain that the mysteries were originally ritualistic ceremonies, and that they were ultimately modified by philosophy to a much larger extent than philosophy was ever modified by them. The only doctrine which appears to have passed from the mysteries to philosophy was that of metempsychosis, which may have been at one time the property of the whole Aryan family; but this doctrine did not form a vital part of any Greek system. To the general character of Greek religion, however, the philosophers were deeply indebted. The gods themselves were conceived of as a part of nature, and there was nothing in their service that introduced into the moral life of the people an element of strife and disquiet. Moreover, the priests held a subordinate place, and the absence of a definite creed enabled thinkers to pursue their speculations without much dread of consequences. Anything that seemed likely to affect public worship injuriously

was sternly dealt with, but there was no particular reason for interfering with the progress of abstract thought. In illustrating these positions Zeller displays a perfect mastery of his subject; and he is not less successful in marking the effect produced by civil and political institutions, by cosmology, and by theology and anthropology in their relation to ethics.

Many divisions of Greek philosophy have been suggested, but Zeller properly contents himself with the division that appears on the surface, making the first period end with the Sophists, the second with Aristotle, and the third with the Neo-Platonists. It is the first period that he specially investigates in these volumes. This period opened with the Ionic school, and passed on through the Pythagoreans to the Eleatics. In the labours of these schools the aim of philosophy was to determine the ultimate substance of the universe, and the Ionians identified it with various kinds of matter, the Pythagoreans with number, the Eleatics with Being. Heraclitus found the primitive essence in fire, being led to this conclusion by observing that all things are in a continual state of flux or change. After Heraclitus the problem of philosophy during the first period was to explain the incessant process of "becoming" on which he had fixed attention. Empedocles accounted for it by assuming the existence of four elements and two moving forces, Leucippus and Democritus by their theory of the atoms and the void, Anaxagoras by the doctrine of a world-intelligence. Philosophy could not advance further without reference to the laws of cognition; and for the introduction of a new principle the way was prepared by the Sophists, who denied the possibility of objective knowledge. Zeller omits nothing that is necessary for the comprehension of these philosophic movements, in so far as they can be understood from existing sources of information. He generally confines himself in the text to the statement of his own views, but in the notes he discusses every important opinion with which he does not agree; and it is something to say of a German controversialist that, although he has many antagonists, he does not mar his replies to them by a single harsh or unfair word.

DAVID COX.\*

IN an editor's preface to the *Biography of David Cox*, Mr. Bunce sets forth the special qualifications which the biographer had for the task he set himself. He was for a long time the intimate friend of Cox, and "was himself an artist of long experience and of no mean capacity," although he was, it seems, more occupied and better known as an adviser of picture-buyers. It was among his merits that "long before the picture-buying public recognized the surpassing merit of Cox's work, Mr. Hall discerned it, and laboured hard to inspire others with the feeling of enthusiasm which animated himself." This enthusiasm is evident enough in the pages of the biography, and if it sometimes misled Mr. Hall into recording trivialities which would have been better left alone, yet it is by no means without its use and attraction. We live in an age of biographies, many of which are superfluous enough, and it is pleasant to come upon one which deals, on the whole in an interesting way, with so interesting a man as David Cox.

The subject of Mr. Hall's book was born, in 1783, in Birmingham. His father's occupation was that of a whitesmith—"in contradistinction," Mr. Hall quaintly wrote, "from that of a blacksmith"—and it was intended that David Cox should follow his father's trade. But in early youth he broke his leg, as the result of a tumble over a door-scraper, "and this caused the poor little cripple to divert his thoughts into another channel." While kept to his bed he took to copying prints, in which he showed facility, and was soon afterwards presented with a box of colours and some brushes, with which, as we are told, he made little pictures, which were sold for trifling sums among his friends. It was then determined that he should receive a few drawing lessons at a night school kept by Mr. Joseph Barber, of Birmingham, "a competent drawing master and artist. . . . With the exception of two or three lessons in after years from that admirable master of water-colours, Mr. John Varley, the instruction David Cox received in drawing whilst at this night school of Mr. Barber's was all that he had. For the rest he was indebted solely to himself—to the gifts with which he was endowed by nature; to the study of the works of masters of the art which came in his way; to a close, intelligent observation of the beauties of nature; to constant practice, and to a stout heart." This passage seems particularly worth notice, inasmuch as, while on the one hand it is from these facts all the more remarkable that Cox should have done so much as he did; on the other they fully account for the faults of execution which clung to him and to which Mr. Hall was pardonably blind, and which indeed in some passages of his work he spoke of as absolute merits. It may here be added that, when such allowance as is necessary in this direction has been made, the chapter devoted by Mr. Hall to Cox's characteristics and distinguishing merits as a painter is full of fine appreciation and insight.

Like some other distinguished artists, Cox in his early days was a scene-painter. On the death of the miniature-painter in Birmingham to whom he had been apprenticed he accepted an engagement in the Birmingham Theatre, then managed by the

\* *A Biography of David Cox; with Remarks on his Works and Genius.* By William Hall. Edited, with Additions, by John Thackeray Bunce. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Pottet, Galpin, & Co.



older Macready, as assistant to M. de Maria, scene-painter to the company. The engagement gave him an opportunity of pretty constantly watching the method of De Maria, of whom he always spoke with respect. Mr. Hall has a pleasant story of their meeting in later days:—

Many years after Cox had left the theatre, when he had become a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and an exhibitor in their rooms, he was one day strolling through the gallery, the exhibition being then open, when he saw an elderly gentleman, catalogue in hand, looking admiringly at one of his drawings. Cox recognized in the visitor his old master at the Birmingham Theatre, De Maria, and addressed him by name, but was evidently forgotten. Cox inquired if he did not remember "one David Cox, a very young artist, who resided in Birmingham many years ago?" "What! little David who used to wash brushes and spread colours for me at the theatre?" "Yes, I am little David." "Did you make that drawing?" pointing to the one he had been admiring. "I did," said Cox; "I learned a great deal from you, sir." "Then I have a great deal to learn from you, now!" rejoined the old man; and both master and pupil were well satisfied.

After a time Cox succeeded to De Maria's position at the theatre, but threw it up at his parents' request, and after a short stay in Birmingham came up to London in 1804 in the hope of getting employment at Astley's Circus. Here there is a slight inconsistency, which is unexplained, since his reason for leaving Macready's theatre was the fear of his parents "that his moral character might suffer from his connexion with the players." However, he did not obtain the post at Astley's, and "resumed his old occupation of making drawings, which he offered to the London print-sellers. . . . Two guineas per dozen was his regular charge for subjects in Indian ink or sepia, which were disposed of by the dealers to country drawing masters chiefly, who visited London twice a year to purchase 'copies' for the use of their pupils." Prout was at the same time engaged in the same way, and the two made arrangements to avoid their coming into collision at the same shop. It was while he was making a precarious living in this way, and by occasionally painting scenery for the provincial theatres, that Cox married and took a small cottage near Dulwich, where he lived for several years, and where he took up teaching drawing as a profession, one of his earliest patrons and pupils being Colonel Windsor, afterwards Earl of Plymouth. From Dulwich he went for a time as drawing master to the military college at Farnham, and from Farnham back to London, where, "after the lapse of about a year, Cox began to look about for some source of permanent income, for the mere sale of drawings was insufficient." This he found in the situation of drawing master to a girls' school at Hereford, whither he went in 1814. Here he found himself able to take other engagements as drawing master to schools, as well as to give lessons to private pupils. "In this way he toiled on for a long time, often heart-sick and weary of his task, but he was slowly making a little money and feeling his way to a more prosperous condition." This, it may be assumed, he had attained to his satisfaction by the time that he left Hereford in 1827, after selling his cottage for a good price to a West Indian planter. "In the settlement there were a few shillings to be returned to the planter from the sum paid down. Cox searched his pockets to find the necessary coin, when the new owner exclaimed, 'Never mind the change, Mr. Cox! you can give me five or six of your little drawings for the balance!' 'And he really meant what he said!' Cox told his friends when narrating the story." A curious comment on it is afforded by the history of the well-known picture "Lancaster Castle," which is given in the following chapter. It was originally given by Cox to an old friend, who some time afterwards happened to be short of money, and meeting Cox, said, "Mr. Cox, I've got a picture of your painting. I am short of money at this time. Should you mind if I sold 'Lancaster Castle'?" Cox replied, "Not at all. Sell it to me. If you remember I gave it to you." In the end Cox bought the picture for twenty pounds, and re-sold it for the same price. At the Gillott Sale it went for something like three thousand guineas.

In 1841 Cox moved from London to Harborne, where he lived until his death in 1859. The record of his life here, if it has not the same kind of interest that attaches to the history of his early struggles, is yet full of pleasant touches both of event and character, and there are some attractive chapters devoted to his many visits to Bettws-y-Coed, a place which he may fairly be said to have invented. The lawsuit which lately took place about the signboard which he painted for his favourite inn, the "Royal Oak," will be fresh in the recollection of readers.

Mr. Hall's personal reminiscences of Cox are particularly pleasing, and his description and estimate of the painter's character carry with them the conviction of truth. As we have said, there are some excellent passages in the critical part of Mr. Hall's work, and one of his more general observations seems to us particularly good. "David Cox," he wrote, "was eminently a truthful painter. He saw nature as it really appears to a healthy unsophisticated mind. Not many artists are so highly favoured." He goes on to give a particular illustration of what he means. "An artist shall be born with what is termed a 'grey eye.' When he looks at nature he sees little but what is grey to him." Consequently a cool or a cold grey tone prevails in all his attempts to reproduce nature. "Critics conclude hastily that he does not represent what he sees. The probability is he does see what he represents, but that he does not see all, and that we do not see as he does." Then there is the converse case of the artist with an "eye for colour," who "applies all the resources of his palette to produce a representation of the effects of colour displayed before him; and from this excess

he not improbably fails in truthfulness." This seems to us well considered and well put, although for argumentative purposes it is open to a fatal objection. Since it may be that no two persons see nature alike, how is a satisfactory decision ever to be arrived at as to the claims of rival painters? and how, if called on for proof, could Mr. Hall have supported his assertion that Cox combined the two qualities he has touched on? His answer would come at best to saying, "It seems to me, and it seems to some others, that Cox saw nature truly and reproduced it truly." But, however this may be, we leave the biography with a feeling of pleasure that is not too often associated with the task of reviewing.

#### TALBOT'S ENCHIRIDION OF EPICTETUS.\*

SOME months ago (*Saturday Review*, January 1, 1881) we had occasion to speak in rather uncomplimentary terms of Mr. Talbot's *Greece and the Greeks*. We regret that we cannot make amends by praising the present work. It is true that his version of the *Enchiridion* does not contain the same mass of mistakes or display such astonishing general ignorance as his previous publication, but the improvement in this respect seems to be due to an increase of caution rather than to any advance in knowledge. Various passages in *Greece and the Greeks* pointed to the conclusion that Mr. Talbot, to put it mildly, had no very accurate knowledge of the Greek, or, for the matter of that, of the Latin language. He has avoided giving further evidence of this unfortunate deficiency by taking care that his "translation" shall have as little as possible to do with the text of his author. His accounts of the most ordinary features of Athenian society were strikingly at variance with well-known facts; but with regard to Epictetus he gives us no information at all, except such as is contained in the very safe statement that he was a Stoic philosopher. The names of Epictetus and Zeno are coupled in a manner which may very well lead a casual reader to suppose that the two philosophers were contemporaries, while nothing is said as to the period and circumstances in which Epictetus lived and taught; and the name of Arrian, who, in fact, compiled the *Enchiridion* from notes of his master's lectures, is not even mentioned. Nor can this reticence be ascribed to a belief that information on the subject would be superfluous, for Mr. Talbot is good enough to favour his readers with scraps of intelligence on the most trite topics. Thus he gives, and gives correctly too, the derivation of the words *Enchiridion* and *Stoic*, and thinks it necessary to sketch in a note the life of Socrates. Here, however, his inveterate habit of blundering is too strong for his new-found caution. He spells incorrectly the names of the philosopher's birthplace and of his dearest friend, and gives the following ludicrous account of the *daimon* of Socrates:—"In consequence of the wonderful development of this" (the reasoning) "faculty, he was supposed by his friends to be always accompanied by a Demon." Why an unusual development of the reasoning faculty should be regarded as a proof of demoniacal possession is not made clear. Of Diogenes we are told that "he was remarkably austere in his manners and mode of life," and that "he lived for the most part in a large vessel which was called his tub." Mr. Talbot has his word to say, too, upon the mutual relations of some of the leading schools of philosophy:—

There was but very little difference between the doctrines of the Socratic and of the Stoic schools. The Academicians, of whom Plato was the founder, differed but little from the Socratic philosophers:—they agreed in the most sublime and essential doctrines, those of the existence of one God, and of the immortality of the Soul. Indeed, there can scarcely be said to be any difference in the moral systems of Socrates and of his pupil, Plato.

This is, indeed, an important aid to the understanding of Greek philosophy. It is interesting, too, to know that "the manners of Pythagoras were mild, gentle, and pleasing."

When Mr. Talbot comes to speak of the manner in which he has "discharged his office of translator," his ecstasy of self-congratulation is altogether too much for his prudence. He commits himself to a series of statements which prove that he has taken no pains whatever to inform himself of what has already been done in the way of commentary upon and translation of the *Enchiridion*. He says in his preface that "the work is now presented to the public in a form entirely new"; and, further on—"This is the first time that the *Enchiridion* has been put into English verse, at all events as far as I am cognizant of the fact." On the face of it, the statement is extremely probable. There are many very good reasons for translating classical poetry into English prose, but none for turning Greek prose into English heroics, unless we accept our author's remarkable plea that "it is equally proper to translate prose into poetry as to compose an original poem out of historical or fictitious records in prose." And so it might very well have been left to Mr. Talbot to experience the fearful joy desired by Lucretius—

Ire jugis qua nulla priorum  
Castalliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.

But, as a matter of fact, several predecessors have left their footprints on the maiden peak to which he aspires. Not to mention French translators, some of whom have chosen the medium of verse, the great discovery has been anticipated by more than

\* *The Enchiridion of Epictetus, and the Golden Verses of Pythagoras*. Translated into English Prose and Verse, with Notes and Scriptural References, together with some Original Poems. By the Hon. Thomas Talbot. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

one English writer. We need only mention one of these, E. Walker, who in 1697 published the *Enchiridion made English in a Poetical Paraphrase*. This version is on exactly the same plan as Mr. Talbot's, and only differs from it in vast superiority of execution, so that Mr. Talbot may be said to stand to Walker in the same relation as Mr. Puff to Shakespeare—"Two people happened to think of the same thing, and Shakespeare," or Walker, "used it first." Mr. Talbot is careful to assure his readers that he has lost no opportunity of attaining to a satisfactory ignorance of his subject. Though he is acquainted with the existence of two translations, he has, as he tells us, only read one, a Latin version; and if his knowledge of the Latin language at large is on a level with his knowledge of Latin prosody, we feel sure that this reading has in no way prevented him from approaching his task with an unbiased mind. He quotes the last line of a well-known passage from the *Ars Poetica*, thus:—

Un le pedem referre pudor vetat, aut operis lex.

"Of course Horace wrote 'proferre.' This false quantity gives rise to the suspicion of a still more painful lapse. Mr. Talbot, in citing what is perhaps the most hackneyed of all the stock quotations from Horace, inverts the order of the first two words, and writes 'nomine mutato de te fabula narratur.' Can it be that he takes this for a hexameter line? The suggestion seems injurious, but the words could not otherwise occur in this order in hexameter verse, and the Latin language has suffered even worse things at Mr. Talbot's hands. In connexion with the subject of quotations, it may be mentioned that in the course of the 'notes' Mr. Talbot is rash enough to quote from the Greek text only in four instances, but these four contain three blunders, any one of which is sufficient to make nonsense of the passage in which it occurs. But Mr. Talbot's second claim to originality of method has yet to be mentioned. It is based upon the fact that he has placed Scriptural references at the bottom of almost every page. 'These references,' he says, with honest pride, 'present a novel aspect in the department of classical literature.' He goes on to say that he has never, so far as he can remember, 'seen a single comparison between an ancient author and the Sacred writings drawn by any translator or commentator of our times.' Such a statement as this implies either remarkable weakness of memory or complete ignorance of the work of modern commentators. If there be any merit in having made more extensive use of Scriptural references than any other translator, it may no doubt be granted to Mr. Talbot, who sometimes borrows Scriptural expressions in his text, and then quotes the original passage in a foot-note as if the similarity of language were a remarkable coincidence, and sometimes cites a long passage of Scripture which has no apparent connexion with the text.

The translation itself is hardly a fit subject for serious criticism. In no true sense of the word can it be said to be translation at all. It might perfectly well have been compiled from an earlier version without any reference whatever to the Greek text, for it is hardly too much to say that in no single passage is the language or style of thought of the original reproduced or even suggested. All that the translator has done is to express in diffuse and often faulty verse a series of moral maxims roughly corresponding to those of his author. But, leaving out of the question those passages which advocate the extreme views of the Stoics on the duty of disregarding external circumstances, the *Enchiridion* simply enjoins a course of action in the various relations of life which has been accepted and preached and practised by moralists of every school and every shade of opinion. It is, therefore, only interesting by reason of its happy terseness of expression, and the pithy brevity of the arguments adduced; and an attempt to apply the style of Pope to a writer who has a great deal in common with Bacon would be worthless even if it were successful. Let us take by way of an example one of the shorter chapters. Epictetus, or rather Arrian, thus expresses the principle of 'fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra':—"Οταν τι, διαγνοῖς ὅτι ποιητέον ἐστί, πείθῃ, μηδέποτε φύγει δόξηαι πράσσειν αὐτό, κἀν ἀλλοῖσιν τι μέλλουσιν οἱ πολλοὶ περὶ αὐτοῦ ὑπολαμβάνειν. εἰ μὲν γὰρ οὐκ ὁρθῶς ποιεῖς, αὐτὸ τὸ ἔργον φύγει. εἰ δὲ ὁρθῶς, τι φοβῇ τοὺς ἐπιπλήζοντας οὐκ ὁρθῶς; Mr. Talbot renders this as follows:—

From righteous acts let nought thy mind dissuade;  
Of vulgar censures be thou ne'er afraid;  
Pursue the task which justice doth decree,  
E'en tho' the crowd think different from thee;  
With righteous works alone thou shouldst proceed,—  
When truth directs, thy labours shall succeed.  
Such be thy aim,—dispel each causeless fear—  
And vain shall prove the rabble's vicious sneer.

This string of platitudes is, unhappily, no unfair example of Mr. Talbot's style. But we are not left to gather the principles of the Stoic philosophy from verse alone. To each chapter is prefixed an "analytical illustration," which is explained in the preface to mean "an analysis of its contents, or, perhaps I should rather say, a prose version of these, adapted, in train of idea and form of expression, to the doctrines and phraseology of Christian philosophers." Here is the "analytical illustration" of the passage quoted above, which only requires the signature of that Christian philosopher, Wilkins Micawber, to be complete:—

Let nothing dissuade you from that which is right; and be not turned aside from the path of honour and justice by the censures and derision of the senseless crowd. Be all your conduct regulated by the dictates of justice and of righteousness; and thus shall your pathway be smoothed with peace and joy, and lighted by the radiations of a tranquil and serene mind. Thus shall your course through this life be marked with success;

and though the rabble's envenomed sneer may sometimes meet your eye, security and success shall be ever in your train, and shall lead you to their haven of safety.

It would be interesting to know how security and success can "lead you into their haven of safety," if they are to "be ever in your train"; but it is a far more serious blunder to make a Stoic philosopher attach any importance to success in life, or hold it out as an incentive to the pursuit of virtue. The central fact of the Stoic teaching, of course, was that such considerations are matters of absolute indifference. It would be absurd to subject to minute criticism such work as this, for the most superficial examination shows it to be utterly slipshod and unscholarly. We may well be surprised at the infatuation which induces one who has so much rudimentary knowledge still to acquire to take upon himself the office of teacher.

It is to be feared that Mr. Talbot will not take much higher rank as an original poet than as a translator. The specimens of verse which fill the concluding portion of the book, have, we gather, been published before—perhaps in the "poet's corner" of some small provincial journal. "An Ode to Queen Victoria on her Coronation" is in reality a sermon to the Irish people, and may perhaps have been written ironically in the course of the last year or so. Dissension is forbidden to stalk over the plain, or to think of the past and its woes; but the construction is here rather confused; at any rate, dissension, or the Irish people, is informed that "thus shall love, union, and harmony reign"—a prophecy which, as we know, has been satisfactorily realized. For the rest, these poems illustrate a profound reflection which Mr. Talbot makes in the course of his notes on Epictetus:—"It is sometimes amusing to trace the similarity not only of idea, but also of expression, which exists between writers both of the same and of different times." Thus we find "A Sigh for the Past" written in the metre of Gray's *Elegy*, and containing both ideas and expressions obviously borrowed from it, though Gray cannot claim the merit of having discovered that "a glance" can "illumine the scene of glory with a sigh." Moore, too, seems to be a favourite poet of Mr. Talbot's, who does him the honour of borrowing his metres and imitating the structure of some of his shorter pieces, with results which remind one forcibly of a certain fable concerning a lapdog and another quadruped. We may quote, as an example of this style, one stanza of a poem relating to a "nymph of the ocean" whom the poet saw, appropriately enough, "on the wild wave of the rolling Atlantic":—

The vision is fled, which (tho' strange it may seem)  
An instant both gave him and bade him resign.  
It passed through his heart like the flash of a dream;  
And he sudden exclaimed, "Oh, she ne'er can be mine."

A notice of Mr. Talbot's work can scarcely be better concluded than by commending to his careful consideration the maxim of his favourite author—"σιωπή τὸ πολὺ ἔστω· ἡ λαλεῖσθαι τὰ ἀναγκαῖα, καὶ δὲ ὀλίγων"—or, as his own version expresses it:—

First learn thy tongue's full freedom to restrain;  
Nor let thy language ever flow in vain.

#### CHURCH SYSTEMS OF ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

IT cannot have escaped the notice of any keen observer of the religious phenomena of our time that, whereas the National Church mainly occupies itself with its own business, the self-called "Free Churches" occupy themselves to a surprising degree with the business of the National Church. We do not find that the Church Congress in any given year has ever yet manifested the slightest anxiety for the progress and prosperity of Independency, Anabaptism, or Presbyterianism; but at the annual general gatherings of each of these sects the very greatest anxiety is manifested for the welfare of the National Church, and an edifying eagerness for its deliverance from the patronage and control of the State. The various sects which have been generated out of the Wesleyan germ are either less benevolent or more attentive to their own business than the older sects developed out of the Puritan germ. The Methodists at their gatherings busy themselves exclusively with Methodism, and leave the Church of England alone. When the Committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales invited Mr. Rogers to deliver the sixth "Congregational Union Lecture," they must have known beforehand exactly what he would give them. Modern Liberationist Independency is totally devoid of originality and even of individuality; the world has long been acquainted with everything that it has to say. Whether it is Mr. Rogers, or Mr. Dale, or Dr. Allon who is its organ, the utterance is always one and the same. Each of these gentlemen seems to be penetrated with the conviction that the world was created in order that the Church of England might be disestablished and disendowed. Mr. Rogers delivered thirteen lectures before the Union. The first eight of these lectures deal wholly or chiefly with the Church of England; one lecture is devoted to the Church and the Sects, or, as Mr. Rogers phrases it, "the Established Church and the Free Churches." Four other "Church systems of England"—Plymouth Brethrenism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism—only get one lecture apiece, while the hundred other "Church systems of England" get no lecture at all.

Mr. Rogers starts with the assumption, which is now generally

\* *The Church Systems of England in the Nineteenth Century.* By J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

held by Liberationists, that there exists a certain whole called "Anglican Christendom," and that the component parts of this whole are the "several communities" or "Churches." The "Episcopal Church" is only one among the many. Dr. Allon proclaimed the same hypothesis in his address on "Congregationalism" this year from the chair of the Congregational Union. None who have the slightest acquaintance with the works of the fathers of English Independency will need to be told that they would have regarded such a theory with horror. They would have granted that the "Episcopal Church" was one among the many sects; and they held it to be the most anti-Christian and Babylonish, save one, among the many. But Brown and Barrowe held, as strongly as Hooker or Laud did, that there could only be one Church, and they maintained that the component parts of this divine entirety were Congregationalist "Churches." They would have renounced with horror the modern Liberationist hypothesis that the Presbyterian, Anabaptist, Methodist, Quaker, Swedenborgian, and other communities have the least right to the title of "Churches." They would have shown no tolerance for the modern theory of their degenerate sons, that the all-important distinction between the Church of England and an Independent congregation is not that the former is anti-Christian and the latter Christian, but that the former is an "Established Church" and the latter a "Free Church." If they had believed the National Church to be a true Church in any sense whatever, they had sufficient perception of the sin and mischief of schism to have abstained from the foundation of Independency, or, to use their own phraseology, from "gathering Churches." The Church of England, in the view of the religious ancestors of Mr. Rogers, was not a part of Christendom, but a part of Satan's kingdom or the world; it was founded on what they held to be the soul-destroying illusion that God had redeemed the whole nation, and that baptism might consequently be administered to every native. Congregational Independency was originally a protest against the wide liberality and humanity of the Catholic Church, and of the National Church of England as a part of historical Christendom. The early Independents had no quarrel against the State for "establishing" the Church. They protested against the establishment of an anti-Christian system in the place of the true Church system. John Pory, the famous proto-martyr of Independency, in his declaration of allegiance to Queen Elizabeth in 1593, did not quarrel with her establishment of the Church, but with her establishment of a society which was not the true Church. He expressly says:—"Her supreme authority within her realm and dominions I acknowledge to be such over all persons, in all causes, as no person, either civil or ecclesiastical, may exempt himself or his cause from the power and censure of her laws and sword. I do also acknowledge that Her Majesty hath full authority from the Lord, by her royal power to establish and enact all laws, both ecclesiastical and civil, among her subjects; in the making whereof the Lord requireth that her ecclesiastical (laws) be warranted by his written word." The early Independents really demanded that Sovereigns and Parliaments should accept them, instead of accepting the Pope, or the Bishops, or the Presbyterian Puritans, as the authentic interpreters of that written word. The religious forgoers of the Congregational Union and the Liberation Society required that the State—that is to say, the Queen—should establish by law a narrow and intolerant Independency which un-Christianized the mass of the nation and the majority of every parish; they required that she should disestablish the episcopate and priesthood, which were bearing witness to the redemption of the whole nation, and were declaring to every parishioner that he had a right to the sacrament of baptism and incorporation into the Church of Christ. The English people steadily refuse to accept the two new theories of the Liberationists—first, that "Anglican Christendom" is composed of a group of sister churches—the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, the Swedenborgian, the Christadelphian, the Salvation Army, and so forth *ad infinitum*; and, secondly, that the historical Church, which claims relation to the entirety of the nation and of each parish, is only different from private religious associations which claim no relation to the actual order of the universe, by the Church being "established" and the various sects being "free." The Liberation Society aims at forcing upon the English people, by the aid of the State, its own crude and unhistorical hypothesis that there are a number of co-equal "Churches" in England. The difference between the "Established" Church and the so-called "Free Churches," however, is as inherent and permanent as the difference between the real world and this or that man's notions and crotchets about the world. Establishment, however it may be defined, is only an accident in the historical life of the Church; that accident may continue or may cease; but if a Liberationist majority were returned to the House of Commons, and the Church of England were disestablished and disendowed, the inherent and permanent difference between it and the hundred sects would remain the same as ever, and the historical Church would still retain its nationality as one of its dominant notes.

Mr. Rogers devotes a great deal of his space to the internal differences within the Church of England. He gives a lecture apiece to the Low Church and Broad Church parties, and no fewer than four lectures to the High Church party. The utmost praise is due to him for the tolerance, the kindly and intelligent appreciation, and the evident anxiety to state the convictions of each party with fairness, which he exhibits in these lectures. There is no survival of that ferocious ranting which characterized the founders of Independency. When Lord Chancellor Hatton pointed out

Archbishop Whitgift to Henry Barrowe, and asked this truculent father of Congregationalism what he held the Primate to be, Barrowe replied, as he himself tells us (in *A Brief of the Examination of me, Henry Barrowe*, 1586, reprinted after the Restoration, 1662): "He is a monster; a miserable compound! I know not what to make of him. He is neither ecclesiastical nor civil—even that Second Beast spoken of in the Revelation." Barrowe's heir, Mr. Rogers, can hardly find eulogy sufficiently glowing to heap upon Whitgift's heir, Archbishop Tait. He speaks from "the chair of Canterbury"; he is "the Primate of all England"; though he is "a successor of Laud," he has "grasped the true idea of Christian union." Low Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, and High Churchmen, all in their turn come within the field of Mr. Rogers's critical vision, and, as they pass across it, are dismissed with much more praise and sympathy than blame. In some degree or form, they one and all exhibit the virtues of Nonconformity. The manner in which history is twisted in order to bear out this view is characteristic of the lecturer. In his sketch of the rise of the Evangelical movement in the Church of England, he deliberately informs his hearers that "the great aim of Sheldon and his condutors in 1662 was to purge the Church of England of clergymen with the theology of Thomas Scott and the passionate earnestness of John Newton." There can be no doubt that the Evangelical and Methodist movements in the Church of England quickened moribund Dissent, and that the new life of the "Free Churches" was not self-originated, but was communicated to the sects from the spontaneous and vigorous outburst of new life in the National Church. A list of the preaching-houses and chapels built by ordained priests, if it could be collected, would yield a lively illustration of this truth. The facts which Mr. Rogers ought to have produced, however, in order to prove his hypothesis are of a different character. He should have shown that Scott and Newton refused to be ordained priests, to wear the surplice, to kneel at the Eucharist, to use the Book of Common Prayer as we now have it, or to baptize the children of "unbelievers." To say, as he does, that the so-called Evangelical clergy of the eighteenth century, of whom he selects Scott and Newton as types, "set themselves to undo the work which the Act of Uniformity had accomplished," is glaringly untrue. His assertion that "they, Scott and Newton, were the successors of the Nonconformists of whose piety and zeal that fatal Bartholomew's Day had deprived the Establishment," is a proposition which needs a score of qualifications. To a certain degree Scott and Newton may have been the successors of Howe and Owen in some of their doctrinal opinions, but in no degree were they their successors in conduct and practice. Mr. Rogers, having touched the brink of a baseless theorizing, plunges into the full stream of it. He starts the conjecture that if the similarity of conforming priests like Scott and Newton, Venn and Romaine, to the nonconforming Presbyterians and Independents of a former century "had been clear to themselves," or if "it had been detected by the then rulers of the Church," these "new Puritans" would have been turned out of their ministry in the National Church. "It is strange," he adds, "if an Act which expelled Baxter was designed to include John Newton." It is sufficient to reply that if Baxter had done what John Newton did—if he had conformed to the order of the National Church—he would not have been "expelled." The Evangelical clergy of the eighteenth century loyally accepted everything which the Nonconformists of the seventeenth century had refused to accept. It is worth noticing that Scott himself said that Newton's doctrine had little effect upon him, and even served him as a subject of merriment, until his conscience was aroused by observing Newton's self-sacrificing labours as a parish priest, especially in the visiting of the sick.

In his lecture on "The Established Church and the Free Churches," Mr. Rogers takes up once again the sore subject of the Census. He rejoices that the Dissenters were not wronged by Churchmen being permitted to record themselves as Churchmen. The "force of the Established Church," he tells us, would otherwise have been "displayed," not by the production of "actual worshippers, but of those who call themselves" Churchmen. The intolerance which the Liberationists have inherited from the early Independents, while they cast aside so many other traditions of their fathers, was never more evident than in their loud and long shriek to the State not to allow the English people to record their religious profession. They demanded that the State should allow no Englishman to "call" himself a Churchman unless he conformed to the Liberationist definition of Churchmanship. The Dissenter is to settle who is and who is not a true, proper, and legal Churchman. The cry against a Census of religion stands on the same ground as the cry for disestablishment. The State is to legislate upon the lines dictated by Dissent. Mr. Rogers tells us that the State has to take "only one step further" in order to "meet the Nonconformist view." Having decreed "equality of persons," it has now only to decree "equality of Churches." In other words, the Dissenter requires that the State should enforce by law upon all its citizens his own novel theory and definition of a "Church"—a theory borrowed from the accidents of American politics, and one which the founders of the English Dissenting sects would have rejected with horror. The disestablishment of the National Church on the lines dictated by the Liberationists would really be the establishment as the law of the land of the new Dissenting theory that England is full of Churches, and that any religious club is a Church.

## A WILL AND A WAY.\*

"VARIOUS French 'Memoirs,' writes Lady Georgiana Fullerton in her preface, "and especially a very interesting autobiography entitled '*Une Famille noble sous la Terreur*,' furnished the materials for *A Will and a Way*. Most of the characters are drawn from the same source; some of the names are changed." We greatly doubt whether a novelist has any right thus to turn to her own uses the labour of others. Had this autobiography which she so deservedly praises been published in England, it would probably have been for many a long year saved by the law of copyright from the fate which has befallen it. Though this safeguard is wanting to it, nevertheless its merits surely ought to have secured it better treatment. It was fitting that it should be made known to the English reader, but the right way to do this was through a translation. Had our author been content with a piece of work as legitimate as it is unambitious, and had she turned the original into English that was not unworthy of the French in which it was written, she would have received from us nothing but praise. Her method, however, as she herself frankly enough confesses, has been very different. If many were to follow in her steps, autobiographies—at all events, the autobiographies of those whose lives are worth writing—would, we fear, become a thing of the past. Who would patiently submit to have his memoirs thus preyed upon, to have the story of his life altered to suit the purposes of a three-volume novel, to have a couple of lovers tacked on where there was not even one, to have patches stuck on here and there from the memoirs of others, and to have names now given and now changed? There is this comfort, however, that a good autobiography may live for more centuries than a novel sees years. When Lady Georgiana Fullerton's too artificial story shall have disappeared even from the shelves of the seaside circulating libraries, *Une Famille noble sous la Terreur* will still keep its place.

That *A Will and a Way* is, in spite of great faults, an interesting story, we readily admit; but, at the same time, we must not forget that its merits are mostly borrowed, while its faults are all its own. For a long way, if our memory does not play us false, our author keeps very close to the original. Her language, indeed, is so often cast in a French mould that we can scarcely doubt that there are a great many passages which are translated almost word for word. In fact, during a great part of the opening scenes, her style struck us as being awkward and cramped. It nowhere is good, but here it is particularly bad. The following passage will show what we mean. It comes in the first chapter of the first volume:—

Aline heard many conversations which it was not supposed she attended to. She had taken the habit of sitting on a stool at her aunt's feet with a piece of embroidery in her hand, and never raised her head or spoke, but with an intense earnestness and close attention listened to every word that was uttered; and soon she became aware of all that concerned the emigration, and shared the impassioned enthusiasm which made aged men and young nobles, fathers of families and quiet country gentlemen, rise like one man to go and join the exiled princes.

Further on we come upon many such passages as the following:—"It became a question whether to go to bed or not when there was reason to apprehend such a visitation"; "It was always in the neighbouring towns that the hatred of the nobility raged"; "The veillée always ended with the saying of the Rosary, examination of conscience, and night prayers." The author can find, we fear, some justification for the use of the Frenchified English term, "a religious"; but "infirmarians" nowhere passes current for "hospital nurses."

In the changes that she has made to suit her purposes as a novelist she has not been content to confound autobiographies and memoirs; she has done worse than this—she has confused history. A very little care would have saved her from the blunders into which she has fallen, but that care she was either unable or unwilling to take. How gross an error, indeed, is it that makes the Marseillaise march through Lyons on their way to Paris after the dreadful 10th of August! Not, indeed, so gross, yet gross enough, is the blunder into which she falls when she says that Vergniaud's execution drove Charlotte Corday to despair. Vergniaud's head did not fall till more than three months after Charlotte Corday had seen her fourth and last day of "the Preparation of Peace." Later on, the author describes how the news of Robespierre's death was received at Lyons, and how thereupon the heroine set out for Paris. Now Robespierre was guillotined on July 28, and yet it was on the sixteenth of the same month that the girl started, we are told, on her journey. Collet d'Herboles, according to our author, was executed. He escaped the guillotine, as she ought to have known, to die of yellow fever and drink in French Guiana. Errors such as these are not likely to be discovered by many readers, and, even if pointed out, will not be condemned by those who like a modern novel better than an autobiography, and who can take no interest in a heroine who lives to tell how she never had a lover. As might be expected, this story gives the most one-sided account of the great Revolution. Very little—scarcely anything, indeed—is told of the grievous wrongs that the mass of the people had borne for long ages; while the sufferings—dreadful enough, in all truth—of the nobility and the clergy, that lasted but a few years, are described at length. On one side there would seem to be only the

sublime patience of a class that was, as a whole, deeply religious, while on the other were the gross cruelties of the working people. Faithful peasants are, no doubt, introduced, who by their very devotedness only prove how virtuous their priests and their masters must have been. An old workman of Lyons, whose son was a leading Jacobin, is brought in saying, "Dear me, dear me! we used to live quieter lives formerly. I had to work, indeed; but then I was well paid for it, and could eat in peace. I made a waistcoat for King Louis XV., and a lot of money I got for it." No peasant or workman is brought in to tell of the oppressions of all kinds under which he and his fellows had suffered, and of the burdens from which they were at last shaking themselves free. Now and then—but far too rarely—some statement shows that France had not hitherto been altogether and through-out a blessed land. The number of waistcoats that even Louis XV. could wear was limited, and still more limited were his means of paying for even all that he did order. The author, we must do her the justice to admit, has some sympathy even for Robespierre, as the possessor of an immortal soul. There is no one, she apparently believes, so bad but that, by a chance perusal of one or two of the Lives of the Saints and the help of a Catholic priest, he might be reclaimed and converted into a saint himself. Johnson, when he was one day asked his opinion of a certain tragedy in manuscript, replied, "there was too much *Tig and Terry* in it." When Mrs. Thrale burst into a laugh, he said, "Why, what wouldst thou have, child? I looked at nothing but the 'dramatis,' and there was Tigranes and Tiridates, or Teribazus, or such stuff." Now, in the story before us there is too much saint and priest. A Roman Catholic may find it all edifying enough, though to us it is somewhat tiresome. Moreover, we cannot easily forget, in this praise of the Romish Church, that in the South of France, where the scene of the story is mostly laid, is Toulouse. It was only seven and twenty years before the beginning of the Revolution that that unhappy but most innocent old man, the Protestant Jean Calas, was broken on the wheel in that city through the gross superstition of his fellow-citizens. In the North, four years later, the Chevalier de la Barre, on the charge of having injured a crucifix, was put first to the torture and then to death. Let Lady Georgiana Fullerton spare a little time to read that blood-stained page of history, and see what part the Bishop of Abbeville bore in this horrible persecution. Let her read Voltaire's words of warning to the Church—words which had their fulfilment far earlier and far more terribly than even he who uttered them could have expected:—"Il faut avouer," he wrote, "que s'il y a quelques cas où un monitoire est nécessaire, il y en a beaucoup d'autres où il est très-dangereux. Il invite les gens de la lie du peuple à porter des accusations contre les personnes élevées au-dessus d'eux, dont ils sont toujours jaloux. C'est alors un ordre intimé par l'Eglise de faire le métier infâme de délateur." Our author makes her hero say of Charlotte Corday, "She had once been very religious. It was the works of Rousseau and Voltaire that undermined her faith." Whatever blame Voltaire may deserve by more than one part of his writings, we can never forget that he was the foe to tyranny of every kind, and that he taught a lesson of tolerance which had it been learnt by the Church and the ruling class, would have averted the Reign of Terror. But it would seem idle to argue on such matters with one who, like our author, regards the Jesuits as "the vanguard of the Church's army of apostles and martyrs."

However, she will find readers of her own, who will be full of admiration for the virtuous peasant-woman who rejects her lover, to whom she was deeply attached because he was a Protestant. It was not, by the way, the fault of the army of the Church, or of its vanguard either, that in the neighbourhood of the Cévennes, where this good Catholic lived, there was a single Protestant to be found. No less will they admire the sudden conversions that take place. To the common reader they may seem, indeed, almost passing belief; but those who have been fed on one class of literature will, no doubt, find in them nothing strange. Such incidents as these, however, would better find a place in a series of tracts than in an historical novel.

We regret that there is so little praise that we can bestow on this work. There is something that we like in the author, but the faults that she here commits are too great to be overlooked. She gives a false view of the period which she describes, and of the Church of which she is so devout a daughter. At the same time she takes a genuine piece of autobiography and twists it to suit her purposes with as much coolness and with as great an indifference to the real facts as if she were herself one of the authors of the Lives of the Saints. As if these failings were not in themselves enough, she too often falls into a style which, however praiseworthy it might be in a Frenchman who should attempt to write in our language, cannot easily be forgiven in an English-woman who would persuade herself and her readers that she is writing English.

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\* *A Will and a Way*. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Author of "Too Strange not to be True," "A Stormy Life," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.



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In obedience to an Order of the Finance Committee of the Corporation of London, I do hereby give notice to the holders, registered or otherwise, of City Bonds, which mature within the ensuing year, 1882, as follows:

(1.) That the Bonds referred to in the First Schedule hereto will be paid off (out of funds specially applicable to such purposes) absolutely and without option of renewal, at the dates at which they respectively mature.

(2.) That the Bonds referred to in the Second Schedule hereto will also be paid off at the dates of their maturity respectively, but that an option is given to the holders of such Bonds to renew the Loans severally secured for a period of Ten Years from the dates at which they severally fall due by Bonds to carry interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, but to be issued to present holders at 105 per cent, which will pay them a full rate of 2½ per cent. per annum.

Holders of Bonds desiring to avail themselves of this option of renewal must signify to me their agreement thereto, and bring their Bonds for marking to this Office, on or before the 31st of December next.

The Loans renewed under these options will be for the like purposes and on the same securities as the existing Bonds, interest being payable, as at present, by means of Coupons, at the Bank of England, negotiable through any banker.

## SCHEDULE I.

Bonds to be paid off absolutely.

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement Act, 1861, and maturing on January 1, 1882, viz.:	
25 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 309 to 400, 770, 849 to 868, and 915 to 921.....	38,000
40 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 561 to 597, 809 to 861, and 925 to 943.....	21,000
41 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 513 and 544, 819 to 848, 895 to 914, and 916.....	4,100
Bonds issued under the same Act, and maturing on June 30, 1882, viz.:	
22 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1,510 to 1,531.....	22,000
4 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 1,569 to 1,595.....	400
Bonds issued under the same Act, and maturing on July 1, 1882, viz.:	
92 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 110, 400 to 421, 560 to 595, and 936 to 988.....	92,000
16 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 508 and 509, and 1069 to 1,081.....	8,000
20 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 540 to 559, and 1,005 to 1,017.....	2,800
Bonds issued under the same Act, and maturing on December 31, 1882, viz.:	
26 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1,568 to 1,591.....	26,000
	218,900

Bonds issued under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, 1869, for constructing the Foreign Cattle Market for the Metropolis, maturing on January 25, 1882, viz.:

2 Bonds for £10,000 each, Nos. 1 and 2.....	20,000
Part of Bond for £10,000, No. 3.....	6,000
	26,000

Bonds issued under the Billingsgate Market Act, 1871, and maturing on March 19, 1882, viz.:

4 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 241 to 244.....	4,000
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Bond issued in respect of rebuilding the Royal Exchange (Loan of £78,000), secured upon the City's moiety of the Gresham Estate, viz.:

Bond for £1,000, No. 3, maturing on May 11, 1882.....	1,000
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Part of Bond issued under the Act for Rebuilding Blackfriars Bridge, viz.:

No. 101 for £50,000, maturing on July 26, 1882.....	50,000
	25,000

Total..... £71,900

## SCHEDULE II.

Bonds maturing in 1882 with an option of renewal.

Bonds issued under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, 1869, for constructing the Foreign Cattle Market for the Metropolis, maturing on January 25, 1882, viz.:

Part of Bond for £10,000, No. 3.....	4,000
4 Bonds for £10,000 each, Nos. 4 to 7.....	40,000
1 Bond for £5,000, No. 8.....	5,000
	49,000

Bonds issued under the Act for providing the Metropolitan Cattle Market, Tillington, and maturing on January 30, 1882, viz.:

2 Bonds for £10,000 each, Nos. 728 and 753.....	20,000
1 Bond for £4,000, No. 704.....	4,000
	24,000

Bonds issued under the Billingsgate Market Act, 1871, and maturing on March 19, 1882, viz.:

11 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 245 to 255.....	11,000
6 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 256 to 261.....	3,000
10 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 264 to 273.....	1,000
	15,000

Bonds issued for the purposes of the Slaughtering Houses at the Metropolitan Cattle Market, and maturing on May 25, 1882, viz.:

9 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 35 to 43.....	9,000
12 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 44 to 55.....	6,000
10 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 56 to 65.....	1,000
	16,000

Bonds issued under the London Central Markets Act, 1875, for the purposes of the London Central Poultry and Provision Market (being Loan of £10,000) dated September 30, 1875, and maturing on July 1, 1882, viz.:

1 Bond, No. 1, for.....	10,000
22 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 2 to 23.....	22,000
31 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 24 to 54.....	15,500
25 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 118 to 139.....	2,500
	50,000

Bonds issued for the purposes of Billingsgate Market, being Loan of £50,000, dated September 30, 1875, and maturing on July 1, 1882, viz.:

40 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 40.....	40,000
10 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 46 to 55.....	5,000
	45,000

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement (Additional Works) Act, 1867, and maturing on July 3, 1882, viz.:

250 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 250.....	250,000
250 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 251 to 500.....	125,000
750 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 501 to 1,250.....	75,000
	450,000

Bonds issued under the Act for Re-building Blackfriars Bridge, and maturing on July 26, 1882, viz.:

Part of Bond, viz. No. 101 for £50,000.....	25,000
3 Bonds for £50,000 each, Nos. 126 to 128.....	150,000
	175,000

Bonds issued under the Act for providing the Metropolitan Cattle Market, Tillington, and maturing on October 10, 1882, viz.:

10 Bonds for £5,000 each, Nos. 514 to 523.....	50,000
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Bonds issued for the like purpose, and maturing on October 31, 1882, viz.:

18 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 524 to 541.....	18,000
4 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 542 to 545.....	2,000
	20,000

Total..... £1,011,000

Further information, if needed, will be furnished at this Department.

Chamber of London, Guildhall,  
October 21, 1881.

BENJAMIN SCOTT, Chamberlain.

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### WORKING OF THE LAND COURT.

THE Court which Mr. GLADSTONE has established for the disciplining of Irish landlords has at last begun its operations in earnest, and perhaps the shortest and most significant account of the result of this beginning is that Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, M.P., is jubilant, and that there is reason for his jubilation. Mr. O'DONNELL, at a time when persons much more deeply identified than himself with the Parnellite cause have either fled the country or remained discreetly silent, has taken upon himself to do battle for the suspects, and has fought the battle, on the whole, very fairly, so that there is no need to speak of him with any disrespect. At the same time it is tolerably safe to say that the jubilation of Mr. O'DONNELL ought to make most Englishmen rather uncomfortable. There is cause for such discomfort, though Mr. O'DONNELL, with characteristic haste, seems to have forgotten that the decisions which give him such pleasure are those of a Sub-Commission only. In the mere fact that these first test cases have resulted in decisions very adverse to the landlords, there would be no reason either for exultation on one side or for alarm on the other, for there is no doubt at all that there are such things as excessive rents in Ireland. It is when the evidence laid before the Commissioners is examined, and the principles which seem to have guided their decisions are laid bare, that the reasons for Mr. O'DONNELL's jubilation appear. And it is then that the absolute justice of the view put forward on the Opposition side in Parliament during the passing of the Bill appears likewise. If the decisions in the Castleblayney and Belfast Sub-Commissions are upheld, then one famous remark of Mr. FORSTER's is falsified, and one equally famous remark of Mr. PARNELL's is justified. For the Castleblayney decision, to be understood at all, requires the admission of the principle which Mr. FORSTER declared to be most unfair—the principle that the tenant's right must be carved out of the landlord's; and the Belfast decision, or rather the principle enunciated during the hearing, leads up, if it does not amount, to the adoption of Mr. PARNELL's standard of "prairie value."

The net result of the Castleblayney case was that the rent was reduced by more than twenty-five per cent., with the effect that the Court valuation of ten acres exceeds GRIFFITH's valuation for eight acres by six shillings only—in other words, the rent has been reduced considerably below what used to be the Land League standard. The important points of the decision are not, however, to be discerned in this statement. They are, that the tenant who alleged that his rent was too high had refused 150*l.* for his tenant-right, and that he himself had been until recently an absentee tenant residing at Manchester, where he had a situation on the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway, and leaving his wife to manage the farm. That is to say, this fortunate person not only received the wages on which it is to be presumed his comrades at Manchester subsist, but held a property in Ireland which he himself values at more than 150*l.* after paying his old rent. Obviously there is here no consideration of *affetum affectionis*, since the tenant had so little affection for his land that he did not care to live on it. Obviously, also, there must have been a considerable margin of profit over the old rent, since the tenant did not consider the capitalized value of that profit to be represented sufficiently by 150*l.* It follows that the only possible explanation of the Commissioners' decision is that they assessed the

positive value of the farm (which they are said to have examined with great care), deducted from this the annual value of the supposed tenant-right, and fixed the remainder as the rent. This is the exact process which was protested against in Parliament, which was admitted to be unfair, and which was thought to be precluded by the omission of the original definition of fair rent. It follows, too, that if the tenant-right of McATAVEY's farm at the rent of nearly nine pounds was in the market 150*l.* or more, it will reach a considerably higher figure now that the rent is six guineas. Consequently, at the expiry of the first fifteen years' tenancy, a larger sum still will have to be deducted, and the landlord's share will sink in proportion, exactly as has been predicted a hundred times. It is to be supposed that this case will be reheard before the Judicial Commissioner and his colleagues, and it is impossible to exaggerate the importance which will attach to the rehearing.

The Belfast cases are not yet completed, and therefore cannot properly be the subject of comment, except as concerns a general principle which the chief Sub-Commissioner asserted, and which has given as much cause for jubilation as that implied, if not asserted, in the Castleblayney decision. The case was one in which a lease had been granted, with a clause to the effect that all improvements, by whomsoever made, should become the property of the landlord when the lease expired. This happened years ago, and the tenancy was renewed. The Sub-Commissioners now hold that under the clause stating that no rent should be chargeable on improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors in title, the element of the improvements, unless evidence of their having actually been made by the landlord was produced, must be excluded. Thus not only is the onus of proof, contrary to general expectation and to the apparent meaning of the words of the Act, shifted from the tenant to the landlord, but even an express agreement made, with no allegation of coercion in the making, and terminated years before either the Act of 1870 or the Act of 1881 was thought of, is not held to be evidence of the landlord's proprietary right. This point, as a matter of course, will go before the Chief Commissioners; and, indeed, the Sub-Commissions, which are instituted to deal mainly, if not wholly, with fact, are not very suitable tribunals for even an interim decision on points of pure law. But the dilemma is serious. A reversal of Mr. Sub-Commissioner GREEN's decision would excite a loud outcry in Ireland, and probably check the present eagerness to take the benefits of the Act. A confirmation of it would penalize landlords in a way which it is tolerably certain Parliament neither intended nor even contemplated as possible. It is too obvious even to require demonstration that if this property had been sold in 1863, when the lease expired, the purchaser would have been expected to pay for the improvements which the tenant (with as full knowledge of the limit of his enjoyment of those improvements as any London householder who puts into his house a marble chimney-piece or into his garden perennial shrubs) had made. His bargain would have been in every sense legal and equitable; yet, according to Mr. Sub-Commissioner GREEN, he would have to submit to-day to an indefinite loss upon it.

The unfortunate confusion caused by the uncertainty of the Government views and their frequent changes during the debate on the Bill is well illustrated by a phrase in an

otherwise careful, and impartial report of these proceedings in the *Daily News*. The writer says that the principle on which a fair rent is to be fixed is the consideration of what a solvent tenant, taking one year with another, could afford to pay. There was such a phrase in the Bill as it entered the House of Commons, but there was none such when it left it, for the simple reason that it had been amply proved to be utterly inadmissible. This very Correspondent himself points out the reason of the omission forcibly enough when he avows his doubts as to how the Commissioners will manage those estates in Connaught where the holdings—and there are many such—are simply insufficient to support a tenant in solvency at any rent whatever. In other words, if fifty acres are held in one tenancy, the tenant may live and the landlord receive a fair rent; if they are held by ten tenants, the tenants will starve and the landlord get nothing. Yet all these wretched holdings are probably saleable, and, on the precedent of the lucky McATAVEY, the rent will have to be reduced; logically speaking, it will on that precedent have to be done away with altogether, and a rent-charge on the landlord substituted for it as a bonus to the tenant. To the thousands and tens of thousands of tenants who are crowding the Land Court this must be a pleasant reflection. As for the landlords, though the Act bears the words “having regard to the interest of landlord and tenant respectively,” they seem to be left out of consideration. There is nothing in this to astonish those who have followed the matter from the first; but it is as well to remember the earnest and almost violent disclaimers of any possible damage to the landowner which Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE have repeatedly made. That the construction placed on the last provision of Clause 8 by Sub-Commissioner GREER in the Belfast case causes such damage is too clear to need argument. The Chief Commissioners must decide whether they will adopt that construction or whether they will not.

#### THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

THE final result of the elections to the German Parliament is still a subject of speculation, for in no less than ninety constituencies a second ballot will be necessary; but enough is known to make the future composition of the Parliament tolerably certain. The total number of members is 397; and in the present, as in former Parliaments, there will be found four main groups. There are the Conservatives, who may be relied on to support Prince BISMARCK in anything he proposes; the Centre, or Clerical party, who go with or against the PRINCE according as they think they have most to gain from him; the Liberals, who, with very varying degrees of decisiveness, oppose the PRINCE when they very much disagree with him; and a very miscellaneous group of outsiders, partly consisting of Particularists and Socialists, who object to the present order of things in the Empire, and Nationalists like Poles, Alsations, and Danes, who object generally to everything German. These outsiders and the Centre will probably remain numerically very much what they were in the last Parliament; the Conservatives have lost, and the Liberals have gained. If every Conservative and the whole of the Centre voted with Prince BISMARCK, and all the Liberals and every member of the miscellaneous group voted against him, he would be beaten. The majority against him would be very small, perhaps half a dozen votes, but it would be a majority; and, although the contingency is very unlikely to happen, and there is scarcely any question on which the parties would put forth their whole strength and range themselves on opposite sides, still the best beginning of any estimate of the present Parliamentary position of the CHANCELLOR is to recognize that the Conservatives and the Centre together may not constitute a majority of the new Chamber. If the PRINCE can come to terms with the Centre, and will make such offers to them as will ensure their hearty, unanimous, and persistent support, he would have a practical majority, for his supporters would work together and his opponents would not. But the measures on which he has set his heart, the State Insurance Bill and the Tobacco Monopoly, are far too big to be got through by a bare majority dependent for its existence on the want of cohesion in its opponents. He asked Germany to send him a Parliament that might be relied on to pass these measures, and Germany has refused. He must wait

until time has wrought a sufficient change in public opinion, or, if he introduces his measures prematurely, it is scarcely possible that he should escape an ignominious defeat.

There are some minor features in the electoral returns which deserve notice. The Liberal party has not only increased in numbers, but has largely altered its character. The ranks of the National Liberals have been sadly thinned, and the ranks of the Secessionists and Progressists have got very much larger. In other words, the half-hearted opponents of Prince BISMARCK have become few, and the decided opponents of the PRINCE have become many. There are several causes to which this result may be attributed. The strength of the Liberal party lies in the educated middle class, and this class has lately become antagonistic to Prince BISMARCK. He has offended its economic tastes both by his Protectionist measures and by his leaning towards Socialism. He has not openly countenanced the Jewish persecution, but he has carefully abstained from openly discountenancing it, and the Court Chaplain, who has made himself conspicuous by his extreme bitterness against the Jews, was a favourite, though a defeated, Conservative candidate in Berlin. Nine-tenths of the Liberal party regard the persecution of the Jews with shame and disgust. The PRINCE has made some concessions to the Clericals, and threatens to make more; and German culture is dear to the party which thinks it exhibits it to perfection. But what has determined the success of the Liberal party more than anything else is the spirit in which, under Prince BISMARCK'S directions, it has been opposed. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity of the coarse and wholesale abuse, or the offensiveness of the arrogance, which has marked every line of the official press during the electoral struggle. The Liberals were the scum of the earth, and what Prince BISMARCK ordered every German was bound silently to accept. The Liberal vote has been the protest of self-respecting men against the vituperation, the bullying, and the domineering of the Government. The issue, to the minds of the independent classes, was not so much how Germany was to be governed, or what measures were to be rejected or adopted, but whether even German worms dared to turn when trodden on too heavily.

The appeal to the Socialists made by the PRINCE may be said to have failed. It appears, indeed, that fewer electors have gone to the poll as declared Socialists, and the total number of Socialist members will not be greater, and may be less, in the new Parliament than in the last. But the Socialist vote, when not given to Socialists, has evidently not been given in any large degree to the Conservatives for whom it was asked. Probably many Socialists abstained, as under the new law they were not allowed to march together to the poll; and those who voted may have thought that the best means of securing themselves against their votes being thrown away was to vote for a Clerical, a Protectionist, or a member of the Party of the People. But although scarcely any Socialists have been returned, the Socialists have been strong enough to obtain the chances of a second ballot in no less than thirty constituencies, and these constituencies are almost without exception constituencies in the first towns of Germany. To descend to a smaller matter, it may be observed that all the well-meant and unsparing efforts of the German Government to humour Alsace have been so far ineffectual that now not a single Alsatian member represents the party of conciliation, and the whole body joins in a protest against the new and unwelcome nationality that has been imposed on the inhabitants of the conquered territory. It may be added, that among the rejected Conservatives is a son of the CHANCELLOR, and thus Prince BISMARCK has a family and private grief to swell the list of the causes of such mortification as he may be supposed to be now enduring.

The first step of the CHANCELLOR when the general result of the elections became known was to intimate to the Centre that now was the time for it to bid high for his favour, and to expect from him the favours to come by which he would show his gratitude. His next step was to allow the suggestion to get abroad that he might very probably kill this unpleasant Parliament before it began to live, and that it would meet only to be dissolved. His last step has been to hint to a set of over-zealous students that the best thing for him and for them is to show themselves patient in the hour of adversity. The policy of patience



may be looked on as the policy which, at least for the moment, the *Pretor* has thought it wise to adopt. Germany has no wish to get rid of Prince BISMARCK. It cannot live without him, and all it asks is to be able to live with him in some endurable fashion. It does not like the kind of Socialism which reveals itself by schemes for bribing the poor on the eve of an election. It sees in his tobacco monopoly the increase of the bureaucracy it dreads, and the prospect of smoking cigars worse, if possible, than those to which it has been accustomed. It has some little difficulty in putting up with his own hectoring ways, and it keenly resents the foul language and brutal insolence of his underlings. If he would only be a little more civil himself, repress the abusive arrogance of his satellites, let his new-fangled Socialism go to sleep, allow bad tobacco to be sold at the present price, and not keep quite so strict a state of siege in the larger towns, Germany would be as ready to adore and follow him as it ever was. It does not seem very much for a great and docile nation to ask, even from the man who has made it what it is.

#### THE BOERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE acceptance of the Convention by the Transvaal Volksraad appears to have been accompanied by an elaborate remonstrance or protest against its principal provisions. The three leaders who form the Government had invited such an expression of opinion, although they were pledged to obtain the ratification of an agreement negotiated by themselves. The anomalous Address or Report of the Assembly may probably have been composed as a summary of reasons for rejecting the Convention. The language used by the leaders at the first meeting of the Volksraad was apparently suggested by a belief that there were no limits to the pliability of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. When the PRIME MINISTER announced at Leeds that the list of concessions was exhausted, the Triumvirate perhaps began to suspect that it might be necessary in some sense to recognize their engagements; but they may still have thought it possible that Mr. GLADSTONE would once more retract formal declarations if he were encountered by menace and refusal. The formal ratification of the treaty was probably the immediate result of military movements. The march of the troops returning to Natal was suspended, and it was known that in a short time Sir EVELYN WOOD would command an irresistible force. With the worst possible grace the Government and the Assembly withdrew their threats, and hereafter they will contend that they have given full notice of their intention to disregard their solemn obligations. Since the beginning of the negotiations the Boers have not been conspicuous for good faith. The members of their community who had committed three brutal and treacherous murders were only subjected to the inconvenience of a sham trial before a sympathizing jury. The leaders have not exerted themselves to correct the misapprehensions of their malcontent countrymen.

It might perhaps scarcely be worth while to discuss the resolutions of the Volksraad, if they had not included a proposal which tends to the direct and immediate violation of the treaty. If report can be trusted, the Volksraad requests the Boer Government to communicate the protest to all foreign Powers; yet at the same moment the Volksraad approved the Convention which prohibits the local Government from entering into any international relations. An appeal from the Suzerain to France, Germany, Holland, the United States, and other Powers is an insolent and wanton affront to the Imperial Government. For all diplomatic purposes the Transvaal is a portion of the British Empire, although it is entitled to administrative independence on the conditions which were settled between the English Commissioners and the leaders of the insurgents. Any foreign State which had an interest in the question could ascertain that the representatives of the Transvaal had agreed to leave the conduct of foreign transactions to the Imperial Government. A complaint against the Sovereign, addressed to a foreign State, is technically an act of treason. In the present instance it involves a breach of promises simultaneously made. The great colonies, which are incomparably more powerful and more important than the Transvaal, are content to leave their foreign relations to be regulated by the Foreign Office. The only foreign interests which the Boers are

likely to value or cultivate would be hostile to the Imperial Government. It would be intolerable that a petty community holding part of a vast region now subject to the English Crown should have the opportunity of introducing European competitors for sovereignty into the heart of South Africa. Ample precautions have been taken against the introduction of similar complications into India. The French at Pondicherry, and the Portuguese at Goa, are prohibited from forming alliances with native States. The reservations in the Convention are not intended to apply to the native tribes. Other precautions, which may perhaps not be uniformly effective, have been taken against the risk of border wars. Before the annexation the Boers never affected to hold diplomatic intercourse with any but the English Government. They have no reasonable claim to novel privileges after the untoward events which caused the restoration of their independence.

If the resolutions of the Assembly have been officially communicated to the English Government, it might be prudent to suspend any acknowledgment of the ostensible ratification of the Convention. The proposed breach of one of the most important stipulations shows that the Boers consider themselves at liberty to violate any other article of the Convention. At one time they objected to the renunciation of the right of foreign intercourse, on the pretext that they might find it expedient to negotiate commercial arrangements with the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay. Their present claim is more ambitious, for they ask foreign Powers to recognize the supposed injustice of stipulations by which, nevertheless, they profess to be bound. No Government could, without a breach of international comity, take cognizance of their grievances—which, indeed, are for the most part little calculated to win impartial sympathy. The protest of the Volksraad against religious toleration might suit the popular feeling of Spain, except that the Boers are not Roman Catholics, but Calvinistic Puritans. The objection to the prohibition of slavery which is contained in the Convention would be peculiar to themselves. It is true that their maintenance of compulsory servitude is ingeniously distinguished from slavery; but they would have no reason to complain of the prohibition if it were in no case likely to take effect. No civilized Government will openly countenance a retention of the right of holding slaves. If the clauses for the protection of the natives were struck out of the Convention, the Boers who now affect to treat the stipulations as unnecessary would plausibly argue that the right of the English Government to prevent slavery had been deliberately renounced. Any reasonable objections to the complicated provisions for the protection of the natives might perhaps hereafter deserve consideration. The English Government has incurred responsibilities which it may find difficult to discharge, for a general protectorate includes, among other consequences, the duty of restraining the natives from encroachment. It will in some degree be the interest of the dominant race to treat the vast coloured population with some degree of justice and consideration. The Imperial Government cannot honourably abdicate the pretensions which it has advanced, but it will be well advised in renouncing frequent and minute interference.

As long as the Boers display their present temper it will scarcely be prudent to withdraw the forces which have procured even nominal concessions. Half the number of troops might perhaps have sufficed but for the encouragement which was given to the insurgents by the surrender of the English Government. It is not known whether during the subsequent negotiations the Commissioners were controlled by detailed instructions from home. They must constantly have regretted the rejection of Sir EVELYN WOOD's advice that the military superiority of the English forces should be asserted before the beginning of the discussion. If the short campaign had ended with a decisive English victory, the leaders would not have broken faith with the Imperial Government, nor would the Volksraad have appended to its assent an argument against the chief provisions of the Convention. A proposed address to foreign Powers would certainly not have been thought of, if the Convention had assumed its proper form of a boon to the insurgents. For any sacrifices which they have nominally made full consideration has been given in the abandonment of the attempt to re-establish English authority. The demeanour of the Volksraad and of the Boer Government is not encouraging to the English residents and loyalists, who are at least as fully entitled to protection as the natives. It is uncertain whether their right to dis-

sent from the dominant faith is seriously threatened, though the stipulations for the maintenance of religious liberty would seem to indicate some fear of the intolerance of the Boers. Their property and just rights are probably in graver danger than their conscientious convictions. It may be taken for granted that the English residents in the small towns and villages will not be compelled to leave the country, as the rural Boer population is almost wholly employed in agriculture; but, unless the purpose of maintaining the Convention is vigorously asserted, loyal farmers will almost certainly be exposed to maltreatment and expulsion. The whole series of transactions illustrates the inconvenience which results from political timidity. The partisans of the Government described as a splendid proof of courage unprecedented readiness to acquiesce in the consequences of defeat. The result has been incessant encroachment on the part of the Boers, and an ostensible treaty which settles nothing, inasmuch as one party to the bargain seeks to violate its conditions at the very moment of ratification. The Government will prepare the way to future difficulties if it tolerates the pretension of the Volksraad to communicate its criticisms on the treaty to foreign Powers.

#### HOME POLITICS.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE explained to his admirers at Leeds that, being an old man, he could not last for ever, and at the same time comforted them by the recollection that he would leave behind him two excellent and competent leaders of the party in Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON, it was almost inevitable that at an opportune moment some ingenious speculator should declare that what might happen had happened. There is nothing more agreeable than to inspire the belief that the innermost secrets of political life have been revealed to some exceptionally trustworthy and important outsider. It is a pleasant day with a journalist when he thinks that, if he cannot instruct the world, he can, at any rate, surprise it. The retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE was a theme especially tempting to any one who wished to give speculation the form of announcements. It was a safe field, for Mr. GLADSTONE had himself said that he must some day retire or be withdrawn from public life; and it was a very wide field, as the separate contingencies had to be considered of Mr. GLADSTONE remaining Premier but giving up the Exchequer, and of his abandoning office altogether. Speculative ingenuity was equal to the occasion. It shuffled its cards to its perfect satisfaction. It put Mr. CHILDERS into the Exchequer, and Sir CHARLES DILKE into the Cabinet, and after full, and apparently very deliberate, reflection, it ordained that, if Mr. GLADSTONE ceased to be Premier, he must give up public life altogether, and retire to meditate in the groves which he loves to cut down. The public smiled; but, utterly indifferent to fanciful combinations, it only asked whether it was true that Mr. GLADSTONE was on the eve of quitting office. Mr. GLADSTONE telegraphed to say that he had nothing to add to his public utterances. He was an old man a month ago at Leeds, and he is now older by a month. That was all he had to say in reply to the announcement that he was going to throw up the seals of office. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, a day or two afterwards, remarked that, if Mr. GLADSTONE was going to resign, it was at least rather odd that he had never given the slightest hint of his intentions to any of his colleagues. If health and strength permit Mr. GLADSTONE to continue his labours, it is inconceivable that he should wish to retire now. The Parliament is his Parliament, the majority is his majority. It is hard-working because it works for him, and it is obedient because it obeys him. And he has not yet begun to touch the extreme edge of the great questions which he announced it was his special mission to handle and to shape. Hitherto he has had other things to think of. He has had foreign difficulties to settle; he has had overwhelming troubles in Ireland to encounter; and he had made up his mind to raise and dispose of a third pertinacious obstacle before he gets to the real business of his Ministry, and to obtain a House of Commons that will do his work quickly and sharply when he gives it the tasks it has to despatch. Were it only for this last duty his presence would be indispensable. To persuade the House of Commons to put itself in new fetters, and to abandon the traditions of

centuries of independence, would be an almost hopeless undertaking, unless Mr. GLADSTONE was there to give the prestige of his long Parliamentary life, to refine, to distinguish, and to overawe, and to draw upon the vast experience he gained when he too played with the weapons of obstruction.

A Cabinet Council is to be held next week; and Cabinet Councils, when they meet at this time of year, generally occupy themselves with what is to be the work of the coming Session. There are some pressing matters with which the Government must deal. There is the reform of Parliamentary procedure, which must take precedence of everything else. For Mr. GLADSTONE has announced that it is useless for him to propose any great measure until the House has made arrangements for allowing great measures to be carried through it with speed and certainty. Then there are some measures of great, but not capital, importance which are standing over from last Session, and which the Government can scarcely allow to stand over any longer. Unless Mr. BRADLAUGH is allowed to take the oath at the beginning of the Session, the Government must try to give him the measure of general relief which it has promised him. Troublesome as this BRADLAUGH business has been, the course of a Parliamentary Oaths Bill might give the Government less trouble than Bills that would provoke less excitement. In spite of Liberal abstentions, there would probably be a majority sufficient to get the Bill through the Commons; and then, if it were rejected in the Lords, the Ministry might accept its rejection with some display of stout language, but not without a sense of secret satisfaction. There are also remaining from last Session the Bankruptcy Bill and the Election Bill. It would be scandalous if Parliament allowed another Session to pass without something being done to abate the abuses of the present bankruptcy law; and the present House was tarred with enough electioneering pitch at its commencement to make it anxious to show a zeal for the purity of future Parliaments. Neither of these measures can be called a party measure. Conservatives are as desirous as Liberals that the law of bankruptcy should be put on a decent footing; and no Conservative would deny that, if elections can be made purer, they ought to be made purer. But it often happens that the measures most difficult to pass are the measures which do not belong exclusively to either party. The principles are admitted, but a stumbling-block is found in every detail. And measures like a Bankruptcy Bill and an Election Bill, if they do not excite the interest of parties, excite in an extraordinary way the interests of individual members. There is not a representative of a commercial town who would not have something special to say as to calamities in trade, and there is not a lawyer in the House who will not secretly plume himself on the facility with which he could pick a hundred holes in any Bankruptcy Bill which other lawyers have framed. Few members have not the light of a sad memory to guide them when responsibility for agency at elections is being discussed, and many have erring but zealous friends whose errors and whose zeal will move them to compassion when it is proposed to visit bribery with increased severity of punishment. Every one thinks he has a right to speak on questions which are not party questions, and of which he has a peculiar and personal knowledge. It will be interesting to observe how the House of Commons decides to deal with Bills of this class when its new Bills are proposed to it. It is one thing to decide that party measures supported by the whole force of a Government and a majority shall not be arrested by wanton obstruction. It is another thing to determine that there shall be artificial limits imposed on the discussions of measures in which numerous members take a keen personal interest, on which they have much to say, and which they seek to amend and not to kill. And yet it would seem that any rules that are accepted must be general, and that the sacrifice of free discussion to be effective must be wholesale.

Beyond these preliminary or minor measures, which would fully take up an ordinary Session, there are the great and vague undertakings which the Liberal party has set itself to accomplish. Of the many with the prospect of which Liberal electors were once dazzled, there appear to be now three which have finally commended themselves to the attention of the Liberal leaders. These are a County Government Bill, a County Franchise Bill, and an English and Scotch Land Bill. The time for a County Fran-

chise Bill has evidently not yet come; for the Parliament that passed it would kill itself, and, as Mr. FAWCETT pointed out at Hackney, the country has not begun to trouble itself in the least about it. Before the County Franchise Bill is brought forward, it is certainly desirable that some kind of preliminary discussion of its consequences should have been set on foot. A County Government Bill would not perhaps be open to this objection; but it would be open to the objection, equally grave, that it would at every stage raise the eternal Irish question in a new shape. As it seems to be part of the Liberal creed that every thing applied to England is to be applied to Ireland some day, a County Government Bill for England would virtually determine what form of Home Rule was to be bestowed on the Irish; and, if there is one thing for which Englishmen wish, it is to have a Session in which the Irish question may go as much to sleep as it ever can do. There remains the English and Scotch Land Bill; and it is not a very hazardous conjecture that this will be the choice of the Ministry. Although Parliament would have enough to occupy it without a Land Bill, it is very unlikely that Mr. GLADSTONE would be content to open the third Session of his Ministry without the announcement that he had taken in hand one, at least, of the great measures which were to mark his second tenure of office. The real difficulty of a Land Bill is to make it what would seem to any one, whether a partisan of Mr. GLADSTONE or not, a great measure. That a life-owner should have new powers of dealing with his estate, and that a tenant should be scorned against the confiscation of his legitimate investments, are salutary doctrines; but the former has already been put into shape by a Conservative Chancellor, and the latter is accepted by almost every Conservative member. In these directions there is little by which a Liberal Government can specially distinguish itself, or can awaken any ardent enthusiasm in its supporters. As to anything further, there are the barriers suggested by Mr. FAWCETT that freedom of contract is the first principle of Liberalism; that the good of the general public, and not the conflicting interests of classes, must be the test of a Land Bill; and that the taxpayer must not be called on to contribute towards setting up other people in a business artificially created for them. The curious public must wait to see how any land measure can be devised which will be in a Liberal sense great, and yet which will not offend against one or more of these excellent canons.

#### M. GAMBETTA AND THE CHAMBER.

NEXT to becoming a Minister, what M. GAMBETTA seems most to dislike is becoming a Minister in a commonplace way. In the natural course of things he would have remained a private deputy until such time as M. FERRY had resigned his office, and would then have been sent for by M. GRÉVY, and entrusted with the task of forming a Cabinet in which he would have taken whichever place he liked best. But M. GAMBETTA is of opinion that his dignity requires some exceptional humouring. It was needful that he should be marked out as M. FERRY's successor by something more than common report or the PRESIDENT's own observation. M. GRÉVY must receive a mandate of some sort which should serve as a formal declaration that M. GAMBETTA is the choice of the country, and not merely of the PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC. To meet this necessity, the plan of electing M. GAMBETTA temporary President of the Chamber of Deputies was devised. There is nothing very dignified in this extremely provisional office; but the election to it enabled M. GAMBETTA's friends to say that the Chamber had pointed him out to M. GRÉVY as the leader of the majority, upon the command of which M. GAMBETTA has always insisted as a condition of taking office. The *République Française* accepted the vote as proving that in the new Chamber at least 350 recognize M. GAMBETTA's claims, while not more than 200 are opposed to them. By offering himself as a candidate M. GAMBETTA intended to give the majority an opportunity of expressing its policy, and of telling the country which elected it and the PRESIDENT who listens to it what programme it means to adopt. It has pronounced, it seems, in favour of a policy at once energetically and wisely progressive. It has made M. GAMBETTA its President for a week, and it has thus ranged itself on the side of radical but

prudent reform. The majority which has done all this may fairly be surprised at the wealth of meaning it has contrived to compress into a very simple act. As M. GAMBETTA had given out that he wished to be appointed temporary President of the Chamber, it was only natural that a majority which had been returned to give him a general support should offer him the post he desired. It was one of those cases in which, while refusal to do what was asked would have meant a great deal, readiness to do it really meant nothing. No one has ever supposed that the Extreme Left could beat M. GAMBETTA in a pitched battle; all that the Extreme Left itself contends is that M. GAMBETTA will find that his own majority will insist on his bringing forward measures not easily distinguishable from those which are demanded by the Radicals whom his organs so frankly abuse. Upon this, the only point really in dispute, M. GAMBETTA's election as provisional President leaves us just as ignorant as before. It may please his friends to assume that by voting for him last Saturday the new Chamber formally adopted his policy; but the step supplies no information as to which of M. GAMBETTA's policies the Chamber has adopted. According to a probable account, M. GAMBETTA did not resort to this scheme until he had tried to get himself indicated as the leader of the majority in another way. He wanted M. GRÉVY to overlook the fact that M. FERRY has up to this time neither resigned nor been defeated, and to write him a formal letter setting out his position as the one man in whom the country had confidence, and summoning him to assume the responsibilities which this position imposes upon him. M. GRÉVY, however, who has no love for unnecessary ceremonial, could not be brought to see that any such letter was wanted. His idea was that M. GAMBETTA should say plainly that he would accept office as soon as M. FERRY had vacated it, and that he himself should then request M. FERRY to leave the field clear for his successor. This, however, implied that M. GAMBETTA should take office just as anybody else might take it, which was exactly what M. GAMBETTA did not care to do. His object is to be marked off from the common herd of *Primo Ministers*; and, indeed, considering what *Primo Ministers* have lately been in France, it is hardly surprising that he should entertain this wish. M. GAMBETTA has so lowered the dignity of the office to suit his own convenience, that he is now ashamed to hold it unless he can make it assume an aspect different from that which it has worn in the hands of his puppets.

It is unfortunate that the prolonged Ministerial crisis under which France has been suffering should have coincided with the attempted renewal of the Commercial Treaty. International politics and international business are best kept apart, and in the recent negotiations the two have been lamentably intermingled. It has been contended, with much show of argument, that the true policy for this country is to keep the treaty on the stocks at any price. We have no wish to undervalue the importance of an arrangement to exempt England from the exceedingly vexatious tariff which it has pleased the French nation to impose upon its customers. But it is to be remembered that this arrangement, valuable as it may be, has never yet been reduced to shape, and that its provisions may be greatly affected by the position which this country now takes up in the controversy. A large and influential section of Frenchmen is thoroughly convinced that England is simply the fox that has lost its tail. We should abandon Free-trade if we could; but as circumstances are too strong for us, the only thing that is left for us to do is to induce other nations to step into the trap into which we ourselves have already fallen. This is not a theory which is likely to dispose the French to offer us specially favourable terms. Before they can accept freedom of trade as the end to which all commercial treaties point, they must satisfy themselves that England, at all events, believes in her own preaching. If there is any truth in economical theory, France will in the end be worse off under her new tariff than we shall be. This does not in the least conflict with the full recognition of the fact that under the French tariff England will be badly off. In modern trade it is impossible for one member to suffer even by its own fault without other members suffering also. But the essential thing to remember is that the country which imposes protective duties pays more dearly in the long run than the country which declines to be a party to them. No matter what the productive wealth of France may be, she cannot

for ever go on exporting goods after she has shut herself out from taking goods in return. In spite of occasional derangements, the balance of trade will in the end look after itself. In proportion as the decision of the English Government indicates a healthy belief in this elementary economical truth, it will be likely to weigh with the new French Ministry. Great hopes seem to be built in some quarters on the fact that M. ROUVIER, who is a Free Trader, will probably be the Minister of Commerce in M. GAMBETTA's Cabinet. It is doubtful, however, whether even a Ministry of Free Traders will be able to grant all the English demands. M. GAMBETTA may find himself strong enough in his seat to conclude a treaty which shall be really in advance of public opinion; but he may not care to provoke opposition upon a matter in which, as it is non-political, he cannot count upon the fidelity of his political friends. At all events, he will be in a better position to try the experiment if he can assure the Chamber that the English delegates have never retreated from the minimum which they first laid down, and that the only choices open to him were to conclude a treaty on those terms or to bring the negotiations to an end. If, on the other hand, Sir CHARLES DILKE returns to Paris with a weaker version of the English demands, the French Protectionists will be tempted to infer that a treaty of some kind is a matter of life or death to this country; and that, if they only hold out long enough, the English Government will be forced to make further concessions. As there is no reason to suppose that the English Government thinks any treaty better than none at all, this would be a very misleading opinion to get into circulation.

#### A LONDON MUNICIPALITY.

THE municipal incorporation of London is one of the many schemes of demolition and reconstruction which are contemplated by the present Government. Any institution on which Mr. GLADSTONE fixes his attention is in imminent danger of the fate which has befallen the Irish Church and the Irish landowners. If he finds time during his tenure of office to disestablish the City of London, he will be eagerly supported by his devoted majority, and perhaps by some of his more thoughtless opponents; yet it is strange that the vast population which is to be the subject of the proposed experiment neither complains of a grievance nor suggests a remedy. The agitation is promoted from without, and its motives are almost exclusively political. One of the innumerable clubs which are organized for special purposes of destruction has, under the title of the London Municipal Reform League, undertaken to conduct the agitation until it is taken in hand by the Government. A week ago the managers assembled a few hundreds of persons in the Holborn Town Hall to listen to speeches which can have been but moderately exciting. A portion of the audience may perhaps have consisted of ratepayers, mixed up for the occasion with miscellaneous idlers. The League secured in Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE a chairman respectable in position and ability, but a zealous and active political partisan. There were two members of Parliament—Mr. FIRTH, who is the official leader of the agitation, and Mr. ASHTON DILKE, principally known as a member of the most extreme or revolutionary section of the House of Commons. The inevitable Mr. JAMES BEAL and Sir J. BENNETT, who have reasons for disliking the Court of Aldermen, were the only other known attendants at the meeting. There is no reason to suppose that any of the speakers represented in the smallest degree the public opinion of any part of the metropolis. It may be added that, if any new illustration or argument was introduced, it has not been reported. Mr. FIRTH had heard that in certain houses there was insufficient drainage. Mr. BEAL once more propounded the ingenious fiction that the City would lose nothing by admitting the whole of London to a partnership in its revenues and privileges. That the citizens should decline to be cajoled by transparent fallacies is not surprising; but it might perhaps have been expected that the erection of a central municipality would excite a warmer interest in the outer districts. Sensible householders, if they ever think of the subject, perhaps reflect that, at the best, their local affairs would be administered by the same persons as at present, under the name of Committees of the Town Council, instead of Vestries. The evil of rendering their interests

absolutely subservient to political interests would be entirely novel.

Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, with the easy indifference of a public speaker, persuaded himself for the occasion that municipal revolution was not a party question. "They all knew," he said, "the fatal tendency which demands for improvements had to sink into the groove of ordinary party politics. He trusted this would not be the case with this question. There was no reason why it should be. Surely a Conservative or Tory politician could demand an efficient government for London without any sacrifice of his principles." Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE would probably never have troubled himself with the question if he had not been a party candidate for a metropolitan constituency. He must be well aware that the Town Council or governing body would be elected by the ratepayers, without the slightest regard to administrative capacity, on the nomination of political managers. The Parliamentary representation of the metropolis sufficiently indicates the inevitable result. The cities of London and Westminster would elect Conservative Town Councillors, and the rest of the metropolis would give Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE's party an overwhelming majority. Mr. GLADSTONE boldly declared at the Guildhall that the provincial Corporations looked only to municipal interests, and were quite independent of party politics. It would be presumptuous, if not profane, to criticize anything which Mr. GLADSTONE may choose to say; but his followers, even if they are of the rank of Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, are not entitled to the same immunity. The scandalous monopoly which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his friends have established at Birmingham ought to silence the advocates of a vast London municipality when they profess to believe that it would be independent of politics. The same results would follow from the same causes. At present the members of the Common Council and the Aldermen are, in almost all instances, elected without reference to their political opinions. The Vestries also represent local interests, and they in turn elect the Metropolitan Board of Works without inquiry into their political opinions.

Mr. BEAL's League probably still adheres to the outlines of an elaborate Bill drawn a year or two ago by some ambitious amateurs, of whom Mr. FIRTH was the only metropolitan member. A slight and significant indication of the nature of the Bill is furnished by the title, according to which it purports to create a Municipality of London. The word Corporation is shorter and more idiomatic, and it describes all existing municipal bodies in Great Britain; but Municipality is, for some unknown reason, thought to be a finer term. The simultaneous creation of a county of London was more conformable to precedent, though its practical object is not apparent. According to the Bill, forty municipal districts were each to elect six members of the Municipal Council, which might as well be called a Town Council, or a Common Council. The details of the project are not worth considering until it has been adopted by the Government. It may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE, if he introduces a serious measure, will not borrow from Mr. FIRTH the proposal of transferring to the new Corporation the control of the Metropolitan Police. It might be dangerous to give an independent potentate residing at the seat of government the command of a disciplined force of ten or twelve thousand men. The City Police, though it is well organized, is insignificant in numbers; while the Metropolitan Police obeys the orders of the Home Secretary, who appoints its officers. Several years have passed since the tranquillity of London has been seriously threatened by political agitation; but at the time of the Hyde Park disturbance much alarm would have been caused if the police had been at the disposal of a corporate body which might perhaps have sympathized with the rioters. The London police is now useful as a reserve to the county and borough police in all parts of the kingdom, and it is charged with the maintenance of order at popular resorts such as Epsom and Ascot. It would be a strange anomaly to allow such services to be regulated by the representatives of London ratepayers. In this, as in many other respects, the analogy of the provincial corporations is deceptive. Neither Liverpool nor Birmingham is the seat of government; and the largest Northern city contains only a sixth or an eighth part of the population of London. The Lord Mayor, who might be a demagogue, would be the local ruler of a



community equal in numbers to the inhabitants of Scotland.

The experiment of a single municipality has been tried in Paris and New York, which are, after London, the largest existing capitals. The Paris Municipality has promoted one sanguinary civil war, and it causes constant anxiety to the national Government. The democratic Corporation of New York carried corruption and embezzlement to a height which has never before or since been equalled. When the chief criminal was at last prosecuted, he lost none of his popularity with the Irish and indigenous rabble which had shared his ill-gotten gains. At this moment the municipal taxation of New York, imposed by a majority which pays no taxes, is almost intolerably oppressive. The local administration is as inefficient as it is costly. The discreditable proceedings of the Dublin Corporation within the last few days may convey a warning to party innovators. Dublin is, indeed, not unwieldy in size; but it is the seat of a provincial Government with which the Corporation has friendly or hostile relations. The infamous proposal to confer the freedom of the City on Mr. PARNELL would perhaps in any other case have been regarded by Mr. GLADSTONE as a proof of exemption from political influence. The resolution was only defeated by the casting vote of the MAYOR; and the opponents of the motion have since been subjected to the grossest indignities. If London really required municipal institutions, there is much to be said for Mr. MILL's plan of incorporating the Parliamentary boroughs. Several of them are as populous as the great provincial towns, and some of them have a kind of civil unity which is unknown to the metropolis at large. The measure would probably not be grand enough or sufficiently democratic to attract Mr. GLADSTONE's sympathy; but it would supply all the benefits of a single municipality, while it would be free from many objections to the larger scheme. Mr. FIRTH is naturally enamoured of his own proposal, and the greater part of his speech at the Holborn meeting was directed against the comparatively moderate proposal. It is not known in what order the disestablishment of the Corporation stands in Mr. GLADSTONE's list of urgent measures. The fate of the City may be postponed, but it will scarcely be averted.

#### THE AUSTRIAN RED BOOK.

THE Austrian Red Book, or Foreign Office Report, has excited some attention both in England and on the Continent, though the transactions which it records have been for some time completed. Baron HAYMERLE, who probably superintended the compilation of documents before his death, deserves credit for prudence and for courtesy in excluding the correspondence which related to Mr. GLADSTONE's wild denunciation of Austrian policy. The abject apology afterwards made to Count KAROLYI furnished an excuse or reason for suppressing one of the most singular episodes in modern diplomatic history. Probably the expression of Mr. GLADSTONE's passionate antipathies was not forgotten in the more practical discussion which followed. The Austrian Government unwillingly consented to join in the naval demonstration at Dulcigno; but when the most heroic race of moss-troopers in Europe had been placed in possession of the ceded territory, the avoidance of war seems to have been mainly owing to the resolute moderation of Baron HAYMERLE, who accurately represented the feelings and opinions of his countrymen both in Austria and in Hungary. Lord GRANVILLE proposed that Turkey should be forced into the surrender of Thessaly and of the greater part of Epirus by an occupation of Smyrna and by the sequestration of the Customs duties of the port. Russia, as in every other stage of the proceedings, cordially concurred in the policy of an ally who was serving Russian interests with unaccountable zeal. Prince BISMARCK apparently left the conduct of the negotiations to Baron HAYMERLE, who at last assented to the English proposal, though he declined to take part in an operation directly hostile to Turkey. The backwardness of Austria, and the ultimate opposition of France, fortunately prevailed over Mr. GLADSTONE's dangerous policy. The claims of Greece were afterwards partially satisfied as a result of peaceful negotiations, and the complete dissolution of Turkey was once more postponed. It appears from the Red Book that at the end of 1880 the Austrian Ambassador informed his

Government that the SULTAN seemed to be resolved on war. He may perhaps have calculated on the inevitable extension of the quarrel which Mr. GLADSTONE would willingly have fastened on Turkey alone.

In one of the most remarkable of the published despatches Lord GRANVILLE enunciates a sound proposition which his Government has on other occasions either forgotten or directly repudiated. He points to the lesson which, he says, is taught by history, that nothing is to be obtained from Turkey but by force or by threats of force. With a bolder generalization, he adds that "he does not believe in diplomatic action without coercion in reserve." No doctrine can be more entirely sound, or more utterly inconsistent with the principles and the practices of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. The range of diplomatic action must be narrowly restricted if it is only efficacious when five or six Great Powers are leagued against one adversary who is not a match for the weakest of their number. In less simple cases the English Government, not having coercion in reserve, has not attained great diplomatic success. During the rapid extension of Russian power to the borders of Afghanistan, it has been obvious to all the world that only one of the parties concerned has had coercion in reserve. In the same despatch, Lord GRANVILLE scarcely shows his usual respect for diplomatic propriety when he remarks that the present English Government did not invent any of the pending questions, but inherited them all. In dealing with foreign Powers, the English Government ought to assume its own continuous unity. It was not the business of Baron HAYMERLE to take official notice of the retirement of Lord BEACONSFIELD, or of the accession to office of his bitter enemy. The meaning of the phrase apparently is that the Berlin Treaty was concluded by the late Government, and that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues had no choice but to execute the provisions of the treaty. The fallacy of the implied argument is sufficiently shown by the reluctance of Austria, France, and Germany to enforce the performance of stipulations to which, in common with England and Russia, they were parties. Mr. GLADSTONE himself only made naval demonstrations in support of those articles of the treaty which happened to command his sympathy. He used neither force nor rhetoric to secure to the Turkish Government the stipulated possession of the passes of the Balkan, or the virtual sovereignty of East Roumelia.

In some of his despatches Baron HAYMERLE adds the weight of his authority to the reasons which have been frequently urged against further aggression on Turkey. The Austrian Minister was well aware that the permanent maintenance of the Turkish Empire may prove impracticable; but he was not disposed to precipitate the catastrophe, and he could perhaps scarcely understand the sentimental hatred which Muhometanism produces in the minds of sympathizers with Oriental Christianity. As Baron HAYMERLE truly said, no European tribunal has yet declared what should occupy the vacancy to be caused by the disappearance of the Turkish Empire. It was perhaps a bold figure of speech to describe an Aroopagus, or as a court of justice, an assemblage of eager aspirants to participation in the division of the spoil. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, regards with impartial confidence and attachment the rival races on which he would willingly confer the coveted inheritance; but Baron HAYMERLE foresaw the contests which would ensue between Russians and Albanians, and between the Slavs and the Greeks. Conflicts of the kind would probably have broken out by this time if the unauthorized award of the Berlin Conference had been fully executed by the cession to Greece of Janina and of the neighbouring districts of Epirus. The English Government, after the success of the naval demonstration, relied on the plausible calculation that the same causes would elsewhere produce similar effects. The Turks had in the matter of Montenegro submitted to a threat of force, and it was possible that they might be still more effectually frightened by the occupation of Smyrna and the seizure of the Customs revenues. It was nevertheless necessary to consider the alternative. If the SULTAN had on such provocation declared war, it would have been necessary either that England should maintain the quarrel, or that reliance should be placed on the ready aid of Russia. Even in the enthusiasm of its early fondness for the new Government, the country would have been startled either by the prosecution of a war in which no English interest

was concerned, or by the encouragement of Russian designs for striking a final blow against Turkey. To a result which is, on the whole, satisfactory it appears that Austrian prudence largely contributed; but there is no reason to deny that Mr. GLADSTONE'S readiness, for once in his career, to second diplomacy by war had probably much influence in procuring the final cession of Thessaly by the Porte. The professions of moderation and universal good will with which he frequently garnishes his speeches are of more doubtful efficacy.

In diplomatic publications it is always possible that the most interesting matters may have been omitted. If it is true that a proposal made by Prince BISMARCK for an offensive and defensive alliance was declined by the English Government, there can be little doubt that Austria was a party to the overturo; but the negotiation must necessarily have been secret, if it is not to be regarded as apocryphal. Such an alliance would have been equivalent to a breach between England and a nearer neighbour, with whom it is more indispensable than with any other Power to maintain friendly relations. The silence of the Red Book on projects of aggression which have lately been attributed to Austria may perhaps be equally inconclusive. A meditated advance on Salonica would certainly not have been published for the information of friends and enemies. It was against such a project that Mr. GLADSTONE'S defiance was originally directed; but there is no reason to suppose that his discourteous cry of "hands off" in any way affected the policy of Austria. An anonymous writer, professing a knowledge of the secret policy of Europe, lately undertook to expose an elaborate scheme of Austrian aggrandizement which involved, as he suggested, political and commercial danger to England. That the possessor of Bosnia should hereafter seek access to the coast of the Ægean is not wholly improbable; but, when the occasion arose, the Austrian Government deprecated, and in great measure prevented, the territorial changes which might have facilitated the acquisition of Salonica. Even if the port were in possession of Austria, English commerce with the Levant and with India might perhaps continue to thrive. The scheme of an Austrian alliance with Greece for the purpose of excluding England from the Mediterranean is remote and not altogether intelligible. During the negotiations of last year it was England, and not Austria, which laboured to extend the boundaries of Greece. A long time must elapse, and many changes must take place, before Austria is in a position to compete with England in trade or in commercial shipping. According to the contention of the alarmists, encouragement of the trade of Salonica would be injurious or ruinous to England. The harbour is already there, but probably the Turks do little to profit by its local advantages. In Austrian hands it would perhaps flourish better; but it has not been the policy of England to discourage the formation or improvement of ports.

#### THE POPE AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

THE meaning assigned to Mr. ERRINGTON'S visit to Rome is excellently calculated to set the more fanatical Protestantism of the country in a flame. It is rumoured that the Government are actually thinking of accrediting, though in an informal way, an English Minister to the Pope. It was bad enough that this should be done when the Pope was a secular prince; but even Exeter Hall could see that, so long as it pleased Providence to leave Antichrist in possession of certain temporal dominions, the fact had to be recognized, however repulsive it might be to pious minds. Now that the temporal sovereignty has been overthrown for more than ten years, and the Pope is universally recognized outside his own palace as neither more nor less than the chief of the Roman Catholic religion, the apparent compliment paid to that religion by accrediting a Minister to its head would be more significant, and consequently more irritating. Why, it will be said, should England have diplomatic relations with the chief of the Italian Roman Catholics, rather than with the chief, if there be one, of the American Baptists or of the Polish Jews? There is an obvious answer to this question; but as it is one the force of which cannot be appreciated without some slight share of common sense, it cannot be expected to carry conviction to Exeter Hall. The reason for maintaining an English Minister at Rome, supposing that one were maintained there, would be that the Pope exercises a

considerable authority over a large number of British subjects, including some of the most troublesome among the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. If any Protestant ecclesiastic, exercising as much authority over his spiritual flock as the Pope exercises over Roman Catholics, had some millions of adherents in Great Britain and Ireland, it would undoubtedly be expedient to keep a representative near him. The reason why we pass over the heads of every Protestant body abroad, and then begin to hesitate whether we ought not to resume diplomatic intercourse with the Pope, lies in the fact that foreign Protestant bodies are not eccumenical in their organization, whatever they may be in the names they give to their assemblies. To an American Baptist an English Baptist is nothing more than a foreigner who happens to hold a form of creed closely allied to his own. The two stand in a position of complete mutual independence. No authority is claimed on the one side, and no obedience rendered on the other. Where Roman Catholics are concerned the case is altogether different. The action of Englishmen professing that religion is influenced in a great number of ways by orders given and words uttered in an Italian palace. It does not matter a jot whether any of the ground outside that palace belongs to the ecclesiastic who issues these orders or speaks these words. His importance is not determined by the number of acres or square miles of which he is nominally sovereign. It depends upon the extent of his real sovereignty; and, in measuring this, the two things to be taken into account are the character of the spiritual influence he exerts and the number of persons over whom it is exercised.

From both these points of view the Pope is still a very great personage, and as such it might often be useful to the English Government to be able to communicate with him freely through properly accredited agents. When Belgium abolished the Legation at Rome, or when the French Left profess their desire to follow their neighbours' example, Englishmen can see that for a Government to deprive itself of any kind of information that may be useful to it is simply to spite itself. No matter what the vices of the Roman Catholic religion may be, it is still the religion of most Irishmen, of many Canadians, and of a considerable number of Englishmen and Scotchmen. With all these, the Pope's word has very great weight upon all subjects connected with religion. It is consequently of some moment that the English Government should know exactly what directions the Pope gives on these matters, and, still more, that it should be in a position to ensure that he does not speak without accurate knowledge of the facts to which his words relate. Very often, no doubt, the questions upon which the Pope is moved to address his spiritual subjects do not touch secular affairs. But occasionally they may touch them very closely, and exceptional occasions are precisely those to which diplomacy is intended to apply. The last twelve months in Ireland have been eminently a case in point. The Pope was anxious to know the meaning of the land agitation in Ireland, and he naturally looked for what he wanted to the Irish bishops in Rome. According to a contemporary, the result of their explanations was, as might have been expected, to give the Pope a very much more favourable opinion of the Land League and its doings than he would have formed if the evidence at his disposal had been less one-sided. But for a letter from Sir GEORGE BOWYER, declaring that, if Catholicism became associated with the outrages that were being committed in Ireland, English public opinion would become as anti-Papal as it was fifty years ago, he might have remained undisturbed in this conviction. If we had had a representative at the Vatican, the Pope would not have had to depend for accurate news about the state of Ireland upon a chance letter addressed to one of his attendants. The Minister would have taken care to keep the Pope thoroughly informed as to the relations of the Land League with the Government and the people, and the Pope would have known to whom to address himself if at any time he wanted further explanations.

Advantageous as diplomatic intercourse with the Vatican might have proved from the point of view of the pacification of Ireland, it does not follow that the benefits in question still admit of being realized. When diplomatic intercourse has long been suspended, its renewal will naturally be read in the light of contemporary politics. It will be argued that the object of the English Government is not to keep the Pope acquainted with the general course

of English affairs, but to come to an understanding with him on the specific controversy in which the Irish Roman Catholic clergy have taken so prominent a part. It would be useless to deny the *a priori* advantages of coming to such an understanding. If by so doing we could dissociate the Irish bishops and priests from the agrarian conspiracy, we should at all events have deprived our adversary of a very powerful ally. It is very doubtful, however, whether at this particular juncture the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Vatican would not have the very opposite results to those looked for. The Roman Catholic bishops have discovered, as it was all along certain that they must discover, that the orders of the Land League directly contradict the Ten Commandments. They were quite ready to give their approval to the cry of Fair Rents, but they are not willing to see that cry develop into one of No Rents. If this unwillingness were likely to be confirmed and strengthened by the establishment of more intimate relations between the Pope and the English Government, it might be well worth the while of the Government to try the experiment. Though the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy is not what it once was in Ireland, and though its weakness in this particular matter has repeatedly been proved, it is still a very considerable addition to the side with which it allies itself. Now for the first time it is showing some inclination to ally itself with the friends of honesty and public tranquillity. But nothing would be so likely to check any such inclination on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy as the knowledge that it would be set down by their flocks to the receipt of orders from Rome to back up the English Government. Nothing would be so certain to make the clergy hated in Ireland, and consequently nothing would be so likely to set them upon evading obedience by every means in their power. If there is any value to the English Government in the opposition of the Irish bishops and priests to the recent policy of the Land League, this value will be altogether destroyed if it can be said with any show of truth that they are condemning this policy, not because it is contrary to good morals, but because they have been bidden to condemn it by a Pope who wants to obtain the favour of the English Government. The support of the Roman Catholic clergy at this crisis will be worthless if it is not spontaneous, and nothing would discredit its spontaneity so much as a renewal of diplomatic relations between England and the Pope. It may possibly be a wise step to take by and by, when Ireland is quiet; it cannot be a wise step to take now, when Ireland is disturbed.

#### OFFENDING CHILDREN.

THE HOME SECRETARY has turned aside for a moment from the congenial jokes of political strife to the dreary realities which specially belong to the department with which he is accidentally associated. In opening a new Industrial School at Cockermonth Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke his mind about a class of offenders which the increasing tenderness of public opinion makes it daily more difficult to deal with. The fashionable theory for some time past has been that children can do no wrong. They do things which would be wrong in other people, but they are not to blame for doing them. They may destroy property or endanger life; they may pull up flowers, break windows, or stick lighted matches into haystacks; they may throw stones at passing trains, or place any iron bars that they find lying about across a line of railway; but it is not their fault. If their parents are living, it is they who are morally responsible for their children's errors. If their parents are dead, it is unreasonable to expect orphans to be any better than they should be. It is no wonder that this state of things should drive magistrates to despair. If they let an offending child go, they have an unpleasant consciousness that his exploits will evoke a host of imitators. If they send him to prison, they are not at all sure that he will not come out worse than he went in—not to mention the probability that the sentence will be remitted by the Home Secretary almost before the local newspapers have had time to denounce the unpaid justices for passing it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is bound to do something towards amending this state of things, and it is to be hoped that the Cumberland magistrates went home a little happier than they

came out. He could only, it is true, indicate the changes which he would have liked to make this year; but, as they are also the changes which he proposes to make next year provided only that he can find time, a sanguine country gentleman may easily persuade himself that the worst is over, and that by next August at latest he will have the means of dealing to some purpose with offenders even of the tenderest age. Weak as this ground of confidence may be, it is more trustworthy than the statistics by which the HOME SECRETARY sought to make out that juvenile crime is decreasing. It may readily be believed that the number of children under fourteen years of age who are daily returned to the Home Office as being inmates of prisons is very much less than it was. Nowadays a magistrate who has any regard for his own comfort will take very good care not to send a child under fourteen to prison. Even he, however, may not think the offence deserving of five years' detention in a reformatory, and, as there is virtually no third alternative, he probably dismisses the boy with a reprimand which is scarcely to be distinguished from an intimation to all whom it may concern that, if they choose to do likewise, they may do so with entire impunity. This is the state of things which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT oddly described as one of which there is now "very little practically to complain."

Fortunately, though the HOME SECRETARY thinks there is little to find fault with in a system which leaves children to do pretty much what they please, he is willing to put even that little straight. The changes in the law which he has undertaken to introduce would undoubtedly effect a very real improvement in the existing methods of dealing with mischievous children. He proposes, in the first place, to give magistrates the power of locking up a boy for twenty-four hours and giving him a sound whipping. If the tender-hearted philanthropists who hold that there is something essentially degrading in the contact with a birch rod will allow this punishment to be inflicted, it will go a long way to improving matters. Most boys are fond enough of mischief to do it, if they are not afraid of the consequences. As it is, the nominal consequences are so severe that they are very seldom realized. A boy knows that those of his companions who have been carried before the magistrates for some act of unprovoked mischief have come back no worse off than they went, and he naturally draws the moral that he may give himself the same amusement, with no undue anxiety as to the result. It will be different if, between the departure to court and the return, twenty-four hours' confinement and a sound whipping has been interposed. There is no reason why a penalty of this nature and amount should not be inflicted impartially upon every offender; and, by the time this has been done for a year or two, the enjoyment of doing mischief will probably be very much lessened. In towns, at all events, a few cells might be attached to the Police Courts, and in them a boy who had been sentenced to be whipped might compare in solitude the pain of the stripes with the pleasure for which the stripes had been incurred. In the case of older boys, however, a somewhat longer sentence than twenty-four hours might have to be passed, and then another of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's suggestions might usefully be adopted. There are degrees even in childish offences, and if a week or a month passed under pretty sharp discipline would be sufficient to make a boy careful not to offend again, it is plainly bad economy to send him to a reformatory for five years. What seems to be wanted is a kind of correctional ward, which for convenience sake might be attached either to a reformatory or to an industrial school, but which, except locally, should not form part of either. To these wards children might be sent for short terms without any risk of being demoralized by contact with older offenders, and without incurring the specific disgrace which belongs to imprisonment. In this, as in many other instances, the deterrent effect of punishment lies mainly in its certainty, and nothing does more to diminish certainty than a want of proportion between the offence and the penalty. So long as a judge must make his choice between two inappropriate sentences—one which is in excess of what the case demands and one which falls short of it—the prisoner may always hope that he will get less than he deserves rather than more. Of course if sentences of detention for short periods in correctional wards are to become the rule in dealing with childish offenders, the provision of these wards must not be left to chance. They must be built in sufficient numbers, at the

cost of the community. It would probably be found expedient for the central Government to take the burden upon itself, and thus to insure that uniformity of management and discipline which has been introduced, with such excellent results, into the county gaols.

Still, when all these improvements have been effected, there will remain offences which can hardly be visited with any justice upon the actual offender. It is easy, no doubt, to exaggerate the amount of responsibility which parents ought to bear for the acts of their children. The father is usually at work all day; and, if the mother is also at work, the children may be little better than orphans. Among the very poor personal care of children is a luxury which they can seldom afford. The utmost that both parents can do is to support the family by their united labour, and before the paramount necessity of keeping body and soul together all other considerations disappear. There are other cases, however, in which the children's faults may plainly be traced to the carelessness of the parents; and when these faults assume a form of which the law is obliged to take cognizance, it is the parent, not the child, that ought to be punished. It would hardly be expedient to extend this principle to cases in which the offender must suffer in person; but it should be universally applied wherever the penalty is a fine. A fine imposed on a child is necessarily paid by the parent if it is paid at all; while, if it is not paid, the alternative imprisonment is borne by the child. There is thus a very great inequality in the treatment of childish offences, according as those who commit them are the children of very poor or of moderately well-to-do parents. Sir WILLIAM MARSHALL proposes to remedy this by imposing the fines directly upon the parent, and taking power to levy them on his goods. Offences which are not serious enough to condemn those guilty of them to a long period of detention in a reformatory school will thus be divided, according to their degree of heinousness, into those which touch the parent's pocket and those which touch the child's person. This would certainly be a very great improvement upon the existing classification.

#### THE COUNTRY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

A FINE old timbered farmhouse standing close by the churchyard in the pretty Warwickshire village of Dunchurch is still known in local tradition as Guy Fawkes's house. It was here that Catesby and his associates had arranged to meet before the hunt which was to be the pretext for their gathering, and hither the leaders hastened on the news of Fawkes's arrest, to be deserted by all but those who were too deeply involved to hope for mercy. The village, a famous posting-station in the old days, stands on the high road between London and Birmingham, on the brow of a line of low hills. Raines Brook, which here forms the boundary of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, winds along the valley below to join the Leam between Wolscote and Kyles Hardwick. In the opposite direction, towards Coventry and Birmingham, the road runs for nearly three miles through an avenue of magnificent Scotch firs, and where these end they are succeeded by elms which carry on the line for some two or three miles more. The road here passes by Dunsmore Heath, where the great hunt to which Digby invited the conspirators was to have taken place. It was then a wild expanse of moorland, and in Dugdale's time it was still, he tells us, "a den of thieves and manslayers, by whom the road from Coventry to Dunchurch was much infested." Dunchurch itself is the model of an English village; many of the houses and cottages are both old and beautiful, and the more modern buildings, if they do not add to the picturesque effect, are not for the most part of such a character as to interfere with it. Roses grow luxuriantly on the clay soil, and in summer many cottages are completely covered with blossoms. The church, like many others in Warwickshire, is of red sandstone. The tower, which is finely proportioned, has a turret in one corner, and slightly resembles the tower of New College, Oxford, though it is on a far smaller scale. The outside of the church is still beautiful, in spite of the modern addition of a vestry; but in the interior paint and plaster have done their worst. In the middle of the village stands the market cross, flanked by the stocks which still remain as a terror to evildoers, though the children commonly use them for a vaulting horse, just as birds have been known to build their nests in scarecrows. The principal inn is named after the legendary Dun Cow of Warwick; but of course this legend has no connexion with the name of the parish itself, which is of very much earlier origin, and is derived from the hill upon which the village stands. The greater part of Dunchurch, as well as of the adjoining parish of Bilton, was granted in Stephen's reign to the monastery of Pipewell, in Northamptonshire, and the Grange stood on the boundary between the two parishes. Its site is now occupied by a fine house in the Tudor style, built by Pugin for the Roman Catholic family who were until lately the owners of

the estate. The name Bilton Grange is still retained. Bilton Hall, a beautiful old house surrounded by tall elms, is interesting as having belonged to Addison, who occasionally lived there. His only daughter succeeded him, and died at the Hall in 1797. She must then have been nearly, if not quite, eighty years old, for her father died in 1719, after a married life of barely three years. The village, though smaller than Dunchurch, is perhaps even more picturesque. It is not situated on any great thoroughfare, and so has a more secluded air. It is also comparatively free from the hordes of bicyclists from Coventry, who, tempted by ten or twelve miles of level road, make Dunchurch hideous with dust and shouting on every fine Sunday in the year. The lanes have broad margins of grass which no encroaching landowner has enclosed, and a pleasant sense of ease and leisure pervades the whole place. The country round, though not so rich in beautiful scenery as the more westerly parts of Warwickshire, will still better please those who admire above all things an extensive view. From the tower at Dunchurch one can see for miles across the rich pasture lands of Northamptonshire, dotted here and there with spinneys and gorse coverts. In this direction lies all the best part of the famous Pycheley country, and the meets at Lilbourne, Crick, and Yelvertoft draw together fields numbering many hundred horsemen. But the absence of large woods, however well it may fulfil the requirements of fox-hunting, gives a certain monotony to the scenery, and the eye turns gladly southward towards the mass of dark foliage which clothes the high ground at Shuckburgh. To the west the view is less uniform. There is more ploughed land, and therefore greater variety of colour. Woods, too, are larger and more numerous. About a mile away on this side is the beautiful park of Causton, with its broad belt of fine old trees, and the pretty cottage which does duty as the Hall. To the south-west lie Frankton Wood, and the larger masses of trees which occur at intervals between Frankton and Stoneligh. Beyond is the valley of the Avon, which contains, just in this part of its course, perhaps a greater number of picturesque water-mills than any equal extent of river elsewhere in England. The brooks winding slowly through the low-lying lands on their way to join the Avon are thickly fringed with reeds and bulrushes, and here and there a piece of marshy ground has been turned to good account as an osier-bed. Brown water-rats swim quickly to and fro across the stream, or sit on the broad leaves and gnaw the succulent stems of the river plants; shy moorhens rush to the shelter of the bank where some bush overhangs the water, as one passes not quite noiselessly by; and sometimes two or three wild duck, startled by the slightest sound, rise with much splashing from a quiet pool among the reeds.

The neighbourhood of Dunchurch abounds with memories of the old coaching days. Outside the village, on a road which joins the highway to Coventry with Watling Street, is the old "Cock Robin" inn. It is now converted into cottages, but the solid walls and high-pitched roof remain. Still more famous is the "Blue Boar," now a farmhouse, which stands on the Coventry road itself, about two miles west of Dunchurch. From this point we go on by lanes and bridle-roads past Wolston and Brandon to Combe Abbey, where the Princess Elizabeth was living under the care of Lord Harrington at the time of the Gunpowder Plot. Lingard states that, when the news of Fawkes's arrest was brought to Dunchurch, the conspirators abandoned their design of seizing the Princess, and proceeded at once on their desperate march into Worcestershire. This view, however, is contradicted by the annals of Coventry, which state that the attempt was only foiled by Lord Harrington's foresight in conveying his ward within the walls of the city, and keeping her there until the danger was over. This statement is confirmed by a contemporary authority whom Lingard and other writers seem to have overlooked. Within a few weeks from the discovery of the plot, John Barclay, a Scotchman, the author of the *Argenis* and of several polemical works, wrote a pamphlet entitled *Series patefacti divinitus parvulidii in ter Maximam Regem regnumque Britannia cogitati et instructi*. The pamphlet is interesting in more ways than one; but the passage which chiefly concerns us at present is the following:—"Generosos aliquot nobilissimi Harringtonii equos raperant, fures magis quam hostes. Et pene paritidarum consilium palam erat, voluisse sublato Rege et confusis miserabili calanditate omnibus, Serenissimam Elizabetham Regis filiam, quæ Burlii educabatur, in potestate sua esse, eam deinde collocari nuptui, prout rerum status et vel exterorum exigeret favor, vel metus urgeret. Sed populus ab eorum sceleris avaritia, quocunque se contulerant aut oppidorum aditu prohibebant, aut etiam infestis armis abeuntes prosequabantur." The first sentence certainly implies that a raid was actually made upon Combe, and Coventry was no doubt one of the towns which refused to admit the insurgents. "Burlii" must be a misprint for "Binlii," as Combe is in the parish of Binley, and the village is just outside the park. The abbey was founded in the reign of Stephen for Cistercian monks, and its estates were granted by Edward VI. to the Earl of Warwick. Upon his execution they reverted to the Crown, and were afterwards granted to Robert Kelway, whose daughter married Sir John Harrington. Harrington was one of the first barons created by James I., and was entrusted, as we have seen, with the education of the Princess Elizabeth, whom he accompanied abroad on her marriage with the Elector Palatine. About the year 1617, the Combe estate changed hands once more, being bought by the executors of Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London in 1610. His heir was created baron in 1627, and became Viscount Uxington and Earl



of Craven fourteen years later. The estate has remained in the family ever since. The late Earl spent the last years of his life in building a magnificent new wing to the abbey; but the work was left unfinished at his death, and has not since been continued. It is in the purest Gothic style, and is characterized by a rich profusion of material and a careful execution of the minutest details which have not been too common in modern reproductions of ancient styles. Of the monastery itself nothing but a part of the cloisters remains. The abbey contains some fine pictures, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish schools, including several very good Vandykes. Beyond their intrinsic merits, the greater number of the pictures are interesting as having belonged to Elizabeth of Bohemia. The first Earl of Craven came under her notice when fighting in the Netherlands in the army of Prince Henry of Orange. She conceived a great regard for him, and, at her death, left him her books, papers, and pictures, thus renewing her early associations with the place where she had been brought up.

The place most closely connected with the history of the Gunpowder Plot is the manor-house of Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire, which was then the principal seat of the Catesby family. It lies about six miles south-east of Dunchurch, near Crick railway-station. The estate came by marriage into the possession of John Catesby at the beginning of the reign of Richard II. The family escaped extermination in the Wars of the Roses, and the founder's grandson, Sir William Catesby—the "cat" of the familiar couplet—died at Bosworth fighting for Richard III. He was attainted after his death; but the attainder was reversed, and his estates were restored to his heirs in 1495. Sir William, the representative of the family in Elizabeth's reign, adhered to the Romish faith, and was concerned in the attempted rising under the Earl of Essex. However, he contrived to hand down his estates to his son Robert. Ashby St. Ledgers was by no means the only estate owned by the Catesbys in the midland counties. Their name is preserved in the little village of Catesby, which lies just within the borders of Northamptonshire, a few miles south-west of Daventry; and among other manors which were at one time or another in the possession of the family was that of Lapworth, in the west of Warwickshire, which was sold to Sir Edward Greville by this very Robert, no doubt to defray the expenses of the plot. When the "plans plumbæ," of which John Barclay speaks so exultingly, had done its work, the Catesby estates of course escheated to the Crown, and after several changes of ownership Ashby St. Ledgers was sold to John Ashley, in whose family it remained until the close of the eighteenth century. The house is a fine old gabled building; but it has been added to and altered from time to time until it presents a somewhat nondescript appearance. The most interesting feature of the place is a small chamber with a bay window, which is built over an old gateway separating the house from the church. Here local tradition says that Catesby used to meet the other leading conspirators and confer with them about their plans. Perhaps he sometimes pictured himself the Minister of a Catholic king of England. At any rate, we may be sure that he did not anticipate the argument against his chances of success which is thus quaintly expressed in Barclay's hexameters:—

Quid perfida tela  
Abdere, quid tanto componere sulphure fulmen,  
Quid juxta occultis tot semina condere flammæ?  
Ah miser! prohibere minas. Sua numina novit  
Fulmen, et in magnum nescit peccare tonantem.

#### DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

THE Home Secretary has presented himself to the country in the light of an inspector of lunacy. Sir Stafford Northcote, it appears, had talked of the madness of the people, and Sir William Harcourt was particularly anxious to know what a lunatic people are like. So he went to stay with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Sir Wilfrid and his guest went down to Workington last Monday. On the previous Saturday at Cocker-mouth the Home Secretary had been non-political; but apparently lunatics do not understand this attitude. On the same day he had been highly complimentary to Mr. Percy Wyndham; but it seems that lunatics do not understand this kind of compliment either. Sir Wilfrid is a very stark man, and he in his turn does not understand guests who refuse to play the game; so a field day had to be arranged at Workington, and the two celebrated jesters journeyed thither. The incidents of the journey are not recorded, but any one who appreciates the character of the two speakers will at once understand the situation. There is a picture in *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* which represents the probable attitude of the two to the life. "Jack Hubbard, that merry rogue," is meditating an impromptu, and, according to Thackeray, meditating at the same time on the bill which comes due next Thursday. It is not at all likely that Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir William Harcourt meditated on any such subject as the latter; but they must have been sorely exercised as to the jokes which each was going to lay before the intelligent Workingtonians. A great responsibility lay on each. Our contemporary the *Spectator* has decided that, except when the Home Secretary opens his mouth, *à présent c'est bien fini de rire*. "You know how hard I am to move," as Smollett's hero remarked; and it is no light thing to feel charged with the function of making some persons merry. On the other hand, Sir Wilfrid Lawson is to the world in general even more

important than the Home Secretary as a living, walking, and speaking proof that Radicalism is not necessarily destructive of the merriment of England. Both of these merry men have been somewhat under a cloud of late. The wheels of their chariots have somehow been taken off, and they drive them with exceeding heaviness. They "jock wi' deeficulty," obviously owing to the fact that all the people round them are utterly unable to jock at all. Too great a sense of responsibility has been known in various relations of life to be fatal to the otherwise undoubted powers of the responsible person. An ordinary speaker can get out a printed abstract of his speech beforehand, with "cheers" marked in brackets at the proper places. But the laughing muscles of humanity are remarkably obdurate. Even a West Cumbrian cannot laugh at an impromptu unless it has at least the appearance of being an impromptu, and so this resource was closed to the two champions who went down to Workington on Monday to prove by jests that Radicalism is the only God and that Mr. Gladstone is his prophet.

It can hardly surprise any one to find that the Home Secretary came out of the valley of the shadow of heavy jokes, on the whole, the best. Everybody knows the proverb about "Tell me whom you live with"; and Sir William Harcourt has, on the whole, the advantage of his host in point of association. No one can have with impunity the United Kingdom Alliance perpetually around him. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's wit confined itself to such remarks as that Sir William Harcourt was "a big 'un," that the air was "heavy with Lowthers," that Mr. Percy Wyndham was "a crafty old fox," and that Mr. Cavendish Bentinck's Christian names were George Augustus. The Workingtonians cheered, which was amiable of them, and Sir Wilfrid was doubtless satisfied. Fortunately or unfortunately for the Home Secretary, he has not as yet made his home with Mr. Dawson Burns. An uneasy sense that the ears of Europe—and of our contemporary before mentioned—are upon him is often discernible in Sir William Harcourt's eloquence nowadays. He seems to have passed his jokes through a process of self-criticism, and not to be satisfied with them. "It was not thus" (one fancies him meditating) "that I joked when I was not convinced that Mr. Gladstone was the crown and flower of humanity." So the Home Secretary began his inspection of the lunacy of West Cumberland by a *plea ad misericordiam*. He had a cold, and the trains were late. "The boy on his right"—that is to say, Sir Wilfrid—would joke for them. He (Sir William) was but a secondary performer. This, it is true, was only a preliminary canter. The relentless trainers and jockeys who had got hold of Sir William Harcourt were determined to have a real run out of him for their money, and a run they had. The Home Secretary began by comparing West Cumberland to Cyprus, and his ingenuity does not seem to have quite sufficed to persuade his hearers that this was a compliment. For, according to Sir William Harcourt, Cyprus is about the least respectable part, and still more, the least profitable part, of the British dominions, and the West Cumbrians oddly enough seem not altogether to have appreciated the comparison. Even after this brilliant paradox, the Home Secretary made a vain effort to throw up the sponge, saying that "the public had had as much speaking lately as it knew what to do with." It was no good; he had to go on. So he told the West Cumbrians (as a private confidence never yet vouchsafed to any audience except themselves) that "London was not the nation." This was cheered, and it seems to have inspired him with what was perhaps his happiest thought. "The late Government," he said, "fancied that they had discovered the elixir of political life." The phrase is not bad; but are there no other Governments which seem to have the same fancy? "The verdict of the country," said Sir William Harcourt, growing bolder as he went on, "is not unfavourable to Mr. Gladstone." This was on the 31st of October, and the Home Secretary thought that his greatness was ripe. Next day there came a killing frost, and, somehow or other, the newspapers which since 1877, or thereabouts, have had enthusiastic articles on the lessons of the municipal elections, passed them over without so much as a notice. However, it may be admitted that the Home Secretary could not know this. A more remarkable statement followed. "The history of England for the last fifty years," said the speaker, "had been the history of the Liberal party, and for the last five-and-twenty it had been the history of the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone." It is pleasant to think what Englishmen of old would have said if they had been told that the history of their country was nothing but the history of a single man. The idle mind seems somehow to hear some far-off echoes of what was said two years ago about personal government, till it remembers that an unfortunate statesman with a bad cold and an inexorable host waiting to cap all his best things is not to be judged too hardly. As usual, time's noblest offspring was his last. Sir William—cold and host notwithstanding—had a "crusher" for the finale. If the policy of his party, he said, was as bad as it had been represented, how was it that in the last fifty years England had not been utterly undone? Sir William seems to have an inadequate idea of the powers of his own party. The caudex of fifteen hundred years cannot be destroyed in fifty even by the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone, though fairness obliges us to admit that the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone have done a surprising amount of work in that direction. After this the seventh age of Sir William Harcourt's eloquence was too much like the Shakspearian description to be dwelt upon. The Ground Game Act—"My little Bill, sir"—was

the evidence produced to prove the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone's Government, and the Home Secretary remarked that "No man can contract himself out of it." Sir William Harcourt is a lawyer, and has filled responsible positions in the legal hierarchy. But if he will apply to any ordinary solicitor or barrister, he will hear of a very simple plan for contracting himself, or anybody else, out of his favourite Act, which, to use the words of a competent witness, is "polishing hares off the face of the earth," and which only spares deer because (as Mr. Labouchere knows) they are "winged game," and therefore exempt from its provisions.

It is impossible for any generous person to read these speeches without a profound sense of sadness. Miltonic, Virgilian, and Tennysonian reminiscences crowd upon the mind, and generally embody themselves in a *quantum mulatus ab illo*. The quotation does not apply to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who was heavyish at his best. But there was a time when Sir William Harcourt did not hold quite the same opinion about the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone, and when he had no need to plead colds and the lateness of trains. The Workington speeches make one think of that uncomfortable poem, *The Last Tournament*. The speakers are not broken in the orthodox manner, and, unfortunately, outside the lists there are competitors in the unorthodox manner who must make the veteran jousts a little uncomfortable. When political argument resolves itself into talking about "the air being heavy with Lowthers," and "Lowthers disappearing fast from civilized society," and "George Augustus Cavendish Bentincks," and suchlike things, one somehow turns from Workington to Hull, from the setting to the rising stars of this firmament. If this sort of personality is to be the political argument of the future, Lord Randolph Churchill can give points to the Home Secretary and to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He carries his audience more thoroughly along with him; he has higher game to fly at (for the Radical "Jockers," on the whole, treat the leaders of their opponents not indeed with respect, but with a kind of distant semblance of it, which seems to imply more of fear than anything else), and he is not burdened with any traditions of a different style of warfare. Sir William Harcourt and his friends set the example of an entirely new kind of fighting in their 1879-80 campaign. We shall not say, as an outspoken partisan has lately said, that the fight was won by "hard lying"; but it was certainly won by hard language. Now hard language is at the disposal of any one who has a lively tongue, a certain amount of brains, and a determination to win without too much scrupulousness about the means of winning. The strong man, in point of Billingsgate, only keeps his house until a stronger and younger than he comes and casts him out. It is much more comely, no doubt, to confine the combat to rapier thrust and parry; but if a worsted combatant takes to catching up stones and mud, and flinging them at his opponents, he must not complain if stones and mud are flung back. We prefer the rapier; but that is a matter of individual predilection. To judge the latest interchange of the coarser weapons, impartially and by results, it must be decided, on the whole, that the juniors have it; and the most reasonable moral on the whole matter is "Vous l'avez voulu." Much allowance must of course be made for the natural incapacity of Gladstonians pure and simple to make a joke. Perhaps when Liberalism has emancipated itself from its temporary prison and has returned to a freer air, it may be possible to find champions who can jest. At present such champions are old hands of very doubtful orthodoxy, whose neo-orthodox fervour seems somehow or other to have decidedly interfered with their faculty of joking. They are conscious of the fact, and have become abusive instead of jocular, and now they cry aloud to earth and heaven because controlment is met with controlment. We are not much enamoured of the response, but it is just as well to remember who gave the challenge.

#### THE ORDER OF CORPORATE REUNION.

OUR readers may recollect our calling attention four years ago to the foundation of the mysterious Society which rejoices in the sonorous designation of the "Order of Corporate Reunion." A "Pastoral" had then just been issued by the three nameless hierarchs who under such lofty titles as "Bishop of Oerleon," and "Provincial" of—we forget exactly what—had assumed the leadership of the new communion. It was darkly intimated that those prelates whose new-fledged splendours were thus suddenly flashed on the world had secured somehow or other an episcopal succession which combined the lines of all the great historical Churches in East and West; but all particulars of name, place, and other detailed circumstances, were carefully suppressed. The obedience of the faithful throughout the Anglican communion was challenged for sees of more ancient date and claiming a more legitimate jurisdiction than Canterbury or York, although the first question likely to be asked by those inclined to respond to the call—as to the antecedents and position of the unnamed personages who arrogated to themselves these august prerogatives—remained unanswered: It was only natural in the absence of authentic information that various reports should circulate as to who these new Bishops and Provincials really were. That they were to be found among the clergy of the Established Church was plainly implied. And it soon began to be vaguely rumoured that Mr. A. had been seen in a purple cassock, and Dr. B. wearing an episcopal ring, or that the Vicar of C. was observed to pronounce the Benediction with

three fingers extended and "processed" about his church with "a fine pontifical strut." It was confidently asserted in some quarters that at least two hundred incumbents had joined the nascent community, and that there was no English diocese where it did not find representatives. And then there was mention made from time to time, in newspaper paragraphs ostensibly inspired but solemnly obscure, of Chapters or Synods, and occasionally scraps of liturgical or ritual offices published by authority found their way into the columns of these newspapers. One or two numbers also appeared at long intervals of the *Reunion Magazine*, which communicated from headquarters such fragments of information as the public were deemed worthy to receive. But a heavy veil still hung over the portals of this Church of the Future, which may perhaps have been withdrawn, or partially withdrawn, for the initiated few who sought entrance to its sacred precincts, but was impervious to the outer world. Rumour in such cases is sure to be busy—*facta, infecta refert*—and how much or how little credit should attach to these floating stories or surmises nobody could pretend to determine. At length, however, a writer, who is avowedly a member and presumably an authority of the newly-established Church, has come forward to lift the veil. In the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* Dr. F. G. Lee undertakes to instruct the general public on the nature and objects of this "first open and systematic attempt to face bravely the dangers and difficulties of divisions," which, as he tells us, "was founded quite recently, on the 8th of September, 1877." To be sure his revelation is quite as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains, and we are left after all very much in the dark on certain points as to which one might suppose that any one anxious to find refuge for his soul in this new ark of safety would first of all require to be satisfied. However, we must be thankful for small mercies, and be content to make the most of the modicum of enlightenment vouchsafed to us.

The reasons for founding the new Order are thus stated by Dr. Lee, whose words shall be given as they stand to avoid any risk of misapprehension. It will be observed that in a general way they correspond with the causes usually assigned for the origin of the Tractarian movement in 1833. In either case dangers and abuses in the English Church were alleged which called for strenuous action on the part of her ministers and adherents, but whereas the Tractarians aspired to reform abuses through the use and development of the existing machinery, the "O. C. R."—so far as we can gather—offers an entirely new and independent machinery for the purpose. But that will appear more clearly by and by. Dr. Lee thus expounds the *raison d'être* of his new community:—

The origin of the Order thus arose:—A certain number of persons within the pale of the Establishment realised keenly the distasteful fact that those rulers and guides who by their rank, office, and opportunities, ought to have been actively engaged in defending things spiritual within that community, were evidently doing nothing of the kind: some of them, in fact, the very reverse. Many of the chief rulers obviously defended little else than their own authority and temporal possessions. Church rates had been duly abolished; the Conscience Clause deliberately allowed; the Divorce Bill had become law; the Elementary Education Act had been passed; and subsequently the whole machinery for any exercise of episcopal jurisdiction throughout England efficiently destroyed, by the simultaneous abolition of the Canterbury Court of Arches, the Chancery Court of York, and all the episcopal and archidiaconal courts of each and every diocese at "one fell swoop," through the setting-up of a new judge in a new court created alone by a recent Act of Parliament. They furthermore started with the assumption, if such it be, that the divisions of the Reformation era, by which the English Church—cut off from visible communion with the rest of Christendom—has remained ever since isolated and impotent because of its isolation, are a great practical curse, causing a vast waste of energy, continual disputations, and still more divisions: and that no more pressing nor lofty duty lies before the baptised than active co-operation and earnest work to secure visible Corporate Reunion.

But there was in fact another, and as he admits, still more important, ground for the scheme adopted. The existing evils requiring to be remedied are summed up in the Pastoral under six heads, and it was, we are expressly told, "mainly because of" the last two "that the policy of the O. C. R. was first formulated, and afterwards duly defined and defended." These points are thus laid down:—

5. Uncertainty of sacramental status, arising from the long-continued prevalence of shameful neglect and carelessness in the administration of Baptism, contrary to the directions contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

6. Want of an unquestioned Episcopal Succession.

The grand difficulty therefore, to which we shall have to return presently, was the doubtful validity of Anglican ordinations. Meanwhile the formal establishment of the Society is described in some detail by the writer. It seems that in the summer of 1877 "a solemn preliminary Synod was duly held in London, consisting of certain representative clergy of the Established Church, a *Promotor Fidei*, [P] with a notary public." On this solemn occasion "Mass in English according to the ancient Salisbury rite was said at daybreak, and all present communicated." And the use of the Salisbury—commonly, we imagine, called the Sarum—rite—i.e. the missal generally used in England before the Reformation—was no passing accident. "This deliberate liturgical restoration was an avowed protest against the tyranny and injustice of those who had robbed the national Church of its most sacred treasure, and had substituted for it the mongrel, mutilated, and bald service for the Lord's Supper now in public use." Moreover, the restoration "was effected for the O. C. R., by competent spiritual authority." We are told further that forms for the sacraments of Confirmation and Ordination and for giving Communion from the Reserved Sacrament were sanctioned by the same authority. But what pre-

ciously that authority is, or wherein its competence consists, is not explained. After the initial Mass and Synod all who could not produce satisfactory testimony of the validity of their baptism "had that sacrament administered to them *sub conditione*," and the Pastoral was carefully discussed and eventually adopted. "It is said to have been first promulgated about two months afterwards [why this sudden change from direct to indirect narration?], on the morning of the foundation day, the 8th September, from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral by competent authority, in the face of credible witnesses." Perhaps this ceremony also was performed "at daybreak." The document "was then despatched to all the English bishops, deans, and proctors in Convocation, to the Holy Father, and to many distinguished Catholic prelates and theologians in various countries," and we are further assured that "its tone and terms secured a wide and almost universal commendation." Except as regards the last point, the authority for which is not given, the procedure reminds one strongly of the first start of the Irvingite movement, when the new Apostles also presented their credentials to the Pope, and to all the English, and we believe many foreign bishops, as well as to all Christian Sovereigns. We pass over the long extracts from the Pastoral which follow, as the document was noticed in our columns on its first appearance four years ago.

Our readers will have seen that the members of the new Order were conditionally baptized, and, inasmuch as baptism is an indispensable condition for the valid reception of all other "sacraments which impart a character," it follows of course that such of them as were clerics were next conditionally ordained. By the way we notice here one or two little slips in Dr. Lee's theology, if it is intended, as we may fairly presume it is, to be based on Tridentine teaching. He recounts "Confirmation, Orders, and Unction," as the three "sacraments which impart a character." According to the Council of Trent baptism should be substituted here for extreme unction, which last does not impart a character, and therefore may be, and often is, repeated. We are told again that "there is no other door or way of entrance besides [baptism] except the Baptism of Blood—i.e. martyrdom." The Tridentine Catechism, however, specifies "the baptism of desire," as well as the "baptism of blood"; as Dr. Lee puts it, none of the heathen, *e.g.*, could be saved. But to return to what, on his own showing, is the fundamental principle and justification of the new Order, the security of valid Orders and Sacraments. It is precisely here, on the most vital point, that the information supplied is most defective. We read (the italics are our own) "Sacramental integrity had been secured; and a valid succession *unquestioned either by East or West*"; but we are nowhere told how "this impregnable position" had been secured. When, where, or from whom was this "unquestioned" succession obtained? Dr. Lee speaks of "the grand act of charity and benevolence rendered to these Catholic Reunionists in the Church of England" by bestowing it, and, again, of its being "expressly asked and granted"; but by whom it was asked, and who granted it, deponent saith not. Yet this is surely the first point necessarily to be ascertained by those who are dissatisfied with the evidence for their existing Orders and Sacraments. It is hardly enough to tell them that, "if report be accurate [here, again, we have a saving clause interposed just where positive proof is most essential] nothing sacramental was left undone, and no act and deed was left unrecorded, *even by civil authorities recognized at the English Foreign Office*, to insure the existence of an undoubted and abiding record of certain most important and momentous acts." Are we to understand that this record is to be found, and may be consulted, in the Foreign Office? We are told of "the perfect frankness and good faith with which the appointed Rulers of the Order have fairly faced the obvious and increasing ecclesiastical difficulties of the day." Will they be good enough to inform the public when, and where, and from whom they received their episcopal consecration? Was it from the Old Catholics, or the Jansenist Church of Utrecht, or the late Archbishop of Syra and Tenos, or from any Roman Catholic prelate? Father Hutton of the Birmingham Oratory maintains, according to Dr. Lee, that for any Catholic Bishop to have taken part in these alleged consecrations would have been "a crime corresponding in guilt to that of some gross violation of the marriage tie in the social order." And it is anyhow most improbable that any Latin prelate would have desired or dared to perform what his Church would regard, and punish if discovered, as a grave act of sacrilege. We turn to the letter of "Lawrence, Bishop of Caerleon," appended to Dr. Lee's article, for some information, but we turn in vain. On the contrary, he observes that "a certain amount of reserve is necessary on some points; first, *because enjoined by the consecrators*; secondly, to adhere strictly to the scheme of supplying purely spiritual defects by purely spiritual means." The first reason is sufficiently intelligible, if hardly creditable to those concerned; the second is unmeaning, unless we are to believe that "purely spiritual" ordinances can only be administered in secret. It is a natural consequence of this "necessary reserve" that the Bishop of Caerleon does not venture to speak with the same confidence as Dr. Lee of his "unquestioned succession," but of "a succession which shall, *on due inquiry*, meet with the recognition of all." That is quite another thing. Anglicans, who believe their own orders to be valid, would say as much. But in their case the materials for due inquiry are at least open to all.

Into the grounds alleged by Dr. Lee for questioning the Anglican Succession this is not the place for entering at any length. The point on which he mainly, and indeed almost exclu-

sively dwells, is the fact, for which various authorities are cited, that a large proportion of the English people are left unbaptized. One clerical speaker at the Church Congress of 1879 is quoted as saying that "hardly more than ten per cent. of our people in our large towns are baptized in the Church of England." Be this as it may, one important link is missing to the completeness of the argument. It has to be shown that some of the unbaptized persons have certainly or probably been ordained and subsequently raised to the episcopate. And the only proof offered of this is Dr. Lee's statement that several cases have come under his own notice of late years where Anglican bishops have been less uniform than they should have been in demanding distinct proof of baptism from candidates for ordination, and that certificates of the canonical age have sometimes been accepted as sufficient evidence of baptism. We can only say that, if so, Anglican as well as ancient canons have been deliberately neglected or ignored. On these matters however we do not propose to enlarge here. But in any case the position of members of this mysterious Order, in the Church of England but not of it, be they many or few, is a sufficiently strange one; and we are told that "already there are representatives of the O. C. R. in almost every English diocese, and duly appointed officers who unostentatiously govern thus in things lawful." Dr. Lee argues that while "avowed Swedenborgians" and "sealed Irvingites" retain their benefices in peace, his own co-religionists have at least an equal right to do so. We were not aware of the existence of "avowed" Swedenborgians or Irvingites among the beneficed clergy, but the position appears, to say the least, an anomalous one. Moreover these new dignitaries do not seem to "avow" their position individually by any outward sign. It is evidently impossible for an outsider to know who is a "bishop," or "provincial," or "officer" of the Order, and who is not. Is the "Bishop of Caerleon" for instance a beneficed incumbent? Bishop though he be, he is permitted to govern "unostentatiously," and may still say in the words of an old dogglerel:—

I'm glad I'm not a bishop,  
To walk in long black gaiters.

And, as Mrs. Poyser pithily phrased it, "It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry, when everybody's got boots on."

#### A NEW ARGUMENT FOR VEGETARIANISM.

IT is probable that the crotcheteer is on the whole the happiest of men or women, as the case may be. The pursuit of reasonable objects has undeniably at times a tendency to bore the pursuer; the pursuit of unreasonable ones has the immense advantage of only boring other people. Therefore, while other people have their moments of lassitude, spiritualists and anti-vaccinationists and vegetarians and teetotallers, and suchlike folk, enjoy an *ignis vigor* which is in its way delightful to look on, except when it results as it occasionally does in the premature death of a good many innocent people, the plundering of guileless ones who are innocent in another sense, or the infliction of general annoyance and discomfort. The unfortunate Leeds merchant whom Mr. Dawson Burns has found athirst in a Great Northern dining-car, and to whom, in accordance doubtless with a private reading of the precepts of the Founder of Christianity, he has refused drink, may not like the *ignis vigor*; and the streetful of neighbours to whom a vigorous anti-vaccinationist the other day communicated small-pox may not like it either. But vegetarianism has at least the advantage of being less aggressive than these its sister lunacies. The vegetarian very frequently kills himself, but he does not insist on killing other people unless they are silly enough to listen to him. Moreover, his crotchet is free from some others of the ugliest features of new things. Combined with spiritualism, it might be used for the purposes of extortion by threatening the "kreophagist" malefactor with the ghosts of the animals he has eaten; but we never heard of an instance of this. Hence the vegetarian may be regarded with a certain amiable feeling of tolerance, in that, though occasionally suicidal, he at any rate lets other people live and thrive.

The latest vegetarian manifesto that has come to our knowledge is a very neat little book by Mrs. Anna Kingsford, M.D., which Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have just published. It is called *The Perfect Way in Diet*, a phrase admirably indicative of the mental attitude of the crotcheteer. The average kreophagist is by no means convinced that kreophagy is the perfect way in diet. Flesh and fish, like rebellion in a celebrated case, lie in his way, and he eats them and does well thereon; but, as to perfection, that is another matter. Mrs. Kingsford, on the other hand, will have none of your half-measures. She has looked at the teeth of man and the intestines of man; she has examined the descendants of his cousins, the other arboreal animals; she has cast a rapid eye on the science of ethics, the condition of Whitechapel, the pages of history, and the reports of outbreaks of trichinosis; and the result of it all is that she knows the "all-best" way of feeding. It must be confessed that we have not discovered anything very novel in the book, or anything which has not been said a hundred times by all vegetarians, and answered a hundred times by the fiendish kreophagist. It seems that the work is an enlarged translation of the thesis by which Mrs. Kingsford gained her doctorate at Paris. We are ashamed to say that we do not know exactly what other exercises are required for that proud position; but, if the thesis does the business by itself, it would

not appear to be very difficult to become an M.D. Mrs. Kingsford begins with an examination of our friends the anthropoid apes, by way of showing the similarity between us. It is really painful to know that in the chief point of difference the ape has the advantage of us, for he has a bigger stomach than we have. Otherwise there is no difference worth speaking of. Now he unquestionably is a vegetarian; therefore we ought to be, *q.e.d.* Then we have our old acquaintance the teeth argument, and several other physiological contentions, one of which is to the lay mind so exceedingly funny that, at the risk of appearing flippant, we must quote it. The peristaltic movements of the human stomach, it seems, take place in a circular direction; so do those of the herbivora; while the carnivorous stomach contents itself with sea-sawing in a prosaic manner from right to left and from left to right. "It does not appear," says Mrs. Kingsford, with much gravity, "that any opportunity has arisen of observing these movements in omnivorous animal." Here there seems a slight gap in the argument; but, such as it is, it evidently leads satisfactorily to the same conclusion as before. That conclusion is that "the abuse of the art of cookery in the hands of man degrades him to the level of a beast of prey." We confess that we never heard of a beast of prey who cooked, and that we had always thought that this little matter of cookery was of very considerable importance in the question; but this is probably owing to the weakness of kreophagist logic.

From physiology we pass to history. We begin at the beginning, and see that the earliest pages of the Book of Genesis (which Mrs. Kingsford knows was written by an Egyptian) plainly declare what Egyptian tradition held about the food of man. Our edition of Genesis is probably less complete than Mrs. Kingsford's, or else contains some spurious matter, for it certainly does not favour vegetarianism. Then we go from Egypt to Greece, where, on the authority of Rollin, we are told that athletes ate no meat, and that it was no regimen of flesh that formed the heroes of Thermopylae. If Mrs. Kingsford had consulted Athenæus and such-like authorities instead of the excellent Frenchman, she would have discovered that the famous black broth consisted largely of the same material as black puddings, that the *mysmia* were plentifully supplied with pork, and that there was usually a second course of game, poultry, lamb, &c. &c. Then we are taken all over the countries of the earth and the dietaries thereof. Mrs. Kingsford, following up her ill-luck with Rollin, trusts herself to a certain *Mod. Univ. Hist.*, whatever that may be, which informs her that the Japanese "never kill or eat anything that is killed." She tells us that "it is much more likely that the English navy owes his superior strength [as compared with French labourers] to gifts of rice than to his diet," which seems to overlook the well-ascertained fact that by lowering the diet of the one and raising that of the other the navy and his foreign competitor can be equalized and their positions in respect of work even reversed. After this we have the details of the perfect diet, in which it appears milk, eggs, butter, cheese, "may, without inconsistency, be included." Then comes the denunciatory part. The use of flesh meats hastens the arrival of old age. It is a dangerous stimulant. Mrs. Kingsford knew a young lady who got actually intoxicated on two mutton chops. Kreophagists go to and fro with exactly the same restlessness as the animals in a menagerie—it may be observed in passing, that the purely frugivorous monkeys are notorious for the sedateness of their demeanour. Kreophagism leads to alcoholism, and still more to immorality—the notoriously cleanly living of the vegetarian inhabitants of Western Africa is here a case in point, though Mrs. Kingsford says we ought to leave off flesh-eating because of its bad effects on the butchers, which is a charming pendant to Mr. Bright's demonstration of the necessity of abolishing capital punishment for fear of hardening the moral fibre of the ordinary of Newgate. Trichinosis, Dr. Richardson, the greater amount of food obtainable by tillage than by pasturage, Mr. Arthur Arnold, the artificial changes in the personal appearance of sheep and oxen bred for food, and many other persons and things are brought forward; and an interesting but somewhat irrelevant digression on the fur trade and the habit of wearing small birds in bonnets appropriately concludes the argument.

In all this there is, as has been said, very little that is new, though we do not remember to have seen so much stress laid before on the argument that the herbivorous stomach, peristaltically speaking, waltzes, while the carnivorous stomach only indulges in a kind of *chassé-croisé*. The truth is, of course, that all these physiological arguments are of very little weight. In the first place, the authorities are not by any means agreed as to the facts; in the second, the construction to be placed on those facts is anything but obvious; in the third, and most important of all, there is the question of results. Even if man were originally what Mrs. Kingsford thinks him, thousands of years of kreophagy must have pretty well hardened him to the poison by this time, even if they have not made it necessary. The historical evidence is still more valueless. The bulk of the examples produced simply go to show what everybody knows—that in hot, and especially tropical, climates very little animal food is necessary, or, indeed, desirable. Against this is to be set the potterous truth that all the greatest races of the world living in temperate regions have been kreophagist. If Mrs. Kingsford will read Rollin less and Homer more, she will probably form a different opinion about the kreophagy of the Greeks. The ruling tribes and castes of Europe have invariably been kreophagous. But, as a matter of fact, it is rather absurd to argue on such a point. We know we are kreophagous, and there's an end on't, is for once not an irrational answer.

To dogmatize on the excellences of meat-eating would be to come too close to the level of the dogmatizers on the excellences of vegetable-eating. The rule in all such points is to eat, not what the original arboreal animal with pointed ears ate, but what his descendant, the great-coated Englishman, living in a somewhat inclement climate, and with a great deal of work to do, feels inclined to eat, can eat, and is the better for eating. That the majority of such Englishmen feel inclined to eat, can eat, and are the better for eating fish, flesh, and fowl, is a simple fact of experience. As for ethical arguments, Mrs. Kingsford's unlucky admission of eggs lays her open to severe retorts. On the Buddhist principles which she favours (to the extent of favouring her readers with a long extract from Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*), the eating of an egg is one of the greatest crimes we can imagine. Here is life in the germ, and the fiend who wields his spoon at breakfast ruthlessly destroys it. The lamb who is brought to know what mint-sauce means has at least sported; the mutton, his mamma, has browsed, and observed the beauties of nature; the pig has enjoyed all the pleasures of pignood; the very stalled ox has had the opportunity of becoming a connoisseur in oil-cake, and of learning to distinguish different brands. But this unlucky egg, to which we are sure Mrs. Kingsford is too sound a physiologist to refuse the possession of life, if not in a very active condition, is deprived arbitrarily and unfairly of the opportunity of living. Not for him the crow of Chanticleer or the cluck of Partlet, the barley and the buckwheat, and all the other joys of fowls. Mrs. Kingsford, assuring him that she is not in the least inconsistent, boils him, eats him, and then writes a chapter denouncing the wretches who eat his mother. So much for the sentimental side of vegetarianism, which is worth about as much as its physiological and historical sides. The conclusion of the whole matter is, of course, *fay ce que voudras*, with the provision that you had better take care what you are about. The number of persons who have lost their lives from playing vegetarian tricks with their diet is, we believe, considerably greater than is generally known or supposed. We may gently hint, too, that kreophagy seems to have improved the external appearance of the human race considerably since the days of the arboreal animal, to judge from the outward ape of the oran-outang and his likes. That excess of stomach on which Mrs. Kingsford innocently comments admits of a very simple explanation. Besides, as Mr. Calverley would say, "We are not as outangs are." *Autres temps autres mœurs*; and for our own part we have not the slightest wish to exchange kreophagy and a tolerably comfortable and well-filled library for an abode on the fifth branch of the first tree on the left side of the Birdcage Walk, a completely frugivorous diet, and a natural suit of red-brown fur.

#### THE LAST OF NEWGATE.

THE *Beggars' Opera* has familiarized the educated classes with many expressions which belong to the thieves' slang of the last generation. Every one knows, for instance, the account which Gay's hero gives of himself:—

In a box of the stone jug I was born,  
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn,

interlarding his musical biography with a reckless assertion that his hearers may persevere with impunity in illegal courses, or, as he metaphorically expresses it, "Nix, my dolly pals, fake away!" The song and the sentiment both belong to a time when our legislation was disgraced by a penal code of undue severity, and felony of any kind was punishable by death. Then, too, gaols were literally fever dens and hotbeds of crime, sanitary arrangements being altogether neglected, and prisoners indiscriminately herded together to spread moral corruption far and wide; discipline was also lax among them, and escapes were frequent. Newgate was the original "stone jug" mentioned by the poet, its euphemistic title being derived from the fact that it was surrounded by so strong a wall of stone-masonry that prison-breaking was rendered absolutely impossible there for the future. The name Newgate was taken, as we have already stated in a former article, from the fact that the buildings abutting on the gates of the City were in olden times almost invariably used as prisons. In 1218 the "Chamberlain's Gate" was pulled down, and the gaol attached to it was in 1412 replaced by the present erection, which was ever afterwards known as the Newgate Prison. It is now contemplated to demolish the gaol which has for so many years played a principal part in the criminal annals of the country; and by way of preserving at least some recollection of its historic associations we offer the reader a description of it as it exists at present. Although, thanks to the humane efforts of such men as Sir Samuel Romilly and Howard the philanthropist, the worst abuses of the criminal code and of prison discipline have been removed, the memories connected with the building are sufficiently gloomy and terrible. Here are brought for detention until trial all the numerous malefactors of the metropolis, as well as the more important criminals from the country, who are brought to London when, from local excitement or other causes, it is thought inexpedient to try them in their own counties. Here, too, is carried out, more frequently than at any other gaol in the kingdom, the last awful sentence of the law; and, although much that is to be seen is of a nature to afford anything but pleasant food for reflection, we think it desirable to chronicle it before the building has become a mere thing of the past.



The visitor to Newgate is received at the Governor's office, passing out of which he is ushered through a series of low, massive doors, and down a narrow, gloomy passage, into the old "pinioning" room. Here malefactors were formerly pinioned before being led to execution; but this is now done in the condemned cell itself. When executions were performed in public, the doomed men were led through the passage just mentioned to the narrow door, surmounted with irons, which leads out into the Old Bailey, where the gallows used to be erected in the open street. To reach this the sad procession had to pass through the kitchen of the prison, in which a narrow passage was formed by suspending two long black curtains from the roof. The hooks in the wall to which the lines which bore the curtains were attached still remain; but the principal object of interest to the visitor at the present day, and of pride to the warder who acts as his *cicerone*, is the steam contrivance for cooking vegetables. The pinioning room contains two large cupboards, in which are stored up the implements employed in the dreary business which forms one of the most important functions of the Newgate officials—namely, the execution of felons condemned to death within the metropolitan jurisdiction. Here, amongst objects of minor interest, are the leg-irons which prisoners wore in olden times, together with the anvil upon which they were riveted on arrival, the rivets being punched out when their wearer was about to be escorted through the kitchen to his death. A very heavy set of these irons is shown, which is said to have been worn by the celebrated Jack Shepherd, whose prison-breaking propensities made him once so celebrated. In Newgate itself no record of the sojourn of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's hero exists, the prison which once stood in Wych Street having been the scene of his most notable exploits; the irons, therefore, are probably as unauthentic as the beheading axe which also forms an imposing part of the exhibition. This was certainly made for the purpose of amputating the head of the human subject, but, during the last generation or so at least, whenever a sentence of decapitation was passed, it was generally carried out in a less revolting manner, the culprit being first hanged and his head afterwards removed by a competent surgeon. The axe was carried in procession before the criminal rather as a symbol than as one of the working tools of an executioner. Thistlewood, the "Outo Street conspirator," was the last who suffered in this manner outside Newgate. Another very unpleasantly suggestive part of the collection is the set of straps with which condemned culprits are fastened and rendered powerless when upon the scaffold. A painful scene at the execution of one Bousfield led to the substitution of this apparatus for the rope arrangement previously in use.

The actual prison itself is a modern building, erected within the walls of the old gaol, and is built and managed on the "model prison" system, differing in no way in its arrangement from other gaols in the country. The peculiar and melancholy interest of the place centres, of course, in the provision made for the accommodation of the numerous prisoners under sentence of death who are lodged within the place. The condemned cell, with its dismal whitewashed walls and scanty furniture, and the two black chairs under the pulpit in the chapel, provided for the condemned man and for the warder who constantly attends him, though simple objects enough in themselves, are from their associations anything but pleasant to contemplate. Much more terrible in appearance, though less tragic in their use, are the "dark cells" for refractory prisoners. These are so dark, so isolated, and so impenetrable to sound that the most obstinate and violent subject would probably give in after a short experience of the discipline. An American visitor described the darkness as "something to lean against"; and we ourselves, after a very brief voluntary sojourn in one of them, experienced a most oppressive sense of meanness and dejection. Newgate being a house of detention and not a penal establishment, the discipline is not so severe as at other prisons, and the occasions upon which those "black holes" come into use is very rare. When we compare the present condition of the prison and its denizens even with the description given by Dickens, one feels a sense of relief and of hopefulness in the possibility of human improvement. The eminent novelist's account of the large groups of melancholy men walking up and down the spacious ward together, all awaiting the same terrible doom, and giving their last testamentary injunctions as to the disposal of tame pigeons and other "portable property," was no exaggerated or exceptional picture, but the usual preliminary of the ghastly gaol delivery on Monday morning. The still more horrible revelations of Fielding, and the last scenes in the lives of Jonathan Wild and his associates, belong to a more remote past; but their memories cling still to the place, which seems literally to lie under the "shadow of death." The prisoners, too, are for the most part awaiting trial, and are, therefore, naturally upon their best behaviour. Amongst the objects of historical interest in the prison is an old water cistern, in the pinioning room before spoken of, which bears the date 1781, the year after the Lord George Gordon Riots, during which Newgate was partially burnt down. Even this simple fixture recalls scenes of bloodshed without and of cold-blooded judicial murder within the walls, and gives a ghastly reality to the vivid description in *Barnaby Rudge*. Nowadays the sanctity of human life is more respected; and, although we have not yet arrived at that ideal stage of civilization which would enable us to abolish capital punishment, its surroundings are more decorous than they formerly were.

In one of the exercise yards stands the gallows, now a permanent erection contained in an ordinary-looking shed. In another

large room, where, under the old system—most happily abolished—the prisoners were allowed to herd together, and concoct plans for fresh robberies and other crimes, we are shown another instrument of penal human suffering, the whipping horse. As only the worst and most dastardly criminals are subject to this form of discipline, we can regard it with more calm feelings than the sinister apparatus which we have just left. The "cat" with which the punishment is administered is not so terrible a weapon as it used to be, but, in the hands of a stalwart warder, it is capable of inflicting very wholesome correction, and it is satisfactory to learn that garotters and the like regard it with salutary awe. We are happy to be able to assure humane persons who object to corporal punishment that, although a most deterrent implement, the "cat" is not in any way dangerous to life or health. It is, of course, easy to raise objections to its use, on the ground of the moral degradation which it entails, but the subjects upon which it is exercised as a rule belong to a class who are benefited rather than degraded by the process. In the same repository which contains the "cat" is a collection of ropes, destined for the purpose of carrying out the last sentence of the law. These are now supplied by the Government, and are sent out in numbers to the colonies.

An open-air passage, closed in at the top with iron bars, leads from the prison to the adjoining Central Criminal Court. This, which is known to facetiously-inclined habitual criminals as the "Birdcage Walk," is the cemetery of the condemned, and the warder, as he points to the letters cut in the old Roman wall to record the last resting-place of the many notorious criminals who lie there, waxes eloquent on the details of the murders which have from time to time filled the community with horror. A mere sketch of these would furnish material for pages of "sensational" description, which we forego for the same reasons which induce us to pass over the collection of ill-favoured castles from the faces of the executed criminals, taken after death. Newgate is full of reminiscences of the more stern and terrible phases of criminal procedure in the country; much of the brutality that was once thought indispensable to the preservation of law and order has passed away, and it is permissible to wish, however difficult it may be to hope, that a time may come when it will be possible to sweep away capital punishment itself. Interesting as the old prison is, we can hardly say that we regret its proposed demolition; and we sincerely hope that the executioner's museum within its walls will share its fate.

#### POST OFFICE REFORMS.

THE statements contained in Mr. Fawcett's speech, recently delivered in the Town Hall at Shoreditch, afford a striking testimony to the excellent spirit in which the work of his department is approached and done. It was natural that he should refer specially to that department before entering upon the subject of general politics, and the greater part of what he had to say concerning it was of an eminently satisfactory nature. But not the least satisfactory passage of the speech was that in which the Postmaster-General expressed a hope that it would "not be supposed that I wish it to be thought that, with regard to the administration of the Post Office, there is no more work to be done and no further improvements to be carried out." This is as it should be; but it is pleasant to see how much good work has hitherto been accomplished, and what good promise it gives for the future improvements which Mr. Fawcett has in mind. He began by referring to the "new form of money-order termed a postal order," which was devised to provide a cheaper and simpler way of transmitting money, and which was issued for the first time on the 1st of January last. It was then estimated that about two millions of these orders would be issued annually, and they are now being issued at the rate of four millions annually. Again, when it was proposed that these orders should be issued for as low a sum as a shilling, it was feared that "there could be no demand for the means of transmitting such small sums." Here the event completely proves Mr. Fawcett to have been in the right, inasmuch as postal orders for a shilling are now being sent out at the rate of more than four hundred thousand a year. While he was careful to refrain from asserting that the whole of this amount is to be explained by the convenience found in the use of these orders by the poorer classes, yet nobody will be inclined to dissent from his suggestion that "there can be no doubt that a very large proportion" is used by these classes, or to hesitate in the conclusion that by simple means a great benefit has been conferred upon people who stood in need of it. The lessening of trouble gained by the possibility of sending one of these postal orders is obvious on the face of it, and the question as to whether this gain would be widely enough appreciated to warrant the change being made has been answered in the only way that is completely satisfactory and irrefragable. To show, Mr. Fawcett said, how little ground there was for the fears expressed before the new system had been tried, he stated that "more than 900,000*l.* worth of these orders had been issued at the end of August, and only 20,000*l.* worth remained unpaid." This is certainly as strong a proof as could be wished for of the desirableness of the step taken.

From the consideration of the new postal orders Mr. Fawcett passed on to that of the employment of female clerks, by a staff of whom the whole clerical work connected with these particular orders is done at St. Martin's-le-Grand "in a very satisfactory

manner." The speaker further stated that a good deal of other important work in his department was done by female clerks, of whom about two hundred and seventy are employed, "and the number is rapidly increasing." As an evidence of the desire to obtain these appointments, it was set forth that on a late occasion no less than 920 candidates competed for 40 appointments. There are two sides, if not more, to this question, although it is but natural that the Postmaster-General should contemplate only one, and should take pleasure in its contemplation. Putting aside the general difficulty attending competitive examinations as they affect rejected candidates—a difficulty which, however, is more serious here than in ordinary cases—it remains to ask whether it is a really good thing for the successful candidates to get what they have tried for, and whether it is a really good thing for the public service that they should get it. One would like to have, as a rider to the Postmaster-General's cheerful statement, some statistics showing what is the proportion of the work done by female clerks as compared with that previously done in the same department by male clerks, and showing also how, and to what extent, the health of the female clerks is affected by their employment. It would be rash to endorse or echo all that the Postmaster-General has said of the satisfactory working of the system without fuller and more precise information on this and other points. It seems the more desirable to touch on this because Mr. Fawcett, passing from the particular to the general, thought it evident, from the results of employing women in the Post Office, "that the extension of the field for the labour of women would be of great advantage, not only to women themselves, but to their employers, whether those employers were the Government or private persons." This opens a field for discussion wider than we can here enter upon; but it may be observed that the conclusion is certainly sweeping, and that the premises are not altogether beyond doubt. Leaving this special branch of his subject, Mr. Fawcett went on to pay a graceful and well-deserved compliment to Lord John Manners, to whom, he said, the credit of introducing the new postal orders was more due than to himself, since "at the time of the dissolution he had passed through its earlier stages a Bill which would have authorized their issue." From this Mr. Fawcett went on to speak of other matters, among the most interesting of which was the plan for receiving small Savings Bank deposits in stamps, and in what he had to say as to this there was no ground for dissatisfaction or doubt. The figures, indeed, speak to a great extent for themselves. "In eleven months the number of depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks has increased by no less than 436,000." Part of this result, Mr. Fawcett said—and it is to be hoped he was right in so saying—was no doubt due to the normal growth of habits of saving among the people; but "it is particularly to be remarked that, whereas the number of depositors increased by 436,000 during the eleven months that the plan has been in operation, during the previous eleven months, when it was not in operation, the number of depositors increased by only 94,000." The speaker went on to give some special instances of the satisfactory working of the plan, and concluded this branch of his subject by pointing out that, "of the 709,000*l.* invested through the Post Office Savings Banks in Government Stocks, 271,000*l.* have been withdrawn from the Savings Banks deposits for investment; yet, in spite of this withdrawal, the aggregate amount now deposited in the Post Office Savings Banks is 2,181,000*l.* more than it was eleven months since."

That very much good work has been done under the rule of the present Postmaster-General is evident enough; but it is also evident that, as he himself has pointed out, much that ought to be done remains undone; and, unluckily for the prospects of immediate action in these matters, the doing of them does not rest with Mr. Fawcett. The reduction of the price of telegrams is subject to the decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is beyond the control of the Post Office. Mr. Fawcett is officially, and probably really, content to leave this to the unrivalled financial skill of Mr. Gladstone; but there have been and are people who, while they admit the unrivalled skill, may not feel quite so safe as Mr. Fawcett does as to the direction which Mr. Gladstone's delight in exhibiting this skill may take. More important, inasmuch as it involves a danger to which Mr. Fawcett did not refer, is the consideration of laying telegraph wires underground instead of overground. Most of us have suffered in some way from the inconvenience which the speech referred to of the interruption of telegraphic communication during the recent storms—an inconvenience which would have been avoided if the wires had been laid underground. But there is also no doubt that the overground system has added a new danger in stormy weather to human safety, and, indeed, to human life. A falling telegraph-wire is well enough fitted for the purpose of decapitation, and though horses have most frequently suffered from this, inasmuch as their heads are naturally in the best or worst position for catching the blow, yet the danger is not one that ought to be overlooked. But, Mr. Fawcett said, the conversion of overground into underground wires "would be very expensive." It is satisfactory to find that a report as to this matter is to be furnished to the Postmaster-General; but it would be rash to hope confidently that his representations after the report will lead to the reform which seems to us urgent enough. The old proverb about a ha'porth of tar is slow in carrying conviction in some quarters. As to the parcel post Mr. Fawcett spoke yet more strongly of the need of change, but with no more certain hope of the change being made than he could hold out with regard to the telegraph wires. It seems also desirable to note the fact to which the Lord Chief Justice has lately called attention, that the

Post Office is in this way different from ordinary banks, that it does not hold itself in any way responsible for payment made on a forged signature. This is a fact which heavily discounts the advantages referred to above, on which the Postmaster-General dwelt in his able and interesting speech. We might, however, be sure, even without Mr. Fawcett's assurance of the fact, that in these, as in other matters, no effort will be wanting on his part to secure all the convenience that he can for the public.

The greater part of Mr. Fawcett's speech was naturally enough, as we have said, taken up with the consideration of matters connected with his own department; but before he finished he called attention to one or two questions with which his name, like that of his master, Mr. J. S. Mill, is especially identified. Mr. Fawcett, in common with his Radical colleagues in the Ministry, is in favour of extending household suffrage to the counties; but, unlike most of them, he urges, with Mr. Mill, the absolute necessity of accompanying a wide extension of the suffrage with proper guarantees for the representation of minorities. The subject is one which Mr. Fawcett could not fully treat at the flag-end of a speech, and it can as little be treated at the flag-end of an article. But it is pleasing to find the most respected of our Radical politicians speaking so plainly before a popular audience on behalf of the minorities whom most of his party look on only as things to be trampled on.

#### THE SPANISH BUDGET.

IN criticizing Señor Camacho's Budget, it is fair to bear in mind that the task he has undertaken is both difficult and meritorious. Long-continued misgovernment, incompetence, dishonesty, revolution, and civil war have all combined to destroy the credit of Spain and to throw her finances into confusion. It is something on the part of a Finance Minister to endeavour to remedy such inveterate evils, and to recognize the obligations which rest upon his Government. If Señor Camacho's proposals are not always well considered, they seem, at least, to be honestly meant, and many of them will introduce great improvements. The Budget consists of two parts; the one dealing with the income and expenditure of the current year and next year, and the other treating of the debt. We shall first consider the former. Señor Camacho frankly admits that Spain is suffering from chronic deficits. Although civil war has long been ended, although peace has been restored to Cuba, and although the late Government professed to be paying off debt at a rapid rate, it now appears that last year there was a deficit of 3,640,000*l.*, and it is estimated that the current year will end with a deficit of 4,240,000*l.* To cover these deficits the new Finance Minister proposes, first, a conversion of the redeemable debt, to which we shall return by and by, and, secondly, a revision and equalization of taxation. It was stated by one of our Secretaries of Legation in a Report two or three years ago, that about 43 per cent. of the land in Spain pays no land-tax, and that of the remainder a considerable proportion pays less than its due share of the tax. Señor Camacho proposes to equalize the incidence of the land-tax, and at the same time to reduce its rate from 21 per cent. to 16 per cent. The proposal is undoubtedly in the right direction; but 16 per cent. is still an enormously heavy rate. It amounts to nearly 3*s.* 4*d.* in the pound, and, unless the new Finance Minister is able to secure purity of administration, such as has never hitherto been known in Spain, we greatly fear that the evasions of taxation of which he complains will continue to be practised. It would be wiser to reduce the rate of the tax considerably more, and then to endeavour to enforce its payment by stringent measures. But perhaps a reduction of 5 per cent. in a single year is as much as we have a right to expect from any Minister. Probably he has not very much faith in his own ability to enforce the collection, and he hopes more from the equalization of its incidence than from the efforts of the Administration to get in all that is due to the Treasury. The Minister further proposes to revise the taxes on industry and commerce; to suppress tolls and bridge and ferry dues; to diminish the tax on the salaries of Government servants; to reduce the price of tobacco; and to impose a tax upon rents. These are large and far-reaching measures, and they are mostly in the right direction. Our only fear is that they are too ambitious; that Señor Camacho is endeavouring to do in a single year the work of several years, and that the results will not answer his expectations. However, it is clear that the principle involved in most of these proposals is right, and that, if the present Government follows up the beginning now made, an elasticity hitherto unknown will soon appear in the finances of Spain. There is no doubt that the country is rich in resources, that it has been prospering of late years, and that the people are able to pay much more than they now pay. A rational system of finance would soon prove this, and would enable the Government to fulfil its obligations to its creditors. Lastly, Señor Camacho proposes to deal with the Customs tariff. All existing duties above 15 per cent. and under 20 per cent. are to be reduced to 15 per cent., and afterwards those of 20 per cent. and upwards are also gradually to be reduced. As a consequence of this reform, the Government is to enter into negotiations with other countries for commercial treaties, it being expressly provided that countries which have not commercial treaties with Spain are not to enjoy the benefits of the reduction. In this country we are

specially interested in this proposal for reducing the Customs duties. The late Spanish Government legislated in a hostile manner against this country, and we have every reason to welcome the better spirit shown by Señor Camacho and his colleagues, and to hope that his Budget may meet with the acceptance it deserves.

Coming now to the second part of Señor Camacho's Budget, we find that he proposes to fund the redeemable and floating debts, which now absorb for interest and sinking fund about 7 millions sterling a year. The proposal is that a new debt of 72 millions sterling nominal shall be created, bearing 4 per cent. interest, and redeemable in forty years, the issue price being 85. The interest and sinking fund on this debt would not much exceed 3 millions sterling, and the funding would thus leave free very nearly 4 millions sterling to assist Señor Camacho in covering the deficit which, as we have seen, he estimates. But the old perpetual debt claims a portion of this sum. Under the existing arrangement with the bondholders, Spain pays 1 per cent. upon this old perpetual debt up to the end of the present year, from and after which time the interest is to be increased by an additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which, in round numbers, will add to the charge about 1½ million sterling. This leaves free only about 2½ millions sterling to be applied to covering the deficit; and by means of this, and the revisions and reform of taxes to which we have referred above, Señor Camacho estimates that the income will amount to 31,319,809½, leaving a small nominal surplus of 13,841½. It will be seen that the equalization of income and expenditure thus brought about is really effected for the most part by the suspension of the sinking fund now applied to paying off the redeemable debt. In other words, the pretence of paying off debt made by the late Government had no foundation, for as fast as it paid off debt with one hand it incurred debt with the other hand. Still it will be something that, even by the suspension of the sinking fund, Spain is able to pay her way; but it remains to be seen whether the Minister is not too sanguine in his estimates.

Señor Camacho, as we have said, proposes to carry out the convention made with the bondholders five years ago, and to pay 1½ per cent. on the foreign debt from and after New Year's Day next. He also asks power from Congress to negotiate with the bondholders both of the foreign and of the internal debt for a new arrangement. Hopes have been entertained for some time back that the new Minister would propose a plan for converting these debts, and various schemes had been propounded by which this could be done with advantage to Spain and to the bondholders. Señor Camacho, however, does not put forward any plan or even suggestion, but contents himself with taking power to negotiate with the bondholders. It is to be hoped that, if any of the schemes to which we have referred are put forward, they will not be entertained by the bondholders. In all past experience conversions of the debt by Spain have meant partial repudiation. Spain has pleaded, first, that the capital of the debt was larger than she was able to pay, and she has induced the bondholders to agree to cut down the principal on condition of receiving punctually a high rate of interest. Then she has pleaded that the rate of interest was too high, and that she could not go on paying it; but that if her creditors would meet her fairly, she would do her best, and would pay a lower rate of interest. When the creditors agreed to accept a lower rate of interest, she again pleaded that the principal of the debt was too large; and thus she has gone on reducing principal and interest until it almost seems as if the whole of the debt would ultimately disappear without the creditors receiving anything. There is no reason why the creditors should now be tender-hearted in their dealings with Spain. The country is rich in resources. It has been making great progress of late, and it is well able to meet its obligations. Partly owing to the restoration of peace, and partly owing to the ravages of the phylloxera in France, and the successive bad wine harvests there, the trade of Spain has been rapidly growing of late years, particularly the wine trade. The French wine production having fallen off, French wine-makers have imported immense quantities of Spanish wine, and have mixed it with their own deficient yields, and sold it as French produce. The result has been to pour wealth into Spain, and there is no ground for her now pleading that she is unable to meet the claims of her creditors. It also seems to us rather hard upon the bondholders that the redeemable debt should be given a priority over the old debt, and should be assured a much higher rate of interest. The new funded debt of 72 millions sterling is to be a preference debt, and is to receive, as we have already said, interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Moreover, certain revenues are to be made over to the Bank of Spain to ensure the performance of the contract. We fail to see on what grounds the floating debt and redeemable debt creditors receive this preference over the old bondholders. No doubt these debts were incurred—in part, at least—during the civil war, and every Government is justified in doing whatsoever may be necessary for its own preservation. But when everything is said, the creation of a preference debt in such a manner is giving a premium to those who lend to the bankrupt at usurious rates of interest. The real explanation of the favour shown to this class of creditors is not so much that they came to the relief of Spain when she was fighting for her integrity, for that applies only to a part of the debt. The real explanation is that this class of creditors have means of bringing pressure to bear upon the Court and Government of Spain, and that therefore they are able to secure for themselves terms which the general bondholders cannot obtain. But the old bondholders are not altogether without resource, and they should

seriously consider in their negotiations with Spain whether they should permit this preference to be given to the new class of creditors. No doubt the old creditors gain by the proposed arrangement respecting the redeemable debt; for it is only by means of this arrangement that Señor Camacho finds himself able to pay to them the additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. which the Government of Spain is bound to pay from and after New Year's Day next; but, on the other hand, if the creditors of the redeemable debt were placed upon the same footing as the old bondholders, the latter would obtain a still better rate of interest. Anyhow, the prospect of an increased rate of interest for the old bondholders does not seem very great. If to pay them an additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Señor Camacho has to suspend the sinking fund, and to convert the floating and redeemable debts into what is practically a permanent debt, where is he to obtain the means of still further increasing the interest on the old debt? Possibly the reform of the taxes which we have described above may yield a larger revenue in future. Señor Camacho may follow up his Budget of this year by measures in the future which will ensure the punctual payment of the various taxes; and, if he does this, no doubt the receipts will grow rapidly. But it will be necessary for him to reform altogether the old system of taxation, and at the same time to weed out and purify the administration.

#### RECENT MUSIC.

HERR HANS RICHTER'S two concerts at the beginning and end of last week may be said to have begun the autumn concert season of 1881, and if the success of these performances is any promise of the future, we may well look forward to a season of more than usual interest. On this occasion, with the exception of two items, the programme has been strictly confined to the performance of the works of Beethoven and Wagner, the two masters that Herr Richter is acknowledged to have studied most profoundly, and it was no doubt partly in consequence of this that St. James's Hall was at both concerts filled with a most enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

The first concert opened with Herr Wagner's striking overture to *Die Meistersinger*, an opera which stands in the *répertoire* promised to us at the Grand German Opera at Drury Lane next year, and which is remarkable as a specimen of the composer's wonderful versatility in his art; for in *Die Meistersinger* he has forsaken legend and adopted realism. *Rienzi*, indeed, deals with the affairs of men; but it does not rank in the same class as *Die Meistersinger*, being, as the composer himself avers, different in its essence from his later compositions. The effect produced at this performance was of the finest, and showed that the orchestra had been no less carefully trained to their work than on the other occasions when they appeared before the public. To the *Meistersinger* overture succeeded six songs by Berlioz, for solo voices, with orchestral accompaniments, the words being written by Théophile Gautier, and translated into English by Mr. Franz Hueffer. Mr. Hueffer's translations are certainly not happy; and when we consider how much importance Berlioz, in common with all great composers, attached to the words that the music is intended to accompany, it seems unlucky that the original text should be marred by ineffective translation. Not content with distorting English idioms, as when he uses "fro and to" for "to and fro," Mr. Hueffer thus translates:—

Un air, comme en soupir aux cieux  
L'ange amoureux.

Such songs may breathe in realms above,  
Angels of love.

As to Mr. Hueffer's capacity for catching the spirit of Gautier's verse, one other quotation from a poem which M. Gounod has also set to music may serve as a specimen. At the end of the *Barcarolle* which begins with the words "Dites, la jeune belle," we have:—

Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
A la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
— Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Mr. Hueffer renders this passage:—

"Carry me," cries the maiden,  
"To that enchanted Aiden  
Where true love never dies."  
That fair land to discover  
Full fain is many a lover.  
But who knows where it lies?

If this is translation, then translator's work is indeed easy. But it leads us to ask the question, Why, in the name of reason, should not the original words be sung? Surely it will not be said that our singers are incapable of singing in the French language! The same words are sung over and over again to M. Gounod's setting, and why not to Berlioz's? Who would think of performing Beethoven's Choral Symphony with an English translation of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," which is used at the end of it? Is German easier to sing than French, or is it easier for the public to understand? The truth is, we fear, that translators of songs and operatic libretti think that any words will serve as a translation, provided they rhyme to a certain degree and fit in with the music; but we are sorry to see that Mr. Hueffer has

followed in the wake of such translators. It is some satisfaction to think that the words did not absolutely mar the effect of Berlioz's music, which, though tinged with that peculiar melancholy so characteristic of much of his work, will repay the study it demands. The songs which are likely to become most popular are, to our thinking, "The Spectre of the Rose," which was finely sung by Miss Ellen Orridge, and "The Tomb," which Mr. Shakespeare rendered with much feeling. The remaining songs were well sung respectively by Miss Louise Pyk and Mr. King.

Mr. Eugène D'Albert's Concerto in A followed. The composer, who played the pianoforte part on this occasion himself, is only seventeen years of age, having been born in 1864, and appears before the public as a musical prodigy. It is a difficult part to play, and Mr. D'Albert certainly performed it with a modesty worthy of his great abilities. Trained under the professors of the National Training School for Music, at which school he gained in 1876 a Northumberland Scholarship, he completed last year the score of the Concerto in A which was performed on this occasion; and, although not altogether unknown to the musical world, Mr. D'Albert probably owes to Herr Richter's appreciation his appearance in public thus early. Of the Concerto itself it is, perhaps, not too much to say that it gives evidence of great intellectual power and vigour of thought, as well as a knowledge of the intricacies of orchestration, remarkable in so young a musician. The work consists of three movements—"Allegro moderato," "Andante sostenuto," and "Allegro vivace," of which the second movement is perhaps the most attractive. The whole work, however, is masterly, and although the influences of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and even Chopin are at times evident, yet in no passage that we could mention is any servile imitation to be observed. We are far from saying that the production is faultless. There are faults, and grave ones. In some parts of the work, for instance, the pianoforte is absolutely inaudible owing to the very heavy orchestration, and thus the want of reservation of power, the waste of energy, as one may say, tends to confuse and impair the value of many an otherwise telling passage. Then, again, the inordinate length of the various movements wearies the listener and shows the inexperience of the composer. These, however, are faults which time and study may remedy, and we trust that Mr. D'Albert, regardless of his first successes, will work as he has hitherto done, and attain that goal which talent deserves. In bringing Mr. D'Albert thus prominently before the public, Herr Richter has shown that he is cosmopolitan and unprejudiced in matters musical; and we are sure that the young composer cannot be dissatisfied with the way in which the orchestra rendered his work on this occasion. This concert concluded with Beethoven's Choral Symphony, which it is only necessary to say was as admirably performed as upon former occasions.

The second Richter concert opened with the overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, to which the orchestra did due justice, the *accelerando* towards the close being especially remarkable; and this was followed by the "Vorspiel" and Isolde's "Liebestod," from the same composer's opera of *Tristan und Isolde*—an opera which we are promised next year at Drury Lane, but which is as yet unheard in England. This was perhaps the most unsuccessful of the selection from the Wagner *répertoire* which Herr Richter has chosen, as the pieces were taken from the beginning and end of the opera—a combination not likely to unite harmoniously, and therefore apt to create a feeling of incongruity. At the time of the first concert the "Walkürenritt" and "Siegfried's Tod und Trauermarsch" were announced; but, owing to the fact that the holder of the performing right of *The Niebelungen Ring*, Herr Neumann, had refused permission to perform them, these two numbers were cut out. Instead of them, however, the "Siegfried Idyl," which followed the "Liebestod," and the overture to the *Fliegende Holländer*, were substituted. The "Siegfried Idyl" was composed, shortly after the birth of the composer's son Siegfried, in honour of Mme. Wagner, and was played as a serenade on her birthday in 1871 for the first time. It is constructed upon themes mostly taken from the opera of the same name, which Herr Wagner had then just completed, and is written for a small orchestra. Simplicity and extreme tenderness are its especial features, which are greatly enhanced by the skilful use which the composer makes of the old German cradle-song, "Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf." The overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer* came next, and was played in a manner worthy of an orchestra well trained, and conducted by Herr Richter.

The second part of this concert consisted in the performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony, the "Eroica." This symphony, which the composer intended to dedicate to Napoleon, an intention which he gave up when he heard that the Consul had assumed the title of Emperor, contains as its second movement the magnificent Funeral March, which was rendered with profound pathos at this performance, while the manner in which the airy Scherzo which follows it in startling contrast was played was nearly faultless. The "Eroica" has been so often given here that it is unnecessary to say more than that the performance sustained in every way the great reputation of Herr Richter and his orchestra.

We may here observe that the prospectus of the Grand German Opera at Drury Lane has been issued, by which we see that, besides Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, and the *Euryanthe* of Weber will be performed every Tuesday and Thursday from 18th May to 27th June, 1882. The artists engaged comprise Frau Sucher, Fräulein Malten of the Dresden Opera, Fräulein Wiedermann; Herr Winkelmann, who

had been chosen by Wagner to perform the part of Parsifal in his new opera of that name; Herr Wolff, Herr Gura of Hamburg, and Dr. Kraus; while the entire chorus of the Hamburg Opera House has been secured, and the orchestra will be that of the Richter Concerts. The operas will be conducted by Herr Richter, and the whole will be under the direction of Herren Hermann Franke and B. Pollini. *The Niebelungen Ring* is, according to recent accounts, to be performed at about the same time at another theatre, under Herr Neumann's direction, and at an earlier date Mr. Carl Rosa proposes to give some of the Wagnerian operas in English. We hear with regret that it is likely that Mr. Rosa's intention of including Mr. Villiers Stanford's *Prophet* in his next season's performances may not be carried out. It would be matter for much regret if Mr. Rosa were unable to satisfy his own and his admirers' aspirations by bringing out an opera in English by an English composer as it ought to be brought out, and we must hope that any difficulties which may stand in the way of his doing this can and will be overcome.

On Monday last the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts began their twenty-fourth season with a string Quartet in A Minor, by Johannes Brahms, which was played for the first time in England on this occasion. Numbered as Op. 51, No. 2, this quartet consists of four movements, "Allegro non troppo," "Andante moderato," "Quasi minuetto," and "Allegro non assai." The first movement, which is also the most intricate, contains some very effective passages and much clever contrapuntal writing, while the second and third are simpler both in construction and expression. We are inclined to think that the second movement is likely to be preferred to the others; but it is almost impossible to judge from the first hearing of so important a work. The rendering given of it on Monday night by Herr Strauss, Mr. L. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, was, however, highly satisfactory, and we hope to have another opportunity of hearing this work. After a graceful serenade, the composition for piano and violoncello of Signor Piatti, which was effectively sung by Mr. E. Lloyd, and accompanied by the composer, Mlle. Janotha played two pieces. The first, a *khapsodie* in B Minor, by Brahms—a novelty at these concerts—is a piece full of difficulties, which were finely met by the pianist, and it abounds in startling contrasts artistically welded together to form, as the analytical programme says, "a consistent whole." The second was Mendelssohn's well-known Andante and Rondo Capriccioso. Mlle. Janotha played the Andante with great feeling and grace, and the Rondo with lightness and speed which were almost amazing, and procured for her such applause that she had to resume her place and play a Mazurka by Chopin. The second part of the concert began with three pieces for pianoforte and violoncello, early works of M. Rubinstein, and not particularly remarkable. However, Mlle. Janotha and Signor Piatti contrived to give an interest to them by the fine manner of their performance. Mr. E. Lloyd sang a song, "Regret," by Schubert, with success, and the concert terminated with Haydn's quartet, Op. 42, in D Minor.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE St. James's has opened with a list of performances of the kind our best comedy theatres regularly give us—a new adaptation from the French and the revival of an old one. *The Cape Mail*, which is the new play "adapted from the French by Clement W. Scott," is, as all the world knows, though the playbill does not say so, a version of *Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit*. This, in its turn, is one of many variations on an old motive, among which are *La Joie fait Peur*, and a play given in London by the Dutch company, *De Militaire Willemsoorde*. In Mr. Scott's adaptation a Mrs. Frank Preston, the wife of an officer who is supposed to have fallen at Rorke's Drift, and his sister Mary, go through the martyrdom of pretending to believe him still alive in order to spare his blind mother the shock of learning the truth. To keep up the delusion, they not only invent letters on the spur of the moment, but go to balls and wear fine dresses. At last a letter comes, through the family lawyer, telling that Preston is alive, and the piece ends happily—all of which any one may find touching that likes. For ourselves, though quite ready to agree with that moralist who would have lied with Desdemona, we think that a fine sentimental motive is not dramatic excuse enough for a long and elaborately acted lie, particularly when it is useless and the acting overdone. Mrs. Preston could not have deceived her husband's mother for ever, to say nothing of the fact that the grief which left her capable of such capital acting and so much literary activity in the way of inventing letters cannot apparently have been very intense. In reality, such a deceit would be both cruel and cowardly. Besides, why should the two ladies deceive the world at large, as they appear to do, and add its contempt to their sufferings? The barefooted Carmelite, who suffers all kinds of misery because her faith teaches her that it is the highest of duties, is an object of respectful pity; but a woman who should torture herself without the faith would only be fit for a madhouse. And Mrs. Frank Preston suffers just such an uncalled-for martyrdom. Many, too, of the mere incidents of the piece are not properly accounted for. Is it likely, for instance, that in these days of telegrams and the vigilant Correspondent, Preston's wife would have been left to learn of his safety from a letter? The motive of the piece is not



sufficient, and the incidents do not appear inevitable and natural; it is, in fact, essentially undramatic, and so obviously a mere piece of machinery—and even creaking machinery—for the production of sentiment, that it defeats its own end. Such as it is, it is acted in a manner creditable to the theatre. All the parts were fairly well filled, and the two chief ones—those of the blind Mrs. Preston and her daughter-in-law—were given very finely. Mrs. Gaston Murray gave a touching rendering of blindness and the timid dependence it causes. Mrs. Kendal acted with power as Mrs. Frank Preston. The unreality of the piece could be for an instant almost forgotten while watching her as she hears the reading of the letter which tells of her husband's safety. There was a rise to real tragic force from her first thought that it is only another pious deception to the moment when she knows it is true, and tears the letter from her sister's hand.

Mr. Robertson's *Home* is an adaptation in the fullest sense of the word. It has the same sort of relation to the *Aventurière* of Emile Augier which a signpost copy of Reynolds's "Lord Heathfield" might possibly have to the original. Perhaps even less, for the sign-painter might be trusted to add nothing, while Mr. Robertson thought fit to introduce a quite unnecessary Miss Dora Thornhaugh. But then, possibly, she is not quite superfluous. There is, to be sure, no dramatic motive for her existence, and there is more than one very good one why she should not be there; but she gives occasion for a great deal of comic love-making, which would be well enough in a farce, and afford a fine opportunity for Mr. Toole or Mr. Royce. It is not the less quite out of place in *Home*. There is also, we conceive, another reason for her existence. In the *Aventurière* Fabrice returns home, after a wild youth, to find his father about to fall a victim to an adventurer. He saves him by deceiving the woman into a belief that he is himself a wealthy man, and so persuading her to be false to his father, and then sends her away. At the close he discovers that her affection for him has grown to be real, and is left reflecting on the one sincere love he has found on earth. Now this would apparently be found too hard for an English audience, and Miss Dora Thornhaugh was invented to give Colonel John White his proper share of the domestic affections, and destroy the dramatic pathos of his character. As it is with Fabrice, so it is with the whole piece. The tone has been lowered throughout. And what is kept is made as wonderful as what has been added. Having resolved to bring the date of the play down to our own time, Mr. Robertson must needs allow Colonel White to frighten Mountraffe by the threat of a duel. Don Annibal was naturally scared by finding that Fabrice knew all about the famous *coup de Matapan*; but a Captain Mountraffe would simply call for the police. If we had the occasion or the space, it would be easy to show that every scene and every character in *L'Aventurière* has been spoiled in exactly the same way. The worst instance is probably the frothy nonsense of the love scene between Colonel White and Mrs. Pinchbeck. The acting of the play is, on the whole, inferior to the acting of *The Cape Mail*. Mrs. Kendal is comparatively tame and colourless, and never makes us forget for a moment how inartistic the character she is playing really is. Mr. Kendal is wholly unsuited to his part. Only the gayest comedy could make Colonel White tolerable, and it is quite wanting in Mr. Kendal's acting. Mr. Wenman played the part of Mr. Morrison firmly and well. It is somewhat harder to estimate Mr. Hare's rendering of Captain Mountraffe. No Mrs. Pinchbeck would allow herself to be hampered by a fellow with the manners of an insolent groom; but, granted that she would, then Mr. Hare's acting is consistent and finished. He quite makes us share Colonel White's longing to kick the insolent intruder. And, after all, Mr. Hare's acting is not more out of place than the part of Captain Mountraffe in *Home*.

In whatever sense the words may be taken, *The Half-Way House* exactly suits what has for long been the tone of the Vaudeville. Like most of the pieces which have been brought out there of late, this so-called comedy is a combination of the farce in three acts with the domestic melodrama. What plot it has is melodramatic, and the element of comedy is supplied by the mechanical puns of the dialogue, which are let off like crackers whenever they are out of season—that is, from the beginning of the first act to the end of the third. It is a serious task to attempt to give any notion of what this "comedy" is like. It manifestly cannot be said to depend for its interest on the construction of its plot. Everything is set going by some complicated series of events which took place before the curtain rose, and which the audience is justly supposed to be too impatient to listen to. The general wind-up is obviously brought about by everybody's recognizing that the thing has lasted long enough; and that it is time to do what, supposing anything remotely similar to be possible in real life, they would all have done somewhere about the middle of the first act. Neither can the author, Mr. Sims, mean us to take his characters seriously. A young country gentleman, the soul of honour and an ideal lover, who wins his mistress under a false name because his mother has been shut up in a lunatic asylum; an elderly country gentleman who allows his wife to be shut up because he is worried into it by his sister, who is fiercely ambitious for the honour of being his housekeeper; and a heroine who is there to fall in love with the young gentleman and into the arms of her father in the great scene of the second act are only Mr. Sims's slight modifications of the standing marks of the artificial comedy of the nineteenth century as invented by Mr. Byron. The other personages are

manifestly there to make puns. We may make an exception in favour of a naval officer who goes about on leave in his uniform, which is a mixture of that of a commander and the attire of the stage smuggler. This person hops in and out of the play in order to stammer and go up to the country gentleman's sister in order to say one thing and then say another. But it is the puns in which the strength of the piece consists—puns of the mechanical kind, which can be made in any number with patience and a dictionary. To be sure, this labour has been largely spared Mr. Sims, the majority of his puns being the common property of the baser sort of comic papers for many a day. They are one and all, new and old, of the kind which gracefully plays on the similarity of sound between heart and art.

Perhaps it is in the belief that the badness of a piece gives a larger scope to the skill of the actor that Messrs. James and Thorne accept plays of the character they have been producing for so long. If so, they may be congratulated on having done something to prove the truth of their opinion. With every desire to forget Mr. Sims's piece as completely as possible, we can remember the acting of the Vaudeville company with pleasure. Mr. Thorne will perhaps not understand our sympathy when we say that we are sorry to see so good an actor turned into a mouthpiece for bad witticisms and routine sentiments. But, whether or not, the regret was due to the contrast between the part he played and the real humour and tenderness he put into it. We would advise him, however, when he has a pun to make, not to produce it so much as if it were a pistol-shot, and then stand as if he were watching the effect. The quicker these things are done the better and the less unnatural they are. Mr. Farron acted, as he always does, with the manners and tones of a gentleman, and it is clearly not his fault if these do not suit very well with the part of Squire Hasseltine. The fooling of Mr. Lestocq as the man in possession of the Half-way House was excellent. Mrs. Cannings, in the part of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, the Squire's sister, was venomous, as she ought to be, and well bred, for which we thank her. The part would lend itself so easily to vulgarity. Miss Alma Murray was tender and graceful as the heroine, Ivy Hope.

The "new and original poetical and historical play," in five acts, by Mr. Walter S. Raleigh, chosen by Mrs. Scott Siddons in an unguarded hour for her reappearance on the English stage, suggests some reflections on the stock lamentations over the difficulty of getting pieces by English writers produced. Like more than one which have lately triumphed over the difficulty of getting acted, *Queen and Cardinal* is very bad. Whether this is a proof that the faculty for writing plays is utterly lost in this country, or only that the judgment of the "practical man" as to what is fit for the stage is not so infallible as he commonly supposes, or both, we shall not attempt to decide. Perhaps it proves the first of these propositions better than the second; for *Queen and Cardinal* is new and original in very much the same sense that an adaptation from the French is. The only difference is that Mr. Raleigh has preferred to recast the work of one of his own countrymen. *Queen and Cardinal* is simply an attempt to re-write *Henry VIII.*, and fit it for a nineteenth-century audience, which, as a great critical authority informs us, has quite outgrown Shakespeare. Mr. Raleigh is to be praised for drawing on national sources, and the result of his efforts is highly satisfactory. He has produced a play which every member of his audience could see at once was very bad. And yet he has trodden faithfully in the steps of the adapter. He has carefully lowered the whole tone of his subject. He has put stage sentiment in the place of real passion, slovenly English where the noblest blank verse was before, and more stage effects in the place of great dramatic situations. Having had the heart to re-write Wolsey's reflections on his fall, he ends up a tirade of commonplace thus:—

No miracle for me. My course is run,  
And all my dreams must end in nothingness.  
(O God! that it should ever come to this!  
Foiled—overthrown—and by a woman, too.

This is not much worse than what has been done to many French originals in English adaptations; but we are glad to see that it is not to be done to Shakespeare with equal impunity. The acting of Mrs. Scott Siddons's company was of a kind to hasten the precipitate fall of the piece. Mr. Kemble delivered the few lines he had to give in the part of Cranmer with force and intelligence, but nothing else called for praise. Mrs. Scott Siddons acted in a noisy unemotional melodramatic style, which is fortunately now becoming old fashioned, even as an example of bad acting. Several of the other members of the company have proved competent to act in less trying plays; but they were unable to put life into Mr. Raleigh's combinations of emptiness and pretension.

Another of the very remarkable pieces called "burlesque dramas," doubtless because they burlesque nothing, and are not dramatic, has appeared at the Gaiety. *Whittington and his Cat* is the title, and the author is Mr. Burnand. The part in the authorship which really belongs to Mr. Burnand, and not to the stage carpenter or arranger of dances, is doubtless the few smart puns and cleverly absurd plays on words which disturb the general insipidity of the piece. They come up once or twice in a scene, and feebly burst like bubbles in soda-water going flat, after the manner of the jests in the conversation of Thackeray's fashionable portrait-painter. For the rest, the piece is of the kind which the Gaiety audience demands and obviously enjoys. There are plenty of brilliant dresses, and the habitual absence of dress. There is a "Polka Fantastique," a "Mouvement Cadencé," and so forth, performed

with great muscular energy, and having very much the same relation to dancing which the burlesque drama has to any known form of dramatic literature. Mr. Dallas is ignobly funny in a woman's dress, and the chorus raise their arms with the wooden grace of clockwork figures, and stiffly sway to and fro. As usual there is real low comedy in the grimaces of Mr. Royce, and real grace in the dancing of Miss Kate Vaughan.

Mr. Pinero's *Imprudence* has shown a remarkable power of attracting audiences. After a removal from the Folly to the Standard, it has stood a second change, and is being successfully played as an afternoon piece at the Imperial.

#### RACING AT SANDOWN AND NEWMARKET.

THERE is no place in England where racing can be enjoyed in greater comfort than at Sandown. To begin with, a train leaves London for Esher at mid-day, and as this train is specially reserved for members, it is unaccompanied by the objectionable mob which makes most trains bound for racecourses almost unendurable. On arriving at Esher, a pathway kept exclusively for members leads up to the race-stand, which is very prettily situated beneath a wooded hillock. Sufficient time is allowed between the arrival at Sandown and the commencement of the racing to get luncheon in the most comfortable restaurant existing on any British racecourse, and at the back of the stand is a pretty saddling paddock, where the horses about to run can be looked at without a crowd or unpleasantness of any kind. When the jockeys are mounted, they have to ride their horses down a wooded drive at the back of the stand, where there is plenty of room for spectators to take a leisurely look at them without being mobbed or fussed. The stands themselves are most comfortable, and in place of a betting ring there is a sloping lawn from which ladies as well as men can comfortably watch the races, sitting on chairs or garden seats. It is true that there is a betting ring, but it is on one side, and its occupants are safely barricaded behind formidable railings. It would be too much to say that the racing at Sandown is always of the very highest class; yet some very good horses occasionally put in an appearance; the fields are generally large, and the finishes are in many cases exciting. Although the best English jockeys ride at Sandown, in some of the races members of the Club only are allowed to ride, and these contests confined to amateur jockeys are the source of a good deal of interest and amusement. The late meeting was opened by a match, and the two competitors, who were ridden by Archer and Wood, were considered so equal that only 21 to 20 was laid on the mount of the last-named jockey; a rather pretty race, however, ended in an easy victory for Archer. A dozen horses started for the Sandown Autumn Cup, and, after a most exciting race, Spitzbergen and Frontier ran a dead-heat. In the deciding heat it appeared so close a thing that another dead-heat was anticipated, but in the last few strides Frontier swerved, and was beaten by half a length. Archer won a race on old Strathavon, who is nearly white, and another on Passaic, an American horse that formerly belonged to the owner of Iroquois. Although he had run five times this season before he won a race, he was sold at Sandown for 500*l*. In the hunters' flat race there was a clumsy piece of riding on the part of one of the amateurs; but Mr. Coventry, who rode Cortolvin, showed excellent jockeyship by the way in which he kept his horse going against its will until he had won the race. In the Juvenile Stakes Archer and Wood had another battle. Thirteen horses started, but at the distance the two famous jockeys brought out their mounts, and had it all to themselves. It was a pretty race, but Wood had the best of it, and the Rigolboche colt beat the rather undersized Bentrice by a length. After a hurdle race, in which there was a nasty fall, a Nursery Handicap, for which thirteen two-year-olds again ran, ended the day. It is melancholy to see a famous racehorse reduced to hurdle-racing; but in the first race of the second day Lord Clive, who was believed by many good judges to have been the best three-year-old of his year, not only ran in a hurdle race, but tumbled down and gave his jockey a heavy shaking. The most interesting race of the meeting was the Great Sapling Plate for two-year-olds. The favourite was Kingdom, a colt by Kingcraft that had won a race at Ascot, and had run second to Kermesse at the same meeting. The second favourite was Resin the Bow, a colt that had won several races. Almost from the start the two favourites went to the front and raced side by side; but as they drew near to the winning-post Resin the Bow passed his antagonist, and was apparently winning with some ease when he swerved across the course, and allowed Kingdom to win by a head. Out of a field of eighteen in a Nursery Handicap, a 20 to 1 outsider surprised everybody by winning in a canter by three lengths. The rest of the racing at Sandown requires no special notice.

The two days of heavy rain which intervened between Sandown and Newmarket made the prospect of the latter meeting anything but agreeable; but before Monday afternoon the rain cleared away, and, with the exception of two or three showers, the weather during the five days' racing was remarkably fine for the time of year. The great race of the first day was the Criterion, and, as the reputation of the favourite for next year's Derby depended upon it, it was an unusually interesting event. Bruce had already won three races, but his enemies maintained that in those

faces he had not been opposed by anything capable of testing the merits of a first-class two-year-old; but now he was to meet Nellie, who was but a very few pounds inferior to the three flying fillies that have been distinguishing themselves as the best two-year-olds of the season. Although Nellie was to run against Bruce at a disadvantage of 3 lbs., inclusive of her allowance for sex, she was the most fancied of the pair, and started first favourite at rather shorter odds than Bruce. Bruce made the running, closely followed by Nellie and St. Marguerite, another filly of high class, while the other five starters came on at a respectful distance in the rear. Of the three leaders, Bruce was the first to show symptoms of distress, and very soon afterwards Nellie seemed to have the best of it; but Bruce kept struggling on very gamely, while the two fillies tired in the last hundred yards, and allowed Bruce to pass them and win by a length. This performance makes Bruce on public form the best two-year-old colt of the season; but it scarcely proves him to be as good as either Kermesse, Geheimniss, or Dutch Oven. The racing on the Monday was chiefly noticeable for the large fields, for the ill-luck of the usually infallible Archer, who rode in five races without getting even a place, and for a couple of very fine races, one of which was won by Fordham on Mr. de Rothschild's Emmeline Marcia, the other by Wood on Sir G. Chetwynd's Sutler, who was bought in for 1,150 guineas after the race.

Last week we noticed the chief incidents of the Cambridgeshire. It is a curious fact that on the first occasion that 9 st. has been carried in that race by a winner, the course was at least as heavy as it had ever been on a Cambridgeshire day. This materially enhances the merit of Foxhall's victory. We may dismiss the subject by observing that the late Cambridgeshire was a particularly fine example of the art of handicapping; for two three-year-olds, handicapped at weights varying as much as 35 lbs., were within a head of each other at the finish, and another three-year-old, handicapped at an intermediate weight, was within a neck of the leading pair. The other racing on the Cambridgeshire day does not require any notice here; but we may mention the fact that the fields of the day were very good, averaging eleven starters for each of the seven races. Nor was the racing of the Wednesday of a very exciting nature. The great event of the day was the Dowhurst Plate; but even this was comparatively a tame affair. As much as three to one was laid on Dutch Oven, and she won. The only interesting feature of the race was the nearness of Marden to the winner at the finish. Dutch Oven won by a trifle more than a head, but she was giving 4 lbs., exclusive of allowance for sex, to Marden. In the July Stakes, Marden had run within half a length of Kermesse, and had beaten Dutch Oven by the same distance. At Lewes he had run within a length of the famous Geheimniss, but in two other races he had run unaccountably badly. From this it appeared that Marden was an uncertain performer; but it seemed possible to argue, from his relative form with Dutch Oven and Kermesse, from their form with Nellie, and from Nellie's form with Bruce, that, when in his best running humour, Marden might be almost as good as Bruce. In the last race of the day Geheimniss cantered in, the easiest of winners, by a length. She has now won seven consecutive races and has never yet been defeated. During the day's racing only two out of eight races were won by the first favourites, and when the favourites did win, long odds were laid on them. In two races, horses against which 10 to 1 or more had been laid were successful, and in three races 5 to 1 was laid against the winners.

There were nine races put down on the card for the Thursday. One of these was the Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds, the weights for which appear before the Derby. This handicap is very interesting at the time of its publication, as it furnishes a statement of the opinion of the official handicapper on the merits of the principal three-year-olds of the year; but the race itself is often a tame affair enough, as there are certain penalties which generally exclude the best public performers of the season, and, in consequence of the starting fee being so high, the field is usually but a small one. The favourite on this occasion was Scobell, who was carrying 8 st. 12 lbs., and he justified his position in the betting by winning, with tolerable ease, by a length. Althotas, who carried 8 st., was second. Scobell has won between seven and eight thousand pounds in stakes this season, but he must have been a source of immense losses to many of his admirers, as he was backed very heavily for the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris, the St. Leger, and the Cambridgeshire, in neither of which races was he even placed. For the Subscription Plate, the American horse Gerald walked over. If he keeps well, we shall probably see this colt doing great things next year. On Thursday morning a gentleman gave 1,550 guineas for the two-year-old Convert, who had won several races. As he was entered for the Troy Stakes, which was to be run that afternoon, he was likely to repay some of his purchase money immediately, for the race appeared completely at his mercy. The heavy odds of 75 to 40 were laid on him; but he was beaten by a head by Actress, so that between his actual price, and the money laid on him for the Troy Stakes, he was by no means purchased for an old song.

Chippendale was a strong favourite for the Jockey Club Cup on the Friday. Exeter was the second favourite, and the least fancied of the half-dozen starters was Peter. Chippendale was beaten a long way from home, and as the leading horses came into the Dip, Corrie Roy was in front, closely pursued by Peter. There was

a fine race from this point, but Peter either could not or would not give Corrie Roy 7 lbs. more than weight for age, and the filly won by a head. It was generally considered by good judges of racing that Peter could have won if he had liked, but against this theory must be set the fact that he ran throughout the race in a far kinder fashion than is usual with him. The backers of Corrie Roy for the Cesarewitch had some cause for feelings of mortification at her withdrawal from that race three hours before the start, for the Jockey Club Cup was run over the Cesarewitch course. There were several closely contested races during the day. St. Marguerite won the Home-Bred Foal Stakes in a canter. It has been too often the fate of this clever filly to be matched against competitors just a trifle better than herself. The last race of the meeting was a match between horses belonging to Sir John Astley and Mr. Alexander, in which the first-named gentleman was victorious; and thus ended the Newmarket racing season of 1881.

## REVIEWS.

### INDIAN PRESIDENCY TOWNS.\*

A CLASSICAL scholar wishing to recall some of the lore which gave him a good place in "moderations" or "finals" will naturally turn to some of the best-known ancient authors to see how they have fared under the searching touch of modern criticism. He will take up his Virgil and Horace in preference to Valerius Flaccus or the *Periplus* of Scylax. In like manner, those who refer to Mr. Hunter's *Gazetteer* to see how India has advanced after the deluge of the Mutiny may prefer to read his account of celebrated Capitals rather than to search for obscure villages or tributaries of the Ganges, or mountainous ranges which have a rainfall of hundreds of inches in the year. In this spirit we now propose to notice Mr. Hunter's treatment of the great Presidency towns and some of the capitals of Moghul sovereignty, about which every Anglo-Indian resident, traveller, or tourist has his own opinion.

Mr. Hunter, who has assigned forty pages to the territories under the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has given only fifteen to the town of Calcutta, which, all theories as to the superior advantages of Nassik, Simla, or Jubbulpore notwithstanding, is, we take it, destined, in his words, long to be "the capital of India and the seat of the Supreme Government." He disposes in a few lines of the historical events of the last century, which most Englishmen are not unreasonably supposed to remember, and he draws a parallel between the metropolis as described by writers of that age—a jumble of sordid huts and magnificent palaces—and the present city, in which the efforts of the Chief Commissioner and a municipality have reduced the annual death-rate to twenty-five in a thousand. Here we think that the author has hardly done justice to himself and his subject. He might have told us more of the disappearance of old landmarks, the evolutions of streets, and the general expansion of the town; the dates of the foundation of noble hospitals, colleges, and celebrated public buildings; the sites of statues raised by a grateful community to the successive statesmen who have built up the fabric of British empire; the era when roads, which had been constructed of bricks burnt from the Bengal clay, began to be paved with stones brought as ballast from Mauritius; or the year in which certain vast reservoirs were dug, and when elephants were first prohibited from coming within the Mahratta ditch; and many other little details which can be gathered from the writings of the late Mr. J. C. Marshman and Sir John Kaye. The former was a complete treasury of antiquarian and local lore with regard to every temple, mansion, or bathing ghaut on either bank of the Hooghly between Diamond Harbour and the French settlement of Chandernagore. The splendid view which used to charm travellers landing for the first time in a P. and O. steamer at Garden Reach is now missed by those who descend, dusty and travel-stained, from a first-class compartment at the Howrah railway terminus. It was Lord Hardinge who said on landing at Obandpal Ghaut that you must go back to Cairo to find the East, and Bishop Heber compared the view of Government House and the Esplanade to that of St. Petersburg. Since these dicta were delivered by the warrior and the prelate, means have been taken to give to Calcutta those sanitary advantages which its magnificence and importance demand. Open ditches, reeking with garbage, have been replaced by vast underground drains, at a cost of nearly three-quarters of a million. A supply of filtered water has been procured from the Hooghly, sixteen miles above Calcutta. The daily flow is estimated at six millions of gallons, allowing sixteen gallons per head for a population of about half a million. The town is now lit by gas, and other improvements in the cremation of dead Hindus and the burial of Mohammedans have diminished, though not entirely removed, the danger of fevers and cholera. But with all its fine esplanade, tidal river, and supply of pure drinking-water, Calcutta does not easily expand, and it is too contracted for the wants of its official and mercantile community. More than three miles of native bazaars and streets prevent Englishmen from building and occu-

pying houses to the north of Dalhousie (late Tank) Square. To live beyond Cossipore in that direction, or on the line of the Eastern Bengal Railway, involves for eight months in the year an amount of heat, fatigue, and exposure to which few Englishmen can submit. To the east progress is effectively barred by canals and a marsh, known to natives as Dhappamanpur and to Anglo-Indians as the Salt-water Lake; and this ineligible spot is rapidly being filled up by deposits of silt and sewage. To the south of the Esplanade, a series of dense gardens and hamlets ends after a few miles in a rice swamp of gigantic dimensions, and more than one-half of the once favourite suburb of Garden Reach has been occupied by the ex-King of Oudh, his menagerie, pigeons, aquatic birds, and dissolute retainers. Howrah, on the right bank of the Hooghly, is now, it is true, connected with Calcutta by a fine floating bridge, which has hitherto bid defiance to cyclones. But there is little space for building in such a suburb—"differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis"—and some of the best houses in Chouringhi, where Chief Justices and members of Council once dispensed a graceful hospitality, have been converted into boarding-houses in which married couples can be lodged and fed, in flats, at so much per head a month.

Mr. Hunter gives us slight sketches of the suburbs of Calcutta under their alphabetical headings; but here we notice some omissions, as well as what we think errors of antiquarian research. He mentions the lunatic asylum at Bhowanipore, but why does he omit all reference to the London Missionary Society? In his review of the cyclones he takes no notice of the great gale of June 1842 and that of May 1852, nor of one in the last century, about 1737, which blew down the tower of the old church. Again, we find Cox's Bazar, a subdivision and police circle far away in the district of Chittagong; but why leave out Cox's Bangulow, long the well-known half-way house between Barrackpore and Calcutta, where the hounds used to throw off regularly once a week from November to February, as the distant and random gun was fired from the cantonment of Dum Dum? It is incorrect, we think, to represent the celebrated duel between Francis and Hastings as having taken place near a large tree on the Maidan, not far from the racecourse, on the Esplanade of Calcutta. We have long heard on better authority than mere tradition that this encounter took place in the grounds attached to the large house on the west side of the Alipore road passing by the Lieutenant-Governor's residence of Belvidere, and not very far from what was the European Orphan Asylum. Indeed, though the old jurisdiction of the Supreme Court extended to Englishmen resident out of Calcutta and in the Provinces, it was usual for duellists to fight outside the limits of the city, for the most obvious reasons. We remember several duels fought in Bengal before the custom died out, and only one took place on the Esplanade. The scene of the last was Seraimpore, Barrackpore, and the alluvial formation on the Howrah side of the river. We think, too, that within the last twenty-five years the thermometer in the early mornings of the cold weather has been registered below 52° in Calcutta, or certainly in Garden Reach.

No greater contrast can be imagined than what is presented by the view of the cities of Calcutta and Bombay. If the former derives its name from Kali Ghat, the latter, in all probability, is a corruption, through the Portuguese Mombaim, of Mumba-Devi, a local deity. We transcribe Mr. Hunter's picturesque language in preference to our own, descriptive of Bombay:—

In the beauty of its scenery, as well as in the commercial advantages of its position, Bombay is unsurpassed by any of the cities of the East. . . . The approach from the sea reveals a magnificent panorama. The distance is closed by the barrier range of the Western Ghats. In front opens the wide harbour, studded with islands and jutting precipices, dotted with the white sails of innumerable native craft, and giving a secure shelter to fleets of tall merchantmen. The city itself consists of well-built houses and broad streets ennobled by public buildings. The sea-shore is formed by docks, warehouses, and a long line of artificial embankments extending continuously for nearly five miles.

Mr. Hunter passes with too light a touch over the discreditable mercenary epidemic which affected all classes of the community, including even some of the Civil Service, in 1864-65. The crash that ensued when the price of cotton fell after the end of the American war was what might have been expected when two millions of cash were expected to do the work of Companies and Associations requiring for success just ten times that sum. In improvements Bombay rivals and perhaps surpasses Calcutta. Omnibuses now ply between Bhendi Bazar and the Fort, which is a defence only in name. The crumbling ramparts that only excluded the sea air, and could not have kept out an enemy for half an hour, have been removed. Government offices, banks, mercantile establishments are situated within the area of the Fort, somewhat the same as at Madras. Of the Presidencies Calcutta is the only one where the Fort retains its martial appearance, or could be in any emergency a real protection to the inhabitants. The houses inhabited by Englishmen at Mazgaon and on Malabar Hill at Bombay are spacious and comfortable, though the latter site, exposed to the fury of the south-west monsoon, is literally uninhabitable from June to September. One of the most curious local misnomers is that of Back Bay. Any one would imagine that this spot must be looked for somewhere between the island and the mainland. It forms, on the contrary, the sea front between Malabar Point and the suburb of Colaba. It may be very shallow, but it has to bear all the rage of the Indian Ocean. Some years ago it was the fashion for all the magnates of the island to leave their comfortable houses and occupy tents on the shore of Back Bay from the 1st of November to the beginning of the hot weather. This habit involved several of the dis-

\* *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*. By W. W. Hunter, C.I.E., LL.D., Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India. 9 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

comforts of living under canvas without the compensation of constant change of scene, rural scenery, and the sporting excursions with which an Anglo-Indian camp is generally associated. Panegyric can scarcely exaggerate the convenience and amplitude of the harbour of Bombay. It could afford anchorage for the whole British navy, and it is spacious enough to allow yachts to remain becalmed towards nightfall at some miles distant from the pier. We note, by the way, that, though called the Apollo Bunder, this landing-place is said to derive its name from the Palwa fish. We find no mention anywhere by Mr. Hunter of the famous "Towers of Silence," though full justice is done to the public spirit, loyalty, and intelligence of the Parsis, as well as to the varieties of national type to be met with in the bazaars and streets.

The town of Madras has, we may remind some readers, neither the fine harbour of Bombay nor the flowing river of Calcutta. Indeed, from False Point to Adam's Bridge, the whole of that coast possesses no harbour worthy of the name. The first view of Madras from the roadside is disappointing, and the landing is made difficult by the celebrated Madras surf. There has been a talk about a breakwater on the model of that of Plymouth, and a pier has been constructed, to be twice seriously damaged by the collision of vessels drifting in a storm. A harbour of moderate size is now under construction. The city, says Mr. Hunter, is spread over a much larger area than Calcutta or Bombay. The native suburbs are numerous, and there is no period of the year which by strained courtesy can be termed the cold weather. But divers stations in the hills are easily reached; the water supply is abundant; railways run south and west; and there are horticultural gardens and people's parks. The population, after several random estimates, is set down at about 400,000 souls.

We turn from these cities, mainly created by Englishmen, to the old capital of Akbar. The period of its splendour fills just one century. Akbar completed the fort at Agra, began to adorn it with lovely mosques and palaces, and lies buried in a tomb worthy of his fame and character at Secundra, four miles from the city. His son Jehangir had no great fancy for this place, and it was reserved for his successor, Shah Jehan, to complete the structures commenced by his grandfather, and to eclipse all that Mohammedan sovereigns or architects had devised by the exquisite Taj Mahal. In the last century the fort was several times besieged and taken, but it never became the seat of Anglo-Indian government until 1835. Then, with that whimsical uncertainty which characterizes our selection of important sites, the capital of the North-West Provinces was whisked away to Agra from Allahabad, to which latter place, as being central and on the main line of rail, it has again been brought back. Mr. Hunter sums up the beauties of the Taj Mahal in half a page of accurate and graceful description, which travellers should be careful to read and weigh on the spot. A commercial future is anticipated for this old capital. It has always been a native mart for grain and sugar, and it will soon be the centre to which several lines of railway will converge. Its population is about one hundred and fifty thousand souls, and it is one of the driest, dustiest, and hottest cities under our rule. Agra should be visited after Lucknow by persons who do not wish their taste to be highly offended. Oudh is a magnificent province containing eleven millions of inhabitants, and Lucknow has nearly double the population of Agra. In an historical point of view the defence of Lucknow will always rivet attention as a focus and a turning-point in the Sepoy Mutiny, and will leave Agra far behind. A large number of Englishmen and Englishwomen did certainly hold this last fort all through the eventful summer of 1857, endured manifold inconveniences, and displayed a great deal of pluck. But in the nature of things there could be nothing highly heroic in their attitude, and their ultimate deliverance by General Greathead's column, after the fall of Delhi, was as much a surprise to the defenders themselves as to the mutineers from Gwalior. But if architecture there is no parallel between Agra and Lucknow. With the exceptions of the Imambara—said to be equal in size to the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople—of a fine old gateway known as the Rumi Darwaza, and of one or two other buildings, the architecture of Lucknow is tawdry and debased. The gardens, summer-houses, and palaces built in succession by one royal spendthrift after another for wives, concubines, and menageries of wild beasts, are exact types of the characters of their silly designers and builders. Yet it is astonishing what an amount of false sympathy was evoked by the dethronement of the last of an incorrigible dynasty which we had ourselves set up. It is gratifying to learn that charitable dispensaries, schools, and "other works of public utility" have succeeded to statues of green mermaids, domes of copper gilt, burnished umbrellas, and unfinished tombs and mosques. We note also that a capacious hospital, with beds for one hundred patients, has been established on a plot of high ground near the Residency by the Maharaja of Bulrampore, Sir Dig Bijai Singh, one of the most loyal, practical, and intelligent of the Talookdars of Oudh. He is as good a sportsman as he is a landlord and subject.

Into five pages Mr. Hunter has managed to compress a great deal of information about Benares, where according to a Sanskrit couplet, a Hindu may die, in security of bliss, whether on dry land or in the water. A more correct census has dissipated false notions that the population of this Hindu city varied from 300,000 to 500,000. The Census of 1872 gave the return under 200,000. No visitor to this sacred place will forget to walk through its crowded bazaars during the afternoon or evening,

and to row down the Ganges in the early morning, when the inhabitants turn out in successive batches to bathe. Benares used to be noticed as the lowest station in the Upper Provinces where ice could be manufactured by a simple process of evaporation when the thermometer was above freezing point. For Hindu customs and antiquities, the work of the Rev. Mr. Sherring should be consulted. Mr. Hunter says nothing about the colony of Hindus from Lower Bengal, who, to the number of several thousands, inhabit a part of this city, and have a press, a Society, and a newspaper of their own. We reserve for a future occasion all notice of topics less familiar than the cities associated with the rivalry of Hindus and Buddhists, with the splendour of Mohammedan sovereigns, and with the commerce and conquests of adventurous Englishmen.

#### DARWIN ON THE ACTION OF WORMS.\*

MR. DARWIN'S little volume on the habits and instincts of earth-worms is no less marked than the earlier or more elaborate efforts of his genius by freshness of observation, unflinching power of interpreting and correlating facts, and logical vigour in generalizing upon them. The width of his sympathies with nature is not bounded by the limits which conventional taste or inherited prejudice too often assigns to the study of natural objects. It is not because such and such forms of life are rare or beautiful, complex or exotic, that they kindle his enthusiasm or keep his attention on the stretch by day and night. None has proved too humble or too repulsive in popular estimate to awaken his interest and concentrate his powers of observation. In the economy of life nothing is common or unclean to one who has learnt to view nature as a whole—various in function, but uniform in structure and design. In what is popularly thought the lowest grade of life it may be shown that there is a use, an adaptation to ends, and a resulting beauty which may reverse the verdict of vulgar prejudice. Animals even more lowly organized than the worm—namely, corals—have built up reefs, islands, and continents from the bod of the ocean, as Mr. Darwin was the first adequately to recognize and to explain. He now comes before us to do justice to an order of toilers far more despised, and even cast out as evil. In point of structure the worm, as he shows us, presents an interesting object of study. In its intelligence it holds no mean rank among living creatures, and in its labours are involved results which it behoves us to look upon with wonder and gratitude. The main purpose of Mr. Darwin's work is to point out the share which worms have taken in the formation of the layer of vegetable mould which covers the whole surface of the land in every moderately humid country. Though it may rest upon various subsoils, and differs but little in its general aspect—being for the most part blackish in colour and having but a few inches of thickness—one of its chief characteristics is the fineness of the particles of which this mould is composed, and this is to be seen whenever a field long undisturbed is freshly turned up by the plough. Now, although of the highest antiquity, viewed as a whole, yet, as regards permanence, the component particles of this superficial structure of earth have been all along in process of removal at a rate by no means tardy, being replaced by others due to the disintegration of the underlying materials. Nature's ploughman, the earth-worm, has been for ages at his humble but beneficent work.

As early as the year 1837 a paper was read by Mr. Darwin before the Geological Society of London, in which it was shown that small fragments of burnt marl, cinders, &c., which had been thickly strewn over the surface of several meadows, were found after a few years buried in a layer some inches beneath the turf. On the suggestion of a friend, Mr. Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, Staffordshire, that this apparent sinking was due to the large quantity of fine earth continually brought to the surface by worms in the form of castings, he was led to institute experiments which convinced him that all the vegetable mould over the whole country has passed many times through, and will yet over and over again pass through, the intestinal canals of worms. Hence, he infers, the term animal mould would be in many respects more appropriate than that of vegetable mould. His observations during later years, kept up with his characteristic patience and acumen, aided by the suggestions of friends and fellow-students of nature, are embodied in the interesting monograph before us.

The anatomical structure of this widespread, familiar, yet rarely scrutinized order of annelids (illustrated in fig. 1) shows the adaptation of the worm to its life-long task of burrowing. The liason body is made up of from 100 to 200 almost cylindrical rings or segments, each furnished with minute bristles. Having a well-developed muscular system, worms can, by contact with the surrounding earth, crawl or work themselves backwards as well as forwards, and by the aid of their affixed tails can retreat with extraordinary rapidity into their burrows. At the anterior end of the body is seen the mouth, provided with a slight projection known as the lobe or lip, which is used for prehension. Internally behind the mouth there is a strong pharynx, which is pushed forward when the animal eats, corresponding, according to Perrier, with the protrudable trunk or proboscis of other annelids. The pharynx leads into the oesophagus, which has on each side of the lower part three pairs of large glands capable of secreting a

\* *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits.* By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1881.



surprising quantity of carbonate of lime. Nothing corresponding to these calciferous glands is known in any other animal. The oesophagus is enlarged in most species into a crop, behind which comes the gizzard, lined with a smooth, thick, chitinous membrane, and surrounded by muscles, weak lengthways, but powerful transversely. By the action of these muscles the food must be triturated, since the worm possesses no jaws or teeth of any kind. In the gizzard and intestines are to be found grains of sand and small stones from 0.1 to 0.05 inch in diameter, which serve, as is the case with fowls, like millstones for the trituration of food. From the gizzard the intestine runs in a straight course to the vent at the posterior end of the body, presenting the remarkable structure of the typhlosis, known to the old anatomists as an intestine within the intestine, consisting, as Claparède has shown, of a deep longitudinal involution of the walls of that organ, by means of which an extensive absorbent surface is gained. Worms breathe through their skin, having no special respiratory organs. Both the circulatory and nervous systems are well developed, and close to the anterior end of the body lie the two almost confluent cerebral ganglia. Although wholly without eyes, it has been found by Hoffmeister and other observers that worms are in general highly sensitive to light, and Mr. Darwin's experiments have strongly confirmed him in this view. The colour of light made no apparent difference, nor were the worms much affected by a sudden or moderate light, the effect being in proportion to its intensity and duration. It is only the anterior extremity of the body, the seat of the cerebral ganglia, which seems affected by it; no effect being produced, though the rest of the body be illuminated, if only this part is shaded. It is through the skin that we must suppose the light to pass and excite the cerebral ganglia; but by no particular difference in the transparency of the skin or in the incidence of the light could Mr. Darwin account for the various ways in which the worms were affected on different occasions. Their action in dashing rabbit-like into their burrows when suddenly illuminated might be looked upon as simply reflex or automatic, the irritation of the cerebral ganglia causing certain muscles to contract independently of the will or consciousness of the animal; but the insensibility of the worm on occasions when its attention seems absorbed in work would point to the possession of a mind comparable in kind, if not in degree, to that of animals higher in the scale of intelligence. Their sensitiveness to light certainly suffices for them to distinguish between day and night, enabling them to choose the night hours for burrowing to the surface, thus escaping many a danger from the diurnal animals that prey upon worms. They appear less sensitive to moderate radiant heat, judging from the effect of a poker heated to dull redness; but a low temperature immediately tells upon them, as may be inferred from their retiring into their burrows during frost. That they equally withdraw during heat may be more directly traceable to the effect of drought, humidity being the first condition of the worm's active work. They show not the slightest sense of hearing, yet are sensitive to vibrations in solid bodies, remaining perfectly unmoved when placed in their pots within a short distance while both high and low notes were loudly struck upon the piano, but rapidly burying themselves when the pots were set upon the vibrating frame of the instrument or were sharply struck. The least current of air, as of the breath, shows how sensitive the worm's whole body is to contact. The senses of smell seems to be feeble and confined to certain odours presumably connected with its food. Tobacco, millefleurs, and paraffin were tried by Mr. Darwin, with no perceptible effect; acetic acid made the worms seem rather uneasy, but this was probably due to the irritation of their skins. Cabbage leaves and bits of onion had a more lively effect, being always discovered when buried a quarter of an inch or so beneath the surface, while scraps of fresh raw meat, of which worms are very fond, remained undetected forty-eight hours, not having become putrid. Though they have their favourite food, which our author tested by manifold experiments, worms are practically omnivorous. Besides decayed leaves of all kinds, their chief diet seems to consist of earth, of which they swallow an enormous quantity, extracting from it whatever digestible matter it may contain, and secreting the residue in the form of the fine mould familiar to us as the worm cast. It is probable that the calciferous glands greatly help in the process of digestion, especially where the worms live over chalky soil, the concretions of lime in the intestine serving moreover to neutralize the acetic acid from decaying leaves.

Carefully watching their habits by night and day, Mr. Darwin has set down a number of interesting particulars as to the way in which worms discriminate and seize their food, excavate their burrows, line and plug them with leaves, or pave them with little stones or seeds. Their instinct is shown in the way they grasp a leaf by its tip rather than by the base or foot-stalk, even in the case of exotic plants, of which neither they nor their progenitors could know anything. Small triangles of paper were found to act similarly as tests of intelligence, 62 per cent. being drawn in by the apex—which independent trials proved to be the way of least resistance—15 per cent. by the middle, and 23 per cent. by the base. When kept in a warm room they were found to work more carelessly, dropping or loosely dragging the triangles—a sad proof of demoralisation. The rate at which worms burrow is too various to be easily reduced to measure, some burying themselves in a pot of loose mould in two or three minutes, others taking 15 or 40 minutes, without apparently swallowing any earth, whilst a large worm was 25 hours 40 minutes in burying itself in ferruginous sand, swallow-

ing and evicting large quantities of it. That worms swallow earth more for the sake of nutriment than of making their burrows, though doubted by so high an authority as Claparède, Mr. Darwin considers to be proved by the analysis of castings. A tower-like casting from Nice, photographed life-size, 3.3 inches high, voided probably by a species of *Perichæta*, hollow in the middle, through which the worm must have ascended to eject the earth it had swallowed, showed no signs of a leaf having been drawn in, the organic matter in the earth itself having supplied all necessary food. Similar results were obtained from castings from the Botanic Garden, Calcutta, and from the Nilgiris, one (fig. 4) weighing over a quarter of a pound, the worms measuring 12 or 15 inches in length, and in thickness a man's little finger. With slight generic differences, worms are found at work over nearly all parts of the world alike, in Iceland and Tahiti, in the West Indies and New Caledonia, even in islands isolated and barren as Kerguelen Land, where not even a land bird is to be seen.

The interest of Mr. Darwin's researches culminates in the estimate he proceeds to make of the amount of work brought about by the continual labour of earth-worms, and the effects thereby produced upon the surface of the soil. From careful measurements of the weight of earth ejected from a single burrow and from a number of burrows within a given space, he has come to results which strikingly show the important part played by these seemingly insignificant agents in the economy of nature. In a field near Nice the castings within one square foot of surface were found to weigh 12 ozs. a year, equivalent to 14.58 tons per acre. Upon a chalk down in Kent 33.47 lbs. were accumulated in a square yard, equal to 18.12 tons per acre. Near Leith Hill, Surrey, the yield was calculated at 7.56 tons annually on one piece of land, and 16.1 tons on another. If uniformly spread out over the surface, the castings ejected would amount, Mr. Darwin estimates from a number of instances, to a thickness of about 1½ inch in ten years. The number of worms to be met with in an acre of garden land has been estimated by Hensen at 53,767; but, taking half this amount as the yield of average land, it may be inferred that each worm ejects some 20 ozs. a year in about the same number of castings. Considering that many a burrow extends to three, four, or even five feet in depth, it is easy to conceive the amount of change perpetually going on in the distribution of subsoil, fresh and virgin mould being brought up by these untiring miners to renew and fertilize the upper earth. At the same time they carry on the process of burying objects resting on the surface—stones, bricks, and other debris sinking to all appearance with the lapse of time; the fact being that the worm-casts are heaped up alongside and over them till they become entirely hidden from view. Instances are given of great stones, the apparent sinking of which has been measured. One which had lain in a grass field for thirty-five years had been buried to the extent of 1½ inch below the original surface, another larger stone about 2 inches, the mould rising to several inches higher against the sides of the stone from the fact of the worms working under it having to eject their castings clear of the under surface, and thus piling them to a height above the average level. A sloping field near Mr. Darwin's house had been so thickly covered with flints great and small as to be called "the stony field." As his sons ran down the field the stones clattered together. In thirty years they had been so thoroughly buried that a horse could gallop from one end of the field to another and not strike with his shoes a single stone. A flagged path was similarly covered up in about the same space of time. A layer of coal ashes strewn upon the surface was found in a distinctly marked line, within eighteen years, 7 inches under the soil. In New Zealand there was found, from 3 to 6 inches underground, a layer of rude weapons and implements, flakes and chips of basalt, dropped by the aborigines upon the surface. Farmers are wont to speak of lime, cinders, and heavy stones "working themselves downwards"; and Mr. Darwin throws out a hint for surveyors as to the possibility of their "bench stones" set in the ground to mark the levels being turned by the undermining of worms into false standards.

Still more curious are the results indicated by remains of ancient buildings. The floors and walls of Roman villas at Abinger, Ohedworth, Silchester, and Brading, penetrated and buried by worm casts, form an excellent index to the rate of accumulation. Pavements have been lowered by the gradual withdrawal of the underlying soil. At Silchester the centre tesserae are found 5½ inches below the line where those at the sides of the apartments join the wall, being thereby kept from subsiding. The ponderous trilithons of Stonehenge have undergone for ages the process of slow interment by the accumulation of mould around them, at the same time that they are in danger of tottering and falling from being undermined by these tiny assailants. On the other hand, we are often indebted to them for the preservation of coins, weapons and ornaments of metal and stone, and relics of all kinds. Archaeologists are reminded by Mr. Darwin of what they owe to the despised earth-worm. The agriculturist, the lover of the picturesque, the economical philosopher, the practical statesman, may join in grateful acknowledgment of services which have so largely helped to clothe the earth with richness and beauty. All lovers of nature, we may add, will unite in thanking Mr. Darwin for the new and interesting light he has thrown upon a subject so long overlooked, yet so full of interest and instruction, as the structure and the labours of the earth-worm.

## OUR RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR.\*

THIS book has many faults, and yet, in spite of them, we have found it, on the whole, lively and interesting. It certainly takes us over country with much of which we had already been familiar through the travels of Mr. Davis, the English chaplain at Alexandria. Nevertheless, accurate as was his observation and minute as was his description, we have been glad to refresh our recollection of such interesting scenes in Mrs. Scott-Stevenson's pages; while, as her travels took in a large tract which he did not cross, we find much that has the charm of novelty. We could wish, however, that she had cut down her book by at least one-fifth. It is too long—a good deal too long. Publishers would do well were they each to keep a literary pruner, as it were, who should with an unsparing hand lop away all that is superfluous. Writers of travels would thereby be taught that their business is to tell what they have seen, and not to hash up what they have read. Because a man—or a woman for the matter of that—spends a few weeks in Asia, he is not the better fitted for making an abstract of all the learning of the East. Our author, for instance, goes to Tarsus, and therefore she seems to think that she has something fresh to tell us about St. Paul. From St. Paul's birthplace she gets by an easy transition to Rome, where the tradition is that he suffered martyrdom. She next tells us that it is believed that he died by the sword. This leads her to inform her readers that "decapitation by the axe was the usual mode of inflicting capital punishment on a Roman citizen; but in A.D. 66, during the reign of Nero, death by the sword was more common." We ought to be thankful that she is not led on to tell us where axes and swords were manufactured in the first century of our era. She comes to a village which "Mr. Davis," she writes, "thinks was very probably the site of Lystra." She at once assumes that it was the site, describes how the Apostle healed the cripple there, and in a footnote adds, "Paul, the sacred record teaches us, was taken for Mercury because he was the chief speaker." Because she has gone to Asia Minor, and has seen a village which another traveller thinks was very probably the site of Lystra, have all we who have stayed at home lost our copies of the sacred record? Unfortunately for the reader, it was not only St. Paul who rendered Tarsus famous. "It possessed," says our author, "one of the three great Universities of the world." Here a footnote might well have been added to show us in what sense she uses the term *University*. The town gives, indeed, an opportunity for a great display of learning, for in less than a page we find dragged in Sardanapalus, Nereus and Alexander, Frederick Barbarossa, Antony and Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Hadrian, Augustus, Pompey, Justinian, Haroun-al-Raschid, his son El Mamoun, and Bayazid II. In one passage we read how our author and her husband carried off from a ruin some fragments of ancient blue tiling, which likely enough are now adorning the sides of her hearth. We were reminded of the fragments of old learning with which modern travellers so often adorn their books. In one place the information that she gives is singularly confusing. She has it, she says, from an American missionary, but we would gladly believe that it has suffered in the transmission. "Mr. Farnsworth," she writes, "kindly gave me the following dates. An Arabic inscription on the tomb of Honant proves it to have been erected in 635 of the Hegira (1238 of our year the Crusades)." Does our author or her informant believe that there was only one Crusade, and that it lasted just one year? It would seem so; but yet it is not easy to think that such ignorance exists. We are all of us, however, as we ought to remember, too easily amazed when we discover that another person does not know a fact with which we have been long familiar. Thus Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, in writing of "Colonel Briscoe of the Turkish Cendarmerie," says, "As nearly every one knows, he was formerly in the 15th Hussars, and is now acting A.D.C. to Said Pasha, who is very fond of him, indeed Colonel Briscoe always lives with his chief." We will deal fairly and openly with our author. We are astonished, as we have said, at finding out that she knows nothing of the Crusades, but she shall have her triumph over us in return. We are ignorant of what not only she, but nearly every one, knows. We never knew that Colonel Briscoe was in the 15th Hussars; nor had Said Pasha's fondness for him reached our ears, though it had gone to the length of making the acting A.D.C. live with his chief in his house at Aleppo.

Some part of the interest of the book is certainly due to the utter ignorance of the country with which the author started on her travels. She brings thereby a fresher mind to all that she sees, and she describes much that a better-read traveller might pass over in silence. It is true that she too often records what must be known to any one who is familiar with even a volume or two of Eastern travels; but, on the other hand, her descriptions have at all events the merit of liveliness, while we may safely assume that most of her readers will be as ignorant of Anatolia as she herself was in the spring of last year. She had "expected to find at least a tolerable inn" in the first small town in Syria to which she came, and was, with the rest of her party, utterly ignorant of the nature of a *khan*. Yet it is nearly two hundred years ago that Maundrell warned travellers that in this country "a man does not meet with a market-town and inns every night as in England," but will only find "certain public lodgments called by the Turks *khanes*, where you must expect nothing generally but bare walls."

Whatever may have been our author's surprise, she was not in the least discouraged by the want of accommodation. Indeed we must do her the justice to admit that she has one admirable quality in a traveller and in a narrator of travels—she makes the best of everything, and scarcely grumbles. She thoroughly enjoys the country fare on which she lived for many a week, though it was only twice that she had any meat. The travellers had, indeed, taken with them some tins of preserved meat, but they neglected them for the homely fare of bread, eggs, and milk. Fresh meat was scarcely to be had, and they never missed it. Her lodgings were often of the rudest; but the weariness brought on by the fatigues of the daily ride made even the rudest lodgings welcome. In fact, she keeps herself and her reader in good humour almost from the beginning of the book to the end; and even if she does vex us now and then by her learning, yet we try to remember how patiently she bore long rides on stumbling horses and in jolting carts.

Like all other honest travellers in Asia Minor, Mrs. Scott-Stevenson raises in us a feeling of anger against the Turkish rulers who have ruined so noble a land, and of pity for the sufferings of the Turkish peasantry under the rapacious Pashas who one after the other come from Constantinople to prey upon those who are as industrious as they are helpless and weak. Our author is an impartial witness. Her sympathies are all with Turkey, while her hatred of Russia goes almost beyond bounds. We are not at all surprised that the Russian Consul of Aleppo—a wary diplomatist, as she calls him—tried, as she says, "to find out the real reason of our travelling in Asia Minor." Her husband is an officer in the army, at present serving as one of the Civil Commissioners in Cyprus. "He," she writes, "often speaks of Asia Minor as the 'future recruiting-ground' of England; for its sturdy peasants and brave mountaineers are ready and willing to meet our common foe. And it is here, in all probability, that we shall again encounter that incarnation of organized hypocrisy and injustice, of brute force and cruelty—the Russian Government, and the Russian people." One day in their travels a young Turcoman asked Captain Scott-Stevenson whether he would let him serve under him should he go to Cyprus. "Andrew [the Captain] put to him the two questions he asks every man who applies to him for enlistment—first, if he was willing to serve the Queen; then, if he was ready to fight the Russians. 'Evet, evet' (Yes, yes), he called out enthusiastically." Her friendly feelings towards the Turks are as strong as her hatred of the Russians. She praises their patience, their politeness, their kindness, their hospitality. She draws a contrast, and it is a strong one, between them on the one hand, and the Armenians and Circassians on the other, and it is always in favour of the Turks. The Armenians grudged the travellers food, even sometimes altogether refused to supply any for liberal payment. The Turkish peasants gave what they had, and often would accept nothing in return. One day she came to a little village, and asked for food. "In a few minutes men and women arrived with bowls of buffalo milk, boiled eggs, fried eggs, butter, bread, and coffee; and so soon as the plate of food was put in the arabs [cart], would run away, so as to prevent payment being offered. . . . I was most anxious to pay them, but they refused to accept anything, and said strangers were always welcome." From the Pashas and others in authority the travellers met with the greatest kindness, courtesy, and hospitality. "I feel," the author writes, "a sort of repugnance in saying anything against the governors, as though it were almost a want of gratitude in me to do so. Yet the truth compels me to state that I do not believe we met one honest or capable leader in the whole country we passed through." The ruins of temples, theatres, roads, bridges, aqueducts, and vast cities would show, if all written record were wanting, how flourishing this land had once been. It is now not merely a country full of ruins, it is one great ruin itself. Vast tracks that might support a teeming population lie untilled and waste. In one way it is even in a worse state than it was before man first set foot on it; for the forests have been cut down or fired. As they disappear drought takes their place. Oppression of the rulers has done one part of the work, their neglect another, and the brigands a third. The travellers for eight days rode over plains so fertile that, writes our author, "one would think there was enough pasture to feed the whole of Asia. As it was, they were quite deserted, except by a few small tribes of wandering Bedouins or Turcomans." Later on their path led them "through parklike scenery, fine firs and huge arbutus trees. . . The prickly oak, the plane, the birch, or a tree like it, bordered the narrow path." The only living things they saw "in the vast solitude round us" were tortoises. No care was taken to repair the bridges, to mend the roads, or even to keep them from being wantonly ruined. In many places they found them cut through by a watercourse that a neighbouring farmer had dug. Till the travellers had shovelled back the earth they could not get their cart over the ditch. In other places pits for storing corn are dug in the very centre of the roadway. When sowing-time comes round and the grain is removed, no care is taken to fill the pit. "A pickaxe is almost a necessity in driving near these villages. Without one we could not have got the arabs over." In many places the ancient road had disappeared. "It is surely a scandalous thing," our author indignantly writes at the end of a hard day's travelling, "that the second greatest town in the eastern part of the Turkish Empire should actually be without a road either to enter it or leave it. In another passage she says that "no attempt is ever made to fill up the ruts or to repair the old causeways; and the consequence is that most of the towns are unapproachable except on foot."

\* *Our Ride through Asia Minor.* By Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, Author of "Our Home in Cyprus." With Map. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1881.

She pleasantly adds, "In one sense Asia Minor is truly a free country; every man seems to do just what he likes with the land. He may cut down trees, turn watercourses, destroy the roads, build shanties, and do, in fact, whatever he chooses." It was from the little port of Killindryeh that the travellers sailed on their return to Cyprus. "The inhabitants complained bitterly because the broken bridge across the river had never been repaired; declaring that, were it made serviceable, their little town and harbour would be the most thriving along the coast." In this opinion our author shares, so well is the town situated for the inland trade. In a footnote she adds, "One cannot fail to see that absolutely *nothing*" (the italics are hers) "is done to increase the trade or secure the prosperity of the people." The result is what we might expect. "Throughout the heart of Asia Minor," she writes, "we have been struck by this want of population. Every town is more than half in ruins, simply because there are not people enough to occupy the houses and keep them in repair."

We have dwelt chiefly on one side of this work. It has, however, another and a brighter side, on which we have not left ourselves space to do more than touch. The narrative is full of incidents and even of adventures. A journey of several weeks through so wild a land was not without its dangers, and the risks that the travellers ran were more than once really great. On one occasion Captain Scott-Stevenson found it high time to use his fists "after the manner of his preceptor, Mr. Jem Mace. . . . In a moment the blue, the green, the yellow gowns went flying in all directions." On other occasions it seemed only too likely that, to save his life and his wife's life too, he would have to use far more deadly weapons than his hands. The descriptions of the scenery are for the most part pretty enough, though now and then our author does fall away into fine writing. Her book, however, deserves this high praise. No one can read it without casting at least one longing look Eastwards, and uttering the wish that it may some day or other fall to his lot to see with his own eyes that famous and most noble land wherein, in spite of all that its rulers have done to work its ruin, so rare a beauty still lingers.

#### FRENCH DRAMATISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS'S volume on the French dramatists of the present century is likely to be welcomed by the increasing number of people interested in dramatic literature, both on account of its subject and because it presents to English readers the views on this subject of an American writer of experience. There will probably be many dissentients from a great deal of what he has to say; and this, it may be said, is inherent in the very nature of a work dealing with matters as to which, beyond certain limits, there cannot but be room for endless variety of opinion. It is, for instance, as open to Mr. Matthews to say in his preface that the French "have done better work in the drama than in any other department of literature," or of Alfred de Musset that he "was a dramatist only secondarily, and, so to speak, by accident," as it is to him to follow later on in M. Zola's footsteps by speaking somewhat slightly of M. Victor Hugo's dramatic powers. One curious point in the book, it may here be noted, is that it shows throughout an increasing tendency to believe in M. Zola's critical faculty; and this is the more remarkable in the chapter devoted to M. Victor Hugo, inasmuch as its end seems oddly and unfortunately at variance with its beginning. But, before going into these matters, it may be not amiss to give some idea of the object of the book. This is "to give an outline of the course of the drama in France from the first quarter of this century to the present time." It is certainly odd to find at starting that in such a scheme such a writer as Alfred de Musset should be "passed with but casual attention"; but, when this allowance has been made—and it must be admitted to be a considerable one—the volume will be found to contain a good deal of information which will be useful to those who approach the subject as a new one, and a good deal of critical writing which perhaps may not lose in interest from the fact that one often finds oneself unable to accept the author's views.

Mr. Matthews prefixes to his volume "a brief chronology of the French Drama in the Nineteenth Century." In this the preface prepares us to some extent for finding not a single work of Alfred de Musset mentioned, although the date of his birth is given; and apart from this the work is carefully compiled, and may be found useful for reference. The writer then gives a slight sketch of the Romantic Movement, and follows it by the chapter referred to on M. Victor Hugo, which contains certain statements that strike us with some surprise. In speaking of *Hernani*, for instance, Mr. Matthews is no doubt right in saying that the metre of the play is "handed by a master of verse," but he is, it seems to us, equally wrong in describing the rhymed Alexandrine as "lumbering and jingling." This is, however, less odd than the subsequent assertion that "when Hugo drops verse he gives up a great advantage. His plays in verse may pass for poetic dramas; but his plays in prose are of a truth prosaic." As if to make this startling assertion yet more startling, Mr. Matthews goes on to support it by reference to *Lucrece Borgia*, and puts a climax to what he has said by telling his readers that M. Hugo's *Lucrece* "arouses the latent instinct of caricature when, in the

first act, she tries special pleading for herself, and lays the blame and the burden of her sins on her family—'It is the example of my family which has misled me'—one involuntarily recalls the fair Greek heroine of the *Belle Hélène*, who complains of 'the fatality which weighs upon me.' After this it is comparatively not surprising to find that the author has come to a definite conclusion that M. Victor Hugo is alike deficient "in the power of creating character true to nature and in unflinching elevation of thought." Now Mr. Matthews leads off by describing M. Hugo as "a born playwright," and has subsequently said that in his prose dramas "there is no falling-off in the ingenuity of invention or in the constructive skill of the author," although the plays "seem somehow on a much lower level than those in verse." It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to reconcile the various positions which the writer thus takes; and perhaps what explanation there may be can be found in his concluding paragraphs, in which, having said that "the best part of him [M. Hugo] has got out of literature into life," the writer goes off at score into a burst of "high-falutin'" enthusiasm over M. Hugo's career as apart from his writings. We must confess to being no more impressed with the truth of this than of the statement that "no great dramatic poet, no one who was truly a dramatic poet, could have written such stuff" as (we are tempted to quote "je vous le donne en cent") "*Marie Tudor* or *Angelo*." From M. Victor Hugo Mr. Matthews passes to Alexandre Dumas père. Here we are far more at one with him than in what he has to say of M. Victor Hugo, and special praise may be given to the judgment and insight with which he has written on the vexed question of Dumas's *collaborateurs*. No one who has considered the question seriously is likely to disagree with Mr. Matthews's conclusion as to the true history of the *Tour de Nesle* that "looking back now, one can scarcely have a doubt as to whom the success of the drama was due—whether to M. Gaillardet, who had not done anything like it before, and who has not done anything like it since, or to Dumas, who had shown in *Henri III.* and *Antony* his ability to write a play of precisely the same quality. The original sequence of situations was no doubt suggested by M. Gaillardet; but the play, as it stands, is unequivocally the handiwork of Dumas." Of *Henri III.*, which may claim the honour of the first Romantic victory on the boards of the Français, Mr. Matthews gives a spirited sketch, although, by the way, he does not seem to be aware that the incident of the husband's clasp ing his wife's wrist with his iron gauntlet is taken from Scott. "I am inclined," he says, "to call *Henri III.* Dumas's best drama. It has a compressed energy, and a certain elevation of manner, not found together in any of his other plays." Here we are disposed to agree with the writer, although he has, perhaps, underrated some of the other plays, and notably *Don Juan de Marana*, which he calls, it must be admitted with some show of reason, a "hodge-podge." The expression cannot, strictly speaking, be quarrelled with; but we are inclined to think that the writer might have seen more merit than he has done in the play, in spite of its obvious, and in some respects shocking, faults. However this may be, we are in the main disposed to agree with Mr. Matthews's estimate of the elder Dumas, which is interesting in itself, and valuable as an antidote to the stupid stuff which used not very long ago to be talked and written about one of the great figures in modern European literature.

From Dumas Mr. Matthews passes on to Scribe, and here finds occasion for giving a brief and lively sketch of the growth of the *vaudeville*, and of its final transformation in the hands of Scribe:—

In 1820, four years after Scribe's first success, M. Poirson, his collaborator in that play, opened the Gymnase theatre, and at once bound Scribe by contract not to write for any rival house for the space of ten years. This is the decade of Scribe's most copious production. Aided by a host of collaborators, he brought out at the Gymnase a hundred and fifty pieces, nearly all of them *vaudevilles*. Sure of his public, Scribe gave the *vaudeville* still greater extension. From one act he enlarged it often to two, and at times to three acts. From a merely jocular and hasty representation of scenes from every-day life, he raised it now into comedy, and again into drama. As he trusted more and more to his plot, to the situations which his wondrous constructive skill enabled him to present to the best advantage, the couplets, although still retained, became of less and less importance; they could even be omitted without great loss. In at least one case this was done. Scribe had written a *vaudeville* in one act for the Gymnase, intending the chief part for Léontine Fay, who, however, fell sick before the piece was put into rehearsal. The author cut out the couplets, and cut up the play into three acts, changing but one line of his original prose in so doing. Then he took *Valère*, a comedy in three acts, to the Théâtre Français, where it was accepted at once, and where Mlle. Mars acted the blind heroine with her usual graceful perfection. This anecdote shows how the *vaudeville* had grown in Scribe's hands. A *vaudeville* which a skilful touch or two will turn into a comedy fit for the Comédie Française is very far from the *vaudeville* which is only a hastily dramatized anecdote. Of this *comédie-vaudeville*, then, Scribe was really the inventor, as well as its most industrious maker.

This is appreciative and true enough; nor is it untrue of Scribe that "his characters are silhouettes, into which the scissors have cut also the date." Mr. Matthews may indeed be congratulated on having done Scribe, to some extent, a justice which it was fitting should be done, and the adequate doing of which is necessarily the result of much pains. He contrasts fairly enough Scribe's method of treating his collaborators with that adopted by Dumas; but in so doing he is careful not to injure in any way the impression which he has given of Dumas. We have qualified the statement made above that the writer has done justice to Scribe, because here, as elsewhere in his volume, Mr. Matthews seems best as he draws to the end of his chapter with a desire to "hedge." Having told us many facts that we read with interest,

and having shown considerable appreciation concerning Scribe, he ends up by, to put it shortly, finding fault with him for not having written what he never attempted to write:—"He showed no knowledge that life is more than mere work and play, that there can be grand self-sacrifice, noble sorrow, or any large and liberal sweep of emotion." Setting aside the fact that these very qualities are the making of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (a play which, as Mr. Matthews is forced to admit, owes at least as much to Scribe as to his collaborator), it is left for us to ask why Scribe's commentator, having given him the praise due to him as the inventor of a form of comedy which has since become stereotyped, should rail at him for not having done something quite different. This is a form of criticism which is but too common, and we cannot but regret that Mr. Matthews should have adopted it. It is remarkable, in connexion with what we have already hinted as to M. Zola's influence, that in the chapter on M. Augier, which follows that on Scribe, Mr. Matthews is unstinted in admiration for M. Augier, and at one point backs his opinion with a quotation from M. Zola. It is possible to have a great admiration for M. Augier without M. Zola's authority; and we share Mr. Matthews's admiration to a considerable extent, though we may not go so far as to class Giboyer with the oddly-assorted company of "Sancho Panza, Faletaff, Tartuffe, and Captain Costigan." Akin to this in spirit, though infinitely more startling in itself, is what the writer has to say later on in his chapter on MM. Meilhac and Halévy concerning *La Belle Hélène*. Of this *libretto* he writes that, "allowing for the variations made with comic intent, it is altogether Greek in spirit—so Greek, in fact, that I doubt whether any one who has not given his days and nights to the study of Homer and of the tragedians, and who has not thus taken in by the pores the subtle essence of Hellenic life and literature, can truly appreciate this French farce." This might lead one into pleasing visions of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's long devotion to studying "the subtle essence of Hellenic life and literature," and the joy they experienced when they felt that they were at length sufficiently imbued with Grecism to write "this French farce," and forthwith set to work to do so; but, in truth, suggestions like the one just quoted baffle all comment and can only be left to speak for themselves. There is, unluckily, a good deal more of the same kind in this chapter; but the specimen which we have quoted may be enough to show its purport. Here, as at the end of his otherwise well-considered chapter on M. Feuillet, Mr. Matthews seems to have been carried away by his desire to say, at whatever cost, something which nobody else would be likely to say. However, as we have before said, he has chosen a subject which is especially open to controversy, and therefore perhaps especially likely to provoke a tendency to paradox, and it is, at any rate, refreshing to find a writer who has so completely the courage of his opinions whatever they may be.

#### THE BRAES OF YARROW.\*

MR. GIBBON has written some pleasant novels, and he has succeeded best when he has taken Scotland for his field; but we are sorry that we cannot congratulate him on his latest venture. The historical romance is always a hazardous experiment, and must inevitably provoke disadvantageous comparisons. It is not every man who has the genius of a Walter Scott or a Victor Hugo, or who can throw himself into the life of distant times even with such moderate and ephemeral success as a G. P. R. James or a Harrison Ainsworth. And we must say for Mr. Gibbon that his deprecatory dedication suggests a modest consciousness of failure. It is addressed to "My Boys," which commends the book to our merciful consideration; but at the same time it throws out an indirect challenge to the critics:—"There are in it sundry historical anachronisms, but I am not going to point them out; first, because you ought to be able to discover them yourselves; and next, because there will be plenty of critics to direct your attention to them." We should fancy that the discovery of the anachronisms in question would be easy to any fairly well educated boy, and there can be no manner of doubt that they will not escape the most superficial reviewers. In fact, the whole of the novel, in style, incident, and suggestion, strikes us as a consecutive anachronism from the beginning to the end. The scenes of the story are laid in turbulent, distracted, and semi-barbarous Scotland, in the year succeeding the disastrous defeat of Flodden. The chief characters, under the rank of great historical personages, are adventurous soldiers of fortune, or wild Border barons who lived by foray or plunder. Yet, if the parochial school system of Scotland had been as well organized in the fifteenth century as at present, they could hardly have done more credit to their instructors. Lord Angus boasted, in Scott's *Marmion*, that, save Gawain the learned Bishop of Dunkeld, no son of his could pen a line. But probably the Douglas family would have kept a capable private tutor, had such appendages to a great establishment been common. In *The Braes of Yarrow* the ladies and gentlemen read and write with the greatest readiness. A nameless man, though he subsequently turns out to be a nobleman of high birth, who has been appointed, by a stroke of good luck, full private in her Majesty's Guards, sits down at a moment's notice and dashes you off a letter to the dictation of the head of the house of Angus.

Mailed warriors glance their eyes over correspondence as if they were merchants in the city of London opening their letters. Young ladies of rank lightly scribble *billets-doux*, and we have a pseudo-noble who imitates the statutory offence of Lord Marmion for which Scott was so severely ridiculed, and forges with such perfection of calligraphy that it is impossible to detect the imposture. Seeing that the good society of the time has mastered the difficult art of penmanship, it would be cavilling to take any exception to their style of conversation. Yet we cannot help being somewhat taken aback when rough Borderers and their retainers, in their wildest outbreaks of unbridled passion, attend to the rules of speech with severe propriety, and even rise into flights of polished eloquence. It is true that some mild oaths are thrown in by way of make-weights; but even oaths like "Odds boddikins" seem anachronistic, and savour strangely of modern times. Even the habits and mode of living of the aristocracy appear to have been more luxurious than is popularly supposed. Thus we are informed that "the new Lord of Binram occupied an *elegantly furnished suite of apartments* on the second flat of a house in the Canongate, near the Netherbow Port." The italics are our own; and we are only surprised that Mr. Gibbon does not condescend to describe the Lord of Binram's muffins and coffee, and his dressing-gown and slippers, and the copy of the *Edinburgh Courant* laid on the breakfast-table by the solemn valet in respectable black. There are Geneva clocks chiming from the chimney-pieces of Holyrood Palace, though we believe it was towards the end of the century that *horlogerie* began to flourish in Geneva; and we have some novel lights on the weapons of the period. Nor is it only in the costumes and properties of his thrilling melodrama that Mr. Gibbon ventures on audacious liberties. The scenes are laid partly in the Scottish capital, partly on the Borders; and horsemen ride from one to the other at a pace that might be envied by the occupants of modern Parliamentary trains on the Caledonian and North British Railways. So far as we can gather, one lady of the highest rank, who has been ravished and hurried away by the greatest villain of the piece, only musters breath and resolution to question him as to his purpose when they are drawing bridle on the Braes of Yarrow. We take no exception to Gilpin Horner, the original of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page, being transferred from the farmhouse of Todshaw Hill to the fortalice of the freebooter Scott of Tushielaw, since, being still a being of mystery, he is a fair subject for the fancy.

To return to Mr. Gibbon's dedication, where it deals with the matter of the novel. We are told "It is an old-fashioned story of hair-breadth escapes, of mysteries, of hard fighting." So it is, undoubtedly. In fact, the hairbreadth escapes are at least as inexplicable as the mysteries, and the hard fighting introduces us to warriors with the proverbial nine lives of the cat, or who, like Achilles, seem to have been bathed in the Styx and made absolutely invulnerable to pikes and broadswords. Most of the escapes naturally fall to the lot of Gilbert Elliot, who may be regarded as the novel's hero. He is tracked by moss-troopers, guided by savage bloodhounds. His chivalrous disposition and his excellent heart induce him to encumber himself with helpless females. But, with the good luck as well as the courage of the knight-errant of romance, he mows down his enemies "like the seeded hay," and gives them the slip in thickets and morasses with which they ought to have been as familiar as the rabbits or the wild ducks. But three of his adventures are specially remarkable, and they follow each other in an ascending scale of sensation and in the natural sequence of the story. On the first occasion he obtains admission in disguise to the tower of the wild freebooter, Scott of Tushielaw, with the purpose of rescuing a fair captive with whom Scott means to make a Sabine marriage. Elliot, although interrupted in the course of his proceedings, continues nevertheless to saw through the iron gratings of the window, and lowers himself from an upper chamber by means of a stout rope, with the buxom form of a Scottish matron buckled to his stalwart back. The adroitness of the achievement would have done credit to a London fireman, even had there been no urgent reason to hurry over it, nor any apprehension of a hot pursuit. It might have been supposed that Elliot would be slow to trust himself near such a rat-trap a second time; but the behests of chivalry and generosity create combinations of circumstances over which he has no control. A second time he is in one of the dungeons of the tower of Tushielaw, and on this occasion an involuntary tenant. Either by design or accident he touches the spring of a trapdoor in the flooring, and tumbles into a subterranean watercourse that communicates with the Yarrow. Considering that it is "mirk night," and that Yarrow is in "speat," we should have concluded we had seen the last of him had he been anybody but the hero of the book. As it is, we are less surprised than we might otherwise have been when, as another acquaintance of ours is stamming a flooded ford a long way down the valley of the Yarrow, a body is washed up against his struggling steed, to be dragged to the bank and happily resuscitated. Surely a special interposition of Providence, if ever there was one! And yet Providence has a crowning deliverance in store for this special favourite. Master Elliot has unduly prolonged his leave from his corps, owing to the untoward circumstances to which we have referred. Without the formal process of a court-martial, he is summarily condemned to death for desertion. We do not see why a court-martial should have been dispensed with, seeing that a firing party of twelve of his comrades is told off—in the sixteenth century—to do execution on the culprit.

\* *The Braes of Yarrow: a Romance.* By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Robin Gray," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.



When the solemn preliminary arrangements have been completed, we are all impatient for the arrival of the inevitable reprieve. The gallant victim makes it his dying prayer that he shall fall facing the firearms with eyes unbanded. The pieces are levelled, and for the life of us we cannot understand what delays the lingering messenger of good tidings. The pieces actually go off; the object of their concentrated aim tumbles over; and, veteran novel-reader as we are, we are utterly taken aback. This premature catastrophe in the gloomiest style, à la *Bride of Lammermoor*, has upset all our prognostications. Yet, had our faith been a little stronger, as it should have been after our experience of Mr. Gibbon, we might have known the death was only a false alarm. After twelve men have fired at him from a distance of a very few paces, and under the immediate eyes of their officers, who must have noted the elevation of their pieces, Elliot is picked up very little the worse. One shot has penetrated his shoulder, the eleven remaining charges have gone wide of the mark. That he establishes his claim to a peerage and a property, that he marries the lovely daughter of the all-powerful Earl of Angua, is absolutely something of an anticlimax after all that has befallen him.

The lives of the two villains of the story are, perhaps, almost as remarkable; though the powers of evil who befriend them naturally throw them over at the last. The wrongful possessor of the lands and title to which Gilbert Elliot proves the rightful heir seems likewise to carry a talisman on his person which makes him proof to steel and rope, to fire and water—at all events till his inevitable term is up. Besides, his crafty head helps his ready hand, for he is gifted with the diabolical astuteness of an Achitophel. But his staunch comrade and ally, Scott of Tushielaw, the historical freebooter to whom we have already referred, is even more mysterious in his ways and habits. We should, for example, hardly have expected to find money so plentiful with a man of his stamp that he could afford recklessly to offer a reward of a hundred gold pieces for the recovery of a captive who had escaped from his hold. We should have fancied that the "Border lads of the belt and bridle" would have been ready enough to obey the truculent chief's behests without any such fabulously extravagant stimulus. But we are still more puzzled by the deed of treachery imputed to Tushielaw on the eve of the battle of Mudden. It is not like a bold Scottish riever of birth and name, although with decidedly loose ideas as to property, to sell his king and country to the Southern with whom he was at deadly feud. We should have thought his information as to the ways and means of circumventing the Scottish host must have been absolutely worthless, considering that Lord Surrey was on English soil and must have had many "Northumbrian pricklers" in his camp who knew each pass and peat-moss in the county. And the reward for which the traitor stipulated is still more extraordinary, being a free pardon for crimes committed in the English marches, with protection against the vengeance of the Scots he had betrayed. It was only by a generous afterthought of the English general that Tushielaw consented to accept a sum of money in addition. With which crowning extravagance we may close our notice of a novel abounding more copiously in anachronisms and absurdities than even its ingenious author hints in his dedication.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—DOMESTIC SERIES, 1654.\*

THOUGH there are many more years than two in the history of England in the seventeenth century which might claim for themselves the title of the Year of Wonders, bestowed upon 1666 in verse and upon 1602 in prose, the year 1654 can hardly with any propriety be reckoned among them. In foreign affairs, it is indeed notable for the termination of the most serious foreign war waged by this country under the Commonwealth; but though the peace with the United Provinces was very popular, and brought with it very substantial advantages, it went but a small way towards the realization of the ideas with which the English Government had first entered into the negotiations. Altogether, though in this year there was a great deal of diplomatic activity at Whitehall, and though by treaties and otherwise the spirited Protestant policy of the Protector was preparing for the great strokes of 1655, no more serious complication with a foreign Power arose than the little difficulty about the Portuguese ambassador's brother and his execution on Tower Hill. Foreign ambassadors unencumbered by felonious or riotous relatives were beginning to feel comfortable again in a capital which once more offered the decent luxuries of a Court; two members of the Council were, in a sort of rotation, appointed to dine with the Dutch and the French Ambassadors; and, while the former were allowed to receive duty-free four hogsheds of white French wine and a quantity of stockfish, the latter, M. de Bordeaux, was liberally "allowed a diet of fifty dishes for first and second course, and thirty dishes of fruit and sweetmeats each meal, and also a convenient allowance for the table of his attendants."

At home too, though the country at large could not yet be said to have made up its mind to "rest and be thankful" under the recently organized system of the Protectorate, yet, inasmuch as Parliament was not to assemble till September, and the ordinances of the Protector and his Council were in the meantime

to have the force of law, there was every reason for prudence on the one side and for acquiescence on the other. With an all-important election so near at hand, it could not but be the primary object of the Government, while causing itself to be respected on all sides, to give as little offence as possible to any interest; and the season was on the whole propitious enough for the various interests to exert themselves with considerable activity on their own behalf. It was a year, if ever year there was, of petitions for the redress of personal grievances, the discussion of which must have occupied no small part of the time of the Council, even when they were remitted for report to one or another of its Committees. There were claims, to which both precedent and policy forbade a deaf ear being turned, for losses in property sustained during or in consequence of the civil war; and there were the petitions of the poor disestablished servants of the Royal household, which in common humanity could not be rejected unheard. Parishes were crying out for ministers, and from the Universities, or rather from that University of Cambridge which the Puritans flattered themselves on having transformed into just what it should be, came chronic entreaties of needy Masters of colleges for payment of the "augmentations" granted them. One Master only, Dr. Seaham of Peterhouse, had got more than his due, having taken too large a share of Dean Cosin's sequestered estate; while his (long since purified) college was detaining, and not, it was alleged, taking very good care of, the Dean's library. The petition of his daughters for payment of their lawful allowance out of the estate now enjoyed by Dr. Seaham and another, and for the restoration to them of the library, was granted; and thus the books came to form "the nucleus of the collection which exists in Bishop Cosin's library at Durham." The desires of the trading classes naturally took a direction in accordance with the commercial policy which gloried in the Navigation Act. The London wine merchants openly demanded protection for their trade, and with some reason asked that, if the retail prices of wine were fixed, the wholesale prices should be fixed likewise. The "ancient hackney coachmen of London," appealing to their many unpaid services to the Parliamentary armies, complained of being "mightily oppressed by a number of hackney coaches set up by coach-makers, harness-makers, innkeepers, ostlers, tapsters, nay, many gentlemen and ladies." And, under date of May 4th, the Council was called upon to deal with a petition to the Protector which purported to come from "the masters and wardens of the handicraft companies of London, viz., merchant tailors, weavers, cobblers, hatband-makers, cutlers, and card-makers," and which throws no very pleasant light upon the sentiments of the class to which the petitioners belonged. It is conceived quite in the spirit in which the London apprentices in the Plantagenet days resented the prosperity of the Easterlings, and in which under Henry VIII. the London weavers proposed to put an end by a kind of industrial St. Bartholomew to the activity of the Venetian merchants; but its most astonishing feature is the coolness with which it treats any supposed claim of the foreign interlopers upon the religious sympathy of English Protestants. The gist of the appeal lies in the complaint "that the French and Holland strangers in and about London have petitioned Parliament, not only for the free exercise of their religion, but for the free use of their trade"; and it is addressed to the Protector in person, because he had spoken to the late Council of the justice of the petitioners' cause, while that Council and the late Parliament had shown themselves very ready to answer the desire of the aliens, all proceedings against whom had been stayed by an Order. In the two annexes to this document the whole case is argued with so candid and complete an exposition of the fair-trade principles of the period that we cannot resist quoting Mrs. Green's abstracts in full:—

I. Statement by the native manufacturers and tradesmen of reasons why aliens should not trade in or near London, and of the mischiefs which would follow.

That the number of native artisans is more than enough, and their skill equal to that of strangers.

That natives are compelled to serve apprenticeships, are incorporated, and punished for bad or deceitful work, and have to pay towards their companies, and also to pay assessments, so that strangers who have not these burdens can undersell them, invite over their own countrymen, and ingross trade. They take large houses, divide them, take inmates, and so breed infection.

They are maintained by getting what we should else have for our maintenance, so that we can hardly live. Divers Parliaments have been so sensible of this that they have made sundry statutes against strangers, from Edward IV. to Henry VIII.

The handicraft men are the nursery of soldiers, and all the army being such, if it were disbanded, they would want employment, strangers having engrossed it, because, being generally disaffected, they stayed at home whilst the English engaged for Parliament, so that the latter have now to turn to dishonourable employments, as porters, chimney sweepers, &c.

If their being protestants, fled hither because of persecution, be an argument that they should trade, it is a better argument for the natives. The law allowed them to work as servants to English masters, but they should not be masters, for it is not prudent to gratify them and discontent us. All other nations prefer their natives to strangers, and an Englishman is only allowed to work as a servant in France or Germany.

II. Statement by 35 Englishmen, in contradiction to a report that English artisans and professors of sciences residing beyond seas are allowed to practise their trades as the natives, that they and other English in Paris and elsewhere have had their tools taken and destroyed, been reviled, beaten, and imprisoned for working as masters, and that they are only tolerated as servants and journeymen. They beg that strangers may not by such toleration eat the bread out of their mouths. Signed by 7 painters, 3 goldsmiths, 3 joiners, 5 cutlers, 12 tailors, 1 combmaker, and 4 weavers.

\* *Calendar of State Papers.—Domestic Series, 1654.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. Published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. 1880.

We have noticed no further reference in the present Calendar to this remarkable remonstrance; nor does it appear whether the Protector further interested himself in clients so naïvely regardless of the "league and union" which (to quote Mr. Commissioner Lisle) "this nation had with the Protestant interest abroad." The sittings of the Council, largely occupied as it was with details such as those enumerated above, were in fact but very rarely honoured by the presence of the Protector himself, who seems to have lacked that omnivorous appetite for business, small as well as great, which is not inseparable from the energy of a far-seeing and resolute statesman. He was not, however, absent on the extraordinary occasion of April 12th, when he passed, together with other ordinances connected with the same subject, that "for uniting England and Scotland into one commonwealth." None of Oliver Cromwell's measures redounds more largely to the credit of his statesmanship than this; but there is a flavour of hypocrisy, unfortunately not altogether singular in the history of legislative Unions, in the preamble of the sagacious Ordinance in question, which recalls the circumstance that "in December 1651 Parliament sent commissioners to the people of Scotland to invite this union, who, by elected deputies, consented to it." The elected deputies sent up for the purpose to Edinburgh had certainly signified their assent to the measure proposed to them by Vane, St. John, and their colleagues; but its unpopularity with the Scottish nation at large was a very open secret, and could hardly surprise Cromwell, whose army, during its march to Perth in this year 1651, according to Whitlocke, "saw not one Scotsman under sixty years of age, nor any Scots youth above six," there being a general belief that the English intended to cut the throats of all male persons between those ages. The number of representatives in Parliament (then, of course, without a House of Lords) allowed in Cromwell's Ordinance was thirty only—or fifteen less than the number of representatives in the House of Commons granted by the Act of 1707; and the grouping of shires, as afterwards arranged by Lambert and reported to the Council on June 2nd, is not without interest. The Ordinance is, it need hardly be said, silent on the important point of religion; but it may be worth noting that the Protector was, or seemed about this time to be, particularly anxious to conciliate the good will of the Presbyterians; "it is said," writes Secretary Nicholas from Aix-la-Chapelle, "he now seems resolved to run absolutely their way, with which the Independents and Anabaptists (the greatest part of his army) will be much unsatisfied." "What do you hear there?" inquires the "good old secretary," as Glarendon calls him, "of his permitting so many Presbyterians to be of his Parliament?" Sir Edward Nicholas proved a true prophet in his prediction that Cromwell would "purge the new elections," though he was not sanguine enough to foresee that even the purged Parliament would resist the Protector's wishes. Meanwhile the Government had taken the greatest pains with the elections. The forms of indenture supplied by the Council to the sheriffs and electors of county members for the choice of "fit and discreet knights" contained a proviso (inserted also in the indentures for borough elections) that the persons chosen "do not alter the government as now settled in a single person and Parliament." Further precautions were taken; but the Committee for elections had many failures to report when the critical time at last arrived. More especially in the West of England and in Wales, disaffected persons, and even actual delinquents, were returned; and from Bristol, the second city in the realm, "divers free burghesses" sent up their plaint to the Protector, how they had come to the place of voting "supposing that the business would be so carried on as to secure the liberties which had cost seas of blood and unspeakable sufferings; but the sheriffs encouraged those who had favoured the late King to vote, promising to bear them out in so doing, and affronted and threatened us, refusing to allow some of us to vote, though duly qualified. They declared that what they did contrary to the instrument" of 1653, which the Council had ordered to be publicly read at the proclamation of all writs of election, "was the judgment of counsel, which we cannot believe, whereon the Cavalier party carried things as if there were no Commonwealth or Protector, but as if Charles Stuart were again enthroned in the sovereignty of this nation, so that we protested against the election, and left the hall." If things do not appear to have gone quite as badly in the Royalist counties of Cumberland, Cheshire, and Lancashire, it was not for want of spirit in the landlords; but perhaps they were apprehensive of the Committees which the Council were about this time sending to mediate between them and the well-affected tenants who had complained of oppression by their "tyrants."

As is well known, the earlier part of the year had not passed by without its Royalist plot, the frustration of which was not more fortunate for its intended victim, the Protector, than for the reputation of King Charles II. and Prince Rupert, whose sanction had been obtained for the scheme. Mrs. Green prints the account of the trial of the principal conspirators—Colonel Gerard (the Gerard whom Don Pantaleon Sa had attempted to kill, but whose fate he was destined to share on the selfsame day), Peter Vowell, and Somerset Fox. Though all three were condemned to death, the life of the last-named was spared; and Cromwell's moderation in bringing to trial only three out of two-score prisoners has been justly praised. Mrs. Green not unnaturally dwells on the strangeness of the argument, as coming from the lips of the President of a Commonwealth High Court of Justice, that "to compass the death of the supreme magistrate of this nation, whether called by the name of King, Queen, or what name soever, is treason

by the common law of England." But, though the Protector's Government tempered justice with mercy, such occurrences as these rendered the strictest vigilance indispensable to its existence. Gerard and Vowell's conspiracy was discovered in May, and on the 24th of that month, the Protector being present at the sitting, the Council issued a proclamation requiring all householders of London, Westminster, and Southwark, on peril of being themselves considered partakers in the bloody designs recently come to light, to furnish a complete list and account of their lodgers. On June 9th the Council ordered a classification by commissioners of the persons apprehended—"Irishmen" forming one category, and "persons called hectors, common gamesters," &c., another. A number of persons were in this year, both before and after the discovery, sent to the Tower, where, as the list produced at the Council on July 31 shows, still lay several noblemen committed thither in 1651 for bearing arms against the Commonwealth.

As might be expected, what Mrs. Green calls the "literary entries" in this volume are few and far between. The execrable verses of "Chas. Stayning," communicated to the Council by some informer in proof of their author's disaffection, are not interesting in themselves; but the testimony of the informer to the influence exercised upon this Malignant by "the late King's book," which he "always carries about with him, and reads to many," is worth noting. The only man of letters who figures by name in this volume is—with the exception of the irrepressible Samuel Hartlib—Sir William D'Avenant, who, after being conditionally released from his imprisonment in the Tower, had been arrested again for debt, and now prayed "for a general pardon, that he might live a faithful subject." Doubtless the prayer was soon granted, and he was thus two years afterwards enabled to commence operations for the "revival of the drama." Of "scientific entries," as we suppose they should be called by analogy, Mrs. Green notes the petition, for arrears of military pay and for compensations due to himself and to his brother slain in Scotland, of Captain Thomas Sydenham, afterwards famous as a physician. More dubious is the fame of the wondrous cures effected by Matthew Ooker, here upheld in a letter from an enthusiastic believer, who writes that "two things are now questioned—one, whether there be gifts of healing in the Church, as in the Apostles' times; the other, whether Mr. Ooker has those gifts, or only pretends to them." Some other details of more or less interest are pointed out by Mrs. Green in her preface; but we have already exhausted our space. The editor of this volume is one whose work requires no praise from us; it is always unostentatious, and always thorough.

It may perhaps be added that the sequel to the history of the quarrel between George Glapthorne and his constituency of the Isle of Ely (where he was at the same time Justice of the Peace and Chief Bailiff), to which Mrs. Green directs attention in her preface, will be found in a curious narrative contained in a pamphlet in the King's Library, and reprinted in the memoir of Henry Glapthorne prefixed to a recent edition of that dramatist's works. The upshot of this narrative is that George Glapthorne (of whose connexion with Henry we fail, by the way, to see that there is any evidence whatever), having complained of the aspersions cast upon him, was confronted with his accusers by the Council; and that, after evidence against him had been given, and his defence had at his request been postponed to the next day, he preferred not to put in an appearance, but to allow judgment to go by default. The mention of a dramatist reminds us that the marginal note found by Mrs. Green on a copy in the Order-book of the Council of a letter to the Hon. Captain Charles Howard, bidding him provide for the spread in the north of a proclamation prohibiting horse-races and other meetings of disaffected persons, still awaits elucidation. It runs thus (the query is the editor's):

Old Noll's rules to put down interludes (?) of the 99, then to govern the rooth J.C.

Surely we are not wrong in suspecting the heading "Petition of Armiger Warner to the Protector," in p. 219, to be a mere accident, though there is a corresponding entry of "Warner, Armiger," in the index. Nor do we quite understand the designation of Sir Edward Nicholas as "Sir Edward Cologne Nicholas," in p. 407. To attempt to rectify an entry concerning any one of the Counts of the Wettarabian College, otherwise and still more strangely Anglicized as the Counts of Wettarabia (p. 111), might seem sheer presumption; but we cannot suppress a suspicion that the "Count of Hainault" who contributed so munificently to the English subsidy was the Count of Hanau.

#### BUDDHISM AND EARLY BUDDHISM.\*

MR. LILLIE furnishes a peculiarly unhappy illustration of the proverbial danger of a little knowledge. He has devoted considerable reading and an evidently zealous interest to one of the most important and fascinating subjects not merely of to-day but of the future; for there can be little doubt that Buddhism is destined to exercise an increasing influence over the learned and even the popular mind as its history and real character become more generally and accurately known. But he has touched upon this great subject with an unskilful hand. It needs a scholar to treat of Buddhism in these days, when research has revealed so much that

\* *Buddhism and Early Buddhism*. By Arthur Lillie (late regiment of Lucknow). With numerous illustrations. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

is subversive of old views; but Mr. Lillie gives no evidence of such qualifications as are essential to the proper execution of his work. He has not learnt the rudiments of scientific method, and constantly confuses resemblance with relationship, in the manner of all beginners. His reading, though wide, is in many respects obsolete; he has not kept pace with the literature of his subject, and consequently it is common to find him seriously advancing propositions which have been shown to be erroneous. But his chief disability is the possession of a suicidal gift of imagination which he lets loose upon every department of learning with a recklessness that is almost as amusing as it is astounding.

The very title of the book is a misnomer. Early Buddhism, of which it professes to treat, is precisely the one subject which is not to be found in Mr. Lillie's work. There is a great deal of interesting discussion of Gnosticism, the Essenes, Ferdinand Baur, and higher Christianity, with a thousand irrelevant or doubtfully relevant matters; but Early Buddhism is not among them. The truth is that Mr. Lillie does not know what Early Buddhism is. He seems to have adopted the conclusion that the Northern Buddhist accounts contain the oldest form of the religion, and accordingly proceeds to illustrate this supposed primitive Buddhism by examples taken from the most corrupt modern developments of it. He collects practices and precepts from China, Burmah, or anywhere except the right place. He scouts the Singhalese books and substitutes Father Borri, whose account of Cochin-China pursues the reader relentlessly throughout the book. It is needless to say that modern usage affords no evidence for the true form of Buddha's own teaching, and that Mr. Lillie's premises are therefore placed entirely out of court. His argument from the titles on the Asoka monuments cannot be seriously urged when we know that they are rather descriptions of contents than fixed titles, and may easily be varied. How far such a method may lead a writer astray may be gathered from the curious statement in p. 47:—

I have dwelt somewhat at length on this supernaturalism, because it is of the highest importance to our theme. Buddhism was plainly an elaborate apparatus to nullify the action of evil spirits by the aid of good spirits operating at their highest potentiality through the instrumentality of the corpse or a portion of the corpse of the chief aiding spirit. The Buddhist temple, the Buddhist rites, the Buddhist liturgy, all seem based on this one idea, that a whole or portions of a dead body was necessary.

The assumption that the Buddhism of to-day in China or Burmah is the best evidence for the character of original Buddhism is not the only false principle adopted by Mr. Lillie. He is apparently careless of the ordinary progress of history, and seems to think that a man may suddenly arise and create a new religion and social system, and impose them on a great people entirely of his own will, and without the aid of any external circumstances. All history points to a different explanation of a great man's influence, and the modern student looks first at the surroundings and antecedents of a reform or revolution before he attributes it solely to the mind of one man. Even Napoleon, who was of all men the nearest in appearance to the individual motive power which holds its energy entirely of itself, and exerts it without the help of anything outside, has lately been explained as the creation of the *Jeune en masse*. Mr. Lillie, however, will allow nothing of this with Buddha; and the want of that study of preparatory and conducive circumstances which the French call *mésologie* is fatal to the attempt to trace the beginning of Buddhism. It might have been expected that the chapter entitled "The Historical Buddha" would contain something of this; but it is, on the whole, the least historical part of the book, unless, indeed, we accept the term on the principle of the old axiom that all history is falsehood.

But it is Mr. Lillie's imaginative bent that plays him the scurviest tricks of all. There is nothing he does not illumine with the flare of fancy. Everything has a mystical meaning for him, and if it is not very obvious at first, a wide induction from miscellaneous facts, not at first sight connected with the matter in hand, is sure to establish it to the author's satisfaction. Mr. Lillie's chief idiosyncrasy reminds us of a powerful story by Dr. Wendell Holmes. Mr. Lillie sees nothing but serpents wherever he looks. In the Buddhist zodiac he finds a serpent in every crooked line. "For Aries I have given a horse with two serpents on his head—the solar-horse and his father and mother." Without discussing the place of the serpent in mythology, it may be as well to say plainly that the horse with the two serpents on his head is just a ram and nothing more. The same may be said of the lion's tail. The Swastika, again, is here derived from the crossed serpents which stand for Pisces in the Buddhist zodiac as drawn by Mr. Lillie, but the derivation is entirely wrong. The serpentine shape, again, is not the most ancient form of the Tri Ratna, and Mr. Lillie's theory of its origin is merely another example of his ophiomania. All these serpentine illustrations are much more modern than the symbols they are supposed to have originated; and this part of Mr. Lillie's labours must be considered as misdirected energy.

The luxuriant growth of fancy is painfully exhibited in the chapter entitled "Buddhism in the Catacombs." Jonah and the whale may or may not be solar symbols; but it is surely ridiculous to trace so ancient and widespread a story to a Buddhist source and thus explain its appearance in the Catacombs. It is possible to be too credulous, even in the identification of solar myths, nor is it wise to advance with an air of conviction theories which have been keenly disputed, and which at the best can only be proposed as possibilities. There is a vast deal too much of this assurance in the chapter on "Buddha and Woden." The connexion between

Scandinavia and India is well known, but there is considerable uncertainty about many details which apparently give Mr. Lillie no uneasiness. "Why should two nations," he asks, "so remote as China and Norway, in their war-junks, their arms, their clothing, have so much in common?"—

I have found an answer that seems to me convincing. In the first century of our era Kuei-Chuang, a Chinese prince, subdued Cabul, Kandahar, and Kopen, and converted it to Buddhism. This, according to Professor Holmboe, was the special region of the Asas. At any rate this conquest quite accounts for the fact that the Chinese standard should by and by flaunt upon the galleys of the Vikings.—Pp. 236-7.

This "convincing answer" may serve as an example of Mr. Lillie's manner of accepting theories which, to say the least of them, are open to controversy. The conversion of Kabul, &c. by Kuei-Chuang, in the first place, to Buddhism is improbable in the face of the unquestioned fact that Kabul was a focus of Buddhism at least a century before Christ, and was not likely to need conversion "in the first century of our era." Secondly, it is a matter of dispute whether this was "the special region" of the Asas. And, lastly, if it was, it is probable that they had left it before Kuei-Chuang arrived there. It is quite possible that the Scandinavians did in reality get their Buddhistic similarities from Afghanistan; but Mr. Lillie's method of proving it is not by any means so "convincing" as he believes. Another example is found in the slight and inconclusive chapter on Buddhism in America. Here again everything is assumed; whereas the identification of Fou Sang with California has been strenuously controverted, the supposed delineations of elephants are not clear beyond possibility of dispute, and the Mexican Buddha drawn on Plate IV. is open to the objection that the face is in profile, the head-dress (where again an imaginary serpent is introduced) is not Indian, and that other people besides Buddha sit cross-legged and wear necklaces.

The chapter on "The Historical Buddha" explains a good many peculiar fancies which meet one throughout the book. The following paragraph shows that in this chapter and no less clearly elsewhere—Mr. Lillie started with a preconceived theory to which facts were forced to bend:—

Our inquiry at starting was this:—Is there any evidence from which we may fairly infer that early Buddhism was propagated in India by a system of Freemasonry? From the nature of the Indian initiation, from the Triad Society of China, from the Buddhist (as opposed to the priestly) nature of most Masonic rites—the bloodless sacrifice, the poverty, the chastity, the refused crown, &c.—I think the answer must be given in the affirmative.—P. 138.

By a similar process of reasoning it might be argued from the practice of the monks of the Grande Chartreuse that the making of liqueur was among the primitive rites of Christianity. This Masonic theory, and the literature which Mr. Lillie has studied in order to elaborate it, have done much to injure his book by introducing a multitude of fantastic and unprofitable speculations. A footnote in p. 138 indicates the sort of works to which Mr. Lillie refers for his explanation of the spread of Buddhism—from King's *Gnostics*, through a series of Masonic manuals, to Philo on the Essenes and Therapeuts.

It is a pity that a good subject should be treated in this fashion; and the more so inasmuch as Mr. Lillie has spent some pains on his work, and has filled it with a large amount of interesting information on the comparative relations of Buddhism. There are many pages to which no exception can be taken; but, again, these are followed by some preposterous theory which can only mislead the reader if he is ignorant, or enrage him if he is learned. A work of this kind needs to be undertaken in a spirit of sober study, and not with a foregone conclusion. Above all, it is necessary to make sure of your authorities, and not begin at the wrong end. Mr. Lillie has done both; he has taken the less authentic sources for Buddha and early Buddhism to be the best authorities; and he has argued back from a corrupt and perverted religion in order to trace the original and pure form. In the absence of other means this method must be adopted; but in the present case it is not only unnecessary, but injurious to the great subject it pretends to illustrate, and fatal to the usefulness of the book. In Mr. Lillie's own words:—"It is evident that, until the earliest Buddhism can be detached from the later Buddhism, the living from the dead, such inquiry will be premature." His book is a persistent attempt to effect precisely the contrary of this—to join the dead and the living together.

DERVAL HAMPTON.\*

IT is fortunate for Mr. Grant's readers that his new novel is but in two volumes. He begins his story not amiss, and goes on with a fair amount of success till he is half-way through his task. Extravagant though many of the incidents had been, and faulty as his style frequently is, yet he had interested us in the fortunes of his hero, and made us not unwilling to take up the second volume. But here we found a change greatly for the worse. There was a vast increase in acts of villainy of which we had had quite enough already; while the improbabilities of the tale, which had already drawn to the full upon our stock of credulity, became so great as to excite a feeling of contempt. It is not easy to understand why the author has thus overcharged the latter part of his book with characters and incidents that are so extravagant as to become

\* Derval Hampton: a Story of the Sea. By James Grant, Author of "Romance of War," &c., 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

utterly ridiculous. Apparently it was not through that want of matter which often leads novelists to fill up with villains a great gap in their third volume, just as the ancient geographers filled up the blank spaces in their maps "with elephants for want of towns." Mr. Grant, it would seem, had much ado to get all his story into the space that he had at his command. "In detailing plot and counterplot," he writes, "cunning and selfishness, doubt, despair, and no small agony of spirit, we have much to compress in the latter pages of this our history." We could have wished that, instead of packing his villains so tight together, he had been content with a smaller assortment of them, and so had allowed both himself and them a little more elbow-room.

The story opens in a cottage in a Devonshire village. At first sight it seems scarcely needful to record that before the cottage lay a garden, and that in the garden were growing strawberries, asparagus, cucumbers, and peas. It is presently seen, however, that the peacefulness suggested by this enumeration of vegetable productions serves to form a strong contrast to the stormy and dark incidents that are to follow. The owner of the cottage is Mr. Groville Hampton, the hero's father. This gentleman was a moody and discontented man "on whom the world and society had smiled in other days," but had left off smiling now that he had run through his fortune. He had a further cause for discontent. "A destiny," he said, "over which I have no control, deprives me of my birthright; and I, who ought now to be twelfth Lord Oakhampton and tenth Lord of Wistmanswood, am a poor and needy man." In the second volume we find that destiny gets under the control of his old family lawyer, "a denizen of Gray's Inn." Novelists have laws and lawyers of their own, which have served them, and will yet serve them, many a good turn. The family that was in actual possession of the estates and title had not held them for much more than a century and a half. They had come into them by a mistake that was made in the year 1707, when the ancestor of that day, in ignorance that his eldest brother was alive and settled in Bermuda, "was called to the Upper House as the direct heir of Derval, Lord Oakhampton, who was forfeited (*sic*) under Edward IV., but was restored by Henry VII." No steps were taken by any descendants of the eldest brother till Groville Hampton's time. Instructed by him, "his stout and deliberate old lawyer," the denizen of Gray's Inn, called on Lord Oakhampton, and greatly alarmed him by the news that "with his title would go lands and estate, plate, pictures—everything even to your household effects." His Lordship not unnaturally points out that whatever proofs his opponents have "must be submitted to the legal acumen and most searching analysis of my law advisers." The deliberate old lawyer most handsomely admits this. "Indubitably, my Lord," he answered, "yet the dates are, fortunately for us, not remote ones." In the end a compromise, as will be seen, is fortunately hit upon, though not till the happiness of the hero and heroine had come within a few hours of being wrecked for ever. They would have been spared a vast deal of suffering had "the legal acumen and most searching analysis of the law advisers" ever discovered the Statute of Limitations.

We are, however, anticipating matters, and must return to the cottage in Devonshire, when the hero was but a child of six, "with a wealth of golden curls that rose crisp and in upward spouts from his forehead." *Gold and golden*, by the way, are somewhat too common in this story, above all in the opening scenes. We cannot properly object to "golden sands," "golden morning of life," "golden butter," "golden laburnham" (the spelling is somewhat odd), "golden dreams," "glare of the golden sunshine," "golden haze," and "billows of golden grain." We may, however, hesitate a moment over a sky that was "violet braced with gold," with waves below "that rose with a silvery sheen." And we must loudly protest when from golden curls we pass to "golden-coloured eyes," to "golden hazel eyes" and "false eyes of golden hazel." But to return to our hero. The moodiness of his father was more than made up to him by the tenderness of his mother. She is pleasantly enough drawn, but unhappily the necessity of the plot requires that she shall be carried off very early in the story. Her place is taken by a wealthy, but most wicked, stepmother. She it is who owns eyes "of that golden-hazel colour which so often goes with a duplicity of character." They were indeed of a very strange kind, for once, when she spoke of her husband's first wife, there came into them "a flash of subtle colour." Let the reader pause, and call upon his imagination to set before him a picture of a flash of subtle colour coming into a pair of false eyes of golden hazel. She treats the child in a way that was not unworthy of "the tiger-like expression" that came into her face. Still more cruel does she become when she gives birth to a son, who has "his mother's chestnut hair and her cunning yellow-hazel eyes." Her hatred is partly due to her knowledge of the claim her husband has to a peerage. Should he succeed, it would not be her son who would inherit the title. She does her best, therefore, to get rid of little Derval; and, as the most likely way of bringing him to an end, sends him to sea. Application is made to a firm of ship-owners to take him as an apprentice, and "the correspondence with them ended in Derval finding himself elected (*sic*) to seek his bread upon the waters as midddy." We are at once plunged into all those stirring incidents of a sea novel which used so much to delight our boyhood. Of course there is a good captain who is every inch a sailor, a tyrannical mate who never loses a chance of persecuting the lad, and a virtuous boatswain who comforts him and soon makes of him a thorough seaman. This worthy's language, for the most part, is

nautical enough, and none the less pleasing to us that, like the young hero, we often only understand about half of what he says. We regret, however, to have to notice that on one occasion he so far forgot himself as to talk of "the impetus of the wind." We like him far better when he warns Derval "not to run foul of the third mate's havae," who, he told him, "was often crank, and who yaws a bit in way of doing duty." It is all very proper for authors to use fine-sounding words; to call cutlasses and pistols "lethal weapons," and to write of a midddy's "uninitiated mind"; but we cannot allow them to fill our ears' mouths with language even bigger than their quids. We are glad to find that Mr. Grant does not make any of his characters use the scraps of French which he himself now and then introduces, and very needlessly too. Sea-sickness, for instance, he speaks of as *mal-du-mer*. Had he called it *mal de mer* his French would have been correct, though still very absurdly and even ostentatiously introduced.

Matters go on very prosperously with our hero, and his voyages are not without agreeable incidents. The wicked mate gets eaten by a shark, the ship is pursued by a pirate, a couple of abandoned vessels are fallen in with; tremendous storms sweep the decks and "gorge the lee scuppers," red flashes of lightning are seen, and also flashes of green lightning. On one occasion the black outline of the waves was so remarkable that it was not only serrated, but serrated like the teeth of a saw. Mr. Grant would seem to be familiar with Juvenal. Can he have forgotten the meaning of "serrated"? At the same time we should like to ask him whether he is correct in the title that he gives to a book from which he quotes—*Atlas Geographicus* (*sic*).

But these inquiries into words must not lead us away from our hero's adventures. Being a sailor, of course he saves the heroine's life on the sea-shore. This time she is not cut off between two headlands by the tide, but has a fall from a cliff. Her sash catches in a stump, and leaves her dangling in mid-air some fifty feet above a pool in the rocks, in which the hero had just before seen the dorsal fin of a great shark. Being a British sailor, he soon climbed up to her, and, grasping one part of her dress in his teeth and another in his left hand, brought her down in safety. She had violet eyes, and was, as might be expected, the only daughter of Lord Oakhampton. She was still but a child, and so the hero, instead of at once marrying her, returns to his sea life. His wicked stepmother, more enraged than ever at the reputation he had gained, plots his death. A far more terrible villain than any that had as yet been introduced appears on the scene as first mate. He is in her pay, and is pledged to kill the hero. At length he finds, as he thinks, his chance, and, striking him on the head, leaves him senseless on an island that swarmed with savages. The ship sails off, and for the hero there seems no chance of escape. Of course he does get off, or he would have been no hero. Meanwhile his wicked half-brother of "the cunning yellow-hazel eyes" had contrived against him as dark a plot as ever villain spun. But we must not tell the author's whole story; something must be left to excite the curiosity of the reader. Let us take leave, then, of the hero "bleeding, stunned, and senseless," and surrounded by infuriated savages on an island that was but seldom visited by ships. Let us part with the heroine in a condition that was scarcely less forlorn. She had by this time grown up into womanhood, and to save her father from the consequences of his lawyer's ignorance of the Statute of Limitations, had consented to marry a cold-blooded villain whose eyes were yellow hazel. Let us see the marriage contract drawn up and ready for signature, the wedding clothes ordered, the bridesmaids selected, and the bride white, wild-eyed, and nervous. Let us suffer the curtain thus to fall in the knowledge that our readers can, if they wish, very quickly and easily bid it rise again for themselves.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fifth volume (1) of M. Wallon's History of the Revolutionary Tribunal is not inferior to its predecessors in importance and interest. Like them, it is an excellent example of the careful working up of details, the tragical significance of which is apt to be somewhat blunted by the legal formalities in which they are enwrapped; while, on the other hand, rhetorical heightening is foreign to the author's plan, and, indeed, would be a breach of his duty. No names of the first interest, with the single exception of that of André Chenier, diversify the dismal record of Messidor and of the latter *fournées* which punished the pretended conspiracy of the prisons. But the justice of the detestation with which the Tribunal has been regarded by all sober students of history continues to be proved amply. The revolution of the ninth Thermidor led, as is known, to the suspension of the Court, and the appearance of Fouquier Tinville before the Convention; but the Tribunal was reconstituted towards the end of the month, and fresh victims fell, though in smaller numbers, and on the whole on less iniquitous charges. The last chapters of the book give an account of the infamous excesses of Carrier and his daughter-tribunal at Nantes, and of the curious revolution which brought this provincial Court of blood before the very institution which it had originally copied. The volume comes to an end in the middle of this proceeding. M. Wallon's promises to be (with the exception of M. Lallie's mono-

(1) *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire*. Par H. Wallon. Tome 5. Paris: Hachette.



graph) the fullest and most detailed account, confined as it is to documentary and legal evidence, of how "Carrier came down to the Loire and slew." It is worth noticing that, though the *Noyades* proper and the "Republican marriages" rest on the clearest testimony, the so-called "Republican baptisms" appear more doubtful. Children were undoubtedly drowned in the general *Noyades*, but not, if would appear, singly, or as a special mock ceremony. The most atrocious criminal even of the French Revolution can, however, amply afford this deduction from the list of his claims to the title.

In noticing the first volume (*L'Indo védique*) of M. Marius Fontane's *Histoire universelle* (2) we stated certain objections to the form and plan of the work, which there is no need to repeat, but which apply equally to the second, *Les Iranien*s. The book, however, deserves the same praise as well as the same blame. M. Fontane writes well, and is evidently a person of remarkable diligence; nor is there any doubt that, accidents excepted, he will accomplish the formidable task which he has set himself of writing sixteen large octavo volumes on the history of the world in general.

M. Albert Babeau's *Village Schools during the Revolution* (3) is an excellent specimen of the monographs on historical subjects which are nowhere now produced in a more creditable manner than in France. M. Babeau appears to be an impartial politician and a temperate thinker generally. He shows, however, conclusively that the much-reviled ecclesiastical system of education was, for the most part, altered only for the worse by the Revolution; that the power given to the Communes of managing their schools on something like the School Board system had by no means good results; and that the chorus of demand at the beginning of the century for the restoration of clerical supervision was loud and almost unanimous. Of course M. Paul Bert and his friends may say that they will manage things better; it remains to be seen how far their boast is justifiable. M. Babeau has diversified his book with some curious citations; among others with extracts from a Republican Horn-book containing commandments, &c., modelled on the old ones, but rather innocently ludicrous than anything else:—

A la section tu te rendras  
Du cinq en cinq jours strictement ;

and

La dix août sanctifieras  
Pour l'aimer éternellement,

are delightful examples of the peculiar *bric-à-brac* which seems to cling inseparably to certain forms of political and religious emancipation.

M. Henri Belle (4) observes with much *naïveté* in his preface, "On trouvera dans ce volume plus d'une fois le nom de la France." It is quite true, and the result is not a little tedious. For our part, it seems to us that a traveller, whether he be Englishman, Frenchman, or what not, would do well to look on "spread-eagleism" as the one unpardonable sin; and we do not think we are uncharitable in saying that French travellers are specially prone to overlook this. However, M. Belle cannot be always dragging in "le nom de la France"; and then we have lively and interesting pictures of Greece, including many of the less visited parts, which he explored with all the advantages of his position of Secretary to the French Embassy in or about, as it would appear (for there is some confusion of dates in the volume), the year 1874. The book has the advantage of very fair and pretty plentiful illustration.

If M. Renan were not a person of irreproachable life and conversation, he would have had occasion to tremble when he knew that the author of *Sainte-Beuve et ses inconnues* was going to write a book about him. As it is, there is no scandal in M. Pons's volume (5), and we can only imagine that the author wished to wash out the memory of his successful, but discreditable, treachery to his former master by showing that he can do something else than play the traitor. Any other reason why he should have written the book it is not easy to discover. There is a little—a very little—personal gossip of the mildest kind, and the rest is made up of a sort of abstract of M. Renan's famous ecclesiastical history or romance, whichever it ought to be called. We cannot say that the book has any particular merit.

There are many dictionaries of French *argot*, and none is wholly satisfactory. The reason probably is that the jargon is, unlike the slang of other countries, in a perpetual state of transition. M. Rigaud's book (6) will be useful, more particularly to the students of naturalist novels, an improving class of literature which is apt to be rather puzzling to those who rely on the antiquated assistance of the late M. Littré.

There is something a little odd in a second edition of *Poésies inédites* (7); however, everything must have its title. These unedited poems of Lamartine appeared for the first time eight years ago and more, and we fear it is no slight sign of the fact that

Lamartine is an *étoile qui file* that they should only now have reached their second edition, or be thought worthy of ranking with the ordinary 18mo editions of the poet's works. There is merit in them, and, in the case of the unfinished epic of "*Le Chevalier*," considerable merit. But all the contents of the book—tragedies, epic, and lyrics—show the *mollesse* (there is no exactly equivalent English word) which has been fatal to Lamartine's reputation. The secret of this is not the mere sentimentality of the matter, obsolete as that is, but the flaccid character of the diction, the absence of nerve and force in the verse, the form moulded instead of carved, the lack of glow and colour. M. de Laprade's prefatory essay makes a noble fight for his master, but, we fear, a losing one. Together with these poems appear *Mémoires inédites* (8) in the same form. As has often happened with poets who have not kept their hold on the world, Lamartine's prose is less obviously wanting than his verse, though it has some of the same defects.

A sixth edition of a book on such a subject as education speaks pretty plainly for itself, and there is no need to do more than announce the appearance of such an edition (9) of Mme. Guizot's well-known letters.

M. Mézières has reprinted (10) the sketches of the war of 1870 which he contributed soon afterwards to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and which were first collected in 1871.

In consequence of the death of M. Joanne, the *Guide du voyageur en France* (11), of the excellent series which bears the name of that topographer, appears under the authorship of M. Richard. Some alterations appear to have been made in the arrangement. The prefatory matter which used to accompany each volume is not to be found here, and the information as to hotels, &c., is relegated to the index at the end of the volume. Otherwise the system seems unchanged, and the admirable maps and plans of towns which have always distinguished the series are forthcoming in abundance. Perhaps it may be doubted whether it was wise to attempt a road and railway book of so large a country as France, and one so excellently furnished with means of internal communication, in a single volume, even of nine hundred well-filled pages. But that is a question rather for those who know what the special demand is than for those who do not. It is sufficient to say that the information given, though necessarily somewhat stenographic, is wonderfully copious and very well selected.

Except on the general principle of the value of a *réclame* to any public character, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt must certainly have exclaimed, "Save me from my friends!" when she saw Mme. Marie Colombier's account (12) of her American travels. We use the complimentary title in both cases after the example of our author. The two amiable actresses open and close the book in each other's arms; but the interval is chiefly occupied by Mme. Colombier in showing how her friend persuaded her to go to America on false pretences; how she was completely indifferent to any one's comfort but her own; how very badly she often acted; how she cared for nothing but the *revette*, &c. &c. The biographer has also reproduced with great care large numbers of American caricatures of her heroine, has repeated with scrupulous frankness the strictures of American puritanism on her character, and has recorded, perhaps with historic conscientiousness, or perhaps for some other reason, how American women would have nothing to do with her. To do Mme. Colombier justice, she has applied with great impartiality her rather singular canons of good taste in writing. Here is her portrait of an American actress whom she names at full length, in which respect we shall not follow her. "Imaginez une femme n'ayant plus d'âge et qui n'a dû jamais avoir de beauté. Sa bouche est un trou noir, ses dents semblent des clous de girofle dans la cire à cacheter. Ratatinée, monifiée, elle porte perruque de chérubin," &c. It is probably not necessary to say anything more of Mme. Colombier's book, except that it has a preface by M. Arsène Houssaye which is not unworthy of it.

Lecturing in all its forms seems to be making no small headway in France. M. Paul Bert lectures on the happy times when all men will die atheists, and all dogs die vivisectioned; M. Coquelin cadet delivers comic monologues; M. Coquelin aîné delivers addresses of a more solemn kind on dead and living poets. The piece before us (13) is, in effect, a spoken review with abundant citations, and of a highly complimentary character. M. Eugène Manuel, for a minor poet, and we cannot give him any higher title, is lucky.

It is not generally true that it never rains but it pours, yet it seems to be true in some singular way of literature, and especially of French literature. Somehow or other nobody seems to attempt any literary task without somebody else attempting the same simultaneously. It is but the other day that we had to notice a verse translation into French of the First Part of *Faust*, and here (14) is another. There is no need to compare M. Daniel in any invidious sense with his predecessor. Both translations are very creditable pieces of work, and remarkable examples of the gain in flexibility

(2) *Histoire universelle. Les Iranien*s. Par M. Fontane. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *L'école de village pendant la Révolution*. Par A. Babeau. Paris: Didier.

(4) *Voyage en Grèce*. Par H. Belle. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Ernest Renan et les origines du christianisme*. Par A. J. Pons. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Dictionnaire de l'argot moderne*. Par L. Rigaud. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Poésies inédites de Lamartine*. Deuxième édition. Paris: Hachette.

Furne, Jouvet et Cie.

(8) *Mémoires inédites de Lamartine* (1790-1815). Paris: Hachette.

Furne, Jouvet et Cie.

(9) *Lettres de famille sur l'éducation domestique*. Par Madame Guizot. 2 vols. 6ème édition. Paris: Didier.

(10) *Récits de l'invasion*. Par A. Mézières. Paris: Didier.

(11) *Guide du Voyageur en France*. Par Richard. Paris: Hachette.

(12) *Le voyage de Sarah Bernhardt en Amérique*. Par Marie Colombier. Paris: Dreyfous.

(13) *Un poète du foyer*. Par C. Coquelin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(14) *Le Faust de Goethe en vers français*. Par A. Daniel. Paris: Plon.

and range which ordinary French verse has made, thanks to the example of the great masters of the last fifty years. As might perhaps be expected, the book is strongest in the dialogue and weakest in the lyrical parts. M. Daniel has, indeed, rather a leaning to the pedestrian; and the poetry, as distinguished from the verse, of his model does not come out very well under his hands. But Englishmen have not much right to throw stones at French translators of *Faust*.

Messrs. Plon's functions as publishers to the central dépôt of almanacks must be not the least important part of their business. We cannot attempt to give individual notice to the portly bundle of year books which lies (15) before us. We have the plump *Liégeois*, the veritable triple *Liégeois*, which appears to have been constructed on purpose to exemplify the grey paper and blunt type of Mr. Browning's well-known line, though its contents are perfectly harmless; and several sizes of the venerable Mathieu de la Drôme, with his respectable countenance outside and much scientific information inside; and the *Comique*, which is not more comic than others; and the *Astrologique*, which tries to prognosticate wittily; and the "Good Catholic's Almanack," and the "Prophetic Almanack," and the "Ladies' Almanack," and the "Perfect Wine-Grower's Almanack"—the perfect wine-grower is not quite so unhappy this year as he has been for some time past—and the *Almanach pour rire*, and the *Sacré-Cœur Almanach*, and the *Mère Cigogne*, and the *Almanach lunaire*—which seems rather dull—and the "Scientific," and the "National," and the *Charivari*, and the special collection of M. Grévin's audacities from the same journal, and the *Almanach-Album des Célébrités contemporaines* (we wish the title were true, for they have got Théophile Gautier among the portraits), and the *Almanach du savoir-vivre*, which does not seem to vary its contents much from year to year, and the *Almanach de la bonne Cuisine*, and the *Almanach parisien*, of which perhaps the same may be said. Among all these, the *Almanach du voleur illustré* (16) alone scorns M. Plon, and publishes itself at its own office. It has some fair illustrations of the Tunisian expedition. But we cannot imagine where the dead Arabs come from. However, without them, the pictures might have had the same effect on the spectators as that picture of the High Street without gowmen which scandalized the Oxford Spectator's aunt.

Readers of that original, if rather inorganic, book, *Zéphyrin Casavan en Egypte*, which seems, since we noticed it last year, to have received the honour of an Academic *couronne*, will not be sorry to hear of the issue of another book by its author (17). M. Charles Edmond has changed his ground considerably, and has gone to Denmark for his scene. *Harald* is not, like *Zéphyrin Casavan*, a series of dissolving views, but a tolerably connected novel—at least in plan. However the author's apparently insuperable tendency to represent separate tableaux re-appears here. The least that can be said for M. Edmond is that he writes well and not like other people. M. Hector Malot's new book (18) depicts the struggles of a virtuous *inséparée*, left almost destitute by the sudden death of her father. Like many others of the author's books, it has a strong resemblance to the ordinary run of English novels. The writer of *Le mariage de Loti* has brought his extraordinary talent for depicting tropical scenery and manners to bear on a new country, Senegambia (19). It would be a very great mistake to confound M. Pierre Loti with the small fry of the shoal that splashes after M. Zola, though his ardour for description occasionally leads him rather too close to their unsavoury company. *Le roman d'un Spahi* describes, with singular force and power, the life of a French trooper in the deadly, and yet in a way seductive, climate and social atmosphere of Senegal, until his death in an obscure *razzia* against the tribes of the interior. The last scene is sufficiently ghastly, including, as it does, the suicide of a negro girl who loves the Spahi, after she has murdered their child. But the breadth and power of the drawing, as well as the poetry of the style, distinguish it altogether from the deathbeds of the naturalists. The letters of the Spahi's mother and of his betrothed from the far-away home in the Cevennes make an admirable contrast with the body of the narrative. There seems to be a mania just now in France for translations from the Hungarian. We must say that, if French writers cannot produce better Magyar novels than *Le comte Kappanyai* (20), they are quite right to translate Hungarian originals. It is one of those clumsy novels of incident in which the incidents are simply chronicled, and not in any sense acted; which have but little dialogue, and that of a lifeless and commonplace kind; and in which the story jolts and bumps along in a succession of jerks, the separate scenes being neither duly connected nor individually vivid. In short, it is a bad copy of the worst style of Dumas, or rather of "the young men" when Dumas left them to themselves. A scene in which the hero tumbles

down a precipice and is picked up for dead one moment, and a few pages later comes to life again, without rhyme or reason, is as nearly entitled to the credit of being the absolutely worst thing of its kind as anything we remember at the minute. *Les amours d'une empoisonneuse* (21) can hardly contribute much to its author's reputation even in the eyes of his most fervent admirers. It is apparently a fragment, and does not give promise of much good if it had been completed. We have also two volumes (22, 23) of short tales, or at least of tales of moderate length, before us. M. Price's is decidedly the better of the two, and some of the stories are amusing enough.

- (21) *Les amours d'une empoisonneuse*. Par E. Gaboriau. Paris: Dentu.  
(22) *Historiettes de France et d'Espagne*. Par G. Price. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.  
(23) *Le Monde et la Comédie*. Par M. Fournier. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES, by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Benjamin Constant's New Picture "Present to the Ancients," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' Gallery, 5 Haymarket opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

NEWTON HALL, Fleur-de-lis Court, FETTER LANE. POSITIVIST SOCIETY. LECTURES will be resumed on SUNDAY, November 6, 1881, at 4 P.M. precisely. Admission Free.

MALVERN COLLEGE. THE NEXT TERM commences on Friday, January 27. Entrance Examinations on January 29. For particulars apply to HENRY ALBION, Esq., Secretary.

- (15) *Almanach liégeois*. *Almanach Mathieu de la Drôme*. *Almanach comique*. *Almanach astrologique*. *Almanach du bon Catholique*. *Almanach prophétique*. *Almanach des Dames*. *Almanach du parfait Vigneron*. *Almanach pour rire*. *Almanach du Sacré-Cœur*. *Almanach de la Mère Cigogne*. *Almanach lunaire*. *Almanach scientifique*. *Almanach national*. *Almanach du Charivari*. *Almanach de Grévin*. *Almanach-Album des Célébrités contemporaines*. *Almanach du savoir-vivre*. *Almanach de la bonne Cuisine*. *Almanach parisien*. Paris: au Dépôt Central des Almanachs. Plon et Cie.

(16) *Almanach du voleur illustré*. Paris: au Bureau du Journal.

(17) *Harald*. Par C. Edmond. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(18) *Séduction*. Par H. Malot. Paris: Dentu.

(19) *Le roman d'un Spahi*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(20) *Le comte Kappanyai*. Récit hongrois. Par V. Maignan. Paris: Plon.



THE



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## MINISTERS AT GUILDHALL.

AT Guildhall on Wednesday evening every one was smiling and everything was serene. A happy Ministry met a happy Corporation. It was the fortieth birthday of the PRINCE OF WALES, and Mr. GLADSTONE was able to contribute the interesting reminiscence that he had been present forty years ago, when, not the birthday, but the birth, of the PRINCE was celebrated. The incoming Lord Mayor welcomes the Premier of the day with impartial hospitality; and men of every party might be pleasantly reminded of the continuity of English institutions by the presence of a statesman whose roll of public services extends over so long a tract of time. The LORD MAYOR could honestly say that, even in a constituency politically antagonistic to Mr. GLADSTONE, every one cordially recognized his unwearied industry and commanding ability, and trusted in the magnanimity and wisdom which he could best display by leaving the City alone. Mr. GLADSTONE responded in a fitting key that the City had lasted virtually as it is now for five hundred years, and might last for five hundred years more if only it would always elect such men as the last Lord Mayor had shown himself and as the new LORD MAYOR was sure to be. The constitution of the City is at once unique and popular, and it is popular because it is unique; and these reciprocal courtesies of Prime Ministers and Lord Mayors are never wholly unmeaning. They are at least the expressions of amiable relations between two very different representatives of popular power; and they carry on the traditional history of England even when, as on the present occasion, the great guest of the evening has nothing very much to say. Sometimes the Guildhall banquet is made the occasion of an important Ministerial announcement, in which the secrets of coming legislation are revealed or the line of a new foreign policy is foreshadowed. But Ministers cannot always have something surprising to communicate; and this time Mr. GLADSTONE had nothing novel or unexpected to reveal, except that he had at last discovered that Boycotting in Ireland means the total ruin of the livelihood of those whom it affects. Everything in the world grows, even the PREMIER'S recognition of the real facts of Irish life. Mr. GLADSTONE was prudent enough to exhibit much reserve in his anticipations of the future of Ireland; but for the present he was cheered by the thought that the blow he has struck at the Land League is heartily approved in England, and that the tenants are flocking into the Land Court. This is a legitimate source of satisfaction to the authors of the Act; but it still remains to be seen how the Act will be received when it is properly tested. The rent is in many parts of Ireland too low for the real market value; and a just Court will have to raise rents as well as lower them. When in this class of cases an equitable and fearless decision has been received with loyal acquiescence by the tenants whom it affects, Mr. GLADSTONE will be better able than he can be at present to survey his work and pronounce it good.

Lord GRANVILLE had a little more to say than Mr. GLADSTONE had. He could make a personal reference to Mr. GLADSTONE himself, and dispel the notion that there was to be a new combination by which Mr. GLADSTONE was to be eclipsed, and Lord GRANVILLE was to shine in his stead. When Lord PALMERSTON was Mr. GLADSTONE'S age

he was thought to be too old for public life, and yet had ten years of public life before him; and certainly, if Mr. GLADSTONE could learn to take things as easily as Lord PALMERSTON took them, and jog along, repressing his supporters by the aid of his opponents, there is no reason why he, too, should not be Premier when he is eighty. It is unnecessary to look too far ahead, and we may be content with noticing that Mr. GLADSTONE'S colleagues think him perfectly competent to give them guidance or Ministerial existence for the present. After a careful perusal of Lord GRANVILLE'S observations on Egypt, it must remain doubtful whether he intended really to say anything pregnant with meaning about Egypt or not. All that he said was excellent, but its excellence principally consisted in its being very safe and very negative. We are not going to dissolve our partnership with France; we are not going to remove Egypt from under the shadow of Turkey; we are not going to cease applauding the KHEDIVÉ when his Government adopts a new measure of reform. This is, no doubt, the right policy for the moment. To ward off a crisis, to avoid disturbing the public law of Europe, to be cautious, but not to be jealous or suspicious, is the best course an English Foreign Secretary can pursue towards Egypt while things are as they are now. But there are serious dangers menacing the Egyptian Government and the joint protectorate; and it would have been reassuring if Lord GRANVILLE had thought it consistent with his official duty not only to recognize these dangers, but to express a conviction that by the pursuance of a wise policy these dangers would disappear. Lord GRANVILLE was, however, in too cheerful a humour to depress himself or his audience by noticing anything unpleasant. And he was optimistic about the Treaty of Commerce as about everything else. He fully adopts the theory of treaties of commerce which was entertained by CORDEN twenty years ago, and has now become almost exclusively the current theory of the day. They are valued, not for their economical, but their political results. They signalize and foster friendly feelings; and this is their real use. Whether they promote Free-trade is a subordinate, and perhaps a debatable, point. The Emperor NAPOLEON, as is evident from CORDEN'S Life, made the Treaty of 1860, simply to mitigate the alarm as to his designs which had sprung up in England after the Italian war, and CORDEN thought there was something almost treacherous personally to him as a negotiator in Lord PALMERSTON'S consenting his fortification scheme in the face of such a pledge of amity. It cannot be denied that trade does promote friendliness, and that treaties of commerce are in this way of some real use. But it can scarcely have escaped the notice of Lord GRANVILLE'S hearers that the nation which he described as of all nations that with which we are on the most friendly terms, is one which has not resorted to this stimulus of friendship, and that we have no treaty of commerce with the United States.

Mr. GLADSTONE referred to a great enterprise of the coming Session—the attempt to expedite the business of the House of Commons. The House does not, he said, get through its business at present, partly because it has too much to do, and partly because it does not know how to do what it tries to do. The quantity of work thrown on the House of Commons can scarcely be lessened by any change of procedure; but a change of procedure might

conceivably make it more competent to despatch the business it takes up. Mr. GLADSTONE made an appeal to Parliament and the country that the reform of Parliamentary procedure should not be regarded as a party question. Honest men of both parties may be trusted to welcome any proposals which attack recognized evils, suggest certain and legitimate remedies, do not create evils worse than those they remedy, and preserve the independence of minorities and the influence of constituencies. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is much too fair and moderate, and will be too well supported by the bulk of his party, to offer any potty and factious opposition to proposals of this character; but he cannot escape from the duty of seeing that this is the character of the proposals actually made. On any point of Parliamentary procedure and of the traditions and of the customs of the House of Commons anything said by the SPEAKER must command the most serious attention, and he gave it as his opinion at the Guildhall dinner that some kind of reform is highly desirable. And the evil for which he desired a remedy was a very distinct and precise one. He came down from the region of vague generalities to the region of specific facts. The mischief of which he complained was that there is a considerable body of members who, under cover of rules framed for other men and for other times, have asserted for themselves the monopoly of the right of public speaking, and have contrived to stifle the voice of the House, and to paralyse its action. The mischief, then, is that the wrong men will speak at the wrong time and at the wrong length. It is a mischief that seems at first to be of a comparatively simple kind; and the general body of the House of Commons would be very happy to cure it if possible. But it is a mischief exceedingly difficult to cure. Obstruction in its familiar Irish form may be dealt with, but obstruction is only one form of irrelevant loquacity. The *clôture* would prevent speeches being made beyond a certain time, but it would not prevent the allotted time being usurped by the wrong men. Nor is it easy to see how any general rule could be laid down that would hit the wrong men and would not also hit the right men. The difficulties in the way of the reform of Parliamentary procedure are difficulties inherent in the subject-matter itself. Wisdom, tact, and inventiveness may overcome them; but to show that they exist is not to exhibit any kind of party spirit that deserves to be reprehended.

#### M. FERRY'S LAST DAY.

THE French Chamber of Deputies is as fond of delays in the matter of divisions as the English House of Commons is in the matter of debates. The discussion on Tunis was a model of brevity; but, as soon as the last speaker had sat down, one motion after another was put and negatived until it seemed as though there were no one element in the question about which a majority of the Deputies were of one mind. The Ministerial majority, for which M. GAMBETTA has been so long searching, might have been expected, in the first instance, to take the shape of an Opposition majority; and probably, if M. GAMBETTA himself had taken part in the debate, this end might have been brought about. But M. GAMBETTA had maintained an unaccustomed silence. The undisputed leader of the Chamber had not said one word which might indicate to his followers what it was that he wished them to do. Under these circumstances, they could only fall back upon doing nothing. They would not have the inquiry proposed by M. CLÉMENTEAU; and, indeed, when the universal desire is to see the last of the present Cabinet, who could wish to be occupied for weeks or months to come with the record of its misdoings? They would not condemn the Government without inquiry. They would not pass to the order of the day, because that would have been taken as a partial absolution of Ministers. They would not refer the proposed resolutions to a Committee which should pronounce upon which of them a decisive vote should be taken. They would not consent to let the debate end without any resolution at all. They were evidently tempted by a resolution declaring that, as things stood, the Chamber would not hamper the military operations in Tunis, but when it came to the point this seemed too favourable to the Ministry, and was rejected like its fellows.

Whether M. GAMBETTA's intervention at this point was dictated by despair or calculation, it exactly answered its purpose. Things had come to a point at which it was plainly impossible that they could remain without serious injury to the character of the new Chamber. M. GAMBETTA may without injustice be supposed to have had two things in view—to create a majority out of chaos, and to give unmistakable proof that nobody but himself was equal to the task. The rejection of twenty-six motions in a single sitting had demonstrated the existence of chaos, and it was a fair inference that if either Ministers or the opponents had been able to evoke order out of it they would not have allowed their power to lie unused. M. FERRY would have got a vote of confidence if he could. M. CLÉMENTEAU would have carried the appointment of his Committee if he could. But, as neither party could do what they wished to do, the ground was clear for M. GAMBETTA. If it could be shown that he had but to rise and indicate how he wished the Chamber to vote to ensure its voting as he wished, he would have proved himself the indispensable leader of a Chamber which no one else could lead. It was not necessary for M. GAMBETTA to subject his influence to any excessive strain. He did not wish either to condemn the Cabinet or to acquit it. The former course might have been too open a challenge to M. FERRY to prove M. GAMBETTA's complicity with the Tunis expedition; the latter might have been held to pledge him to admit that late justified innocent, M. FERRY, into the new Cabinet. All that M. GAMBETTA had to do, therefore, was to compose a platitude, and in this he succeeded so completely that it is strange that sixty-eight deputies should have been found to vote against it. But even when these had been deducted the majority in favour of the motion exceeded three hundred. By 355 votes to 68 the Chamber declared that it is determined to carry out the treaty signed by the French nation on the 12th of May, 1881.

The reasons which M. GAMBETTA gave for proposing this resolution were good so far as they went. By taking no part in the debate he had greatly contributed to bringing about the "painful spectacle" which he lamented. Any one of the twenty-six motions vainly submitted to the Chamber might probably have been carried if he had thought fit to rise and support it. He was directly responsible for the "avowal of impotence" which he deprecated, because, though he might have prevented the avowal, he did not choose to do so. The reason why he did not prevent it is less clear. M. GAMBETTA contented himself with declaring that he had not thought it his duty to take part in the debate; and he apparently thinks that the statement of a fact and the giving of a reason are, in his mouth, the same. At least he refers later in the speech to the reasons he has just given; but, when they are examined, they turn out to be nothing more than assertions that he had not originally intended to take part in the debate, and that the speeches he had listened to had supplied him with no ground for changing his purpose. The deputies were too grateful to him for interfering when he did to find any fault with him for not interfering earlier. They knew at last what would please M. GAMBETTA, and in the unwonted sense of security to which this consciousness gave birth, they could for once vote and be thankful. Thus by a colourless resolution the FERRY Cabinet fell, if a Cabinet can rightly be said to fall which has first thrown itself down. The French public are so well pleased, however, to get rid of it, that they will not be critical about the method by which they have got their way. A sense of relief seems to have come over everybody now that the stage is at length cleared for M. GAMBETTA. Ever since the definitive triumph of the Republic he has been a Minister behind the scenes, and, patient as Frenchmen have shown themselves of this strange state of things, they cannot but feel glad that it is over. The simple announcement that M. GAMBETTA has been sent for is for the moment enough to convert the greater part of them into political optimists.

There is a limit, however, to the possibilities of speculation, and it is one that in M. GAMBETTA's case has long been reached. For months past every combination that either his Cabinet or his policy can conceivably show has been discussed over and over again, and it is not worth while to take up the theme once more in the short interval which now divides us from something like certainty. M. GAMBETTA's choice of Ministers will be eagerly gone



ever in order to form some estimate of the lines on which his administration will be built. According as he picks out moderate or extreme colleagues, moderate or extreme measures will be expected of him. It is by no means certain, however, either that this particular indication will be given, or that it will be worth much if it is given. The old divisions in the Left seem for the time to have appeared; and if M. GAMBETTA cares to form a broad-based Administration, he will, to all appearance, be very well able to do so. In that case the antecedents of different Ministers will point in different directions, and all that will be clear will be that, if Ministers are to be consistent with their past selves, they must vote on different sides upon every important Government measure. There is another possibility in reserve, and that is that M. GAMBETTA may frame his Cabinet on one principle and his measures on another; that the promotion of moderate men may be meant to disguise the adoption of an extreme policy, or the adoption of a moderate policy be meant to sweeten the promotion of extreme men. The truth is that in these respects M. GAMBETTA is altogether a dark horse. The world knows what he can do under extraordinary circumstances, and how much he can say under ordinary circumstances, but it knows nothing more. If he were succeeding to a dictatorship, it might form a guess of the use to which he intended to put it, but when the place into which he steps is that of a nominally constitutional Minister, it has no data upon which to found a prediction. Like the French public, it can only rejoice that the experiment which has so long been delayed is now to be tried; that power and responsibility are once more to be vested in the same hands; and that M. GAMBETTA's great influence over his countrymen is for the future to be wielded in the character of a Minister and not of a wire-puller. From the day that M. GAMBETTA takes office the affairs of the Republic will wear a new complexion. It may be either smiling or threatening, but it will at least be genuine.

#### LORD HARTINGTON ON THE ENGLISH LAND QUESTION.

MR. FAWCETT and Lord HARTINGTON are the only members of the Government who have recently delivered useful or instructive speeches. Mr. GLADSTONE's exuberant rhetoric, while it excites the passions of his partisans, seldom fails to increase the uneasiness with which his impulsive policy is regarded. Sir W. HARCOURT, though he is both amusing and eloquent, generally devotes himself to party controversies and to the opportunities which they furnish for personal recrimination and for sparkling repartee. Mr. FAWCETT preferred to explain to his constituents the administrative measures which he has introduced, and to warn them against some popular fallacies which are now commonly propounded. As a political economist who believes in the doctrines which he teaches, Mr. FAWCETT objects to the substitution of legislative rules for dealing with property for the discretion and personal interest of the owners. The managers of the Farmers' Alliance will not be encouraged by Mr. FAWCETT's reference to their selfish and piratical projects; but the language of a Minister who has not a seat in the Cabinet affords no direct indication of the purposes of the Government. Greater significance is necessarily attached to the most careless utterance of Mr. GLADSTONE, who has encouraged the projectors of schemes for robbing landowners by the promise that large changes shall be introduced into the present laws of land. He perhaps only refers to the abolition or modification of the power of settlement; but his words may also imply an intention of transferring to the occupier in Great Britain, as in Ireland, a part of the property of the owner. Mr. GLADSTONE's declaration that he would never propose an Irish Land Bill for England might restore confidence if it proceeded from any other statesman; but the Farmers' Alliance has interpreted Mr. GLADSTONE's words to mean that the English Bill is to effect the same objects with the Irish Land Act by the use of a different phraseology. It was not certain whether these calculations might not be justified by the result; but it is now clear that the Cabinet has not agreed to any project of agrarian spoliation.

Lord HARTINGTON's speech at the agricultural dinner

at Yeovil as the first official answer which has been given to Mr. HOWARD's predatory proposals. It was probably of deliberate purpose that a vindication of freedom of contract was addressed to a mixed audience rather than to a body of political supporters. The Conservative members for the county judiciously released Lord HARTINGTON from the restrictions which are formally imposed on speakers at agricultural meetings. With less felicity Mr. PAGET expressed a hope that Lord HARTINGTON might hereafter join a coalition of moderate members of both parties. It has from ancient times not been thought expedient for the fowler to spread the net in sight of any bird. Some of the Whig aristocracy have, with abundant cause, already seceded from the party which has appropriated their ancestral name; but large proprietors who are still nominally Liberals resent the premature expression of their own secret apprehensions. In answer to Mr. PAGET Lord HARTINGTON quietly repudiated the implied suspicion that he is separated from any section of his colleagues by differences of political opinion. The real state of the case may be approximately ascertained by a comparison of the recent declaration of two members of the Cabinet. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that the land laws of England are nearly as faulty as those which formerly existed in Ireland. It follows that he would forcibly alter the relations among the different classes who are connected with land. Lord HARTINGTON thinks legislative interference between landlord and tenant neither necessary nor justifiable. It is difficult to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE, who lately designated Lord HARTINGTON as one of his successors, will run the risk of losing his official support by proposing any wild agrarian project. Lord HARTINGTON adheres to the opinion which he formerly expressed, that the tenure of land should be so far altered as to diminish the chance of its belonging for considerable periods to limited owners who may have neither the desire nor the inclination to expend capital on improvements. The economical inconvenience, though it has been greatly exaggerated, exists to some extent; and it is not certain that the additional facility of encumbering land which would result from a general practice of ownership in fee simple would equally discourage expenditure of capital on the land. There can be no doubt that legislation on the subject is within the competence of Parliament.

Passing from a question on which there is no immediate controversy, Lord HARTINGTON declared in the plainest language that "he should hesitate a long time before he should recommend Parliament to lay down, in any compulsory enactment, the manner in which landlords and tenants hereafter shall act." Although he objected in some respects to the provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Act, Lord HARTINGTON, with a candour which might advantageously be imitated by his colleagues, expressed his firm belief that it was honestly intended, and that it had produced good effects. If his words are to be literally construed, he would object to making the Act compulsory where landlords and tenants have agreed that it shall not apply; but it is possible that his language may on this point have been open to misunderstanding. It will not be easy for the agrarian agitators to answer Lord HARTINGTON's challenge that they should test the efficiency of the arrangements which they wish to make compulsory. Land, he says, is lying idle in many parts of the kingdom; and the owners are anxious to obtain tenants on almost any terms which may be proposed. Why should not the enterprising capitalists who are supposed to be anxious to invest their money in cultivation take the vacant farms on conditions which they might almost prescribe at their pleasure? The argument is in itself forcible or conclusive; but its principal weight is derived from the authority on which it rests. As long as one of the principal members of the Government publicly uses the language of common sense and common honesty, it may be inferred that no Irish Land Act will be imported into England. Lord HARTINGTON expressly admitted that there was no reason why landowners, like any other class of the community, should not be entitled to relief if they were unjustly taxed. Mr. GLADSTONE lately declared that, if landlords at any time profited by a readjustment of local and general taxation, they would to that extent be quarantined on the Exchequer. It is to be regretted that one of the most powerful of Ministers should live in an atmosphere of angry paradoxes.

The same number of the *Times* in which Lord HARTINGTON's speech was reported contained a letter with the signature

of "Land Agent," which illustrates the practical meaning of compulsory compensation for unexhausted improvements. The writer, who states that he has had large experience in the South of England, and in districts where the local custom coincides with the proposed law, asserts that the land is left in worse condition where the practice prevails than in other parts of England. "One of the most mischievous results of the system has been the creation of a class of tenant-right valuers (most of them tenants themselves), who value everything in favour of an outgoing tenant, and refuse to make any allowance to the landlord or incoming tenant in respect of defects of cultivation or neglect of repairs." These are the assessors who are, according to the Farmers' Alliance Bill, to be appointed by the Boards of Guardians. "Their sole endeavour will be to run up a bill for what they will be pleased to call unexhausted improvements, to the extreme injury of the incomer (by crippling his capital), and, as a consequence, to agriculture generally." In almost all parts of England permanent improvements are made by the landlord; and, if the tenant in any case undertakes the burden, he can protect himself by agreement, and his outlay will be considered in his rent. The land agent has found, like others who have had similar opportunities of experience, that tenants are for the most part unwilling to take leases by which both parties would be legally bound. It is true that even a lease affords the landlord insufficient protection, because he has seldom a practical remedy if the occupier proposes to dissolve the contract; but the tenant incurs no corresponding risk, and he has for the duration of the term full enjoyment of the results of any beneficial outlay which may have been made. In many parts of England there are no unexhausted improvements, except perhaps the manure which may have been put upon the land in the last year of the holding; yet in every instance the landlord would have to pay for unexhausted improvements, after perhaps incurring the expense of litigation before a packed tribunal. The Farmers' Alliance has almost abandoned the shallow pretence of endeavouring to make the land more productive. Its present object is merely to enrich its members, and other present occupiers of large farms, at the expense of the landlords, according to the anomalous Irish precedent. They will not find it convenient to notice the statements and arguments of the "Land Agent"; but their sanguine anticipations of successful robbery will be checked by Lord HARTINGTON'S plain and manly language.

#### THE FRENCH DEBATE ON TUNIS.

THE debate in the French Chamber was prolonged through four sittings, and was tolerably exhaustive within the very narrow range which circumstances had assigned to it. It was an inquiry into the past history of a Ministry which had already proclaimed itself to be dead, and no process of Ministerial duplicity or incapacity could kill the slain. It is only when the existence of a Ministry is at stake that there can be any real life in an inquiry into what it has done. The future, again, of the Tunis expedition is of far greater importance to France than the past; but it was impossible to discuss the future in the presence of Ministers who declared that, whatever the future might be, it was a future with which they had nothing to do. The inquiry into the past, however maimed and imperfect it might be, was not without value. It threw some light on the origin and nature of the expedition, on the relations which ought to subsist between a French Ministry and the Chamber, and on the administration and constitution of the French army. As it was the conduct of the FERRY Cabinet which was chiefly under review, it was on this head that the greater part of the oratory of the opponents of the Cabinet was expended. The charges against the Ministry, in addition to those relating to the origin of the expedition and the administration of the army, were that it had deceived the Chamber by representing as a little affair what was really a very big affair; that it had undertaken a war without authorization; and that it had waged war without securing any result of the slightest benefit to France. The charge of going to war without authorization was that which was pressed with the greatest earnestness by the Extreme Left, as they think that no guarantee of the supremacy of Parliament is so precious as that which makes it impossible that the cost and hazards of war shall be undertaken without the

sanction of the representatives of the nation. The discussion served to show that this guarantee is almost entirely worthless. A Parliament can always commit a nation to a war if it wishes to do it; it can make wars which technically are not wars; and it can challenge an antagonist by acts of war which do not lead to war merely because the challenge is not accepted. The Tunis expedition exposes France to all the dangers of war. At a great cost and with great loss of life, a large French army is campaigning on foreign territory; but technically it is not war when the Power places forces, however large, at the disposal of another Power which is occupied in suppressing an insurrection against its authority. For a reply to the charges of having deceived the Chamber, and of having attained no success, M. FERRY drew liberally on that audacity of invention which comes so easily to a Minister who can say anything because his responsibility as a Minister is at end. The Ministry, he asserted, had not spent more than Parliament had sanctioned, because Parliament had given it *carte blanche* to spend anything it pleased. The Chamber, and perhaps the country, may have thought that everything was ended with the Treaty of May; but the Ministry was not so simple. It knew all along that there must be a great autumn campaign, and if it did not say so, that was because wise men who are implicitly trusted must be allowed to keep their wisdom to themselves. As to having done nothing hitherto, M. FERRY indignantly repelled so wanton an accusation. The Ministry, far from doing nothing, has achieved an enormous political triumph, and has won a superb military success. It has struck a mortal blow to that Mahomedan fanaticism which ever since the Russian war has been imperilling the civilized world. It has got different bodies of French soldiers to concentrate on Kairwan, and the march of these soldiers is a triumph of French arms which has seldom been rivalled, and never been surpassed, by the greatest of French victories. Austerlitz and Jena pale before these sublime marchings. No less than seven thousand camels had to accompany the troops, and the camels alone will obliterate the memory of Gravelotte and Sedan. M. FERRY could not resist the pleasure of having one last long hearty laugh at the expense of the Chamber which was demolishing him and his Ministry.

M. FERRY tried hard, and not unsuccessfully, to show that the policy of creating a French Protectorate in Tunis was not specially his policy, but had been the policy of every French Ministry since the days of GUIZOT. It is not, however, necessary to go into historical disquisitions; for it is incontestable that the Chamber, by ratifying the Treaty of May, made it once for all the policy of France. If the French nation is not to be held to have accepted a protectorate with all its advantages and all its liabilities, the sanction of Parliament has no meaning in France. It was by concentrating the attention of the Chamber on this national act that M. GAMBETTA got the Chamber out of the difficulties into which it was plunging through its uncertainty as to how it would deal with a Ministry which could not be dealt with. To forget what the Ministry has done, and to think only of what the nation has done, was a suggestion which was welcome, not only because it came from M. GAMBETTA, but because it drew a distinction between the Ministry and the nation which was agreeable to those who were anxious that the Ministry should not escape some kind of censure. But, apart from the general question of the policy of a protectorate, stood the more special question of the steps by which, on this final occasion, the policy had been started into life. Here M. CLÉMENTEAU attacked the Ministry with great force and point. The expedition against the Kroumirs had been converted into an expedition to extort a treaty from the Bey, because, as M. ST.-HILAIRE explained, the relations between France and the Bey had recently been very unsatisfactory. M. CLÉMENTEAU did not go into any of the scandals and rumours as to the secret history of the expedition which have been the creation or amusement of the gossips of Paris. He never went out of the Yellow Book; and in the Yellow Book itself he found the clearest evidence that a protectorate was imposed by force on the Bey, because M. ROUSTAN had already made demands on the Bey which he had not a shadow of justification for demanding, except on the supposition that a protectorate already existed. He had insisted that a French Company should have the monopoly of every railway in Tunis, that a French Company should hold land in Tunis of the size of a French department

under the exclusive protection of the French Consul, and that a *Crédit Foncier* should be established, which the BEY declared would bring the French and the Mahomedan law into conflict in every part of his dominions. According to the traditions and customs of minor French diplomatists, M. ROUSTAN was quite right in all he did. They live their lives in countries like Tunis with the one persistent idea that it is the business of a French Consul to get everything by manoeuvring and bullying which can be got for Frenchmen, and to prevent anything of the same sort being got by the Consuls of other Powers for their countrymen, and the French Consuls have a well-grounded conviction that their Foreign Office will always back them up as far as they dare. It is as well that what M. ST.-HILAIRE meant by the bad previous relations between the BEY and France should be once for all clearly understood. What M. ST.-HILAIRE meant was that the BEY had not acted as if he was under a protectorate when he was not under one. His mind had to be opened and his views enlarged by the decisive arguments of the sword and the pistol.

It was principally reserved for General FARRE to answer the attacks that had been made on the administration of the army. He apologized for the blunt soldierly way in which he made his statement, and for his utter deficiency in all the graces of oratory. But this statement did not need the graces of oratory. Rhetoric is superfluous when the answer to every charge is a blank denial. To everything his adversaries alleged General FARRE replied that it was not true. It had been said that there had been much sickness; there was very little sickness. It had been said that there had been many deaths; on the contrary, the death-rate was remarkably low. Far from there being insufficient hospital accommodation, there had been provided hundreds of beds more than were wanted. There was said to be a short supply of doctors; there were doctors in abundance; and if there ever was a danger of the supply falling short, it was when the doctors themselves tried to get home, a manoeuvre which General FARRE summarily stopped. No medicine and no tea was another charge. General FARRE had sent out tons of medicine, and had personally got up the names of the different medicines sent. Although tea was not a national beverage, General FARRE had himself thought it might be useful in Tunis, and had sent out stores of tea before any one had thought of asking for it. General FARRE had not only an answer, but a complete answer, to everything; and it was conclusively shown that the reports of all the generals in command amply confirmed what the Minister had stated. Everything was reduced at last to a conflict between the statements of high officials on the one hand and the statements of newspaper Correspondents on the other. Outsiders have no possible means of forming a judgment; but long experience of similar conflicts may suggest to Englishmen that a very large deduction must be made from the statements of newspaper Correspondents, and a small, but not wholly insignificant, deduction must be made from official declarations. As to the charge that the mode in which the contingents furnished for the expedition had been drawn from the army had been such as to break up the military organization of France and leave mere skeletons of battalions, General FARRE replied, with considerable success, that those who made this charge did not understand what the present military organization of France really is. If a great war had broken out, the skeleton regiments would have been instantly filled up, not with recruits, but with reservists. In time of war it is not the men serving their time, but the reservists, that make the French army strong. This is a time of peace, and if it is found that the regiments are now very weak, this is what always happens and must happen at a particular time of the autumn. For the short period that elapses between the autumn reviews and the coming in of the recruits of the year, every French regiment falls to one half of its strength. The explanation is that the Government spends as much money as it can afford on the autumn reviews, and makes up by spending as little as it can for a few weeks when the autumn reviews are at an end. This accounts for the thinness of regiments at the present moment; but, as General FARRE candidly stated, it has very little to do with Tunis; and the radical defect of the present system is that it has no army fit for exceptional service such as that which is now required.

#### IRISH LAW APPOINTMENTS

LORD O'HAGAN'S retirement has caused some surprise, though he may perhaps be well advised in deviating from the more common usage by leaving the Bench while he is still in the full vigour of his faculties. His services will still be available in the judicial business of the House of Lords; and he may probably support in debate the party to which he has long been attached. His abilities and his character have always commanded respect; and he has been exempt from the foibles which are more or less justly attributed to his countrymen. Ireland has, during the present generation, achieved an instalment of Home Rule by excluding English candidates for high judicial offices. Thirty or forty years have passed since an alien Irish Chancellor consoled himself for the want of more eligible promotion at home. Before that time it was almost necessary to employ Irishmen in the second office in the kingdom, inasmuch as the Chancellor had the management of the Irish House of Lords. When the local Parliament ceased to exist, it was perhaps thought expedient to promote the fusion of the two kingdoms by giving the Great Seal of Ireland to English lawyers. The first Lord KILDESDALE, who had held the office of Speaker, acquired a high judicial reputation as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Lord MANNERS owed his succession to the same dignity to his connexions as a cadet of the family of RUTLAND, son of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and brother of the SPEAKER. Lord PLUNKETT, as an eminent Irish lawyer, and as one of the greatest orators who ever sat in the House of Commons, had a higher claim to the first judicial office. He had been disappointed of the more desirable place of English Master of the Rolls by the unworthy deference of the Minister to the alleged jealousy of the English Bar. Lord PLUNKETT's term of office ended in a mortifying humiliation inflicted upon him by Lord MELBOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who required his place for their Attorney-General. Sir JOHN CAMPBELL, foreseeing the imminent fall of the Whig Government, was determined not to return for an indefinite time to private practice at the Bar. He therefore insisted on the creation of a vacancy which would entitle him to a peerage; and Lord PLUNKETT had to make way for the unwelcome intruder, who had scarcely time to take his seat in court before he retired with the outgoing Ministry. The last English Chancellor of Ireland, and perhaps the greatest lawyer who ever occupied the post, was Sir EDWARD SUGDEN, afterwards Lord ST. LEONARDS. Since his time the office has always been held by Irishmen, for the most part capable and eminent. The list which ends with Lord O'HAGAN includes the names of Sir JOSEPH NAPIER, of Mr. BREWSTER, and Dr. BALL. No Irish Law Lord has been created between Lord PLUNKETT and Lord O'HAGAN.

Mr. LAW, who now succeeds to the Great Seal, has a high reputation as an Equity lawyer, and he has recently done service to his party by his considerable share in the conduct of the Land Bill through the House of Commons. No merit is more fully appreciated by the Minister who at present regards as the worst of crimes any interference with the operation of his favourite and questionable measure. It is not known whether Mr. LAW anticipated the conversion which Mr. GLADSTONE is supposed to have undergone nine or ten months ago. Either through dislike of novel legislation, or, more probably, in consequence of inability to understand the provisions of the Bill, nearly all Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues confined themselves to the support which they could give their chief by steady voting. Mr. FORSTER had had enough to do in passing the Coercion Bill, and the HOME SECRETARY, who is supposed to have the chief conduct of Irish business, had contributed his share by carrying the Peace Preservation Act. The English Law Officers naturally left the management of details to their Irish colleagues. Mr. LAW and Mr. JOHNSON were perhaps not equally matched against their principal opponents, who happened to have been their predecessors in office. Mr. GIBSON and Mr. PLUNKETT displayed great Parliamentary ability in their conduct of the Opposition; and they did no disservice to a cause which was substantially just by their uniform moderation and candour. The discussion was necessarily in a great measure professional, and scarcely any layman, except Mr. GLADSTONE, who was intended by nature to be an advocate, took a prominent share in the controversy. Mr. LAW has on the whole fairly

earned his high promotion, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has an indisputable claim to the office which is vacated. Mr. PORTER, now Solicitor-General, is said to be a good lawyer; and it is hoped that he will acquire a still more valuable qualification by succeeding Mr. LAW in his Parliamentary seat. Irish and Scotch Law Officers almost always take the earliest opportunity of retiring with judicial appointments. The largest practice which they can obtain is trifling in comparison with that of successful English lawyers; and, if they have seats in the House of Commons, they necessarily sacrifice a large part of their professional income. Economical purists maintain that in both countries the judicial staff is unnecessarily large; but no Minister who regards his own popularity will interfere with the modest provision on which local lawyers not unnaturally count.

There is at present great excitement among Irish solicitors and in the junior ranks of the Bar. Two lawyers have been appointed to new offices as Land Commissioners, and each of the Sub-Commissions has a barrister as President. Any chance of justice to Irish landowners must depend on the professional element in the Commissions. Uniform experience shows that technical familiarity with any subject-matter of litigation aggravates the general unfitness of laymen for judicial posts. An expert is of necessity biased on one side or the other; and in the administration of the Land Act the farmers and land-agents will probably in almost all cases incline unduly to the cause of the tenant. The Professor who has caused so general a shock by his first judgment as a Sub-Commissioner might possibly have given the same decision, though he would not have alleged the same reasons, if he had been a qualified judge. Lord MONCK, whose authority and knowledge of agrarian matters would ordinarily entitle his judgment to respect, expresses the opinion that in the CRAWFORD case the rent was properly reduced; but, whatever may be the merits of the particular question, the Sub-Commissioners' reasons are iniquitous and indefensible. The gaiety and popular manners which newspaper admirers applaud would be well exchanged for serious consideration of the nature of property. The adjustment of rent to the good or bad cultivation of a farm by the tenant is either a gross misapprehension of the law or a conclusive proof that the Land Act is as faulty in detail as it is vicious in principle. It is true that the Chief Commissioner, who is a lawyer of experience and reputation, enunciated in his opening address almost equally objectionable doctrines; but, until a judicial decision has made the rights of the owner proportional to the wants of the tenant, a general proposition, however fallacious, may not have done practical harm.

The number of places to be distributed among Irish lawyers is necessarily finite; but the prospective amount of petty litigation seems to have no visible limit. The Commissioners, immediately after their appointment, began to canvass for employment by circulating a statement of the advantages which, as they truly said, were offered by the Act to tenant-farmers. It was perhaps no part of their business to inquire whether just legislation would not also have secured the rights of owners. The invitation to litigants was renewed in a still more attractive form by Justice O'HAGAN's strange announcement that rent would be fixed on such terms as to enable the tenant to live and thrive. If the Judge's language is literally interpreted, it seems to follow that the smallest holders are hereafter to sit rent-free. A tenant of fifty acres may live and thrive at a rent on which ten cottagers, each holding five acres, can barely subsist. It is probable that an ill-judged phrase will be qualified in the practical administration of the Land Act; but there is no doubt that the supposed promise of the Commissioners has tended to cause or to increase the intolerable pressure of litigation. Some of the advisers of the peasantry have furnished them with an additional and characteristic motive for bringing the greatest possible number of claims into Court. The tenants are told that, until a fair rent is judicially fixed, they are entitled to withhold rent altogether. If they act on the suggestion, the notorious decree of the Land League will be as generally obeyed as if it had been in the first instance universally accepted. The fees of the lawyers employed will probably not be large; but the insufficiency of their gains in each separate case will be balanced by the enormous amount of business. One result of the Land Act is

to render all the landed property in Ireland contingent on the result of a lawsuit. It is not improbable that attempts will be made to extend to Great Britain the blessing of ubiquitous and perpetual litigation.

#### ST. PAUL'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

THE charges which have lately been brought against the St. Paul's Industrial School are sufficiently remarkable in themselves. If only a part of them can be made good, they disclose a series of systematic cruelties which would be thought exaggerated in a sensational romance. In the indictment prepared by Mrs. SURE it is alleged that boys have been locked up for days and nights in a room where the cold is so intense that coals freeze; that weak children have been made to carry their beds on their heads for long periods, and even in winter to wash their sheets in cold water, standing in the open yard without shoes or jackets; that the hunger of the boys has been so keen that they have stolen the dog's food, and hid behind doors to seize the officers' leavings as the plates are brought from the table; that the clothing of the children has been ragged, dirty, and insufficient, and the punishments cruel and excessive. If the evidence of the boys who were examined before the Special Committee of the London School Board is anywhere near the truth, these charges do but convey very generally and imperfectly what has actually been going on in the school. One witness speaks of boys who were made to pass the night with their feet in irons, these irons being too small and so scratching the skin off their ankles; of one boy who died because his feet were allowed to rot off; of another who died of starvation because he was too ill to eat the school meals, and no others were provided for him. A second witness stated that one boy took poison "because he had been so set upon" by the officials; and a third told an agreeable story of a boy who had been caned the day before he died because he was too ill to make enough sacks. The financial management of the school, according to the case alleged against it, was quite on a level with its general administration. Cases of absconding, it is said, have been frequent, but they have not been reported, and the Government and the School Board have been charged for the maintenance of the absentees. Although a sum of 3*l.* is allowed by the School Board for the outfit of each discharged boy, clothing of less value has been bought at a slop-shop and the balance appropriated. The loaves served out for the children have been changed for cakes which are eaten by other people, and large joints of meat have been bought for the use of the governor and his family and the officers and set down to the boys' account. This is merely a selection from the accusations which Mrs. SURE believes herself able to make good against the school.

We have called these charges sufficiently remarkable in themselves, but it is no exaggeration to say that they are less remarkable than the manner in which the London School Board has been pleased to deal with them. After all, cases of gross cruelty do occur from time to time, and, horrible as the state of things which existed in the St. Paul's Industrial School was, if there is any foundation whatever for the charges made against it, it can be only too easily paralleled in the records of criminal trials. But the attitude which the London School Board has taken up towards the charges in question is happily without a parallel. Attention was first drawn to the St. Paul's Industrial School by a prosecution at the Thames Police Court of some of the boys for attempting to set the school on fire. The remarks of the magistrate virtually came to this, that, considering the way in which the boys had been treated, he did not much wonder at what they had done. At the first meeting of the London School Board after the recess Mr. SCRUTTON, who is one of the managers of the school, and the Chairman of the Board's Industrial Schools' Committee, was asked what action the Committee were going to take in the case. Mr. SCRUTTON promptly replied that they were going to take no action beyond prosecuting the boys. Later in the same day it was proposed to appoint a Committee to inquire into the management of the school, to which Mrs. SURE moved, as an amendment, that the HOME SECRETARY should be asked to withdraw the certificate from the school, which was equivalent to substituting the Home Office for a Committee of the School



Board as the authority by whom the inquiry should be made. Mr. SCRUTTON had, with much prudence, gone away after saying that he meant to do nothing in the matter; and, in his absence, his friends made repeated efforts to keep the matter out of the HOME SECRETARY'S hands. In the end, however, Mrs. SURE's amendment was carried by a majority of one, the VICE-CHAIRMAN and Mr. LYNLPH STANLEY protesting to the last, and predicting that the resolution would certainly be rescinded the following week. Accordingly, on the 13th of October, Mr. STANLEY moved that the resolution of the previous week should be rescinded, on the ground that the most dignified course the Board could adopt would be to withdraw from the proceedings altogether. The theory that the dignity of a public body can be promoted by taking no steps towards the investigation of charges of gross cruelty and fraud against a school under its own supervision, and of which one of its own Chairmen of Committees is a manager, is an unusual one. It seems, indeed, to have been a little too strong, even for the majority of the Board; for, though Mr. STANLEY'S motion was carried, it was with a rider, directing the appointment of a Special Committee to report upon the charges brought against the management of the school. Fortunately, however, the action of the Board had no influence on the SECRETARY of STATE'S action. The inquiry prayed for had already been ordered, and on October 20 the School Board were informed that, after careful inquiry by an Inspector, the SECRETARY of STATE was of opinion that cause had been shown for grave complaint and dissatisfaction; that the school required thorough reorganization under a new superintendent; and that a Committee of Managers must be appointed who would undertake to visit the school regularly. It might have been thought that after the receipt of this letter, Mr. SCRUTTON, who, as one of the Managers of the St. Paul's Industrial School, is presumably responsible for everything that has gone on in it, would have saved the Board the trouble of asking him to resign the post of Chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee. A manager of a school which has been declared by the HOME SECRETARY to give cause for grave complaint and dissatisfaction is certainly not a fit person for that particular office, unless and until he can prove that the SECRETARY of STATE has been misinformed, or that he himself had been guiltless. But Mr. SCRUTTON knew his Board too well to offer to resign. He had simply to keep quiet in the confidence that his friends would rally round him. Notice had been given of a motion calling upon Mr. SCRUTTON to resign, but one member after another got up to protest against its being brought forward. The notion that a manager of an Industrial School can be expected to know anything about its management is one which is repugnant to a singular emotion which certain members of the Board are pleased to call their sense of justice. At this same meeting the Special Committee was nominated, and on the 29th of October it got to work and examined one boy. Down to this time no steps had been taken to carry out the SECRETARY of STATE'S order. On the 3rd of November, the superintendent was still in charge of the school, and Mr. SCRUTTON coolly informed his admiring colloquists that "people who know anything about industrial schools" would know that it was not possible to pick up a "governor in the streets, and that they could not possibly leave the boys without a governor while they were finding one." This, be it remembered, was said of a superintendent who, if the charges brought against the school are true, has been guilty for years together of the grossest imaginable cruelty.

The conduct of the inquiry was as unsatisfactory as might have been expected from the previous action of the Board. On Monday last the Committee met for the second time, and Mr. SCRUTTON did his best, but apparently without success, to break down the evidence of the boy who had been previously examined. At this point, however, he seems to have become convinced that it was wisest for the managers of the school to play the part of injured innocents no longer; and when the Committee met on the following day he produced a statement to the effect that, though the evidence was conflicting, he admitted that many grave irregularities had occurred without the knowledge of the managers. With this noble confession the Committee were so delighted that they determined to report to the Board "that, in view of the practical proposal made by Mr.

SCRUTTON for the reorganization of the school, they do not think it necessary in the interests of discipline to pursue the inquiry any farther." With this conclusion as regards the School Board we entirely agree. Their conduct in this matter from first to last makes them a wholly unfit body to conduct such an investigation. The next step should be taken by the Public Prosecutor and by the Education Department, and we trust that before we return to the subject one or both of these authorities will have begun to move.

#### MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON CANADA.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS has published in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* an answer to Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S article in the same periodical for September, under the title of "The Canadian Tariff." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH himself describes Sir FRANCIS HINCKS as the most experienced of Canadian financiers, and it may be added that, as a former Prime Minister of the Dominion, and as a holder of other important political posts, he speaks with authority on colonial affairs. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS is a Canadian subject of the Crown, while it is uncertain whether his opponent regards himself as an Englishman of the mother-country or as a colonist. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH habitually uses the first person plural in speaking of the Canadians, and, according to Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, he not long since "took the stump" in Canada in support of the Protectionist party. On the other hand, he is not unaccustomed to join in English political movements; and perhaps, if he succeeded in promoting the annexation of Canada to the United States, he would choose to remain an Englishman rather than to become an American. His defence of the protective policy of Canada, though it embodies the apologetic commonplaces which are used for another purpose by English "fair-traders," forms but an insignificant portion of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S argument. The main object of the article is to prove that the natural connexion of Canada is with the United States, and to denounce and ridicule "Imperialism," by which is meant the retention by England of the outlying parts of the Empire. When the excitement of personal attack is combined with the indulgence of bitter political feeling, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH condescends to exchange the term "Imperialist" for the vulgar and unmeaning nickname of "Jingo." It seems that Lord DUFFERIN was a "Jingo" because in his eloquent and graceful speeches he recognized and encouraged the loyal enthusiasm of the Canadian people for the Crown, instead of suggesting a transfer of their allegiance to the neighbouring Republic. For the purpose of clenching the charge of "Jingoism" Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH actually quotes at length the puffing advertisement of a local dancing-master, who undertook to teach Canadian young ladies the proper deportment to be observed at Lady DUFFERIN'S receptions. It is indeed difficult to escape from the political tendency or disposition which provokes Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S furious indignation. "There is," he says, "little use in appealing to a Colonial Secretary. That office acts like a mitre. Make a Low Churchman a Bishop, and he is a High Churchman in a year. Make a Liberal Colonial Secretary, and he at once becomes a Jingo, if not of the drab, at least of the scarlet, species." Less vehement politicians will perhaps be more indulgent to English Ministers who have not discovered that it is their duty to use their official powers for the dismemberment of the Empire. Lord CAERNARVON and Lord KIMBERLEY were not even careful to prohibit the Governor-General's wife from giving Canadian ladies opportunities of exhibiting their beauty and their taste. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S stern protest against low dresses is a characteristic instance of the moral severity which is naturally associated with political virtue.

The main facts of the argument which Sir FRANCIS HINCKS undertakes to answer are more serious than the denunciation of Viceregal improprieties of costume. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH contends that the tariff which was passed with his aid for the avowed purpose of Protection by a Protectionist Ministry was really introduced for the purpose of raising revenue. A much smaller income would, as he further argues, have sufficed, if an Imperialist policy had not caused a wasteful expenditure on the construction of railways for military and political objects. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS replies that

the construction of the intercolonial railways was proposed and effected by the colonists and not by the English Government. Although it is difficult to ascertain the exact meaning of a term invented to express political opinion or passion, only the Imperial Government can be accused of Imperialism. For the colonists who insist on maintaining their connexion with the Crown some other abusive nickname ought to be devised. To a certain extent Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH supplies the deficiency by stigmatising as anti-Continental measures which tend to impede the annexation of Canada to the United States. After a time the reader learns that it is wicked to be Imperialist and that it is right to be Continental. The most forcible part of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S essay is his exposition of the geographical relations between the different provinces of the Dominion and the neighbouring parts of the American Union. He shows that in several instances the most direct communication between two Canadian provinces lies through the States, and that the natural and easiest access to portions of the Dominion is from American territory. There are many parts of the world in which geographical or commercial convenience would be promoted by a transfer of territory. Austria is supposed to covet Salonica, and it has been even suspected that Prince BISMARCK has designs on Holland. A German pedant once wrote a treatise to prove that England and France ought to be under one government, because either country had products of its own which would be useful to the other. All Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S reasons for the union of Canada with the States would be rendered idle if both countries had the good sense to abandon their protective systems. It seems hard that, like philology and ethnology, geographical science, by some mysterious necessity, always conflicts with the apparent interests of England. The tendency to cosmopolitan contempt for patriotism is at least as common as the supposed degeneracy of official Liberals into "Jingoes." It is true that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH proposes no immediate transfer of the sovereignty of the Dominion from England to the United States; but he recommends a Customs Union which would involve the extension to Canada of the extravagant American tariff. Political annexation would not be long delayed. If unwillingness on the part of Englishmen to dissolve the colonial bond exposes them to the contumelious designation of Imperialists or Jingoes, the colonists at any rate are surely entitled to have a voice in the destination of their country. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS represents the Canadians as almost unanimously opposed to the doctrines of their able adviser. "In view of the fact that there is not a single member in either House of the Canadian Parliament who has ventured to recommend this scheme of Commercial Union, there is no cause for alarm. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, however, labours under the delusion that the Canadian Parliament does not represent the opinions of the Canadian people. When reminded in Canada of the fact that his opinions were not represented in Parliament, he replied that the politicians would not allow any one holding them to get a nomination." England is governed by Imperialists or Jingoes, and Canada by obstinate anti-Continentalists; but Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH will find adherents enough in the United States. When he maintains that what he calls a judicious forecast is not an encouragement to annexation, he defies experience and reason. Some of his statements seem as if they were exclusively designed to invite encroachment by irritating the vanity or cupidity of Americans, and annexation is rendered more probable by being made a subject of discussion, and by implication an open question. The Canadians can in no case escape from "Imperialism," though only English politicians are liable to be denounced as "Jingoes." Mr. BLAINE'S despatches on the Panama Canal and on the war between Chili and Peru are more aggressive and more arrogant than any documents which have been issued by English Governments. In both cases the American SECRETARY OF STATE asserts or takes for granted a right of Imperial control over both the continents of the Western hemisphere. Lord DUFFERIN'S modest claim to retain the territories which actually belong to the Crown might be thought less pugnacious and less offensive; nor, indeed, is it known that any party in the United States has thought itself aggrieved either by the speeches of Governors-General or by the encouragement given to low dresses.

#### PROGRESS OF THE LAND COMMISSION.

IT is not surprising that the unfavourable comments which have been made in England on the action of the Irish Land Sub-Commissioners should have disquieted the supporters of the Government. Attempts have been made in both the morning and evening journals which principally defend the Land Bill to justify these interim decisions. Unfortunately the apologists have not taken the trouble to be accurate. One of them speaks, in commenting on the decisions in the CRAWFURD case, of "the preliminary question whether the jurisdiction of the Court was ousted by an existing lease." There was no such preliminary question, nor did the case in any respect turn on the provisions of an existing lease. Another ventures on the statement that "the question of compensation has been fully considered in Parliament, and finally decided against compensation." Short memories are convenient things—when nobody else has a long one. So far from the subject of compensation being fully considered and finally decided, it was met by Mr. GLADSTONE with a previous question. There could be no talk of compensation, he said in effect, because there would be no damage, and, if there was proved to be damage, then there would be a case for compensation. Assurances of this kind from Mr. GLADSTONE are indeed but a Bardolphian security. They are always made, in the French legal phrase, *sous bénéfice d'inventaire*, with a proviso for repudiation if fulfilment should prove inconvenient. But the fact of such an argument having been used is at least sufficient to prove that the question of compensation was not fully considered or finally decided. These apologists, however, have been much comforted by Lord MONCK. Lord MONCK is a person whose acquaintance with Ireland, and whose relation to the Government as a moderate but trusted Liberal, as well as the responsible positions which he has held, entitle him to at least a respectful hearing. He has written to the *Times* to say that the Sub-Commissioners have been unfairly blamed; that "the CRAWFURD estate is a typical example of the class of estate which has brought a bad name on 'Irish landlordism'; that the point on which it is alleged that the Sub-Commissioners have gone beyond the intentions of Parliament, as well as the requirements of justice, was 'raised and discussed and decided in the negative'; that other landowners need not fear, and so forth. It is not surprising that this letter should have called forth damaging replies from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and others. As the importance of the case can hardly be exaggerated, as it is evident that some at least of its English critics have not troubled themselves to look at the facts, and as Lord MONCK'S opinions are sure to be quoted, and have been quoted without examination of their grounds, it is well to give them that examination.

As Lord GEORGE HAMILTON remarked, and as has been remarked before, no one not on the spot can judge whether any actual reduction of rents is fair or not; but every one can judge whether the principles on which it is announced that reductions are made are fair or not. Lord MONCK may be right in his idea of the CRAWFURD estate as a rack-rented and "screwed up" one. It is sufficient to say that no evidence was produced of this, nor was the decision based on any such allegation, nor is it borne out even by the elaborate special pleading of an article in the *Times* of yesterday. Nor was there, as the writer in the *Daily News* infers, any allegation of an existing lease ousting the jurisdiction of the Court. The facts, which, it seems, must be repeated, are that the farms were let forty years ago on a twenty-one years' lease, with a clause stating that all improvements made were at the expiration of the lease to be the property of the landlord. Every tenant, therefore, who spent a penny of money or an hour of not immediately reproductive labour on his holding knew that he would have as compensation twenty-one years' enjoyment (or what less time remained on his lease), and no more. It is not alleged that the rents were then high. Indeed, though some persons contend that the rents of forty years ago are the fairest criterion of what they ought to be to-day in Ireland, the Commissioners have actually fixed the fair rent at some ten per cent. above the leasehold rent of that year. Nor is it alleged that any tenant was solicited to improve his holding, or that the landlord infringed in any way the covenants of the lease. The consequence was that, when the leases fell in, the improvements, if any, became the

landlord's property as fairly and justly as if he had paid for them with a cheque on his bankers. They were made under an express agreement; the tenants had been free not to make them if they thought the allotted term of enjoyment insufficient, and they had had that term. They had more; for it was not till three years after the expiry of the leases that a revaluation was made. That is to say, Archdeacon CRAWFORD bought his tenants' improvements by giving them twenty-four years' enjoyment of them (or less in proportion) when his covenant bound him only to give them twenty-one. Further, the ground of the reduction is not that the revaluation was excessive, but that the element of increase was in the Sub-Commissioners' opinion not proved, despite the express and fulfilled contract just mentioned, to be the property of the landlord. This is the real point of importance, and it would remain of importance even if it were proved that the CRAWFORD rents were actually too high for the value of the land. Lord MONCK thinks that the view adverse to the Commissioners' construction was "raised, discussed, and decided in the "negative" in Parliament. Familiarity, painfully gained, with that interminable discussion will enable any man who has gained it to meet this statement with a direct contradiction. That the Act might operate in some such way was indeed suggested by adverse critics; but the suggestion, in whatever form it was made, was always met by strenuous denials on the part of the Government. As for the particular case, no such operation of the Act was even hinted to Parliament as intended by its promoters, and it is safe to say that not a hundred members, exclusive of the Land League representatives, could have been got to vote for it.

The alarm—it would perhaps be safer to say the indignation—which has been aroused by the initial proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners is, however, by no means confined to this particular decision. The principles on which some of these gentlemen seem to go, and which certainly account sufficiently for the results at which they arrive, are of so extraordinary a nature that it is at first sight difficult to believe that they are seriously enunciated, still more that they are seriously acted on. Professor BALDWIN's dictum, that the Commission has nothing to do with the capabilities of the land in other hands than those of the actual tenant, is sufficiently surprising. It may be a logical deduction from the partnership theory, though even that would be somewhat hard to make out; but how it can be consistent with the injunction of the Act to consider the interests of landlord and tenant respectively it is impossible to see. It is perhaps useless to insist on its extraordinary injustice to the landlord in defining the value of his contribution to be simply the minimum that a lazy, an unskilful, or an ill-conditioned partner chooses to get out of it. Justice to the landlord is said, with some truth, if also with some effrontery, to be an obsolete plea. But it may perhaps be pointed out that nothing can be less for the interest of the tenant himself, or of the country generally, than that in a land of thriftless, wasteful, unscientific cultivation, a premium should be put on cultivation that is thriftless and unscientific. On Professor BALDWIN's carefully formulated axiom, the tenants of the future have only deliberately to waste the land towards the end of each fifteen-year period to ensure a reduction of rent. But even this dictum has not on the present occasion carried off the prize of anti-landlordist paradox and fallacy. Before one or other of the former Commissions an ingenuous witness is said to have expressed his opinion that a fair rent for a bachelor was not a fair rent for a man with a family. The answer was at the time laughed at as an amusingly hyperbolic expression of the tenant-right theory, a characteristic sally of audacious Irish humour. It now appears that it was nothing of the kind. On Saturday last at Newtownards Mr. SOMERSET WARD, a land agent, was gravely asked "whether he had calculated what margin would be necessary to enable a farmer of such and such a class, *"with an average family, to live in decency and comfort."* Strange to say, Mr. WARD "admitted" that he had never made any such calculation, and this admission is spoken of by a businesslike and impartial reporter as evidence of the carelessness with which the landlords' cases are got up. This is not a thing devised by the enemy—a *canard* of the Property Defence Association. It is vouched for by the Irish Correspondent of the principal London daily paper which supports the Government and the Land Act. In other words, the golden age to which KINGSLEY's

labourer looked back has returned for the small Irish tenant. "So soon as a man got a fresh child, he went and got another loaf allowed him next Vestry like a "Christian." The Irish tenant has a more ample recognition of his Christianity, for he goes to the Land Court under the same circumstances and gets a reduction of rent. The thing is of course incredible; it may very nearly be called impossible; but it nevertheless seems to be true, and a few minutes' thought shows that it is simply an expansion of Professor BALDWIN's general principle, and not much more than a reduction to particulars of the "live and thrive" principle of Mr. Justice O'HAGAN. There are, indeed, glimmerings of better sense in some of the Sub-Commissioners, as may be seen in the interruption of Mr. Sub-Commissioner KANE, when a tenant was taking the stereotyped oath that he could not live on his holding, to the effect that no one could expect to live on a holding of five acres—a remark which cuts at once at the root of the Land Act and of the decisions of the speaker's colleagues. But the general spirit appears to be to make the Act simply what it was predicted that it would be—a knife to cut annuities for the tenants out of the landlords' rent-roll—and to support this proceeding by solemnly formulated "principles" which read like a deliberate barlesque on common sense and justice.

#### THE BALCOMBE MURDER.

THE interest which was shown from the first in the crime which has now been finally decided to have been committed by PERCY LEFROY MAPLETON was perhaps less purely morbid than is usual in cases of murder. Against the fact that few murders, or attempts to murder, in railway-carriages have passed unpunished is to be set the apparent facility with which such attempts can be made, and the constant exposure of most people to them. In many cases there is hardly a day, and in most there is hardly a week, in which the average Englishman of the upper or middle class does not travel for a greater or less distance in a compartment of a railway carriage, with the chance of having a single companion totally unknown to him. The application of the parallel is therefore almost painfully easy. The length of time, moreover, during which the quest for LEFROY continued added to the excitement of the affair, and though, regarded either as a dramatic crime or as an interesting problem of evidence and law, the case could not be compared for a moment to the Penge and Balham affairs of a few years ago, it had perhaps an even stronger attraction for the great vulgar, and the small. There ought not to be any thought of comedy in connexion with a matter which has already involved one death, and must now involve another. But in some comments on the case it has been not very clear whether the critics were most gratified at the prospect of the sword of justice descending on a criminal, or at the certainty of the deterrent effect which would be exerted on possible railway murderers by the hanging of somebody, no matter whom. The confusion of thought is perhaps natural, if it is not very creditable, to the reasoning powers of those who labour under it.

Contrary to custom as recently established, the trial occupied no more than a reasonable time, and indeed the amount of relevant evidence procurable, or indeed of evidence relevant or irrelevant, was so small that it could hardly have been spun out. The old and tiresome dispute as to what is and what is not circumstantial evidence has of course been renewed, with the old failure to come to any satisfactory conclusion. The really satisfactory division of criminal cases is into cases where it can be shown to be impossible that any one but the prisoner committed the crime, and cases where it can only be shown to be in a more or less high degree improbable. The former class is of necessity almost entirely confined to those cases in which the act is committed in the actual presence of witnesses, and there are some persons who seem to think that the last punishment of the law ought not to be inflicted in any other. The case of LEFROY, no doubt, was not one of this kind. The evidence was, by the widest possible admission of hypothesis, just compatible with his not having committed the crime, and it was to the proving of this that Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, with remarkable ability, directed his efforts. It was not possible to make more of the discrepancy about the hats, the disappearance of the weapons with which the crime

was certainly committed, the doubt about the pawning of the revolver, the conflicting evidence of the persons who received LEFROY when he got out of the train, the strange episode of Mr. WESTON, the Brighton Town Councillor, and all the other slight handles which the case afforded, than was made by Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS. He succeeded in making out such a case that an exceedingly paradoxical jurymen might have chosen to concentrate his attention upon it to the exclusion of the other and more reasonable view. That view is, of course, that the "third person," though not absolutely impossible, is so nearly impossible that he must be left out of the question. When the third person is left out of the question LEFROY's case becomes absolutely hopeless. And, indeed, his own story at Brighton admits as much. He was certainly in the carriage with Mr. GOLD at Croydon; Mr. GOLD was certainly not in the carriage with him at Preston. He was injured exactly as he would most probably have been injured, on the theory of his guilt. He had the dead man's property on him, and his own property was found scattered about the carriage. He almost certainly had such a revolver as would have been used in the struggle. He certainly absconded in a most suspicious manner, and he failed to give any satisfactory account of his presence in the carriage at all. Therefore, when all the facts of the case are taken together, it is seen that the evidence against him is an unusually remarkable instance of a kind of evidence the name of which is as often abused as the name circumstantial. It would be impossible to present a much more formidable heap of cumulative testimony than that which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was able to pile up. The Hanoverian medals, the revolver pawning and redeeming, the condition of LEFROY at Brighton, the evidence of the women at Horley, the lame stories as to the Brighton journey, the watch and its place of hiding, were none of them, taken separately, inconsistent with a certain possibility of innocence; but that possibility became smaller and smaller as each was added to the others. When the whole was added together, there remained no possibility left except that infinitesimal possibility of the "third person" upon which Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS had to rely, and perhaps the difficulty of accepting the strange initial circumstances of the deed. It is in the highest degree improbable that Mr. GOLD's circumstances or person were known to LEFROY, and therefore the latter must be supposed to have started with his revolver on a general raid against humanity, choosing for the purpose one of the shortest trunk lines of railway which lead from London, and one of the most crowded. This would be *prima facie* improbable, just as the third person is *prima facie* possible. The jury, however, had to set these hypothetical considerations against the formidable mass of positive evidence on the other side. They found them wanting, and there can be no reasonable doubt that they were right so to find them, unless we are to lay down the rule that, so long as a murderer has the prudence to avoid actually committing his crime before witnesses, he must escape the gallows.

Lord COLERIDGE was, if anything, too lenient in his comments on the astounding conduct of the railway officials, and the still more astounding conduct of the Brighton police—matters which are by far the most important to the public safety of all those involved in the case. It has been hinted that the view of the trial which limits itself to the consideration of danger to railway travellers if LEFROY be not hanged is somewhat narrow. The view which omits the consideration of the extreme danger to railway travellers if anybody concerned in the extraordinary *laches* of the 27th of June escapes without the severest reprimand, and perhaps something more, is certainly not wide enough. Nothing has occurred, nor has one tittle of evidence been brought forward, to weaken what was said at the time of the transaction. It is perfectly clear that, if LEFROY had been luckier in his victim; if he had found, as he easily might have found, a considerable sum of ready money in Mr. GOLD's pockets; he would have had no difficulty in getting clear off. But, whether he would have had such difficulty, or whether he would not, does not affect the conduct of the officials. The utter imbecility of all concerned is such that, if a novelist had introduced it in his book, his critics would most assuredly have taken him to task for conceiving such improbable folly. It may be said that much is not expected of the police, but railway officials at least are supposed to have their wits about them. If LEFROY had

travelled with a wrong ticket, or had got into a wrong class of carriage, or had had two pounds of luggage more than the proper weight, those wits would, no doubt, have been exerted sharply enough. But the possession of a ticket *en règle* seems to quiet all the suspicions of a railway official. A carriage drenched with blood; a man obviously fresh from a desperate struggle, with watches in his boots, and flash coin in his pocket; a cock-and-ball story, which, even if it had been true, required instant action to be taken and a strict watch to be kept of the teller—none of these things, nor all of them together, had any effect upon the hearers. After this, even the detectives—one of whom good-naturedly suggests that the murderer should "go home to his friends," while the other admits "I knew that a body had been found in a tunnel" "without a watch, and that this man had a watch, of which" "he had given the wrong number, and yet I let him go"—are quite congenious and comprehensible. The case is, perhaps, a striking example of the brutal savagery of the human heart; it is certainly a striking example of the more than brutal folly of the human head.

#### CHEAP AND DEAR BOOKS.

UNPOPULAR authors—that is, all authors except a very few—are so situated that they would welcome almost any change in the methods of the publishing trade. They are therefore likely to catch eagerly at the prospect of securing a wider public and a little money which is offered in a rather sensible article in the *Times*. At present, as the *Times* observes, "the ordinary case of an author who writes a good and moderately successful book—leaving novels, for the moment, out of the reckoning—is that, after a thousand copies have been sold at half a guinea he finds himself with twenty or fifty pounds as his share of the profits." He may consider himself unusually lucky if his gains reach anything like the latter sum, if he has published on the system of receiving "half-profits." Now these results are not satisfactory to the author, and as the publisher has of course only received another sum of twenty pounds or so as his half of the profits, the publisher, too, has no reason to rejoice. Meanwhile "the great Public," as Mr. Goldwin Smith calls it, is also deserving of sympathy. It is not every one who can pay from ten to eighteen shillings for a work which we will suppose, for the sake of argument, to be not without solid merit. Now let us see how matters would have been ordered in France. The author's book would have been brought out at a published cost of three francs and a half, if in one, and of seven francs if in two volumes, instead of at a published cost of from ten shillings to a pound, as in England. The probable results would be that at least three French people would buy the French book for every one who bought the English book. According to the usual French arrangement the author would receive a royalty, say half a franc; on each copy of his work which was sold. If he only sold a thousand copies he would clear 20%, which, we venture to think, is at least as much as he would gain on a thousand copies of an expensive English work. But, if he sold three thousand—which may be reckoned as probable—he would receive 60%, while his work would lie on the shelves of thrice as many purchasers as he could hope for in England. Whatever may be thought of these calculations, it is a fact that French publishers find their profit in selling a solid historical work of between six and seven hundred pages for five francs. In England the book is translated, is published in two tall and portly volumes, is illustrated with second-hand woodcuts, and is offered to the world at the price of twenty-five shillings. It seems to be reasonable to expect a far wider popularity for a book published on the French system.

So far we have been examining the case of books which in England cost from ten shillings to a pound, and in France from three and a half to seven francs. Neither price would be considered cheap in America, where publishers can have English books for the stealing, and can bring out Mr. Arnold's poems, for example, in a form much resembling that of the *Saturday Review*, at a cost of about fivepence. An experiment in the production of English books at a similar price, and in similar pamphlet shape, has lately been made, and about this cheapest form of literature we have some remarks to offer. But, in the first place, we must examine the possibility of introducing the French system into England. It was started in France, we believe, by M. Michel Lévy. Observing that books were dear and readers comparatively few, he determined to offer the public his new works at three francs a volume, and his more established and familiar novels at a franc the volume. Neither M. Lévy nor the "eminent hands" who wrote for him had any cause to repent this arrangement, while the public showed its satisfaction by purchasing millions of books. We seldom see a French novel of the pre-Lévy epoch, but occasionally a copy of some book of the "Romantic" period comes into the market as a bibliographical curiosity. These novels of 1830 and later are tall and stout, and were originally expensive, though their present price is a purely fancy one. They were three or four times as dear, not really better printed, and not a quarter as handy as the ordinary French novel which we owe to



the enterprise of Michel Lévy. How would a similar change in the direction of cheapness and convenient size work in England? A novel of Mr. William Black, or of Mr. Hardy, or Mr. Payn is published in three volumes at a nominal price of thirty-one shillings and sixpence. Only the circulating libraries buy it in this shape. Later it comes out in a single volume, costing twice as much as *Numa Roumestan* or *Le Comte Kostia*. Very few people, comparatively speaking, buy novels in this form. Last comes a cheap volume, with a flaring picture on the cover, which is freely bought at the railway stalls for two shillings. Now let us imagine that *The Princess of Thule* or *The Duke's Children* were originally brought out, in a handy shape, for three shillings. Probably many thousands would at once be purchased by the public. But it is impossible to say that the arrangement would work as well as it does in France. The circulating library has become one of our institutions. As a consequence—and it is a melancholy one—we have ceased to buy books. Our London houses, especially, have scanty room for libraries. Our habits of living like respectable gipsies, and of moving perpetually from one house to another, interfere with the taste for collecting books, which are “holy, but heavy to carry,” as Mr. Swinburne says of *Freedom*. Thus the circulating library has become a part of our manners; we no longer buy books, we borrow them; and, in consequence, we rather skim them than read them. For ephemeral wants a slight ephemeral literature is supplied; and our novels are by no means such studied and permanent works of literary art as the better novels of France. All this is very much to be regretted. It seems almost certain that we owe the eternal stream of hopelessly feeble novels, and of frothy tedious books of travel, to the circulating library. No one in his senses would buy such books; but the clerk at the library packs them up in the parcels of subscribers, and they are languidly skimmed by people who find them on their tables. By these devices, the publishers of trash in three volumes are able probably to make some profit out of it. But if the French system prevailed among us, authors whose books no one bought would perhaps cease to plague the world with their weak inventions, and their trash would not constantly be brought to our houses by the mechanism of the circulating library. Thus everything seems on the side of the French system, except our confirmed habit, and the invincibly conservative custom of the trade. We have lost the habit of buying books; we have acquired the habits of borrowing and skimming. Again, the French system is not so cheap as it seems. French books must be bound, if they are not to fall to pieces, and this causes trouble, and at least doubles the price of each volume. On the whole, we fear that the bad and stupid system of the circulating library is likely to prevail in England; that books will remain dear and unread; and that the majority of even fairly successful authors will find that their writings bring in only infinitesimal profits.

The American system of producing books in a kind of pamphlet or newspaper shape, at a very low price, is easy enough, of course, in America, where the copyright of English books costs the publisher nothing at all, and where there is an enormous reading public, careless of the delicacies of good type and thick paper. The plan has been imitated in England by people who can afford to make the experiment—the publishers of Lady Brassey's *Voyage of the Sunbeam* and of Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*. Both books are so extremely popular, and the latter has been so far out of the reach of poor but loyal and curious students, that the experiment is sure to succeed. According to the *Times*, “it is said that over a hundred thousand *Sunbeams* have already been sold,” and this is not surprising. As to the *Life of the Prince Consort*, “the public will be able to buy for half-a-crown what has hitherto cost them four pounds.” Both books will reach that “immense” public which knows not Mr. Tennyson or Thackeray, and which has lived on Mr. Spurgeon's *John Ploughman* for Sundays and the *Family Herald* for week-day reading. But, however much we may wish it were otherwise, it is certain that only a few books of the better class would be bought at a sixpenny price by the “immense” public. What they want is absolute simplicity of style, and matter which, as the slang goes, is “palpitating with actuality.” How few books answer to this description! Perhaps it would be a salutary thing for authors to have to appeal to a public that only cares for facts stated in a manner absolutely transparent. But so little is understood of this great unknown public that, not impossible, they might admire Mr. Tennyson and revel in Mr. Browning's less unintelligible writings. We have seen it stated that Mr. Browning's complete works cost six pounds. Now poetry is not a ware that can be procured from the circulating library. To know a poet we must keep his volumes always close at hand, and read them in many moods. It is not all lovers of poetry that can afford to invest in six pounds' worth of Mr. Browning. Probably the Americans, *felices nimium*, can buy his complete writings for a little less than a dollar. But the cheap American pirates certainly do not steal all the works, for example, of Mr. Swinburne. Probably they wisely reckon that the fivepenny public does not care for *Bothwell*. Were it possible to believe that, if our publishers published cheap books, the Americans would consent to a copyright treaty, the experiment might be ventured on. The enormous and incalculable increase of the market would make cheap books possible. But we sincerely trust that the sixpenny form of publication, which degrades a book into a frowsy dog-eared newspaper, will never prevail in England. That form of publication makes people careless of books which we should cherish as the dearest of possessions

and the kindest and most changeless of friends. A man will throw away a sixpenny Milton or Scott as he throws away an old newspaper. It can never become an inmate and an ornament of his house, as a book ought to be. It will of necessity become thumbed and dirty; pages will fall out, and the pamphlet will in a few weeks be unsightly and worthless, fit for the waste-paper basket, not for the bookshelf. One result will be the rapid, reckless reading which already exists as a consequence of the system of the circulating library. Mr. Ruskin has always defended the high price of his own books, on the ground that people should be ready to make sacrifices for what is truly valuable. The material workmanship of our books should command respect. This is not, we believe, inconsistent with comparative cheapness. Some French editions of French classics, published at a franc a volume, are really exquisite books in their way. But the material aspect of a sixpenny pamphlet book is merely hideous, and soon becomes slatternly. It is, therefore, not disagreeable to reflect that few English books are so popular as to be likely to appear in newspaper form.

#### THE ROSIERE OF RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.

THE encouragement of virtue would seem, to the superficial observer, peculiarly appropriate in the neighbourhood of St. George's Street, formerly known in the *Newgate Calendar* and elsewhere as Ratcliff Highway. It is true that the place has acquired, from various causes, a certain reputation of the kind called, by sarcastic people, undesirable. Some eighty years ago, for instance, a most artistic murderer, in the wholesale line, practised here; he has been immortalized by De Quincey, and his memory still survives among the natives, who probably do not read that writer. One murderer, however, is hardly able alone to confer a stamp upon a whole parish. It is also true that there are docks, and dock labourers, and sailors, and drinking-shops, in St. George's, and ladies who stand in the open all day with knitting-needles in their hands and shawls upon their heads; and it is also true that the place is grimy and the houses mean. It may further be charged against this street that Jaurach's is in it; for, if Bob the Grinder found pigeons demoralizing, what must be the influence of the pump? In point of fact, the district, if not entirely opposed to the cause of virtue, is ostentatiously ill-favoured; it parades its dirt; yet it is said, by those who know it best, not to be so bad as it has painted itself. One would very rarely rather live in St. George's Street than in Drury Lane; some parts of Soho are a great deal more dangerous; and there is a certain collection of streets at the end of the Commercial Road, opposite the Foreign Sailors' Home, compared with which St. George's Street is clean and Cable Street respectable. Therefore, while we congratulate St. George's on the possession of a stimulus to virtue peculiar to itself, we refrain from the exhibition of supercilious superiority as regards the virtue of our own parish; we may even envy the parishioners an endowment which yearly transforms a virtuous maid into a *Rosière*, a prize young woman, a damsel whose successful resistance to all temptations, together with luck in the lottery, has handed her over to her lover, not only charming in herself and adorned with the graces of proved virtue, but possessed as well of that unusual thing among English brides, a *dol*.

The existence of the singular institution to which we are calling attention is as good as unknown outside the parish. Like many other London customs and endowments, it can be found duly noted in works on the great city, and has been, we believe, described quite recently by the present Rector of the parish in his book on the East End. Yet, on the occasion of the latest function in connexion with it, that of November the 5th last, the present writer seemed the only outsider who came to see the ceremony; nor did it appear, from information received, that strangers ever do attend, or that the world of reporters and descriptive-article writers are at all aware of what a curious and interesting ceremony may be witnessed twice every year among the slums north of the London Docks.

Early in the last century there flourished on the north bank of the Thames, among the sailors of Wapping, Shadwell, and Poplar, a brewer named Henry Raine. It was a time when the foundation of almshouses was more common than that of schools, as may be proved by an afternoon's walk down Whitechapel, Mile End Road, or any of the northern or north-eastern roads out of London. Mr. Henry Raine, probably thinking it of greater importance to train up the young in the way they should go than to provide shelter for those of the old who have unhappily gone the other way, founded a school for boys and girls, fifty of each, with salaries for master and mistress. This done and the school well started, he presently built and endowed an asylum for girls, to be taken out of the school, trained for four years in the duties of domestic service, and then put out into good places. The girls were not necessarily to be orphans, but they were to remain under some sort of *surveillance* for four years after leaving the asylum. If during that time they kept their good character, and found a lover also of good character, who must be a native of St. George's or an adjoining parish, and a Churchman, they might, at the age of twenty-two, draw lots with other girls who fulfilled the same conditions for a marriage portion of one hundred pounds. If the number of forty girls of the asylum is kept up, there might therefore be as many

as ten candidates for this lottery every year; but it is obvious that early marriage, departure from the parish, impatience of four years' waiting, or engagement with a man not belonging to the stipulated parishes, and perhaps even the loss of character, are all accidents tending to lower the number; and, in fact, when the drawing of lots took place last May, there were, we believe, but two candidates, the unsuccessful one of whom received last Saturday, without any competition, the prize which she had lost in May. The drawing of lots, the marriage ceremony, and the ceremony of presentation, are all regulated by custom and order supposed to have been arranged by Raine himself.

The church itself rises, an immense mass of stone, among a network of lanes and streets of a meanness only to be equalled by parts of Marylebone and Soho. The church doors open upon a broad stone terrace or raised platform approached by stone steps, a feature which gives it a certain dignity. Behind it, cut out of the once great churchyard filled with the graves of the forgotten dead, they have made a green space with winding paths, flower beds and seats, the one bright and pleasant spot in this squalid parish. In warm and sunny weather the seats are always occupied and the walks crowded. It is the Park of St. George's Street and Cable Street, what it is now the pretty anatomical custom to call a Lung. Surely it is better to convert the old churchyards into such open spaces, sacred to fresh air and flowers, than to leave them—as, for instance, the vast area round Stepney Church is left—a dreary, uncared-for waste of headstones, the names on which could not be more forgotten than they are, even were all the slabs to be carted away and converted into lime. To-day the garden is empty, although the sunshine lies on the withered flowers, for the women, old and young, who chiefly use the place are gathered about the railings outside the church or are standing upon the terrace waiting the arrival of the bride, though it is half an hour before the time. It is not, they tell each other, the grand day of the year; the parish will not be paraded by the schools; there will be no dinner in the evening; but the essentials—the hundred-pound prize and the Virtuous Maiden—these are things which belong to both days. Presently arrive the girls of the Asylum with their matron. They are clad in white and blue, with high, starched caps of white, also trimmed with blue ribbons, a dress more becoming than that of some unlucky girls in charity schools, yet designed and invented, one doubts not, by the masculine mind. No woman would ever have invented such a dress for girls. They take up their place at the south side of the choir. Their faces, which are rosy, bright, and show good feeding and kind treatment, express the liveliest satisfaction with the proceedings; it is, they feel, in their honour that this function is celebrated; it is one of themselves who is the central figure of this procession; for them is the church crammed with the women of the parish; for them the Treasurer and the Governors are ready with their wands of office; in their honour the Raine's boys, whose virtue must be its own reward because there is no hundred-pound prize for them, are sent to the church, and stand opposite to them in the choir; not a girl but feels on this joyful occasion that she herself may one day be the heroine of this triumphal morn. When the bride is led up the aisle and deposited beside the happy groom, there is a great gasp of sympathy from the girls and another, apparently of envy, from the women who crowd the church. In the faces of those who look down upon her from the galleries, the happy *Rosière* may read the question why they, no doubt equally virtuous, are not equally favoured. It is a question which humanity is always asking, but as yet without receiving any answer. Then the bells, which have been clanging and clashing to welcome another victory of virtue, are silent, and the service is commenced.

When the morning prayers are finished and the wedding service begins, we sing a hymn while the Treasurer and Governors, clinging to their wands, gather round the bridal party at the altar. They mean well, and one cannot on these occasions have too much ceremony; but it looks somehow as if they were resolved not to let the bride run away. Can there have been, before the days of Raine, a survival, even in St. George's, of the old bridal custom of flight and pursuit? And did the respectable Raine set his face against that custom? The bride, who is naturally conscious of the grandeur of a position which she must have ardently desired for eight years at least, bears herself with commendable modesty, while the bridegroom, a stout-built young fellow of her own age, shows in his glowing cheeks and downcast eyes a true spirit of humility. But on such an occasion, who cares about the bridegroom? And when the Rector concludes the service with a brief and sensible little sermon on the duties of the married state, we all feel that the bride knows them already, and turn our eyes upon the bridegroom, for whom alone the admonition must be meant, in the hope that he is heedfully attending. Then the service is over, and we sing old Luther's Hymn of Praise, and the organ peals out the Wedding March, and the married pair step proudly down the aisle, with tears of mingled triumph, modesty, and shame in their eyes, and the Asylum girls with many smiles walk after them between a line of all the boys and girls on Raine's Foundation. Outside, the bells begin again, and there is a roar of voices, and the greeting of the multitude.

The conclusion of the ceremony takes place in the Vestry Hall. It has a fine aroma of the eighteenth century about it, and the Trustees should, for the occasion, assume buckles, stockings, and a Ramillies wig, or "a fine flowing Adonis." We are gathered in the largest chamber; seats are ranged so as to form a hollow square; the boys stand all round the room; at the lower end is a

harmonium, behind which are the Asylum girls; at the upper end is a table with a chair for the President, who is the Rector. When everybody is in his place, we begin by singing an Ode in honour of Henry Raine. It is a fine piece of work, perhaps the production of some Lord Mayor's Laureate, with a chorus—

Proclaim his worth, fulfil the plan  
Of this unrivalled friend of man;

and set to music, the composer of which, like the poet, remains unknown. Yet it is a fine, rambling air, running cheerfully up and down the scale, from the lowest to the highest notes of the girls, who sing, an air unrestrained by the ordinary trammels, as befits music set for the impassioned Ode:—

And when long years have come and gone,  
Still shall the work of good go on;  
And many a nymph and many a swain  
Shall bless with joy the name of Raine.

This done, the bride and bridegroom advance towards the Chairman, who addresses them in a few words of congratulation and admonition, all eyes being again turned towards the bridegroom, because of course he is the one who most wants both to be admonished and congratulated. It is needless to say that the present Rector of St. George's acquits himself of the task with the utmost good sense, taste, and feeling; and then the bride receives the *dot*—a hundred golden sovereigns in a long purse of the good old-fashioned kind dear to pickpockets, fifty sovereigns at either end. The married couple again retire while we sing a second Ode, after which the Chairman and Governors shake hands with the newly-married pair, and we all retire, the natives of Cable Street, whose faces are much more grimy than human faces in any other part of the habitable globe, being gathered in a circle round the door, under the protection of two policemen. Taken in fifties, these grimy faces produce a terrifying effect, and one is glad to see the policemen. But the people do not really desire to rend and tear us, though a visitor for the first time may think so. They are only curious to gaze upon a young woman whose merits and whose fortune have proved so great as to start her in life with a hundred pounds—a whole hundred pounds.

These marriages generally, it is said, turn out well. To be sure, when a girl has gone through eight years' training and supervision; when during all that time she has had dangled before her eyes this long purse with the glittering sovereigns, she must have thoroughly realized the solid value of virtue, and she must have perceived, in addition, the importance of not "keeping company" with any toss-pot who may offer. The *Rosière* may in after years give herself airs over her own extraordinary goodness and the great fortune it enabled her to bring her husband; the good man would probably endure these in patience; and the virtue will remain when the money is all gone. For even a hundred pounds will not last for ever; it is only good for a start, to supply the funds for one bold venture, or for furnishing, or for putting in a napkin and hiding away. As regards the bridegroom of last Saturday, he is a carman by trade, and it was whispered that with his hundred pounds he will attempt something superior in the Fish line. May he increase and multiply, if only for the further glorification of good old Raine—the "unrivalled friend of man."

#### ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

THE "Lion of the Tribe of Judah," who could boast with Nestor of having lived through three generations of men, and who almost seemed gifted with an immortal youth, has passed away at last. John MacHale, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, died on Monday last in his ninety-first year. To many of the present generation his name may hardly be familiar, but there was a time when it was as much a household word in Ireland, and as great a terror to evil-doers—that is to English Ministers, on whom he would have bestowed no milder designation—as that of his friend and ally Daniel O'Connell, or in later days of Mr. Parnell. Not that it would be at all fair to compare the sturdy, pugnacious, outspoken old patriot who has just gone from us with the interesting denizens of Kilmainham Gaol, or even with his archiepiscopal brother of Unashel who has so tardily recognized the binding force of the eighth commandment on his countrymen. John of Tuam was in former days generally violent, often wrong-headed, and sometimes positively mischievous, but he was always transparently honest. If he loved Ireland "not wisely but too well," even the heartless Saxon never dreamt of doubting that his love was genuine; he did not make Ireland a stalking-horse for personal greed or ambition, and it is only fair to admit, what is implied in subsequent legislation, that many of the grievances he denounced so sharply were real and serious ones. Something too must be allowed for the force of early association in a man whose memory went back to the age of the penal laws and who could only get his schooling by stealth from teachers of his own faith. Those were days when, as Sydney Smith characteristically expressed it, "the man who hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life." Johnny MacHale, the future archbishop, and fifth son of a small farmer in the county of Mayo, picked up the first rudiments of learning under a hedge from the contraband but tolerated instructions of the Roman Catholic village schoolmaster. This was all the teaching he got till he was thirteen, and he used to tell in after days how he remembered a priest being hanged at Castlebar for giving

refreshment to two French officers who passed his door. Such reminiscences were not likely to foster any very lively affection for the English Government in a high-spirited boy of more than average capabilities and devoted alike to his country and his Church. Being an aspirant to the priesthood young MacHale was sent to Maynooth at sixteen, and at the unusually early age of twenty-three was not only ordained priest but made deputy professor of Dogmatic Theology, succeeding five years later, on the death of Professor Hogue, to his vacant chair. But, though he discharged this office with credit for eleven years, it was not as a theologian or a scholar that he was destined to be chiefly known. His Maynooth lectures, however able, did not attract so much attention as the vigorous letters in vindication of the doctrine and discipline of his Church which during the same period were constantly appearing in an Irish newspaper under the signature of "Hierophilus," and which were known to come from his pen. It was perhaps to the celebrity thus obtained that he owed his elevation to the episcopate at the age of thirty-four, being consecrated in 1825 Coadjutor Bishop of Killala, *cum jure successionis*; and he attained only nine years later, when he was himself but forty-three, the highest rank in the hierarchy as Archbishop of Tuam.

Dr. MacHale, like so many of the Irish priesthood, was from the first quite as much of a politician as an ecclesiastic, and he was not the kind of man to allow his personality to be extinguished by a mitre. On the contrary his pen, never suffered to lie idle, was now more than ever at the service of O'Connell and the Catholic Association. When in 1831 he paid the prescribed visit *ad limina Apostolorum*—a provision admirably adapted for keeping the episcopate well under the thumb of the Curia—he utilized this period of comparative leisure for the composition of a series of descriptive letters on sights and scenes in the foreign countries he had to traverse. But on his return he lost no time in proving that his hand had not lost its cunning by addressing to Lord Grey three letters, the first denouncing his Coercion Bill, the second assailing the Established Church, the third in support of the incipient agitation for Repeal. This was before his elevation to the archbishopric in 1834. But for ten years afterwards an almost unbroken series of missives appeared on all sorts of Irish questions—Maynooth, public education, Poor Laws, tenant-right, "Godless Colleges," Tithes Bill, and the like—authenticated by the well-known signature of "John, Archbishop of Tuam." There were few men better loved in Ireland generally, or better hated in the English "Pale." His last conspicuous appearance in what may be called the capacity of an agitator was at a monster meeting held in the Rotunda at Dublin in 1850 to protest against Lord John Russell's abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and he is said to have been the first prelate publicly to violate the Act, when passed, by an ostentatious use of the forbidden title in a letter dated from St. Jarlath's. But it was not only or chiefly advancing age which reduced the last thirty years of the Archbishop's long and active life to comparative obscurity. Great as had been his services to the Church in various ways, they had not been wrought in exactly the way that Rome most warmly appreciates, and when in 1850 the gentle and gracious Archbishop Murray, titular Primate, was called to his rest, it was resolved to thrust on the recalcitrant clergy and prulacy of Ireland—who had sent up three very different names to Rome for the vacant dignity—a superior who should forcibly wrest from Dr. MacHale the virtual leadership of the Irish Roman Catholic Church which he had for many years enjoyed. No two men could well be more utterly unlike in their tastes, feelings, and antecedents, than Cardinal Cullen—trained at Rome in all the wisdom of the strictest sect of curialists—an Irishman, if you please, but first a Catholic—and the sturdy old nationalist of St. Jarlath's. Dr. MacHale had translated part of the *Iliad* and Thomas Moore's *Melodies* into Irish; Dr. Cullen had probably never read a word of either work. For purely Irish questions and interests, as such, Dr. Cullen cared little or nothing; for thoroughly Romanizing the Irish hierarchy and priesthood—who hated Protestantism more than they loved the Pope, and hated it chiefly as the creed of English horoties—he cared very much, and therefore he was sent to Dublin. He was a pious, honest, narrow-minded, obstinate, illiterate man, with strong views, and not devoid of a certain kind of astuteness, and he had the whole weight of Rome, under the despotic rule of Pius IX., at his back. Moreover, he was perfectly willing to cultivate friendly relations with the English Government in the interests of the Church. Of course he gained his end. The waning star of John of Tuam paled before the rising sun, and he who had long been the most influential prelate in Ireland became thenceforth rather a memory than a living force, *magni nominis umbra*, the respected but discredited representative of an obsolete school and a bygone age. He retained indeed to the last, very justly, the reverence and affection of his own clergy and people, among whom he had always laboured indefatigably in the discharge of his pastoral duties; and when the jubilee of his episcopal consecration was solemnized in 1875, poor and rich alike united in testifying their sentiments of gratitude and respect for their venerable diocesan. Yet even here his satisfaction cannot have been wholly unalloyed, for a coadjutor, not of his own choice, and of the modern Ultramontane school, was thrust upon him in his old age by Cardinal Cullen, and became the real administrator of the diocese.

Once again, during these later years, at a critical moment in the history of his Church, the name of Archbishop MacHale attained a temporary prominence. Theology, as we have already observed, was not his specialty, though he had held for several years a theo-

logical professorship at Maynooth, and had published a work on the *Evidences and Doctrines of the Church*, which passed through three editions. But he was too good a theologian and had too hearty a dislike to despotism of every kind not to be strongly opposed as well to the infallibilist programme of the Vatican Council, as to the crooked tactics by which it was promoted. Possibly too, as is suggested in the *Letters of Quirinus*, there was a shade of personal feeling in the tone of his spirited rejoinder to the Irish primate; "it was the accumulated debt of twenty years he paid off to Cardinal Cullen." But the provocation at all events was not inconsiderable, when Cardinal Cullen—with such facts staring him in the face as the authorized circulation in every Irish diocese of Keenan's *Controversial Catechism*, which roundly repudiates the dogma of papal infallibility as "a Protestant invention"—calmly asserted that "the mind of Ireland has always been infallibilist," and appealed to the testimony of Dr. MacHale himself in support of this audacious paradox. "It made," we are told, "no slight impression when the grey-haired MacHale rose to repudiate the pretended belief in infallibility, not merely for himself but for Ireland." A month later, shortly before the end of the debate, the Archbishop again, according to *Quirinus*, "spoke with great severity against the decree, the fatal consequences of which he seems to appreciate better than most of his Irish colleagues." And in the voting of July 13 his name appears among the fourteen Archbishops who met the proposed new dogma with an indignant *Non placet*. It is true that he yielded afterwards and promulgated it in his diocese, and his imperfect grasp of theological and historical learning may have enabled him to offer this "sacrifice of the intellect," as Jesuit divines term it, with less conscientious difficulty, though hardly with less disgust, than some of his brethren, who, like Hanberg and Hefele, understood well enough the true nature of that "triumph of dogma over history" in which they tardily and reluctantly consented to acquiesce. The Archbishop of Tuam knew, indeed—none better—that the doctrine had been again and again formally repudiated by the Irish episcopate, and it must have gone sorely against the grain with him to take part in a public confession that on this fundamental point they had one and all misconceived the true teaching of their Church. But with doctrinal controversies, as such, he had never specially concerned himself. He was a man of war from his youth, and, hard as it might be to swallow the novel pretensions of an Ultramontane Pope, and a Pope who took Cardinal Cullen for his mouthpiece, it would have been harder still to seem to betray the cause of the Papacy, for which he had fought all his life against the heretic oppressors of his country and her ancient faith. With him has passed away the last perhaps of a race of ecclesiastics inflexible alike in their patriotism and their religious fidelity, in whom there was much to admire, if there was also something to desiderate and something to deplore. They were men who combined a Spartan independence of character with the zeal and patience of Christian martyrs, and of whom it may justly be said that they sought first the cause of truth and righteousness, as they understood it, and were content to let all lower and personal considerations take their chance. They were outspoken almost to a fault, and if their frankness at times degenerated into brutality, it was not when their own selfish interests or those of their order were at stake, but when they deemed that the rights of religion and liberty were being trampled under foot. If Ireland is less amenable than of old to priestly influence, that is not, from a social and political point of view, an unmixed advantage. Archbishop MacHale used at one time to be denounced, and not unreasonably denounced, as a firebrand, yet later experience has taught us that Irishmen may follow worse and more dangerous guidance. He never scrupled to show his hand, and could at least be reckoned on as a generous friend or an open foe. His co-religionists especially would do well to bear in mind that the genuine respect and confidence which he inspired throughout his long episcopate was bestowed on one who never forgot in the zealous and unwearied discharge of his official duties that he was a man, a citizen, and a Christian as well as a priest.

#### MR. IRVING ON THE DRAMA.

THE opening address of the present session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution was delivered on Tuesday last by Mr. Henry Irving, who was fortunate both in his subject and his audience. Edinburgh audiences, both at the theatre and at the Philosophical Institution, are deservedly famed for the intelligent encouragement which they give to good things; and Mr. Irving, who naturally enough selected "The Stage as It Is" as the text of his discourse, devoted himself to showing how the two interests referred to are really at one with each other. Mr. Irving, in his opening remarks, went straight to the point. He had chosen the stage for his subject "because to my profession I owe it that I am here, and every dictate of taste and of fidelity impels me to honour it"; and he had further chosen "The Stage as It Is" because "it is very empty honour that is paid to the drama in the abstract, and withheld from the theatre as a working institution in our midst." From this the speaker went on to descant, not, let us hope, too jubilantly, on the further text "*nous avons changé tout cela*." He congratulated his hearers and himself upon the fact that the habit of pretending to appreciate Shakespeare more in reading him than in seeing him acted had almost died out. This he justly described as being "a common method of affecting special

superiority"; and it is to be feared that this and cognate methods of affectation are not quite so dead as we might wish them to be, although, no doubt, much has been done by Mr. Irving and others to put an end to them. We remember well receiving from "a superior person," in answer to a question about the English stage, the reply that it was only French acting, and of that only the acting seen at the Français, which was worth the attention of a creature endowed with intellect. There will probably always be people who keep an intellect in this way, just as in other ways there are people who keep a soul, and probably also the wisdom of the two classes is about on a par. But it may, we trust, be considered that the amount of nonsense talked about Shakespeare's plays being more fitted for the closet than the stage is, as Mr. Irving said, diminishing. That the reaction should lead to such harmless, if extravagant, nonsense in the opposite direction as the grave presentment of the first quarto of *Hamlet* on a public stage by a company of untrained amateurs is, perhaps, a good rather than an evil sign. It is, after all, an attempt, however injudicious, to emulate the good results attained by the study and performance of practised actors, as to whose methods of arriving at their effects Mr. Irving spoke interestingly from his own experience. As soon, he said, as such an actor knows the author's text enough to feel self-possessed, without feeling the carelessness of familiarity, he begins, from the "mere automatic" delivery of the part at rehearsal and in performance, to get new lights thrown upon the meaning of what he has to do. To use Mr. Irving's own words, this action gives "the personage being played an individuality partly independent of, and yet consistent with, and rendering more powerfully visible, the dramatist's conception." From this we may conclude that Mr. Irving agrees with Diderot and with M. Coquelin in thinking that the actor should never be so lost in his own part as to be unable to preserve a personality of his own, which can watch and control the movements of the acted personage. In other words, if a sudden "inspiration" occurs to him of speaking a particular speech or making a particular action in a new and better manner, he must be master enough of himself to speak or move with the judgment of experience as well as with the force of impulse. His intonation and gesture must seem unpremeditated, but must not really be so. This has, as a matter of fact, been the rule with most fine players, and those who have departed from it have done so at the risk of frequently missing the great effects which their audiences have been taught to expect. Fine effects have, indeed, on many historical occasions been produced by mere stage accidents being turned to good account at the moment, and afterwards reproduced deliberately by practised actors. And of course the player who can note and make admirable use of such a thing as the chance unfastening of the garter outside his stocking can also, even while he is playing the beginning of a given passage in his accustomed way, conceive and execute a better way than he has yet found for delivering its conclusion. And it is no doubt the power which a fine actor has of catching new impressions, whether at rehearsal or in performance, and embodying them with due judgment in his playing, which "has led the French to speak of the creation of a part" by the actor who first plays it and makes it tell with the audience. In fact, in the case, at any rate, of a new part, an actor of power shares to a not inconsiderable extent in the author's invention, and, as Mr. Irving justly said, "French authors are so conscious of the extent and value of this co-operation of actors with them, that . . . they are uniformly lavish in their homage to the artists who have created on the boards the parts which they themselves have created on paper."

We have, however, been led away into the consideration of technicalities upon which Mr. Irving dwelt, as was fitting, but slightly in his address. A good deal of what he said was devoted to a consideration of the improved status of the stage as a profession; and, no doubt, there is here room for rejoicing. It may be questioned, however, whether Mr. Irving did not, consciously or unconsciously, overcharge his sketch of the past so as to heighten its contrast with the present. It is no doubt true that more young men of good education and breeding betake themselves to the stage as a profession now than formerly; but the proposition can hardly be advanced that in the last generation or two any stigma, out of extra-Puritan circles, rested on a man of breeding and education because he was an actor. It would be easy enough to adduce names to prove that this was not the case, nor perhaps did Mr. Irving mean that it was; but his statements and suggestions were, as reported, a trifle vague and sweeping. What, for instance, is the meaning of the assertion that "there are now few poor players. Whatever variety of fortune and merit there may be among them, they have the same degrees of prosperity and respect as come to members of other avocations"? Did Mr. Irving intend to say that there are now fewer "supers" and "utility people" than there used to be, or did he merely mean to emphasize the fact that players who do not pretend to the very highest artistic rank are more frequently seen at social gatherings than used to be the case? This, as we take it, is not entirely due to a marked change in the attitude of laymen. Before the days of long runs players had considerably less time than they now have for mingling in the outside world's amusements, and we have heard it suggested by a distinguished actor that the extent to which this is now done is not an unmixed good so far as the art of acting is concerned. However, no one will wish to dissent from Mr. Irving's general proposition that "the type" of people who make the stage a profession "is vastly improved by public recognition." But the same thing

might perhaps be said with equal truth of the type of some other professions, and notably of journalism. Mr. Irving, diverging from this point—to which, however, he presently returned—went on to speak of actors who "lament that there are now no schools for actors. This is a very idle lamentation. Every actor in full employment gets plenty of schooling, for the best schooling is practice, and there is no school so good as a well-conducted playhouse."

This is surely something like an avoidance of the question. We have never heard that there were at any time "schools," except on a small scale, for actors in England, and there are probably more such schools now than there used to be. Nor is any one likely to deny that, under certain conditions, the best possible schooling is to be got in a well-conducted playhouse. The question really is, whether, with the system of long runs, a playhouse, however well conducted, affords the necessary conditions. Far more actors now come upon the London stage than was formerly the case without having "gone through the mill"; and we have always understood that the necessity felt by some people for "schools" was partly due to the fact or belief that the old system of rough-and-ready learning by means of playing a number of different parts every week was on its last legs, and that something was wanted to replace it. The difference between playing, say Guildenstern in *Hamlet*, for a hundred nights running, and playing six or more different parts every week for the same space of time, is surely considerable, as far as mere training goes, to say nothing of the other difference between playing to audiences accustomed to express and audiences accustomed to repress their emotions and opinions. But Mr. Irving went on to contradict himself, apparently, in a curious way on this matter. Many fine qualities, he said truly enough, are needed for efficiency in acting, among them "considerable cultivation; delicate instincts of taste; and a power at once refined and strong of perceiving and expressing to others the significance of language." How all this is to be acquired or cultivated by playing the same part night after night we fail to see. Still less can we agree with Mr. Irving that "little of all this can be got in a mere training school, but all of it will come forth more or less fully armed from the actor's brain in the process of learning his art by practice." In the "mere training school" of the Conservatoire actors are certainly taught how to enunciate, how to emphasize, how to move well and effectively, before they try their fortunes before an audience. The proposition that it is better for them to be pitchforked on to the stage and learn all these things in the presence and at the cost of audiences would be absurd enough, and we can hardly suppose that this is what Mr. Irving intended. No doubt, "the way to learn a thing is to do it," but something should surely be learnt *in statu pupillari* before mastership is attempted. Mr. Irving's own success is a striking testimony to the value of early training in playing a variety of parts of altogether different calibre, and it would be matter for regret if, through any vagueness either in his speech or in the reporting of his speech, he should seem to depreciate the importance of this. With what he went on to say about the fussy people who think they have a mission for reforming the stage, we are disposed entirely to agree. What would be thought of a body of people who started an association for the "reform" of one of the "learned professions"? And yet the small amount contributed by the stage to the annals of crime is well known enough. As to the wider question of what may be called "the stage as a moral agent," what Mr. Irving said was well conceived and well put, although he naturally enough touched lightly, or not at all, on the success of pieces the chief attraction of which is a spice of indecency. The question really ends with the fact that people will go to see good things when they get the chance, and, so long as human nature remains what it is, they will probably also go to see things which are in a certain sense bad. But this need not prevent us from rejoicing that Mr. Irving's efforts to give them good things are untiring, and meet with full response.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ONCE MORE.

THERE has been no debate on women's suffrage for two years in the House of Commons, owing, as the chairman of the annual meeting of the National Society for promoting this object showed conclusively at Manchester on Wednesday night, to imperative necessity. Lord Beaconsfield had to be got out of office, Mr. Gladstone to be got in, a few trifling regions of the earth's surface to be snipped off the British Empire, the Irish landlords to be taxed twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem* for the benefit of the Irish tenants, &c. It is even frankly acknowledged (and Mr. Hugh Mason could not know when he acknowledged it how fully his apprehension was being corroborated by Mr. Gladstone in London) that something else than women's suffrage may possibly occupy the House of Commons next year also. But Miss Lydia Becker is not discouraged, nor is Mrs. Oliver Scatcherd, nor is Mrs. Ashton Dilke, least of all is Mr. Hugh Mason, the chairman. His programme is announced. He is going to begin balloting as soon as Parliament opens, and to go on balloting *quand même*. If that will not suffice, it is clearly the fault of Miss Lydia Becker, "a master in Parliamentary procedure," for not telling him what else to do. There is evidently no lack of goodwill in Mr. Hugh Mason, and he is as evidently the right man in the right place.



Indeed, a careful student of theodicy and the newspapers cannot doubt, from the unvarying beneficence of Providence to the National Society for Promoting the Suffrage of Women, that triumph will ultimately be theirs. Their chairman (for they do not usually incline to chairwomen) necessarily changes. Mr. Jacob Bright gives place to Mr. Courtney; and Mr. Courtney, passing into the cold shade of office, gives place to Mr. Hugh Mason. The men pass away, but the characteristics do not. The characteristic of a champion of feminine rights is the production of at least one specimen of feminine logic, and the shibboleth is never evaded or baulked. Mr. Hugh Mason's evidence of fitness is, to say the least, as good as another's. It is not easy to produce a new argument for the suffrage of the unfittest, but every chairman of their annual meeting is bound to do so under penalties. Mr. Hugh Mason has risen to the occasion. He finds his in the election petitions and their consequences. "What," he said, "could be more unjust than the cases of women in corrupt boroughs such as Macclesfield and Oxford, where Royal Commissions had been sent down to inquire into the corrupt practices of the men there, and the women had been compelled to pay their quota towards the expenses of those Commissions?" Speaking from Mr. Hugh Mason's point of view, but with the application of masculine instead of feminine logic, we should say that the case of the uncorrupt male voters who did their duty, and yet are mulcted, was considerably more unjust, supposing that there is any injustice in the case at all. But we do not expect Mr. Hugh Mason, much less Miss Lydia Becker, to agree with us. It is sufficient to say that by this argument Mr. Hugh Mason has justified his selection. The torch of progress may be justly handed to him by his predecessor, whoever he was, without misgiving. It is not so clear to us that it was wise of Mr. Mason (in illustrating the difficulty of getting matters before Parliament) to instance his own struggles to get in a Bill about boiler explosions. A wicked critic might somehow or other take up Mr. Hugh Mason's two pet subjects, boiler explosions and women's suffrage, and make them a joint text for a sermon of a very shocking nature. The audience, however, was not wicked or critical, for no comment, at least in the published reports, betrays the slightest reflection as to the coincidence on the part of any of Mr. Mason's hearers. It would have been very unkind to make any such reflection on the favourite legislative projects, explosive or counter-explosive, of a man who had just pledged himself to go on balloting till all was blue, and who had, in the cause of woman, further proved his soundness by the argument about the Election Commissions.

The followers of Mr. Mason were not quite so interesting, because they were less novel. That Mr. A. G. Symonds should take the opportunity to remind the meeting of "his opportunities of knowing the opinions of members of Parliament" was natural, and the announcement may have been interesting—to Mr. A. G. Symonds. That the same person (who is principally known as the Secretary of an exceedingly pragmatical body, calling itself the National Reform Union, which as a matter of fact lives and moves in the Manchester equivalent for Tooley Street) should assert a simultaneous acquaintance with dwellers in the rural districts, and assure the assembled women that extension of the county franchise meant women's suffrage, because the labourers were "thoroughly agreed on the question," was more attractive. The rurality of the dwellers in Tooley Street, Manchester, is undoubted. The probable opinion of the average agricultural labourer as to the political rights of his wife, and the means which he would take for enabling her to exercise those rights in a thoroughly free and independent manner, are undoubted likewise, at least to persons who do know something of the "dwellers in agricultural districts." Mr. Symonds was followed by Miss Carbutt. Miss Carbutt's argument for the enfranchisement is that "the sense of responsibility which it would give to women would prevent their being interested in the frivolities which at present were almost the only things to which women who had not to earn their living could turn." Frivolities is good, but "almost" is better. The frivolity of household duties, of looking after the sick and poor and needy, of smoothing the rough places of the world and healing the wounds of the world's victims—not to speak of self-cultivation and the practice of those branches of art and literature which are traditionally open to women—is an ingenious conception, and Miss Carbutt is to be thanked for it. This single jewel is a bright one, and we do not know that it is outshone by the galaxy of beauties which may be extracted from the subsequent oration of Mrs. Ashton Dilke. The utterances of Mr. Ashton Dilke lately have betrayed a painful mental condition of backsliding and doubt. Unless his reporters have belied him, he has washed his hands of the Irish as impracticable; he has spoken of the representation of minorities (which his reverend senior, Mr. Bright, knows to be an invention of the Devil and Lord Beaconsfield in conclave assembled) as a reasonable thing, and he has even hinted doubts of the excellences of the caucus. Mrs. Ashton Dilke (and this is a great argument for the women's suffrage people) knows no such variability. "Women had gained so much from constitutional liberty that they would be the last to deprive their fellow-creatures of it." There is a slap in the face for Mr. Gladstone, and a healing balm for the victims of tyranny at Kilmainham! "If women had votes in Ireland there would be less lawlessness displayed." This is the sort of assertion which it is difficult either to prove or to disprove. The Ladies' Land League, however, and Miss Anna Parnell's spirited and memorable rides across country in order to induce the lagging tenant to "get up and bar the door"

against the hateful sheriff and his posse seem to render the statement a little doubtful. Mrs. Ashton Dilke, however, has reason for her rhyme. "Women," she knew, "were inclined to carry out an agitation in a peaceful manner. They would not go beyond constitutional bounds." On the whole (for, in the pursuance of an inveterate, though obsolete, habit of deferential gallantry we shall supply Mrs. Ashton Dilke with the arguments which she seems to lack), it appears that women's suffrage might have one good effect in Ireland. Free and independent electresses might object to be set in the forefront of the battle to shield their husbands and brothers from constabulary buckshot. But the consequent slaughter of the noblest and most chivalrous peasantry on earth, or else the disunion which would inevitably result in households at present united in the bonds of the Catholic faith and of a desire to pay no rent, are heavy drawbacks to this advantage.

The *Women's Suffrage Journal* is always active just before the annual display of strength. This year, an account of a meeting at Sheffield some thirty years ago has been exhumed to cheer the daughters of liberty. There is an editorial comment on this which explains the matter. But the account itself appears in a different part of the paper without any warning heading; and it is rather a shock to read, after a report which might be that of proceedings held yesterday, that "a memorial was voted to Lord John Russell." It certainly seems, till the facts are appreciated, that it is a case of "flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo." However, further examination and the comparison of the before-mentioned editorial remarks show that Lord Russell's venerable ashes are not to be disturbed, and that the meeting took place about 1849. We think we like Miss Anne Knight, who seems to have been the Miss Lydia Becker of those days, better than the existing master of Parliamentary procedure; but this may be merely the unfair predilection for the past which influences some minds. Miss Anne Knight, it seems, used to talk about "the three hundred slaughtermen"—which did not refer to journeymen butchers, but to members of the House of Commons connected with the Army and Navy. There is a passage, too, in Miss Knight's oration which, though some allusions in it are a little dark to us, has much picturesqueness and pathos. "She had asked Edward Smith to be present on that occasion, but he had his fears about Socialism, and also objected to music. She would rather not have had the music, because her woman's harp was hanging on the willows, and it must be almost a mockery to their poor Hungarian brethren to be requested to play the songs of their fatherland in the land of strangers." Edward Smith, who objected to Socialism and music at public meetings, must have been a very sensible fellow, and we like Miss Knight's references to her woman's harp. There is a distinguished poetess of the present day who talks just like this in her prefaces, though, to do her justice, we do not remember to have seen her name at a women's suffrage meeting. After the pathetic description of her harp, Miss Knight exhorted her hearers to "send their lights down to the south," "she hoped their beacons would be lighted through the country till they warmed the heart of cold London," in which phrase, indeed, the speaker seems to have anticipated, in different ways, two great men of the present day—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. George R. Sims. There was a Mrs. Higginbotham, too, in 1849 who was very nice. She spoke in moving terms of "the wives of soldiers and sailors, unable to represent their country in their country's cause while they were far off on the sea, or compelled to an automaton submission to ravage with fire and sword their unoffending brethren of different lands at the tyrant's bidding" (the tyrant, by the way, was that same gracious monarch who is now the Women's Suffrage Society's stock argument for its demands). All this is much racier than Mr. Hugh Mason's logic and Miss Carbutt's arguments about frivolities, and not much more unreasonable. The correspondent who forwarded this undated *trouville* to *The Women's Suffrage Journal* should be applied to for more of the same. Miss Anne Knight and Mrs. Higginbotham, who depicted soldiers and sailors ravaging their brethren with sword and fire, would be a welcome change after Lady Harberton and Mrs. Scatcherd, Miss Becker and Miss Helena Downing.

#### THE LONDON FISH SUPPLY.

THE proceedings of the Corporation of London in the matter of the metropolitan fish supply afford an interesting and pleasing contrast to those of the Metropolitan Board of Works. It must be allowed in fairness to the latter body that, if they had not moved in the business, the superior merits of the Corporation might never have come to light. Whether as effect or as coincidence, the anxiety of the Corporation to improve, and if needful to supplement, Billingsgate has been greatly quickened by the action of the Board of Works. But, since the two authorities have taken the question in hand, the action of the Corporation has been very much to the purpose, while the action of the Board of Works has come to nothing at all. At their meeting last week the members occupied themselves in rejecting one motion after another without seeming to have any clear conception of what it was they wanted to do. If the majority of the Board are really of opinion that the action of the Corporation has made it unnecessary for them to do anything further, they had better have said so plainly. They may hold that, if the compe-

tion of the Board of Works be withdrawn, the zeal of the Corporation will grow cold, but in that case they should either have adjourned the further consideration of the question until it has been seen what the Corporation is going to do, or have devoted themselves to the provision of a fish market in some quarter of London where the Corporation does not propose to set up one. If they are inclined to come to a compromise with the Corporation, they should have laid down plainly the lines on which they propose to base an arrangement, and then have suggested a conference between representatives of the two authorities. As it was, they simply threw overboard a series of premature or unwise proposals, and separated without coming to any conclusion at all.

The motion first put to the Board was one in favour of a site between the Great Northern and Midland Railways, now in the possession of the Gas Light and Coke Company. Whether this site is the best that could be chosen for a market for railway-borne fish it is not our business to say. But it seems plain that, if it is chosen, there will be no need for a market on the site recommended by the Fish Supply Committee of the Common Council. Two markets north of the Thames in addition to one at Billingsgate are only likely to ruin one another; though it may well deserve consideration whether, as the Corporation propose to enlarge Billingsgate with the view of making it adequate to the increased demands of the trade in water-borne fish, the provision of a market for railway-borne fish might not advantageously be left to the Board of Works. A conference between the Board and the Corporation might have ended in the adoption of this compromise, and so saved a considerable expenditure of public money. The motion actually submitted to the Board made no mention of the Corporation scheme, but simply recommended the immediate establishment of a market upon the northern site. Supposing that the Board of Works are to set up a market without reference to the Corporation, it would be better to place it on the south side of the river, where it would, at all events, have the field to itself. A market in the north of London will be of no use to the railways south of the Thames; and, though in their case the competition of water-borne fish would be severe, there is no apparent reason why a railway fish trade could not be created on the southern coast which would be of considerable advantage to the metropolitan districts of Kent and Surrey.

On the previous day the Court of Common Council had been busy with the same question. On the 15th of September the Fish Supply Committee had been instructed to consider and report as to the cost of obtaining a site at Blackfriars, "and any other sites," and they had very properly interpreted the insertion of the words "and other sites" as an intimation that the Court desired to obtain all available information upon the question. They accordingly advertised for suggestions as to the best position for a fish market, and received one hundred suggestions. Thirty-two of the sites recommended were viewed by the Committee, and, in the end, four sites—Billingsgate, Blackfriars, the Central Markets in Farringdon Street, and a site near the Midland Railway—were referred to the City Architect for further consideration. The Committee came eventually to two conclusions; one, that the public feeling in favour of having two fish markets was strong enough to overbear the Committee's own conviction that one market is sufficient. That the public are in the right in thus thinking we have no doubt at all. It is impossible that in a crowded city like London the same market should be equally suited for the sale of water-borne and railway-borne fish. In the first place, if the whole supply is brought together in a single market, the block in the neighbouring streets will be proportionately greater. There will be more carts to be brought up, loaded, and sent away. In the second place, the requirements of the two methods of transport are different. What is wanted in the case of water-borne fish is that the market should be near the river. What is wanted in the case of railway-borne fish is that it should be near the railways. Unless the railways are brought down to the river-side, which in London may be said to be only possible at one point, these two requirements cannot be combined. The river is in the centre of the City; the railways, or at least those which bring most fish, are still, speaking comparatively, in the outskirts. If Billingsgate remains the only market, the fish brought by the railways north of London must be unpacked on its arrival and carted down to the river-side. If Billingsgate is replaced by a single inland market, the fish brought by river must be unpacked on its arrival and carted to the neighbourhood of the northern railways. What the public desire is that this useless transshipment shall be avoided, and by the plan of a double market it is avoided. The only argument in favour of the Blackfriars site lay in the fact that it was near both to the river and to a railway over which all the fish coming to London from the North might easily be carried. But Blackfriars is open to the grave objection that it is above bridge, and it is not at all clear that this change would not be exceedingly disadvantageous to the trade in river-borne fish. To have to pass two bridges may, at some stages of the tide, appreciably increase the risks of transit. This objection is the more weighty because it is not balanced by any reasons pointing to the superiority of one market over two. Even if the fish brought by river and the fish brought by railway could be conveniently landed at one and the same place, the argument in favour of having two markets rather than one would be very strong. So long as there is only a single market, it must be easier to make the prices charged in that market a matter of arrangement than it would be if there were two markets bidding, to some extent, against one another. As it is in the interest of the public that

prices should not be made a matter of arrangement, it would be better to have two markets rather than one, even if there were no other considerations pointing that way.

It is much to the credit of the Fish Supply Committee that they took the wishes of the public as their guide, although that wish was in contradiction to their own expressed opinion in favour of a single wholesale market by the river. The recommendation of the Committee was accepted by a large majority of the Common Council, but not without considerable resistance. The Opposition had on their side the fact that, though the proposal of the Committee will provide an excellent market for railway-borne fish, it will do so at the sacrifice of another kind of market, which is also very much needed. The building which it is intended to make a fish market was originally designed for the sale of fruit and vegetables; and though, on the supposition that only one new market can be had, fish is undoubtedly a more important article of food than fruit and vegetables, it is unfortunate that the two should thus be pitted against one another. It was not, however, to this point that the opponents of the Committee chiefly directed themselves. To some members of the Court it seemed a terrible surrender of corporate dignity that a Committee of the Common Council of London should have so far forgotten itself as to bow to public opinion. To do this, said one deputy, was to tread on very dangerous ground. Billingsgate is evidently regarded by a minority in the Common Council, not merely as under the circumstances the best site for a water-side market, but as the spot to which, by a sort of Divine appointment, all the fish that comes to London must necessarily go. They are not afraid that when a second market is opened any of the fish will be taken there. Heaven can protect its own, and there will be no fish market but Billingsgate, no matter how many other places may have the name given to them in irony. What troubles the minority is that the Common Council should be found fighting on the wrong side. Billingsgate will win, whatever other markets there may be in the field; but it makes all the difference to the faithful citizen whether it wins with the Corporation as its friend or as its enemy. Until the experiment has been tried and failed, the uninstructed public will go on believing that one way of cheapening fish is to place the market as near as possible to the point at which the fish arrives, and that another way is to make it the interest of the dealers in two rival markets to undersell one another. It is quite intelligible that the deputies who represent the ward of Billingsgate should not see things in this light. The fish supply of London has until now been a very pretty monopoly, of which Billingsgate has had the exclusive control. There is no need to displace it from its position as a market for river-borne fish, since for that it is admirably suited; but it certainly ought not to be retained as a market for a branch of the trade the requirements of which it does not in the least meet.

#### THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

THERE are few more interesting ways of passing a morning than to spend it, under proper official guidance, in the General Post Office. Of all Government departments, there is none which works with the same smoothness and perfection. The very certainty and regularity with which it discharges its functions tends to make us forget how complicated and how skilfully adapted to its work must be the machinery which performs it. The Gas Company and the Waterworks Company give us frequent and inconvenient reminders in our households of the imperfections of their respective systems; but, when the first movements of righteous indignation are over, we can reflect how difficult must be the task of supplying a city like London with gas and water. The Post Office gives us no trouble; the tax we pay to it is distributed in trifling sums over the whole of the year, does not visit us in the form of a rate, and is of that least vexatious kind which we pay in exact proportion to the work which we ask Government to do for us. Even those whose reading has made them more or less familiar with the work done at the General Post Office cannot see the machine in action without a feeling of astonishment at the skill which has gradually carried to such perfection, and is constantly developing, so vast an organization. There is no department in the Post Office and Postal Telegraph Office which does not repay a visit, though some are of course more impressive or more curious than others. The most striking, perhaps, is the central hall of the Telegraph Office.

In this hall, with the annexed wings, a thousand operators may be seen at work. The ceaseless din of the machines reminds one of the great factories in our Northern centres of industry. As an instance of the amount of work which is done in this office, it may be mentioned that one wire only suffices as means of communication with Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, and a second with Newcastle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. Two hundred words a minute can be transmitted along each of these. Some of the wires, on the "quadruplex" system, allow of two messages being sent simultaneously each way. About fifty thousand messages pass daily through the office. Much of the labour of telegraphing from the central office to neighbouring points of London—such as Charing Cross or the Houses of Parliament—is done by means of pneumatic tubes, through which bundles of telegrams are sent for distribution in the respective districts. The journey through these tubes from the central office to Charing Cross takes about four minutes. The furthest distance to which

the pneumatic system has as yet been carried is the House of Commons. Some of the work of telegraphing is done by automatic machines, Greenwich time being sent in this way to all the great towns throughout the country. Down below, on the lower stories of the same building, are the engines—one for pulping up old messages, and two, each of 50-horse power, for the pneumatic tubes, one of which pumps while the other exhausts. Here, too, is the battery room, with three miles of shelving and twenty thousand cells. Special knowledge is needed fully to appreciate the skill and ingenuity which the various arrangements in this department display; but no observer can fail to be impressed both with the colossal magnitude of that work which concentrates the business and interests of every part of the country and every quarter of the globe into this one room, as into no other place in the world, and with the precision and fidelity with which the work is performed.

In the Postal Department there is, perhaps, less to impress a casual observer, unless, indeed, the visit is made at the hour when the general night mails are making up. The organization which is able to cope with the deluge of letters which pours in upon the office is then seen at its best. But, apart from the amusement of a sensational *coup d'œil*, more is learnt of the working of the system by going round the office in the quieter hours of the day, and tracing the history of a letter from the time it enters to the time it leaves the building. As fast as the letters drop from outside into the receptacles prepared for them, they are carried to the nearest tables, where the process of "facing" is gone through—that is, they are all put with the addresses on the same side, and the right side uppermost. This done, they are carried further to be stamped. The same machine which does the stamping also puts the obliterating mark on the postage-stamp of the letter. Then comes the sorting, which is subdivided into three stages. The first assigns the letter to the railway line which goes to, or nearest to, the town or village to which it is addressed; in the second, all the letters which go by each line are again divided into districts, or groups of towns; in the third, the bag for each place is finally made up. Much of the primary sorting is, in the case of the letters which pass through London from one part of the country to the other, done in the country offices from which they start. When, in the primary sorting, there is any difficulty as to the address, the letter is put into a division above the desk marked "Blind"; it is then handed on for further examination to a fresh set of officials, and then, if they are not able to make anything of it, it is passed on to the Returned Letter Office. The method pursued in the department for foreign correspondence is substantially the same. In the Registered Letter department the principle is somewhat different. Each letter, from the time when it leaves the hand of the sender to the time when it is delivered into the hand of the receiver, has to be accounted for by a written receipt every time that it passes from one person to another. The system is not an absolute guarantee of safety, as may be seen from the thefts of registered letters which come before the police courts; but the danger of detection in such cases, especially when the theft is repeated, acts as a powerful deterrent. And, considering the enormous business done by this department, and the rare cases of theft which occur, the system seems to give all the practical security attainable. It is hard to imagine any other, not involving an inconvenient amount of trouble and delay, which would be safer for the public. It is curious to see the great pots of molten wax, standing in a row on the desks, with which the sealing in this department is done. Whenever an especially interesting or curious address occurs, whether on a registered letter or not, it is recorded in books provided for the purpose. One may be quoted as an example:—"Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty Shaughnessey—The Beautiful Shamrock—Next door to Barney O'Flynn's Whiskey Store—Stratford-on-Avon—In the County of Cork, if ye like Dublin." It may be added that the art of sorting letters, which does not come by nature, is taught in the Post Office itself, where classes of boys may be seen receiving daily instruction in the craft, and practising with dummy letters before their teacher.

The most curious department of the Post Office, and that most fertile in odd and amusing incidents, is the Returned Letter Office, off Moorgate Street. It is here that all letters are sent and opened, the owners of which cannot, for some reason or other, be found. If human ingenuity can discover the writer or the person to whom the letter is addressed, one or the other gets it sooner or later. But in many cases this is impossible, either because the addresses and the headings are wanting, or are illegible, or are erroneous, or else because the parties are dead, or have quitted the neighbourhood, leaving behind them no clue to their whereabouts. It is remarkable, considering how illiterate and unintelligent the mass of the people still are, that only one letter in two hundred fails to be duly delivered. Carelessness, too, has almost as much to do as ignorance with the faulty addressing or fastening up of letters. Last year seventy-eight thousand letters containing articles of value passed through this department; and twenty-two thousand articles escaped from the flimsy covers in which they were wrapped. Two-thirds of the letters, the addresses of which cannot be found, are returned to the senders. Each official opens daily from five hundred to six hundred letters; and about three hundred inquiries are answered every day. The opening is done by men, as the contents of the letters opened are often of the most unavourable kind; the re-addressing and returning are done by women. It is found that the women show a capacity for their work equal to that of the men, but that their power of enduring consecutive labour is by no means the same. Not only does the Returned

Letter Office do its work of returning letters as well as it can be done, but the facts which its work discloses have a curious statistical value, as showing the sort of letters and parcels that pass through the post, of which those that are ill-addressed afford probably a fair sample. The parcels are marvellous. We find not only every conceivable article which can be found in a pawnbroker's or a haberdasher's shop, but birds, beasts, reptiles, fish, insects, and molluscs. A short time ago a wasp's nest was among the temporary treasures of the department. Shortly before a lizard and a slow-worm (insufficiently directed) found their way to the same office. They had been packed in the same box, and, when opened overnight, appeared to be living in peace and amity. The following morning it was reported, as a remarkable phenomenon, that one of the creatures had vanished from the closed box; on examination it appeared that the lizard had indeed gone from sight, and that the slow-worm was enormously swollen in his digestive parts. On one occasion a number of torn letters were forwarded to the department from a letter-box into which a mouse had been thrown by some playful spirit. It turned out that the mouse had left all of the letters untouched except those which contained postage-stamps; but its sense of smell had guided it to all those with stamps in them, and it had bitten through the covers and eaten away at the adhesive gum on the backs of the stamps. It often happens that the parcels which find their way to this department contain ill-smelling objects, such as decayed fruit and flowers, dead birds, stale meat, and rotten oysters. For the comfort of the openers these parcels are sent up from the ground floor to the upper story, where they are examined in an iron lift fitted outside the walls, which halts at the window of the examining room. The parcels can thus be opened and investigated without the offensive smells penetrating into the room itself. Sometimes a slice of paste or of old plum-pudding is found in a letter; why such a thing should be sent at all is a puzzle, till a close examination shows that it contains sovereigns, hidden in it with a view to escaping the registration fee. For the same reason sovereigns are often concealed in newspapers. It frequently happens that unaddressed letters, when opened, are found to contain cheques, sometimes to a very large amount. These it is of course easy to return, through the banker, to their owners. But, with the best will in the world, the department is left with a mass of articles of every conceivable kind on its hands, which at intervals of three months are sold by auction. Among these are empty, unaddressed purses, which are constantly found in letter-boxes, put there by thieves who have transferred the contents to their own pockets. House-keys are also frequently found in the same places, dropped into them by tenants who have left their houses without paying the landlord his rent. Sometimes, however, they politely attach a label to the key, with the name and address of the landlord, thus signifying to him that he may look out for another and more solvent occupier. From the old name of the Dead Letter Office a popular belief arose that all inquiries as to persons dead or missing, or as to soldiers or sailors who have not been heard of by their friends, should be made there.

Some of the misdirections of letters are very curious. One to "Owl O'Neill" was for a long time a source of much perplexity, till at length some quick-eared official, caught by a certain similarity of sound, suggested, as it proved correctly, that it was meant for "Rowland Hill," the writer having apparently often heard the word pronounced, but never seen it written. A telegram is sent to "Capt. Troller," which turns out to be intended for the "Controller" of the department. A letter is sent to some person who cannot be found signed "Rank and File"; a young clerk in the office, new to his work, takes this to be the name of a firm, and readdresses it "Messrs. Rank and File." Another is addressed:—

Private Jones,  
Nemo me impune lacessit,

the motto of the regiment being taken to be part of the address. A medical certificate is among the treasures of the department, worded as follows:—"This is to certify that I attended Mrs. — in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof." Singular answers to advertisements as to the boarding-out or adoption of children occur—e.g. "Allow me to state that I am not a lady, but that the father of the child is a perfect gentleman"; and, again, "I am sorry to say that I am a young person, and that I have a dear little boy." An envelope containing a pair of spectacles is sent, apparently by a servant-girl in London, to "My dear Father in Yorkshire, in the white house with green palings." There is a letter by a mad person, summoning a friend to appear on a certain day for judgment in the next world, whence the letter is dated. A woman writes to say that the foot-and-mouth disease is caused by the prevalent practice of burying people alive, and signs herself by her "professional name" of "Anna the Prophetess" and by her "general name" of "Miss R—." The attention of the department is particularly called by the Prophetess to this baleful custom. She ejaculates, with as much truth as fervour, "What an awful position to be placed in!" A man in Cheshire writes a letter to the Coroner and Jury who are going to hold an inquest on him after he has committed suicide. It is full of bitter complaints against his friends. Either, however, his courage failed him, or he came to take a more cheerful view of life; for he did not commit suicide, after all; and thus the letter reached the Returned Letter Office, and not the Cheshire Coroner. There are two classes of persons,

one of whom always get the letters written to them, and the other of whom always get returned to them the letters which do not reach those to whom they were written. The first consist of people of title, whose addresses are always to be found in the Red Book, and the second of those people, generally men of business, whose name and address are stamped on their envelopes. These, indeed, get their letters back unopened, and not even the officials of the department are initiated into their secrets.

#### THE SUNDERLAND LIBRARY.

SIX years ago the amateurs of great collections were excited by the sale at Christie's of the celebrated Marlborough gems. Although these were sold at one bid for the large sum of thirty-five thousand guineas, it does not seem to have been quite as much as was expected or perhaps required. The gems were collected by the third Duke of Marlborough, who inherited the strong family taste for accumulating works of art from his ancestor, the third Earl of Sunderland. His son was that Marquess of Blandford so celebrated by "Froggy" Dibdin, who collected the Whitknights Library, and paid at the Roxburgh sale, in competition with Lord Spencer, the then unprecedented sum of 2,260*l.* for one book, the Valdarfer *Decameron*—in honour of which the still flourishing Roxburgh Club was instituted. When Lord Blandford succeeded to the dukedom the Whitknights library was sold. This *Decameron* then fetched about one-fourth of what it had cost, although at a later period it passed, at a price intermediate between its first and its second, into the hands of Lord Spencer. Curiously, however, another copy of this most rare book, not quite perfect, was already at Blenheim. It will be included in the coming sale of what may be termed the Sunderland Library. This collection was made by Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, in the reign of George I. He was not the well-known statesman to whom there are so many references in the history of the Revolution of 1688, but his son, himself one of the principal Secretaries of State under Queen Anne and George I. In the Catalogue of the Sunderland Library, to which we shall presently have to make fuller reference, the collection is said to have been formed by the Earl "in the reigns of George I. and II."; but he died in 1722, and George I. survived him more than four years. A mistake like this on the threshold causes a feeling of distrust as to the rest of the preface to the Catalogue. Earl Charles married the second daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, on whom and her descendants the honours and estates were settled, to the prejudice of the senior line, now represented by the Duke of Leeds. One of his great-grandsons was that George John, second Earl Spencer, who, under the fostering care of Dr. Dibdin, formed the famous library of which, during his lifetime, the early books were placed in Spencer House, London, and the remainder at Althorp, but which were, after his death, concentrated at the latter place. His rival at more than one celebrated auction was his cousin, the Lord Blandford mentioned above; and we read in Dibdin's high-flown account of the Roxburgh sale that Lord Althorp, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, stood by his father on that great occasion. The Sunderland Library was transferred to Blenheim in 1733, when the son of its collector succeeded his aunt, the Duchess Henrietta. It does not appear to have been increased even by that great book-fancier the fourth Duke, and it remains substantially what it was in the early years of the house of Hanover. Accordingly it possesses a certain unity of character as the collection of a bibliomaniac whose means equalled his tastes, and who lived more than a century and a half ago. This peculiarity makes its dispersion a matter of special regret. In its entirety it is a monument. It has not been brought together for scoffers like Charles Lamb, who expressed himself strongly about what he calls *biblia abiblia*, among which he reckoned court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, history in general, and, in short, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without." It vexed him to see such "things in book's clothing perched upon shelves."

We shall be curious to see the prices fetched in these days by a collection of which the chief rarities are the once much-prized *Éditiones Principes*. The chief works are, so to speak, of a monumental character. They were of more value in their place on the shelves of the Blenheim Library, and in their relation to one another as parts of a collection of historical interest, than they can possibly be when dispersed by the hammer to the four quarters of the globe. Still, if the Liverpool or Birmingham or Glasgow people, about whose newborn literary taste we hear so much, wish for a substantial foundation for one of the great Free Libraries of the future, they will have now an opportunity, never again likely to occur, of imitating Mr. Bromlow's sporting and successful first bid for the Marlborough gems in 1875. It is curious to look at the sums realized at some of the great book sales of late years. The Bragge collection, consisting wholly of illuminated manuscripts some five hundred in number, was sold for about 12,000*l.* The Perkins library went for 26,000*l.*, including 6,000*l.* for the two Mazarine Bibles. Sir William Tite's collection, one of the choicest ever brought to the hammer, produced about 18,000*l.*

The first portion, of which the Catalogue is already in the hands of the bibliomaniac, consists of two thousand seven hundred lots, many of which will no doubt be lumped together at the sale. It comprises names from Abelard to Chardin, so that, according to

the usual analogy of catalogues, it may be considered to represent a fourth part of the whole library. The alphabetical order has been adopted because, as the preface informs us, by far the greater part of the library is strictly classical. There are, for instance, not fewer than thirty-five editions of Catullus, and fifty-two of Cæsar, including the first, or *Ediitio Princeps*. Among the other classical first editions are those of Æschylus, Venice, 1518; Æsop, Venice, 1498; Apuleius, Vicenza, 1488; Aristophanes, Florence, 1517, and many more of lesser note. The Bibles are by no means so remarkable, but there is a copy of the first complete Greek version, the Aldine of 1518, and a very fine one of the second edition of the Vulgate—namely, Eust and Schoeffer's, of 1462. This copy is printed on vellum, and is only inferior in interest to the undated Bible known as the Mazarine. It is large, sound and perfect, says the Catalogue, the leaves being 16½ in. by 11½. The Perkins copy sold for 780*l.*, and this one is in every respect equal to it. Among the English Bibles are a few of considerable value. The earliest is Whitlure's edition of the "Great Bible," 1541, the forerunner of our so-called Authorized Version. It seldom occurs in a perfect state, having in most cases been worn out in parish church desks. The present copy is described as "perfect and generally sound and clean." Next comes the Bishop's Bible, of which this is "probably the presentation copy" to Queen Elizabeth on the part of the printers. It has her arms and initials on the binding, but is not of the first edition. Nor is there any copy of King James's first, the earliest being only of 1619. There is a "Vinegar Bible" (1717) on vellum, which is a rarity, and some early French and Italian editions, but little else of importance in this particular department. Among romances the first place must be given to the Valdarfer Boccaccio, already mentioned, this copy of which wants five leaves, being therefore inferior to that now in the Spencer Library, which is perfect. There is a copy, nearly perfect, of the Mantua edition of 1472; but the compiler is in error in saying it is "probably the only copy existing in this country." Lord Spencer has one, but it is very imperfect. It was at the Caxton Exhibition in 1877. There are in all some sixty-five volumes of various editions of Boccaccio's different works, including the rare Giunta of 1527, the rare Aldine of 1522, and above all the Bruges edition of the "Nobles Hommes et Femmes," which was printed in 1476 by Colard Mansion, who, according to Mr. Blades, and, in fact, all modern authorities, was Caxton's master in the art of printing. Of Caxton there is only his Chronicle, printed by another and later hand; but a good many early editions of English poets occur, or will occur in future parts of the Catalogue. The preface calls especial attention to the number of books printed on vellum, but only a few—some sixteen or seventeen—are included in the December sale. Of these, besides what we have noticed above, perhaps the most important is St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, of which there are two editions, one dated 1470 and one 1475. The early Italian poets are well represented, and the next instalment will, it is understood, include a Dante manuscript. The Chronicles, Councils, county histories, and historical tracts do not come into the first sale, which is fixed to take place in December, at the auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, where the books will be on view during the last week of November.

#### BANKS AS PROMOTERS OF SPECULATION.

ACCORDING to the statistics published twice every year by the *Economist*, the banks of the United Kingdom last month held between five and six hundred millions of deposits. Of course the whole of this vast sum does not really represent deposits in the sense usually understood by that word by the general public. A part of it is reckoned twice over; as, for example, the bankers' balances figure in the accounts both of the Bank of England and of the depositing banks. A portion, also, consists of the proceeds of loans and discounts. When the holder of a bill gets it discounted, or when a borrower obtains a loan from a bank, the proceeds in either case are entered to his credit in the books of the bank. As a rule, the advances so made are not withdrawn from the bank in cash, but are paid away by means of cheques, and thus appear only as book accounts. Lastly, a large portion consists of current accounts. But, when we have made the fullest allowance on all these scores, the actual deposits—the savings, that is, of persons who lodge their money with banks either while awaiting a suitable investment, or because they know not how to obtain a better interest for it—are enormous, and against these deposits the only reserve held is that of the Bank of England. As we showed quite recently, the reserve held by the Bank of England has for weeks oscillated about 10 millions, once actually dropping below that amount, then rising again, only to fall once more. The other banks, as we then pointed out, really keep no reserves. The balances which they maintain at the Bank of England are only kept for the purposes of the Clearing House, and in strictness must be regarded only as till-money. The till-money, again, which they keep on their premises to meet the demands that may come upon them from day to day, is not a reserve in any sense of the word. And the only other provisions they make against sudden and large demands upon them are the loans which they advance to the bill-brokers either on call or for very short periods, and their investments in securities. The loans to the bill-brokers, however, are just as little a reserve as till-money itself, for the bill-brokers have no reserve upon which to draw; and whenever it becomes necessary for the banks to withdraw the money lent with them,



the bill-brokers have no option but to go to the Bank of England. Lastly, the investments in Consols and other high-class securities do not constitute a reserve proper. If a panic were to occur, it would be impossible to sell these securities, and the securities themselves would be of no avail as payments. We come back then to what we have already stated, that the only reserve in the United Kingdom is that held by the Bank of England, and that that reserve does not amount to sixpence in the pound of the deposits generally; in other words, were a run to be made upon the banks, there is no reserve upon which to draw but that held by the Bank of England, and that is utterly inadequate so long as the law is enforced. It seems at first sight incredible that men usually deemed so prudent and careful as bankers should make no provision against liabilities of such enormous amount, and which at any moment they may be called upon to liquidate. But the fact is that they have grown accustomed to depend upon the Government. They expect the Bank of England to stand by them should a crisis arise, and, when the Bank of England itself becomes endangered by this course, they expect the Government to authorize an infraction of the Bank Charter Act. This is not a very satisfactory state of things, and means ought to be taken to put a stop to it. The Bank Charter Act has already had frequently to be suspended, and as things are now, it is very likely that it will have to be suspended again. The only way, however, in which this can be avoided is by the banks themselves keeping an adequate reserve in addition to that kept by the Bank of England, and there are other reasons, as we shall presently show, which make it extremely desirable that this should be done. We readily concede that a run such as we have been speaking of is less likely now than in the past. The public is better educated, understands financial questions better, and is not so apt to lose its head in a crisis. The failure of the Glasgow Bank showed this very clearly. If the Scotch public had then taken alarm, they might possibly have compelled all the other Scotch banks to have closed their doors; but, in fact, the other Scotch banks were at no time in danger. It is not probable, therefore, we admit, that a run should be made upon all the banks of the country; but it is possible, nevertheless, that such a thing may occur, and it is certainly not improbable that a run may occur upon one or two of the banks in particular, and may cause serious disaster. Even at the time of the Glasgow Bank failure there was a run for a short time upon one of the greatest and best-managed of the London joint-stock banks. Happily it stopped before any unpleasant consequences followed; but the fact that there was even a partial run shows that occasions may arise in which panic may seize the depositors in well-managed and perfectly solvent banks, and may lead to very disastrous results.

The ultimate reason, no doubt, why the banks keep no real reserve is that they are obliged, as a rule, to pay interest upon the deposits they hold. If they were to keep a considerable portion of these deposits idle they would lose money, and consequently they are eager as far as possible to employ every halfpenny upon which they pay interest. The result of this practice in endangering our monetary system we have just been dwelling upon; but there is another consequence, scarcely less disastrous—that is, the stimulus given by the banks to speculation in their desire to employ profitably all their deposits. The proper investment for a bank is in bills. If a bank discounts good bills, it knows exactly when each bill will fall due, and it therefore can so arrange its investments that day by day a portion of them will fall due; that at no time will too much of its money be locked up, or too much of it remain idle; but that each day a convenient amount will come into its hands. The number of bills offering for discount, however, is much smaller than the funds held by the banks. Partly owing to railways, steamships, and telegraphs, it is no longer necessary now for merchants to hold the immense stocks of commodities which it at one time was, and consequently they do not require so large capitals as they once did to do the same amount of business. In other words, a merchant's own capital goes much further now than it did formerly. Further, the low prices which have prevailed of late years enable the merchant's capital to go still further. And, lastly, the large profits which the prosperity of trade for the past thirty years has ensured have made our merchants wealthier than they formerly were. For all these reasons, merchants do not now require so much accommodation as they once did. At the same time the deposits have been steadily growing. The improvement in the condition of all classes of the people has enabled them to save more largely than they formerly did. Banking facilities are also taken advantage of more largely, and consequently deposits are growing while bills are becoming more scarce. Thus bankers find themselves unable to employ as large a proportion as they once did of their funds in the discounting of bills. They are driven, therefore, to find some other means of investment. One is in the purchase of good securities, such as Consols, United States bonds, Indian and Colonial securities, and the like. But investments of that kind can be carried only to a certain extent by a bank. As a kind of reserve, investment in Consols is not only useful, but necessary. But if a bank sinks a large proportion of its funds in such a form, it virtually ceases to be a bank. Besides, if all banks were to invest largely in these securities, they would drive up prices so high that the yield would be scarcely remunerative. The third mode of investment is that to which we have referred above—loans either "on call" or for very short periods to the bill-brokers; but here again the amount so disposable is very limited. There remains, therefore, but one other mode of employment, and that is by lending on the Stock Exchange; and of late years loans made to the

Stock Exchange by bankers have been growing larger and larger. Every one who has attended to the subject must be aware of the enormous rise in the prices of securities during the past two years. Indeed, for the greater part of that time it scarcely mattered in what securities one invested, for the price was sure to rise. Therefore, a speculator was able to buy almost at random, and after a while sell at a profit. The natural consequence was a rush of speculators of all kinds and classes, and both sexes, and very few of these speculators had the money wherewith to speculate. Their brokers borrowed from the banks in order to "carry over," as the phrase is, from account to account, the speculators paying or pocketing the "differences" as the case might be. As long as the speculators were able to pay the "differences," and prices continued to rise, all went merrily; but after a time the banks began to grow uneasy. They saw that prices had reached a level at which it was scarcely possible that they should long remain. They saw further that they had increased their loans so enormously that any accident might upset the market, and might place themselves in a serious dilemma. They grew apprehensive, therefore, and they began to make difficulties about fresh advances. Then they began to call in a portion of their loans, and ultimately they insisted that some of the accounts should be closed. In their turn, the brokers, finding themselves thus pressed, put pressure upon their clients, and where these were not able to pay for their purchases, they had to sell. Prices instantly began to fall, and there was a sort of crisis. Then, when prices had fallen far enough, and the greater part of the speculators were cleared out with heavy loss to themselves, the brokers paid off the greater part of the loans they had obtained from the banks, and the banks found themselves with idle money once more upon their hands. They began to think that possibly they had been too hasty after all. They had got back their money without loss, and they looked ruefully to the low interest with which they now had to content themselves instead of the handsome rates which they were lately getting. They were ready again to lend as before, to send up prices, and to stimulate speculation. And so this game of alternate rises and falls is promoted by the anxiety of the banks to employ their deposits profitably, and at the same time safely.

It is the fashion to talk of the Stock Exchange as little better than a place of gambling, and of stock-brokers as gamblers; but it will be seen that stock-brokers could gamble very little without the assistance of the banks, and that bankers really contribute quite as much to the gambling as the brokers, although bankers are ready enough to turn round when the crash comes and hold up their hands in horror at the wickedness perpetrated on the Stock Exchange. The banks first stimulate the speculation, and then bring on a collapse by precipitately calling in their loans. It may be said that the speculators deserve their fate; but the question of desert matters little if the final result is loss to the community, distress, discredit, and depression. It is much easier, however, to point out the mischief than to suggest a remedy. The original cause of the mischief, as we have already said, is that the banks, speaking generally, pay interest upon the deposits they receive, and consequently find it necessary to employ these deposits to the last halfpenny. But the deposits, it is to be remembered, really constitute the working capital of the banks. The so-called capital—that is, the capital subscribed by the shareholders—is a mere bagatelle compared with the enormous business which the banks do, and can be looked upon really only as a kind of insurance that, if anything goes wrong, there is a reserve to fall back upon. The real working capital consists of the deposits, and it is not reasonable to expect that the depositors should find capital for the banks and yet receive no share of the profits. As they share in the risk, they have undoubtedly a right to a share in the profits. And it is certain that, if they were refused their share, they would withdraw the deposits, and the banks would soon find themselves without the means of carrying on the large operations which they are now doing. No doubt, in many cases, this would be beneficial. Some of the great joint-stock banks have become overgrown, and would really be better and safer institutions if they had smaller deposits. Still they are not likely to think so themselves, and it is not probable that they will adopt any resolution with the result of causing deposits to be withdrawn. We fear, therefore, that we must accept as inevitable some kind of return to the depositors. But it may be worth while considering whether it would not be better to give them a share of some kind in the profits, rather than to pay a fixed sum beforehand. If their remuneration was to be dependent on the profits made, the business would be safer than it is at present, when the interest paid to the depositors is a first charge, and, in fact, is reckoned as part of the working expenses.

## REVIEWS.

### MATABELE LAND.\*

A PERUSAL of the notes, diary, and letters which make up the bulk of this work increases our regret for the premature death of the author. Had he lived to return to England there

\* *Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls: a Naturalist's Wanderings in the Interior of South Africa.* From the Letters and Journals of the late Frank Oates, F.R.G.S. Edited by C. G. Oates, B.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

would have been something for him to recast or to amplify, and we should have been told more about the Falls of the Zambesi River, a visit to which, after three unsuccessful attempts, cost Mr. Oates his life. The work has been edited by the brother of the deceased with care and judgment. The letters and the notes have been reproduced with some few omissions; a short connecting narrative has been added by the editor; there are several good maps; and the collections of skins, stuffed birds, &c., in the hands of experts, have been carefully arranged and classified, and placed in appendices which add about one hundred pages to the original text.

The late Frank Oates was evidently a naturalist from his earliest youth. Leeds, the place of his birth, from its proximity to heath and moorland, gave him the opportunity of studying the habits of English birds and beasts. He was saved from pedantry by a career at Christ Church Oxford, which, if not brilliant in the academical point of view, completed his education as a gentleman. He was evidently of a fearless and adventurous nature, and the whole tone of his diary and letters justifies the expressions in the memoir as to the brightness and candour of his nature. We cannot doubt that he possessed the qualities that enable men to get on with what Dr. Johnson called "savage men and savage manners"; and his temper seems to have been tolerably proof against those trials which the duplicity, laziness, and ingratitude of Kaffirs inevitably involved.

The whole period of the voyage and exploration is comprised indeed than two years. Frank Oates, with his brother, left England in March 1873, and died of fever on his return from the Victoria Falls on the 5th of February, 1875. He went from D'Urban through Natal and the Transvaal, till he reached the territories known as Bamangwato, Makalaka, and Matabele. He spent some time at Gubuleweyo, the capital of the latter kingdom, and made ineffectual attempts to reach the Victoria Falls from Inyati; but had to retrace his steps and take a line more to the north-west, which eventually led him to his destination. He passed through Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, a sketch of which gives us no very exalted idea of the city in point of populousness or beauty. The climate in the cold season was almost perfect; not so the inhabitants. The few English are briefly dismissed as "a bad lot." No one could afford to keep a conscience. There was not a book-shop in the place nor a single good building, and the writer could only compare it with a frontier town in America on the extreme edge of civilization.

A great deal of these remains consists of notices of the climate and the country; the heat and the flies; the bare scrub; the tracts desolated and burnt up; the "long backs of the bushless downs," to borrow an expression from Mr. Tennyson; the thin streams running through tracts of sand; and the difficulties, physical and social, of getting on to the wished-for goal. There are also incidents of sport and natural history; but there are no thrilling escapes from infuriated lions and elephants, and the savage rhinoceros found in other parts of Southern Africa is only once or twice mentioned. Mr. Oates shot and hunted occasionally to procure specimens and to supply his larder, but he was no butcher in sport. His objects were discovery, adventure, and science; and difficulties only gave a zest to his enjoyment, and were looked on as things to be fairly met and mastered. Readers will do well to bear in mind several local terms which constantly recur. To "inspan" and "outspan" are not unfamiliar, and mean to yoke and unyoke the oxen of the waggon before or after the *trek*. A "spruit" is a small stream. *Koppes* are ranges of hills of varying altitudes. To be "thrown out" at a native Court is to be ordered to be put to death. An *Induna* is a head personage amongst natives. A *knob-kerry* is a stick with a knob to it, and, as may be seen by the sketch at p. 95, an effective weapon in a skilful hand. *Mopani* trees resemble alders. A *lichter* means an open grassy space. "Stamped corn" is corn crushed and boiled with salt and fat, or butter, into the consistency of stiff rice-pudding—an excellent dish for a hungry traveller. *Biltong* is meat dried in the sun; and a "salted horse" does not mean, as might be hastily imagined, a dish fit for the Soci  s Hippophages of Paris, but an animal proof by experience against the return of a peculiar sickness, and therefore worth just four or five times its original price.

The traveller's comfort, so far as anything can be comfortable in the heat and annoyances of Southern Africa, consists in having a good waggon, horses, oxen, and attendants. Mr. Oates dwells on the value of the waggon, except in very hot weather, when it is intolerable. It is fairly proof against wet; there are canvas curtains all round with pockets; and the sleeping mattress is laid on the top of the chests and packages below. Each waggon required fourteen oxen, and there were ponies and horses to ride. There is constant mention of roads, which we take to be mere cart tracks, and there were trying passages of streams when the waggons stuck in ruts and sand. The drivers and oxen, however, appear to have effected miracles, though every now and then a pole called a *diisel-boom* broke, or a wheel came off, or the vehicle stuck in the middle of a stream where the water was breast high. Wet weather seems to have been worse than heat. Provisions and clothes were in danger of spoiling, and there was no moving till the rain ceased. The sight of grass and bush on fire was splendid, and slightly compensated for the subsequent *trekking* over black and dusty plains.

Mr. Oates's opinion of the natives was not favourable. The Kaffirs were haughty and aggressive to Englishmen, but were ruled by the King with a rod of iron. The sympathies of the author were with the Bushmen, generally considered a degraded

race. But they run and hunt capitially, and are good servants, though cruelly oppressed by Matabeles and Makalakas. Mr. Oates showed a perseverance amounting to chivalry in his endeavour to get possession of the remains of six Bushmen, ruthlessly massacred some time before his arrival. In this he was at last successful, and one of the appendices is a valuable paper by Professor Rolleston on the skulls of these unfortunate savages. Yet we confess to taking more pleasure in reading about the living than the dead; in a vigorous despot and his sister gorgeously appalled than in the skulls of fifty Bushmen. Mr. Oates was fortunate enough to be present at the Great Dance at Gubuleweyo, performed by warriors in celebration of their past exploits and the number of their slain enemies. The King was dressed in the skins of monkeys and a broad-brimmed black felt hat, and he carried an Elcho sword-bayonet—given him by the author—and a "knob-kerry" of rhinoceros horn. The warriors made a march past him, singing in chorus, and followed by young Kaffir women of magnificent proportions and shapes. But all these were cast into the shade by the King's sister—an enormously stout lady of a coppery hue, attired in gilded chains, bracelets of brass, a freemason's apron, and a black skirt of wrought ox-hide. For headdress she wore an elegant bouquet of artificial flowers; feathers out of the tail of the bee-eater, and a circular ornament of red clay. She made a pretence of dancing, but was evidently too fat to do much. The King, barring occasional fits of ill-temper, when he is thought likely "to kill a number of people," does not appear in a very odious light. He disbelieved in the prowess of the white man, whom he thought to be afraid of elephants, and he tried to overreach a trader named Fairbairn, in an exchange of elephants' teeth for a double-barrelled gun. The King and his subjects have a strange prejudice against eating fish, and the monarch was darker in hue than any one else. A boy who had told a downright lie would have been tortured to death by the King's orders, had not old John Lee interfered. This gentleman is a Dutch patriarch who lives in what, for South Africa, is a picturesque part of the country, with crags, greenward, and some fine timber. Lee thought locusts must be very nice to eat, as Kaffirs, game birds, and animals all ate them. This potentate lived in a big house, and his brother, his father-in-law, and his poor relatives had little huts near him, and were treated as serfs. He seems to have been a man of some influence and position, to be appealed to in difficulties or when natives attempted to cheat.

It is to be regretted, says the editor, that we have so little of the Falls, the main object of the expedition, when the author at last got there. It is true that most other travellers have visited this wonder in the dry season, when the volume of water is much reduced, and that Mr. Oates went there in the rains when the channel was full. We have, too, in illustration of the narrative, two sketches, one in chromo-lithograph, showing the rainbows that span the abyss. The river just above the Falls narrows from two miles to one, and it then descends into a deep narrow gorge not more than one hundred yards across. From this it escapes again "by a still narrower channel of from twenty to thirty yards in width," and then it leads a zigzag course for five miles more, when it finally flows away east. Livingstone has declared the height to be twice that of Niagara; but, owing to dense vegetation, it is difficult to get a good view of the whole scene. The spray is said to mount to six or eight hundred feet in height, and to be visible, as a cloud of vapour, twenty miles off. The roaring of the waters was heard by Chapman at fifteen miles distance; and, though there may be a slight tendency to exaggerate the features of a waterfall which is only accessible to a few determined travellers, there can be little doubt that the Zambesi at this point may be fairly ranked amongst the most stupendous sights of the world. We are compelled, however, to utter a serious warning to all future travellers against visiting this place at the season unluckily chosen by Mr. Oates. We are told in the journal that fever may be caught at any time; that it is bad in the rainy season, and worst of all at its close, when the superabundant moisture is drying up. Mr. Oates went in January, when the rains are heaviest. Now we take the African fever to be simply the malarious jungle fever of India, so common in parts of the Central Provinces, in the Morung of Purnea, and in the Terai of Rohilkund. There are ardent and weather-proof sportsmen in India; but no man with a year's experience would think of remaining in either of the above-mentioned hunting grounds after the first showers of the rainy season in May, while to go there in November, when the rains had just ceased, would be deemed an act of suicide. Travellers going to and from the hill stations of India make a point of passing through these deadly localities after sunrise and before sunset, and ordinary Hindus and Mahomedans can no more stand such a climate than Englishmen. Dr. Bradshaw doubtless showed all the skill and kindness in his power, and, we apprehend, plied the sufferer with large doses of quinine, though we are not told so; but every one of the party more or less suffered. The servants all fell ill. Mr. Stoffel Kennedy died about the same time of the same disease, and other victims are mentioned. A touching incident is recorded in connexion with the death of the author. One of his favourite pointers, "Ball," was missed after the survivors had buried their companion, and boys were sent to look for him. He was found patiently watching his master's grave, having gone back, it is calculated, some eighty miles, with this object. This faithful animal died in England on the fifth anniversary of his master's death, and he was followed by the other dog "Rock" three

weeks afterwards. "All this is simply and touchingly told; but we cannot avoid again insisting on the imprudence of a visit to the Falls at any time except in the dry and hot season. Defied or insulted Nature, as the historian Gibbon remarked long ago, is sure in the end "to vindicate her rights," and to punish those invaders who at the wrong seasons molest her ancient and solitary reign.

To zoologists and entomologists the appendices in this volume, with their minute and scientific classification, will have a value far surpassing the notices of sport and incidents of travel amongst strange tribes which make up the volume. But, in our eyes, the interest centres in the records and the character of the writer. Not only does he take us far away from any beaten track, but he impresses us by his modest, manly, and sensible tone, by his intelligent observation of new scenes, and by his treatment of natives, whom he was too sensible to credit with unlikely or imaginary virtues, and far too strong and merciful to ill-use.

#### BALFOUR'S EMBRYOLOGY.\*

MR. BALFOUR'S exhaustive and original treatise, on a comparatively unknown subject, is not merely an important contribution to our scientific knowledge, but a triumphant vindication of the value of English scientific training, and more especially of that generous recognition of natural science which for some years past has distinguished the University of Cambridge. This treatise may be described as a Cambridge book from first to last. It was at Cambridge that Mr. Balfour obtained a First Class in the Natural Sciences Tripos of 1873, followed by the Natural Science Fellowship at Trinity College in 1874; and it is at Cambridge that he has since pursued his riper researches, with the exception of those which, from the nature of the case, he was obliged to follow out at Naples. In these days no one can hope to make more than a portion of the field of science his own; and Mr. Balfour has from the first selected embryology as his own particular province. In 1874 he published *The Elements of Embryology*, Part I., in collaboration with Dr. M. Foster, and in 1878 *A Monograph on the Development of Elasmobranch Fishes*. The remarkable discoveries enunciated in the latter work—some of which had been already announced in papers contributed to scientific journals—excited much attention at the time; and the scientific world, both here and on the Continent, was moved to no slight astonishment when it became known that the author had not yet passed the age at which men are usually learners rather than teachers. But "on vieillit vite sur les champs de bataille"; and the work before us is a still more wonderful instance of a like precocity. Most men of science, we imagine, would be content if, towards the close of a long life, they could feel that such a work as this was even fairly on the way to completion; but when we reflect that the author cannot be more than thirty years of age, and that it has been produced among the incessant claims on time and thought which college and university work entails, our surprise is even greater than our admiration. The two volumes contain together 1147 closely printed pages, much of the matter being thrown into smaller type in order to enable beginners to go rapidly through the subject; and at the end of each volume an accurate bibliography is given, carefully classified. A work so voluminous, so difficult, and written in strictly technical language, must of necessity appeal to a very narrow circle of readers. In fact, it is so far in advance of the present state of science that much time must of necessity elapse before it can be thoroughly understood. We are glad, however, to find various indications that its value as a standard work is being already recognized. There has been but one opinion expressed about its merits by men of science in England; it has been favourably received in America; and we hear that it has been translated into German, and will probably soon be translated into French. It will be impossible for us to attempt a minute analysis of it. We can only describe the scheme which the author has proposed to himself, with his method of conducting the several steps of his investigations, and indicate some of his general conclusions.

Embryology, as Mr. Balfour understands it, is "a term employed to cover the anatomy and physiology of an organism during the whole period included between its first coming into being and its attainment of the adult state." The importance of studying individual organisms, and of comparing the results observed in one group with those observed in another, will be readily understood from the following passage:—

It has long been recognized that the embryos and larvae of the higher forms of each group pass, in the course of their development, through a series of stages in which they more or less completely resemble the lower forms of the group. This remarkable phenomenon receives its explanation on Mr. Darwin's theory of descent. There are, according to this theory, two guiding, and, in a certain sense, antagonistic principles which have rendered possible the present order of the organic world. These are known as the laws of heredity and variation. The first of these laws asserts that the characters of an organism at all stages of its existence are reproduced in its descendants at corresponding stages. The second of these laws asserts that offspring never exactly resemble their parents. By the common action of these two principles continuous variation from a parent type becomes a possibility, since every acquired variation has a tendency to be inherited.

The law of development above stated may be expressed in rather

different language, so as to mark its importance more distinctly. Each organism reproduces the variations inherited from all its ancestors at successive stages in its individual existence, which stages correspond with those at which the variations originally appeared in its ancestors. Each organism therefore might contain within itself a full record of its own origin, and, were heredity the only influence brought to bear upon it, it would be a comparatively easy task to discover the history of the race or group to which the individual organism belongs. Heredity, however, is only one of a series of influences of which development is the resultant; and in consequence the embryological record is usually both imperfect and misleading. It may be compared, as Mr. Balfour happily expresses it,

to an ancient manuscript with many of the sheets lost, others displaced, and with spurious passages interpolated by a later hand. The embryological record is almost always abbreviated in accordance with the tendency of nature (to be explained on the principle of survival of the fittest) to attain her ends by the easiest means. The time and sequence of the development of parts is often modified; and, finally, secondary structural features make their appearance to fit the embryo or larva for special conditions of existence. When the life-history of a form is fully known, the most difficult part of his task is still before the scientific embryologist. Like the scholar with his manuscript, the embryologist has, by a process of careful and critical examination, to determine where the gaps are present, to detect the later insertions, and to place in order what has been misplaced.

The recorded observations on these important points have, up to the present time, been scattered through a number of disconnected papers, the authors of which, with certain brilliant exceptions, have too frequently worked independently of their predecessors, and accumulated facts in a manner which has clogged the advances of science, rather than promoted it. Mr. Balfour has brought a rare critical faculty to bear upon this vast mass of literature, and indicated the direction which future researches should take. It has been his object to find:—1. Ancestral forms common to the whole of one of the larger groups (as, for instance, the invertebrata); 2. Any special larval form constantly reproduced in the development of the members of one or more groups; 3. How far such larval forms agree with living or fossil forms in the adult state; 4. How far organs found in the embryo disappear in the adult; 5. How far organs pass in the course of their development through a condition permanent in some lower form.

These investigations are succeeded by an account of the evolution of special organs. It will be readily conceded that if the difficulties which encumber the points here enumerated could be satisfactorily cleared up, the history of the whole group would become plain; and the same process having been repeated for all the groups into which the animal kingdom has been divided, we should have made some advance towards the solution of the larger problem of the common origin of all living things.

The first volume, which was published separately last year, commences with a general account of the Ovum (pp. 1–100). The remainder is devoted to the systematic embryology of the Invertebrata, or, as the author prefers to call them, the Metazoa, preceded by a few pages on the "germinal layers." Each group in succession is examined, the different stages through which the embryo passes are recounted, with the help of copious illustrations, either taken from the best authorities (references to which are always given) or from the author's own drawings; and at the end of each chapter a summary of the general results arrived at will be found. The subject-matter of most of this volume is of necessity in large measure derived from the labours of previous investigators, as the author is at pains to show by references and by a bibliography (which, by the way, does not aim at being exhaustive) at the end of each chapter; but it has been so rearranged, sorted, and winnowed as to become as good as new. Moreover, much original work will be found scattered through the volume or referred to in the notes. We would cite as particularly original and valuable the treatment of the Tracheata and the Crustacea; and the summary of the development of the whole group (p. 451), where it is shown that the former—centipedes, insects, and spiders—are derived from "a terrestrial Annelidan type," and the latter from an ancestor akin to the Phyllopora, small "Crustacea with the maximum number of segments and the least differentiation of the separate appendages." But we should be led into technicalities of too abstruse a nature if we pursued this subject any further; and we will therefore turn to the second volume. In this there is much more original work. Mr. Balfour tells us in the preface that his own investigations have covered the ground more completely than in the first volume; "a not inconsiderable portion of the facts recorded having been directly verified" by himself. The illustrations also, four hundred and twenty-nine in number, all admirably conceived and executed, have more frequently been drawn by himself. The whole work, therefore, bears the stamp of his own individuality impressed upon it more clearly than the former volume did; and shows how wide, and at the same time how minute, his researches have been. The volume opens with ten chapters on the developmental history of the Chordata. This group contains, according to Mr. Balfour's views—(1) The Cephalochorda, of which there is a single genus only, *Amphioxus*; (2) The Tunicates or Ascidians; (3) The Vertebrata. The first of these used to be regarded as a fish; and the second has been placed by zoologists in different positions among the Invertebrata. Recent microscopic researches, however, have revealed indications of vertebræ in both, by which this change of their position has been justified. We mention this as a typical instance of the importance of the bearing of Mr. Balfour's researches upon systematic zoology.

\* *A Treatise on Comparative Embryology*. By Francis M. Balfour, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880–81.

The more internal characters, and especially embryological characters, are studied, the more certain becomes a revolution in our old notions of differences and affinities. These opening chapters are succeeded by three comparative chapters, completing the section of Systematic Embryology. The remaining chapters record the development of the organs, the skeleton, and the muscular system, and are perhaps the most thoroughly original of the whole work. It would be beside our purpose, however, to do more than mention them here. Nor can we do more than advise our biological readers to study for themselves the chapters on the development of fishes, birds, and reptiles, where they will find set forth in full the steps which have led the author to his general conclusions on the ancestral form of the Chordata—the part of the work which, as it includes the probable ancestor of man, is doubtless that which most readers will first turn to. In the first place, he concludes that in that form the mouth had a more or less suctorial character; that it was placed on the ventral surface of the body; and that it has only gradually been adapted to biting purposes, and carried forward to the front end of the head. Secondly, this primitive creature had a notochord as its sole axial skeleton; and, thirdly, numerous gill-slits. This form is still persistent in the little lancelet (*Amphioxus*) and in the Ascidiæ. Gradually gills were developed, together with a brain and organs of sense, and we get a form of which the lampreys give us some idea. The next step was the development of what are called "branchial bars," and the formation of the skeleton of the jaws. The nearest living representatives of this group are the sharks and rays, which still retain in the adult state the ventrally-placed mouth. The direct descendants of these, with perhaps the intervention of a hypothetical group called the Proto-ganoidæ, are the Ganoids—those remarkable armoured fishes which were evidently common at a former period of the world's history, and of which there are still a few degenerate survivors—and the Dipnoi, or mudfishes. These latter became in time the parents of the Amphibia, while the former developed into the bony fishes (Teleostei), and through them into the Reptiles and the Mammalia. We feel that we owe the author some apology for thus briefly indicating conclusions the value of which can only be fully appreciated by a painstaking study of his work, with the aid of a museum and a laboratory. We venture to hope, however, that our remarks may suggest this labour to some students. They will find themselves amply repaid.

It may be assumed that before long, so rapidly does science advance, a new edition of this book will become necessary. When this happens, we hope that Mr. Balfour may be induced to preface it by an historical introduction of which he gave a sketch in his elementary treatise, containing an account of the rise and progress of the science of embryology. We do not mention the absence of this as a defect; but its presence would be a valuable supplement to a work which is alike admirable in conception and in execution.

#### WORTHIES OF THE WORLD.\*

THE "Historical and Critical Sketches" which form this bulky volume have, as the preface informs us, already been published separately. "The gratifying success," writes Dr. Dulcken, the editor, "that has attended the publication of the separate biographies leaves no room to doubt that they will find acceptance in this their collective form." It is owing, we suppose, to this piecemeal issue that the sketches follow one another in so curious an order. We begin with Sir Walter Raleigh and Napoleon, and end with John Bright and Homer. Horatio Nelson comes between Martin Luther and Geoffrey Chaucer, while Julius Cæsar has on either side of him as supporters Sir Walter Scott and John Wesley. From Gustavus Adolphus we pass to Socrates, and from Socrates to Robert Bruce. The writers have endeavoured, we are told, "to concentrate as much information within the limits of each sketch as was compatible with clearness of description. *J'évite d'être (sic) long et je deviens obscur* was the caution given by Boileau to the cultivators of beauty," adds Dr. Dulcken. It is a pity that he does not go to the maxim as given by Horace. It would have saved him from showing his ignorance or carelessness of French accents. Such a trifling matter as this, however, is scarcely worthy of notice among the grave charges to which this book lies open. The editor himself, as we shall presently show, falls into the grossest blunders. One of his contributors, however, whose sketches bear the initials of S. I. A., goes beyond blunders, and is guilty of the most shameless literary larceny. Whether he stands alone in this among his fellow-contributors we do not know. It was enough for our purpose to examine one or two of the sketches somewhat carefully, and to pass over the rest in contempt. Has the law of copyright, we found ourselves asking, suddenly come to an end? or are the great publishers too good-natured, or perhaps too careless, to put it in force? This is not the first writer whom, in the last year or two, we have convicted of stealing wholesale from works the copyright of which has not yet expired. It is much to be wished that one of these shameless scribblers were brought before a court of law, and taught that an author and his publishers have rights which cannot be wantonly assailed. A stop might in that case be put to the issue

of these worthless books, in which some great writer's highly-finished labour is treated in much the same way as a chronometer is dealt with by a receiver of stolen goods. The beautiful workmanship is wantonly wasted, and by the utter sacrifice of what constituted its real value a little silver or gold is got out of the melting-pot.

The charge that we have brought against S. I. A. is already serious enough. But he has added to the offence, for he has artfully tried to hide it. As we shall presently prove beyond all manner of doubt, he has hoped to cast a veil over his pilferings by now and then openly avowing his obligations to the writer on whom he has preyed. He first of all appropriates wholesale a long passage, and then he tacks on to it a few lines which he places between quotation marks, and in which he owns the author. The ignorant or unwary reader would never for a moment guess that up to the place where these marks are given he had not been reading S. I. A.'s own words. It is on his sketch of William Pitt that we base this accusation. A considerable part of it is taken from Macaulay's contribution to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. As this was written in the year 1859, the copyright has still many years to run. But even if it had expired, no justification could be found in that fact for the meanness and the impudence of a writer who tries to pass off as his own the polished eloquence of a great author. The opening passage of S. I. A.'s sketch is sufficient to establish the charges we bring against him. In a parallel column we give the passages in Macaulay on which the robbery has been committed:—

#### S. I. A.

The subject of the following memoir had a good start in life. He inherited a name which at the time of his birth was the most illustrious in the civilized world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England with mingled admiration and terror. William Pitt the younger was born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 28th of May, 1759, and was the second son of Lord Chatham and of Lady Hester Grenville, Countess of Temple . . . . When only seven years of age, the interest he took in grave subjects, the ardour with which he pursued his studies, and the sense and vivacity of his remarks on books and events, amazed his parents and instructors.

A letter is extant in which Lady Chatham, a woman of considerable ability, remarked to her husband, that their youngest son at twelve had left far behind his elder brother who was fifteen. "The fineness," she wrote, "of William's mind makes him enjoy with the greatest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age."

At fourteen the lad was already a man so far as intellect was concerned. Hayley, who met him at Lynn during the summer of 1773, was amazed, delighted, and somewhat over-awed, by hearing wit and wisdom from so young a mouth. The poet afterwards regretted that his shyness had prevented him from submitting the plan of an extensive literary work which he was then meditating, to the judgment of the extraordinary boy. The boy indeed had already written a tragedy, bad, of course, but "not worse than the tragedies of Hayley." "This piece," Lord Macaulay tells us, "is still preserved at Chevening, and is in some respects highly curious."

It will be seen that S. I. A. has not strictly kept to Macaulay's language. The first sentence is, of course, his own. If he had confined himself to such statements as that William Pitt "had a good start in life," he would have merely made himself a fair butt for ridicule. He gives, however, avowedly some fifteen lines from Macaulay, of which we have thought it needful to quote only the first two, and so, as we have said, endeavours to pass off the remainder as his own. At the end of the quotation, he apparently returns to his own narrative; but he again pilfers Macaulay's article, here and there, making, as before, slight but foolish changes in the language. This trick he plays several times, frequently, but not always, marking his theft by following it up with an acknowledged quotation. As our readers will have noticed, he cannot even copy correctly. "Lady Hester Grenville, daughter of Hester, Countess Temple" has been changed by this blunderer into "Lady Hester Grenville, Countess of Temple," and Lyme becomes Lynn. As Lord Chatham had but two sons, Macaulay, of course, speaks of William Pitt as "their younger son." "Younger," S. I. A., in his ignorance of grammar, changes into "youngest." Simplicity seems to be no less offensive to him than correctness. "The lad was in intellect a man," Macaulay wrote. "The lad was already a man so far as intellect was concerned," writes the pilferer. In the description which he steals of Pitt's residence at Cambridge, he makes a change in one sentence which renders it absurd. Macaulay wrote, "At seventeen, he was admitted, after the had

#### MACAULAY.

William Pitt, the second son of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester Grenville, daughter of Hester, Countess Temple, was born on the 28th May, 1759. The child inherited a name which, at the time of his birth, was the most illustrious in the civilized world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England with mingled admiration and terror . . . . At seven, the interest which he took in grave subjects, the ardour with which he pursued his studies, and the sense and vivacity of his remarks on books and on events, amazed his parents and instructors . . . . A letter is extant in which Lady Chatham, a woman of considerable abilities, remarked to her lord that their younger son at twelve had left far behind him his elder brother, who was fifteen. "The fineness," she wrote, "of William's mind makes him enjoy with the greatest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age." At fourteen the lad was in intellect a man. Hayley, who met him in Lyme in the summer of 1773, was astonished, delighted, and somewhat overawed, by hearing wit and wisdom from so young a mouth. The poet, indeed, was afterwards sorry that his shyness had prevented him from submitting the plan of an extensive literary work, which he was then meditating, to the judgment of this extraordinary boy. The boy, indeed, had already written a tragedy, bad of course, but not worse than the tragedies of Hayley. This piece is still preserved at Chevening, and is in some respects highly curious.

\* *Worthies of the World: a Series of Historical and Critical Sketches of the Lives, Actions, and Characters of Great and Eminent Men of all Countries and Times.* Edited by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.



fashion of those times, by right of birth, without any examination, to the degree of Master of Arts." S. I. A. improves upon this clear statement after the following fashion:—"At seventeen he was admitted, after the pernicious practice of those times, to the degree of Master of Arts."

We will venture to trouble our readers with one more set of parallel passages, so that we may establish this writer's dishonesty beyond a shadow of doubt:—

S. I. A.

It was asserted in many after-dinner speeches, Grab (sic) Street elegies, and academic prize poems and prize declamations, that the great Minister died exclaiming "Oh my country!" This is a fable; but it is true that the last words which he uttered, while he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the alarming state of public affairs.

A motion was made in the House of Commons that Pitt should be honoured with a public funeral and a monument. The motion was opposed by Fox in a speech which well deserves to be studied as a model of correct taste and good feeling. The task was the most invidious that ever an orator undertook; but it was performed with a humanity and delicacy which were warmly acknowledged by the mourning friends of the deceased.

S. I. A. carries his stealings still further without a word or a mark to show that the words are not his own. He does not even spare that noble passage in which our great historian tells how, as Wilberforce said, "the eagle face of Chatham from above seemed to look down with consternation into the dark house which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory." Four lines later he is at his old subterfuge, and thus begins a new paragraph:—"Some of Pitt's admirers," remarks Lord Macaulay, "seemed to consider," &c. One improvement that S. I. A. has made on the language of the original is too admirable to be passed over in silence. A dead Prime Minister, he feels, must not be spoken of as "him who was gone," but as "the deceased." We may be thankful that he did not go a step further, and write "the mourning friends of the late lamented deceased." We are reminded of the correction that the Alderman proposed to make in the inscription that was to be placed on Pitt's statue in Guildhall, wherein it was stated that a man who had been Prime Minister of England during nearly twenty years died poor. The Alderman moved to strike out "poor" and write in its place "in reduced circumstances."

While we thus expose the dishonesty of a contributor, we must not pass over in silence the work of the editor. Many of the sketches are from his own pen. In all such collections as the one before us we are sure to find a life of Johnson. No task seems at first easier than to hash up Boswell, and yet there are few tasks in which a careless and ignorant workman more hopelessly brinks down. Dr. Dulcken shares the fate of many who have gone before him, and adds one more to the worthless abridgments of a great work. Not a few of the errors into which he falls have their source in the ostentation of learning. In a sketch it was needless to mention Johnson's godfather, Dr. Swinson, or his pupil Offley, or the bookseller Gardener, or Boerhaave, or Barrelier, or Lobo, or Lilliput, or Windham. If, however, they are introduced, some little regard should be paid to spelling, and they should not be printed Swinser, Offley, Gardner, Boerhave, Basietire, Lobe, Liliput, and Wyndham. Neither was it needful to make any mention of a grant that Bennet Langton's forefathers had received from an early king. But if Dr. Dulcken thinks it well to make now and then a display of his knowledge of history and of Boswell, he should at all events be careful how he copies. He says, "One of Langton's ancestors, as Johnson complacently remarked, received a grant from Edward III." In Boswell the passage stands thus:—"I have heard him say with pleasure, 'Langton, Sir, has a grant of free-warren from Henry the Second.'" Croker in a foot-note adds that Bishop Langton had had a similar grant from Edward the First. Dr. Dulcken apparently has combined the two accounts. He has been forced to choose between the two names; but, if he has ousted Henry, at all events he has added his "Second" to Edward's "First," and so has brought out as his result Edward the Third. In the account that he gives of Johnson's famous "frisk" with Langton and Beauclerk, when he had been wakened up at three in the morning by the loud knocking at his door, and had gone down armed with a poker in the belief that some ruffians were coming to attack him, our editor represents Johnson as saying, "What is it, you dogs?" What he really said was, "What, is it you, you dogs!" A few lines lower down Dr. Dulcken is likely to puzzle his readers. Johnson's "*un-idea'd girls*" becomes "*unideal girls*." He spoils Johnson's saying that "the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross" by thus altering it:—"The high tide of life was found at Charing 'Cross." In recording Johnson's removal from the Temple to Johnson's Court he writes:—"To Boswell he has humorously described himself as 'Johnson of that ilk.' Where the humour is, and what is the meaning of 'that ilk,' Dr. Dulcken very clearly shows that he does not understand. For when he comes to Johnson's next change of residence he writes:—

MACAULAY.

It was asserted in many after-dinner speeches, Grab Street elegies, and academic prize poems and prize declamations, that the great minister died exclaiming, "Oh my country!" This is a fable; but it is true that the last words which he uttered, while he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the alarming state of public affairs. . . . It was moved in the House of Commons that Pitt should be honoured with a public funeral and a monument. The motion was opposed by Fox in a speech which deserves to be studied as a model of good taste and good feeling. The task was the most invidious that ever an orator undertook; but it was performed with a humanity and delicacy which were warmly acknowledged by the mourning friends of him who was gone.

"Johnson's migrations were confined to a move from the south side of Fleet Street to the north, or from one court 'of that ilk' to another." *Ilk* he takes, we imagine, to be the Scotch for *Street*. He says that Boswell published his *Journal of a Tour to the Ilkbrides* a year or two after his return. Is he, then, so grossly ignorant as to dream that Boswell dared publish that work in Johnson's lifetime? It was written, as he ought to have known, in 1773, and was not published till 1785. He says that Johnson was much flattered in Scotland by the respect shown to him by Adam Smith. There is, indeed, a famous story handed down by Walter Scott of the meeting of these two men in Glasgow, according to which Johnson said to Smith "You lie," and Smith replied "You are a son of a—." "On such terms," adds Scott, "did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy." Unfortunately—or fortunately—Croker has shown that Smith was not in Glasgow at the time of Johnson's visit. It is, perhaps, some consolation, when such tales are spread abroad, to have Dr. Dulcken's assurance that "on this journey Johnson, on the whole, behaved very well." It is satisfactory also to know, on the same authority, that "Rasselas" has its undoubted value." That, by the way, is a great deal more than can be honestly said of these Sketches, unless from the point of view of a dealer in waste paper. In writing of the *Lives of the Poets* our editor in like manner boldly says, "It may be safely said that these lines (*sic*) will amply repay attentive and careful perusal." A strong suspicion has entered our mind that he is patronizing a work which he himself has never even so much as seen. He describes the *Lives* as "a series of short biographies," and he adds, "Here, as elsewhere, we wonder that a man who could do such great things should occasionally stoop to such little ones." Are the *Lives* of Cowley, Milton, Dryden, and Pope nothing better than "short biographies"? If these were little things to which Johnson had to stoop, the elevation at which he usually lived must have been wonderful indeed.

There are, indeed, "short biographies"—by the name of sketches they are sometimes known—which call for stooping as low down as the mire on the part of those who are to write them. Such "stoopers" as these have of late been far too commonly seen; but among them all no one has surpassed, or even rivalled in meanness, that contributor to the series before us whose articles bear the initials of S. I. A.

## MARTIN ON THE CHINESE.\*

WHEN we hear of a man living much beyond the usual span of human existence we naturally inquire, in the hope perhaps of being able to secure the same result, what were the habits, pursuits, and surroundings which so lengthened out his years. Possibly they may turn out to be of a kind so distasteful to us that we may prefer a probably shorter life enlivened by more congenial conditions. The Taoist philosophers of China succeeded in adding years to their age by abstracting their minds from every thought and sensation. The state of mind which could consider years so gained worth living is one that is only to be marvelled at. But as are the lives of men so are the lives of nations. The death-roll of empires is a long one, and is ever being added to. Kingdoms are constantly growing up, flourishing, decaying, and disappearing. If it were not so, the map-maker's occupation would be gone. As it is, his hands are always full.

Occasionally a nation far outlives its conquerors, and philosophers and statesmen turn to it when it is within their reach to try to discover the secret of its elixir of life. China is such a nation. For more than twenty centuries the form of government established by She Hwang-te has practically remained unaltered, and the frontiers of the empire since it attained its maturity have scarcely varied. Dynasties have been overthrown, and the country has been repeatedly overrun by conquering invaders, but there has been no real break in the continuity of empire. The successful usurper, whether native or foreign, no sooner ascends the throne than he accepts, as a matter of course, the title, honours, and functions of the Son of Heaven whom he has deposed. He

Assumes the god,

Afflicts to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

At the same time he humbly follows in the path of conduct laid down in the Nine Classics for Imperial rulers to walk in, and obeys to the letter the code of rites and ceremonies which was drawn up in the time of Solomon.

But what has given this continuous life to the Empire? Not dynastic succession; for that has been constantly and rudely broken. Not the perpetual rule of wise and virtuous sovereigns; for no greater tyrants, no more vicious *roués*, ever lived than some of the rulers who have sat on the throne of China. We must look elsewhere, therefore, for the secret of life possessed by the Empire, and in the pages of Dr. Martin's book a clue will be found to it. The primary burden of the papers which make up the volume before us is the system of education and the ends which it is made to accomplish. Under Dr. Martin's guidance we are able to inspect the hallowed precincts of the Han-jin Yuen, or "Imperial Academy," the headquarters of letters, and it is curious to observe what a shabby and dilapidated

\* *The Chinese; their Education, Philosophy, and Letters.* By W. A. P. Martin, M.D., President of the Tungwen College, Peking. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

building is considered good enough to house the arcana of a system which supports so magnificent an institution as the Imperial throne of China. Almost under the shadow of the yellow-tiled roofs of the Imperial city stands a mean-looking building, with nothing observable to distinguish it from any of the numerous public offices of the capital:—

On entering the enclosure nothing meets the eye of one who is unable to read the inscriptions that would awaken the faintest suspicion of the importance of the place. A succession of open courts with broken pavements, and covered with rubbish; five low, shed-like structures, one story in height, that have the appearance of an empty barn; these flanked by a double series of humbler buildings, quite inferior to the stables of a well-conducted farmstead—some of the latter in ruins—and dust and decay everywhere. Such is the aspect presented by the chief seat of an institution which is justly regarded as among the glories of the Empire. A glance, however, at the inscriptions on the walls—some of them in Imperial autograph—warns the visitor that he is not treading on common ground.

Such, in outward appearance, is "one of the pivots of the Empire and the very centre of its literary activity." For twelve hundred years the small body of Han-lin scholars, who are the very incarnation of Chinese learning, have held their sessions undisturbed by dynastic revolutions or political outbreaks. No learned society in the world can compete with it in age or in its intense exclusiveness. No scholar, however powerful, and no mandarin, however high his post or full his purse, can hope to enter its portals unless he has won his way against all comers at the prescribed competitive examinations which alone serve as stepping-stones to it. And the competition is no mere form. The examinations being open to all, and forming as they do the only recognized channel to official rank, every man in the Empire who aspires to end his days as something more than a pobleian enters the lists.

At the first competition, which consists of five sessions separated by intervals of a few days each, and which is held annually in the chief city of each district, about two thousand candidates generally present themselves. Out of this number from twenty to eighty of the best are chosen, and on these are conferred the degree of *Siu-t'ai*, or "Budding Genius." Every third year the budding geniuses from every district in each province—and there may be seventy or eighty—go to the provincial capital to appear before an Imperial examiner as candidates for the next degree of *Kü jin*, or "Promoted Scholars." On this occasion five or six thousand competitors contest the honour of being the one in each hundred who, as the ripest scholar, is admitted to the further degree of *Kü jin*. In company with all those who have won similar honours in the capital of the eighteen provinces of the Empire, the successful *Kü jin* goes, in the succeeding spring, to Peking, where, if fortune attends him, he wins the distinction of becoming a *Tsin shi*, or "One ready for office." In agreement with this descriptive title the new *Tsin shi* may, if they please, ballot for the vacant junior mandarinate for which they have now shown themselves qualified, and from which they may rise by their own exertions to seats in the Grand Council of State, or to places in the Imperial Cabinet. But, if desirous of still further distinguishing themselves as scholars, and of obtaining the honour of places in the Imperial Academy, the "two or three hundred survivors of so many contests" present themselves at the Palace, where they are examined by the Emperor in person. Out of this number about twenty are chosen whose scholarship is the ripest, whose penmanship is the best, and whose literary style is the most perfect, and to these are given seats among the Immortals of the Han-lin. On one only of these twenty chosen out of the three hundred million inhabitants of the Empire, *la crème de la crème*, is conferred the signal title of *Chwang-yuen*, or model scholar of the Empire. Once in three years is this degree granted; and so supreme is the prize that provinces contend for it, and the birthplace of the victor becomes famous for ever. The instant that the Imperial award is given, heralds carry the news at express speed to the friends of the laureate:—

We have seen [says Dr. Martin] them enter a humble cottage, and amid the flaunting of banners and the blare of trumpets announce to its startled inmates that one of their relations had been crowned by the Emperor as laureate of the year. And so high was the estimation in which the people held the success of their fellow-townsmen that his wife was requested to visit the six gates of the city, and to scatter before each a handful of rice that the whole population might share in the good fortune of her household.

But the Han-lin, which, being thus constituted, is recognized as the highest literary assembly in the Empire, is no lotus-eating retreat. Its members are appointed the official poets and historians of the reigning dynasty, and every Imperial compilation undertaken is the work of these men. It was they who edited the famous dictionary of the language which added a lustre to the reign of K'ang-he (1661-1721), and who, at the bidding of the Emperor K'ien-lung (1755-1795), compiled the celebrated encyclopædia in five thousand and twenty volumes, one of the few existing copies of which is now in the library of the British Museum. To act as examiners at the competitive examinations and as Literary Chancellors in the provinces form part also of their duties, as well as composing prayers for the use of the Emperor on occasions, writing inscriptions for the temples of various divinities, in acknowledgment of services, and choosing honorific titles for members of the Imperial household.

Such are the means by which the Emperor secures the services of the most highly educated men in the country. The holders of hereditary titles are so few that their existence cannot be said to impair the assertion that the holders of official rank form the only

aristocracy in China. Unlike the aristocracy of other lands, this charmed circle is, according to law, only to be entered by winning distinction at the examinations; and as these are open to every man in the Empire, of whatever age and of whatever station in life, except the very outcasts, the highest prizes are as freely accessible to the peasant or shopman as to the sons of the loftiest dignitaries. There is thus being continually recruited a vast army of scholars whose tastes and interests are all on the side of the existing order of things, and whose abilities serve both to maintain it and to crown it with honour. China may thus be said to be a democratic empire, tempered by an aristocracy of talent. Unfortunately the literary fields in which alone the scholars are allowed to exercise their abilities are cramped and narrow, but for information on this point we must refer our readers to the work before us.

But Dr. Martin travels over other fields besides the education of the people. He writes of their religions, their philosophy, their system of alchemy, and their literature. On all these subjects he is worth listening to, though with regard to some he shows a disposition to accept too implicitly the opinions of Chinese writers, who, speaking generally, show an extraordinary want of that critical ability which would alone make their opinions valuable. They can split straws over infinitesimally small points, but they are quite unable to draw a just inference from a wide basis of facts. A curious instance of this mental infirmity is their unquestioning belief that all the knowledge and all the science they possess were initiated and worked out by Chinese in China. And yet they are quite unable to point to any growth in either the one or the other. Their earliest records represent their ancestors as knowing quite or nearly as much as the modern scholars of the Empire, and tradition does not preserve an instance of an inscription in hieroglyphics, at which stage, had writing been invented in China, the characters must have remained for many centuries. In keeping with this general idea it is customary to regard Taoism as indigenous to China, and Dr. Martin accepts without questioning the belief. But it is impossible to read the musings of the founder, Laou-tze, without perceiving that, directly or indirectly, he must have had access to the fountains of Indian philosophy. After all, however, the opportunities of making such willing concessions to Chinese prejudices are so few that they can scarcely be said to interfere with the undoubtedly great value of Dr. Martin's work.

#### JULIAN KARSLAKE'S SECRET.\*

GIVEN two blameless prigs, to show how they made themselves, with the purest intentions, completely miserable—this, we regret to say, is the problem of Mrs. Needell's novel, *Julian Karslake's Secret*. Books like this are really a kind of answer to the aspersions which the pessimist is wont to cast on human life. Existence, it seems, is naturally so well ordered that the truly virtuous can only make a failure of it by the most desperate endeavours, and by the aid of the most improbable circumstances and accomplices. Julian Karslake and Sybil, his wife, are as truly virtuous as any two puppets can possibly be. But, by the aid of entire lack of common sense, of a preposterous villain, a rowdy relation, and a dying mother, who binds Julian to vows impossible in themselves, and by their interpretation more preposterous still, Mrs. Needell's hero and heroine manage to involve themselves in a series of very pretty scrapes. We do not say that these scrapes will not interest the confirmed novel-reader, and are far from warning him or her not to venture on *Julian Karslake's Secret*. The misfortune of novelists is that, while they appeal to a class of readers who are nothing if not uncritical, their writings have to be judged by reviewers in whom criticism is as much a habit as a duty. Julian Karslake's troubles are quite intricate and exciting enough for the reader who abandons himself to the author's will, and may very probably be popular with the public of circulating libraries. But, when examined in cold blood, the plot of this story seems one of the most antiquated of the *fœciles* of fiction, while the characters are far from exciting affectionate interest.

When she is first introduced to us, it is true, Sybil Dorrimore seems worthy of sympathy. She is the eldest daughter, tutor, and protector of a motherless family. The father is the selfish and self-absorbed literary man of fiction. He is allowed by a friend to live rent-free in a decaying old manor-house, and his children struggle up as they can while he devotes himself to a great work. This great work is a translation of the *Iliad*, and we are not surprised to learn that, when Mr. Dorrimore published it, on the system of divided profits and losses, he had to pay a large publisher's bill. In addition to translating the *Iliad*, Mr. Dorrimore made his daughter an accomplished Greek scholar at the age of eighteen, and she bought the boots and shoes of the family with her literary earnings. Among Sybil's other works, the author mentions a translation of "fragments of the *Prometheus*." Besides being clever, Sybil is pretty, and a great contemner of curates. The first scene in the book, where Sybil and her dog are acting Old Mother Hubbard before a nursery audience, is very pleasantly drawn, and induced us to conceive hopes of the book which have been sadly disappointed. Though she scorns curates, Sybil unconsciously wins the heart of one who is beautiful and rich, has "a high-bred physique," and "a composed and dignified

\* *Julian Karslake's Secret*. By Mrs. John Hodder Needell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

sweetness of personal manifestation." This gracious being is Julian Karlake, who surprises Sybil by suddenly coming and proposing to marry her, though scarcely any acquaintance exists between them. This proposal is as agreeable to Mr. Dorrimore (for Karlake is rich and generous) as it is disagreeable to Sybil, and to a singularly bearish admirer of hers, one Mr. Helstone. This Helstone is a distant connexion of Sybil's by the mother's side, and, having known the girl in childhood, falls in love with her as a young woman. It is natural enough that a proud girl, who has lived a lonely and purely intellectual life, should dislike the abruptness of Karlake's proposal. If he admired her, why did he not gradually acquire her esteem by the arts of pleasing in which rich, clever, and accomplished curates are not unversed? This question the reader asks himself at once; the answer he is not likely to anticipate. Karlake had a rowdy brother Harry, who betted and gambled. Julian deemed that a man with a rowdy brother could not possibly ask a girl to share his blighted existence. If this impossible and absurd scruple were generally entertained, there would be no marriages in families which keep a scapegrace. Now this scapegrace was supposed to have been drowned at the time when Karlake spoke to Sybil. The wicked brother had also committed a forgery, but this did not come to Julian's knowledge till after he was engaged to Sybil. In spite of the efforts of Helstone to prevent the engagement, the pair were betrothed; for Julian gradually won Sybil's affection, and he not only aided her father, but saved one of her brothers from drowning, as it is the privilege and duty of a hero of fiction to do.

We have not yet arrived at the secret, which is first detected by the experienced novel-reader in the fifty-third page of the first volume. "'I am moderately rich,' said Julian, 'and free from all personal family ties,' his face clouded for a moment as with an involuntary reminiscence of pain." Somewhat later, Sybil goes up to London to buy her *trousseau*, which task seems to occupy her for an unnecessary time. The house of Helstone is thought peculiarly well fitted for her home, as Helstone hates and insults Julian, and has moreover not only a dowdy sister, but a homicidal and lunatic mother under her roof. The existence of the lunatic mother is kept as secret as possible. Her presence in the story does not seem in the least essential. Whenever the tale drags more than usual, the mother has a violent fit, and Helstone goes up and is half-strangled by his unfortunate parent. On one occasion he is rescued by Julian, who gets badly bitten on the left hand by the old lady. The course of love runs tolerably smoothly, though Sybil learns from Julian that he has a mystery connected with a brother. Presently Helstone detects Julian in very affectionate talk with a young lady and a small boy. The small boy has all the beauty and "highbred physique" of Julian, and is indubitably a young Karlake. The scene, craftily chosen, of this secret interview is among the antres vast and secluded recesses of the remote Crystal Palace. Novelists seem to think that people who wish to escape notice always resort to the unexplored wildernesses of the courts of the "palace made of windows." Helstone leaps to the natural conclusion that the lady is Karlake's victim, and the child his son. He threatens and insults Julian; he is always threatening and insulting that "passionless perfection," and then tells Sybil what he has seen. But she trusts her Karlake, the marriage is not interrupted, and Sybil is taken to "see as much of Southern Europe as wealth, culture, and devotion could procure."

This is perhaps the best place to explain why Sybil is so irritating. One or two of her speeches (she speaks "like a printed book") will make her irritating qualities manifest. Thus, when Karlake, before his engagement, hints that he hopes no other attachment comes between them, Sybil replies in this style:—

"I have loved many men from childhood upwards," she said, "with an ardour no living creature, I think, will ever excite in my mind: they have been heroes, saints, philosophers even: Pericles, Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius in the old times; and in the present,—I am not sure it would be wise to tell you the names of those who stir my enthusiasm most."

Again, after her marriage her husband asks her if she will oblige him by going to church. As he is a clergyman, and it is his own church he wants her to attend, she replies thus:—

"Yes, because it would be an act of discourtesy towards my husband if I did not; but I think I shall ask you to accept it as a proof of my wifely devotion. You know how I have been brought up, how little I have been used to Church-going, and, to be quite frank, I feel no sense of deprivation in the past or of gain in the present. Sometimes"—with a radiant smile—"if my mind is very weary, or again if it be very full, say, there is a new poem of Browning's to read or a novel of George Eliot's, I am afraid I shall beg you to let me off."

Probably the candid reader will now admit that Sybil is that most annoying creature, an "advanced" young lady freethinker. But Sybil was not long to occupy her Sunday mornings in peace and happiness with *Fyfine at the Fair* and *Theophrastus Such*. The wicked Helstone tracked Karlake to the house where the young woman of the Crystal Palace adventure was living, and where her child was ill. He detected Karlake ministering to their necessities, and dared him to deny that he was the woman's lover and the father of the child. The real father, as every reader perceives, is the rowdy brother, who, after adding a cypher to the cheque of a vindictive Scotsman, had fled across sea, had been wrecked, and finally had turned up very inconveniently in London. But why did Julian go on suffering for his brother's sins, and bearing the burden of his misdeeds? Because he had taken an oath to a dying mother. The oath is thus described:—

"You will never forsake Harry," she had faltered, as the pale, stricken

lad knelt by her side to receive her last commands: "he is so much younger and tenderer than you. Promise me you will always stand by him as long as you live, and will help him, even at any cost to yourself." The oath, as again described, was to the effect that Julian "would secure Harry's welfare in preference to his own." We have first to imagine a mother who would exact so absurd a promise, then to believe in a son who would bind himself thus, and, finally, to imagine that Julian would so interpret his oath as to refuse to disclose the fact of Harry's existence. He actually carries this theory of his duty so far as to lie deliberately when he is asked if he has a brother. The only sensible person in the tale, the vindictive Scotsman whom Harry has defrauded, says, with truth:—

"What is the meaning of this farce? You suffer a girl like your wife to listen to such taunts, know yourself accredited with the parentage of Nell Trevelyan's child, flouted with its monstrous likeness to yourself, and do not speak the one word that would clear you! By God, you deserve to be left struggling in the mire!"

These remarks of Mr. Austruther are the best and briefest criticism on the conduct of Mrs. Needell's hero and on the character of her plot.

If Julian is the martyr of a morbid spirit of self-sacrifice, which spares no one who is innocent that he can possibly involve in trouble, his wife may be said to equal him in ingenious perversity. Helstone threatens, as an "aggrieved parishioner," to bring Julian's conduct before the Vestry. The parish Vestry seems an ill-chosen tribunal; but Julian and his wife both actually visit Helstone, and implore him not to carry out his threat. At last Sybil, in Julian's absence, makes an arrangement with Helstone. She is to run away, and stay away from her husband, and Helstone is to refrain from dragging Julian before the Vestry. Sybil therefore flees to the Waterloo Station, takes a ticket to Esher, and there is hospitably received by a kind old lady, who drinks tea out of old Chelsea cups. This is just the refuge for Sybil, who had been in the habit of nursing a "perfect bronze" and "priceless bit of old china." In the remote and untrodden wastes of Esher Sybil long remains concealed. To run away from a husband is not the best method of concealing him from shame and scandal, nor does Sybil's manoeuvre produce this result. The later machinations of Helstone, and the conclusion of this strange, eventful history, may be discovered by the curious in the last volume of Mrs. Needell's romance. Helstone is left expressing his hope of yet becoming a friend of Julian's; and, so utter a prig is Julian, that very probably he deemed it his duty to forgive and cherish his clumsy and blackguardly persecutor.

If *Julian Karlake's Secret* be a first novel, there is no reason why its author should despair of producing much better work. The style, though somewhat stiff, is correct; and the earlier chapters show considerable power of setting a situation before the reader. But there is at present no indication of ability to devise and carry out a complicated plot; and it is probable that Mrs. Needell would succeed better in a less ambitious effort.

#### MADAME J— ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

THE book of which this is a translation appeared a few months ago in France, and was then noticed in our French Literature columns. It was published by M. Lockroy avowedly as a political pamphlet in order to do justice to "a party which has been systematically calumniated." The writer was, it seems, M. Lockroy's grandmother; and this being the case, one does not quite see why the thin disguise of initials should have been kept up, especially as quite sufficient indications are given to enable any one with a little trouble to identify the persons concerned. However, that is M. Lockroy's business. We are quite ready to accept his statement of the facts, and we only wish that he had been a little more liberal of information as to the subsequent history of the personages introduced. Mme. J—, it seems, was the wife of a man of some property in an out-of-the-way part of Dauphiné, not far from the town of Romans, which is best known nowadays as having not long ago been the scene of one of M. Gambetta's most famous speeches. The whole family seems to have at once thrown in its lot with the Revolution, and the husband was not only named "Deputy Supplementary" to the Legislative Assembly, but was subsequently a full-fledged member of the Convention. The eldest son was for a considerable time absent in England, and afterwards had a Government mission to Toulouse, while M. J—, during the period of his "supplementary" deputyship, had to live at Romans. The mother of the family, however, resided in Paris during the most stirring times of the pre-Thermidorian period, and wrote frequently to her husband and her son. It is these letters which M. Lockroy has published, with a very few of earlier date, depicting pleasantly enough the experiences of country life. His object is to show that "the same process took place in the minds" of Mme. J— and of the nation, that "the irresistible logic of facts brought her to the Republic," and that "her patriotism impelled her into the ranks of the Jacobin party." M. Lockroy insists (quite rightly) on the fact that these letters are obviously unstudied and purely private; and, holding up his grandmother as a type of an ordinary woman of good education and intellect, full of family affection, and quite free from any motives of

\* *Letters of Madame J— on the French Revolution*. Edited by Edouard Lockroy. Translated from the French by Miss Martin and an American Collaborator. London: Sampson Low & Co.

ambition, greed, or the like, he asks us to take this testimony in favour of a calumniated party. The challenge is fair; and now that it has by the fact of translation been definitely put to Englishmen, it is time to take it up.

Almost at the outset of the book we come across passages which make us doubt whether the distance "between Mme. J——'s starting-point and her conclusions" was quite so great as M. Lockroy would have us think. She tells us frequently that the Abbé Mably was a friend of the family, and every one who knows anything of the history of the French Revolution knows how disastrously it was influenced by Mably's Græco-Roman, or rather pseudo-Græco-Roman, Republicanism. Her son, a boy of ten years old, is entreated to "remember Epaminondas and Coriolanus, who took a double pleasure in doing right, from the sense of the joy they gave their good mothers." There is no harm in this, though it shows that Mme. J—— had not the least notion of Coriolanus, and that she had imbibed the ridiculous Brutus-and-Hammodius jargon which was answerable for so much. This was four years before the Revolution. The next letter dates from '89 itself. The mother writes to her small boy, "Our courageous representatives, after having braved the thunderbolts of despotism," &c. &c. This may seem to M. Lockroy the attitude and language of the average sensible woman, undecieved by phrases, and prepared to be a trustworthy witness; it does not seem so to us. Two years later (for the early letters are few and far between) she pities her husband for his stay among "that hateful lot of aristocrats"; and immediately afterwards a still more instructive sentence occurs, which is at once a confession and a symptom. "Remember," she says to her son, "that among the twenty-five millions who people this great realm of France there is hardly one in a hundred who has raised himself to the height of the Revolution, or who understands all that your fresh and energetic mind conceives so easily, like those valiant Romans with whom your studies have made you intimate." This paragon of the twenty-five millions of France was, let it be remembered, a boy of sixteen, and he had, according to his mother, put himself into a position to judge the state of a complex modern civilization by studying valiant Romans. It is not wonderful, after these maternal encouragements to priggishness, that we come across a letter expostulating with the young man for taking his parents to task as to their manner of educating him. When a young gentleman of sixteen has been told that his intellectual condition is superior to that of twenty-four million seven hundred and fifty thousand of his countrymen, he may not unreasonably presume. Not long afterwards Mme. J—— remarks that "the insolence of the aristocrats must have angered the Supreme Being." "The nobles are monstrously wicked." "Devils of every hue are arriving in Paris from all parts of the country." Yet, again, she knows that "the story of Chabot Carn, &c., has defeated a barbarous plot which was on the point of being put into execution. . . . The stupid crowd asks for material proofs," and she admits that there is nothing but "moral certainty, because all evil geniuses are prudent and clever enough to conceal their crimes in secret." "Food has doubled in price; every means is used to weary and exhaust the people." She is unhappy about her son. "The gloomy temperament of the English people augments his natural disposition to melancholy; and royal despotism, which in England exercises all its tyranny under the name of liberty, grieves him almost to the point of despair." A petition adverse to Mme. J——'s views is presented; "it was received with the contempt it deserved, and the indignant Assembly closed the sitting." The entrance to the Louvre is forced. "Some stupid coarse expressions were uttered, no doubt by enemies of the people, at the moment when entrance to the den was gained." "We are," she says, "as firm as the Alps, as lofty as the cedars of Lebanon, and as calm as the still waters of a lake." "There are three federalists staying at ——. These three men of liberty have an air as proud and austere as her own." D'Aprémouil is mobbed by some calm and lofty patriots. All Mme. J—— has to say is to record the fact; "he had the audacity to preach the counter revolution." One of the numerous and propitious canards of the time has been set afloat. "A frightful event has again excited our indignation. Our volunteers at the camp at Soissons have been poisoned by powdered glass being put in their bread. The report of the Commissioners sent by the Assembly seems to indicate that it was due to carelessness, but that deceives no one." The 10th of August comes. To do Mme. J—— justice, she seems a little uncomfortable, but she discovers the happy phrase, "There have been some popular executions which prove that the lion is roused." Shortly afterwards, when the pikes had hardly been cleansed of their goblets of Swiss flesh, she remarks, "the people demand justice. . . . How gay and good-humoured the French are!" It is, indeed, confessed in a day or two that "poor petty creatures who can only understand partial justice are revolted at the horror of a head on a pike." But then Mme. J—— is not a poor petty creature. This is followed up by a casual reference to "the idiotic toleration of superficial minds." The 2nd of September staggers her for a moment, but only for a moment. "The discovery of the most infernal machinations does away with regret, for if the people had not purged the earth of the villains who were in the prisons, they would have saturated it with the blood of the people." A vigorous company of villains truly—some hundreds of bloodthirsty old men, young women, and priests against Paris. Soon after the weathercock changes. The Girondists, and especially Pétion, have been the writer's idols. Now they are "incredibly wicked." A little later Mme. J—— informs her son Jules that, if a plan of his had been

adopted, "if the executive power had executed that well-devised system of enlightening the English people, George and Pitt would have wasted their time and money." The letters end abruptly, and all we know is that the gifted Jules, aged eighteen, was arrested after Thermidor. We hope he was not guillotined; but, if he was, it would be interesting to know whether his mother retained her opinion of the good-humoured gaiety of the French people and the sublime attributes of the Revolution.

We have adopted this laborious and not particularly elegant plan of stringing together the most pertinent expressions of Mme. J——'s opinion in the very words of the writer, because it seems to us that in no other way can the reader be put in a position to decide M. Lockroy's problem. Is Mme. J—— a "woman of superior mind," who singles out with clear-sighted patriotism the "only men who were strong and bold enough to protect the democracy and France"; or is she a doubtless well-meaning and domestically affectionate person, who has been initiated early into a bombastic habit of speech and a confused habit of thought, who follows in a docile manner the political opinions of those whom she loves, who accepts the most absurd hoaxes with implicit faith, who believes her own family to be the best and cleverest people in the world, and who is comparatively indifferent to any suffering which does not directly concern that family? We have given a plentiful *corpus* of evidence on which to decide the question, and, for our part, we have not much doubt what the verdict of reasonable people must be. It is, we think, a matter of some congratulation that the book has been published, and of more that it has been translated, for it forms an admirable commentary on the theory, now often put forward, that the traditional detestation in which the Revolution has been held is folly; that not only was the blood which flowed not so very pure, but that very little of it flowed at all; and that, so far from this triumph of unbridled democracy being an argument against that form of government, it is a testimonial in its favour. M. Taine has attracted the wrath of critics of this kidney, because he has chosen once more to set forth the facts, and it is not impossibly the damaging effect of his volumes which has stirred M. Lockroy up to the publishing of this book. Also, he is most assuredly hoist with his own petard. We may even grant him his thesis as to his grandmother's natural qualities for his more effectual confusion. What sort of principles must they be which make a well-educated and superior woman of quick affections indulge in rant of which a schoolboy might be ashamed, swallow fictions and fallacies which ought not to deceive an infant in arms, and palliate the nameless outrages of the 10th of August and the 2nd of September?

It may be added that the interest of the book is, with very few exceptions, entirely historical and political. It is, on the whole, fairly translated, though there are one or two blunders of rendering, and though the proper names throughout are printed with a good deal of carelessness.

#### SCOTT ON ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.\*

THE architecture of churches considered in direct relation to the uses for which they are built—or, to adopt the compendious modern term, ecclesiology—is a branch of study which has taken shape over Europe within the lifetime of the actual generation, while the headquarters of this suddenly popular science are found in England. The years which have elapsed since the days of Britton, of Pugin, of Willis, and of the Cambridge Camden Society have built up enormous piles of information, comprised in libraries of publications of all sizes, from the folio to the leaflet. The time had already come for condensing the stores so redundantly provided by these diversified authorities into some compendious treatise of an encyclopedic kind, of larger bulk and more pretension than Mr. Parker's Manual, or the almost forgotten *Handbook of English Ecclesiology* put out by the Cambridge Society. In other words, some one was wanted to do for England that which M. Viollet-le-Duc had performed for France, while avoiding the perverse eccentricity which induced the French antiquary to cast his materials in the unscientific and cumbersome shape of dictionaries.

Our thanks are accordingly due to Mr. G. G. Scott for having, cradled as he has been among Gothic churches, given proof of his training, and come forward to utilize the vast store of information which had grown up in his own and his father's hands, in an *Essay on the History of English Church Architecture prior to the Separation of England from the Roman Obedience*, an expression which plainly shows where the writer's own obedience now is centred.

Mr. Scott, in view of the wide field of enterprise which he had mapped out for himself and his performance, modestly apologizes for his "little work" as "somewhat unmethodical and even desultory—a collection of papers rather than an essay." When a writer comes forward to forestall his critics' less favourable judgment, criticism is perforce disarmed; so we shall only remark upon this confession that we can hardly accept the epithet "little" in relation to a quarto closely printed, mostly in double columns and with numerous notes in very small type, besides being rich with copious illustrations, in plans and perspectives, although conspicuously destitute of elevations. The body of the

\* *An Essay on the History of English Church Architecture prior to the Separation of England from the Roman Obedience.* By George Gilbert Scott, F.S.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1881.



work consists of five chapters—namely, 1, the general history of ecclesiastical architecture previously to the conversion of the English; 2, from the Mission of St. Augustine to the Norman Conquest; 3, the Norman period; 4, from the first appearance of the Pointed style to the commencement of the fourteenth century; and, 5, from the fourteenth century to the close of the Mediæval period. There are, moreover, separate essays interspersed between the chapters, on the Orientation of the Early Christian Churches; on the Artistic and Aesthetic Elements in Primitive Christianity; on Early Churches in Eastern and Western Christendom; the Ornamentation of the Basilica of St. Felix at Nola (contributed by that erudite antiquary Mr. R. O. Jenkins, of Lyminge); Vitruvius on the Secular Roman Basilica; the History of the Casula (or Ohsauble); the Painted Ceilings of St. Albans Abbey; on certain Mediæval Innovations in the Distribution of Churches; and, finally, Notes and Remarks upon the Illustrations. The result of this somewhat complicated scheme of composition is that we have a book which is more than a history of English, and yet less than a history of cosmopolitan, church architecture. We fear that, with all Mr. Scott's industry, and in spite of the great mass of curious materials which he has brought together, the anomalous and rather perplexing method of his volume will tell against its taking the place among standard works of reference which in some respects it might have claimed; but we trust that its author has really intended it only to be a pilot balloon for that general history of ecclesiology towards which it is so considerable a contribution. For such a larger treatise all its contents are, in different degrees, available, while its reduction within the promise of its title-page would lead to huge excisions.

We are sorry to say that, in reference to the purely English portion of the volume, we have a grave remonstrance to offer. The title, several times repeated through the volume, is *The History of English Church Architecture*, with no explanation or limitation of that expression. Yet in an overwhelming preponderance through the text—and absolutely without a single exception in the illustrations, be they plans or perspectives—that which is presented to us is a series of examples of English cathedral, monastic, and collegiate church architecture. Any one who will take the trouble of thinking how numerous, how various, how historically interesting, and in their larger and more costly specimens how architecturally valuable and how artistically magnificent, are our old parish churches, will understand that such a selection can offer but a one-sided exhibition of the ecclesiastical treasures of mediæval England.

It is curious, considering how thoroughly his sympathies are concentrated upon the Church before the Reformation, that Mr. Scott should have chosen, by way of frontispiece, to give us the representation of a monument which has recently acquired historical value as fixing the character of the ceremonial revival of the seventeenth century. No doubt the extreme beauty of the Cistercian minster church of Abbey Dore in Herefordshire, built in the thirteenth century, would plead for its filling a place of honour in any collection of architectural designs. But that which first catches the eye in this representation of its east end is its long stone altar raised on a footpace which is no longer than the slab itself, so that the celebrant must perforce stand in front of it. It is on record that the church was restored and this altar put up in the reign of Charles I. by a magnificent and well-known Churchman, Lord Scudamore; while the service drawn up for its consecration by the diocesan, Bishop Wren, and for the first time published a few years ago by Mr. Fuller Russell, embodies a ritual more calculated, according to the notions of the Church Association, to land its author in that prison which was, after all, Bishop Wren's fate for eighteen years, than upon a Bishop's throne. The altar and the consecration service at Abbey Dore are a startling refutation of the plunging efforts of such controversialists as the Dean of Chester to get rid of the light which the practice of Churchmen such as Wren and Cosin throws upon their reading of the Prayer-Book and its ritual.

Mr. Scott has been misinformed in the statement which he makes that, till some forty years ago, the so-called "patriarchal chair" at Canterbury occupied its primitive place behind the high altar, and facing westward, and that at this date "Archbishop Howley abandoned this relic of primitive custom, and modestly withdrew his throne from a position of dignity, felt, perhaps, to be unreal, to a more humble situation in the choir." About the date named, the Italian altar screen and throne, with which the eighteenth century had burdened Canterbury Cathedral, made way for successors in that which the uneducated fancy of the then Cathedral surveyor believed to be Gothic; but no further contempt than that of continuous neglect was then shown to the ancient Cathedra, which had for years out of mind been banished to that transept in which it is still found. Referring to the Saxon Cathedral of Canterbury (of which he republishes Professor Willis's plan), which we know to have been a specimen of that curious arrangement still to be found in some German churches—the Metropolitan Cathedral of Mainz, for instance—by which an apse and an altar were provided at either end, Mr. Scott conjectures that these buildings must originally have been basilicas, with the altar (as in those at Rome) at the west end, the celebrant looking eastward, and that the apse at the other end was added for the use of the monastic body. The question is too extensive for us to adventure its discussion, nor can we enter into the other matters of ecclesiastical controversy which are raised in various parts of the volume.

## THE VICAR'S PEOPLE.\*

IT is about two years since *The Parson o' Dumford* was reviewed in these columns; and a new novel by the same author comes into our hands without any of the suggestions of weariness in the reading, or of inanity in the contents, which too commonly are associated with modern fiction. In the former novel the centre of action, as well as the main interest of the story, was found in the "Parson" himself; and it may have been by way of contrast that Mr. Manville Fenn has assigned to his later work its somewhat misleading title, which to ordinary readers of publishers' notices may indicate either an ecclesiastical novel with a purpose or a social picture having some clerical domestic interior as its scene. *The Vicar's People* is nothing of either kind; it is a story where the interest centres entirely in the people, and in which the Vicar takes a subordinate and almost feeble part. He is a kindly and well-meaning man, but without the force of character which gave "the Parson o' Dumford" influence with his parishioners; and it is in the young engineer, Geoffrey Trethick, that the counterpart of the Rev. Murray Selwood of Dumford is to be found among "the Vicar's people."

The scene is laid in a Cornish mining district on the coast; and the "people" are occupied in some proportion as miners, but for the most part as fishermen. The mines of the neighbourhood have long been known to the promoters of Companies, and of some of them the names and fortunes are associated with the chequered histories of the Stock Exchange. A writer of fiction who places himself amidst these circumstances must be either very reckless or very careful. He has to steer between the Scylla of engineering and the Charybdis of finance—under the possible, if rather Hibernian, contingency of being swallowed up in both. But Mr. Manville Fenn has not been trained in the school of authors whose full moons are seen from Welsh mountains rising over the Irish Sea; and, either from intimate local knowledge or from careful study, he has succeeded in presenting to his readers a series of pictures which convey an impression of entire accuracy in detail, whether as regards the dialect and vocabulary of the Cornish coastfolk, the technical processes of mining, or the relations of "adventurers" alike to brokers in the City and to bankers in the West.

The second title of *The Vicar's People* is a summary of the whole "story" of the work. It is "the Story of a Stain," and this forms the dark thread connecting the various and powerful delineations of character and the succession of dramatic situations and incidents which, rather than any development of plot, attract the attention of the reader. The "stain" itself is of a nature which will be readily imagined; and the author, in working out both the main and the subordinate outlines of the story, would seem to have been as studious in the invention of paradox as he has been careful to avoid mistakes in construction. We are not by the paradoxical in almost every shape which the structure of a novel allows; and, whether the paradox be in its character physical, moral, or artistic, we may feel tolerably certain that it has been introduced of deliberate purpose, and not by any oversight of the writer. Among the questions of this kind which Mr. Fenn presents—challenging the immediate doubt whether the situations are possible or are within the limits of allowable fiction—we are not disposed to offer any definite opinion on those which are physical in their character. Of these, the most conspicuous, and, as to incident, the most elaborately and strikingly drawn, is the escape of Bess Prowle, the smuggler's daughter, from the mine down the shaft of which she—the wrong victim—had been thrown. To the reader, as to the baffled contriver of the crime, the conditions of the fall must preclude all thought of escape from instant death; but the author follows the intricacies of mining passages as one who is familiar with them, and, granting the assumed combination of nerve, bodily vigour, and mental resource in the girl, we cannot pronounce the description impossible. By an ingenious method, introduced in connexion with another portion of the story, Mr. Fenn had already carried his readers along the strange subterranean adit or passage from the shore by which the outlet for the escape of overflow water from the mine could be reached. A second physical difficulty must be left to the criticism of medical readers. It is convenient for the purposes of the story that Geoffrey Trethick should for the time lose his reputation in more ways than one, and that he should appear to his neighbours to be a drunkard as well as a profligate. This result is brought about by means of drugged liquor accidentally taken, and prepared, not for him, but for the two night-watchers at his mining engine, upon whom it had produced the intended effect of sending them into a deep and immediate sleep. Geoffrey, exhausted by watching and anxiety after the ruin of his mine, "had partaken of a terribly strong dose in the dregs of the bottle, where the drug had settled down"; but in his case, before he becomes insensible, and apparently helplessly drunk, there is a considerable interval, in which he is able to pay a visit to Mr. Penwynn the banker, and in his and his daughter's presence to fall into the unsteady condition of ordinary intoxication, which comes upon him unexpectedly. In this case some incongruity appears at first sight between the cause and the effect.

The Wheal Carnac mine had been flooded by a disreputable miner named Lannoe, on the instigation of one Tregeenna, a lawyer,

\* *The Vicar's People: a Story of a Stain.* By George Manville Fenn, Author of "*The Parson o' Dumford*." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

and the villain of the book. Tregenna is drowned in attempting to escape from arrest on a charge of murder; and the wreck, from which the fishermen are saved, is seen from the shore. The scene is well described upon the ordinary lines of fiction; but the death of Lannoe the minor is an illustration of the artistic paradox to which we have already referred. This part of Mr. Fenn's work may be said to correspond with the representation in a picture of a vessel going down with all hands in the open sea, without land or a sail in sight—a case of which the conditions preclude the possibility of any picture having been drawn. Lannoe has gone down into the mine for the purpose of making a breach on the sea side, by blasting with a cartridge and long fuse. All his proceedings are described in detail till he gives with his pickaxe a blow to fix the cartridge, which he believes to contain gunpowder only, in its place. The cartridge is, however, of dynamite, and Lannoe is killed by the explosion at the same moment that the water rushes in.

But it is upon the moral paradox involved in the main action of the story that Mr. Manville Fenn's critics will probably have most to say. We do not go so far as to pronounce the course which he has marked out for his hero impossible; but in a man situated as Geoffrey Trethick was at the time we must regard it as extremely unlikely, while it was not a course which in honour or in conscience he could have been in any way bound to adopt. He had rescued Madge Mullion, the vain and weak daughter of his landlady, from the death which she sought for the sake of concealing the "stain," and he had carried her to the cottage of old Prawle, the fisherman and smuggler, on the shore, where he had for some time been on a footing of intimacy. As the story of Madge became known, suspicion had fallen on Geoffrey, and his Cornish friends began either to look coldly on him or to cut him altogether. The suspicion was groundless, and the true direction in which the eyes of the neighbourhood should have been turned has been evident to the reader from the first; but in a gossiping society such as that of the little Cornish town which Mr. Fenn describes it was not the less likely to gain currency because it was without real foundation. A man of Geoffrey's character might have been slow to detect the first indications of its existence; but, when he had fully realized the fact, his reasonable anger and his natural contempt for his slanderers would not, in any ordinary case, have prevented him from taking at once the necessary steps to clear his character. Instead of doing this, Geoffrey deliberately allows himself to remain under the imputation; and the Vicar, who had the sense to say to him, "It is unmanly not to clear your name," had not the courage to act on his conviction and to let the truth be known. "Maybe," Geoffrey said bitterly; "but I don't think I am like other men. I shall wait until Time shall bleach it once more white." Time, as far as common experience goes, is more apt to make damaged reputations mouldy than to bleach them, and Geoffrey had no right to calculate on any such catastrophe as that by which, to the great interest of Mr. Fenn's readers, all things come right in the end.

In a slighter paradox of an ecclesiastical sort there is probably an underlying vein of satire beneath the author's narrative. Decorations for harvest thanksgiving services are now sufficiently common, and we have seen the brilliant yellow of three or four vast vegetable marrows used with excellent effect as a base. Still, to the profane and unsymbolical mind, "turnips and carrots" and suchlike offerings may well suggest the idea of "a greengrocer's shop"; and, if the one product of Cornish industry may be represented in church, why not also that which supplies the fishmonger next door? Fish are "the harvest of the sea"; but "a pile of mackerel at the foot of the lectern" is a concrete way of setting forth an abstract proposition for which we imagine that congregations in general are hardly as yet prepared. So Tom Jenner's mates supposed; and so, in fact, did Tom himself. "It'll make a gashly old smell," he said; but, being dared to "take 'em up to parson," and the challenge being backed by several wagered gallons of ale, he made the experiment, and, as it turned out, with entire success, the Vicar taking the offering in perfect seriousness, and having "no thought of the men perpetrating a joke against his harvest festival." It is true that among recent harvest decorations—if the report of a local paper in the midland counties can be trusted—the usual "carrots and parsnips" have appeared in company with a "leg of mutton"; but is Mr. Fenn quite serious about the mackerel?

One of the minor characters among the Vicar's people is an elderly bank clerk, with a name which we may presume to be pronounceable in Cornwall, and with a habit which we think must have been entirely original, but which struck us as capable of being turned to some practical account. Mr. Chynoweth kept a private pack of cards in his office desk, and was accustomed, in his principal's absence, to play whist by himself under the lid. As an amusement, this can have been but mildly exciting; as an intellectual exercise, its merits may have been of a definite, though not of a high, order. In either aspect, it appeared to supply a rough but effective test for the classification of such works of fiction as our duty obliges us to read, or to attempt to read. We have accordingly tried the experiment—a hand first, then a chapter—and with distinctly marked results. Mr. Manville Fenn has no need to fear the comparison which he has been the means of suggesting. *The Vicar's People* will not incline its readers to a second deal; but, in the case of some other novels which need not be specified, we turned from the three volumes with a sigh of relief to the more attractive companionship of the three "dummies."

## MINOR NOTICES.

THOSE who are no longer young would probably not read this graceful and pleasant little story (1) if it were addressed to themselves, but many of them may be attracted by it if they find it in the hands of those to whom it is principally addressed. As far as the tale has a special purpose, it is apparently designed to connect the domestic interests of childhood with the love of poetry which sometimes deserves and rewards judicious cultivation at a very early age. The subject is only the first happy year in the country of a little town-bred girl; but she is the only child in the story, and her little experiences serve as a thread to connect half a dozen of her relations and friends, some of them with distinctive characters. Nearly all of them are supposed to have a taste for poetry, which furnishes an opportunity for collecting a large number of quotations, which are almost all descriptions of the moon; and, by a playful touch of fancy, most of them bear such names as Cynthia or Delia, which once personified the same luminary. The little girl, Margaret Esdaile, is taught that her name has been associated with the moon, as well as with the pearl and the daisy. Her title of "The Moonbeam" is a pet name, which is either the effect or the cause of a childish fondness for the moon. Mr. Grant, who, after his little grandniece, is the principal character in the story, has plausible reason for his answer to an inquiry as to the most beautiful of poetical passages relating to the moon. He quotes from the *Dream of Fair Women* the description of moonshine on a craggy mountain landscape:—

The balmy moon of blessed Israel  
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with gleams divine;  
All night the splintered crags that wall the dell  
With spires of silver shine.

The writer has overlooked the most perfect description of the moon in English verse in Mr. Tennyson's translation of the famous passage in Homer. Even Pope's version about the "refulgent lamp of night" could not wholly disguise its beauty. The little tale, though its simplicity is carefully maintained, is not wholly devoid of the interest proper to fiction. A bright and cheerful Lady Cynthia makes a happy marriage with a lover who, with unconscious conformity to local custom, applies to himself and to her a tender and thoughtful conceit from Browning's dedication of *Men and Women* to his wife. If, according to the poet, the Moon were "touched with human love,"

She would turn a new side to her mortal,  
Side unseen of huntsmen, herdsmen, steersmen,  
Blind to Zoroaster on his terrace,  
Blind to Galileo in his turret.  
God be thanked, the meaneast of his creatures,  
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,  
One to show a woman that he loves her.

Such true and subtle refinements of sentiment are, of course, far beyond the reach of the little heroine or subject of the story. Her own share in conversation is properly confined to questions, or to simple comments on her small store of knowledge and experience. It may be added that her friends, and especially her wise and kindly uncle, select the topics and fragments of information which would interest an intelligent child. A little girl living near the smooth Medway would take pleasure in learning that the river received its characteristic Celtic name of "honey-water" many centuries ago. In a former story, which had only the fault of being too tragic, Miss Lushington showed her knowledge of the lives and concerns of men and women. She also evidently understands the feelings of children, and on this occasion she has wisely abstained from allowing any interruption of varied and natural enjoyment, though she attempts to idealize everyday nursery life.

A flagrant instance of the lately introduced and detestable custom of issuing mutilated editions of standard works is found in Messrs. Bell's volume of *Select Tales by Maria Edgeworth* (2). The volume contains "Lazy Lawrence," "Tarleton," "Simple Susan," "The White Pigeon," and "Forgive and Forget"; and to the list of contents is affixed this remarkable note:—"The above Tales have been selected from the collection known as 'The Parents' Assistant,' as specially adapted for school use. The last two have been slightly condensed to bring the volume within the required compass." Now the "slight condensing" applied to bringing the volume within the required compass (required by whom?) amounts to a cutting out of some of the most characteristic and natural touches in the two stories. In other words, the two stories have been mutilated and spoiled to meet a "requirement" which, by whomsoever else it may be felt, is certainly not felt by readers. It is not only in omission, however, that the publishers or those to whom they have entrusted the "condensing" have sinned. They have committed the worse error of altering Miss Edgeworth's words. People who cherish a love for Miss Edgeworth's stories—and we hope that there are still many such people—will do well to avoid the mutilated edition which has seemed to us to call for these comments.

Major Griffiths generally writes in a pleasant and lively style, and in *Viscount Lacklands* (3) he has given us, within the limits of one volume of moderate size, as much matter as might have served many novel-makers for spinning out into three well-padded volumes.

(1) *Margaret the Moonbeam: a Story for the Young*. By Cecilia Lushington. Marshall, Japp, & Co. 1881.

(2) *Bell's Reading Books—Select Tales by Maria Edgeworth*. London: Bell & Sons.

(3) *Viscount Lacklands: a Tale of Modern Mammon*. By Major Arthur Griffiths, Author of "The Queen's Shilling," &c. London: Remington.

Naturally the colours are laid on with a good fat brush; there is no stopping to go into minute dissection of character and motive, and we must confess to being well pleased to come across a book which contains "a story" well and sharply told, and does not go in for the "delicate analysis" business, of which we seem to have had something too much of late.

Among the most welcome of present reprints is that of the third edition of "The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes (4), otherwise called Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes; with the Means by which she acquired her Learning and Wisdom; and in consequence thereof her Estate; set forth at large for the Benefit of those

*Who from a State of Rags and Care,  
And having Shoes but half a Pair;  
Their Fortunes and their Fame would fix,  
And gallop in a Coach and Six."*

Mr. Welsh's introduction, which touches on the still undecided question of the authorship of the little volume, is interesting and to the point. The authorship would seem to lie between Goldsmith and Giles Jones, "although," writes Mr. Welsh, "I am by no means anxious that the honour of having written it should be ascribed either to the one or to the other."

Some of Mr. Brett's sketches, which date back as far as 1840, had already appeared in the periodical called *Mission Life*. Many readers will be grateful to him for having reprinted these and added others to them (5). Mr. Brett has an observant eye, and tells us of many interesting experiences in an interesting manner. The illustrations to the volume are perhaps hardly worthy of the letterpress.

Mr. French is bringing out a Memorial Theatre edition of Shakespeare (6), to the first volume of which is prefixed an introduction which contains one passage worthy of special note. "The editor has frequently noticed among a theatrical audience some engaged with volumes of an ordinary edition of Shakespeare endeavouring, often vainly, to follow the text during the progress of the play. He would suggest that it would be more profitable, as well as pleasurable, to read the play before going to the theatre, and to give full attention to the actors' interpretation; but those who prefer to take their books will find this edition of the greatest service, as it shows at a glance the difference between the plays as written and now acted." This is effected by the simple means of printing the passages usually omitted on the stage in smaller type than the rest; and, on the whole, the idea of the volumes is a very good one, although we are not disposed altogether to admire the editor's well-meant Bowdlerization. It may be noted that he enters a protest against the evil custom of transferring the First Lord's speech in act 2, scene 1, of *As You Like It* to Jaques.

Mr. Muddock's little work (7), which is *à propos* of the increasing popularity of Davos-Platz as a winter resort for consumptive patients, contains a full account of the place and its properties, and also some reprinted articles on the Alps in Winter. In the interest of invalids Mr. Muddock makes a protest which is probably not too strong against the employment of German stoves in the Davos hotels.

The handsome volume (8) which contains the second part of the Liverpool Free Public Library Catalogue, gives ample evidence of the care and pains devoted to the well-being of an excellent institution. The considerable improvements which have been made since the issue of the first part are touched upon in the preface contributed by Mr. P. Cowell, the Chief Librarian, under whose supervision the work is published. The "Directions and Explanations" which follow this will also serve to show that nothing has been neglected in securing the best method of cataloguing that seems attainable, and people interested in the matter may do well to study them as well as the preliminary remarks.

The special object of Miss Ridley's capital contribution to fern literature (9) has been to supply the demand for a work showing the decided special features of ferns without an entire description of each one. The little book, it should be noted, contains a full description of the necessary technical terms.

Mr. O. Brookfield's *Illustrated Sporting Glossary* (10) consists of some of the most amusing grotesque drawings which we have seen for some time, given in mock illustration of the technical terms of the racecourse. Thus, "Beauchamp II. was nowhere" represents an empty course indicated by the simplest means; and "A well-known nobleman dropped a pony on the race" is illus-

trated with absurd literalness. Perhaps the best of all the sketches is "His owner had little or nothing on."

Mr. Moncreux Conway's volume concerning Carlyle (11) stands out distinctly from the several pieces of book-making which followed hard upon Carlyle's death. Mr. Conway had the advantage of knowing Carlyle well, having brought letters of introduction to him when he first came to England in 1863, and it is out of notes and memories accumulated during his long friendship with Carlyle that Mr. Conway's volume has come. "However inadequately transcribed and conveyed," he writes, "these pages do faithfully follow impressions made by his (Carlyle's) own word and spirit upon my mind during an intercourse of many years." Naturally there is much matter of interest in Mr. Conway's careful record of these impressions, which it is perhaps best to let readers become acquainted with for themselves. One part of the volume which has a special interest is the collection of extracts from early letters contributed by Mr. Ireland. It is perhaps worth noting that Mr. Conway writes at the end of his preface that the Carlyle he remembers is "a man I can by no means identify with any image that can be built up out of his *Reminiscences*. I do not wish to idealize Carlyle, but cannot admit that the outcries of a broken heart should be accepted as the man's true voice, or that measurements of men and memories, as seen through burning tears, should be recorded as characteristic of his heart or judgment."

Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* (12), of which we have now a seventeenth edition, brought down to 1881, needs no comment as to its value. It is now, as a matter of fact, more "Vincent's Dictionary of Dates" than Haydn's, though of course the credit of the original idea belongs to Haydn. The work was first published in 1841, and in 1855 Mr. Vincent was asked, and consented, to supervise a seventh edition. "This," writes Mr. Vincent in his preface, "led eventually to my undertaking its thorough renovation, which has been effected by long continued labour in revision and in selection from an abundance of valuable materials, and now little of the original work remains, the present edition containing twice as much matter as the sixth, published in 1853." It is scarcely necessary to say that, as it stands, the work is unrivalled as a book of reference, and is, in fact, what Mr. Vincent modestly says he has endeavoured to make it—more a digested summary of every department of human history than "a mere Dictionary of Dates."

A sixth edition has appeared of M. Deschanel's *Treatise on Natural Philosophy* (13), translated by Mr. Everett, who has also acted as editor, and introduced various valuable modifications and additions in the latest edition as in previous ones.

A fourth edition, revised and much enlarged, is issued of Mr. Webb's useful volume (14) devoted to furnishing the owners of ordinary telescopes with directions how to use them to the best astronomical advantage.

Mr. Arthur Evershed has brought out a second series of nine etchings from nature of Thames subjects (15) which will be welcomed by all lovers of Thames scenery and of the art of etching. Mr. Evershed's method has been this; he "took the plates (ready grounded) and needles to the riverside, and made the drawings on the copper directly from nature, 'biting-in' subsequently at home," a process by which, of course, the subjects drawn are reversed in printing. It is giving Mr. Evershed high praise to say that his treatment is worthy of the beauty of the subjects he has chosen, among which are "Kingston Bridge," "At Kew Bridge," and "Syon House." It may be desirable to add that only one hundred copies of this attractive series are issued.

The author of *Waitaruna* (16) tells us that he has aimed at giving some true pictures of life in the southern portion of the colony of New Zealand as it was a short time ago, and he seems to think that in making the attempt he has broken fresh ground. We can however assure him, without disparaging *Waitaruna*—which is a lively enough story—that we have read many books of the same calibre and dealing with the same part of the world.

Mr. McIntock undertook his translation of *Die Harzreise* (17) in consequence of "a remark in one of our leading reviews, that, while many hands had translated scraps of Heine's verse, there had not been offered to the English public any connected or complete work, and the *Reisebilder* were suggested as being suitable." Mr. McIntock's translation is, in the few passages which we have compared with the original, accurate and it runs so well and smoothly that we hope he will receive more than "the very

(4) *Goody Two-Shoes*. A Facsimile Reproduction of the Edition of 1766. With an Introduction by Charles Welsh. London: Griffith & Farran.

(5) *Mission Work among the Indian Tribes in the Forests of Guiana*. By the Rev. W. H. Brett, B.A. London: S.P.C.K. New York: Young & Co.

(6) *Shakespeare*. The Memorial Theatre Edition. *As You Like It*. *Twelfth Night*. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Edited by C. E. Flower. London: E. French.

(7) *Davos-Platz as an Alpine Winter Station for Consumptive Patients*. By J. E. Muddock. With Analytical Notes on the Foul Air, Water, and Climate, by Philip Holland. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Paris: Gallani Library.

(8) *Catalogue of the Liverpool Free Public Library*. Established by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, 1850. Reference Department. Part II. Containing the books received from January, 1871, to December, 1880. Compiled, by Authority of the Council, under the Direction of the Chief Librarian. Liverpool: Marples & Co.

(9) *A Pocket Guide to British Ferns*. By Marian S. Ridley. London: David Bogue.

(10) *The Illustrated Sporting Glossary*. By Charles H. E. Brookfield.

(11) *Thomas Carlyle*. By Moncreux D. Conway. London: Chatto & Windus.

(12) *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information relating to all Ages and Nations*. Seventeenth Edition. Containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1881. By Benjamin Vincent, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(13) *Elementary Treatise on Natural Philosophy*. By A. Privat Deschanel. Translated and edited by J. D. Everett, M.A., &c. Sixth Edition. London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin: Blackie & Son.

(14) *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*. By the Rev. T. W. Webb. Fourth Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

(15) *An Etcher's Rambles*. Second Series. The Thames. A Collection of Nine Etchings from Nature. By Arthur Evershed. T. Maclean, Haymarket.

(16) *Waitaruna: a Story of New Zealand Life*. By Alexander Bathgate. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(17) *A Trip to the Brocken*. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by B. McIntock. London: Macmillan. Liverpool: Adam Holden.

moderate amount of approval" which will induce him "to continue what is to him a labour of love."

Some industrious person has compiled a volume of snippets from Thackeray's writings (18). Why such volumes are compiled, who reads them, and what good the people who read them get from them, we are unable to understand.

We can do no more than name many treatises on law and new editions of well-known works. Among the former are a treatise on trade-marks, British and foreign, by Mr. Hardingham (19); an addition to Wilson's Legal Handy Books in the shape of a treatise on the Law of Horses by Mr. C. Morrell (20). To the same class belongs Mr. Roscoe's Digest of the Law of Light (21), and Mr. Shirley's "Elementary Treatise on Magisterial Law" (22). A second edition has appeared of Mr. Chalmers's "Law of Bills of Exchange" (23), with added cases, and a chapter on "Securities or Bills of Exchange." A second edition has appeared of Peel's "Practice and Procedure in Chancery Actions" (24), while Mr. J. V. Essey Fitzgerald's "Public Health and Local Government Act," 1875 (25), has reached a third edition.

It is only necessary to notice the appearance of a ninth edition of *Willich's Popular Tables* (26), and of the twelfth volume of Royal Colonial Institute's "Report of Proceedings" (27).

(18) *Extracts from the Writings of W. M. Thackeray*, chiefly Philosophical and Reflective. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(19) *Trade-Marks: Notes of British, Foreign, and Colonial Law*. By George Gatton Melhuish Hardingham. London: Stevens & Sons.

(20) *The Law of Horses*. By C. F. Morrell, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson.

(21) *A Digest of the Law of Light*. By F. S. Roscoe. London: Reeves & Turner. 1881.

(22) *An Elementary Treatise on Magisterial Law*. By W. T. Shirley. London: Stevens and Sons. 1881.

(23) *A Digest of the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, and Cheques*. By M. L. Chalmers, M.A. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

(24) *A Concise Treatise on the Practice and Procedure in Chancery Actions*. By S. Peel. London: Stevens & Sons. 1881.

(25) *The Public Health and Local Government Act*. London: Waterlow Bros. & Layton.

(26) *Willich's Popular Tables*. London: Longmans & Co.

(27) *Royal Colonial Institute—Report of Proceedings*. London: Sampson Low & Co.

In reference to our article of last week on "Vegetarianism," Dr. Anna Kingsford complains that our "confession of ignorance" as to whether her thesis by itself obtained for her the degree of M.D. at the Paris University is calculated to injure her in her profession. We are sorry that Mrs. Kingsford should have taken seriously what was meant in another manner; and we may now tell her that our readers are probably as well aware as ourselves of the high standing universally accorded to the Paris medical degree, and of the completeness of its guarantee for the efficient training of those to whom it is given.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## THE COLSTON SPEECHES.

THE Bristol custom which is associated with the name of COLSTON reproduces a system of College declamations which has probably become obsolete at the Universities. The academic disputants were instructed to defend opposite sides in some moral or historical controversy, without previously comparing notes for the purpose of answering one another's arguments. The more experienced orators of the "Dolphin" and "Anchor" at Bristol can scarcely fail to discuss the same political questions. To expose or to cover the weak points in the policy of the Government is the proper business of the respective speakers for the Opposition and the Ministry. The annual contest would be still more interesting if care were taken that the combatants should be equally matched. It seems scarcely fair that Lord SPENCER and Sir HENRY JAMES should be pitted against Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GIBSON; but as the balance has inclined the other way in some recent provincial discussions, the advantage which the "Dolphin" may have had over the "Anchor" is perhaps not to be grudged. In any case, a vigorous speaker prefers the opportunity of attack to the tamer process of apologetic statement and argument. It was for this reason that Sir W. HARCOURT dilated at Glasgow and Carlisle on the alleged errors of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government in preference to vindicating a domestic policy with which he perhaps feels no profound sympathy; but it is dull work to resuscitate the ghosts of dead issues for the purpose of exposing their failings. The Land Act, with the prospective comments of its authors, and with the glosses lately affixed to it by the Sub-Commissioners, is more present to the minds of contemporary politicians than the treaty of Berlin, or even the naval demonstration. Lord SPENCER, a highly estimable nobleman, but not a great political gladiator, engaged in a conflict with phantoms even less substantial than the shadows of the past. His denunciation of Fair-trade was directed against fallacies which died almost before they were born:—

*Quos dulcis vite exsortes, et ab ubere raptos  
Abstulit atra dies, et funere meruit acerbo.*

The Conservative party will scarcely suffer from Lord SPENCER's elaborate attack on Mr. LOWTHER, who has not even been a Cabinet Minister, and who, greatly to his credit, declines to dabble in Fair-trade. That the Opposition includes in its ranks a clever man who has the misfortune to believe in Protection is a smaller misfortune than the adhesion of Mr. BRADLAUGH to the Government. Lord SPENCER's insinuation that Lord SALISBURY shared Mr. LOWTHER's heresy was founded on a mistake. Additional duties on luxuries, or, in other words, on French wine and brandy, whether or not such imposts are expedient, would be compatible with the strictest principles of Free-trade. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, indeed, says that his predecessor in office lately included corn and meat in the list of luxuries. If the quotation is accurate, Sir JOHN HOLKE has once more proved that an excellent lawyer may be a bad political economist. No member of the late Cabinet has at any time assented to schemes for taxing food or raw material.

In the course of a spirited address Sir HENRY JAMES unnecessarily hampered himself with the defence of one or two startling paradoxes. Referring to the Birmingham maxim that force is no remedy, he justly contended that in certain cases, as in that of the present condition of Ireland, there is no remedy but force.

The apparent contradiction is only to be reconciled by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's theory that it was not desirable to remedy violence and anarchy by force or by any other method as long as disorder facilitated the legislation which was regarded by the Government as indispensable. Not wishing to pledge himself to so remarkable a conclusion, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL must have left his audience in doubt whether rulers should bear the sword *in fine*. He was perhaps in a hurry to enunciate the still more astonishing proposition that Lord SALISBURY was responsible for the Land Bill. It is true that the leader of the majority of the House of Lords could have destroyed the Bill on the second reading, and that the third reading passed with his permission; but it scarcely follows that his supporters "are estopped from denouncing an Act "which they could have stayed in its course, but did not." From the moment at which the Bill was introduced it became the minimum of concession which Parliament could make to the Irish tenants. The Government, and not the Opposition, is exclusively responsible for any injustice which the Act may involve. Lord SALISBURY and his party rightly judged that the evil results of defeating the Bill would be even greater than the consequences of negatively sanctioning a measure of which they disapproved. No Government has a right to fasten on the Opposition the dilemma of voting for a questionable policy, or of defying the combination of a Parliamentary majority with a disaffected community. It may be said, without disrespect to Sir HENRY JAMES, that the part of his speech which related to Ireland was less weighty than the moderate argument of Mr. GIBSON. On the important question under discussion the English ATTORNEY-GENERAL is not an expert.

Lord SALISBURY declined to waste time on the discussion of the foreign policy of the late or present Government. As he truly said, the attention of all men is fixed on Ireland; and the prospect is not reassuring. Mr. GIBSON's criticism of the proceedings of the Land Commission was the more forcible because it was transparently candid and studiously moderate. He was undoubtedly justified in his disapproval of Justice O'HAGAN's opening speech, though it may be understood how the President of an anomalous tribunal should allow himself to deviate from the uniform course of judicial practice. As Mr. GIBSON said, the monstrous proposition was laid down by some of the Sub-Commissioners are still open to appeal; but it is in the highest degree unsatisfactory to find that political partisans and agrarian projectors have been appointed to offices which required the strictest impartiality. Lord SALISBURY was perhaps scarcely just in attributing to Mr. GLADSTONE as a deliberate purpose the speculation which seems but too likely to be the result of his favourite legislative measure. During the discussion of the Bill Mr. GLADSTONE frequently expressed his belief that the majority of Irish landowners would not be subjected to any loss of income. It may be conjectured that he now regards with disapproval or uneasiness the administration of the Act by the Sub-Commissioners. There is perhaps a difference of principle, as well as of amount, between 25 per cent. and 75 per cent. of reduction. The smaller penalty is not, like Mr. PARNELL's recurrence to prehistoric values, a perfectly arbitrary transfer of property. Lord SELBORNE explicitly repudiated the intention of diminishing in any degree the total value of Irish land.

In the expression of his regret that Lord HARTINGTON had no influence in the Cabinet Lord SALISBURY was per-

has not wholly serious. He may have wished to appeal to the supposed chief of the moderate section of the Government against the subversive designs of some of his colleagues. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN announces great political changes as impending, and it would be interesting to know whether they will be generally acceptable to his colleagues. It is believed that Lord HARTINGTON is not of an unduly pliable disposition, and that on all important questions he has opinions of his own. It was understood that he approved generally of the Irish Land Bill, though he took no part in the Parliamentary debates. He has now taken the first opportunity of announcing his opposition to the predatory proposals of the Farmers' Alliance. Like Lord SALISBURY, he will be indisposed to give the Guardians in every Union the opportunity of fixing the rents to be paid by themselves and by the other farmers. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL apparently intended to express the same opinion in his defence of Lord HARTINGTON's reference to the entirely distinct subject of the tenure of land. In acknowledging the omission in Mr. GLADSTONE's Guildhall speech of minatory proposals, Lord SALISBURY reasonably doubted whether the changes to be introduced into Parliamentary proceedings were solely designed to facilitate Bankruptcy Bills, and Bills for the prevention of floods. That a formidable sabre should be sharpened for the purpose of spreading bread and butter seemed, in Lord SALISBURY's judgment, to be improbable. On the whole, the CONVENTION debates were neither dull nor uninteresting, and the party combat was conducted with good humour. If the leaders of both parties should think fit to suspend their polemical exertions from this time to the meeting of Parliament, the country would not be ungrateful for their forbearance; but in the few days which have elapsed since the Bristol celebration, Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir R. CROSS and Mr. GIBSON have continued the party controversy. One result of such discussions is to confute the popular saying that facts are stubborn things. The toleration which was for an entire year accorded to the Land League is an undoubted fact; but to Conservative speakers and to impartial observers it takes the form of scandalous dereliction of duty; while Mr. GOSCHEN, looking at events from a distance, only thought that the Government gave the Land League a good deal of rope. There is some reason to fear that the speeches on both sides will continue till the meeting of Parliament.

#### LORD GRANVILLE ON EGYPT.

LORD GRANVILLE'S despatch to Sir EDWARD MALET sums up, with some necessary reserve, but still with adequate precision, the present policy of England towards Egypt. The primary aim of that policy is to ensure that Egypt shall be decently well governed, and that a reforming and orderly Government shall show itself able and willing to take full advantage of that amount of independence which has been accorded to Egypt by the Porte. During the last two or three years very considerable reforms have been made. The taxes are no longer oppressive, the finances are in good order, the prosperity of the people is rapidly increasing. One great reform which has been long in contemplation—that of a new system of justice for the people—is on the point of being carried out; and Lord GRANVILLE urges that there shall be no delay in supplying what has now become the chief, and perhaps the sole, real deficiency in Egyptian administration. If the work is done, and well done, it is a matter of perfect indifference to England by whom it is done. Lord GRANVILLE protests against the notion that there has been, or is to be, anything like a specially English Ministry. It is not the business of our representative in Egypt to support one Minister, or one Ministry, rather than another. All that we want is that there shall be some Government that secures the tranquillity and prosperity of the country. Our chief reason for wishing Egypt to be tranquil and prosperous is our overwhelming interest in the security of the Suez Canal; but, so long as Egypt is tranquil and prosperous, we have the best possible guarantee for the security of the Canal. In time of peace a good and strong Government prevents those local disturbances by which the safety of the Canal might be very easily endangered. In time of war a good and strong Government would either keep open the Canal for us, or, if we were obliged to step into its place, we should find all the machinery for keeping order ready to our hand. A good

Government in Egypt can do for us all that we want, and better than we could do it for ourselves. We now attain our object without any cost, and without exciting any ill will. It might, in the last resort, be necessary, but it would be eminently disadvantageous, to substitute for the cheap and peaceable safeguard the safeguard of direct intervention, which would be efficacious—for, if it were undertaken, it would have to be done thoroughly—but which would impose on us constant anxiety and a heavy outlay, would awaken the jealousy, if not the enmity, of France, would kindle the suspicions of every European Power, and might blow into a flame the smouldering fire of Mahomedan fanaticism. Lord GRANVILLE is perfectly justified in saying that what we want, and what it may be fairly said we have got, up to the present time, is nothing more than an Egyptian Government that will do our work for us, and will save us from the many dangers that must inevitably attend our doing it by any form of violent interference.

But the present state of things in Egypt, favourable as it is to England, and based as it is on the solid grounds of wise reforms and increasing prosperity, is menaced by serious dangers. In no country, and above all in no Eastern country, can a Government have more than a hollow show of strength when the reigning prince has meekly listened to an announcement made by riotous soldiers that they had his successor ready if he would not do all that they ordered him to do. The ringleader among the insubordinate officers has not abandoned his business of dictation. He was induced to take his regiment away; but he himself comes back quietly and triumphantly to Cairo, and superintends the Government which was supposed to have got rid of him. He has taken over the lapsed power of the KHEDIVÉ; and acts as a kind of ultimate referee when it has to be decided what the Government shall do or shall not do. Anarchy appeared in Egypt when the KHEDIVÉ submitted to the colonels, and it may reappear any day in a much more serious shape. Lord GRANVILLE was bound to contemplate the possibility of anarchy again showing itself, and he distinctly lays down that, if anarchy does show itself, England will, if necessary, abandon its present policy of abstention. What action it will take in a hypothetical, although far from impossible, case, Lord GRANVILLE was far too prudent to explain. It is impossible to say beforehand what England will do or ought to do. Everything will depend on the causes which, at the time, are found to have provoked the recrudescence of anarchy. All that can be done at present is to study the probable causes of anarchy, and to minimize each danger as it shows itself. One danger is that of popular discontent. To guard so far as he can against this, Lord GRANVILLE urges the Egyptian Government to go boldly and quickly in the path of reform, and to remove every tangible and remediable grievance; and he clears away one obstacle to the acquisition of the confidence of the people by the Egyptian Government when he announces that England neither makes nor supports Egyptian Ministries. Another source of possible danger is the alarm inspired by the French occupation of Tunis. When Egyptians hear of what M. FERRY called the mortal blow given to Mahomedan fanaticism by the capture and desecration of Tunis, they can scarcely help feeling that the blow has fallen in part on them, and that heavier and more direct blows may follow. Lord GRANVILLE does what he can to dispel these fears by remarking that the supremacy of the Porte is the best protection Egypt can have against foreign aggression, and that England intends to uphold this supremacy, because it is the best check on foreign aggression that can be found. By foreign aggression nothing can now be meant but French aggression; and Lord GRANVILLE repeats the warning he has often given, that a sharp line must be drawn between an attack on Tunis—where the supremacy of the Porte was of a very shadowy or non-existent kind—and an attack on any territory over which the Porte exercises a supremacy that is incontestable.

There can be little doubt that the Ministry of CHEIKH PASHA will do what it honestly can in the way of reform, and that France is far too sick of the Tunis expedition to have any present designs on Egypt. The immediate danger to Egypt comes neither from popular discontent nor from France. It comes from the humiliation to which the KHEDIVÉ has submitted, and much more from the Porte. The Porte wishes to give its supremacy in Egypt a new colour, and to exercise it in a new direction. It wishes to make the supremacy

of the SULTAN not the supremacy of a political superior, but the supremacy of a religious chief. Egypt is to be enrolled into the great army of the Caliphate, and a special use is to be given to its adhesion by making it an instrument for the control of Arabia, from which the chief dangers to the Caliphate are likely to arise. What the Porte wants is to get Egypt quietly, but effectually, into its hands, and the means it adopts is to play off now the colonels against the KHEDIVÉ and now the KHEDIVÉ against the colonels. It provides the colonels with a successor to the KHEDIVÉ, and then sends emissaries to lecture the colonels on the guilt of military disobedience. And these emissaries, while charged with the general duty of enfeebling Egypt by keeping up this game of see-saw, are also charged with the special duty of conferring with delegates from the chief centres of religious influence in Arabia. The great thing which the SULTAN has at heart is to get Egypt to commit itself by sending troops to some Arabian port. It will not be the strength of the troops sent that will be important. A single battalion would suffice to show that Egypt was carrying out the orders of the CALIPH. That this new colour shall not be given to the SULTAN's supremacy, and that the efforts made in this new direction shall fail, is of the very greatest importance to England; for there could not be any danger to the security of the Canal greater than that Egypt and Arabia should be in conflict. It is indispensable for the interests of England that the danger should be avoided; but all that Lord GRANVILLE can do openly is to remind the Porte that there are limits fixed to the power of the Porte over Egypt, and to insinuate that England will not allow this limit to be overpassed. He cannot indulge in vague threats of punishment which would follow on the execution of designs which are as yet hardly apparent, and could not be proved if denied. All that can be done is to work through the ordinary channels of diplomacy, and by the exercise of patience and firmness to bring it home to the SULTAN that, if he thinks he is going to get Egypt out of the control of England, he is very much mistaken.

#### THE APOTHEOSIS OF M. PAUL BERT.

M. GAMBETTA'S entrance upon office has been so long waited for that it was perhaps impossible that it should not, when it came, be attended with some disappointment. The time and the circumstances were not well chosen for making the incident effective. If he had been sent for by M. GRÉVY immediately after the elections he would have seemed to be marching to the Elysée with all France behind him. In the months that have followed there has been so much controversy as to whose the majority was, and what policy the electors meant to support, that now that M. GAMBETTA has really become Prime Minister, the achievement has been a good deal dashed. Neither the names of his subordinates—it would be a misuse of words to call them his colleagues—nor the declaration which, according to custom, the new Cabinet made in both Chambers, have supplied the missing enthusiasm.

Among the Ministers with whom he has surrounded himself, there is only one whose name is known outside France. M. PAUL BERT has undoubtedly earned for himself political distinction of a certain kind. He is very much given to speaking on religious questions, and he is very happy in seasoning profanity with the precise amount of indecency which commends the mixture to the palate of the French *libre-penseur*. To call incense the tobacco of saints, and to group together the phylloxera and the religious orders as the twin pests which call for the application of a searching insecticide, are M. BERT's least oratorical achievements; but, unfortunately, they are amongst the few which can be presented to English readers. These are the qualifications which have led M. GAMBETTA to confer upon M. BERT the two posts of Minister of Education and Minister of Public Worship. Both appointments are remarkable. The Minister of Education has to put into working order the statute which has secularized all the communal schools in France. However necessary this measure may have been, it is plainly one which must bring the Minister into frequent collision with the ecclesiastical authorities. That is a risk which, under the Republican Government, every Minister of Education has had to put up with as he best might; but

the extent of it is a good deal affected by the character and antecedents of the particular Minister. M. GAMBETTA would, no doubt, have found it difficult to find a Minister of Education who should be at once *persona grata* to the clergy, and willing to take office in a Ministry of the Advanced Left. But he might easily have found a Minister who, so far as his public antecedents are concerned, should have been simply colourless. Instead of this he has picked out the man of all others who is most, and most justly, distasteful to the clergy. His object apparently is to accentuate all the strong things that the Government may feel disposed or compelled to do in the way of discouraging religious education, and to accustom the clergy to expecting the worst. Even if for some unexplained reason M. GAMBETTA had thought it expedient to sound a note of defiance over the whole of the educational field, he might have been glad that the Ministry of Public Worship was attached to the Ministry of the Interior, and not to the Ministry of Education. In this way it would have been possible for M. WALDECK ROUSSEAU to apply balm to the wounds which M. BERT might find it necessary to inflict. If the Government intends to quarrel with the parochial clergy, it might have been convenient to be by comparison on decent terms with the bishops, with whom the Minister of Public Worship is constantly brought into contact. There is seldom much to be gained from insulting as well as injuring an enemy, and a few civil speeches from the chief of one department may go some little way towards making the Church forget the very different speeches thrown at her head by another. Consequently, even if M. BERT's predecessor had been Minister of Public Worship as well as of Education, it would have been a natural step for M. GAMBETTA to separate the two offices. Instead of this, he has gone out of his way to reunite them. He found the Ministry of Public Worship associated with the Ministry of the Interior; but his conviction of M. BERT's supreme qualifications for ecclesiastical administration is so profound that, in order to give effect to it, he has associated the Ministry of Public Worship with the Ministry of Education.

The choice is even more remarkable because there is a passage in M. GAMBETTA'S programme which seems to imply that one of the ends which the new Government have in view is a revision of the actual relations between the Government and the Church. Of course this intention is not stated in so many words. When a French Republican Minister wishes to revolutionize the existing order of things, he is always particularly careful to say that he is merely carrying out some law which has been allowed to fall into disuse. It never seems to occur to him that the fact that a law has become obsolete is *prima facie* evidence, at the least, that it is no longer suited, or that it never was suited, to the circumstances to which it has to be adapted. M. GAMBETTA is not going to abolish the Concordat; he is only going to apply it strictly. In other words, he is going to throw aside all the softening interpretations which a regard for public convenience has put upon the letter of the Concordat, and to place the relations between Church and State on a footing designed to meet a condition of affairs which is now eighty years old. Whether this intention be wise or foolish in itself, it makes frequent collisions between the two powers all but inevitable. It may not very much matter whether, in these circumstances, the MINISTER of PUBLIC WORSHIP has the gift of conciliating opponents; but there was no need for M. GAMBETTA to take special pains to pick out a Minister whose sole merit in ecclesiastical matters is that the mere mention of his name is enough to throw a Roman Catholic, whether priest or layman, into a violent passion. For it must not be omitted from the list of M. BERT's merits that he is hated, not by the French clergy only, but by French Catholics. Other speakers of this kidney have aimed at drawing a distinction, shadowy enough indeed, but still meant to look substantial, between clericalism and religion. M. BERT has risen superior to any such subterfuges. He glories in treating the two as identical. He takes every occasion of proclaiming that it is the religious instinct in man with which he wages war—that the objects of his hatred are not the absurdities of Catholicism, but the degrading belief in the existence of a Being greater than man, in which belief those absurdities have their origin. There is, indeed, one possible explanation of M. BERT's appointment which ought not to be altogether left out of sight. It is conceivable—we can hardly say that it is more than conceivable—that M. GAMBETTA may

deliberately mean his bark to be worse than his bite. He may wish, if possible, to conciliate his more advanced supporters, and he may think that there is no more assured way of doing this than by insulting every religion in his choice of a Minister of Public Worship. With M. BERT in office, even a favour done to the Church would have the air of an insult, and M. GAMBETTA may think that under this cover it may be easier for him to manage ecclesiastical affairs in a spirit of reasonable compromise than if he had a less violently irreligious Minister as his lieutenant in the department of Public Worship. In the case of most men this theory would be too far-fetched to deserve a moment's thought. In the case of M. GAMBETTA, it just stops short of being that. There has always been a great deal of *finesse* about his conduct of affairs, and in this way he may possibly see his way to being milder in deed, from the fact that he has been so fierce in word. In the improbable event of this theory being true, M. GAMBETTA will have to run the risk that the people whom he hopes to soothe by the policy he adopts towards them may be hopelessly alienated beforehand by the language in which this policy will have been described.

The declaration read on Tuesday was exceedingly colourless upon every point except that of the revision of the Constitution. Upon that point, France is said to have "marked her resolution." The revision is to be "limited," but there is to be revision. In other respects the declaration might have been made by any Ministry under the sun. The reforms that are promised are not described, or only so far described as is consistent with a most convenient degree of vagueness. Even Prince BISMARCK would be willing to say that he was anxious to reduce the army, so far as it can be done without impairing the defensive strength of the country; and Protectionists and Free-traders might agree to lighten the burdens which press on agriculture if it can be done without jeopardising the finances of France. The determination to maintain order while protecting the public liberties is worthy of NAPOLEON III. In short, M. GAMBETTA seems to have borrowed the safest platitudes from each of his predecessors, in the hope that they would be accepted by each section of the Republican party as supplying some ground for hope that it is to their views that the new Minister means to give effect. The only result of this effort at compromise, or rather at concealment, has been to start a cry, before the Cabinet is a week old, for an interpellation which shall make it clear what the Government is really going to do. Foreigners may wait to satisfy their curiosity on this point until it pleases M. GAMBETTA to show his faith by his deeds; but his own countrymen—or the politicians among his own countrymen—are anxious to have some clearer assurance from himself than he has yet been pleased to give. That M. GAMBETTA may be willing to give any number of assurances similar in kind to his declaration is likely enough, but it will be surprising if he is in any hurry to depart from the convenient obscurity in which he has been pleased to shroud himself.

#### MR. BRIGHT AT ROCHDALE.

ROCHDALE has celebrated, with an enthusiasm that was graceful because it was sincere, the seventieth birthday of the popular orator and Cabinet Minister whom his memories, his fortune, and his affections have associated with the town of his birth. The workmen in the mills long carried on by his family addressed Mr. BRIGHT in the morning, and the general body of the townsmen of Rochdale paid their tribute to him in the evening. When a man has deserved honour by a long, active, and unselfish life, it is satisfactory that he should receive it, and all England is interested in full justice being rendered to every statesman of every party. Naturally, in replying to the addresses he received, Mr. BRIGHT reviewed the past on which he has left his mark, and the measures to which he has devoted his energies and his eloquence. Free-trade, a cheap press, an extended suffrage, national education are the triumphs of his life, and, in part at least, the fruit of his personal efforts. To the success of every cause he has taken up he has brought the aid of intense conviction, of sensitive pugnacity, and of an eloquence which, always clear and simple, was stately in its more solemn efforts, and was often felicitous in its epigrams. No one doubts that his motives have been pure and his conduct disinterested, or that he loved what he

loved as heartily as he hated what he hated. He accepted rather than sought the honours of office, from a desire for which he was removed both by his conception of his proper sphere in public life, and by his singular inaptitude for the details of business. In the fifty years over which his connexion with politics has extended a great change, and in most respects a change for the better, has come over England, and he has largely contributed to this change. The English people is now more numerous, better fed, better paid, a little more educated, and a little more intellectually alive than it was when Mr. BRIGHT was young, and Mr. BRIGHT has done much, so far as any one person can be said to have done much, to bring about this happy result. It is quite pardonable that, as he surveys in his old age what of good has been achieved in his day, he should somewhat exaggerate the share which he and his chosen associates have had in the work and good fortunes of a nation. To one of the chief apostles of Free-trade it is natural to ascribe exclusively to the triumph of his favourite measure the rise in wages which has been general even in rigidly protectionist countries. The habits and powers of mind and character which he actually possesses are all that any statesman can offer for the service of the nation; and if Mr. BRIGHT has often shown himself narrow and even unfair, it deserves to be recognized on fitting occasions how often he has shown himself generous, public-spirited, and sincere. It is not Rochdale alone that is ready to pay to Mr. BRIGHT such honour as is his due.

No public man has been more consistent than Mr. BRIGHT. He says and thinks now what he said and thought forty years ago. What he was, that he is; and if no one has changed less, no one has grown less. He began fighting, and he will end fighting; and if he cannot hear the din of battle, he cries out until he persuades himself that the battle is raging. He has never got out of the way of regarding men and classes with which he was possessed when he was fighting against Protection. To him the truths of Free-trade were as clear as the sun at noon, and wilful blindness was the only possible cause that he could conceive when they were not seen. The landlords resisted Free-trade, and their resistance could only be due to a monstrous and innate wrongfulness. Protectionists, he felt assured, could only be Protectionists because they were either very wicked or very imbecile. This conception of his opponents got into his mind, and nothing could ever get it out again. At seventy he is as perfectly sure as he ever was at thirty that every one who differs from him is either a fool or a knave, and he was delighted to be able to tell his friends of Rochdale that some Scotch farmers who share the preternatural shrewdness of their race thought on this head exactly as he did. To Mr. BRIGHT all Protectionists are fools, and all are English landlords. He remembers the weaker Englishmen with whom he once fought, and never troubles himself about THIERS and Prince BISMARCK. His opponents are always bad English noblemen, and their worse parasites, and the Protectionist manufacturers of America disappear from his horizon because Manchester was once the centre of the Anti-Corn Law League. Once an enemy always an enemy is Mr. BRIGHT's maxim, and he feels a virtuous pleasure and a renewed confidence in divine justice when he sees his enemy suffering. He was thrilled with the buoyant delight felt by the reader of a penny novel who reaches the point at which the villainous baronet is smitten down, when he could assure his Rochdale audience that there must be a great and general fall in rents. Nor must an enemy ever be allowed to claim or obtain justice. That landlords should ask for an inquiry whether they do not bear an unfair share of local taxation seemed to Mr. BRIGHT a piece of arrogant impudence. That in the long run they, and not the farmer, paid these taxes, whether fair or unfair, was quite enough for him. At the lowest he can regard them as a sort of war indemnity imposed on the class that he has conquered. The Church has been only a little less his enemy than the landowners, and he retains in old age the conception of the Church which he imbibed in the antagonistic home of his infancy. He has been young, and now he is old, and he still believes that the ties which bind the Church to the nation are chains forged by despotic monarchs and subtle statesmen and priests. Of no one was it ever more true than of Mr. BRIGHT that the child is the father of the man.

All his qualities—his true concern for the suffering, his earnestness in the expression of his convictions, his devo-



tion to what he terms the progress that is a change for good, his eloquence, his passion, his strange power of breathing new life into moral platitudes, and, at the same time, his pugnacity, his narrowness, his absolute want of elasticity—make up the Mr. BRIGHT with which Rochdale and England have been long familiar. He has brought into the sphere of English political life a new type of English statesmanship, and English political life is all the richer because it possesses this new type. There is nothing disrespectful, even in a moment when honour is being paid to Mr. BRIGHT, in saying that this type is in many respects imperfect. Most types are imperfect, because their limitations are inherent in their nature; and men of remarkable gifts have, as a rule, the defects of their qualities. They are contributions to the intellectual or moral wealth of a nation, not ideals or examples. England would be very dull if every town was a copy of Rochdale, and very destitute of political fertility if every statesman was moulded after the pattern of Mr. BRIGHT. This is not, of course, the way in which types look on themselves, or are looked on by the groups that are specially drawn to them. They are absorbed in a peculiar personality, peculiar aims, and peculiar convictions. Those who are outside cannot forget that they are outside, cannot forbear to apply the test to other standards, and cannot put aside the general history of the country. But this does not in any way prevent the recognition of excellence wherever it is to be found. And in one respect English political leaders are pre-eminently fortunate. They always obtain justice, and perhaps a little more than justice, in the long run. Their merits are remembered longer than their failings. Age, and still more death, softens the picture which their country draws of them. All that Rochdale could say for Mr. BRIGHT, and all that Mr. BRIGHT could claim for himself, will be much more present to the England of to-day, and to the England of some years hence, than what Rochdale did not say, or what Mr. BRIGHT showed in his manner of thanking Rochdale he could not claim. This habit of the national mind may perhaps be carried too far; but it springs from generous instincts, and to idealize departing or departed eminence is far better than wantonly to depreciate it.

#### SPAIN.

IT may be hoped that no serious dispute will arise between England and Spain with reference to the commercial or territorial claims of the North Borneo Company. Englishmen in general now for the first time hear of an enterprise which, on the showing of its promoters, appears to be legitimate in itself and conformable to precedent. It appears that certain potentates in the north-east of Borneo some time ago ceded to an American Company rights of trading with lands and harbours on which a settlement might be conveniently made. The concession appears not to have been worth even the limited sum for which it was exchanged. The American adventurers may or may not have paid the stipulated price; but they were either unwilling or unable to prosecute the undertaking. Ultimately they disposed of their interest to an English Company principally formed of persons interested in the trade of China. The native rulers have confirmed or renewed the former concession, and the Crown has granted the Company a charter. Such an act of Imperialism would have been indignantly denounced in Lord BEACONSFIELD's time; but it must be assumed that whatever is done by Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues is right, and it is satisfactory to find that the expansive tendencies of the English nation are not yet exhausted. Similar Companies have in former times laid the foundation of English sovereignty in many parts of the world. Only two or three years ago Mr. GLADSTONE lamented that the New Zealand Company had in the last generation virtually compelled the Government to form the islands into an English colony. The substitution of a flourishing and civilized community which will hereafter number millions for a scanty population of cannibals naturally appeared to Mr. GLADSTONE an inadequate return for even a moderate expenditure of money. It is not known whether at a later period he shared the violent indignation of Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT against Sir JAMES BROOKE's establishment at Sarawak. A possible extension of English trade and influence in another part of the great island of Borneo might, if the charter had not been granted, have been

thought incompatible with the policy of the present Government.

It seems that the Spaniards, who have large interests in the Malay Archipelago as owners of the Philippine Islands, formerly made a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu, who is one of the vendors under whom the North Borneo Company claims. No Spanish grantee has taken possession of any territory which may have been nominally ceded; and it is not impossible that the same lands may have been sold twice over. Uncivilized despots are not always careful to distinguish between property and sovereignty, and their registers of title are imperfectly kept. Thirty or forty years ago it pleased Lord PALMERSTON to maintain or recognize a potentate in the neighbourhood of Honduras who was called King of the Mosquito Coast. An English Consul-General who assisted him in the exercise of his authority could not prevent him from alienating whole provinces to English masters of trading vessels, who invited him on board for the purpose of plying him with whisky and brandy. The donees found a difficulty in reducing their grants into possession, as there were neither maps nor laws of real property in the Mosquito country, and as the same lands were generally sold or given to the latest comer, without regard to former conveyances. Ultimately the Government of the United States, which had never recognized the Mosquito King, induced Lord PALMERSTON or his successors to abandon the fictitious monarchy; and the numerous claimants found that their grants were worth less than the modest price which they had paid in the form of spirituous liquors. It would seem a proper subject of diplomatic ingenuity to adjust by some reasonable compromise the respective claims of Spain and England in Borneo. The Sulu SULTAN has no reasonable pretension to the sovereignty of the whole island, and there must be room for the trade of more than one European country. If international law were consistent with natural justice and with common sense, all civilized States would promote, as far as possible, the extension of the only hospitable Empire in the world. English Crown Colonies are open to the trade of all nations, while other States found or keep colonies for the sole purpose of exercising commercial monopoly. It is only when responsible government and democracy supersede Imperial administration that ignorant selfishness takes the place of national policy.

It is the more desirable to avoid any occasion of quarrel with Spain, because there seems to be some hope of an improvement of commercial relations. The present Government, for the first time in many years, inclines to reduce the tariff; and it is understood that the restrictions on English commerce would be relaxed if some concession were made to the reasonable or plausible demands of the Spanish wine-growers. If the negotiations with France should fail to result in the conclusion of a commercial treaty, some alteration of the wine duties would almost certainly follow. On the other hand, a stipulated reduction of the duties on French wines would not prevent the reconsideration of the theory which has operated unfavourably to Spanish and Portuguese produce. The alcoholic test, or rather the scale on which it is applied, has never formed a part of the agreement between England and France. From 1860 downwards the English Government or Parliament was always at liberty to alter or abolish the scale, which has indeed been maintained by Mr. GLADSTONE, or in deference to his authority by Ministers of the opposite party. From time to time Mr. GLADSTONE has contended that the receipts from duties on spirits would be injuriously affected if advantages were given to the alcoholic element in Spanish wines. Many wine-merchants and other firms professionally acquainted with the subject-matter have differed from Mr. GLADSTONE; and the Spanish Government has uniformly regarded the differential duties as a serious grievance. It is of course an error to suppose that the privileges accorded to light Bordeaux wines are in any degree due to a preference for French over Spanish interests; but the impartiality of English legislation is doubted in Spain. Large quantities of light Spanish wines are imported through France under a fictitious name at the lower rate of duty. Unskilled critics cannot speak confidently on questions which require technical knowledge for their solution; but opinion seems to incline more and more to acquiescence in the Spanish demands, especially as greater alcoholic strength is not necessarily coincident with superior quality or higher value. As long as the test is maintained it will be im-

possible to convince Spanish negotiators that a larger duty on Spanish wines is consistent with the treatment which is measured by the benefits conferred on the most favoured nation.

Independently of commercial interests, the feeling of England to Spain is neither unfriendly nor disrespectful. Since the restoration of the BOURBON dynasty the country has been uniformly tranquil, and there has been a considerable advance in material prosperity. Contrary to expectation, the insurrection in Cuba has been finally suppressed; and domestic factions have suspended the hostility with which in former times every successive Government was assailed. The advance in political wisdom is faithfully represented and forcibly expressed by the most eloquent of living Spaniards, who has proved his political aptitude by the lessons which he has drawn from experience. Señor CASTELAR was a passionate advocate, not only of the Republican doctrine, which he still holds, but of the expediency of overthrowing monarchical institutions at the earliest opportunity. When unexpected events made him for the time chief of a Republican Government, he at once discarded prejudices which he found to be incompatible with the welfare of the State. Having for a few months ruled as dictator, he has ever since been the chief of a constitutional Opposition. In a late speech he told his party that they must pay the penalty of their refusal to obey, during the continuance of the short-lived Republic, their own chosen leaders. "You would not," he said, "support MARGAL, and now you must submit to SAGASTA." A more general proposition was enforced by an admirable illustration. "Liberty," said CASTELAR, "is like food, but order is the air which we breathe. With insufficient food, or even without food, a man may linger for days, but in the absence of air his life is measured by seconds." It will be a cause for regret if a man of genius and of unimpeachable honour is permanently deterred from taking part in the government of his country by any prejudice against monarchy. If Spain prefers a monarchy to a republic, refusal to acquiesce in the claim of a majority is a mere superstition.

#### THE ST. PAUL'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

THE relations of the London School Board with the St. Paul's Industrial School, the degree in which the Board were bound to inquire into the management of the school, and the zeal or want of zeal which they displayed in the discharge of such duties as did devolve upon them in this respect, are points which have been fully brought before the public during the past week. The two extreme views upon the first of these points are represented by the Chairman of the Board on the one side and the HOME SECRETARY on the other. Mr. BUXTON contends in word, though not in deed, that the St. Paul's School was not under the Board, that its managers have not been appointed by the Board, and that generally the Board has no more control over this particular school than it has over the forty-seven other industrial schools to which the Board sends children. The HOME SECRETARY replies that the St. Paul's School was in everything but name, to all intents and purposes, a School Board school. It originated in the School Board; most, if not all, the original managers were members of the School Board; of late years the Chairman of the Industrial School Committee of the Board has been the sole manager of the school; and all, or almost all, the children at the school were sent there by the School Board. Mr. BUXTON has conceded quite enough to saddle the Board with a very grave responsibility when he says that the St. Paul's Industrial School stands in the same relation to the Board as any other of the forty-seven industrial schools to which the Board are in the habit of sending children. He will hardly contend that, if in his private capacity he were guardian to a friend's children, he would be under no obligation to satisfy himself as to the truth of grave charges brought against a school in which he had placed them. The London School Board stand to the four thousand children of whom they have taken the charge in the relation of guardian to ward. These children have not been thrown upon their hands by chance. If they had been orphans or deserted children, they would have been taken possession of by the Guardians of the Poor. They are, for the most part, children who have parents or other relatives alive; and the School Board have withdrawn them

from the care of these parents and other relatives and sent them to an industrial school, in many cases for no reason except that they have played truant. We contend, therefore, that, if charges of cruelty are alleged against any one of the forty-seven industrial schools to which children are sent by the London School Board, it is the duty of the Board to satisfy themselves whether these charges have any foundation. If Mr. BUXTON had placed some orphan nephews at school, and heard that they were being ill-treated there, he would scarcely hold himself exempted from any obligation to make inquiry by the circumstance that the school was a public school or a grammar-school, and we fail to see why the London School Board should be excused from the same obligation by the circumstance that an industrial school is a voluntary school. The question is not what sort of school an industrial school is, but whether it is a school to which the London School Board is in the habit of sending children for whose proper bringing up it is responsible. If it is, the responsibility of the Board does not end when they have transferred these children from their own control to that of the school managers. They are bound to remove them if they have any reason to be dissatisfied with the treatment they receive there; and, if they turn a deaf ear to any accusations that may be brought against the school, they cannot possibly know whether they have cause to be satisfied with the treatment or not.

In what way the duty of the School Board towards these children could be best performed was a different question. There was much to be said in behalf of the proposal to refer the matter to the HOME SECRETARY, and much in behalf of the resolution of the Board to institute an inquiry on their own account. The School Board were apparently unwilling to carry out either course to its natural conclusion. They did, it is true, pass a resolution on the 6th of October which in effect laid the burden of making inquiry on the Home Office, and they must by this time have had ample cause to regret that they did not leave matters in this position. At the next meeting, however, they rescinded this resolution, and undertook an inquiry on their own account. This change of front seems to dispose of the later contention that the majority of the Board were of opinion that the matter was one belonging to the HOME SECRETARY and not to the Board. On the 13th of October the HOME SECRETARY was actually seized of the business by the vote of the Board on the previous Thursday. If the Board thought that the HOME SECRETARY was the proper person to conduct the inquiry, why did they show such anxiety to take the matter out of his hands? The answer to this question has been supplied by the letters from Mrs. FENWICK MILLER on the one side and Miss SIMCOX on the other, which have appeared in the *Times*. It is plain that Mrs. SURE, by whom the charges against the school were brought, belonged to an unpopular minority, and that Mr. SCRUTTON, at whom, in his capacity of sole manager of the school, the charges were virtually levelled, belonged to a popular majority. No one supposes that, if the members of this majority had discovered the condition of the school for themselves, they would have been less anxious to set things to rights than the members of the minority. What they could not endure was that the discovery should have been made by the wrong people. Let it be granted, however, that the minority in which Mrs. SURE is included deserves the dislike in which it is held by the rest of the Board, and that the motion asking the HOME SECRETARY to take the school in hand was carried—as indeed it is pretty clear from Mrs. FENWICK MILLER's letter that it was—by a bit of sharp practice. This does not alter the fact that, in this particular instance, the unpopular minority was in the right, and that the motion which was only carried by an accidental majority—obtained after the greater part of the members had left the room—was a motion which the Board would have done well to vote unanimously. So anxious, however, were the Board not to have any hand in invoking the action of the Home Office, that on the 13th of October they actually took the trouble to rescind the motion which had been carried the week before, though they had already heard from Mr. LUSHINGTON that the inquiry had been ordered before the arrival of their letter. Thus, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT puts it, "the majority of the Board determined to take the matter into their own hands, and themselves to undertake an investigation . . . at the very time that the Home Office had completed its inquiry, and

"recommended the dismissal of the Superintendent, and the reconstitution of the management." If, as Mr. BUXTON contends, it was the business of the HOME SECRETARY, not of the School Board, to investigate the charges brought against the school, why did the Board undertake to do the HOME SECRETARY'S work after the HOME SECRETARY had done it for himself? Mrs. SURR says plainly that it was done "in the hope of clearing Mr. SCRUTTON from the charges brought against his management." She may have mistaken the motive which determined the action of the Board; but, if the Board had wished to give probability to her suggestion, they would only have had to do what they did.

When the Board had made up their minds, for whatever reason, to institute an inquiry of their own into the condition of the school, it might have been thought that they would at least make the investigation complete. This, at all events, was not the view of the Chairman. He draws a distinction between the two objects for which such an inquiry might be instituted, and contends that since what was wanted was reformation, not punishment, there was no need to go on raking up old abuses when once the necessity of some change had been admitted, even by Mr. SCRUTTON himself. We cannot agree with Mr. BUXTON in thus excluding punishment from the ends to be answered by inquiry. On the contrary, the punishment of the Superintendent, supposing that punishment to be deserved, is one of the surest ways of guarding against the repetition of these abuses. Mr. BUXTON is no doubt right in saying that the School Board is not a convenient body to put the Public Prosecutor in motion. But after the HOME SECRETARY had made his inquiry, and had ordered the Superintendent to be dismissed, and the school to be reorganized, reformation was already assured. Either, therefore, there was no good reason why the inquiry should have been begun, or there was no good reason for the Chairman's desire to bring it to a premature end. Except, however, from the point of view of Mr. BUXTON'S reputation for sound logic, it matters very little whether the School Board continue their inquiry or retire from it. The person whose intervention is really needed is the Public Prosecutor. There can be little question that his appearance is only a question of time. If the Superintendent has a good answer to his accusers, a court of justice is the place in which that answer would be most naturally made. As regards Mr. SCRUTTON, he is probably only an unusually striking example of a not uncommon temper. He has supposed that good intentions and readiness to believe what his subordinates tell him are sufficient to make a man a competent manager of an industrial school. That he was satisfied alike with the condition of the school and with his own relation to it is shown by the fact that for years past he has called no meeting of the managers, if, indeed, there be any managers besides himself. He has now apparently seen that, with this grave charge of neglect of duty hanging over his head, he ought not to remain the Chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee of the Board; but the strangest thing in the whole business is that if Mr. SCRUTTON had not made this discovery himself there is no reason to suppose that the School Board would have made it for him.

#### THE INDIAN COTTON DUTIES.

THE Governor-General of INDIA is at present engaged in making his autumn progress from Simla to Calcutta, visiting by the way such of the principal places of interest as are easily accessible from the direct line of route, and "interviewing" native chiefs, while the members of his Council and the several departments of the Secretariat are taking up their quarters at the capital and preparing for the winter campaign. A considerable proportion of the most important business bearing upon the internal administration of India, and the greater part of the legislation, though much of it is worked up at Simla, is reserved for final disposal at Calcutta; and among the matters which are invariably settled at the latter place are the annual financial estimates, which, whether they involve discussion in the Legislative Council, or whether they are merely promulgated in the form of a Resolution of the Governor-General in Council, are justly deemed to be a branch of public business which can be most fitly dealt with at the commercial capital of the Empire. In

these circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that the Manchester Chamber of Commerce should have deemed the present to be a suitable time for addressing to the Secretary of State for INDIA their annual representation on the expediency of repealing the remainder of the import duties still levied in India upon cotton goods. The reports of the speeches made by the deputation which was received by the SECRETARY of STATE at the India Office on the 11th instant are not very full; but they are sufficiently so to indicate the main lines of argument used on the occasion. The stereotyped assertions as to the boon which the entire removal of the duties would confer upon the people of India, as well as upon the manufacturers of Lancashire, by cheapening the price of the goods to the purchasers, and by imparting a fresh stimulus to commerce, were not omitted; nor did the deputation forget to remind the SECRETARY of STATE that he stood pledged by his speech on the Indian Budget in August last to get rid of the whole of the duties at the earliest possible date. On the main question of the policy of repealing the duties there was no difference of opinion between the deputation and the SECRETARY of STATE. Lord HARTINGTON was not less emphatic than the members of the deputation in affirming that the repeal of the obnoxious taxes was as certain to conduce to the interests of India as to the interests of Lancashire. Indeed it is somewhat difficult to reconcile the SECRETARY of STATE'S utterances on this point with his evident reluctance to commit himself to an early repeal of the duties upon any of the descriptions of goods at present liable to duty other than what are called grey goods. It was obviously right and proper that he should reserve to the Government in India a very full discretion as to the time when it will be financially possible to dispense with the whole of the duties, and therefore he would perhaps have been more prudent had he abstained from committing himself so unreservedly to the position that the repeal of the duties is a measure which is demanded in the interests of the people of India.

In connexion with this question of the economic value to India of the proposed repeal of the duties on cotton, Lord HARTINGTON made some remarks which indicate a misapprehension of facts. He spoke of the impression which for some time past has prevailed in India that the remissions of taxation on cotton goods made in 1878 and 1879 were brought about entirely by the pressure exerted upon the Government of the day by the manufacturers of Lancashire; and then, arguing as if the impression to which he referred, and the opposition which has been offered in India to the repeal of the duties, were entirely attributable to the prevalence of Protectionist opinions in that country, he proceeded to apologize for the existence of such opinions there by observing that when such strange economical doctrines are promulgated in this country, it is not a ground for surprise that public opinion in India should have failed as yet to detect the fallacies of Protection. The answer to these remarks is a very simple one. The particular phase of public opinion to which Lord HARTINGTON refers, and which he deems to be in some degree excused by the remoteness of India from the great centre of Free-trade, has really no prevalence there. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the persons who guide public opinion in India have no sympathy with Protection, and are quite as sound in their economic views as are the majority of those who, during the last five-and-thirty years, have guided public opinion in this country. It is very probable that the owners of the cotton mills at Bombay would like to retain the duties as a protection to their own manufactures, and it is possible that during the last few months the unwise attempts which have been made in various quarters in this country to revive Protection under the guise of Fair-trade may have tinged the writings of the half-educated natives who for the most part conduct the vernacular newspapers in India. But it cannot be said with any sort of reason that the opposition which during the last five years has been offered in India to the repeal of the cotton duties, and which indeed was led by Lord HARTINGTON'S colleague, the Earl of NORTHBROOK, has had any connexion with Protectionist views or theories. Public opinion in India—at all events that public opinion which makes itself heard in this country—is the opinion of the English officials, of the English merchants and barristers and other professional men, of the Anglo-Indian press, and, to a limited extent, of the educated classes of the native community. The general tendency of

that opinion is certainly not to run counter to views generally accepted by English statesmen and economists. The danger usually lies the other way—lest views and opinions and systems suitable for a free country should be indiscreetly applied to a country in which all the conditions are so essentially different. Sir THOMAS MUNRO's remark, penned sixty years ago, that "Every man writes as much 'as he can and quotes MONTESQUIEU and HUME and ADAM SMITH, and speaks as if we were living in a country 'where people were free and governed themselves,' is not entirely inapplicable to some, at all events, of the English officials in India of the present day. And as to the English merchants in India, their personal interests are so entirely opposed to the retention of any duties on British goods of a really protective character, that when we see them opposing the repeal of import duties, as was done by the Chambers of Commerce at Calcutta and Madras in 1879, we may be certain either that the actual injury to trade caused by the duties has been so far inappreciable, or that the objections to dispensing with them are such as to outweigh the advantage of the relief to trade. The latter was the view taken by the members of the Governor-General's Council who dissented from the reduction of duties carried out in 1879. One of these gentlemen expressly guarded himself against the imputation of sympathising with "any form of taxation in "India which operates in defiance of the fundamental "principles of British commercial policy, and fosters "local industries by restrictions on other classes of Her "MAJESTY's subjects," basing his opposition to the repeal of the duties entirely on the financial exigencies of the time and on the danger of exciting political discontent by parting with a source of revenue which was not unpopular, with the certainty of having to substitute for it at no very distant date some unpopular form of direct taxation. The other dissents proceeded upon very similar lines, only one of them, that of Mr. WHITLEY STOKES, indicating the slightest tendency to support the duties on the ground of protection; and even here the sort of protection which was incidentally referred to was protection, not against low prices, but against adulterated goods. But this argument found no echo in the Minutes of Mr. STOKES's colleagues, who considered a financial year in which the estimated receipts fell short of the estimated expenditure by more than a million to be an unsuitable time for "parting with or reducing any source of revenue which "is so easily realized as the import duty on cotton goods."

The Marquess of HARTINGTON did not fail to condemn the inopportune of the measure ordered by his predecessor, but he omitted to state the real reasons which rendered that measure inopportune; and he passed on at once to the difficulties with which the Government have to contend, owing, as he implied, to the heterodox opinions prevalent in India on the subject of trade. It is not improbable that this view of the case has been impressed upon Lord HARTINGTON's mind; for a suggestion that the whole of the opposition in India to the repeal of the duties originated in protectionist views was put forward at the India Office during the controversy in 1879, although a majority of the Secretary of State's Council on that occasion joined with the dissentient members of the Governor-General's Council in disapproving the action of the Viceroy. But the suggestion is at variance with the facts, and ought not to mislead any one who has studied the history of the question. The truth is that in this matter the leaders of English politics on both sides, acting in deference to what they regard as the exigencies of their respective parties, have taken a course which no prudent statesman would have adopted who considered himself free to deal with the question on its merits. The Indian duties on cotton goods are evidently doomed. The resolution which has just been issued by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, as announced in the *Times*' telegram on Monday last, shows that the duties on grey goods cannot be retained in their present form. The remainder of those duties will probably be swept away in the next Budget; and, if we may judge of the future from the experience of the past, it is not unsafe to affirm that the surrender of the duties upon the higher classes of goods, to which at the present moment no protective character can be justly assigned, is merely a question of time. With these last-mentioned duties will probably disappear the remainder of the import duties upon other articles of commerce. The meaning of all this is to cut off from the receipt side of the Indian Budget a

source of income which a few years ago yielded an annual revenue of two and a half millions; and if in a few years more the abolitionists of the opium trade are allowed to have their way, the Indian Finance Minister will find his revenue diminished altogether by a sum not far short of eleven millions. These are serious considerations. They seem to us to show that, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the PRIME MINISTER's "Hands Off" policy in connexion with foreign affairs, it might be most expediently applied to all future assaults upon the Indian Exchequer.

#### NEW PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE public will be apt to receive the announcement that it is really in contemplation to provide a fresh block of the permanent concentrated Public Offices with the incredulity naturally engendered by a quarter of a century of promise, procrastination, postponement, and ruinous makeshift. Even the present movement has to appeal for its justification to the Report of a Select Committee now four years old, and due to Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE, in the days of those scapegrace Tories, when the death of Sir JAMES LINDSAY and the dangerous illness of Lord EUSTACE CECIL had concentrated a little languid attention on the sanitary shortcomings of the War Office in Pall Mall. If the condition of the War Office as exposed by that inquiry justified the worst surmises, an equally disgraceful state of things was shown to exist at the Admiralty, which had long overgrown its stately, but inconvenient, House of Pillars in Whitehall; and, after having established and disestablished a colony in Somerset House, had annexed, with a due regard to their especial unsuitability for official purposes, a whole town of private houses in Spring Gardens.

So it is a War Office and an Admiralty which we are now to have, and Mr. LEFFEVRE deserves much commendation for reaching this conclusion. Mr. COCHRANE's Committee abstained from pledging itself to a special site; but the drift of its Report virtually left the choice open between two, either of which, after those long years of waiting, the United Services and the public in general would very thankfully accept from a paternal Government. One was the familiar Great George Street site, reaching up to the new Foreign Office, at which so many successive Governments have been nibbling in the way of petty purchases made in the most expensive happy-go-lucky fashion which officialism could devise. The other one, also in the neighbourhood of Whitehall and of St. James's Park, may be generally described as the actual Admiralty, with its curtilage, comprising the beehive of temporary offices about Spring Gardens, and reaching up to BIDDULPH's Bank. The last-named area is the one selected for the two offices, which will thus be constructed in proximity to each other and to the Horse Guards; the War Office immediately adjoining the latter, and the Admiralty standing to the northward. In passing, let us drop a word of congratulation on the collapse of the mischievous delusion which was at one time egging our authorities on to the resolve of building at least the War Office upon the Embankment at the bottom of Whitehall Place.

The official announcement which has been sent to the newspapers concludes with a sentence which has, we conclude, been modelled, as far as the difference of language permits, upon M. GAMBETTA's programme. "It is intended "that the architectural features of the new building shall "be subordinate to its main purpose of a great public "office, and not the determining course [cause] of its "terior arrangements; but the frontage to Whitehall, and "to the Parade, and that looking up the Mall, will afford "opportunities for well-proportioned and handsome "façades." This rather meaningless outburst of pompous commonplaces has put the *Times* into a condition of hilarious excitement so dangerous as absolutely to impair our contemporary's memory—we hope not for long. "Lord "PALMERSTON," it exclaims, "was amply justified in declaring that he would 'have nothing mediæval' when "the new Foreign Office was built; and Mr. BAKER's building, though it is open to criticism on many grounds, "is at least not absurd." This is pleasant news from Fairyland; but the whole world, we should imagine, with the one exception of the *Times*, knows that the Foreign Office was not built by Mr. BAKER, but by Sir GILBERT



**SCOTT.** The story of the Battle of Styles over that architect, whom both sides accepted, and who was willing, with differing feelings, to serve either, is not so obscure nor so very far off as to have become one of the things which had better be forgotten by the critic who claims to instruct us in the history of London architecture.

In itself the statement involves so obvious a truism as to lead to the well-grounded inquiry, why was it put there? Every Minister, every Committee of Judges, and every architect who has ever been concerned about any public building has pronounced, and we have little doubt in good faith, that the main purpose of that building should be its "determining course [cause]." Successive conditions of competition or tender for offices or law courts have been burdensomely fussy on this head, and if the result has not in all cases responded to the trouble taken, the misadventure must not be sought in the deficient good will, but in the incapacity of those who were responsible for the failure. Why, then, this superfluous profession of good intentions which no man was prepared to challenge? The virtue is too ostentatious not to be suspicious, and the declaration, coming from official lips, too goody not to lead to the inference that something unexplained must be lurking behind. Cynical bystanders who think they can read between the lines may be tempted to offer their revised version of the paragraph in these terms. "The offices will be planned and carried out by the officials of the department, without inviting the aid of any trained and eminent architect, and then it will be easy to stick some details taken from the stock books kept in the office upon the two principal fronts." People have not, we hope, forgotten the Post Office fiasco, when the gigantic annexe provided on the other side of St. Martin's-le-Grand by the official surveyor proved to be so deplorably commonplace and ugly that Mr. FERGUSSON was called in in hot haste to overlay it with something deserving of the name of architecture. The world has been moving fast since those days, and the time may have come when it was considered safe to adventure a similar experiment on public patience.

#### SMOKE.

**THE** Exhibition of smoke-consuming apparatus which has so long been promised will soon be opened, and this prospect gives unusual interest to part of Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL's address as Chairman of the Council of the Society of Arts. There is no question upon which it is more necessary to be sure of the facts before attempting to deal further with it by legislation. Nothing would be gained by adding another example to the list already too long of statutes which enforce directions which are not obeyed by penalties which are not inflicted. If we wish to avoid this, we must be very careful not to rest the case on wrong grounds, or defend a smoke-prevention Act by arguments derived from a state of things which exists only in imagination.

Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL dismisses very peremptorily the common theory that, if manufacturers did but know their own interest, they would make their furnaces consume all the smoke they produce. This notion rests on the supposed fact that, if a manufacturer allows smoke to escape from his chimney, he must be wasting a large quantity of solid fuel. Instead of passing into his furnace as heat it passes into the atmosphere as smoke. Some slight doubt has always rested upon this statement, since, if it were true, it is strange that so few manufacturers should be sufficiently alive to their own interest as to introduce the necessary improvements into their furnaces. When all allowance has been made for the difficulty of getting sufficiently intelligent men to feed the new apparatus properly, and for the higher wages which a careful stoker would be able to command, it seems hardly likely that, if there were nothing but the ordinary dislike of change to be overcome, more manufacturers would not have been found to try the experiment. Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL makes it clear why they have not done so. The prevention of smoke depends almost universally on a very free admission of air above the fuel. When this is secured, the combustion of smoke will be easy; but it is by no means certain that by this means an unnecessary amount of air will not be passed through the fire. In this way the manufacturer would undoubtedly save the few pounds per ton of unconsumed

carbon which now pass into the air as smoke; but in doing so he would sustain a much greater loss of heat. Consequently Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL is not at all sure that a manufacturer who declines to alter his furnaces, and risks all the penalties the law can denounce against him, is so great a fool as is commonly thought. He would not get as much heat from his coal by the new apparatus as he gets from it by clinging to the old. He would burn up every atom of the coal he uses, instead of, as now, allowing a fraction to escape unconsumed; but the heat produced by the coal thus thoroughly burnt up would be less than that produced by the imperfectly consumed coal.

This is certainly bad news for all of us who are not manufacturers. So long as it could be pointed out to manufacturers that it was their own pockets, not the lungs or eyes of their neighbours, that they were asked to think of, there was at least a chance that the desire to save money would in the end overpower the dislike to change which makes even the substitution of new furnaces for old a matter of genuine annoyance. But, if Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL is right, the appeal to self-interest must for the future be given up. The manufacturer who consumes his own smoke may be more patriotic and disinterested than his neighbours, but he is not necessarily wiser than they. Consequently, when the Legislature insists upon his making such alterations in his furnaces as will prevent the smoke from passing unconsumed into the air, it is not simply compelling him to consult his own pocket. Instead of being in the end a richer man for obeying the law, he may really be a poorer one. We do not say that the Legislature ought for that reason to forego making its appeal. A man has no right to create a nuisance because he is richer by reason of it. The question is really one of degree. The point to be considered is whether the gain to the community will be greater from the suppression of the nuisance or from the continuance of the industry which gives rise to it. There are trades so important that the country cannot afford to see them hampered by the restrictions which can alone make them really harmless. For example, Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL told the Society of Arts that the by-products of gas manufacture are becoming so valuable that it will shortly become doubtful whether these products should not be considered as the primary object of manufacture, and the gas itself as the by-product. In dealing with an industry of which this can be said, it is plainly impossible to think only of the persons who are annoyed by the smoke given out in the production of gas. Some process of give and take must be resorted to which may ensure that, if the smoke cannot be altogether done away with, it shall at least be brought within due bounds. The more difficult, however, it is found to interfere with existing industries, the more essential it is not recklessly to increase their number. The injury done by the introduction of smoke, or of the chemical vapours which are often far worse than smoke, into a neighbourhood which has hitherto been free from them, is far greater than can be done by their multiplication in a neighbourhood which is already familiar with them. In the latter case the inhabitants are in a measure acclimatized to the nuisance, and they have often gone to live in the district of their own free choice. In the former case the evil comes upon temperaments that have not been trained to endure it, and upon people who have fixed themselves in the district with no thought that it would be polluted in this way. It would be no hardship for Parliament to say that no manufactories shall be set up in a neighbourhood where they do not already exist, unless the owners would consent to use the most effective apparatus for consuming their own smoke. In this way, if the law did nothing to clear the sky or restore vegetation, it would, at all events, do nothing to destroy them where they are still to be found.

As regards domestic fires, Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL alleges another objection to the use of smoke-consuming grates. In a dwelling-house he seems to think that the alternative lies between close stoves and open fireplaces, and he gives a weighty reason for preferring the open fireplace to the close stove, notwithstanding the injury which its employment inflicts upon the atmosphere. "The natural man," he says, "especially if he is poor, sparingly fed, and insufficiently clothed, objects to ventilation because he fears draughts." With an open fire he must have at least so much ventilation as will allow the smoke to go

up the chimney. If he used a close stove, he would be able to close up his rooms much more completely against draughts, and the more accustomed he grew to the greater heat thereby produced, the more disinclined he would be to lessen it by letting in the outer air. Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL maintains that the inhabitants of London, smoky as the air they breathe may be, have a healthier look than the inhabitants of cities where the atmosphere is far clearer, but where, from the use of close stoves, there is no efficient ventilation. If we can get a clear atmosphere with ventilation, by all means let us have it. But, if the choice lies between breathing abundance of smoky air and breathing very little clear air, Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL is in favour of the former alternative. It is an original and suggestive way of stating the case, and it is to be hoped that the Exhibition which is shortly to begin may produce some invention which, while preventing the waste of fuel in domestic grates, may not sacrifice the free ventilation which that waste has hitherto secured.

#### ROSMINI.

IT is certainly strange, as a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* observes, that the life of so remarkable a man as Antonio Rosmini should have remained till now unwritten. It is no doubt partly due, as he suggests, to the fact that Rosmini, while conspicuous alike as a patriot, philosopher, and Church reformer, "had the misfortune to be, on the one hand, a Catholic priest; and, on the other, an Italian"; while moreover he incurred, as a Catholic priest, the suspicion of Italian patriots, and as a liberal and reforming priest the more than suspicion of the party headed by the Jesuits and their friends which was dominant in the Church under the late Pope. To these more general drawbacks may be added, as helping to account for his name being so little familiar in England, that philosophical speculation does not usually attract any special interest, for its own sake, in this country, and it is chiefly as a philosophical thinker that Rosmini will be permanently remembered beyond the limits of his own communion. We believe it is true, though Mr. Davidson, the author of the article referred to, does not say so, that an English translation of his more important works is now in course of preparation by members of his Order, and this when completed will no doubt both deserve and command the attention of competent critics. Meanwhile there is much worth noting in the character and career of Rosmini, apart from the twenty-four bulky volumes, the various essays and ascetical works, and the 10,000 letters which attest his literary activity. In the immediate objects to which his life was devoted he must be said in the main to have failed, though his failure may well be counted preferable to what many men would deem success; how far his wider schemes for renewing the intellectual and moral energies of his Church may yet bear fruit it would be premature to determine. In some respects his position may seem to bear a superficial resemblance to the later experiences of Father Curci, but there is little really in common between them beyond an earnest and honest desire to promote the cause of spiritual progress and reform. Curci during the greater part of his life was a Jesuit of the most reactionary type, and for many years conductor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, whereas Rosmini had been from his boyhood a keen philosophical inquirer, and entered the priesthood with the deliberate aim of doing all that in him lay to reform abuses in the current theological teaching and political action of the Church. At the same time he was from first to last strictly submissive to ecclesiastical authority; and while he desired the unity of Italy, according to his own programme, was not prepared to contemplate the sacrifice of the temporal power of the Pope, though it is of course quite possible that further experience and observation—he died in 1855—might have materially modified his views on this and other political questions of the day. But his great object was to penetrate to the fundamental principles of political no less than of philosophical and theological science, and among his earliest essays were those eventually amplified into the two large works on the *Philosophy of Right* and the *Philosophy of Politics*. But for any practical application of his principles whether in Church or State he was dependent on the concurrence—which at one time he had good grounds for reckoning upon—of Pius IX., and it is not the least part of the interest attaching to his chequered course that it sheds so curious a light at once on the better and the worse side of the peculiarities of that strange pontificate.

Antonio Rosmini was born of a noble Italian family, at Rovereto in the Tyrol, in 1797, and was therefore nearly fifty years old at the accession of Pius IX.; but his previous life had been very far from an inactive one. He was ordained priest in 1821, and for several years before and after his ordination devoted himself to the diligent study, not only of Christian fathers and schoolmen, but of the Greek philosophers, and of such modern authorities as Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel among the Germans; Descartes and Condillac among the French; Reid, Stewart, and Locke among English writers. In 1826, when in his thirtieth year, he removed from Rovereto to Milan, in order to take steps for beginning his great work, which comprised, as we have seen, the

intellectual reform of the current theological education by supplying for it a sounder philosophical basis, and the ecclesiastical and political regeneration of Italy and of the Church, which last design was to be aided by the institution of a new Order, destined to serve as the leaven of future society. During his two years at Milan accordingly he published the first of his *Opuscoli Filosofici*, and took counsel with his energetic friend and coadjutor, Father Löwenbruck, as to the foundation of the contemplated Order. From Milan he went in 1828 to Domodossola, where there is now one of the principal houses and noviciates of the "Institute of Charity," as it is technically termed, and stayed several months there in almost entire solitude, which he employed in drawing up his Rule and continuing his philosophical labours. To Domodossola he again returned in 1830 after spending a year and a half in Rome, where he received friendly welcome and encouragement from the successive Popes Leo XIII. and Pius VIII., and formed an intimate acquaintance with Cardinal Cappellari, afterwards Gregory XVI. His reputation was at once established by the appearance during this period of his *New Essay on the Origin of Ideas* in four volumes, which soon became a text-book in ecclesiastical seminaries, even those conducted by the Jesuits, who had not yet seen reason to suspect the heretical virus which they found it convenient later on to discover there. The new Order was regularly founded and domiciled in 1830, both at Domodossola and Trent, by invitation of the Bishop, though not yet formally approved at Rome. But in proportion as Rosmini became better known, his reforming zeal roused the suspicions of the Austrian Government, and in 1837 he removed to the lovely village of Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore, in Italian territory, where a large house of his Order still crowns the hill. Two years later the formal authorization of the Holy See was accorded to his new Society. For the next ten years there was little to disturb the even tenor of Rosmini's life and literary labours, except the somewhat vehement attack of Gioberti on his "philosophical errors," to which he replied with force and dignity. But in 1848, the year of revolutions, the final and most troubled period of his life began. Hitherto he had studiously avoided or declined all ecclesiastical preferment, nor had he ever cared to remind his old and intimate friend Pope Gregory XVI. of his promise to give him a house for the Order in Rome. But now Gregory XVI. was gathered to his fathers, and a new Pope, the idol of young Italy, and seemingly the very man to carry out Rosmini's projects of liberal reform, reigned in his stead. When, therefore, he was requested by Cardinal Castracane to draw up a plan of a Constitution to be submitted to the Pope, he did not hesitate to respond to an invitation so entirely harmonizing with his own strong belief in the merits of constitutional government.

It is not necessary to examine in detail here the form of Rosmini's *Constitution in Accordance with Social Justice*, with an appendix on Italian Unity, which never attained even a passing historical importance, as Pius IX. had already, before receiving it, granted a Constitution to his subjects, in some respects differing very widely from it. A greater importance attaches, both in itself and from the circumstances, to the little work published about the same time on the *Five Wounds of Holy Church*, the title and main purport of which at least will be familiar to our readers. Suffice it to say here, that Rosmini wished the bishops to be elected by the clergy and laity of the diocese, and to hold frequent synods, and take a more active and personal part in the training and supervision of their clergy; while he desired to see a much more efficient system of instruction of the laity in religious knowledge, and the substitution of the vernacular for Latin in the public services of the Church. This work was read in manuscript by Pius IX., and was in fact published, though Mr. Davidson does not tell us so, by his express order and at the pontifical press at Perugia. Rosmini at the same time came to Rome, nominally as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Piedmontese Government, who were anxious just then to secure the sanction and co-operation of the Pope in their conflict with Austria. This office, however, which was never much to his taste, as his views were not in thorough accord with those of the Ministry at Turin, he resigned after two months, but remained in Rome, where the Pope had received him most graciously and formally notified his intention of making him a Cardinal. But the brief drama of Papal liberalism, and with it Rosmini's day of grace at Rome, was rapidly hastening to a close. It had been determined to make him Secretary of State in Rossi's Ministry, when on November 15, 1848, Rossi was brutally assassinated, and shortly afterwards followed the Pope's flight to Gaëta, whither Rosmini, with more fidelity than discretion, followed him. It is idle now to inquire how far the catastrophe might have been averted if Pius IX. had been willing to be guided sooner and more thoroughly by the counsels of Rosmini, who had strongly condemned his refusal to allow the Papal troops to take part in the war against Austria. After the murder of Rossi and the flight to Gaëta the opportunity for conciliation was past, and the pontiff, frightened and perplexed, turned to very different advisers. Antonelli, who had always been jealous of Rosmini, naturally enough used all his influence now to get him out of the way, in which he was heartily seconded by the King of Naples, who had his own reasons for distrusting so ardent and single-minded a reformer. In January 1849 Rosmini quitted Gaëta for Naples, and on his return four months afterwards met with so cold a reception from the Pope that he made but a short stay, and in the following October retired to his old home at Stresa, where the next and last six years of his life were spent in

peace, but thenceforth his political career was at an end. Nor was this all. We have seen that the Pope had publicly announced his intention of raising him to the purple at the next promotion, but this design was equally offensive to his political and theological enemies, the Austrian Government and the Jesuits, whose influence was now paramount at Rome. Pius accordingly allowed himself to be induced, by a wholly unprecedented and we may hope unwilling stretch of prerogative, to revoke the nomination, and not only so, but also to allow both Rosmini's constitutional work, composed under his own guidance at the express request of Cardinal Castracane, and the *Cinque Piaghe*, published by his own command after he had read and approved it, to be condemned by the Congregation of the Index. It is true that the Pope, to do him justice, refused to go further than this, and that when the Jesuits professed to have detected all sorts of damnable heresies in Rosmini's works, he first enjoined silence upon them till a full examination had taken place, and eventually issued a sentence of entire acquittal from the charge. This tardy suppression however of an indictment equally malignant and preposterous, aimed as well at this nascent Institute as at his voluminous works, only came about a year before his death, on July 1, 1855. It has not, of course, diminished, though it has partially disarmed, the hostility of his Jesuit assailants, but the Order has flourished in spite of them, and has spread both in Italy and in England, where it has planted several colleges and religious communities. The rule is more elastic than that of the older Religious Orders, allowing more of individual liberty to its members, and being designed rather to further the parochial and educational work of the Church than to enforce a rigid monasticism. It is perhaps on this account that, out of the founder's own country, it has found acceptance chiefly, if not exclusively, in England. Whether his philosophical system will find equal acceptance here, when presented in an English dress, remains to be seen, and is too wide a question to enter upon at the end of an article. But it is noteworthy that his Protestant, or apparently Agnostic, critic in the *Fortnightly Review* accords to it high praise as "in very many respects the most profound that has yet appeared and the best adapted for bringing intollient harmony into the present chaos of conflicting opinions." He considers it indeed "better fitted than any other weapon to be," as its author meant it to be, "the Excalibur of the Catholic Church," but to his own judgment it commends itself, not in consequence but in spite of its "theological drawbacks," as being "by far the noblest original monument of human thought reared by any one person in modern times, towering above even those of Kant, Hegel, and Comte."

#### INTERNATIONAL BODY-SNATCHING.

SOME American citizens seem to have a singular love of disintering dead bodies and removing them from the places where they were deposited by the friends and relations of the departed. It is not long since all that was mortal of the late Mr. Stewart, a successful tradesman, was secretly dug up and carried off, nor are we aware that the relics have even now been recovered and restored. Mr. Stewart was probably by descent a Scotchman, yet we deem it an improbable theory that Professor Blackie and other Caledonian patriots have combined to remove his ashes to the land of the mountain and the flood. Some of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, however, are eager to carry the bones of William Penn from their English grave to the State which Penn founded, and to bury them in the midst of a city where it is supposed that their presence will raise the moral tone of the public. There is something of ancient Greek sentiment in this proposal. About the time of the Persian—or was it the Peloponnesian war?—an oracle commanded the Athenians to bring back the mighty bones of their great local hero, Theseus, and to bury them in Athenian soil. According to the tradition, Theseus died in exile in Syros, and his posthumous restoration to Attica was a kind of amends to his memory. In the same way the removal of the dust of Dante from

the tomb  
On Ravenna sands, in the shade  
Of Ravenna pines,

to Florence, would be a kind of dilatory amends made by that city to the memory of her most illustrious exile. The reinterment of Napoleon in Paris was the most famous modern example of an honourable disturbance of the repose of the dead. All these are examples of the restoration of an exile to the country which regrets him. We can understand the French sentiment about Napoleon:—

Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own,  
And borrowed from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

So Thackeray rhymed. And it was natural that the French should wish to transport their hero from a remote and hostile island to the capital of the nation which, for a moment of historic time, he made the foremost in the world.

The Pennsylvanian desire to bring back the ashes of Penn to Pennsylvania does not seem to us to have quite the same sentimental excuse. Penn, after all, was an Englishman, and he died in his own country, among his own people, among friends of his own religion. Among them, too, he was buried. "He is surrounded by his two wives and five children, and many of his most intimate friends," say the trustees of "Jordan's Estate," the plot

of ground in which Penn is interred. A Buckinghamshire man and a Quaker, he is buried in a Quaker burial-ground, in a quiet field of his native land. Why should he not be allowed to remain there, especially as the members of the Society of Friends and the trustees of the cemetery are anxious that his grave and the grave of his wives should not be violated, even by the pious hands of Pennsylvanians? We confess that we think the circumstances which justify interference with the last resting-places of men are rare; and it is not without regret that we read of invasions even of ancient barrows, and of modern pickaxes at work above the sleeping head of the King of Men.

The Pennsylvanians, or some of them, including the Mayor and Council of Philadelphia, take a different view of the case. The Hon. George L. Harrison, who came to England as representative of Pennsylvania, has published a pamphlet, in which he argues his case and produces a number of documents. Mr. Harrison complains that "newspaper influence has been allowed on one side, to the partial exclusion of the other." The fact is that both he and his opponents, the Trustees of Jordan's Meeting House, have written letters on the topic of Penn's remains in the *Times*. The rather unhappy thought of removing Penn's body from England to America occurred, two or three years ago, to a Philadelphia citizen resident in England. "The same party," as Mr. Harrison says, badgered the United States Minister and the President of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and at last moved the Legislature of the State. We very much wish this Philadelphia citizen had sought out some less invidious method of displaying his burning patriotism. He might have known that Englishmen personally interested in Penn would oppose the project of tampering with his grave, and he might have inferred that—whatever lustre might be reflected on himself—the goodwill of the two countries would not be increased by the incident. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, however, and the Mayor and Council of Philadelphia, were convinced that it was desirable to transplant their founder from the country in which he was born and died to that in which he became illustrious. The Honourable George L. Harrison, of Phila. Pa., was appointed as Commissioner, or Agent, and received credentials to Mr. Lowell from the U.S. Secretary of State. We should like, by the way, to know what Mr. Lowell thinks of the whole transaction; his opinion is not referred to by Mr. Harrison. The "credentials" were signed on June 11. The Luton and Leighton Society of Friends held their monthly meeting at Jordan's Meeting House on June 2. They disapproved of the American idea, of which they had heard, and gave notice of their opposition to the Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Littleboy, Chairman of the Committee of Friends, was informed, on June 27, that the Honourable George L. Harrison was coming to England as the Governor's representative to confer with all who were concerned in the question. Mr. Harrison arrived in London, and passed a fortnight in "ascertaining what was the true judgment of judicious Englishmen on the subject," and in other business. How he selected his judicious Englishmen we do not know. But we do know, on his own evidence, that he took the opinion of a solicitor "that the claim cannot be maintained"—the claim, namely, of the English Trustees to prevent Penn's grave from being disturbed. But we are going on too fast. A week before Mr. Harrison met the English Trustees, they printed a circular, stating that "the application had been received, had been carefully considered in a dispassionate and cosmopolitan spirit, and had been refused from a sense of duty." When Mr. Harrison did meet the Trustees, he "objected to this paper and stated that he should answer it." But, immediately after the meeting, the circular "was forthwith published in the London *Times*, in a manner which could not fail to mislead the public on both sides of the Atlantic." This is the great grievance of Mr. Harrison. His complaint, as far as we understand it, is that his "application" was refused before his application was received. Obviously the Trustees made up their minds from the moment of their meeting early in June that they would not accede to the desire of the Pennsylvanian patriots. Perhaps there was a certain *brusquerie* in this action of the members of the Society of Friends. But we confess that Mr. Harrison's letter to them (July 16) is rather irritating. He tells the Trustees that he knows why they object, and, "as far as sympathy with a sentiment can operate, I am altogether one with them." "Sympathy with a sentiment" is good; as if the whole scheme for transplanting Penn were not the child of sentiment—unless, indeed, it had a less reputable birth, and was begotten by conceit on desire of notoriety. But we need not take that view. The desire to get hold of Penn's body is, at best, purely sentimental. But Mr. Harrison readily sets aside the mere sentimentalism which prefers that Penn's body should lie where it was laid by his friends, among his dead kinsfolk. Quakers are a peaceful people; but Mr. Harrison's condescending reference to their "sentiment" would annoy the meekest of men. He went on, with amazing coolness, to say that he was compelled to "forego emotional influences in behalf of the public advantage." Why, the "public advantage" simply means, in this case, a great emotional function in Philadelphia, with Mr. Harrison in the thick of it! He went on to assure the Trustees that, in a solicitor's opinion, they had no claim "to have the legal custody of the remains of Penn." Then, who has their legal custody? May American sentimentalists come over here, and dig up any corpse on which they set their emotional affections? We cannot but think that the people of Pennsylvania have chosen a very indiscreet "Commissioner" in the Honourable George L. Harrison.

Their desire to possess the remains of their founder is intelligible, and, in its way, pious. We do not feel sure that most Englishmen would wish to balk them if the Trustees of Penn's burying-place made no objection, for Penn was a genuine *oligarch*. But it is a different thing when a gentleman from America appears, sniffs at your "sentiment" and "emotions," and assures you that you have no claim to the legal custody of the bodies of your dead. Mr. Harrison in the same letter lets out that Penn has a descendant in America, who "was most eager for the realization" of the scheme "until he failed to obtain the official right to effect it." When the descendant discovered that he was not to have the benefit of the advertisement and the advantage of the notoriety, he changed his mind. We do not like this scheme, nor the scheming which it seems to involve.

The meeting between Mr. Harrison and the Trustees was held on July 18, and the Trustees read their circular (which they had already printed) as a reply to Mr. Harrison's "application." He objected to all this as "premature." The Trustees sent a letter to the *Times*, saying that they had first heard Mr. Harrison, and then handed him their reply, which was printed, we repeat, before they saw him. The reply stated that the "application made on behalf of the Governor and Legislature of Pennsylvania" had been received, and they gave their reasons for refusing. They thought Penn would prefer the silent society of his friends and relatives to the *pompes funèbres* of Philadelphia. Pomp, circumstance, and the chance of military parade are things which Mr. Penn was known to dislike. Besides, it is more than doubtful whether his bones could be identified. "Praise God Tompkins" might occupy the mausoleum in Philadelphia, as a mistaken Molière was placed in the Pantheon during the French Revolution. Many other reasons were given in favour of letting Penn rest where he lies. Mr. Harrison now wrote "a card" to the *Times*, complaining of the conduct of the Trustees. The Chairman of the Trustees replied that, on June 27th, he received a letter from the private secretary of the Governor of Pennsylvania with an account of the Pennsylvanian project in detail. "The Trustees at once prepared their reply, which was handed to Mr. Harrison on the 18th inst." Mr. Harrison wrote once more to the *Times*; he pointed out that Penn's remains could be identified by their lead coffin, and that the Pennsylvanians were ready to let their proposal depend on its acceptance by Penn's descendants—an offer refused by the secretary of the Trustees. Mr. Harrison added, in effect, that Penn was a public man, and that the utilization of the bones of public men was for the public advantage. He said a State like Pennsylvania had a better claim than "any mere religious society." Why don't the Pennsylvanians send over to Rome for a consignment of martyrs? "A mere religious society" has no claims as against a State like Pennsylvania. Mr. Harrison went on to say that, "until they were wanted in America," no one cared very much about Penn's remains. The idea of Penn being "wanted" is comic, and it is also comic to find Mr. Harrison saying that the Society of Friends, in not giving Pennsylvania what she wants, "take issue against all the world." Mr. Harrison wrote other letters to various people. He said that the decision of the question does not rest with the Trustees of Jordan's burial plot. "The remains of William Penn are not, legally, in their custody, if the opinions of eminent counsel in England and America are reliable." We do not in England call a solicitor (whom Mr. Harrison consulted) "eminent counsel." If Mr. Harrison wants dead bodies, he should ask more prettily. If any one thinks that the friendly relations between England and America will be strengthened by Mr. Harrison's way of asking for dead bodies, he greatly errs. Probably a number of notable Englishmen are buried in America; many fell in our old wars. We do not want to dig them up; and we trust that the Philadelphians do not approve of the letters of their representative, Mr. Harrison. May it be long before any other State "feels like wanting" some dust from Westminster Abbey or some bones from a country churchyard. They are much more welcome to a cast of a statue of Mr. Gladstone.

#### MR. CAIRD ON THE LAND QUESTION.

THE remarkable address which Mr. Caird delivered on Tuesday to the Statistical Society is perhaps the most important result of the attempt at agitation in England and Scotland which has followed the Irish Land Act. Mr. Caird's light is perhaps not exactly dry light—it has yet to be discovered where that kind of light exists—but it is very nearly dry. If Mr. Caird still worships some of the old idols of land reformers, if he attaches disproportionate value to such things as the abolition of settlements and the like, which could in any case only influence agriculture, in the way he thinks, in a very small degree, and at the end of a long course of years, he is free from the vulgar delusions of the theoretical land-law tinkers. He does not think that there is in England a "law of primogeniture," enjoining on every landowner to leave his land undivided to his eldest son; and he does not believe that if this mythical law of primogeniture were repealed, British agriculture would at once spring up and flourish, regardless of bad seasons and foreign competition. While he is thus proof against at least some of the delusions of the merely political reformers who wish to use land reform as a convenient political instrument, he is no less free from the views with which the Farmers' Alliance have made their

bold stroke for a slice of their landlords' property. He goes, indeed, further than unprejudiced critics are likely to follow him in the train of Mr. Gladstone by advocating, not merely compensation for improvements (of which no one seriously contests the propriety if the improvements have been made with the consent of the landlord), but an indefinite compensation for the tenant's "interest in his tenure." But this may be considered to be a concession to the new views, just as Mr. Caird's fondly-cherished belief in the malignant influence of settlements is a concession to the old. Between these two, and constituting by far the larger part of the address, are to be found what may be called the results of Mr. Caird's experience and reason as distinguished from the contributions made by his political and economical prejudices. They are exceedingly valuable, and it is not surprising that those who wish to make political capital out of the land question have been very lukewarm in their acknowledgments of Mr. Caird's contribution to their side of the question. After months and years of ridiculing the Agricultural Holdings Act, it must be annoying to find that the chief expert on their own side discovers in the lines of that Act the basis of his proposed settlement of the question.

What is really of most importance in Mr. Caird's address is not his recommendations for the future, but his exposition of the present. It is a really curious study in political economics to compare the pictures which have been drawn of the British agriculturist struggling in the fetters of a tyrannous landlordism with Mr. Caird's quiet demonstration of his actual position. True, the address wound up with a statement that it was necessary to "unshackle agriculture," but the body of it was devoted to proving that agriculture is more unshackled in England than in any other country in the Old World. By elaborate calculations, which certainly cannot be said to err on the side of generosity to the landlord, Mr. Caird proves that the English farmer is actually in possession of a position more favourable than that offered by the Irish Land Act to the Irish tenant, and infinitely more favourable than that of the French yeoman or peasant proprietor. He is, as Mr. Caird puts it, entrusted by his landlord with five-sixths of the capital necessary for his business at three per cent.—we should have said that two and a half was nearer the mark, but there is no need to insist on this—and this loan makes it possible for him in ordinary seasons to make ten per cent. on the one-sixth which he contributes. There is certainly no other business in the world which is conducted under such favourable circumstances. But (and here the debatable matter comes in) there is no doubt that the one-sixth contributed by the farmer is in a state of exceptionally perilous stability or instability. Bad seasons, such as England has lately had, may affect the landlord's capital in a greater or less degree; but they cannot absolutely destroy it. They may destroy, and in too many cases have destroyed, the capital of the farmer utterly. The question, therefore, is whether, in consideration of the exceptionally favourable position which in ordinary times he enjoys, the tenant is to stand the chance of this possible ruin, or whether it is by some more or less cunning legislative device to be shifted in part, or in whole, to the shoulders of the landlord. Mr. Caird appears to think, notwithstanding his own demonstration of the insignificant return which the landlord receives—in consideration, it may be supposed, of this very superiority of security—that some such device is necessary. He strenuously resists the proposition of a Land Court and "fair rents," and he resists with equal strenuousness the suggestion of "marketable security" or free sale; but he adopts the vague suggestion of compensation for "the tenant's interest as the law may define it in his tenure," which is one of Mr. Gladstone's many ingenious phrases. The question may fairly be asked, How can the law define what does not exist? There is no English tenant who has any interest in his holding beyond the year if he has no lease, or beyond so many years as his lease may have to run, together, if the contract does not exclude it, with the value of his unexhausted improvements. The assumption of any such interest has not the faintest shadow of a reason in custom or in equity. In many cases the tenant has simply come in like an ordinary householder having no connexion with the district, no inherited "title" (to give that word the sense which abuse has changed into use in Ireland), no expectation or intention of staying on the land one day longer than it suits and profits him to do so. At each expiration of his yearly tenancy, if it be yearly of his lease, if he be a leaseholder, the relation between him and his landlord is as completely terminated as that between a shopkeeper and a customer when the latter has paid his money and received his goods. It is curious that even so clear-sighted a man as Mr. Caird should be mystified by the jargon of the present in this matter of security of tenure, just as he is mystified by the jargon of the past in the matter of settlements and entails. But the very fact of his having succumbed in these two points gives greater value to his general testimony. It shows that, if he is prejudiced, it is certainly not on the side of the landowners, and it thus gives all the more force to his picture of the landowner supplying at a percentage about that obtainable from Consols five-sixths of the capital necessary to carry on a business which with ordinary good luck should return the farmer a rate of interest equalled only by that of the most risky investments, and, what is more, taking the hazard of depreciation of his own property, without the power of preventing it or the least hope of compensation.

It is almost equally noteworthy that while Mr. Caird abstains from the extreme remedies which the quacks of politics have put forward for agricultural depression, he takes at the same time a much less gloomy view of this depression than that which it suits the same



quacks to take. He sees no reason why the old arrangement of landlord, farmer, and labourer which has worked so well should not go on, and none why the land should not continue to yield, with some slight readjustment, the necessary three profits. He is, if anything, almost too sanguine as to American competition. But he has done good service by pointing out that the American farmer is by no means the unshackled producer which some people here delight to paint him as being, and that, putting the differential expense of carriage at the very lowest, it amounts to an advantage on the side of the English farmer far exceeding the whole rent of the highest-priced corn lands. One of the most valuable parts of his speech, though perhaps the least fully worked out, is his practical admission that over-cultivation rather than under-cultivation has been the fault of the last few years. The agricultural nostrum-mongers are never tired of repeating that their nostrums will lead to increased cultivation, increased production, and so forth. Mr. Caird almost avows his satisfaction at the fact that the lean years of the past decade will result in hundreds of thousands of acres of poor land which have been "huzzed and mazed" with high farming being left to the beneficent operation of the earthworm and the sheep. The "natural fertility" which year after year of exhausting culture has taken out of the land may perhaps return when season after season of enforced fallow has interrupted the process. Neither does Mr. Caird give any countenance to the theory which some persons have constructed out of isolated cases like that of Mr. Prout's farm at Sawbridgworth, that mixed farming has had its day. On the contrary, he thinks that mixed farming will continue to hold its ground. Indeed he is, as he has always been, an advocate for an extension of the principle of mixing; and points once more to the enormous importation of foreign butter, which now represents an annual value of twelve millions.

The tone of the whole address may thus be said to be in the main conservative—using that word in no political sense. That Mr. Caird is following a will-o'-the-wisp in his notion of the enabling effect of the abolition of settlement is pretty certain. Indeed, one not impossible result of such an abolition would seem to be, not the benefit of tenant-farmers, but the doing away of tenant-farmers altogether. For the landlord, restrained by no sentimental feelings from dealing with his land as a purely commercial article, and able to raise on his own security the sum necessary for its cultivation, but now best obtainable on the farmer system, would very likely decide that the ten per cent., as well as the three, might as well go into his own pocket. In these days of "Will Wimbles" and agricultural colleges, competent managers, at far less expense than that represented by the farmer's profit, would very soon be obtainable, and many farmers themselves would probably prefer a fixed salary and no risk to a sliding scale of gain or loss. It would be somewhat comic if this much-vaunted farmers' measure were to turn out in such a way; but the thing is by no means impossible. Again, though Mr. Caird's proposed two years' notice to quit and his objections to disfranchise are matters for fair discussion, his indefinite "interest in tenure" is certainly a mistake. These, however, as has been sufficiently shown, are merely fringes of his argument. That argument is that the three profits are still obtainable on the old basis of free contract, shackled only with some comparatively insignificant restrictions which are mere sacrifices to current cant. He may have been somewhat too sanguine, though it is worth noticing that he has based his calculation of the "natural protection" of the British farmer by his nearness to the market on an estimate of the cost of transit from America even lower than that adopted by Mr. William Fowler in his melancholy letter to the *Times*, published a day later than Mr. Caird's address. Mr. Fowler's, however, is evidently what may be called political melancholy, a distinct and very interesting species of the genus. Mr. Caird is something of a politician, too, but he has the singular merit of letting his politics colour his opinions only and not his facts. It is very much to be wished that more of those who talk and write on what he himself well calls "by far the greatest interest in the country in importance, influence, and strength" would follow his example.

#### ŒDIPUS ROI AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

THE unceasing vitality and interest belonging to the great tragedies which have survived from the Athenian stage has within the last year or two received most important illustrations. An interesting, if not altogether a successful, attempt to give a representation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, originated last year at Oxford, and the performance was repeated at some of the public schools, as well as in London. A spirit of emulation afterwards roused the students at Cambridge, Massachusetts, to follow with a rival enactment of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and they carried the matter so far as to have their play-bills in Greek, which, in addition to giving the *dramatis personæ*, as usual, announced the conveniences provided for the homeward return of the spectators, and gave the information that Μετὰ τὴν βίαν ἀμειβὰ ἱπποσίδηδρομικαὶ εἰσὶμαί ἑσονται τοῖς εἰς ἄστυ πορεύεσθαι μέλλουσιν, with a translation to the effect that horse-cars will be ready after the performance for those who wish to go to Boston. The elaborate and successful dressing of the piece is fully described in Scribner's *Century* magazine for the month of November. But these Greek plays in the original Greek failed to do justice to the dramas they professed to reproduce, in two ways. University students, without the training of actors, could not be expected to possess the power of ex-

citing the emotions of their audiences, even of that portion of them who understood the language of the play; nor did the *mise en scène* profess to give a correct notion of how the play would have been seen in a Greek theatre. Masks and buskins could not be expected; nor did the Chorus occupy its proper place; but, on the contrary, it mingled with the other characters on the same platform, and lost its true character of being a band of moralizers and lookers-on. Old playgoers may recollect a performance of the *Antigone*, given in English very many years ago at one of the large London theatres, in which the music of Mendelssohn formed a beautiful background and support, so to speak, to the spoken words. The part of the Chorus was well spoken by Mr. Vandenhoff, who duly kept apart from the other performers. The genius of Sophocles and the charming music procured for this effort a certain amount of success. Eminent men of letters might have been seen following the words of the play with the Greek text in their hands; while the excellence of the plot and the pathos of the situations moved also those who were only able to appreciate them through the medium of the English words. But, as might have been expected, the piece had no run.

Twenty-three years ago, in the year 1858, a fairly literal translation, by Jules Lacroix, of the *Œdipus Rex* of Sophocles was brought out at the Théâtre Français in Paris, in which the principal character was sustained by Geoffroy, and in which Mmes. Favart and Stella Colas recited some of the verses which were taken from the chorus of the original play. In the autumn of the present year this great work has once more been placed on the stage, a tragedian having again been found endowed with all the art and all the qualities necessary to support a task of extraordinary and arduous difficulty. The power and imaginative force of M. Mounet-Sully have proved equal to the exigencies of the occasion. The tendency towards the exhibition of moments of unruliness, and of a sort of wild explosion of fire, is in this play chastened and controlled by the severe spirit of the Greek drama, as indeed it was in his Hippolyte, his Oreste, and in his admirable performance of the chief personage in *Les Horaces*.

In the first scene, the entrance of Œdipus appearing on the threshold of his palace to address his people splendidly prepares the way for all that has to follow. M. Mounet-Sully's bearing is that which befits a ruler of men. He is mighty and he is tender, showing a manly and generous sense of duty to those whom the gods have placed under his charge. Then arrives the response from the oracle, and the dread command of the God is announced:—

Purgez le sol thébain du monstre qu'il nourrit !  
L'incurable fléau demande qu'on l'expie.  
Il faut chasser l'impie,  
Et que le meurtre soit par le meurtre lavé ;  
C'est du sang qui déborde, et rougit le pavé.

The story of the murder of Laius, with his escort, in a narrow defile, imperfectly known to Œdipus, is briefly reported, and the King retires to his palace, promising to do all he can to avenge the murder of his predecessor on the throne.

At the beginning of the second act the stage is filled with supplicants for the help of the King to fulfil the behests of Apollo. As the entreaties of his people sound in his ears, the whole heart of the actor seems to respond to their woes; and he expresses his desire to do justice and to punish those who have brought curses upon the country, with a frankness and energy which brings the audience into immediate sympathy with the loyal nature of the man. He appeals to the citizens of Thebes with force and dignity to reveal anything which would lead to the discovery of the murderer of Laius; and he sustains the long and trying recitation which follows by a variety of intonation, and indicates quickly-changing emotions in a manner which relieves it from the monotony into which a less poetical actor might be likely to fall. He will revenge Laius, and determines to discover his assassin. The prophet Tiresias is summoned, and is adjured by the King to give his assistance. He knows the truth, and reluctantly denounces Œdipus himself as the murderer:—

Tu cherches l'assassin de Laius. C'est toi-même.

The accusation is met with withering indignation and an acute sense of wrong done and imposture attempted. But Tiresias repeats his assertion, with a frightful prophecy of the impending fate of Œdipus, and an allusion to the unconscious crimes he had committed in murdering his own father and marrying his mother.

An interview with Creon begins the third act, in which, with superb defiance, Œdipus upbraids him as a traitor, and Jocasta now appears upon the scene. In the dialogue with her which ensues the terrible truth begins to dawn upon the King. He learns more of the circumstances attending the murder of Laius, and the recollection comes upon him of his own similar encounter with a white-haired stranger, whom he had slain. Every trait of the tragedian's countenance is now a witness to the inward dread, always increasing upon him, as he relates his own adventure, and questions her for more minute details of the death of Laius. His voice sometimes sinks to a trembling gasp of apprehension, as the identity of the two events becomes more and more evident. He seems now to be battling with fate; he recollects that he had once been told that he was not really the child of Polybius of Corinth, his supposed father, and that at Delphi he had received a response to his inquiries, presaging for him a terrible future. The lines—

Le Destin est cruel !  
O sainte majesté des Dieux, ce jour funeste,  
Qu'il ne luise jamais pour éclairer l'inceste !  
Avant qu'un parriede ensanglante mes mains,  
Grands Dieux, retranchez-moi du nombre des humains !

are spoken in tones so imploring, that any divinities less cruel than the gods of Greece must have been struck with pity by their sound.

The fourth act opens with the arrival of the messenger from Corinth to announce the death of Polybius, and Œdipus bursts into triumph as he thinks it is made clear to him that he cannot now commit the crime of parricide, to which he believed himself fated. This triumph the actor knows well how to mingle with a tender reverence for his departed father. All these prospects of happiness are destroyed by the arrival of the messenger who discloses the truth that Œdipus was a foundling, adopted by Polybius, and that a certain old shepherd alone knows the real secret of his birth. Jocasta now begins to manifest the utmost alarm, and entreats her husband not to seek to penetrate the mystery; Œdipus rejects this counsel, and attributes her fears to a suspicion that he may be discovered to be lowly born. He sits at the foot of the altar in front of the royal palace, and it is wonderful to follow the varying moods of expression on his countenance while the Theban maidens are singing their consoling strains. His face, the reflex of the hurrying emotions of his mind, fixes the attention; it is like watching a stormy sky where the clouds roll up together for a while in heavy masses, then break apart to open a way for the sun's light.

The entrance of the slave of Laius, who had alone escaped from the slaughter of his master and his comrades, leads to the revelation of the whole truth. He is the same person who had been employed to expose the infant Œdipus, in order to prevent the fulfilment of the prophecy that he would some day become the murderer of his father, but who had not completed his cruel task. In despair, and with the fearful resolve to be carried into execution in the interval between the fourth and the last act, the innocent-guilty man exclaims:—

Hélas ! tout s'accomplit, toute ma destinée !  
Exécration naissances ! exécration hyménées !  
Inceste et parricide ! . . . Adieu donc ! je te vois,  
O lumière des cieux, pour la dernière fois !

M. Mounet-Sully's passion was such in the delivery of these lines as to be equal to that of the poet who wrote them, and for the moment to place the actor on a level with the creative power of which he was the interpreter upon the stage.

The last act opens with the narrative of what has taken place within the palace—the suicide of Jocasta, and the consequent horror of Œdipus, who, in the overwhelming passion of the moment, has torn out his eyes with the brooch which fastened her mantle. Œdipus enters, and in the aspect of the man his whole history is told. It is not the adjunct of the bleeding eyes which now most deeply stir the spectators. It is the intensity of woe which is revealed in every movement of the altered features and of the tottering figure, whose bearing had been so majestic, and the tone of the voice, hoarse, yet articulate. The inward struggle is recognized in its necessary outward signs. The strain on the audience might now become too great but for the relief of tenderness which almost immediately succeeds in the parting of Œdipus from his children. Often as pathetic farewells of a similar kind have been presented on the stage, seldom has any made an appeal so forcible. Tender also and true is the delivery of the words

Apollon, mes amis, Apollon ! . . . son courroux,  
Sa haine injuste et sombre  
M'a fait ces maux, ces maux cruels, ces maux sans nom,  
Sa main n'a pas frappé ; seul, j'ai porté les coups.

When the blind, disrowned, and ruined King is led off into exile, by a single attendant, from his children and his home, the tragedy concludes with its most tragic scene. Throughout the piece, great as is the pressure put upon the actor, he sustains his part without ever losing his command of the rich flexible voice with which nature has endowed him, the resources of which seem to be more and more developed by the increased demands made upon it.

Passing from the principal figure to the other characters and general stage arrangements, it must be said that the part of Jocasta is filled by Mlle. Leroux, a young pupil of the Conservatoire, with considerable dignity and intelligence. The diction of M. Silvain as the priest of Jupiter merits especial praise, and M. Maubant was imposing as Tiresias. The accompanying music, by Membres, composed for the occasion, adds an important element to the success of the tragedy.

The grouping, whether in action or in repose, of the crowd upon the stage is always to be admired. The excellence of the management of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's Company in this respect demanded and obtained great commendation during their performances in London this year. Every person knew his place, and had been carefully and intelligently trained to contribute his appropriate share in producing the desired general effect. Any criticism not wholly favourable would have been to the effect that the attention of the spectators was sometimes too forcibly attracted to the byplay and diverted from the actor in possession of the stage. In *Œdipe Roi* at the Français the beauty and propriety of the grouping is quite equal to that of the Saxe-Meiningen troupe; but there is greater abstinence shown in not overstepping the due limits of severe art. Yet when elaborate action is required it is forthcoming. This is the case throughout the representation, and notably so in the last act; and while the blinded King is feeling his way out from the palace, which he is never to enter again, among the columns and down

the steps of the portico, nothing could be more finely indicated than the emotions of expectation, curiosity, interest, wonder, and horror with which his movements were anticipated and followed.

#### SIR ORIEL FORSTER'S HALF-CROWN.

IT appears that those persons who commented last week on the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act in Ireland committed a gross injustice. They assumed, and in some cases asserted, that the Sub-Commissioners were recklessly cutting away at rents and reducing them wholesale. This, it is now known, was not the fact. In one remarkable instance an investigation under the Land Act has resulted in an actual increase of rent. This is all the more remarkable, because one Sub-Commissioner last week expressed a doubt whether, under an application for a fair rent, the Commissioners had power to increase at all. A fair rent, according to his view, is necessarily a reduced rent. However, no such general principle finally guided Mr. Commissioner Kane and his fellows at Monaghan last Saturday. Mr. Kane has been already noted as possessing "glimmerings"—as having a kind of far-off idea that the "live and thrive" axiom is absurd in principle and impossible in practice when you have occupants at about the rate of one human being per acre of bog. His glimmerings, as we shall see, are intermittent, but they do occur. At any rate, he is entitled to the proud position of being Chairman of the only Sub-Commission which up to this time, or at any rate up to the middle of this week, had raised a rent. The mere fact of the raising is not quite so remarkable as the amount and the circumstances of it. The Sub-Commission had been occupied for some time on the estate of Sir Oriel Forster, who seems for his sins, or more probably for his good-nature, to be plagued with a whole legion of small tenants—tenants of the class of holdings on which even Mr. Kane has frankly declared that no man can expect to support himself. The Sub-Commissioners looked at the plots (it would be absurd to call them farms), and seem to have been made unhappy by the inspection. At any rate, when the moment of decision came, Mr. Kane made a long and a highly apologetic speech. We really cannot take the trouble to abstract this; it will be sufficient to say that Mr. Kane began by saying that the rents could not be considered excessive or exorbitant, and that there was nothing like oppression on the part of the landlord, and ended by reducing the said rents, which were not excessive, oppressive, or exorbitant, by amounts varying from ten to twenty per cent. Strange to say, Lord Monck has not written a letter about these cases; and even Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, who is tired of hearing about MacAvey's case, has nothing to say about it. But Mr. Kane and his Sub-Commission were not partial. If they reduced, they also increased. The rent of one holding had been 3*l.* 15*s.*, being considerably below "Griffith." The Commissioners have increased it to 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* In consideration of this, doubtless, they suggested that Sir Oriel Forster and a few other landlords who had just had, with the famous exception, their admittedly fair and ordinary rents reduced all round, should come to an arrangement with the people about arrears. "This," said Mr. Kane, "would be a charity"; and he doubtless felt that charity could not but become a man whose rental had just been increased by thirty pence, whether or not it happened to be diminished at the same time by thirty pounds or more. Elaborate and rather unfeeling jokes have been made about Sir Oriel's half-crown. It has been calculated that, if he husbands it carefully and lays it up as it comes in at compound interest for forty years, it will about repay him for the costs which his amiable tenant has imposed on him; for it seems that, even when a tenant's rent is allowed to be fair, the landlord has to pay his own costs. Meanwhile there is the solid deduction from the other rents allowed to be neither excessive, oppressive, nor exorbitant, which Sir Oriel must also capitalize and set against this half-crown. Never, probably, had that piece of money a harder task set for it, but after all it is in its way a lucky coin. On it alone depends the truth of Mr. Gladstone's asseverations, of Mr. Forster's and Lord Selborne's pledges, that no damage should be inflicted on the Irish landlords. The Lord Chancellor, indeed, is proved a prophet. In a dauntless manner he assured the Peers that the landlords would find their property positively improved and increased by the Act. *Ecce signum*, in the shape of Sir Oriel Forster's half-crown.

The idea has crossed the minds of one or two contemplative students of Irish affairs that the actual Commissioners are not quite happy at the vigorous action of their subordinates. There has of late been noticeable a considerable alteration in the amiable zeal with which Mr. Justice O'Hagan and his colleagues originally sought to invite all tenants to come to them, and to be made to live and thrive. Plaintive confessions have been made that their decisions are much commented on, and that it will not do to strain matters too far. On Monday last, a solicitor who wanted to lodge a sack full of applications after the proper time was refused. But the most significant incident was that which occurred in the matter of the Ballina Sub-Commissioners. The chief of these gentlemen, Mr. McCarthy, had come in like a lion indeed. He had laid down a large number of rules excellently calculated for the better reduction of rents, but not so excellent viewed from the other side—a side which the Land Act says shall also be taken, but which the Sub-Commissioners apparently decline to consider. The most remarkable of Mr.

McCarthy's alleged statements was, that "he did not care a straw for the evidence of paid valuers." He and his colleagues, he said in effect, and almost in so many words, were very clever men who knew all about land. Then there are the active and intelligent farmers of the district, whose impartiality of course cannot for a moment be doubted. This being the case, what need can there be for the testimony of professional hirelings obstinately regardless of the Irish tenant's palladium, Professor Baldwin's dictum about the capacity of land in the hands of the actual tenant? Unfortunately, a certain Mr. Mullens, residing in Westmeath, took the liberty of calling the attention of the Commissioners to the alleged words of their impetuous delegate. The reply of Messrs. O'Hagan, Litton, and Vernon speaks well for their ingenuity. They say very properly that they have no authentic report of the words used—"But there can be no doubt that cases will constantly occur in which the evidence of paid witnesses will be of great importance." Now, if Mr. McCarthy used the words attributed to him, this is rather a serious slap in the face; and, if he did not, it is still an important admission of a principle which certainly does not seem to have guided any of the Commissioners hitherto—always with the exception of the celebrated case of Sir Oriel Forster's half-crown. What these gentlemen seem generally to have done is to hear all the evidence they could get from the tenants and their neighbours, every one of whom is, of course, interested in depreciating the holding as much as possible; then to administer interrogatories to the agent as to whether he had considered the number of mouths in the tenant's family; then to view the land with their own eagle eyes; and then to cut off a fancy bonus for the tenant. It is quite natural that persons adopting such a course of proceeding should not care a straw for the evidence of paid valuers; indeed it is quite conceivable that they might find the evidence of paid valuers a great nuisance. But it is not equally clear that their plan is a wise one. It seems to be forgotten that at the rate at which they are going, one of two things is inevitable—either a wholesale reversal of their decisions, which would cause far greater discontent in Ireland than that which at present exists, or else a demand, which even Mr. Gladstone would find it almost impossible to resist, for great sums of money as compensation. It is not everybody, it must be remembered, who has, like Sir Oriel Forster, a sufficient solatium already provided for him.

An exceedingly interesting and pleasing statement, well imagined, if not true, has been made to the effect that M. Gustave Doré is now in Ireland for the purpose of studying Irish facial expression. It is a pity doubtless that M. Doré is not the M. Doré who drew the *Juf Errant* plates and the illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques*. But there is a good deal of him left, and Ireland will give him an abundant harvest. The scenes, for instance, which occurred at Castle Island and Killavullen on Saturday would have supplied him with a most admirable opportunity for studying Irish facial expression. The facial expression of an Irishman who has paid his rent, and is accordingly first shot and then thrashed with the butt-end of a gun, is one which M. Doré could give with great success, and the facial expressions of the gallant ministers of vengeance would also suit him excellently. The other scene, where twenty men with rifles and revolvers literally stormed a house, dragged the inmates out of bed, stunned the master of the house, and so forth, would form a capital subject for a picture twenty feet long or so; and if there is any room vacant about the Houses of Parliament the work of art should certainly find a place there as a memorial of Mr. Gladstone's Administration and the effect of his Messages of Peace. Acute students of physiognomy, however, know that a court of law offers opportunities second to none for their favourite pursuit; and though the "Court of the Land League" can hardly be called a court of law, it is perhaps all the more likely to be fertile in such studies. The paid valuator informed by Mr. McCarthy that he doesn't care a straw for his evidence would be commonplace, but not ineffective. The villainous countenance of an agent admitting that, in calculating the rent of Denis Rafferty's farm, he has forgotten to estimate the capacity of the mouths of that gentleman's tenth daughter, and her husband, and her two children whom Denis has affectionately taken to live and thrive with him and the rest of the family on a holding of three acres and a quarter, would be a fine picture; nor would the manly and intellectual visage of the Commissioner putting the question, and blushing for his kind as he receives the answer, be a bad pendant to it. The ingenuous witness who has a couple of hundred pounds in the bank swearing that it is impossible for him to pay his rent and live, should figure in the gallery, together with the generous unpaid valuator and neighbour, who, remembering that one good turn deserves another, and having lodged an application of the same kind himself, assures his Honour that the dirty farm isn't worth five shillings an acre. There are precedents for this type of countenance. Thackeray has already depicted it in "The Irish Sketch Book," chapter *From Waterfall to Cork*. "A message of peace and plenty" might be the epigraph to a portrait of a solicitor seated in his private room; with one hand he points to the Land Act, with the other to a vast pile of applications, while his placid gaze rests on an open bank-book with an entry of two thousand pounds (see *Daily News* of last week) on the left-hand side. It would take too long to go through this new Doré Gallery, of which the last described picture should perhaps hold the central place. But there can be no doubt what ought to be opposite to it; a full-length portrait of Sir Oriel Forster in regimentals (for it is understood that he serves the grateful country which, as a return for his being neither an

oppressive nor a rack-renting landlord, cuts down his rents some fifteen per cent.) contemplating his half-crown with an expression of the liveliest gratitude, and carelessly trampling under foot, as a forgotten thing, a rent-roll with the reductions marked on it, is a *sine quâ non*. As soon as M. Doré has mastered the rudiments of Irish facial expression, he had better set about this at once.

#### THE FUTURE OF FIELD ARTILLERY.

IT may be as well to preface the remarks we propose making upon this subject by at once allowing that it is in many quarters considered to be a knotty one; and it is also one which is apt to elicit strong expressions of opinion. We shall limit ourselves therefore to answering a question recently urged as to the necessity of providing an army with field artillery at all, and to inquiring in our turn how it is that the question may not unfairly be said to demand a serious reply.

In the Franco-German war the casualties by rifle fire amounted to about 94 per cent. of the total loss; by artillery fire to only 5 per cent. No trustworthy estimate, so far as we are aware, has been formed regarding the comparative damage effected by the various arms in the Russo-Turkish war; but it is certain that the percentage of loss from gun-fire was very small, owing to the indifferent handling of artillery on either side. Guns then, even when well served, as were the German ones, do not effect that wholesale slaughter which would seem at first sight to be their *raison d'être*. And there is no doubt that all armies—especially those with small manœuvring capacity—feel artillery to be a terrible encumbrance unless when deriving actual benefit from its support on the battle ground. Even an able and enterprising general, at the head of an easily handled force, must ponder much how he had best dispose that interminable train of guns and waggons which blocks up the roads, which is powerless while in movement and against flank attack, and which demands the constant escort of another arm. But when armies are composed of raw material like that which went to swell the French armies on the Loire in 1870, then indeed the presence of a number of guns is embarrassing to a commander in the highest degree. Under such circumstances it has often happened that a general has had to think more of how he is to preserve his guns from capture than how to utilize them in action. Again, artillery is an arm costly to maintain and troublesome to keep efficient. Moreover, in the last war it proved wholly inadequate to the battering down of well-prepared earthworks or to reaching their defenders. Further, the principal projectile of artillery—namely, shrapnel shell—is most effective against troops in formation or grouped in the open; but now, through the utilization by scattered infantry units of cover at every step, the missile is continually being defrauded of an appropriate target. Again, the efficacy of gun-fire is immensely increased at the closer ranges, but the growing power of the rifle tends to keep guns more and more at a distance. Lastly, it is acknowledged that, unless exceptionally, the parapets of field works are better occupied by rifles than by guns.

We may briefly summarize what there is to be said on the other side of the question. First, then, the moral effect of guns is something enormous. If they only kill 5, they frighten 95, in every hundred. The roar proceeding from a line of guns, and the hurdling of the missiles sounding perilously near even when a long way off, impose upon troops, and especially upon young soldiers, who know also that when a shell does hit it will not be a reminder more or less sharp from an artistically shaped bullet, but a blow that may smash the combatant in an instant out of all semblance of humanity. This knowledge is apt to make men less eager to quit some happy cover; but more than this, it tells on their own shooting, nervousness inducing rapid and unsteady firing. Another point is that there are certain kinds of fortification—such as loop-holed walls and masonry buildings—which would frequently be impregnable to infantry attack until the guns had made practicable breaches or had shelled the defenders out of them. Again, it is undeniable that few positions can be assailed in front with the least prospect of success until artillery fire has paved the way for the infantry assault, and, indeed, unless guns can be got to conform till almost the last moment to the infantry advance. It follows that the attacking side must be provided with artillery, and therefore the defence must have guns also. It may be broadly stated that, wherever ground favours the action of artillery on a large scale, whether in attack or defence, no increase in the numbers of infantry or cavalry, or of both arms in combination, will suffice to make up for the absence of guns.

Since we cannot dispense with field-pieces, it will be more practical to inquire how it is that their action is certainly less efficacious now than it was, say, on the battle-fields of Napoleon and Wellington. First, as we have seen, long-ranging rifles either keep guns at a distance or cause enormous losses if they are brought near; 2ndly, close formations within reach of the enemy, offering fine targets, are virtually abolished; 3rdly, entrenchments are now more frequently constructed, and cover is sought after at every step; 4thly, our guns are sighted on a bad system; 5thly, the gunner's unaided vision fails to reach even the ordinary limits of the projectile; and 6thly, ground is not always or generally met with where guns in any number can be worked at the ranges now attained.

The question follows, Is there a remedy for this state of things? Taking the several points *seriatim*—we have to remark first that

rifles must continue to keep guns a long way off, unless the gunners can be artificially protected. But there seems to be no reason whatever, beyond a conservative objection to untried novelties, why some system of giving protection should not be experimented upon. It is now some time since Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., advocated the adoption of shields. Major Walford, R.A., proposed the substitution of steel plating for spokes in gun-wheels. Captain Scott, R.E., suggested a shield in the shape of a Japanese umbrella, the gun to act as handle. Other capable men have made suggestions with the same view, but we believe not a single proposition has yet found even the favour of a trial.

The dispersion of troops both in attack and defence deprives projectiles of the opportunity of making wholesale slaughter; but there are always occasions—notably in the last acts of an assault, in retiring from unsuccessful attack, or in abandoning a position defended to the last moment—when there must perforce be magnificent marks afforded to the guns, if only they are near enough at hand.

How huge earthworks, when constructed after the fashion set at Plevna, are to be dealt with is certainly a question on which it would be rash to dogmatize. One thing is quite clear—that, if time is given to throw up works whose defenders are practically secure from both horizontal and vertical fire, field guns will effect nothing. One wounded Turk was the sole result of several hours of heavy fighting on the part of the Russians before Plevna. It must, however, be remembered that what are called entrenchments now would formerly have been considered as veritable fortresses worthy the attention of a siege park, and only to be approached by sap and mine. General Brialmont has indeed given it as his opinion that armies in the future must be accompanied by parks with short siege guns. Where such works as those at Plevna are established, and it is necessary to attack them, something more than even improved field guns will be required; but in a campaign between two equally matched and enterprising opponents, it is far more probable that use will be made of hasty entrenchments and any chance cover than that we shall see armies *adossées* to gigantic works requiring large garrisons, which might be better employed so long as any power of taking the offensive existed.

We come now to the two points concerning which there can be no dispute—namely, the possibility of improving the sighting of field pieces, and assisting the gunner to see his mark as well at the longer as the shorter ranges. To Captain Scott, R.E., belongs the credit of proposing an entirely original system of sighting—one which is at the same time extremely effective, and easy of practical application by even inexperienced hands. "The principle of my system of sighting," to borrow the inventor's explanation, "consists in giving to sights a third movement in addition to the two movements already existing. The two movements of the present sights consist in a horizontal movement for giving 'deflection,' and in a vertical movement for giving the 'angle of elevation.' The additional third movement in my system consists in causing the two above-mentioned movements of the service sights combined to revolve together about an axis *parallel in every direction to the axis of the gun.*" The advantages of the system are obvious, and we may add that they are fully realized in French experimental practice. Once the gunner has command over the axis of his piece, his business is easy. But this is just what he is unable to get with the service system. He is thrown out by every inclination of the sights—and guns are very rarely for long on level ground—and, to make up for inclinations, he has to work out in his head a sum in arithmetic, perhaps under a heavy fire. In addition to this, the amount of annual practice performed by each gunner is absurdly small. "How," asks Captain Scott, "can a gunner possibly appreciate all the errors inherent in his system of sighting, or practically learn to apply the rules for their correction, by merely firing away three or four shots per annum? You might as well expect a man to become a good sportsman by letting off a fowling-piece three or four times yearly." By Captain Scott's method mechanical adjustment takes the place of mentally calculated arithmetic.

But improved sighting is not sufficient; the object to be hit must be seen, and it is proposed to furnish the gunner with "telescopic revolving sights" for the longer ranges. Without entering into particulars, it will suffice to record some opinions of a French Committee of scientific officers who experimented upon this sight. "By its use," they say, "the firer can aim accurately at distances equal to the range of the piece"; "he can aim at objects invisible to the naked eye"; "he has not to trouble himself with the inclination of the wheels, and therefore always fires as if the wheels were on level ground"; "a shot having been fired, he can judge of its effect," even at the longest distances; "the Committee consider it their duty to lay stress on the splendid results which have been obtained, and to call special attention to the fact that Scott's telescopic sight solves completely and practically the problem of a telescopic sight; and that its adoption by an artillery will give to that arm a very considerable advantage if it has to engage an artillery unprovided with an analogous system."

On the last of the points we have mentioned—namely, that ground is not very frequently met with where, with suitable command, the extreme power of range can be utilized—there is very little to be said. When a general disposes of a numerous artillery, he will of course endeavour to secure a fair field for its action. But, though the value of long-range fire will be vastly enhanced when guns have received improved appliances, battles will not be decided at long bowls. The final advantage must still lie with

that artillery which is provided with portable artificial protection and which is therefore enabled to draw in closer.

On our view of the matter, then, there is no ground whatever for supposing that the importance of artillery as an arm will suffer diminution. If within the range where battles are decided the power of the rifle is infinitely greater than was that of the old musket, it is within that range that the power of the new field-piece—the Hotchkiss revolving cannon—is most conspicuously felt; and outside that range the field-piece proper has it all its own way as before, or should have it so. Let those improved appliances be given it for which artillerymen have long been looking, and let the limits of its potential capacity be better recognized than was the case in the last war. There we saw out-of-date ordnance worked on out-of-date principles and set to impossible tasks. There is not much argument one way or the other to be founded on that experience.

#### AN INFERNAL DICTIONARY.

WE live in an age of dictionaries and books of reference on every conceivable and inconceivable subject; but perhaps none of the volumes which are nowadays from time to time compiled, with more or less industry and skill, for the purpose of giving compressed information, are more remarkable than a work which was first issued in 1818, and of which a sixth edition was printed in 1863 by M. Plon of Paris. This work is entitled *Dictionnaire Infernal, Répertoire Universel des êtres, des personnages, des livres, des faits et des choses qui appartiennent aux esprits, aux démons, aux sorciers*, and so on. The sixth edition is largely increased, and has over five hundred illustrations, "parmi lesquelles les portraits de 72 démons." The preface to the edition of 1863 is not the least curious part of the volume. It begins with a statement that "the enormous collection of coherent facts to be found in the Infernal Dictionary forms such a pandemonium of plausible aberrations and germs of error that the Church only, whose torch never burns low, can be a sure guide through its mazes." It goes on for two pages in this strain, mentioning by the way the remarkable fact that "every one who studies history in a proper frame of mind will see that 'l'Eglise' has always striven against superstition, and 'les fourberies infernales,' " a fact which the writer proceeds to back up with sufficiently curious evidence. However, the portraits of the seventy-two demons, and the other matters contained in the body of the volume, are, perhaps, more generally interesting than the preface, although the preface has a certain interest of its own.

On the first page of the Dictionary itself we find a pleasing absence of that pretence to universal knowledge which is the bane of compilers; for we are told that "Abalam, prince de l'enfer," is "très-peu connu"; but this is well contrasted a few pages later with the special knowledge displayed under the heading "Agnan ou Agnian" ("car," the writer might have added, "l'un et l'autre se dit"), who is described as a demon who torments Americans by visions and evil pranks. He is to be found particularly "au Brésil et chez les Topinamboux." He has further the unpleasant talent, which is calculated to baffle inquiry, of showing himself in every kind of shape, so that "ceux qui veulent le voir peuvent le rencontrer partout." How he is to be recognized under these Protean masks we are not told; nor is any reason assigned for his devoting himself especially to the torment of Americans. The cut which accompanies the description is presumably one of the promised seventy-two portraits of demons, and suggests that Agnan's knowledge of the art of disguise or "make-up" is, after all, of a limited nature. Aguarès, on the other hand, "grand-duc de la partie orientale des enfers," will have none of these tricks. He disdains disguise, and shows himself always in the form of a nobleman astride a crocodile. He confers titles, teaches all languages, and is wire-puller to the spirits of the earth. In the article following that on this accomplished demon, which treats of Pierre d'Aguerre—who was accused by two witnesses of having acted as Master of the Ceremonies at the Witches' Sabbath, and was, in consequence, condemned to death—we are referred to the articles headed respectively "Bouc" and "Sabbat." From the first of these we learn that "si on se frotte le visage de sang de bouc qu'il aura bouilli avec du verre et du vinaigre, on aura incontinent des visions horribles et épouvantables." Not only this, but one can also "procurer la même surprise à des étrangers qu'on voudra troubler." Here again, however, the compiler of the Dictionary leaves something to be desired in his information, for he does not vouchsafe any hint as to the best method of "exhibiting" the prescription to a stranger whom one wishes to annoy without the risk of detection. Before going on to the article "Sabbat," we may pause to notice the deserved praise given by the Dictionary in connexion with the "Sabbat" to that perhaps underrated creature the snail. Under the heading "Eacargots" we find that no one has ever accused these good creatures of taking part in these diabolical rites; but it is remarked that they, too, have their mysterious side—an assertion which is oddly enough based on the old story of so-called sympathetic snails, and illustrated by one of the very oddest pictures in the volume. The article on the Sabbath itself is chiefly remarkable for a story of which we propose to give the gist. Charles II., Duke of Lorraine, travelling in disguise over his dominions, found a lodging one night in a farmer's house. He was surprised to find that, after he had supped, a second supper far more carefully



prepared than his own was laid on the table. He asked the farmer if he expected more guests. "No," replied the farmer; "but it is Friday, and every week on this day and at this hour the demons have an interview with the wizards of the neighbourhood in the forest hard by. They dance the devils' dance, and then break up into four bands. The first of these bands comes to supper here, the other three go to farms not far from mine." On this Charles inquired if they paid for what they ate. "On the contrary," replied the farmer, "they carry off whatever they may take a fancy to, and if they choose to be discontented with what we give them, we have a bad time of it. What can one do when one has to deal with wizards and demons?" After hearing this, "le prince, étonné, voulut approfondir ce mystère." He sent off one of his followers to ride full speed to Toul, about three leagues distant. About two in the morning, a crowd of wizards, witches, and demons came into the farmhouse. Some were got up to look like bears, some had horns, and some had claws. No sooner had they sat down to the supper prepared for them than Charles's equerry reappeared followed by a troop of gendarmes. The Duke then observed, with great good sense, that this sitting down to supper of sorcerers and demons was very incongruous, and had them all arrested. More arrests followed this, and the demoniacal celebrators of the "Sabbat" turned out to be a company of brigands, who found an easy way to pillage in their diabolical disguise. "Le duc de Lorraine (qui avait généreusement payé son souper avant de quitter la ferme) fit punir ces prétendus sorciers et démons comme des coquins et des misérables. Le voisinage fut délivré pour le moment de ses craintes, mais la peur du Sabbat ne s'affaiblit pas pour cela dans la Lorraine."

Modern cases of sorcery, under a newfangled name, in which the wizard's mask has been assumed for purposes not altogether dissimilar to those of the rogues and vagabonds here spoken of, will, no doubt, be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. It is only to be regretted that some such high-handed course as the one just described was not, or could not be, taken with the more modern pretenders to supernatural powers. As to these the Dictionary is prudently reticent. It recites the too well-known facts about the "Fox manifestations"; says nothing, under the heading "Spiritisme," of the latest "developments," and ends up with a reference to the "admirable little book" in which Father Matignon makes the way clear in these matters for sober-minded persons. It is much the same with the article "Tables," which ends up with an appeal to the faithful to remember that "the Church has formally condemned and rigorously forbidden this dangerous commerce with demons, who are the real agents in these tricks." Shortly after this, we come upon some interesting information concerning "Tap or Gaap." This personage is "grand president and grand prince" in the lower regions. When he assumes human shape it is at noon. Four of the chiefs of the infernal empire are under his orders. He is as powerful as Byleth, who, as we find on referring to the appropriate heading, is a strong and terrible demon, who rides on a white horse, preceded by cats playing on the horn and the trumpet. Tap or Gaap used to have holocausts and libations offered to him by magicians, who called him up by means of a formula which they said was discovered by Solomon. This, however, was a delusion; for it is well known to the *Dictionnaire Infernal* that it was Iiam who first understood the art of summoning evil spirits, and that Byleth was specially devoted to his service. Byleth and Gaap, or Tap, seem to be not on the best of terms between themselves; for, if an exorcist is acquainted with the great arts of Byleth, he will be safe from any intrusion on the part of Tap. In dealing with Byleth, on the other hand, the greatest prudence is necessary; for, although he obeys the call of the wizard, he does so in a state of great fury. The formula for invoking him is given at length. The operator must hold in his hand a hazel wand, and, turning to a point between the east and the south, must trace a triangle outside the magic circle, within which he has placed himself as a matter of course. Then he reads the magic formula which brings spirits from the vasty deep, and then Byleth arrives, in a submissive attitude, within the triangle. If, it is prudently added, he does not arrive, why then the exorcist may conclude that the powers below have little respect for him. This reminds us of a personal experience detailed by one who, in the vigils of the night, over a dying camp fire in the midst of a forest, resolved to try if he could realize the idea of Mr. Browning's poem on mesmerism. The effect of the narration was increased by the foreign speech of the narrator, who was a Norseman. "Under that beautiful sky," he said, "and with the great arms of the trees waving above me, and the dying embers of the fire, and everybody asleep all round me, I tried if I could not do this thing. I wished and I wished, so strong as ever as I could wish, and I wished like that for ever so long in that solitude, and, by Jupiter, nothing never came of it." This same chance, we fear, is likely, to judge from the cautious tone of the *Dictionnaire Infernal*, to befall the too-confident invoker of Byleth. If Byleth does respond to the invocation, he must be treated much as a certain modern "Spiritualist" had, according to the account of the "spirits," to be treated. The "medium" had been in a trance for some time, and the "spirits," who had given a good deal of information through his mouth, completed their communications by observing that "when Daniel returns (from the trance) he must have a good glass of wine." In like manner, when Byleth appears, it is well at once to offer him a glass of wine, which,

however, must be carefully placed within the limits of the triangle. It is also desirable to tell him how well he is looking, and in a general way to make much of him and of his immediate associates in the place whence he has come. Further, when conversing with Byleth one should wear a silver ring on the middle finger of the left hand, and keep it turned towards him. If, the Dictionary continues, these precautions are troublesome, the trouble is worth taking, for he who commands the services of Byleth will become the most powerful of men. He—Byleth—we learn in addition, "espère un jour remonter dans le ciel sur le septième trône; ce qui n'est guère croyable." One can only hope that there may yet be a chance for Byleth in the same spirit which moved the Scotch minister concerning "the puir deil."

#### TRAINING.

WE have before now spoken of the singular views which have prevailed with regard to the diet best suited for men who were desirous of developing their physical powers to the highest degree, and of the harm which has been done by the empirical, and in many cases ridiculous, rules which were laid down. Some of the most objectionable of these are now happily set aside, and the opinions of those intelligent persons who taught that mutton was better than beef for "wind," that all fluids should be avoided by men who wish to "get into condition," that meat was to be eaten without salt, and that pedestrians should drink sherry and boxers port, would be laughed at, even by the most ardent fanatic in an Eight; but, though a good deal of nonsense has been got rid of, a bad system still prevails, and there is no exaggeration in stating that harm is still done by the regulations respecting diet which, even in these days, are unhesitatingly obeyed. At one time, no doubt, some of these rules appeared to have a certain scientific sanction; but it has now been well established that the views on which this sanction was based were not only erroneous, but directly opposed to the truth. In so far, therefore, as rules which are in accordance with them have any effect, they must have a bad effect. It is true that they do not work so much ill as might be expected, but this is because the men who follow them are usually very young, very vigorous, and lead, apart from diet, a most healthy life. Still, unless modern physiological teaching is altogether wrong, even the modified system now followed must cause some evil, and the sooner it is swept away the better. If it be said that the men who train steadily often attain very "high condition," the answer is that this is due in no way to their food, but to constant and fitting exercise in the open air, to regular hours, to strict temperance with regard to alcohol, and to abstinence from or great moderation in smoking. Strength is attained not by diet, but in spite of diet.

That erroneous views should at one time have been held is not wonderful, for in support of them the great name of Liebig could be quoted by those who had sufficient energy and intelligence to attempt a scientific study of the question. It is now, however, well established that in some of his conclusions Liebig was wrong, and notably that he was wrong in thinking that muscular or mechanical effort was entirely supported by nitrogenous food, and that the heat-giving foods sustained the process of combustion which is constantly going on in the body, but did nothing more. If he was right, of course the more muscular work a man did the more nitrogenous food he would require; and trainers were therefore not mistaken in favouring meat, and in looking with great dislike on those foods which are commonly thought to produce fat; but then, unfortunately, Liebig has been shown to have been in error, and any system of diet which is in accordance with his views cannot be a good one, and is in all probability a very bad one. The erroneous nature of views based on Liebig's doctrine is well known to physiologists; but, nevertheless, is hardly as yet so generally known as it ought to be, and very likely on the banks of Isis and Cam there is no suspicion of the truth. Possibly every year a certain number of men break down in training, with more or less injury to their constitutions, owing to a faulty diet. Instruction on this subject is therefore anything but superfluous, as a deeply rooted error is not by any means eradicated; and all who are interested in athletic sports should welcome the appearance of two articles which a writer on physiology of the first eminence has contributed to Mr. Richard Proctor's new magazine *Knowledge*—a periodical, we may observe, which promises to satisfy a want that has long been felt. In this magazine Dr. Carpenter has come forward to protest against the belief in Liebig's views which appears unfortunately still to exist. As need hardly be said, he does not write specially on training or diet, but generally respecting food material and physical effort, his articles being on "The Relation of Food to Muscular Work." They are written with all his accustomed clearness and powerful simplicity, and we hope to aid in calling attention to them, as they cannot fail to do much good if they reach those who habitually misfeed young men with a view to producing "high condition."

Dr. Carpenter has lately found, to his great surprise apparently, that Liebig's doctrine "as to the direct dependence of muscular energy on the expenditure of nitrogenous food" was still put forward as an accepted physiological verity, and this has induced him to take up the subject, which he certainly treats in such a manner as to leave no excuse for error in future. After pointing out that Liebig made several serious mistakes when he wrote on biology,

he goes on to say that the German chemist's famous division of food material into "tissue-forming" and "heat-producing" was a great advance, but that, in some of the views which were partly founded on this, Liebig was wrong. He thought that the only purpose served by the burning up within the body of the non-nitrogenous components of food in combination with the oxygen of the air was the production of heat, and that it had nothing to do with mechanical force. This, he believed, was "the product of a transformation of living muscular fibre into dead," and he thought that he discovered, in increased excretion of urea after severe exertion, a distinct proof of the truth of his hypothesis. Dr. Carpenter shows that this hypothesis has been proved to be altogether wrong. From the first it was seen that some indisputable facts were not reconcilable with it, and in 1845 Mayer, whom Dr. Carpenter quotes, laid down that chemical force in ingested food and inhaled oxygen was the source of the motion and heat which are the two products of animal life, and made a comparison, which has since been elaborated and become famous, of the body to a steam-engine. According to this, non-nitrogenous food represents the fuel, and nitrogenous the metal of the boilers and cylinders. When there is a great development of force there will be a large increase in the consumption of the former, but only a slight increase in the consumption of the latter, due to extra wear and tear. It cannot be said, however, that the views which this figure of speech, after a fashion, expresses, were shown to be true, or that Liebig's doctrine was definitely disproved until long after Mayer wrote. In 1866 Professors Fick and Widalienus made their memorable ascent of the Faulhorn, distilling themselves with the greatest care, and using the most rigorous methods to ascertain exactly the consumption of muscle-substance. Their experiment is, of course, perfectly familiar to scientific physiologists, and has been described and commented on again and again. As, however, the error which Liebig propagated still lives, it is well that attention should still be drawn to the analysis which served more than ought else to show the fallacy of his doctrine, and Dr. Carpenter has done well, therefore, to give an account of this celebrated investigation. We cannot do better than quote his description. He says:—

An experiment which has now become "classical" was performed upon themselves by Professors Fick and Widalienus in 1866; namely, the determination of the respective quantities of urea eliminated by each of them for twelve hours before, for eight hours during, and for six hours after the ascent of the Faulhorn, whose height is about 6,500 feet. They took no nitrogenous food either for seventeen hours before the ascent, during the eight hours of the ascent, or for six hours after the ascent; but then took a good ordinary meal. The mean of the two determinations (between which there was a very close correspondence) gave for the twelve hours before the ascent, 0.62 grammes, being at the rate of 0.052 grammes per hour; for the eight hours of the ascent 0.40 grammes, or at the rate of 0.05 grammes per hour; and the same amount for the six hours following the ascent, being at the rate of 0.066 grammes per hour; while for the twelve hours after the subsequent meal, the mean amount was 0.48 grammes, or at the rate of 0.04 grammes per hour. There was thus a positive reduction in the amount of urea eliminated, which was probably attributable to the temporary abstinence from nitrogenous aliment; since the results of subsequent observations carried on for a much longer period upon men going through severe exertion upon an ordinary diet (as those made by Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, upon Weston, the pedestrian, during a five days' walk of 320 miles), show a slight total increase in the elimination, which is fairly attributable to the general "wear and tear" produced by the excessive strain put upon the machine.—There is, then, no foundation whatever for the assumption of Liebig that every exertion of muscular energy involves the death and disintegration of an equivalent amount of muscle-substance.

In spite, however, of the conclusive nature of this experiment and of others, doubts as to the results obtained were, if we remember rightly, occasionally expressed up to a comparatively recent time. Now, however, it is impossible to suppose that any doubt on the subject exists amongst those who have made biology their study. Still, Liebig's error cannot be considered as exploded. The sanction of a great name keeps it alive, and a large number of men who ought to know better still believe that for heavy muscular work much meat is necessary. They are well-nigh as wrong as Falstaff was when he held that wine strengthened the blood. Liebig's doctrine is nearly the very opposite of the truth. It is not necessary to reproduce here the careful and minute account which Dr. Carpenter gives of the process involved in muscular effort. Those who wish to understand this must seek the pages of *Knowledge*, and they will be very well repaid for their pains. His summing-up, however, which states briefly the views of modern physiologists, should be given in his own words, which are as follows:—

The mechanical working of the body of a living animal is as directly dependent as its heating upon the oxidation of the hydro-carbons of its food; and these may be most economically supplied by non-nitrogenous substances. On the other hand, the mechanism can only be kept in working order by the continual renovation of its substance (its very existence as a living whole involving the continual death and decay of its component parts); and for this renovation a supply of *proteids* is essential, with a certain admixture of fat to serve as material for protoplasm.

Now it is scarcely necessary to point out how entirely these truths are opposed to the system followed in training, which did seem to receive some kind of sanction from Liebig. It is true, no doubt, that nitrogenous food is required for the renovation of the muscle, which wears out as all the tissues of the body wear out; but the consumption of muscle caused by effort—which, as we have said, has been likened to the wear and tear of a machine—is small when compared with the consumption of the non-nitrogenous substances, which represent the fuel that is burnt

to maintain the force developed. It is therefore clear that when there is severe and continuous physical effort, a large supply of the latter kind of food-material will be required to make good the loss occasioned by that effort, while of the former only a slight increase will be made necessary. The principle followed in training is exactly to reverse things. It is true that men are no longer encouraged to gorge themselves with underdone meat and to avoid sweets as if they were poison; but still, in the main, the trainer favours meat, and watches with some jealousy and restricts the other kinds of food. He ought to do just the opposite. We do not, of course, mean to say that the resources of the French *cuisine* should be placed at the disposal of young men in training, as it is sufficiently obvious that those who desire to attain a high state of health must confine themselves to simple and digestible food; but of simple food it is the non-nitrogenous kind that is the most needful, and it is about as reasonable to fear a large proportion of nutriment of this class as it would be to fear the oxygen of the air. Nay, more harm may be done by abstaining from the food indicated. Natural laws cannot be disobeyed with impunity; and when nature points distinctly to one kind of diet, and men choose to adhere to a diet of precisely the opposite kind, evil of some sort is not unlikely to follow. The argument that the diet is right because men who adopt it do get into "high condition" we have already answered, and there can be little doubt that the ailments which assail men in training and the occasionally serious results of training are in part due to a vicious system of diet which, in so far as it has any scientific basis, is founded on a doctrine which is now thoroughly exploded. Much, therefore, do we hope that Dr. Carpenter's valuable contributions to *Knowledge* will be read at the Universities and other places where there is devotion to the severer kinds of athletics. If these and some other writings are studied, we doubt not that before long the foolish rules which still remain will be swept away, and that the happy young athletes who are able to enjoy good and wholesome dinners, which tend to produce, not to retard, the much desired "condition," will fervently revere the name of the man of science who released the victims of training from an odious thralldom.

#### THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS BEFORE THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

FOR the first time since the fall of the Empire France has a Government which is presumably strong enough to frame and to carry a policy looking only to the true and permanent interests of the country. Apart from politics, the problems awaiting solution from such a Ministry are numerous and important. First amongst them is the conclusion of commercial treaties with England and the other countries trading with France. The Cabinets which have succeeded one another of late years have not had the strength to disregard the Protectionist coteries which make so much noise in proportion to their limited following in the country. They knew the energy and perseverance of the Protectionists and the apathy of the great mass of consumers, and they feared the hostility of the former more than they valued the good will of the latter. M. Gambetta, however, is probably powerful enough to disregard the manoeuvres of the Protectionists, and to look only to the true interests of France. He is an avowed Free-trader, and is therefore likely to favour a more liberal tariff than M. Tirard's. Nor is he ignorant of economic subjects. While he was contending against the monarchial parties he got himself chosen chairman of the Budget Committee, knowing that, as all measures in the long run cost money, he would thus be in the best possible position to counteract the plans of his opponents and to further his own views. Therefore he comes to the question not without preparation. Besides, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, he may be supposed to feel the desirableness of rescuing France from the isolation in which she now is, and of re-establishing the close relations which formerly subsisted between her and this country. At the Lord Mayor's banquet last week Lord Granville spoke with much hope of the prospects of the treaty with France, and this hope can only have been founded on the supposed desire of M. Gambetta to conclude a more liberal treaty.

A second task is the conversion of the Five per Cents. For several years now the price of the Five per Cents has ranged from 115 to 120, proving conclusively that the conversion is in the nature of things practicable. During all those years the French taxpayers have been paying to the holders of these bonds a larger interest than they need have paid. But, for various reasons, the interests of the taxpayers have been subordinated to those of the rentiers. M. Gambetta himself largely contributed to this state of things. In his famous speech at Romans he publicly protested against the conversion of the Five per Cents, arguing that it would be unjust to those who had come forward to enable France to liberate the territory held by the Germans if the interest paid to them was reduced. It was understood at the time that M. Gambetta's eagerness on behalf of the rentiers was inspired by purely political motives: the peasants were large holders of the Five per Cents, and he feared that a reduction of interest would offend these holders, who had not then been quite won over to the Republic. The peasants now, however, have fully rallied to the Republic, and there can be no sufficient reason for continuing longer to pay them 5 per cent. at the expense of the general taxpayer. Besides, M. Gambetta has it in his power to compensate them for the loss of

interest by reducing at the same time the Land-tax. Apart altogether from the desirableness of preventing any ill feeling amongst the peasants, it is very proper that the Land-tax should be reduced. In several departments it is said that it amounts to four and even five shillings in the pound, which is certainly an excessive charge, and ought to be reduced. It would be possible to effect the reduction if the Five per Cents. were converted. It may be objected that the present is not a good opportunity to propose a conversion, when the price of the stock is considerably lower than it was a few months ago. But the fall in the price has partly been brought about by Stock Exchange considerations alone, and partly it is the result of the formation of M. Gambetta's Ministry. It has for some time come to be supposed that the conversion of the Five per Cents. was postponed only until M. Gambetta came into office; that, in fact, he was reserving it as one of the great measures of his administration; and naturally, therefore, as soon as his accession to power became certain, the price of the stock declined. Nor would a postponement of the measure now be enough to cause a recovery in the price, unless, indeed, it were in some way officially announced that the postponement was for a considerable time. That the conversion could be effected there can be no reasonable doubt. The price of the Three per Cents. is much more material in considering this question than the price of the Five per Cents. The price of the Three per Cents. at the end of last week was between 85 and 86. In other words, the Three per Cents. yielded on the market price just  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to the investor. The Three per Cents. themselves, however, have been kept down by the existence of the Fives, for the Fives have all along yielded more than 4 per cent. There was, of course, the danger that the Five per Cents. might at any moment be converted, and therefore, although they yielded for the time being 4 per cent. and over, the investor risked a serious loss of capital, as on conversion he would be paid off at par. Still the higher yield of the Five per Cents. attracted many purchasers from the Three per Cents., and kept the price of the latter down. Yet even now, with all the difficulties there are upon the Bourse in Paris, the Three per Cents. yield to the investor only about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. It is perfectly plain, therefore, that the Five per Cents. might be refunded at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Whether the new Ministry—assuming that it has courage for the task—will issue a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. or a 4 per cent. bond, or will prefer to reduce at once to 3 per cent. at a discount, remains to be seen. It appears to us that it would be easier to refund at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at par. But we need not discuss that question now. In his declaration of policy read to the Chamber on Tuesday, M. Gambetta makes no reference to this question of conversion. But it can hardly be assumed that he will go on extracting from the overburdened taxpayers three or four millions sterling more than they ought to pay.

More important, however, than the conversion of the Five per Cents. is the reform of the existing system of taxation in France. After the war, when the annual expenditure was increased about 50 per cent., the necessity of meeting the new charges thrown upon the country compelled the National Assembly to impose taxes upon almost every conceivable object. There was no time to think of political economy when the solvency of France had to be maintained. Accordingly, taxes the most mischievous and most injurious to industry were imposed. Since then, indeed, the astonishing growth of prosperity due to the vast resources of the country and the untiring industry and self-denying thrift of the people, has enabled the taxation to be borne with surprising ease, and year after year there have been large surpluses. Consequently, the Government has been able to remit some of the worst of the taxes imposed before 1875. Still, however, the remissions have not been made upon any system, and the taxation is full of anomalies, as well as in many respects oppressive to industry. A great financial genius, therefore, would endeavour to recast the whole system. During the late elections there was much talk of the imposition of an income-tax for the purpose of reforming the whole taxation of the country, as was done by Sir Robert Peel in this country. It is doubtful, however, whether M. Gambetta will venture upon so strong a measure, although he was at one time known to be favourable to it. But whether there is need for an income-tax, or whether, as many able economists contend, all that is necessary could be done by the help of the surpluses yielded every year, and of the free revenue obtained by the conversion of the Five per Cents., a reform of the system of taxation ought to be taken in hand, and no part of the system requires reform more urgently than the land-tax. The cadastral survey of France upon which the land-tax is based consumed a great many years before it was completed, and consequently the incidence of the tax is most unequal. In some departments, as we have already said, it amounts to four and even five shillings in the pound; while in others, again, it is said not to be a shilling in the pound. For a long time, therefore, there has been an agitation for a new survey, and no doubt a new survey ought to be instituted. But this would occupy much time, and what is now needed is a prompt equalization of the incidence of the tax. It does not seem impossible to remedy at least the most glaring injustices without waiting for a new survey; and this attempt to equalize the incidence of the tax would be a supplement to the reduction of which we have already spoken as a consequence of the conversion of the Five per Cents. M. Gambetta, in fact, seems to promise this when he pledges himself "to alleviate, without compromising the finances, the burdens which weigh upon agriculture."

Lastly, a task not less important than any we have referred to is the extension, or rather perhaps we should say the establishment, of local self-government in France. At present there are over thirty-six thousand communes in France; but more than sixteen thousand of these have less than five hundred inhabitants, and over twenty-seven thousand have less than a thousand inhabitants, while more than thirty-four thousand of them have less than three thousand. It is quite clear that in districts so small as these, were the law ever so good, it would be impossible to establish an effective local government. The population is too small to furnish the kind of men required for administrative purposes. Therefore, the communes should be amalgamated, or a number of the smaller ones should be grouped together so as to form unions large enough to give a chance of furnishing capable and honest administrators. In addition, communes should have the power of rating themselves. At present the communes receive subventions from the State; but the system is altogether wrong, and some portion of the local revenues should be handed over to the local bodies to discharge purely local functions. Further, the power of the *mairies* should be diminished, while the powers of the Municipal Councils should be increased. In short, the whole subject of municipal or local government in France requires reform. It is at present chiefly regulated by laws passed under the First and Second Empires, which are now obsolete, and are indeed inconsistent with the Republican institutions of the country. The National Assembly extended the powers of the Municipal Councils, and so did Acts passed by the later Assemblies; but still the whole system wants revision and reform. One great difficulty in the way of reform no doubt is that, if the power of taxation for school and sanitary purposes is vested in the Municipal Councils, they may be too niggardly to provide properly for education and sanitation. But it ought not to be beyond the power of Government to guard against this danger, just as it is guarded against amongst ourselves. It will be seen, then, that the field of domestic reform before a great and capable Ministry is very large in France, and that, in fact, almost all the work which has been done in England since the first Reform Act is still awaiting the hands of the reformer in France.

## REVIEWS.

### MORLEY'S LIFE OF COBDEN.\*

MR. MORLEY has not disappointed the high expectations which were justified by his former essays in political biography. In his Life of Burke he had proved his ability to appreciate the character and genius of a statesman whose opinions in one part of his career differed widely from his own. With his present subject he is in more perfect or more continuous sympathy; for Cobden's doctrines and aspirations, though they may not have been so extensive as his biographer's, are all included in Mr. Morley's political creed. It may be added that neither theories nor efforts to apply them to practice exhaust the interest of personal history. What a man did, however important it may have been to the world, concerns the student of character chiefly as an illustration of what the man was in himself. Mr. Morley unnecessarily apologizes for mentioning some facts relating to Cobden's private circumstances. His story would have been incomplete if he had not shown that Cobden was able to receive, on more than one occasion, pecuniary aid from public and private friends without in any way compromising his dignity or independence. The few passages which disclose portions of his domestic and social life are the most interesting parts of a book which is nowhere tedious or dull. Mr. Morley confirms the uniform tradition of his kindly disposition and of the variety and freshness of his conversation. "I was introduced to Mr. Cobden," said a lady of good judgment in a Memoir published some years ago, "and found him a poetical, imaginative man, talking with the greatest delight of Egypt, where he has not been." "He had," according to Mr. Morley, "a large and powerful head, and the indescribable charm of a candid eye. His features were not of a commanding type, but they were well illuminated and rendered attractive by the brightness of intelligence, of sympathy, and of earnestness. About the mouth there was a curiously winning mobility and play." The extreme bitterness of his tones when he was denouncing the landed gentry or his other opponents may be mentioned in connexion with Mr. Morley's statement that "his voice was clear, varied in its tones, sweet and penetrating." No popular speaker has ever relied more habitually on closeness of argument; but his invective was full of angry feeling. "Of nervous fire he had abundance, though it was not the fire which flames up in the radiant colours of a strong imagination. It was rather the glow of a thoroughly convinced reason, of intellectual superiority, of argumentative keenness. . . . I have asked many scores of those who knew him, Conservatives as well as Liberals, what this secret was; and in no single case did my interlocutor fail to begin, and in nearly every case he ended as he had begun, with the word *persuasiveness*." *Mérimée*, who seldom spoke well of an Englishman, said, as quoted by Mr. Morley, that Cobden "was a

\* *The Life of Richard Cobden*. By John Morley. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

man of an extremely interesting mind, quite the opposite of "an Englishman in this respect, that you never hear him talk common-places, and that he has few prejudices." Mr. Morley has been misled by a blunder of Mr. George Combe's into ascribing to "some great lady" the phrase that Cobden's policy "never rose beyond a bagman's millennium." The sneer is supposed to proceed from "the class whose lives are one long course of indolence, dilettantism, and sensuality." The lady, whatever may have been her own vices or those of her class, was only quoting the saying of one who belonged to a different class, and who was certainly not given to indolence or sensuality. Carlyle, in a moment of irritation caused by injudicious and prolonged eulogies on Cobden, once propounded the paradox that he was "an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millennium." At other times he did fuller justice to the great champion of free trade; but his epigram naturally survived the expression of his serious judgment.

Mr. Morley allows O'Connell the first rank in the list of agitators, and assigns to Cobden the second. The repeal of the Corn Laws may be placed on a level with Catholic Emancipation. In the failure of other movements the successful leaders of the two great popular associations shared the same fortune. In other respects the resemblance is superficial or non-existent. O'Connell had all the qualities and defects of a demagogue. Cobden never compromised his character for honesty or his self-respect. He and his celebrated ally, though they are among the most powerful and famous of agitators, are also the purest; and Cobden was superior to all competitors in general moderation and fairness. Even during the short period of his unpopularity at the time of the Crimean war, Cobden always commanded, as he candidly acknowledged, the attention and respect of the House of Commons. From his first entrance into Parliament, his upright character and his intellectual power were fully recognized. No man doubted his sincere belief in a millennium, though it might be erroneously supposed to consist of calico. Even if he had not been supported by a great material force out of doors, Cobden would have been after his second or third Session regarded as a Parliamentary leader. His estimate of the rival or predecessor with whom he was often compared throws remarkable light on his own character. "I found," he says in a letter to George Combe, "the populace of Ireland represented in the House by a body of men, with O'Connell at their head, with whom I could feel no more sympathy or identity than with people whose language I did not understand. In fact, *morally*, I felt a complete antagonism and repulsion towards them. O'Connell always treated me with friendly attention, but I never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity; and, as for trusting him on any public question where his vanity or passions might interpose, I should as soon have thought of alliance with an Ashantee chief." Mr. Morley adds the strange comment that "Cobden is here unjust to O'Connell. He opposed the Corn Bill of 1815, and was true to the League in the fight from 1838 to 1846." It was surely possible that a demagogue with the morals of an African savage might take the right side on one political question. Cobden himself had, with questionable propriety, subscribed to O'Connell's rent. He was not bound to think every opponent of the Corn Law or every adherent of the League an honest man. His judgment of O'Connell was substantially just, though it was perhaps coloured by a conscious antipathy of nature. It is probable that he would feel but little sympathy with the present representatives of the populace of Ireland.

In recording the victory of the Corn Law League, Mr. Morley deliberately abstains from arguing questions which are no longer subjects of serious controversy, or from writing a handbook of political economy. Cobden admitted that he and his friends began the agitation with a belief that they were vindicating the rights and interests of their own class against an oppressive monopoly. During the progress of the contest his views gradually enlarged into a belief, which was sometimes exaggerated or premature, that freedom of trade was the essential condition of international co-operation and harmony. It was impossible that he should avoid illusions, or that he should always do justice to opponents. When Peel began his wise and comprehensive reforms of the tariff, Cobden seems to have perversely dwelt on the inconsistency of reducing or abolishing minor duties while the first necessity of life was heavily taxed. With stranger blindness he joined in the clamour against the Income-tax, which was the necessary instrument of all fiscal reform. At a later period he became an advocate of direct taxation; but he never seems to have understood the true principle of equal assessment. It was not until Peel avowed his conversion to the principle of free trade in corn that Cobden recognised his disinterested sagacity. It fortunately happened that at the same time Peel repeated in plainer terms his retraction of a charge which Cobden had deeply resented. Mr. Morley publishes for the first time a remarkable letter, in which Cobden privately proposed to Peel that, after the passing of the Corn Bill, he should appeal to the country by a dissolution, and place himself at the head of the middle-class Liberals in opposition to the combined Protectionists and Whigs. To the end of his life Cobden regarded Peel as the best and greatest statesman of his time. With Lord John Russell he had but a faint and intermittent sympathy; and he entertained the strongest political aversion to Lord Palmerston. In his later years, he seems to have preferred Disraeli to both the Whig leaders.

Fourteen years intervened between the great triumph of the League and Cobden's second great achievement. Mr. Morley, who has had the advantage of consulting Cobden's friend and

colleague, Sir Louis Mallet, corrects the common impression that the Emperor of the French was the first to conceive the project of the Commercial Treaty. The scheme originated, in conversations between M. Chevalier and Cobden, who communicated the notion to Mr. Gladstone. Next to Cobden himself, the chief promoter of the treaty, was M. Rouher, who counteracted the impressions on the Emperor's mind which were produced by the remonstrances of his Protectionist colleagues. Cobden himself had the merit of convincing Napoleon III. of the advantage which the French nation would derive from extended commerce with England. His own object was rather political than economical, for he overrated the efficiency of trading interests in securing international peace. In his own Government he had no cordial supporter except Mr. Gladstone; and he complained that the Foreign Office, then administered by Lord John Russell, allowed him less discretion than that which he had exercised when he was travelling for a firm of calico-printers at the age of twenty. His correspondence at the time teems with angry denunciations of Lord Palmerston, who frequently expressed in Parliament his suspicions of ambitious designs on the part of the French Emperor, and who carried through Parliament a Bill for expending several millions on defensive fortifications. The precautions of the English Government may perhaps have rendered Cobden's negotiations more difficult; but the result showed that Lord Palmerston's measures were not incompatible with the simultaneous policy of Cobden and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Morley publishes an admirable letter written by Lord John Russell in answer to Cobden's remonstrances. The Minister declined to be dependent on the forbearance of a foreign potentate who might perhaps have been tempted to encroachment against an unarmed neighbour. In 1859 the Emperor had professed peaceable intentions up to the eve of his declaration of war against Austria; and in 1860 he had suddenly taken possession of Savoy and Nice. Notwithstanding Cobden's prejudices, the preparations of the English Government may have had something to do with the maintenance of peace. His violent opposition to the organization of the Volunteer force was in the highest degree unreasonable. After an experience of twenty years, there is a unanimous belief that a system which combines opportunities of manly recreation with security against possible dangers is beneficial to the country.

It is not a little remarkable that a politician of extraordinary ability who more than once achieved great success should have devoted a large portion of his time and energy to abortive enterprises. During the latter part of the Corn Law agitation and in the following years Cobden founded the most sanguine hopes on a chimerical project of swamping the county representation by means of faggot votes. Artisans were exhorted to invest their savings in freehold houses, which would, if they were to be scattered over country districts, have formed the most precarious of properties. It is evident that if the contrivance had in the first instance proved effectual, the landowners could have easily outbid and outnumbered the intruders from the manufacturing towns; nor was it probable that rural constituencies would have tamely surrendered their rights. The principal result of the agitation was to disgust the people of Lancashire with the dictation of the League, which immediately before a general election announced that the representation of the county was to be divided between Manchester and Liverpool. Fortunately both the nominees of the great towns were defeated by more legitimate candidates. Cobden's conscientious propagation of the doctrines of peace was scarcely more prosperous; and there is reason to believe that it was one of the causes of the Russian war. Mr. Kinglake truly declares, in a passage quoted by Mr. Morley, that the Peace party was powerless to oppose the war because it had denounced all wars. It is true that Cobden's opposition to war was rather economical than sentimental, but he was associated with fanatics who had renounced all sense of national honour. His friend and follower Mr. Gilpin published a pamphlet in which some philanthropic wiseacre undertook to prove that it would cost less to submit to an invader than to resist him by arms. Cobden unwillingly admitted that the war with Russia was from beginning to end deeply and almost universally popular. The last great controversies in which he had to take part were caused by the American Civil War and by the Danish complication. During the earlier part of the American struggle he consistently recommended acquiescence in the secession of the Southern States; but his sympathies were afterwards enlisted on the side of the North by the proclamation for emancipating the slaves; and he was probably influenced by Mr. Bright's passionate devotion to the cause of the Union. He had twice visited the States, and he heartily sympathized with their institutions. In one of his letters he says that as an Englishman he has no ambitious desires, but that the case would have been different if he had been an American "like Charles Sumner or Amasa Walker." Amasa Walker, whoever he may have been, is long since forgotten. Charles Sumner is principally remembered by his profligate attempt to engage his country in war with England on the shameless pretext of the indirect claims. There could be no doubt that Cobden would strenuously oppose the intervention of England in the quarrel between Germany and Denmark. He perhaps shared with the pacific majority of the Cabinet imperfect knowledge of the merits of a question in which the aggressor for once was in the right; but he appreciated more justly than Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell the danger of a rupture with Germany.

It appears from Mr. Morley's narrative that Cobden, during



nearly the whole of his political life, abstained from organic agitation, though he shared the opinions of his more pugnacious friend and colleague on the theory of representation. In an early letter Cobden says that he approves in principle of universal suffrage and of republican institutions, but that he confines his efforts to a different class of political objects. From time to time he expressed a doubt whether the masses of the people were more enlightened than the governing aristocracy, to which he was irreconcilably hostile. He was profoundly impressed with the enthusiastic reception accorded to the Duke of Wellington at the opening of the Exhibition of 1851. When the Duke died, a few months later, he allowed that no representative of the warlike spirit had ever been more simple or more upright. Only a few years before he had, with ill feeling and bad taste, of which he was seldom guilty, publicly declared that the Duke was in his dotage because he had recommended, in his celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne, additional preparations for national defence. Cobden's political hostility to Lord Palmerston was deeper and more permanent; yet he ultimately arrived at the conclusion that his lifelong antagonist was, like himself, sincere. It would be tedious, if it were practicable, to notice all the varieties of Cobden's political activity. Mr. Morley's masterly work will perpetuate the memory of his achievements, and it may perhaps involuntarily disguise his not infrequent failures. No candid reader of the book can doubt either the honesty of Cobden's motives or the greatness of his intellectual qualities. It may be added that in his lifetime he commanded universal respect, and that the current of opinion since his death has tended to ample recognition of his merits. He was, on the whole, enviable in his public career and in his private life; nor has any one of his contemporaries thus far been so fortunate in a biographer.

#### THE EASTERN MENACE.\*

WE cannot congratulate Colonel Cory on the form which he has given to this book, though we are ready to admit that there are many excuses for him. He wrote in 1876 a book with a title, or at least a second title, like that of the present volume. The intervening five years have naturally strengthened his case, and provided him with the opportunity of saying "I told you so" with rather unusual force. His original volume is out of print, and he feels that some kind of re-issue of it is desirable. But at this point his difficulties begin. He cannot resist the temptation of keeping a considerable portion of what he then wrote, and he cannot resign himself to the necessity of writing a new book. So, trusting in that most fatal of all maxims, *medio tutissimè*, he tries to make a compromise. He keeps the 1876 body, and puts upon it an 1881 head. He has added, he tells us, a third of new matter; and, though we cannot pretend to have verified the statement, we have not the least reason for disbelieving it. But the inevitable result is a succession of gaps and a recurrence of inconsequences in the reasoning. At one moment references to a present state of things apply to 1876; at another they apply to 1881. Now we have to consider the state of affairs as dominated by the desire of Lord Beaconsfield to make England strong and respected; now to consider it as dominated by the desire of Mr. Gladstone to administer delicate soothing to the national conscience. The condition of the reader may best be described by the analogy of a man who looks through an opera-glass the focus of which is being constantly, and almost without warning, shifted.

To these inconveniences of the present edition or re-issue have to be added certain drawbacks which appear to have been integral parts of the original work. Colonel Cory, with the best intentions in the world, appears not to have mastered that fundamental principle of sport and literature which deprecates the hunting of half a dozen hares at once. From the incorporation of at least one paper which has undoubtedly and professedly done duty as an article in a periodical, we are led to suspect that the book, as a whole, has something of the character of a conglomerate. The result is not satisfactory. There is no doubt that such subjects as the injustice done to the old Company's servants, both before and after the Mutiny; the drawbacks of short service; the insufficiency of the Staff Corps system, and the under-officering of the native troops; the magazine eccentricities of Sir Garnet Wolseley; the great armaments of European Powers; the steady progress of Russia; the parsimony of English Parliaments; the political prejudice of Major Baring; the logical ineptitude of Sir R. Norman; the bland audacity of the Duke of Argyll in suppression and suggestion; the conduct of the generals charged with the Afghan expeditions, and so forth, all have something, and some of them a great deal, to do with the question of the peril which undoubtedly menaces England in the East. We are in full agreement with Colonel Cory on most of these points, and not in any great disagreement with him on the rest. But the worst of it is that in his case it is emphatically impossible to see the wood for the trees. A dissertation on the merits and demerits of Lord Lytton's Indian administration, still more on the successful attempt of the Duke of Argyll to hoodwink the constituencies two years ago as to the causes of the Afghan war, may be interesting in itself, but it is a case of *quid hoc ad Iphicli boves* in reference to the actual presence of Russia at Annau and her threatened

presence at Sarakhs. There is no doubt that there were many excuses for the officers of the old Indian army in the matter of the fatal security which handed them over, feet and hands tied, to the mutineers; but it is mere fiddling while Rome is burning to argue out this point when the Russians are within striking distance of Meshed, and almost within striking distance of Herat.

Although Colonel Cory has evidently done his best to adjust the new patch to the old garment, unfortunate discrepancies insist on making their appearance. He says that thirty years ago the outposts of Russia and England respectively were Loodiana and Astrakhan. The statement was true, after a fashion, in 1876; it is not true in 1881, and Colonel Cory must surely be well enough acquainted with the kind of adversary he has to meet among the prophesiers of smooth things to know the use that will be made of such a slip as this. Even where striking working-up of his material was possible he has not condescended to it. He had a great opportunity in a quotation which in his original book he made from a defender of the "ostrich policy" in the October number of *Fraser*, 1875. The wisecracker who wrote this used the following words:—"If the writers of leading articles in the daily press who frighten us with the rapid advance of Russia towards our Indian frontier could but form an adequate idea of the vast distance, the arid wastes, the exhausting climates, and gigantic mountain ranges which must be surmounted," &c. Colonel Cory apparently could not find in his heart to sacrifice his original answer to this plea, and therefore it is not for some pages that he makes, and then very distantly and feebly, the necessary parallel between the optimist ignorance of 1875 and the hard facts of 1881. The vast distance and the arid wastes and all the rest of it are gone, and in a very few months Russia will have a continuous line of railway and steamboat communication from St. Petersburg, through her own territory, direct to the waters of the Heri Rud or its tributaries. Colonel Cory knows this—he wishes to say it; but his seven-year-old arguments are too dear to him to be abandoned, and so he talks ancient history instead of talking modern fact.

Even these criticisms do not exhaust what has to be said against this unlucky book. Colonel Cory has weighted it with a prelude and a conclusion of the finest abstract eloquence. In the former we are treated to a demonstration of the improbability attending the theory of the approaching extinction of war, with abundant supporting quotations from Mr. W. R. Greg and Mr. Herbert Spencer. We again fully agree with Colonel Cory, but we wish to goodness that he would come to business. The epilogue takes us up to the Kara Korum passes, and in really elegant language talks to us about the "quick grip of the frozen wind," the "glint like a diamond of shattered glaciers," the "dark, olive-hued forests," the locusts, the course of empires, &c. "I think," said an Oxford tutor once with much politeness to a flowery essayist, "that it would be better if you would kindly suppose that I am a plain man, wishing to be convinced about the point at issue." That is what Colonel Cory seems altogether unable to suppose in reference to his readers. Those who agree with his views do not need references to Mr. W. R. Greg and Mr. Herbert Spencer, or picturesque descriptions of an imaginary traveller in the mountains north of Cashmere. Those who disagree with him will certainly not be converted by these things, and will probably laugh. We do not by any means say that a man who is dealing with what seems to him (and, we may frankly add, to us) a great national peril may not justly indulge in passages of impassioned eloquence, but he must earn the right to do this by marshalling his facts with rigorous exactitude, by giving no loophole of escape to the enemy, and by doing the logical smashing before he does the rhetorical ornament. Colonel Cory, we are sorry to say, has not done this. He had an excellent case, and he has made very little of it indeed. Some of the facts are there; but they are so awkwardly arranged, and wrapped up in such folds of irrelevant matter, that only those who know them already are at all likely to discover them or to draw from them the right conclusion.

The shortcomings of the book are all the more unfortunate because a book such as it might have been is really very much wanted. It is impossible to read the debates in Parliament, and still more impossible to read the extra-Parliamentary speeches of Ministers and the articles of partisan newspapers, without perceiving that an enormous number of persons in England are really without the least knowledge of the facts of the case. We have seen lately a remark made by an opponent of the policy of Lord Beaconsfield as to the contrast between the profound peace of India at the time of the Crimean war and the agitation caused by the war of 1877. Whether the peace of India was quite so profound as the author of this remark seems to think is another matter. But the remark itself seems to show what we believe to be a very general ignorance as to the profound and all-important alterations which have occurred in the relations of England and Russia respectively towards India in the last quarter of a century. An accurate and careful demonstration, assisted by plenty of maps, and made in forcible but not exaggerated language, of the difference between the state of things then and now would be invaluable. Ample materials for such a demonstration exist. There is nothing to prevent any one who has access to these materials, and is possessed of fair military and general information and of a tolerable literary style, from drawing up a statement of facts which should be absolutely impregnable, and which would exhibit the ostrich policy in its true light. Colonel Cory could have got at the materials; but he has only made the vaguest and most general references to them. He must be supposed to have the military and general information; but he shows little more

\* *The Eastern Menace.* By Colonel Arthur Cory. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

trace of it than any ordinary journalist. Even as it is, his book would be a hard nut for the Duke of Argyll or Mr. Grant Duff to crack. But, unfortunately, its hardness is of the kind which makes it unnecessary as well as useless to attempt to crack it. It is unattractive in form to the general reader, and we doubt very much whether it would be found particularly instructive in matter. Even such an obvious thing as a sketch of the Turcoman campaigns of Lomakin, Lazareff, and Skobeleff, and a clear statement of their results, does not seem to have suggested itself to Colonel Cory as a necessary addition to his matter of 1876. He mentions, indeed, these campaigns and their results, but that is all. Now what the average "man in the Pockham omnibus" and the average member of Parliament who represents him require is exactly this detailed demonstration. They have both heard the conclusions put by Tory orators and seen them put by Tory writers, and they can afford to discard them as mere Tory stock-in-trade. But give them the premises, and there might be some chance of their opening their eyes to the fact that the Gaul is literally at the gates. It is the business of a writer of books, as distinguished from a writer of articles, to give facts—well-arranged facts, of course—but still facts, and plenty of them. This is exactly what Colonel Cory has not done; and, therefore, with all respect for his good intentions, we cannot discern in his volume any likelihood of its being of the use which it might have been if its author had been better advised, and especially if he had not had the unlucky idea of patching up an old book into a new one.

#### MR. BUCHANAN'S STUDY OF HATE.\*

"THIS romance," Mr. Buchanan is kind enough to inform us in some prefatory words, "is the third work of prose fiction from the writer's pen. In each of these works a subject has been taken which, though poetical in itself, involved a treatment transcending the exact limits of verse," whatever they may be. Now this is thoughtful on Mr. Buchanan's part. Without the bush which he has considerably stuck over his wine we might have failed to see, to use an Americanism, where the poetry came in. With this warning, when we come upon passages which, if they do not mean much, contain a great many fine words which would certainly not have been used by the people into whose mouths they have been put, we at once know that this is due to the fact that the subject of the work is poetical in itself. Mr. Buchanan, indeed, is generous with his information. Each of the last three works he has written, he goes on to tell us, "has a particular 'idea' or purpose, and descends to what some critics call the heresy of instruction. *The Shadow of the Sword* is a poetical polemic against public war"—its hero, we remember, refused to serve in the army from the purest motives, but had no compunction in knocking people over from a convenient hiding-place—" *God and the Man* is a study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate; *The Martyrdom of Madeleine* has for its theme the social conspiracy against Womankind." There is much that is pleasing in this kind of guide for critics and readers, but perhaps the most exquisite phrase in it is that which speaks of Mr. Buchanan's works descending to what some critics call the heresy of instruction.

*God and the Man* may indeed be called instructive in a certain way; but that way, it is safe to suppose, is not the way which Mr. Buchanan meant when he wrote the remarkable sentences quoted above. Besides this advertisement to the reader, Mr. Buchanan's "study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate" is prefaced by a "Proem" in verse, which is very far from being to our taste, but from which some lines may be quoted as a sample of its quality. It begins with a statement by a supposed speaker that he hates all men, and especially one man, and all other men because of that one man, and that "if God stood there revealed full bare" he would pray a prayer in despair:—

And the prayer would be, Yield up to me,  
This man alone of all men that see!  
Give him to me, and to misery!  
Give me this man, if a God thou be!

Shape on the headland in the night,  
Gaunt, ghastly, kneeling on his knee,  
He prays! his baffled prayers take flight,  
Like screaming sea-birds, thro' the light  
That streams across the sleeping sea.  
From the black depths of man's despair,  
Rose ever so accurst a prayer?  
His hands clench and his eyeballs roll,  
Hate's famine sickens in his soul.

The book itself opens clumsily enough with a prologue, in which we are introduced to Christian Christianson, an old man of ninety who is surrounded by nephews and great-nephews, and so on. We hear a good deal of these people and their relations with each other; we are told how "pretty maidens sip out of the glasses of their cousins, and lovers, while fond feet meet and knees touch under the table"; two of the boys quarrel, and one draws a knife; the old man beckons to them, and tells them to love one another; and from that time to the end of the book we hear nothing more of the little crowd of characters that appear in the first chapter. The writer goes back at once to the time of the old man's

youth, and "descends to the heresy of instruction" by telling the story of his life. This story, it may be noted, is curiously at variance with what is contained in the prologue. In the prologue we find this said of Christian's career:—"A stormy life and a terrible, say the gossips, not without blood's sin, and such crimes as twice told lift the hair and shake the soul; for if they speak sooth, he has sailed under the black flag in the Indian seas, and taken his share in the traffic of human life." Now, according to the story, nothing of this kind was ever done by Christian. The author may reply that he has put in the qualification "say the gossips," but the excuse will hardly better his position. The prologue is in its essence inartistic; but this would be perhaps the most inartistic touch in it if the words were so meant. There is no hint that the gossips were likely to be wrong, and thus expectations are aroused in a reader's mind which are never fulfilled. But the fact is that the proem, the prologue, and the study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate all hang so badly together that it is perhaps absurd to apply any critical standard to their relations with each other. One's natural impression—which may of course be quite mistaken—from comparing the proem and the book is that the book was an afterthought owing its existence to the proem, and that the author's love of his own work in the proem led him to stick it in front of the book without any regard to consistency. In the same way the prologue may or may not be the relic of a scheme which was never fully carried out, but of which the writer chose to retain the beginning merely because he had written it. If these things are not so, and if the entire book was and is intended for a harmonious whole, Mr. Buchanan has proved himself to be curiously ignorant of some of the elementary things with which a novel-writer who talks with such glib assurance of his own work ought to be acquainted. In connexion with the proem, before we return to the study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate, it may be noted that Mr. Barnard—whose work we have often had occasion to praise, and who has done some good drawings for other parts of the book—has illustrated this with an unhappy caricature of a well-known living actor. Probably the likeness is unintentional, and possibly Mr. Barnard's artistic taste made it impossible for him to put forth his best work on such a subject as he had to deal with.

But to come back to Christian Christianson, the old man with the relations who, so to speak, flash in the pan in the prologue. When he was a youth there was, and had been from time immemorial, a kind of Corsican feud between the Christiansons and the Orchardsons. The Orchardsons were at this time in a better position than the Christiansons, and, as far as the family feud went, matters were not mended by Christian's father dying in debt to Squire Orchardson. Before this occurred, to quote some of the author's fine writing, "the Orchardsons were more than shadows on the lives of the Christiansons; the very thought of them lay like lead upon the breast, choking the wholesome breath." If the very thought of them lay like lead, they themselves must certainly have been more than shadows, and, indeed, they proved to be tolerably substantial enemies. What happened was this: Christian was brought up by his brother to cherish the traditional hatred of the Orchardsons. Richard Orchardson, while they were lads, poisoned a dog of Christian's, and Christian, beside himself with rage, "swung the boy," who was a cripple, "round and flung him from him with one wild push and blow." Later in life Richard seduced and abandoned Christian's sister, and at the same time made love to Priscilla Sefton, daughter of a disciple of Wesley, with whom Christian had fallen in love. The drawing of Priscilla's character is in its essence decidedly creditable to the author, but it is spoilt, as is much else in the book, by the unequal and unsuccessful attempt to reproduce the speech and manners of a past time. But it is only fair to the author to say that in the case of Priscilla it is certainly less obvious than it is in other cases that, whoever is supposed to be speaking, and in whatever mood, the voice is the voice of Mr. Buchanan. The author's unlucky desire to impress us with a sense of a past time is the more unfortunate, since it comes upon us not long after the one really satisfactory attempt of the kind which has been made since the days of *Emmond*. To return, however, to the story of Christian and Richard. Kate Christianson, having in vain entreated Richard Orchardson to do her right, starts on a solitary journey. Here, again, Mr. Buchanan puts himself in the unhappy position of challenging comparison with other writers. He tells us the story of Kate Christianson's journey on foot in her sorrow, and with her impending trouble. Such a story was told in *Adam Bede*, and has since been told by Mr. Hardy in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Mr. Buchanan was ill advised in trying to tell it again. He has a fine flow of big words, and a nice derangement of epitaphs at his command, but he is lamentably unequal to dealing adequately with such a theme as this. So, again, his treatment of the subsequent discovery of Kate's shame by her mother and brother is a crude and clumsy piece of work. It is even more impossible to believe in the brutality of Mrs. Christianson than in that of her son, and the result of the author's deplorable attempt to deal with a tragic situation is both repulsive and feeble. Nor can we give any praise to the melodramatic scene between Christian and Squire Orchardson in the death-chamber of Christian's mother. This is by no means an unfair example of the general style of the book, and we may lay a part of it before our readers. Christian has brought the old Squire into the room by means of a lying tale, and the Squire, having taken in the situation with considerable presence of mind, says what more Christian wants.

"Only this," answered Christian: "If you were not an old man, you

\* *God and the Man*. A Romance. By Robert Buchanan, Author of "A Child of Nature," "The Shadow of the Sword." 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

should not leave this house to-night alive. But you may go. My reckoning shall be with your son."

Mr. Orchardson walked towards the door; then, as if impelled by a sudden thought, he turned quickly, and fixed his keen eyes on Christian's face.

"My son hath no reason to love you," he said, quietly; "but what evil hath he done you, that you should hate him so?"

Christian did not reply, but met the old man's eye with a look of terrible meaning.

"My son is a gentleman," continued Mr. Orchardson. "If you are thinking of the lying tales concerning him and your unhappy sister, let me tell you that he is innocent in that matter; nay, I have it from his own lips that he is innocent. And even were he guilty as you believe, 'tis but a boy's folly, and he would make amends."

With the swiftness and ferocity of a wild animal, Christian crossed the room towards Mr. Orchardson, who shrank back as if apprehending personal violence. But though his clenched hands were raised trembling in the air, he struck no blow.

"Your son hath betrayed my sister, and killed my mother, who lieth yonder. No matter where he is hiding, I shall find him. No matter how long I may have to wait, I shall kill him; and I should kill you this night, for the wrong you did my father, if I did not wish you to live to see my vengeance on your son—to see him lying dead before you—killed by my hand."

The old man shrank back in horror, less at the words than at the expression on the speaker's face.

"Wretch!" he gasped, "I will swear the peace against you. The law—"

"No law will save your son from me. It will be life for life, and may God's curse blind me if I do not as I have sworn! Now begone!"

Christian pointed to the door. With an exclamation, half-angry, half-fearful, Mr. Orchardson shrank away before the outstretched hand, and tottered out into the night, closing the hall door with a crash behind him.

After these events, Priscilla and her father start for America in the ship *Miles Standish*. Richard Orchardson goes with them as a passenger; Christian, under an assumed name, as a deck hand. Christian is very justly put in irons for a murderous attack on Orchardson, Priscilla intercedes for him with the kind-hearted captain (whose American talk says little for Mr. Buchanan's power of observation or research), and while Christian is still in irons Orchardson fires the ship. The boats are got out, and their occupants are picked up by a ship commanded by a Dutch skipper, who is about as Dutch as the other skipper is American; they get astray into the regions of ice, and are beset by flocks; and finally Christian and his enemy are left alone together on a desert shore. What happens then it would be hardly fair to the author to tell. His description of it seems to be meant for the capital part of the book, and is, it seems to us, more high-flown and less successful than what has gone before. It is here, too, apparently that "the heresy of instruction" is intended to have a special force, which to some readers it may or may not seem to have. To our thinking, this part of the work is even more frothy, more pretentious, and more unpleasant than the rest.

#### HINDU SOCIETY.\*

THE writer of this work would doubtless, if he had been born and lived in England, be termed by friends and foes an advanced Liberal. He is a Hindu gentleman, a native of Lower Bengal, and a member of one of the three great houses or clans which, by popular consent and unimpeachable tradition, are known as the Kulin Kayasts of Bengal. They are called Bose, Ghose, and Mitra. There is a story that when, some eight hundred or a thousand years ago, a monarch of Upper India sent down to Bengal five virtuous and learned Brahmins to revive the dying fires of a decaying Hindu faith, these reformers were accompanied by five excellent servants, who in their turn became the heads of the Kayast or writer caste. Inevitably, however, this caste split up into further ramifications, and the descendants of those ancient missionaries—for such in one sense they were—are now divided into three large groups, of which the first comprises three, the second eight, and the last seventy-two houses. Members of this caste, especially those of the first two divisions, are amongst the most useful and efficient of our public servants in India. They are to be found, ambitious and hardworking, in every department of civil life, as Inspectors of Police, as Assistant Surgeons, as clerks in the Secretariat, as accountants in the Treasury, and they are highly valued in mercantile establishments by reason of their neat penmanship, good habits of business, and knowledge of arithmetic. One of the most practical chemists of his generation is a Doh, one of the eight houses of the second group. Two native judges of the High Court at Calcutta have been selected from the *ghos* Mitra. Brahmins may easily surpass the Kayasts in erudition, and the former class has produced Oriental statesmen who for acuteness, tact, versatility, high breeding, and ability to discuss political problems with Englishmen on something like a footing of equality, may be termed the ablest of our Aryan kinsmen. But for readiness to adapt themselves to every phase of officialdom and general usefulness, we doubt much if any body of men can excel the Kayasts of Bengal.

We are not certain whether the writer of this volume has ever held any important public office; but it is clear that he has so mastered English thought and literature that he may fairly be termed, in the words of Dean Stanley in his *Jewish Church*, a link

between "the immovable repose of the Oriental and the endless activity and freedom of the Occidental World." He was brought up originally in the Institution of the General Assembly at Calcutta, when, before the secession of the Free Kirk in 1843, it was under the management of the first missionary of his age, the late Alexander Duff. He is old enough to have witnessed a Suttie in the person of his own aunt, and this fact alone must take him back to a period antecedent to 1829. As a witness to native customs and peculiarities his testimony is unimpeachable; and one valuable characteristic of his work is that he prefers to lecture his own countrymen on their shortcomings rather than to patronize condescendingly the Anglo-Indian administration to which he and many more owe everything that makes their life worth living. No one objects to know what Hindus and Mohammedans really think of a foreign rule. There is not an able statesman or administrator, from Chittagong to the Derajat, who would not be glad to know where exactly the Anglo-Indian shoe pinches the Oriental foot; what forms of taxation are most tolerable to the community; what evils may be best left to time and education, and what imperatively demand the interference of law. But very little is to be got at in this direction from the pert addresses of "Young Bengal," who, whether in the Town Hall at Calcutta or from a lofty platform in the Strand, condescends to criticize the inferior civilization of England and to inform his benighted rulers how much they have yet to learn. From this priggishness, fostered unhappily by English gentlemen and ladies, Shib Chunder Bose is happily free. Another gratifying feature of the work is a commendatory preface from the Scotch divine who is now at the head of the General Assembly's Institution. We do not apprehend that there is any chance of the author's conversion to Christianity, but the kindly feeling existing between him and a gentleman whose avowed object is the dethronement of Hindu superstition is noteworthy; and it is quite certain that the purpose of the writer is fearlessly to expose domestic immorality, ruthlessly to sweep away childish, antiquated, and degrading superstitions, and conclusively to show that the result of a sound English education ought really to be something beyond vague manifestoes about improvement and pompous talk of reform. On the other hand, no one must take up the book under the impression that he will thereby be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, and we have been amused by a criticism in the columns of a weekly contemporary, who complains that a perusal of this work yielded him nothing but disappointment. We must take these disclosures exactly as they are intended. Here is no material for any Oriental novel; nor must we expect luminous disquisitions on the "points of contact" between the East and the West. But, without ministering to pruriency or making shocking disclosures which a naughty society would rush to read, the veil is removed from the *Zenana*, and we have an enumeration of the ceremonies practised at the birth of a Hindu, at his assumption, if a Brahman, of the sacred thread, at his marriage, at his death, and at the *Shraddha*, or sacrificial supper to deceased relations. The details of each of these events, as well as the ceremonies of cherished national festivals, such as the Durga and the Kali Puja, are given with a fulness and a minuteness to which no Englishman can pretend. The female side of a respectable native house is, we need hardly say, sealed against all Englishmen. The writer of this review, like others of his countrymen on rare occasions where the law is invoked, has been admitted in the presence of the father and a family priest, to speak with a Bengali lady of the highest caste, through the intervention of a thin curtain, and has been allowed to satisfy himself that she was not, as alleged, under any sort of illegal restraint or compulsion. But to enter the precincts of the *Andar Muhāl* or *Zenana* is reserved for English ladies only, and such have been witnesses of the staid demeanour of the *Mu Thakoorani* or old lady at the head of the household, and the bright eyes and intelligent looks of the younger members. On such occasions Soudamani or Braja Sundari have been known to scream with delight when the wife of the Judge or Commissioner has taken off her dark-coloured glove, and have pestered her with questions about the exact value of her ornaments and the affection of her husband.

It would be almost presumptuous in any Englishman, whatever may have been his facilities for mixing with natives, to criticize the native phrases and expressions with which this volume overflows, or to pretend to set the author right where he says when sweetmeats are to be brought round, when betel must be chewed, or what part of the person is to be smeared with turmeric. No doubt the descriptions of public and private ceremonies have, as we are informed in the preface, been vouched for by natives of a younger and no less highly educated generation. The author's name and position, we are confident, are guarantees for the accuracy of every formula; and he could, if required, explain critically and grammatically the meaning of every Sanskrit phrase. But we are bound to say that some of his renderings in English are loose, vague, and inaccurate, and that it would be extremely risky for any person unacquainted with Sanskrit and its derivatives to take some of the expressions away from the context and employ them confidently elsewhere. For instance, we are told that "in the villages *Chanaka Sloka*, or elementary exercises, are still given as a sort of moral exercise." A *Chanakya Sloka* is really a couplet in pure Sanskrit, taught by the village dominie to little boys by word of mouth. Some of these couplets may be found in *Mann* or in the *Mahabharata*. The majority were never committed to writing at all, but have been handed down from father to son, and are repeated by ordinary natives ignorant

\* *The Hindoos as They Are: a Description of the Manners, Customs, and Inner Life of Hindu Society in Bengal.* By Shib Chunder Bose. With a Prefatory Note by the Rev. W. Hastie, B.D., Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta. London: Edward Stanford. Calcutta: Newman & Co. 1881.

of the very rudiments of Sanskrit grammar, and only just able to write a decent Bengali petition or letter. Some years ago the late Dr. Haeserlin, an erudite German long resident in Bengal, printed a collection of these Chanakya couplets. Several were very pretty; some were original and quaint; and a few were positively indecent. *Debattar* land is by no means "inalienable" property. Originally it meant land dedicated to the service of a god or a temple, just as *Brahmattur* means a piece set apart for the livelihood of Brahmans. But hundreds of both kinds of these tenures pass from the holiest and highest castes and purposes to the lowest ranks and objects, and are enjoyed without any religious service and by all classes of Sudras. *Lajar bustur* is not exactly a silk cloth put over the heads of a betrothed couple. It means "a garment of modesty," and should be written *Lajjar batra*. *Kali maikay jay* should be *Kali ma ki jay*, "Victory to Mother Kali." It is the psalm of a regiment of Sepoys. *Britha*, applied to the flesh of a goat or sheep, means, no doubt, that it has not been properly "sanctified" by an oblation. But the correct signification is "idle" or "vain." Kishnagar, once the favourite retreat of Sir William Jones, is not a hundred miles from Calcutta, but sixty. Neither is Tribeni in the district of Hooghly, east of the metropolis, but west or north-west. *Nay bidhi*, or an offering made to an idol and then distributed to Brahmans, ought to be *Naivedyo*. Simla, a suburb of Calcutta, should be written *Simla*, to distinguish it from the well-known sanatorium, or Capua as some editors term it, in the Hills. *Bidhay* is not exactly "a gift," but the signal for taking leave, often, it is true, accompanied by a gift. Bridegroom and bride should be *Bar Kanya*, and not *Konay*. A yellow garment is worn at the Saraswati Puja; not *basanti*, the original adjective, means "of the spring," and not "yellow." Finally, while we note that the author correctly revives an epithet which was applied in India to the late Mr. George Thompson, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, who was almost the first senator who went to India on the "stump" and in search of a "grievance," we are happy to inform him that the epithet "late," as applied to Dr. Jackson, is premature. That well-known Calcutta physician is still, he will be glad to learn, alive and well in England.

We must refer readers anxious for minute information about the Hindu ceremonials which are performed by man and wife—*inter utramque faciem*—to the book itself. It is impossible to give more than an idea of their contents. Very likely relatives permit themselves the use of expressions at the marriage rite which would better become the mouth of Squire Western at the nuptials of Sophia, or of His Majesty James I., as Scott tells us, at the union of Richie Monipplies with the usurer's daughter, Martha Trapbois. But a word or two on some of the festivals may not be out of place. The investiture of a young Brahman with the *poita*, or *janowr* (a contraction of the Sanskrit *yagnopavit*)—i.e. the sacrificial thread—is analogous to the assumption of the *toga virilis* of a Roman patrician. The almanac is consulted for an auspicious day. The lad is shaved, washed, and clothed in red. The staff of mendicancy is placed in his hand, and he assumes for a moment the dress and character of a *Brahmachari*, or religious student, at the service of a spiritual guide, as prescribed by Manu. He repeats a sacred text, goes through the form of alms-begging and pretending to renounce the world, and then, at the earnest request of his family, returns to his scholastic or secular pursuits. In this and all other ceremonies an enormous amount of sweetmeats is consumed. Nothing, in fact, is ever done without the addition of these delicacies, and some of them, it must be admitted, though cloying to the taste, are far superior in quality to the pink and white abominations sold by our own petty grocers. The festivals termed those of the "brother" and "the son-in-law" are described in short but pleasing terms, and it is surprising but satisfactory to learn that "the mother-in-law," so far from being looked on as a natural enemy, is an object of reverence and honour to the youth who has married into the family. A very large space is devoted to the festival of the goddess Durga, established in commemoration of the aid which she is said to have given to the hero Rama in his fight with Ravana. But this festival, though marked by prayers, offerings, much firing of guns, lavish sacrifices of goats, sheep, and buffaloes, and vast consumption of milk, curds, and the inevitable sweetmeats, is as much a time of social relaxation and enjoyment as of formal religious worship. The civil courts are shut for six or eight weeks. The Treasuries, criminal courts, and public offices are closed for eleven days. Every Hindu employed in a Government or mercantile office, from the judge of the Small Cause Court to the copyist earning a few rupees a month, has leave to go to his home. The Anglo-Indian community in the plains avails itself of this vacation to rush impetuously to the Hills, or to visit the Andamans, Rangoon, Ceylon, or the Straits Settlements. Occasionally it has been asked why this vacation could not be deferred to the cold season, coincident with Christmas and the New Year. The answer is simple and conclusive apart from any religious question. Everything in the cold season is in full swing; work, amusements, the enterprises of the commercial community, the tours of the official under canvas through the district or the division. Life is too full to admit then of long holidays or closing of the courts. The *Durga*, taking place in September or October, comes at the very best time to afford rest and relief to a hard-worked community. It enables thousands of persons—white, black, and parti-coloured—to have a complete change of scene at the most unobtainable part of the year. They can go away from banks, counting-houses, and offices, for a month or so during the stifling heats of autumn, returning refreshed for the first

whiff of a cooler breeze sent direct to the plains, through an unclouded atmosphere, from the summits of those hills on which Mr. Whymper is popularly believed to be meditating an attack.

This volume comes to us with a deeper signification than appears on the surface. The distance which separates the grey-haired reformer of 1881 from the lad who, half in curiosity and half in terror, accompanied a savage mob to see his relative burn on her husband's funeral pile, is not to be measured by a mere half-century. Bentinck would have been glad to recognize in this Bengali gentleman a native who justified his beneficent reforms; and Englishmen who remember the obstacles encountered forty-five years ago by Macaulay, Duff, and Trevelyan will admit that there is some hope for the Hindus of Bengal when their follies and extravagances are frankly and fairly criticized and held up to reprobation by one of themselves.

#### KOUMISS.\*

IT is said that if a calf, starting from the Great Wall of China, travels steadily westwards, feeding as it goes on the grass of the steppes, it will eventually arrive in Russia thriving, but no longer a calf—it will be a cow. The same journey might be reversed. The calf might go eastwards from the Volga, and find itself a cow in China. Over the immense space of ground which that Mongolian it would cross, there blow in summer the most exhilarating of breezes. There also grows profusely one of the most interesting of grasses, the covil grass, or *penna stipata*. During the month of June, the covil grass is in flower, and the whole immense plain is often a sheet of flower-bearing herbs, impregnating the atmosphere with an aromatic perfume. On this grass feed innumerable flocks of horses and mares, and its flower communicates to the milk of the mares a certain aromatic quality. Out of the milk is made what the wandering tribes of Tartars consider as their nectar or ambrosia, or *soma*. This Tartar nectar is known by the name of koumiss, and the koumiss which is drunk at this time of the year has, it seems, a peculiar virtue of which even koumiss at other times cannot boast; moreover, the drinkers of koumiss at this time of the year draw from their potations a power which, it is said, enables them to set at defiance—apparently, at least—most of the woes that distress mankind, whether mentally or physically. Up to the present time little has been known in the West of Europe of this Tartar ambrosia; but no one in England need now be ignorant of it, since it has been brought prominently before our notice by Dr. Carrick in his work recently published on the subject.

There are few more popular themes in folklore tales than the resuscitation of dead heroes, or at least the curing of apparently fatal wounds. Such cures as are mentioned in popular stories are stated by Dr. Carrick to have been worked in the circle of his own acquaintance. Persons whose lives were apparently threatened with immediate extinction, men whose constitutions had given way under hardship or distress, women whose frames appeared to be utterly shattered, have left St. Petersburg, or whatever other Russian city they might happen to inhabit, apparently doomed to die in the distant province to which they were sent. A few months later they have returned home sound, healthy, even robust. The cure has been worked by the koumiss in its native land at its fitting time. The Tartar drink has proved for these persons, who were apparently destined to death, a true water of life. Not very long has its extraordinary power been known, but gradually of late years its fame has been extending. In future it seems likely to play a more prominent part in therapeutics; and it may be that the time will come when excursion trains will run (with compartments reserved for consumption) to the steppes of Samara, bearing pale gaunt forms, which will return in the autumn rendered by robustness unrecognizable to their dearest friends. It may be well, therefore, to give English readers some idea of where they will have to go, how they will have to live, and in what manner they will spend their time while they are being cured.

To begin with the route. Every one knows how to go to St. Petersburg; it will be enough to say a word in favour of the journey through Sweden. From St. Petersburg to Moscow is very easy travelling; but the koumiss-bound traveller will stop half-way at a station where he will have to wait several hours in the middle of the night. Thence he will be conveyed comfortably to Rybinsk. From that town he will float tranquilly down the Volga without let or hindrance, until he reaches, after a considerable time, the neighbourhood of the spot in which his cure is to be effected. Not far from the town of Samara, on the edge of the wide-stretching steppe, where the wind blows fresh from its limitless journey, where the covil grass blossoms in June, several establishments have been founded for the treatment of patients by koumiss. A writer in the *Novos Premys*, who visited these establishments last year, gave an interesting account of what he saw, and had only a few faults to find with the management of the koumiss establishments. The rooms might be more comfortable, it seems; the beds might be softer, and sometimes cleaner. The food might decidedly be better; but this does not matter much, for the koumiss-drinker is endowed with a wonderful appetite. Comfort is a word which does not

\* *Koumiss*, or, *Fermented Mare's Milk, and its Use in the Treatment and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption and other Wasting Diseases*. By George L. Carrick, M.D., &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons, 1881.



come home to a Russian as it does to an English ear, and comfort at present can scarcely be looked for. But there are other attractions. All day long, what the Russians call "the dear red sun" blazes steadily in the heavens; all night long the wind of the steppes blows fresh and cool and somniferous. The views, if mountainless, are still grand from their extent, and soothing from their flatness. At night the stars shine as they shine only out of England. But the great charm of the spot is the beverage which the visitor to it consumes. There is koumiss everywhere. It is drunk all day long. It renders days happy and tranquil, producing a sense in the drinker's mind of its always being afternoon. At night the koumiss-drinkers sleep the sleep of the demi-semi-inebriated. Every morning when they rise they feel themselves better and fatter than they were yesterday. Every day their long-famished forms are gradually assuming the proportions of rude health. The establishments are at present filled almost exclusively with Russians. As yet but few foreigners have made their way to this enchanted land. One English traveller has, however, made his impressions public. The reader may be referred to the book on the Volga by Mr. Butler Johnstone, formerly member for Canterbury. Russians, it has often been remarked, have a good deal of the childish element in them, and when a hundred Russians are brought together to spend the day in drinking koumiss, they exhibit the best qualities of children. They are gregarious, lively, amusing, and always ready to talk and tell stories. The visitor who is acquainted with the Russian tongue will find ample opportunities for exercising his somewhat rare accomplishment. There is plenty to do, but the great thing to be done is to drink koumiss. When "koumissniks" meet after the day's work is done, the conversation (says Dr. Carrick) "almost always turns upon the quality of the fermented milk of that day, and the quantity each person has been able to consume." Their capacity for drinking varies with the temperature; but, on an average, each invalid consumes five bottles a day—"vigorous drinkers reach as high a figure as eighteen." The cost is about sixpence a bottle at Samara. When transported to St. Petersburg the price is trebled, and transported koumiss often disappoints the expectations which have been formed by persons who have performed a similar operation to quaffing "the pendent vintage where it grows."

As regards the effects of koumiss on its drinkers, Dr. Carrick's cases are numerous. We select one at random. "A young lady of 19, who had lost a brother and a sister of galloping consumption, became herself so ill that by the spring of 1874 she was unable to leave her bed, and at a consultation where several physicians were present it was decided, and quite rightly, too, that it would be better to pass the few remaining days of her life in the midst of her family." She insisted upon being conveyed to the steppes, "contrary to the advice of parents, friends, and the majority of her medical advisers." For the medical details of her cure the reader may be referred to page 258 of Dr. Carrick's book. Suffice it to say that he tells how, in the month of July 1875—i.e., after she had been fourteen months under treatment with koumiss milk—he "danced a quadrille, a waltz, and a polka with her during a single evening." It is true that she died in July 1876; but her life had been wonderfully prolonged by a treatment which, if taken earlier, might probably have saved it. Here is another case. A patient was so ill that the coachman who conveyed him to his destination breathed a sigh of relief at the end of the journey, and, piously crossing himself, observed, "Well, sir, I never thought I would get you this length alive." Dr. Carrick made this gentleman's acquaintance a year afterwards, "when he was energetically leading a country dance." He visited the steppes five summers in succession, and made a complete recovery. "He was never troubled with hæmoptysis after he commenced the koumiss cure." But we will give no more cases. Let every one who is interested in a consumptive patient read the book and judge for himself.

Instead of entering further into the medical details given by Dr. Carrick, we will now say a few words about koumiss itself. Koumiss has been prepared and employed by Central Asiatic nomads for very many centuries. But we will not be archaeological; we need only say that the early employers of koumiss made it in a vessel formed of smoked horse-hide, with the hair turned outward. Of late years wooden tubs have been substituted for the skin bags, and Dr. Carrick thinks that the koumiss churns of the future will be of glass. After the mares have been milked, their milk is whipped, and some fermenting substance is mixed with it. After a time the whole fluid begins to ferment, and in twelve hours "a not unpleasant koumiss is ready." When bottled, koumiss becomes effervescing to a very high degree; in fact, a bottle of koumiss, if uncorked, painfully reminds an inexperienced spectator of a mad animal foaming wildly at the mouth.

Dr. Carrick's book gives a full account both of the various methods of preparing koumiss and of the best means of preserving and employing it. We will therefore pass on to a consideration of its effects on the mind. We have already mentioned those which it produces on the body. As a general feeling of "coziness" affects the body, an analogous feeling pervades the mind. The "koumissniks" lie reclined upon the plains, regardless of mankind. No cares trouble them; at least so say the votaries of koumiss. Little do they reck of the tension of the Russian political atmosphere or the poverty of the present Russian poetical literature. Their condition is, in fact, very much the same as that of those lotus-eaters with whom we are so familiar. Far

away may be their former homes, a thousand leagues may separate them from all which used to be most dear to them; but they are in the flowery steppe, and all around them are hands ready to supply them with early koumiss. In peace and content their summer life passes tranquilly away. All that has been imagined of the happiness of consumers of opium, or bang, or hashish, or even gin, may, we are assured, be realized on the steppes of Samara by those adventurers who will go there in the summer and drink koumiss.

There is one point on which we would venture to differ from Dr. Carrick. We are inclined to think that he has been led into making an unnecessary attack upon one of the English substitutes for Russian koumiss. English koumiss, made from the milk of the cow and not of the mare, and therefore not possessing all the constituents which the Russian koumiss offers, can be procured at several places in London. We will not enter into a comparison between competing dairies. Dr. Carrick distinctly says that English koumiss made from the milk of the cow must not be compared for a moment with the Russian koumiss made from the milk of the mare; but he is of opinion that English koumiss is extremely valuable. He quarrels with the name koumiss, but it may surely pass muster. One of the Dairy Companies has rendered the name of koumiss familiar to many eyes by its perambulating carts, and it can be obtained from at least two other establishments. It is with Dr. Carrick's depreciatory remarks about the koumiss supplied by one of these establishments that we are inclined to disagree. So far as we are capable of judging, he seems to have found what we may perhaps be allowed to designate "a mares'-milk nest." But in every other respect we may cordially praise his book, which will perhaps in many cases prove as useful as it is certainly interesting.

#### THE TURN OF THE TIDE.\*

LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, like Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose *A Will and a Way* we lately noticed, goes to the first French Revolution for the scene of her story. In both tales the hero and the heroine belong to the class of nobles; but Lady Margaret Majendie is far more alive than her sister-novelist to the grievous wrongs under which the peasantry had so long suffered. Her sympathies are fairly distributed, and her wish clearly is to do justice to both parties. If she paints in strong colours the violence of the mob, no less does she set before her readers the insolence of the nobles, and the acts of oppression of men of the moneyed class. It is to be regretted that she, too, though not nearly so often as Lady Georgiana Fullerton, has fallen into errors which cannot readily be excused in the writer of an historical novel. Novelists are no more bound than the tellers of fairy-stories to confine themselves to any exact period. The old-fashioned and convenient beginning of "Once upon a time" is equally open to them. If, however, they venture on describing one of the most striking events in the world's history, it is not too much to ask that they shall first make a careful study of the times of which they treat, and next, shall spare no pains to keep clear of blunders. They must have their authorities at their elbow as they write, and must be willing to undertake a long search rather than let even a trifling mistake find its way into their narrative. It is often, indeed, some error in a matter of no very great importance in itself—a mere slip, as some would call it—that in a moment reveals an author's want of familiarity with the days which he describes with as much confidence as if he had himself lived in them. We are the more struck by the mistake, the more ambitious that the attempt has been to make the characters all in keeping with their age.

Thus Lady Margaret Majendie wishes to make her peasants speak like Breton peasants of the last century. She gets on pretty well for a time, but how great is the ignorance she displays when she makes a sailor in the year 1788 say that a fish "is at least three *kilos*," and a peasant-woman declare that it was worth "five francs fifty." Let her look to her books, and learn when it was that the new system of weights and money was introduced. The error into which she has fallen was one that could scarcely have been made by any one who had been in the habit of reading the literature of the eighteenth century. We can more easily forgive her when she makes the Assembly sentence the King to death, though to confuse that body with the Convention is a somewhat serious mistake. In a passage in the first volume where she describes the Constitution of Brittany, she is just a year out in her date, and writes 1789 for 1788. By Archbishop Loménie she means of course Archbishop Loménie de Brienne. The great storm that swept over so large a part of France in the summer of 1788 she places on June 13, instead of on July 13. To add to her blunder, she had made "the glorious harvest moon rise solemnly" a few days earlier. Our novelists are daring enough in their dealings with nature, but not many would venture, we believe, to place the harvest-moon early in June, even at a time of such general confusion as the French Revolution. A few days earlier, by the way, a fire of huge logs had been blazing in the open fireplace of a Breton farmer. We find in one passage an old woman crying out "For nights and days the cry, Bread! bread! rings in my ears. I have lived to see Fouquier die and Berthier." Has not our author here made a mistake and written Fouquier instead of Foulon? Foulon

\* *The Turn of the Tide*. A Novel. By Lady Margaret Majendie, Author of "Giannetto," "Fascination," &c. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

was Berthier's father-in-law, the man who said that the people might eat grass; while the only Fouquier whose name we call to mind was Fouquier-Tinville.

Many a novel, however, has made its way in spite of far more serious errors in history than any that we have mentioned. There are unfortunately errors in style in *The Turn of the Tide* which we should have thought would have almost overwhelmed it, did we not remember how little nice is the popular taste in such matters. The author has fallen into a mistake that is far too common in writers. She thinks that, because she lays the scene of her story in France, she must drag in scraps of bad French and bad English. She has no washerwomen in her narrative, but *laveuses*. The body of a woman who was drowned is "laid in the cimetière." A girl "arranges a large jardinière" (the error in the accent is scarce worthy of notice) "full of flowers." Some soldiers "charged the crowd with fixed baïonnettes." These French terms are in some parts very thickly strewn. Thus we read, "As they say that Mademoiselle Blanche is *vouée au blanc*, there will be much to do. The *buanderie* at Mont Marin is not so bad, but the *repasserie* is perfect." Six pages further on we come to such an absurd mixture of languages as the following:—"The hour was *passagère* to him, to Angèle it was supreme." That our author's study of French has not as yet carried her far into the niceties of grammar is shown by such phrases as "ma chéri," "eau sucré," "potage au choux," "aucunes lois contraire," "*vive* the States-General." To our taste, even these smatterings of bad French are not so offensive as the passages—far too frequent—in which she writes what no doubt she would look upon as a literal rendering of French idioms. Whatever merits the Hamiltonian system may have, for Heaven's sake let it be kept out of our stories! It is as far removed from light reading as a team of dray-horses is from light cavalry. On one page we come on such an odious piece of mongrel writing as "It goes without saying that we exact all our dues." Some rioters are spoken of as "these insolents"; while later on we read, "Would you believe it, Marquis, she has the pretension to rejoice in the approaching States-General, and to see in it the salvation of France?" We will do the author the justice to admit that she is, on the whole, fairly successful, when she deliberately sets herself to write English, in keeping clear of the extravagances of language which are at present the fashion. Nevertheless she has her fine passages. The following lines show what she can do when she tries. At the same time, as such descriptions do not abound in her story, they may also be taken as a proof of her self-restraint:—

The sky grew deep orange-yellow, over which lay long crimson clouds in straight level lines. Then anon it seemed as if a great body of clouds, black as night, rushed forward and ranged themselves round, forming what seemed a cave of liquid fire, overhung with black jagged edges, and from it a quivering river of gold poured over the restless sea.

Boom, boom fell the huge waves, making a fit rhythmic music to the grand scene that was being enacted before them.

The scene is soon brought to a close, for on the very next page "the fierce cavern of light" passes away, and "the dying sky-monarch" sets. If her language struts a little too much when she has to describe the clouds, she can paint the beauties of very humble objects indeed. She is writing of a night when a little garden was flooded with moonlight. "Every cabbage and onion," she says, "rejoiced in sparkling drops of dew." We greatly doubt whether cabbages have ever before found their way into the moonlight nights of poetical writers; but we feel sure that onions, at all events, are here for the first time thus honoured.

In spite, however, of the blemishes which we have pointed out, and of others which we pass over, the story, as a whole, is interesting. The plot is fairly well contrived, and some of the characters are well drawn. It is the earlier stage of the Revolution that is chiefly described, so that the horrors of the Reign of Terror happily fill but a very small space in the narrative. The hero and heroine go through a great many trials; but, so far as they are concerned, the conclusion is as happy as the times would allow. There is, to be sure, a second heroine, a girl of the peasant class, who makes but a sad end. But as she had taken, without any apparent cause, to have "strange unaccountable shivers," the reader is well prepared for her death. No less well prepared ought her relatives to have been, for they shivered also, and more than once, and not from cold. In fact, at the last but one of the shivers the old mother solemnly said "that moment a human soul left earth for Paradise." At the very time she said this her daughter was drowned. It is strange how our female novelists cling to all kinds of absurd superstitions. Let Lady Margaret Majendie study the bills of mortality, and see what a deal of shivering ought to go on in London alone for the human souls that every hour leave that one town. Man's life should be one unbroken ague-fit from the cradle to the grave. However, the story is kept pretty well clear of presentiments; and, as these chilly signs are not given till we are just upon the close, we have again reason to congratulate our author on her moderation. We shall hope to meet her again in a novel in which we shall find much more to praise than to blame. Her faults are, for the most part, such as can be easily avoided, and her merits, greatly as they are obscured in the volumes before us, are not inconsiderable. Let her not meddle with history, keep clear of superstition, avoid mongrel English, and not lard her sentences with French, whether good or bad, and she may give us a story that will win not only our attention, but our entire approbation.

#### GASCOIGNE'S LIBER VERITATUM.\*

THE reign of Henry VI. was until lately one of the darkest in the English annals. It lay between mediæval and modern history like the belt of forest that divided the townships of our earliest fathers—an impenetrable obscurity, accessible from neither side and only useful for the feeding of pigs. It was regarded, in fact, as a sty populous with the last ill-grown products of the middle ages, the social incurables who had lived beyond their time; and people were not eager to explore a territory at first view so uninviting. The student of the middle ages was unwilling to linger over their ignoble decay; and the student of the Renaissance did not care to look back into a time that seemed to give so little promise of the brilliant beginnings of modern history. Besides, the direct authorities for the study were few and meagre. It was not until means were discovered of supplementing these authorities—in other words, until it was seen that society was entering upon a stage in which the indirect evidence of contemporaries, such as that presented in their letters and journals, was to balance or even to outweigh the formal judgment of professed chroniclers—that attention was at length given to the period. The correspondence of the Paston family, edited long ago by Sir John Feun, served as an index to the scholars of the present generation, whose work, whether put forth magnificently "under the authority of the Master of the Rolls," or among the more convenient and not less scholarly productions of the Camden Society, or (let us add) by the private energy of Professor Arber, has thrown light in a peculiar degree on the age, which now takes its just prominence as immediately preceding and foreshadowing that which gave its mould to modern society. It is well to remember the extent and completeness of this laborious series of contributions to our historical knowledge of the period in question, in order to emphasize the distance at which it stands from the indolent performance now offered to us by Professor Thorold Rogers in the shape of a collection of all that is not directly theological in the *Liber Veritatum*, or Theological Dictionary, of Thomas Gascoigne. The custom has been for editors of such books to aim at combining the virtues of the textual critic with those of the historian. Mr. Rogers's ambition has been different; but it is to be regretted that the example of unscholarly editing should bear the sanction of the authorized press of the University of Oxford. It does not appear to whom we are indebted for the transcript of the book itself, but Mr. Rogers claims to "have regularly and carefully compared the copy with the original manuscript." He cannot therefore shift the responsibility of having produced one of the most ignorant editions of a mediæval work with which we have the misfortune to be acquainted. It is not merely careless (a word, for instance, is omitted in the very passage which he has given us as a means of correcting in the photographic facsimile prefixed to the book); it abounds in blunders of the most glaring kind, from which a rudimentary apprenticeship in reading manuscripts would have saved him. To those who are not skilled in this branch of palæography, or who have not an intuitive faculty of critical emendation, the book will present pitfalls and stumblingblocks at every step.

This is only part of our complaint against Mr. Rogers. If he has misconceived the duties of a textual editor, he has still more gravely mistaken the purpose of an introduction. In a lengthy essay of seventy-four pages he deludes the reader into imagining that every phase of English life, every side of English politics, will find some illustration in the book of Gascoigne:—

The reader [he says, p. lxxxix.] will find much more than I have commented on in these extracts. My object in writing this long introduction has been to give some account of the political and social condition of England in the first half of the fifteenth century, and particularly during the period which followed after the loss of the English possessions in France to the time of Gascoigne's death. The greater part of these notes were made, I believe, in the last eight years of Gascoigne's life. He lamented over the evils which had already come upon England, and he foresaw that greater evils were in store for her. To the modern student not the least of these was the wreck, for nearly two centuries, of public liberty in parliamentary institutions.

Such language comes very excellently from the mouth of the Liberal member for Southwark; but those who read his forty pages of strictly political, and in particular financial, history may lawfully expect to find something corresponding in the book itself. We have, however, only been able to discover four places which Gascoigne can by any possibility bring to justify Mr. Rogers's portentous display of economical knowledge; two are mere references to the Lombard merchants, and the other two are harmless stories of the manners and customs of the royal bailiffs. One of these is good enough for translation:—

In the time of Henry the Fifth, King of England, a certain king's bailiff, by name John Richworth, said to a fellow, "I have gained no profits to-day, but marry will I give a stoup of wine to thee or to another who will break the peace to-day in this town; because by that means I shall gain the profits." And the other, having taken oath that he would break the peace, received the wine from the bailiff, and, when he had drunken, immediately brake that bailiff's head with the sherd, saying, "I have done that for which thou didst engage me." And a great brawl arose among those in the town and in the castle; and in such wise did he who should have been guardian of the law engage a man to get the laws broken, in order that he might gain the profits from the breach of the law. This was done in the town of Pontefract in the county of York; and one who saw it bore witness to me in the year of the Lord 1448, in the manor of Hunslet, in the Diocese of York, in the which manor I was born" (p. 128).

\* *Loci a Libro Veritatum: Passages selected from Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary, illustrating the Condition of Church and State, 1403-1458. With an Introduction by James K. Thorold Rogers, M.P. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1881.*

Little wider is the range of Gascoigne's political observation. Outside England and the Church, the sole event which seems to have impressed itself on his mind, besides the taking of Constantinople, was the check given to the Turkish advance by John Hunniades in 1456. Hunniades, Gibbon says, "shared the glory of the defence of Belgrade with Capistran, a Franciscan friar; and in their respective narratives, neither the saint nor the hero condescend to take notice of their rival's merit." It is interesting to notice that Gascoigne fairly apportioned the glory to both; but it is significant of his intense vanity that in the numerous references to the battle, "won," as old Fuller would say, "not by shooting but shouting," he seldom omits to add that he alone of the English Churchmen made it the motive of a solemn *Te Deum* and a sermon in the University Church.

To our knowledge of English history he contributes chiefly a few references to Henry VI.'s marriage, with its accompanying cession of Maine and Anjou, adding certain details which Mr. Rogers seems to consider valuable, but which are apparently mere gossip put together in a confused way. This marriage and its issues—among them the King's poverty, "so that he, the King of England, could scarce expend from his lands and holdings to the value of forty pounds"—are, in Gascoigne's mind, the prime causes of the secular troubles of the time. In connexion with them he touches upon the character and position of the Duke of Suffolk, of the Duke of York, and of Lord Say (who would allow no one to preach before the King unless he first saw the sermon, or else extracted an oath from the preacher not to attack the Government or the doings of the Privy Council, *prægi vel verius pravi concilii*). He discusses the insurrection of Jack Cade briefly, and gives an account of an agrarian outrage which would be more interesting if Mr. Rogers had been able to identify the case. Beyond these matters, most of them mentioned just incidentally, Gascoigne has only a few crimes and breaches or evasions of law to notice, and a few assaults on the fashions of the day.

We have been at the pains of searching through the book to find the basis of Mr. Rogers's introduction. The result is certainly very bare chaff in comparison with the Professor's grain. But, if we protest against the abuse of the position of editor to make his book a peg to hang whatever he may have to say on all subjects not more than half a century apart from it, we have nothing to say against the introduction considered as an essay by itself. It is not badly written, though obscure in parts, and a little discursive. It treats the fiscal history of the time in a manner worthy of Mr. Rogers's special knowledge and experience. But what we regret is that he should have thrown into the background what really makes the sole intrinsic interest of Gascoigne's book—namely, the corruptions of the English Church arising from non-residence of the clergy, the appropriation of benefices, the indolence of the bishops, and the aggressive interference of the Roman Court in the ecclesiastical affairs and finances of the country. On these matters Gascoigne is very energetic and eloquent. His testimony, if that of a partisan, is not the less independent and striking. He has also many portraits of prominent Churchmen of his time. One of these is used as a constant illustration, serving almost every separate development of wrongdoing on which Gascoigne comments. His typical miscreant is Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, one of whose works, the *Repressor of overmuch Blaming of the Clergy*, was printed by the Rev. Churchill Babington in 1860. Mr. Rogers would have done well to have looked into this edition more carefully than he has done. He might, for instance, have found in it, as well as in Mr. Davies's *Chronicle of England to 1471* (published in 1856 by the Camden Society), a correction of the lines which Gascoigne's manuscript gives as "Wyt hath wundur that reson kan not tel; how a moder is mayd and God is man"; but which obviously must read "Wyt hath wundur that reson not tel kan," &c. Mr. Babington has also made a thorough study of Bishop Pecock's theological position, which ought to have been used as a check upon the vehemence of Gascoigne's rancour. But Mr. Rogers does not appear to have consulted any special book on the questions which his author writes about.

Besides his views on Church matters, Gascoigne has a great deal to say with regard to the University in which he often held the post of Chancellor. Indeed, it is from the extracts from the *Liber Veritatum* in Anthony a Wood that Gascoigne's name has been chiefly known. We may observe in conclusion that it is especially desirable that an index (like an introduction) should have some relation to the book itself. This is a demand which, in at least one notable instance, the present table, which has several false references, and is generally chaotic, does not fulfil.

#### TWO MINOR NOVELS.\*

WHEN we say that *Uncle Z.* is a romance of the Black Forest it will be presumed that the fancy has free play in it. For the Black Forest has from time immemorial been the classic ground of legend and supernatural story; and if we remember aright, the meetings of mortals with beings of the spirit world in the dark ages are to be seen commemorated in the frescoes on the Trink-Halle of Baden-Baden. There is scarcely a stream or spring

of special loveliness but has its well-authenticated tradition; the restless spectres of former tenants haunt the roofless halls of each ruined Schloss; and there is hardly a picturesque defile but is shunned by the peasant when darkness is drawing on, at certain uncanny seasons. These ghostly apparitions used to be as generally accepted as any article of the peasant's creed, although it is possible, indeed, that they have lost their hold upon him of late years with the spread of education and Radical ideas. But the events detailed in *Uncle Z.* happened nearly sixty years ago, when the imagination still yielded implicit faith to the well-confirmed authority of tradition. The legend of St. Boniface's spring is a very natural and pretty one, and might have commended itself easily to a simple-minded people; the rather that, when once it had been received in the country, men were little likely to put its truthfulness to the test. But the art of Mr. Phillimore's clever story consists in his making a chance visitor and an Englishman a convert to the popular belief without shocking too severely the critical intelligence of sceptical readers. Truly it does not seem likely at first sight that in the early part of this nineteenth century a young traveller should find running water shrink from his lips because he cherished hatred and malice in the depths of his heart. He was startled at the phenomenon, and so are we; yet we are made to feel, taking into account the circumstances and surroundings, that there may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. We are inclined to admit, with the hero of the tale, that the intermittent flow of the sensitive spring is an undeniable fact, which we may explain as we will; for by his descriptions of the scenery and the natives of the Forest the author has been steadily working us up into a congenial frame of mind. And we trust the more to the impressions of the narrator, we are the more assured that he was the victim of no delusion, because the beginning of the tale is practical enough, and in healthy contrast with its mysterious development. Carried back, as we have said, for nearly sixty years, we have charming sketches in outline of the successive stages of the journey, with the various modes of conveyance he adopted. Changing from diligence to post-chaise, from post-chaise to saddle-horse, we have him joggling quietly forward, from the French shore of the Channel to the approach to the interior of the Schwarzwald, through the Höllethal. He describes the venerable Rhenish cities as they were, before they were awakened from a life in death by the rush of legions of tourists. Observing and moralizing from the past to the present, he wanders along the banks of the Rhine and under the shadow of the wooded Bergstrasse to Freiburg. Thence, on the way to the sylvan Schloss of the somewhat eccentric relative he goes to visit, there is a series of striking pictures of the scenery, the people, and their picturesque dwellings. Stranger as he is, these pictures are made to appear the more lifelike because he beguiles the slow stages of the road in friendly intercourse with the servants that his uncle has sent to escort him. Nor is the long ride without dramatic incident; as on one occasion when he passes the night of a violent thunderstorm under the roof of what is half a farmhouse and half an inn. While the lurid glare of the flashes is lighting up the dark forest, and the woods with the crashing of breaking boughs are echoing to the long peals of the thunder, he listens to the wild tales which are being circulated in an awe-struck company who are sheltering from the tempest. He listens with the greater interest because he is already in unfriendly relations with a singular character who takes a leading part in the conversation. Impulsive and romantically inclined, his prejudice against Ulric, the travelling clockmaker of Freiburg, had arisen out of what was really a trivial incident. And it must be granted that the clockmaker, who was morose and ill-conditioned enough, was in a great measure to blame for the misunderstanding. The Englishman had run up against him accidentally in the town of Düsseldorf, when the man was carrying an ingenious piece of mechanism. Thenceforward, the two detested each other; and it was unlucky that chance or fatality should be perpetually throwing them together. When the one takes his seat in a Rhine diligence, the other mounts on the roof. When the one is admiring a church, the other is at work in the clock-tower. Now the pair have met again in this lonely *Gasthaus* in the forest; and the next day, when the Englishman is threading the glades of the pine woods on horseback, the grand scenery is spoiled to him by the figure of his *bête noire*, who is clambering the hills in advance and cutting off corners by the footpaths. It seems something more than a coincidence when he discovers that this Ulric is the special protégé of his Uncle Z., and that he inhabits a cottage in a clearing in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle. The young man inwardly resents more and more this enforced contact with the object of his aversion. And it must be owing to that aversion that he has sought in vain to quench his thirst at the waters of the enchanted spring. The tacit reproach of his unchristian frame of mind does not tend to diminish his hatred. It seems likely that he is to leave these peaceful scenes a worse man than he was, and that he must carry away the reproach of an uneasy conscience. Nevertheless, his very uneasiness shows an inclination to a better state of things, and Providence sends him the opportunity of being reconciled to his enemy. By a generous impulse, and at the hazard of his life, he rescues the pet child of the clockmaker from a situation of extreme peril. Then the implacable Ulric, whose nature in many respects resembles his, goes at once to the opposite extreme, and overpowers the saviour of his child with his fervent gratitude. The brave stranger receives unstinted admiration and praise from the simple inhabitants of the forest-village, and we need not say that before leaving the district he makes a

\* *Uncle Z.* By Groville Phillimore, Rector of Henley-on-Thames. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

† *Parity Unwin.* By Sydney Warrington. London: Remington & Co. 1882.

point of satisfying himself, by a visible sign, that the beatified Boniface has made peace with him like Ulric. As for Uncle Z, though naturally made prominent, he really plays a secondary part in the story. But the character of the benevolent aristocrat of the old school is depicted gracefully and vigorously. He lives simply, though hospitably, that he may have the more to spare for his works of charity. The Providence of his neighbourhood, though never forgetting his position, he is the friend and counsellor of his humble neighbours; though unaffected in his religion, it belongs to the custom of the country that he should kneel openly at his devotions before the wayside crosses; and we can easily understand the influence he establishes over the nephew, whose character has been elevated in our eyes by Uncle Z's reluctance to part from him.

The dénouement of *Purity Unwin* chances to be almost contemporaneous with the visit to the Black Forest which is described in *Uncle Z*. The story is a fanciful one; but it is possible, if not probable, and the interest is well sustained throughout. The improbability lies not so much in the plot and its leading incident as in the characters of the two ladies principally concerned, whose wishes or fancies prompt them to a misdeed of which we should have been loth to believe them capable. There is an hereditary connexion between the families inhabiting Summerwood Hall and Summerwood Farm. They are descended from the same stock, and so the noble Earl of Summerwood is of no better blood than the hard-working farmer his neighbour. Indeed the peer is the head of the junior branch, and is indebted for the possession of his ample estates to the generosity of the farmer's ancestors. So that the close connexion between the titled and the agricultural Unwins is not so unnatural as it might otherwise have been. In the beginning of the century each branch had a daughter, and each daughter bore the family name of Clara. Both girls were gifted with good looks; but Lady Clara Summerwood, who inherits the estates on the Earl's death, was brilliant and beautiful. She was impulsive, emotional, and wayward, too; while "Clary," as the daughter of the farm was styled by way of distinction, was far more self-contained. Yet, according to our presentiments, notwithstanding her better-regulated mind, Clary was decidedly less prepossessing. That is not the opinion of the cousin, who marries and loves her devotedly, though more than suspecting that he is not loved in return. As for Lady Clara, with all her exaggerated pride of birth, she had insisted on making a marriage of affection, much against the will of her parents. And her husband had given her his hand out of sheer delicacy of feeling, when she had betrayed to him an affection which he did not reciprocate. Once wedded, she is morbidly watchful of him. She believes, unreasonably as it proves, that she is losing hold on his heart, because she has not given him the son he desires. When she discovers herself to be *enceinte*, her anxiety only increases. Her morbid fancy has assured her beforehand that the child will be a girl, and in that assurance she addresses herself to her friend Clary, who chances to be in a similar condition. Clary yields partly to friendship, but more to ambition; and it is arranged that, should Lady Clara's presentiments prove true, the boy and girl shall be exchanged at their birth. The woman who attends her is taken into their confidence, and the exchange is supposed to be effected accordingly. Jeffrey grows up an attractive youth, taking after his mother in the ardour of his nature; while Purity at the age of seventeen is a simple and beautiful maiden. Meeting after a long separation, of course the youth and maiden fall in love. Probably, in the circumstances, they would have been permitted to marry, and so the affair would have arranged itself quietly. But Jeffrey insults the old village contidante, who revenges herself by unfolding to him the story of the exchange. Then we have a succession of thrilling scenes of anger, remorse, embarrassments, explanations with the injured husbands, tears, fainting fits, penitence, and forgiveness; when, at the culminating point, and to our surprise, as we confess, the author has compassion on the feelings of the fathers who have become bound up in children who were none of their own. The old contidante has lied maliciously; the exchange, in reality, had never taken place, since, in fact, there had been no occasion for it. The Lady Clara had given birth to a boy; but her friend Clary had encouraged a deceit, for reasons which certainly seem rather farfetched. She knew that, if Lady Clara "imagined Purity to be her daughter, there were no heights to which the girl could not aspire—probably to marry the heir." And as the girl does marry the rightful heir, with every prospect of a happy and prosperous future, her offence is far from having its appropriate punishment; nor do the innocent children pay the penalty of the faults of their mothers.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE alarming progress of Socialism in Germany would seem to be more and more directing the attention of German economists towards England as a country where Communism has never taken root, and where the relations of capital and labour, uneasy as they frequently may be, are as yet adjusted upon the basis of individual contract. The late Professor Held (1) had intended to be the historian of the influences which for the last hundred

years have been steadily elevating the status of the English working classes in such a manner as to impede the dissemination of Socialistic ideas among them. A lamentable accident terminated his life when the first volume only was ready for the press. Enough, nevertheless, remains to make a creditable beginning, and to show that the completion of the book would be a useful and honourable undertaking for a competent hand. The period embraced in this volume extends to 1832, when the Reform Bill had laid the foundation for subsequent legislation in the interests of labour. It is, therefore, to a great extent merely introductory. It is prefaced by a careful and exhaustive survey of the political and economical literature of the half-century preceding the Reform Bill. Bentham, Cobbett, and Owen are treated with especial fulness, and the writer concludes that it has been the salvation of England that the ideas represented by the last two names never coalesced; but that political agitation in this country has always been devoid of a Socialistic tinge, and *vice versa*. It may be inferred that Herr Held would have approved the principle of Prince Bismarck's recent efforts to detach Socialism from social democracy, inclined as he would probably have been to criticize the means employed. The remainder of the book is chiefly occupied with a sketch of the development of commerce and industry, of the decay of the old guilds and other restraints upon unlimited competition, and of that predominance of the manufacturing interest which has created the problems whose solution the author had intended to describe.

A summary of the history of Europe since the fall of Napoleon, by the late Arnold Ruge (2), is of course written from the point of view of extreme Liberalism, and in many respects rather resembles a pamphlet than a history. It is nevertheless spirited, fair in intention, and commendably brief.

Dr. Wieseler's investigation of the history and religion of the ancient Germans (3) displays much erudition, but hardly an equal amount of judgment. He will find it difficult to convince philologists that the Germans are to be identified with the Cymry, or even with the Parthians.

Dr. Dühring (4) occupies a position in some respects analogous to that of Schopenhauer, but much more disadvantageous. Schopenhauer possessed an independent fortune, and could abuse the *Zunft* or "ring" of professors who stood between him and the public to his heart's content without fear of disastrous consequences; but, if poor Dr. Dühring enjoys the same immunity, it is only because the *Zunft* has by this time left him nothing to lose. He has been deprived of his professorship, has been unable to bring himself to co-operate with any party, political or philosophical, and stands alone in Germany, an intellectual Ishmael. The story of his persecutions is recounted by himself in a volume of unusually terse and racy German, with an appendix serving as a kind of confession of faith. It seems clear on his own showing that he is much too pugnacious and angular a man to fit into any recognized hierarchy, and the more we admire his rugged independence, the less surprise we feel at the inability of his colleagues to work with him, and the less disposed to attribute their treatment of him to the mean motives to which he himself not unnaturally ascribes it. The official world and he are not made for each other, and the sooner he recognizes the fact and devotes himself to authorship pure and simple, eschewing all personal controversy, the better it will be for him and his country, which cannot afford to spare a man of his originality and integrity. Such a man should have something better to do than venting illiberal abuse of professors and Jews, and proving how thoroughly he is himself penetrated by Goethe's maxim, "Nur die Lumpen sind beschleiden."

It is generally known that the indefatigable Dr. Schliemann employed last winter in an exploration of the Boeotian Orchomenus (5), the capital of the wealthy King Minyas, the first of men, according to Pausanias, who built a treasure-house. A thin volume records the results of his exploration—interesting, but less fruitful than he probably hoped. The site of Minyas's treasury was well known, and had already been twice attacked—first by Lord Elgin, who began at the most impracticable point, and soon desisted; and more recently by a Vandalic magistrate, who wanted to make the ruins a quarry for a new church, but was stopped by the Minister of Public Instruction. Dr. Schliemann has succeeded in completely laying bare the ground-plan of the ancient building; but his only actual discovery of much archaeological importance is the elegant ceiling of the "thalamos," or recessed chamber opening out of the treasury, exhibiting a rosetted pattern otherwise unknown in ancient Hellenic art, and manifesting Assyrian affinities. It is figured in his work. Shortly after the completion of his Boeotian explorations Dr. Schliemann betook himself once more to the Troad (6), and ranged over it in quest of any traces of ancient remains other than those he had himself brought to light at Hisarlik. His conclusion is that no prehis-

(2) *Geschichte unserer Zeit von den Freiheitskriegen bis zum Ausbruch des deutsch-französischen Krieges*. Von Arnold Ruge. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Untersuchungen zur Geschichte und Religion der alten Germanen in Asien und Europa*. Von K. Wieseler. Leipzig: Heinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Suche, Leben und Feinde*. Von Dr. E. Dühring. Karlsruhe: Reuther. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Orchomenos. Bericht über meine Ausgrabungen im Böotischen Orchomenos*. Von Dr. H. Schliemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Reise in der Troad im Mai 1881*. Von Dr. H. Schliemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Zwei Bücher zur sozialen Geschichte Englands*. Von Adolf Held. Aus dem Nachlass herausgegeben von G. F. Knapp. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.



toric remains can exist, except at a place called Kurschunlu Tepeli; and that the only prospect of any finds of the classical period is held out at Assos, Antandros, and the Alexandrian Trons, a city whose walls were six English miles in circuit. The thinness of the superincumbent stratum of rubbish at all these places is in striking contrast with its amazing depth at Hissarlik. Dr. Schliemann's tour is very agreeably described, and is in itself a sufficient proof of the genuineness of his Homeric enthusiasm.

Professor Kiene's essay upon the Iliad and Odyssey (7) is a rare, but welcome, phenomenon in German criticism, stoutly maintaining, not only the artistic unity of the epics, but their common authorship. Professor Kiene justly observes that mere philological attainments do not of themselves qualify a critic to dissect a poet, and that Goethe's dictum as to the advantage of studying a poet in his own country is as applicable to Homer as to other bards. The essay concludes with some pertinent remarks on the bad effect of merely negative criticism in education.

The Epistle to Diognetus, hitherto commonly attributed to Justin Martyr, is likely to afford a bone of critical contention for a long time to come. While declining to attribute it to Justin, Dr. Dräseke (8), the most recent inquirer, contends against the hypothesis of Donaldson and Overbeck, by which it is regarded as a fabrication later than the time of Constantine. There seems no adequate motive for such an aimless *supercherie* as a defence of Christianity after its definitive victory; while the inherent probability of Dr. Dräseke's view, that it actually is what it professes itself, can only be shaken by strong internal evidence, which is apparently not forthcoming. Dr. Dräseke ascribes it to nearly the same period as the apology of Athenagoras, about 177 A.D., and strengthens his position by the remarkable verbal analogies he discovers between the epistle and the writings of Tertullian, which certainly seem too decided to be the result of accident. An excursus on the life and writings of Gregory of Neocæsarea is appended, which contributes some interesting data for the biography of Origen.

"The Social Policy of the Church," by J. Albertus (9), puts forward pretensions to be a philosophical history, but resolves itself into a dull and tedious polemic against Protestantism and the arrangements of modern society, including religious toleration and constitutional government.

Dr. T. Kolde's sketch of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony (10), Luther's patron, is slight but interesting, and enriched with several unpublished documents.

Rubens (11) is not only a great artist, but one of the few great artists who have mingled on equal terms with the great world, and performed in it a part not unworthy of their eminence in their own peculiar province. Alike as court-painter and diplomatist, he was brought into frequent connexion with illustrious personages, and his letters to them—courtesy without insincerity, and deferential without servility—seem, brief as they generally are, to reflect the stately and liberal spirit manifested in his paintings. They thus possess a considerable interest independent of their actual contents, and this interest is enhanced by the seasonable, though sparing, annotations of their latest editor, Herr Rosenberg, who has succeeded in adding about a fifth to the collection already accessible to the public. Some of those, indeed, only exist in translations, while of a few, written in a difficult cipher, abstracts only have as yet been made. The language is most commonly Italian. Herr Rosenberg is under great obligations to our countryman Mr. Sainsbury; but one special feature of his collection is the publication for the first time of Rubens's letters preserved in the Mantuan archives in the original text, they having hitherto been printed merely in extracts, or in the French version of M. Baschet.

Dr. F. Landmann (12) has made a really important contribution to the critical study of Elizabethan literature by an essay on Euphuism, which he has defined with more precision than heretofore, and traced to its source in a foreign literature. The essence of Euphuism does not, as often assumed, consist in the affectation of phraseology; many of its coryphæi, Lyly's predecessors, were worse offenders in this respect than Lyly himself. Nor is its distinctive characteristic hyperbolic conceit and obscurity, as subsequently with Gongora and Marini; but, on the contrary, definite antithesis, wrought out with elaborate monotony. Lyly was, nevertheless, no contemptible writer, and professedly adapted his compositions to the taste of the Court. His model, as Dr. Landmann seems almost to demonstrate, was "The Dial of Princes," by Bishop Antonio de Guevara, of which "Euphuus" is frequently a mere imitation, and sometimes a mere copy. Some of the Spanish ecclesiastic stories had already been translated in Pettio's "Palace of Pleasure," published two years before "Euphuus," and these, in their English dress, might almost pass for the production of Lyly himself.

(7) *Die Epen des Homer*. Von Dr. Adolf Kiene. Hannover: Helwing. London: Nutt.

(8) *Der Brief an Diognetus. Nebst Beiträgen zur Geschichte des Lebens und der Schriften des Gregorius von Neocæsarea*. Von Dr. J. Dräseke. Leipzig: Barth. London: Nutt.

(9) *Die Sozialpolitik der Kirche. Geschichte der sozialen Entwicklung im christlichen Abendlande*. Von J. Albertus. Regensburg: Pustet. London: Nutt.

(10) *Friedrich der Weise und die Anfänge der Reformation*. Von Dr. T. Kolde. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Nutt.

(11) *Rubensbriefe*. Gesammelt und erläutert von Adolf Rosenberg. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Nutt.

(12) *Der Euphuismus, sein Wesen, seine Quelle, seine Geschichte*, &c. Von F. Landmann. Gießen: Keller. London: Williams & Norgate.

Herr Adolf Palm's sketch of the history of the Stuttgart Theatre (13) is both a valuable and an entertaining contribution to the history of the stage in Germany. The annals of the theatres at the minor capitals of Germany are more eventful than those of the principal theatres of most other countries, on account of the Court patronage they enjoy, and the emulation which has led German princes to vie with each other in the ostentatious encouragement of the stage. The Stuttgart Theatre has had its fair share of patronage, and many interesting episodes of its history are brought together by Herr Palm, whose work assumes the form of a series of letters to a lady friend. The chief laurels of the Stuttgart Theatre seem to have been earned in connexion with the lyrical drama; nevertheless, Herr Palm complains that its repertory is singularly limited; and his agreeable little book concludes with the inquiry why, after all, Stuttgart should still be an unmusical city?

The *Shakespeare-Museum* appears to have been a periodical, edited by Herr Max Moltke in 1870, which is now reissued in a volume (14). The contents are partly original communications respecting Shakespeare, partly a selection of remarks from various authors, especially German, on the inexhaustible subject of his works. They are, for the most part, very well chosen; and it may fairly be said that the collection will, in general, interest readers in proportion to their interest in Shakespeare. The best of all the contributions is a lecture, delivered at Weimar in 1847, in the German language, but evidently by an Englishman, in which the notion that the Germans discovered Shakespeare is effectively disposed of, and the defects of Schlegel and Tieck's translation are smartly, but good-naturedly, exposed.

Herr Moltke has also performed a useful service to Shakespearean students (15) by bringing together the materials out of which Shakespeare constructed *Hamlet*—Saxo Grammaticus in Latin and German, Belleforest's story of "Amleth" in his *Histoires Tragiques*, and the old English version which Shakespeare probably read—together with an introduction and notes by the late Dr. Geierke.

*Amtmann's Magd* (16) is less interesting than most of E. Marlitt's novels. It is pretty and well written, but rather feeble.

The selection of tales from the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, translated by W. Lange (17), comprises nine novelettes by Kielland, with other stories by Jonas Lie and other writers of repute, and forms altogether as pleasing an introduction to popular Scandinavian fiction as those unacquainted with the language could desire. Hermann Lingg's "Byzantine Novels" (18) leave something to be desired as stories, but are pervaded by a poetical sympathy with the barbaric magnificence and gorgeous decay of the Byzantine period which endows them with genuine vitality.

The most interesting contribution to a not very interesting number of the *Rundschau* (19) is a story, "Bridget of Trogen," by C. F. Moyer, the scene of which is laid at the Council of Constance, and which is supposed to be narrated to Cosmo de' Medici by Poggio Bracciolini. It is worthy of the time and place, vividly reflecting the spirit of the Renaissance. Karl Hillebrand's summary of the recently published biography and correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi is neatly executed, but contains nothing new; nor is there much originality in a well-written essay on the Laocoon group. A "communicated" article on "Kulturkampf," if really proceeding, as stated, from an exalted Catholic personage, displays more moderation than one usually expects from such quarters.

There is a decided tendency in our day for men of letters to become editors of magazines. The eminent novelist Sacher-Masoch, hitherto regarded somewhat in the light of a literary guerilla or free lance, now appears as a regular captain at the head of a very respectable body of recruits. The principal claim of his magazine, *Auf der Höhe* (20), to especial attention consists in its cosmopolitan character, and particularly in the strength of the Austro-Slavonic and Magyar elements, hitherto but imperfectly represented in the periodical literature of Western Europe. Its weak point, in the first number at least, is oblivion of Faust's dictum, "Name ist Schall und Rauch," the substantial importance of the contributions of Vogt, Bluntchli, and Mme. Adolphe Adam scarcely corresponding to the celebrity of the writers. Ample amends, however, are made by the editor's own novelette, *Der Judenraphael*, open to the charge of improbability as respects some of the incidents, but sparkling in style, and full of pungent humour.

(13) *Briefe aus der Bretterwelt. Ersten und Heiteren aus der Geschichte des Stuttgarter Hoftheaters*. Von Adolf Palm. Stuttgart: Bonz. London: Trübner & Co.

(14) *Shakespeare-Museum. Eine Sammlung neuer und alter, eigener und fremder, prosaischer und poetischer Beiträge zur Shakespeare-Literatur*. Herausgegeben von Max Moltke. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Shakespeare's Hamlet-Quellen*. Zusammengestellt und mit Vorwort, Einleitung und Nachträgen von weiland Dr. Robert Geierke herausgegeben von Max Moltke. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Amtmann's Magd*. Roman von E. Marlitt. Leipzig: Keil. London: Kolkemann.

(17) *Skandinavisches Novellenbuch*. Uebersetzung von W. Lange. Berlin: Auerbach. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Byzantinische Novellen*. Von Hermann Lingg. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Jahrg. viii. Hft. 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(20) *Auf der Höhe*. Internationale Revue herausgegeben von Leopold Sacher-Masoch. Bd. i. Hft. 1 und 2. Leipzig: Grossner & Schramm. London: Kolkemann.

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## GERMANY.

THE German Parliament has at length been finally constituted, and its composition can now be definitely ascertained. The total number of Conservatives and Clericals is 187, and that of the Liberals is 153. The remaining 57 members belong to small separate groups, of which the Social Democrats with 13 representatives, the Poles with 17, and the Alsace-Lorrainers with 13, are the chief. The chief losers in the contest have been those Conservatives who belong to the more Liberal section of their party, while the chief gainers have been the Progressists who belong to the more advanced section of the Liberal party. If the National Liberals who retain the old party shade, and those who are called Secessionists because they have split off from the National Liberals, chiefly on the question of Free-trade, are reckoned together, the total number in this Parliament is almost exactly the same as in the former Parliament. But, as more than forty National Liberals have thought it worth while to proclaim themselves Secessionists, the shade of Liberalism in the party generally is decidedly more pronounced than it was. And it may be said generally that the whole character of the new Parliament is that of a Parliament in which every shade of opinion has become accentuated. The Conservatives who have survived are those who are most devoted to Prince BISMARCK. The Liberals are not only more numerous, but more decidedly Liberal. The Social Democrats are reinforced by five new representatives. Those who are Poles before everything have gained an accession of strength. All the Alsace-Lorrainers are returned either as Ultramontanes or as Protestants; and there is now a little band of Guelphs, as they are called, who have faith in the special doctrine that the harsh treatment of Hanover by Prussia ought to be stopped. It may be remarked that exactly the same thing is happening at the same time in Austria. There the various groups of the German party in the Parliament have agreed to forget their differences, and to form a United Left; while the Clericals have parted from the Ministerialists, and refuse to help the Ministry until they can get something substantial out of it. The very useful map of German representation published in the *Times* shows what is the local distribution of opinion in the Empire, and the results, if not unexpected, are well deserving of attention. The strength of the Conservatives lies in the old provinces of Prussia, that of the Clericals in the Rhine provinces and the South, that of the Liberals in the large towns and in the small Protestant States. Every member for Berlin is a Progressist; Hamburg returns two Liberals and a Democrat, and Bremen and Lübeck both return a Liberal. Of the Liberals, far the greater number are members of the learned professions, and naturally most of the Conservatives and many of the Clericals belong to the landed gentry. This is inevitable in a country like Germany. There are no other classes whom the electors, if they wish to return men not utterly unknown, can elect. The present Parliament may not be all that could be wished; but there is no reason to suppose it is not as good a Parliament as Germany in its present stage of political history could produce.

The EMPEROR was not well enough to read his Address to the Parliament on its assembling, and it was therefore read for him by Prince BISMARCK. The most remarkable

feature of the speech was the prominence given in it to the feelings and wishes of the EMPEROR himself. All the favourite measures of Prince BISMARCK appeared as the favourite measures of the Sovereign. It was the aged WILLIAM who longed before he died to see the great work of his life completely carried out. It was he who had a last sacred duty to discharge, and who appealed to members of all parties to help him to carry it out. His grey hairs could not go down to the grave in peace until he could take with him to the tomb the soothing knowledge that arrangements had been made for the Imperial and provincial Parliaments not sitting at the same time, that there was to be a system of State insurance, that provision was to be made for the sick and aged, and that a tobacco monopoly and increased duties on beer and spirits were to replace direct taxation. There is something at once comic and pathetic in this mournful declaration of a Sovereign very old and very much revered that he cannot die happy unless he lives to see the introduction of a new machinery for selling the humble cigars in which his subjects take such an innocent and inexplicable delight. There can be no doubt, however, that the EMPEROR, whether unassisted or under the persuasion of Prince BISMARCK, has worked himself into the belief that all the measures to which he referred are very precious to him, and ought to seem very precious to Germany. He knows the loyalty and affection which the mass of his subjects bear to him, and he may have honestly thought that, if he touched the right chord, all resistance would disappear. But it is very doubtful whether his intervention will have any effect. The Parliament knows perfectly well that the measures proposed are really the measures of Prince BISMARCK, and the Opposition at once set down the appeal of the EMPEROR as a new manoeuvre of Prince BISMARCK. And then, as each measure comes to be discussed, it must be discussed on its merits. There are plausible arguments for a tobacco monopoly and plausible arguments against it; and, when they come to be set one against another, it must seem to the disputants somewhat irrelevant to be reminded that a man, old in years and honour, but whom the monopoly cannot possibly affect, fancies he should like to see this monopoly established before he dies. An appeal by the EMPEROR to the country on any question affecting the honour or European interests of Germany would have had a very great effect; but the periods at which Parliament should sit and the mode in which tobacco should be sold are matters too prosaic and too minute for any appeal to their tenderer and nobler emotions to guide members in their practical decision.

The notion that Prince BISMARCK ought not to have announced his intention of proposing measures which it was doubtful whether he could carry may be English, but it is certainly not German. Prince BISMARCK is a servant of the Crown, not a Parliamentary leader; and he submits to the legislative body the measures which the Crown permits him to submit, and then the legislative body chooses whether it will accept them or not. He is as sure as he ever was that all his favourite measures are good, and he places them before the new Parliament as he placed them before the old. If he does not carry all, he may carry some; and those that he does not carry one Session he may carry another. It is not by any means improbable that he may carry some of his measures in the next few months. When the first vote of the Session was taken, the Government carried its nominees for the Presidency

and for both the Vice-Presidencies of the Parliament. So long as the Clericals work with him he has a majority against the Liberals, and he can only be beaten by a coalition of Liberals and outsiders; but the outsiders are more likely to go with him than against him. When he is trying to please the Socialists, he will have the Socialists with him, and most of the Clerical outsiders; and all the Poles, and many of the Alsace-Lorrainers, are Catholics. Then it must be borne in mind that most of the objections to Prince BISMARCK'S measures are not objections to the measures themselves, but to something that is supposed to be involved in the proposals. No one can possibly deny that it is most inconvenient that the German Parliament should sit at the same time as the Prussian; but those who take pride in the German Parliament fear lest, if it did not insist on sitting every year, it might be eclipsed by the equal prominence given to the Prussian Parliament. The last Parliament did not object to the principle of State insurance; but it wished that each State should undertake the business for itself, and not that one central body should do the whole of the work. In the same way, the reluctance felt to allow the introduction of a tobacco monopoly is not an objection to the particular mode of raising a revenue so much as an objection to a vast extension of the central bureaucracy. Prince BISMARCK has come to think, whether rightly or wrongly, that the true secret of keeping the Empire together is to centralize as much as possible, and his great difficulty is to get a Parliament, the majority of which is opposed to centralization, to pass his measures. He can only obtain a majority by manœuvring; but he has good reason for thinking that his power of manœuvring is considerable. He knows that most of the Clericals are opposed to centralization; but he calculates that they will let things pass that they do not much like if they get concessions made to them on religious matters as to which they feel a burning and immediate interest, and they are supposed to look with great favour on the proposal for restoring Guilds over which the Church might exercise a secret, but very powerful, influence. If he can get the Clericals with him, he can also probably get many of the outsiders; and thus, even in the present Parliament, he may win successes that will go some way to compensate him for his electoral defeats. The gain to Germany of the recent elections is, not that Prince BISMARCK will be prevented entirely from getting his way, but that he will be exposed to a greater amount of independent criticism than he has hitherto received, and that the country is now conscious of possessing a considerable number of men who have had the courage to resent the bullying and the arrogance of the Ministerial party.

#### THE STAFFORD ELECTION.

THE importance of the Stafford election is not inconsiderable, though it may have been exaggerated by the organs of the winning party. The result may be set off against the Ministerial triumph at Berwick, leaving the Opposition a large balance of recent elections in their favour. It is true that some of the successes of Conservative candidates were attended by unsatisfactory circumstances. One or two of them had imitated the conduct of their adversaries at the general election by tampering with the Irish vote; and it seems possible that in some places they may have profited by the passing delusion of the form of Protection which was called Fair-trade. On the other hand, a counter-deduction ought to be made from the alleged drawbacks on account of the uncertainty of the Irish vote, and the doubt which exists whether the farmers of North Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire really thought a revival of the Corn-laws either possible or desirable. The excuses by which a losing party consoles itself for defeat would be more effective if they were not always forthcoming. When by-elections one after another turn against the Government, it may be probably inferred that its policy is becoming unpopular. The return of Mr. SALT for Stafford is so far satisfactory that it cannot be explained away. It is possible, though not certain, that the Irish voters obeyed the orders of the Land League as faithfully as when, a year and a half ago, Mr. PARNELL was the active supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE; but it seems that there are in Stafford only a few Irish voters, and the contest was decided by the genuine constituency. Mr. SALT, who is

an intelligent and well-informed politician with some official experience, talked no nonsense about Fair-trade. His position and character undoubtedly gave him local influence; but modern Liberalism incurs a check as often as constituents take personal claims into consideration. The managers of the party are best satisfied when their nominee relies exclusively on the recommendation of some club or committee, backed by an inevitable certificate from Mr. GLADSTONE.

The losers are estopped from the pretext that their defeat was caused by the unpopularity or other demerits of their candidate. They had the choice of several applicants for the vacant seat, and the majority of the managers thought that their best chance lay in the choice of an extreme partisan belonging to the variety which is known as a working-man. Mr. GEORGE HOWELL is, in fact, a journalist; but he judiciously continues to describe himself by the employment which he formerly pursued. The late member, Mr. MACDONALD, had recommended himself to the choice of the Stafford electors by a similar career, except that he had accumulated a property which is said to have been considerable. As a Trades-Union delegate he was accused of causing enormous mischief, both to his clients and to their employers, by promoting unnecessary strikes; but operatives seem always to prefer the leaders who represent their passions rather than their interests. The Stafford Liberals had plausible grounds for thinking that their cause would be served by the choice of a candidate who had once been an outsider. They had some hesitation in re-electing their nominee; but, having made up their minds, they supported Mr. HOWELL with laudable zeal and unanimity. One of the Government Whips was detailed to assist in the canvass; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as a matter of course, wrote to approve their choice, and to stimulate their exertions. He wanted, as he declared, more working-class members in the House of Commons, and he considered Mr. HOWELL an excellent representative of the class. It is probable that comparative humility of social status may tend to insure that implicit obedience to the PRIME MINISTER which has become the most indispensable quality of his supporters; but any other Liberal candidate might have counted on receiving a testimonial from Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not clear that these familiar documents have any effect on electoral contests; but, in case of failure, they involve the disadvantage of involving the great chief of the party in a provincial defeat.

There is perhaps a certain absurdity in the importance which is attached to the opinions and votes of the small tradesmen and workmen who form the bulk of the constituency in a third-rate borough; but, if the electors of Stafford really disapprove the policy of the Government, they perhaps represent the present tendency of popular judgment. It seems improbable that the artisans of Stafford should sympathize strongly with the plundered Irish landlords, and yet they may share the natural disgust of Englishmen at a shameless perversion of justice. It is at least certain that they are not now inspired with the enthusiasm which Mr. GLADSTONE had contrived to elicit by his unscrupulous declamations on the eve of the general election. Some of them may perhaps have resented the sacrifice of national honour in the Transvaal; but, on the whole, it seems probable that, in the absence of strong political excitement, they preferred a respected and capable neighbour to a professional agitator from London. The credit of the borough for purity seems of late years to have been re-established. Lord CAMPBELL, who more than once contested it, with the result of becoming its representative, candidly avows his disgust at the open purchase of votes in which he found himself compelled to engage. In those happy times some of the electors came to the polling-booths with five-pound notes stuck in their hats. In the course of forty or fifty years fashions change, sometimes for the better. The Stafford election may not improbably serve as a precedent for additional Conservative victories. Constituencies, like single persons, incline to the winning side. It is highly desirable to diminish the great majority which has not yet been seriously impaired. A despotic and reckless Minister becomes more cautious when it is doubtful whether he continues to represent popular opinion. Mr. GLADSTONE will not make the mistake, as in 1874, of precipitating a dissolution because he may have lost a few occasional elections; though it is not improbable that a series of local defeats may accelerate the production of the



threatened Reform Bill. It will be an obvious remedy for remedying to enfranchise new voters that they may redress the balance of the old. The counties, under a system of household suffrage, may perhaps supply the deficiencies of the boroughs.

No idler taunt has at any time been uttered than the question addressed to the leaders of the Opposition whether they would, if opportunity offered, be ready to take up the reins of government. If it were necessary to return an answer, they might fairly insist that the present Ministers should abate the anarchy and misgovernment for which they are responsible. It is true that a Conservative Government would find still greater difficulty in repressing Irish disorder. There can be little doubt that, if they had arrested the chief demagogues of the Land League, some members of the present Cabinet would be rousing the Irish to fury by denouncing the breach of the Constitution. The present Opposition, as represented by its regular leaders, has, like the Irish gentry, supported the Government from the time when it first began to discharge its primary duty. They may well complain of their inability to rely on the loyalty of some of their opponents. None of the scandals which have been denounced in the conduct of recent elections has been so outrageous as the issue, on behalf of the Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, of a placard in which the authors of the document advertise, in recommendation of the official candidate, some of the most iniquitous decisions of the Sub-Commissioners. A list of the rents of several farms, with the extravagant reductions to which they have been subjected, is published as an inducement to the farmers to vote for a member of the Government which promised justice to the landlords. The bid for the Irish vote in North Durham sinks into insignificance in comparison with the appeal of Mr. PORTER's friends to the cupidity of Ulster tenants. Unless the placard is disavowed, it will seem as if a Law Officer of the Crown had not only sanctioned the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners, but taken credit to his colleagues and superiors for a gross perversion of the law. Even if the decrees had been strictly consistent with justice, it would have been unbecoming to represent an ostensibly judicial decision as a benefit conferred on a certain portion of the community by a political party. The ruin inflicted on Irish landowners, the spoliation with which English landowners are threatened, may probably have produced a general distrust of the Government in the minds of constituencies which are not themselves immediately affected. There is no doubt of the feeling with which Mr. GLADSTONE and some of his colleagues are regarded by moderate politicians and by those who have much to lose. On the other side, they may count on the enthusiastic co-operation of all the Radical Clubs in England.

#### SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

THE chief speeches of the week have not been political. Sir RICHARD CROSS has been making the tour of his constituency, and has offered what it was expected from him that he would offer, the views of a very fair and moderate Conservative on the questions of the day. But otherwise the principal speakers have dealt with questions which are only political in the sense that, while there is a general agreement as to principles, parties vary somewhat as to the mode in which these principles are to be applied. Sir THOMAS ACLAND spoke on agricultural depression; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the difficulty of getting Bills through Parliament which are not pushed on by the fervour of party; Mr. COURTNEY on the proper management of political associations. These are all subjects of importance to the whole community, and the differences they provoke are not, properly speaking, party differences. Sir THOMAS ACLAND wishes to see the owners of life estates invested with the power of selling, either to get rid of incumbrances, or to obtain capital for the improvement of the land they retain. These were precisely the objects which Lord CAIRNS sought to attain in his Bill of last Session. Further, Sir THOMAS ACLAND wishes to see the cultivator secured in his unexhausted improvements, and no one has come forward more prominently to give the tenant this security than so vigorous a Conservative as Mr. CHAPLIN. There will be no difficulty in getting Parliament to give every reasonable aid to agriculture that legislation can give. But the further inquiry is pushed the more clearly will it appear that agricultural depression is

very little connected with defective legislation. The depression is greatest in the heavy lands of Nottinghamshire and the adjacent counties. There a custom rigidly upheld gives the tenants everything they can possibly wish for in the way of compensation. They never think of leases, hold on as long as they like, and go when they like, sure of being repaid for any outlay by the incoming tenant. But now large tracts of land are left unoccupied, because one set of tenants has lost its capital, and no other set of tenants likes to face the chance of losses in wet seasons. Legislation cannot help agriculture when it is not a question of the amount of rent or of the terms of tenure, but of a business into which men of business will not go. In order, however, that agricultural legislation may seem to have some grand aim, one set of speakers clings to the notion that a system of peasant-proprietorship should somehow be established in England. Legislation might foster such a system if the State chose to lend money to the poor to enable them to buy land. There is no more reason why the State should lend money to enable a poor man to grow corn than why it should lend him money to make bread or to carry loaves about in carts. Unless the State makes all taxpayers pay to give a bonus to one set of adventurers, legislation cannot help or hinder peasant-proprietorship. The simple fact is that peasant-proprietorship in England is a bad business. It already exists. There are thousands of peasant-proprietors at this moment in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and of all sufferers from agricultural depression they have been the greatest. It does not extend, because it would not pay to extend it. There is any amount of land to be bought now by peasants if they had the money and chose to purchase. The poor do not purchase because they have not got the money, or, if they have, they know that the worst possible investment they could select would be the purchase of a tiny plot of land on which they would have to work like slaves, and which would ruin them in the first bad season.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was entertained by the Carpenters' Company; and, after paying a tribute to the merits of his hosts as affording an excellent specimen of local self-government, he went on to say that it pained him deeply to think how very imperfect the system of local self-government is in London, outside the City. But he explained that it was of no use that he personally should see the evil, and be desirous, or even ready, to provide a remedy. He is only President of the Board of Trade; and the President of the Board of Trade cannot even get Bills such as the Bankruptcy Bill, in which all traders are deeply interested, through a Parliament which does not for a moment deny that the present bankruptcy system is full of the most scandalous abuses. Parliament cannot pass Bills which it knows it ought to pass because it is hampered by the obsolete rules of its own procedure. The correction of the rules of Parliamentary procedure is not in itself a party question. It was quite as unsatisfactory to Lord CAIRNS as it can have been to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that he could not get his Bankruptcy Bill through an overworked House of Commons. Every sensible Conservative would be glad to see the House made more efficient as a legislative body, provided efficiency was understood to mean, not merely rapidity in passing Bills, but adequate deliberation in discussing them, and an adequate power of improving them. But directly any one of any party sets himself to consider how the procedure of the House of Commons can be profitably altered, he finds that he is plunging into a very large question. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other Ministers who have Bills in which they take a lively interest, but which they cannot get passed, very naturally think and speak of the House of Commons as if it was only a legislative body. But it is not only a legislative body. It is also the administrator of the national money, and it is a court of inquiry before which the Executive is daily called to defend itself. Then, as a legislative body, it works in a double capacity. It sits to consider the Bills which the Government presents to it, and which the Government has a more or less definite wish to see passed. It also sits to consider the tentative schemes of legislation which any member may present to it, not so much with the hope of getting his Bill passed as with the object of awakening public attention to a project which he personally thinks of great importance. If from the total time during which the House sits we deduct the time given to the Budget and the Esti-

mates, the time consumed in examining the conduct of the Executive, and the time assigned to private legislators, it will be found that the period remaining for the discussion of Government measures is not at all large. That this comparatively short period should be turned to better account than it is at present is the object, not only of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but of the majority of members of both parties. But the Opposition naturally wants to know how the Ministry proposes to effect its purpose. Passing more Bills in the same time may mean doing good work more quickly, but it may also mean doing bad work quickly; and to do its work well the House of Commons must take time not only to see that a Government Bill is made as perfect as it can be, but also that it shall be sufficiently discussed to convince the country that it is wanted, and to let the country know what is being done.

Mr. COURTNEY presided on Thursday at a first meeting of a Liberal Working-Men's Association. There was hardly a word that he uttered which might not have come equally well from the lips of a sound and intelligent Conservative. He drew a comparison between the richer and the poorer classes of voters, and while he complimented working-men on their superior readiness to take the moral or emotional side on any question which permits a summary decision in obedience to the nobler feelings, he honestly told his working friends that they were sadly deficient in every question which demanded knowledge or patient investigation. On financial questions he had noticed that working-men thought the world had an inherent tendency to go wrong. Protectionists may be fools, but they count the mass of working-men in the civilized world among their members. Mr. COURTNEY implored his listeners to go to work in a new way. If they wished to vote rightly, they must learn to weigh every side of every question, to suspend their judgment, to seek knowledge from every quarter. But those whom he addressed were not only working-men, they were also members of a Liberal Association, and Mr. COURTNEY was urgent in pressing on them the dangers to which all political associations are liable. The chief danger is that the machinery comes to be thought of as infinitely more important than the objects to which the machinery is nominally directed. The intelligent working-men of Liskeard are to take proper precautions against this danger. They are not to be the tools of wire-pullers. They are to think for themselves, to decide what are the objects for which their machinery is to be used, to convince themselves by long painful thought that these objects are good, and then to use their machinery. Above all, Mr. COURTNEY warned his hearers against concentrating their thoughts on some one man and making him their hero and idol. He thought it a bad sign for France that it had got into the way of thinking that M. GAMBETTA is everything, and that Republicanism has no meaning until M. GAMBETTA expounds what it means. In the same way, while paying a hearty tribute to the great qualities of Mr. GLADSTONE, he had the courage to own that he thought it a misfortune for the Liberal party that it pinned its faith so entirely on one man, and did not study its own principles and work for their triumph apart from any man or men who might temporarily happen to be their chief representatives. This is all excellent in its way. It would be a great gain to every party, and to the whole country, if voters of the humbler class—that is, the great majority of those who have votes—would begin by recognizing their complete ignorance, would earnestly seek to be instructed, would resent wire-pulling, and would bring the utterances of popular favourites to the test of abiding principles. In itself Mr. COURTNEY's philosophical lecture was unexceptionable, and, if it seems something like a satire on the party to which Mr. COURTNEY belongs, that was not, perhaps, the fault or the intention of the lecturer.

#### M. GAMBETTA AND THE SENATE.

THE French Senate has not lost the courage which it showed in the rejection of the *Scrutin de liste*. It satisfied itself at that time that there were bounds to M. GAMBETTA's power, and it now seems disposed to make further experiments in the same direction. There is but one opinion among moderate Frenchmen as to M. GAMBETTA's unwisdom in appointing M. PAUL BART to the united Ministries of Education and Public Worship, and on Saturday the Senate had an opportunity of giving

indirect expression to this opinion in the election of a Life Senator. M. HEROLD, the Prefect of the Seine, is already a Senator; but he is prevented by the fact that he is a Prefect from offering himself for re-election. Consequently the Government had either to submit, to see him excluded from the Senate or to bring him forward as the candidate of the Left for the vacant Life Senatorship. Unluckily for M. GAMBETTA, M. HEROLD stands in an exceptional position towards the Senate. He has been the object of a vote of censure, and he has not pushed his respect for his colleagues to the point of resigning in consequence of that vote. Even a Second Chamber does not like to see its blameworthy treated as of no importance by one of its own members, and the Senate has not forgotten its grudge against M. HEROLD. Either by accident or design, the candidate put forward in opposition to him was the very Senator who had moved and carried the vote of censure. M. DE VOISINS-LAVERNIÈRE is said by the supporters of the Government to be an utterly unknown man. But this one achievement was sufficient, in the eyes of a grateful Senate, to give him all the distinction required to secure his election. The section of the Left which follows the lead of M. JULES SIMON supported M. DE VOISINS-LAVERNIÈRE as a matter of course, and a few additional recruits from the Moderate Republicans assured him the victory. No doubt the particular act which had called down on M. HEROLD the censure of the Senate had its share in bringing about this result. M. HEROLD had allowed zeal to outrun discretion about the time of the secularization of the elementary schools of Paris. His confidence that the Bill would pass led him to regard it as passed already; and in this conviction he had the crucifixes torn down from the walls of the school-rooms, and carried off in cabs, in a more or less broken state. The precipitation and indecency with which this was done offended a large number of persons who would have borne with much equanimity the removal of the crucifixes at a proper time and in a proper way, and M. HEROLD has found to his cost that feelings of this kind are not invariably impotent, even in France.

The judgment of the Senate upon the policy of the new Government cannot be without its weight, even in the eyes of so omnipotent a Minister as M. GAMBETTA. The one announcement in his programme which is decided and unmistakable is the need of a revision of the Constitution in reference to the method of electing the Senate. This revision, however, he cannot obtain—"speaking legally," as his organ puts it—without the consent of the Senate. He hopes, of course, to make this consent sure by the elections which are to be held in January. A third of the elective Senators will then be renewed, and it is believed that the Republican majority in the Senate will thus be assured. Probably, however, there is just enough uncertainty about these elections to make M. GAMBETTA feel happier if the proposed constitutional reform could be obtained from the existing Senate. Sometimes the effect of election into an assembly of Conservative tendencies is to impart a share in these tendencies to the new member. To become a defender of the independence of the Senate may conceivably, therefore, have attractions even for Senators who passed for good Ministerialists at the time when they offered themselves to the electors. Even the necessity of admitting that, until the Senate has undergone its first complete renewal, it is useless to look for its support may be annoying to a Government which loves to think itself irresistible. At all events, it would be a gain to the prospects of revision if it were known to find favour with the Senate as at present constituted. Unfortunately the argument against revision is from every point of view immensely strong. A Constitution can only lose by being pulled to pieces within seven years of its first creation. No institutions, however deeply rooted they may be in the popular affection, can afford to dispense with prescription. Each year that has passed since 1875 has made the existing French system better known, and on the whole better liked, by those who have to live under it. If it is now to be revised because in one particular it displeases the leader of the Left, the public belief in its stability will be greatly weakened. Constitutions, like laws, should be "made for every degree," and the discovery that they are not made for M. GAMBETTA will not be calculated to increase the respect in which they are held. It is particularly dangerous to amend a Constitution which is still very young when there is no real agreement among those who will have to

revise it as to the extent to which the process ought to be carried. The Ministerial theory on the subject is extremely simple. The Government will announce to both Chambers what the change effected should be, and the Chambers will thereupon form themselves into a congress to accept or reject the proposal. In this way the whole affair becomes a plebiscite in miniature. M. GAMBETTA determines that he would like the Constitution modified, satisfies himself that a majority in the Congress is of the same way of thinking, and straightway asks them to say Aye or No to a point-blank inquiry. This, however, is not the view taken by the Extreme Left, or by the Legitimists, or even by all moderate Republicans. The Extreme Left are clamorous for a revision which shall abolish the Senate. The Legitimists, always anxious to embarrass the Government, can only justify the momentary coalition they wish to effect with the Extreme Left by the plea that, as a revision of the Constitution may one day or other be the means by which France will cease to be a Republic and become a Monarchy, it is not their business to set limits to the powers of the revising Assembly. The moderate Republicans, who do not wish to see the Constitution revised at all, support the wider theory of the powers of Congress, because it strengthens the argument by which they hope to show that revision in any shape is a very dangerous tool to play with.

It seems not unlikely, taking all these considerations into account, that the proposal for revision will meet with considerable opposition in the Senate—an opposition which may not be removed by the January elections. These elections will be held with the existing constituency, and the motives which govern the electors who choose the Senators have not always been identical with those which govern the electors who choose the Deputies. The Conservatives indeed may even be benefited by the circumstance that this is the only question upon which the contest turns. If no mention had been made of revision, they would have had to speak their minds on the general policy of the new Cabinet, and upon this there might have been great difficulty in arriving at any common formula which could be adopted alike by Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Conservative Republicans. It is different when the issue concerns the method of election to the Senate and nothing else. Upon this point Conservatives of every shade may be in complete agreement, and there is at least a chance that they may find the present electors indisposed to lessen their own importance by admitting others to share their dignity. The chief feature of the reform which M. GAMBETTA is anxious to see introduced is the abolition of the present equality among the communes as regards the choosing of the electors. He wishes each commune to be represented in the Electoral College in at least an approximate proportion to its population. However agreeable this change may be to the larger towns, it remains to be seen whether it is equally so to the many towns and villages which now enjoy a degree of importance in the Electoral College to which, in M. GAMBETTA's estimation, they have no just title. Nor will he have the advantage of being able to point to any deadly sin on the part of the Senate as a justification for provoking the excitement and risks of a constitutional revision. What has the Senate done that makes it necessary to change the mode of election? In answering this question M. GAMBETTA can go no further back than his own speech last May, in which he praised the Senate as being a most valuable element in the Constitution. He must find reasons for what he wants to do that have arisen within the last six months. The only acts of the Senate to which he can point are the rejection of the *Scrutin de liste* and the insertion in the measure for secularizing the communal schools of a direction to schoolmasters to teach the children their duty to God. The votes given in January will show whether either of these measures are as distasteful to the various bodies who have to nominate the Electoral College as M. GAMBETTA appears to believe. The Conservatives could not wish for an issue better fitted to give effect to any influence they may still have with their countrymen.

#### SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT.

A SECTION of the Scotch Free Church has determined to begin an active agitation against the Establishment. Although the proposal was only resisted by a small minority, it was observed that the attendance at the meet-

ing was scanty. Twice as many zealous ministers and elders habitually take part in the proceedings when from time to time an alleged heretic deviates to the right hand or to the left from the strict lines of the Westminster Confession. Although there seems to be much difference of opinion as to the reasons for assailing the Established Church at the present moment, the agitators, and perhaps those who stand apart from the movement, are entirely unanimous in theological, or rather ecclesiastical, hatred. English critics, though they earnestly disclaim any comprehension of the delicate shades of Scotch dissent, are generally aware that Presbyterian sects differ on points of discipline, while they apparently agree in doctrine. The Free Church secession was caused by the inability of even Scotch statesmen to understand the earnestness of the objection which was entertained to secular interference and lay patronage. The founders of the Free Church, like the Reformers of the sixteenth century, held that establishment was not only allowable, but indispensable; and they and their successors have always since contended that the body which retained its connexion with the State was guilty of usurpation or intrusion. In full accordance with its principles, the Free Church has accumulated large endowments; and probably for some time it may have hoped to resume in more favourable circumstances the rights which, according both to the possessors and to the claimants, belonged to the National Church. It would seem that the expectation, if it were ever seriously entertained, has now been abandoned. Like the Irish Roman Catholic clergy in 1869, the Free Church ministers have resolved that the prospect of accession to the privileges of the Establishment is too remote to justify the further postponement of triumph and revenge.

The grounds of the animosity which is to be gratified by disestablishment, as far as they are not of a spiritual kind, are simple and intelligible. The ministers of the Scotch Church are better endowed than their rivals, and they enjoy the support and good will of the upper classes. The majority of the Scotch gentry probably belong to the Anglican Church, and a few of them adhere to the Free Church; but the Presbyterian landowners for the most part remain in the Establishment, which is also to some extent recognized and favoured on grounds of public policy and social expediency by the Episcopalians. The Free Church ministers have often complained with apparent justice of the impediments which have on some estates been placed in the way of the provision of sites for their churches and mansees. Economical and social jealousy is stimulated by approximate equality of condition, and by apparent identity of religious belief. Many Englishmen and a few Scotchmen hoped that the vehemence of antagonism would be mitigated by the removal of the ostensible cause of secession when the late Government passed a Bill for the abolition of lay patronage; but the ministers of the Free Church, perhaps not unnaturally, resent the legislation which has deprived them of their most plausible grievance. Only one Englishman professes to understand the connexion of the Patronage Abolition Act with the agitation for disestablishment; and Mr. GLADSTONE has never taken the trouble to explain a paradox which to the Free Church perhaps appears as a truism. The Duke of ARGYLL, who published a pamphlet on disruption before he was of age, and who has since followed the Free Church controversy with unabated interest, was the chief supporter of the Patronage Bill; but the tortuous ingenuity of an over-subtle intellect apparently enables Mr. GLADSTONE to comprehend Scotch ecclesiastical puzzles better than the ablest of born Presbyterians. A slight reason will serve the purpose of a revolutionary politician in search of a pretext for a second measure of disestablishment. Another bond of union between Mr. GLADSTONE and the Free Church agitators is to be found in the nickname which is bestowed on the opponents whom they respectively most dislike. For many generations hostile Presbyterian sects have denounced each other as Erastians. Mr. GLADSTONE, in one of his essays, enumerating religious parties and their different degrees of error, placed Erastians at the bottom of his list, immediately after Atheists. If, therefore, the Free Church can persuade Mr. GLADSTONE that the objects of their enmity are Erastians, their cause will be won.

One of the criminal characteristics of the Scotch Established Church is of recent origin. When a large number of the most orthodox zealots seceded on conscientious grounds it was found that the residue was comparatively inclined to tolerance, or, in sectarian language, to latitudi-

nationalism. Of late years almost all the prosecutions for heresy which have been instituted in Scotland have been promoted in the Free Church Ecclesiastical Courts. Erastians belonging to Established Churches are less exacting as to the opinions of a minister who causes no scandal and who discharges his practical duties. There is undoubtedly much to be said in favour of strict enforcement of unity of doctrine; nor is this the place or occasion for discussing the comparative evils of excessive rigidity and of tempting elasticity. It is possible that the susceptibility of Free Church divines may succeed better in the maintenance of traditional Presbyterian orthodoxy than the careless acquiescence which is attributed to the Established Church; but in the impending contest the stern champions of Northern Puritanism will find themselves strangely allied with the opponents of all articles and creeds. Liberal politicians, though they will cordially welcome the alliance of the Free Church Holy Office, will not be deeply impressed with the mischievous tendencies of the wider Biblical criticism which is permitted in an easy-going Establishment.

Even a slight and fragmentary report of the discussion at the Free Church meeting for disestablishment shows that the agitators, notwithstanding their sectarian enthusiasm, are not unconscious of the anomalies of their present position. A few of them remember how CHALMERS and some of the other leaders of the secession considered the maintenance of a National Church to be the most sacred duty of the State. It was only because the Government of the day recognized a Church which had become heretical or schismatic that the dissentient ministers abandoned their benefices and their legal position. Accordingly there were several disclaimers of complicity with the Liberation Society, and with other opponents of the principle of Establishment. Others protested against any connexion with political parties, though it is evident that their sole chance of defeating their antagonists will be furnished by their employment of political machinery. For the present the Free Church even stands aloof from the United Presbyterians and from the other dissenting sects which will join in the attack on the Established Church. The bond of union which is, in the proverbial phrase, constituted by common enmities is in this case partially weakened by the cross feuds which separate Free Churchmen from professed Nonconformists. As the agitation proceeds, all the sects and factions will find it necessary to suspend their reciprocal animosities in the prosecution of a joint enterprise. That the political and economical results of disestablishment will be wholly evil is a consideration which will have little weight either with ecclesiastical zealots or with subversive democrats. Eager Presbyterians will find too late that their organization will be disturbed and their influence fatally weakened by the victory which they will assist Secularists in winning. Even the endowments of the Free Church, amounting to some millions, will be less secure when the property of the Established Church has been alienated. Some time will elapse before ecclesiastical interests are confided to the care of an English or Scotch Minister of the type of M. PAUL BERT; but the tendency of modern revolution is illustrated by the present condition in France of a Church which not long since was supposed to be national and dominant. The Free Church, with the aid of its natural opponents, will perhaps succeed in its present enterprise. Mr. GLADSTONE shares its mysterious objection to the Bill for the abolition of patronage; and Lord HARTINGTON was persuaded by the late Mr. ADAM to bid for party support by making disestablishment an open question. It is a not improbable conjecture that the expected triumph may be fatal to the Presbyterian system and to the doctrines which it preserves.

#### PROGRESS OF CONFISCATION AND ANARCHY.

ONCE more the winter is closing in, and once more life and property are becoming absolutely unsafe in large districts of Ireland. Last year excuse was made by the Government and its partisans for the permission of this state of things. Force was no remedy; redress of wrongs must precede punishment of crime; the House of Lords and its treatment of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill were to blame for the anarchy of Ireland. This

year no such excuse is possible. The remedy and the redress have been provided as simply as the heart of Mr. BRIGHT himself could desire; the Government have been furnished by the joint effort of their political friends and their political enemies with engines of coercion carefully selected and adjusted by themselves, and, so far from any obstacle having been put in the way of their plans for Ireland, they have been allowed *carte blanche* to loose and to bind exactly as they please. Their Sub-Commissioners are cutting away the rents of those landlords whose interests they are charged to respect, by thirds and halves; every point is being strained to give the tenants the full advantages, and more than the full advantages, of the Act; and the other courts of justice in Ireland are looking on in blank astonishment at the rapid and irresponsible manufacture of a new code of precedent, procedure, equity, and law. Meanwhile, murder and outrage of every kind are once more becoming the order of the day. It was simply owing to the bad marksmanship of the would-be assassins that murders more audacious than those of Lord MOUNTMORRIS and Mr. BOYD were not in two cases committed last week in the West and centre of Ireland. Other selected victims have been less fortunate. Nor does it mend the matter that, in at least one case, that of Miss GIFFORD, where actual murder has been committed, plunder rather than revenge seems to have been the motive. For this shows that the boasted immunity of Ireland from crimes other than agrarian is disappearing under the general temptation to lawlessness which prevails. It was, indeed, impossible that such doctrines as have been preached in Ireland with impunity, and even with profit, should fail of a more general effect than the preachers intended.

In such a state of things it is with some impatience that sensible men will receive the platitudes uttered by the less decided supporters of the Government, among whom it would appear that the *Times*, after considerable vacillation, must now be ranked. It is excusable enough for a Lord Lieutenant placed in the awkward circumstances which surround Lord COWPER to talk as he talked at Belfast on Wednesday. Although Irish Viceroy exercise a very variable influence on Irish policy, no one in the present instance dreams of attributing any initiative to the actual incumbent of the office. To oblige Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord COWPER holds a very uncomfortable, and not over-dignified, position; and, when he pledges himself not to retire from it, there is a certain gallantry, not to say heroism, about the pledge which atones for the indecision and triteness of his other utterances. English critics, however, are in no such difficult position. Lord COWPER can probably go no further with safety than the admirable, but scarcely practical, remark, "I think that this is a time when everybody, whatever his politics, should join together in the defence of civilization and authority." But when these vague copybook headings are echoed and repeated by persons on whom no official responsibility rests, the proceeding approaches imbecility. To say that "the paramount necessity of the moment is that of restoring order and of vindicating the authority of the law" might be an excellent saying if the same necessity had not been paramount and neglected for every moment of some twenty months. To admit that "what has been done for the restoration of order in Ireland is likely to be more effective in the end by reason of the delay in beginning" is simply to acknowledge misunderstanding of the present and ignorance of the past. Nor does it mend the matter to decorate platitudes of this kind with scraps of the mischievous jargon about national consciences, moral forces, and so forth, which Mr. GLADSTONE has made fashionable. The plain truth is that the Government has as yet shown neither the will nor the ability to deal with the anarchy of Ireland. A more astonishing and deplorable spectacle has seldom been presented in history than that of Mr. FORSTER sitting at the gate of Kilmainham alternately ushering prisoners in and letting them out, and imagining that by this process he will pacify Ireland. The only explanation of the trifling is either that the Government is simply disabled, and knows that it is disabled, by its past from adopting more forcible measures, or else that the clamour already raised by its own extreme supporters against the earthquake-pill of arresting suspects has daunted it. In either case, it is equally evident that the most pressing duty of the present time is in hands which are unequal to it.



How deeply compromised the Government is may be seen at a glance by looking at the proceedings of the Land Commission. There may be thought to be some signs of consternation in Mr. GLADSTONE's guarded answer to the letter which brought before his notice Professor BALDWIN's famous dictum of spoliation. It would not be surprising if even Mr. GLADSTONE's heart, though it be of the stoutest, quailed at the prospect. We are told that "No Rent" is "hateful to the people of England and Scotland"; that they "will give no countenance to a flagitious repudiation of solemn engagements." A national conscience swallowing confiscation up to fifty per cent., but choking at anything more; a national conscience refusing to see a repudiation of solemn engagements in such decisions as that in the CRAWFORD case, and that in which, the other day, a Sub-Commissioner cut off some twenty per cent. of the value of an estate bought by the holder on the security of the nation, and undisturbed by him in its rental since the purchase—this is a very singular kind of moral sense. It is not difficult to do more justice to Ministers than their half-hearted advocates dare to do. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues no doubt perceive the fatal position into which they have half knowingly and half unconsciously glided. They have set a premium on refusal to pay rents; how can they hang and shoot those whose only fault is that they mistake or decline the recent invitation "thus far and no further"? They have introduced a state of things in which, as no less a person than the CHIEF JUSTICE of the Irish Common Pleas said the other day in open court, "The action of justice is suspended, and "Magna Charta in a manner defeated." How are they to act with vigour against ignorant and misguided men who do not understand the exact articles of Magna Charta and the exact varieties of justice which are for the time in abeyance? The lesson of their perplexity, it is true, is one which seems hardly to have been needed. But, as a matter of fact, there is no doubt that it exists. It is possible, of course, that they may take heart of grace at last, and, throwing consistency to the winds, may act with rigour against those who, by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's own admission, have been their greatest friends and most efficient assistants in the past? But even then the Land Commission, unless the superior Court acts in a very different way from the subordinate and itinerant divisions, is a standing and perpetual incitement to the people to continue the very course which the Government are endeavouring to check. The contradiction is fatal, but unavoidable; while the still worse difficulty of having to face the exasperation of tenants who find their reductions of rents unconfirmed is at least possibly in store for them. It is idle, then, to talk of the question of the previous conduct of the Government being a "barren" question. It is not barren; it is only too fertile in disastrous results which are evident every day. The reckless conduct of the Sub-Commissioners is, in the peculiar condition of Irish thought and society, a positive and direct incitement to violence and rent-withholding. These two things, the Irish tenant-farmer may say to himself, have already wiped off half our rents; let us continue them, and we shall wipe off the other half. Confiscation and anarchy are thus connected inevitably from the point of view of the people, while from the point of view of the Government their encouragement of confiscation weakens, if it does not actually paralyse, their hands in putting down anarchy. It is indeed much to be hoped that the national conscience so often talked of will insist on measures being taken to prevent the annals of England from being blotted with a second disgrace like that of the winter of 1880-81. But it will hardly do this without a clear comprehension of the facts of the case, and that clear comprehension will show that, if it is specially the duty of the present Ministers to apply the remedy, it is because they are specially to blame for their encouragement of the disease.

#### THE LATE MR. GREG.

THE death of Mr. W. B. GREG justifies some notice of a writer and politician who, though he never attained popular notoriety, exercised considerable influence in his time. Mr. GREG's attention was probably first directed to political economy by his interests as a manufacturer; but even before he retired from business he pursued the study on his own account. Many of COBDEN's earlier allies and followers became and remained politicians, because demo-

cratic agitation was the most effective instrument which could be used for the removal of their special grievance. Mr. GREG naturally became a Liberal, because he desired certain definite changes which could only be accomplished by the aid of the party of movement; but in his later years he doubted whether the forces on which he had relied were not becoming irresistible and dangerous. His apprehensions would have become more acute if he had retained his vigour long enough to take part in the controversies which have thus far resulted in the Land Act, and in the iniquitous decisions of partisan judges. An economist of the last generation never thought it possible that the first postulate of the science would be disputed either in theory or in practice. The whole value of political economy rests on the assumption that property belongs to the owner, to be used according to his estimate of his own interest. The managers of the Corn-Law League contended with conclusive force that Protection was unjust, because it prevented them and their workmen from using their capital and labour to the best advantage. That the rent of land was a legitimate form of income it never occurred to them to dispute, though they objected to the artificial increase of rents at the expense of the community by vicious legislation. Mr. GREG, or indeed Mr. COBDEN, would have been startled by the proposition that rent was a tribute improperly levied on the property of the tenant.

During a long life Mr. GREG was a voluminous writer both on general and on occasional topics. He was associated with Mr. JAMES WILSON and with Mr. BAUEHOT as a contributor to the *Economist*. He wrote anonymously or under his own name in more than one other periodical; and he published several volumes on different subjects. His knowledge and his habits of business recommended him to Sir GEORGE LEWIS for an official appointment which he held with credit for several years. He had by nature both an active curiosity to ascertain the truth and a zeal to convert others to his opinion, which is of more doubtful advantage. There is something attractive and human in a sociable intellect which is never content with its own conclusions unless others can be persuaded to accept them; but a certain reserve is also not without its advantages. Young men of active minds are always making discoveries and courting proselytes; but maturer age generally hesitates to propagate novelties unless they tend to practical utility. In this respect Mr. GREG always remained young; and there is no reason to believe that he regretted the candour with which he had expressed opinions on many subjects. On questions of economy and currency he was entitled to trust to his sound grasp of principles and to his practical skill in applying theories to practical cases. Although his writings are not distinguishable from those of his colleagues or associates, it may be taken for granted that a constant contributor to the *Economist* must have done much to extend knowledge and to dispel popular illusions. In philosophical and theological controversies Mr. GREG exhibited the same earnestness and good faith; but in these departments his authority was less, and the benefit to be conferred by the publication of disputable opinions was more than doubtful. The duty of preaching the truth in or out of season, if it has any existence, must be contingent on the certainty that the doctrine is true. Mr. GREG had not attained to the fanatical zeal of a later writer who asserted that reticence on serious subjects indicated want of faith in humanity. It is difficult to understand why indiscriminate iconoclasm should be limited by an arbitrary belief in a newfangled and imaginary idol. In dealing with transcendental subjects, which he might perhaps have advantageously avoided, Mr. GREG had at least the merit of not being either a partisan or a devotee of extremes. One of his latest essays was written in answer to a whimsical contention that a future life would consist, not in the prolongation of personal identity, but in the probable continuity of the human race. Perhaps few anxious inquirers were satisfied by the assurance that, if they were not to live after death, somebody else would, with equal advantage to the world, take their place for a season. When HOMER preached the same doctrine, he compared the generations of men to leaves which decay in autumn, to be followed by other leaves in spring. Mr. GREG had little sympathy with far-fetched, sentimental paradoxes.

A manufacturer and Free-trader belonging to the same generation with Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT could scarcely

fail to sympathize with the extension of popular power; but, if Mr. GREG resented the undue influence of the aristocracy, he confined his political confidence to the educated portion of the middle classes. An economist of forty years ago, convinced of the irrefragable soundness of his own doctrines, would have by preference vested political power in any class which could be trusted to cultivate utility and logical adherence to principle in disregard both of prejudice and of interested selfishness. The gradual conversion of Sir ROBERT PEEL and of those who, in deference to his authority, followed his example may perhaps have seemed to Mr. GREG an ideal instance of the most desirable political process. Some of his associates in the Free-trade contest may perhaps have valued the means by which their victory was achieved even more highly than the object which was attained. The proof of the power of numbers and of the efficiency of agitation gratified the complacency of democratic enthusiasts, while the interest of men of business and of reasoners was concentrated on the benefits to be derived from economic freedom. The shallower reformers of the time, instead of appreciating either the triumph of argument or the increase of democratic forces, attributed the successful result of the Free-trade struggle to the supposed force of organization. In the years which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws many leagues were formed on the model of the great Lancashire Association; but, though some of them, such as the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, were countenanced by Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, they all proved in time abortive. A partial exception may be noticed in the Reform League, which was created exclusively for purposes of intimidation, and which by the Hyde Park riot contributed to the success of the Reform agitation of 1867; but the success of the agitation was due rather to the energy of Mr. BRIGHT than to the obscure demagogues who managed the affairs of the League.

Mr. GREG, who had never approved of the supremacy of the multitude, drew back at an early stage from the democratic movement. That taxation and representation should be finally dissociated from one another, that the protection of property should be entrusted to the recipients of weekly wages, seemed unreasonable to a utilitarian economist who neither worshipped nor implicitly trusted collective humanity. The alarm with which he regarded the growing power of the working classes may perhaps have been excessive or premature; but his distrust of the spirit of modern Liberal legislation has been justified by recent experience. It was difficult or impossible to anticipate the quarter from which danger was to be first apprehended. That ownership of land would be disturbed before a systematic attack was made on capital might perhaps have seemed improbable to a student of Continental democracy and Socialism. The social fabric is endangered from the moment at which the right of property becomes a subject of controversy. It may be that another system is possible, or even that it is compatible with civilization; but the experiment could only be tried after the most organic of revolutions. Mr. GREG, who had no kind of faith in social Utopias, repeatedly warned his countrymen of the probable results of the democratic innovations which are so carelessly welcomed by nominally moderate politicians. He was not unaware of the inutility of warning a community that it is floating with the stream to the edge of a cataract. He accepted the reproach which might have been addressed to the utterer of evil forebodings by assuming the legendary part of CASSANDRA, though the name was not strictly applicable. The Trojan prophetess was doomed not to be believed when she foretold the fall of Troy or the murder of AGAMEMNON. Mr. GREG, on the contrary, may perhaps have convinced many disciples, but only of an impending destiny which he and they were powerless to avert. The title of "Rocks Ahead!" which he gave to one of his warnings seemed to imply a possible exercise of discretion and of skill by a pilot; but it is certain that Mr. GREG, especially as he advanced in life, entertained no sanguine confidence in the future. With his own career and fortunes he had no reason to be dissatisfied. If he was not famous, he obtained general recognition among his equals; and he cultivated and habitually exercised considerable intellectual faculties. It is impossible to measure the influence which a well-informed and thoughtful writer may have exercised during a long career. It is only certain that Mr. GREG contributed much more than his share to the instruction of his contemporaries.

## MR. GLADSTONE AND SIR BARTLE FRERE.

WHEN history comes to consider the remarkable influence which Mr. GLADSTONE has exercised over England there will be at least one charge which cannot be brought against the present PRIME MINISTER. It can never be asserted that, like not a few famous statesmen in the past, he has made a mystery of his peculiarities. For many years, whether in or out of office, Mr. GLADSTONE has taken care to bring his idiosyncrasy fully before the public at comparatively short intervals. With a fairness which cannot be too highly commended, he places the documents for estimating his moral and intellectual fitness for the great position he holds before the eyes of any one who has eyes and who chooses to read. Perhaps some of the readers are so touched by this mark of confidence that they do not care to seem not to reciprocate it, and therefore refuse to examine the documents too narrowly. Perhaps the indispensable condition of possessing eyes to see is often wanting. Otherwise it is not easy to understand how there can be so much difference in the results arrived at. There is, indeed, a third explanation of the difficulty. These successive revelations of Mr. GLADSTONE's personality never fail to reveal one thing—his own undoubted belief in the rectitude of his own conduct and the infallibility of his own judgment. To a certain class of mind the following syllogism therefore becomes possible. What Mr. GLADSTONE thinks is true; that Mr. GLADSTONE is always right is what Mr. GLADSTONE thinks; therefore, that Mr. GLADSTONE is always right is true. The formal perfection of the argument is indubitable, and it seems to be, though less universally than it was eighteen months or two years ago, still generally imposing.

The correspondence published last Tuesday between the PRIME MINISTER and Sir BARTLE FRERE is the latest and one of the most interesting of these *pièces justificatives*. It is unusually instructive, from the accidental fact that even the most excitable partisan can hardly manage to regard it as a party matter. Sir BARTLE FRERE, partly by his fault and partly by his misfortune, is a person whom neither Liberals nor Conservatives have much reason to love. He did a very bad turn to the latter, and the former have behaved as shabbily as possible to him; so that, according to the general laws of human nature, he ought to be obnoxious to both. There is, moreover, an almost universal opinion in England that in his South African policy he—doubtless with the best of motives—inflicted a great injury on his country. But Sir BARTLE FRERE, like everybody else, is entitled to be heard on a question of fact; and it is a question of fact which is discussed in the long and somewhat embroiled correspondence to which we are referring. It should be said (for without accurate knowledge of this the correspondence is difficult to appreciate) that in the Midlothian speeches Mr. GLADSTONE accused Sir BARTLE FRERE of being one of "the two great authorities [the "other being Sir HENRY RAWLINSON] who supported the "Indian policy of advance into Afghanistan." Mr. GLADSTONE then went on to draw inferences to the effect that Sir BARTLE was "not conversant with free government or responsible government," and to urge that Sir BARTLE's "mode of action at the Cape of Good Hope did "not tend to accredit his advice in Afghanistan." As soon as Sir BARTLE FRERE, having served Mr. GLADSTONE's convenience (a convenience which, as may be remembered, could afford to overlook for some considerable time Sir BARTLE's "mode of action at the Cape"), was free to speak, the ex-High Commissioner wrote and published a pamphlet letter to his accuser. After this point the correspondence begins. The first letter from Mr. GLADSTONE is what may be called a vague but general request to let bygones be bygones, disclaiming the imputation of "moral error or reproach," and professing willingness to apologize if he has been wrong in any statement. This is followed by a letter from Sir BARTLE, pointing out what he has to complain of in the reference to Afghanistan. The letters are complicated by cross references to South Africa on both sides. Some of these, however, have nothing to do with the main point at issue, which is the imputation of having advised or favoured the policy of advance into Afghanistan. Sir BARTLE argues elaborately that he had never favoured that policy. Mr. GLADSTONE replies that he had "never had any reason to "believe, nor does he believe, that he was so grossly mis- "understood by any one in the country as to be supposed "to connect Sir BARTLE with the deplorable measures "taken in Afghanistan during the Viceroyalty of Lord

"LYTTON." Mr. GLADSTONE, however, "did think that Sir BARTLE was in favour of the policy of advance"; and his only object in mentioning the fact was "to give his opponents the benefit of Sir BARTLE's high authority." If he was wrong in the opinion, he regrets it; but, as to South Africa, he is not aware of having sought without warrant to treat the policy adopted there as Sir BARTLE FRERE's. This qualified and entangled apology brings out another long letter from Sir BARTLE, and then comes the most remarkable piece of the series. Had Mr. GLADSTONE stopped at the one just quoted he would have left himself in an awkward position, but not in half so awkward a one as that in which he now is. For he now says, "I have never knowingly used any words which could convey to an uninfamed mind the idea that you had advised the measures taken by the late Government against SHERE ALI." All that he did was "to admit in justice to opponents that you had been friendly to a policy of advance." Receiving Sir BARTLE's assurance of the error, Mr. GLADSTONE is "much gratified," and if Sir BARTLE regards his "erroneous admission" as a wrong he is quite willing to "express his regret." With regard to South Africa his object was "to say as little as he could and let that little lean as much towards Sir BARTLE and his views as he could." Finally, Mr. GLADSTONE "has not anything to retract."

This is the marrow of two columns of small print, and a very curious marrow it is. Mr. GLADSTONE asserts that Sir BARTLE supported and advised the Indian policy of advance into Afghanistan, and that Sir BARTLE's mode of action at the Cape of Good Hope does not tend to accredit that advice. The first statement is proved to be inaccurate—at least Mr. GLADSTONE accepts the proof by making no attempt to upset Sir BARTLE's evidence on the subject. Yet, notwithstanding this statement and the argument built upon it, Mr. GLADSTONE has nothing to retract; but, if he has nothing to retract, he has much to bring forward. He did use the words, "Sir BARTLE FRERE advised the advance into Afghanistan"—this is admitted; but he never used any words that could be interpreted as meaning that Sir BARTLE had advised measures against SHERE ALI. The measure against SHERE ALI was the advance into Afghanistan, and the advance into Afghanistan was the measure against SHERE ALI. The terms are absolutely convertible; yet Mr. GLADSTONE admits the one statement and denies the other, even as an inference. Further, Mr. GLADSTONE expressly used Sir BARTLE's African "mode of action" as an argument to discredit his supposed advice in Afghanistan. This, again, is admitted. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE now says that he never sought at any time to treat the course of policy pursued in South Africa without warrant as Sir BARTLE's, and that "the little he said about it leaned as much as possible towards him and his views." It is, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, leaning towards a person's views to say that those views are so bad that they are sufficient to discredit other views on another subject. After this it is almost superfluous to notice the characteristic description of a groundless accusation as an "erroneous admission," or the peculiarly comforting and not less characteristic argument that what looked like an attack on Sir BARTLE was really only an act of justice to Lord BEACONSFIELD. All this makes the question of merit as between the correspondents entirely irrelevant, though it is not surprising to find that it has been put in the foreground by Mr. GLADSTONE's partisans. It really does not matter much whether Sir BARTLE was in favour of the Afghan policy of the late Government or not. It is a question very interesting to himself and to historians, but of no actual importance. Perhaps it is of rather more actual importance that the PRIME MINISTER of England should deny that any uninfamed mind can see in an assertion that Sir BARTLE advised an advance into Afghanistan the assertion that he advised measures against SHERE ALI, and supported the deplorable policy of Lord LYTTON. It may be somewhat remarkable that in the same breath with an acknowledgment of regret for an erroneous admission, Mr. GLADSTONE should declare that he has nothing to retract. It is curious, to say the least, that a man who has said that Sir BARTLE FRERE's mode of action in South Africa does not tend to accredit his advice in Afghanistan should describe this as leaning as much as he could towards Sir BARTLE FRERE and his views in South Africa. This is the really interesting thing about the correspondence, and it is quite independent of the case against

Sir BARTLE and his policy, whether in India or in Africa. There would be no difference of opinion in private life about the conduct of any one who played fast and loose with facts and words in the way in which Mr. GLADSTONE here plays with both; and there would not be much difference of opinion about the conduct to be observed towards him in return. The curious thing is that the very persons who are most innocently blind to the inferences naturally drawn from this correspondence are the very persons who are most indefatigable in asserting that the morality of public and of private life is one and indivisible, and that action in both must be guided and judged by identically the same rules.

#### THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE HOME SECRETARY has taken the only course that he could properly take in reference to the St. Paul's Industrial School, and has remitted the whole matter to the Public Prosecutor. The degree in which there exists matter on which to found a criminal charge will now be investigated by the one person to whom this kind of inquiry properly belongs, and the fact that it has been referred to him relieves us of the obligation of saying anything more on this part of the subject. Whether acts of cruelty were committed in the school, and, if so, by whom, and at whose instance they were committed, are questions of which the public generally will gladly wash their hands. So long as the SECRETARY of STATE had not called in the Public Prosecutor, it was necessary to insist upon the grave character of the charges brought, and the apparent force of the evidence alleged in support of them. Now that these facts have been admitted, and are about to be acted on by the officer whom they most nearly concern, the matter may be safely left in his hands.

Two other questions, however, still call for further consideration. The first is the responsibility of the London School Board for what has taken place. It has been angrily denied that this body has any responsibility whatever as regards industrial schools. The inspection of these schools, it is said, belongs to the Home Secretary, not to the School Board. If he, with the requisite staff at his command, was unable to discover what was going on in St. Paul's School, how can the London School Board, which has no such staff at its disposal, be chargeable with negligence for not detecting what escaped Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT? The London School Board, as not infrequently happens in these cases, entirely mistake the nature and occasion of the censure that has been passed upon them. In our judgment there can be no doubt that they have been very greatly to blame in this business; but we willingly concede that the responsibility for what went on in the school rests upon the HOME SECRETARY and not upon the London School Board. He, not they, was the person who ought to have been kept informed of the character of the school and of the condition of the boys who were kept there. It is not because they were not informed about the school that the London School Board deserve grave censure; it is because, when the need of making themselves informed was brought home to them by circumstances, they paid no regard to it. It was natural that in the first outburst of public indignation the distinction between these charges should have been obscured. It was seen that the Board was greatly in the wrong at that moment; it was not seen at what precise point in the matter the Board had become wrong. The controversy that followed, passionate as it has been, has at least done away with this confusion. The Board may fairly be acquitted on the charge of having allowed abuses to exist which they had the means of checking. The Industrial Schools Committee, which has earned such unenviable notoriety, was not an inspecting body; it was simply a body charged with the transfer of children to industrial schools under the authority of the Board, and with the provision of additional schools in the event of those in being proving inadequate to the demand for accommodation in them. As such, the Committee was no more bound to see that the schools chosen were properly managed than the magistrate who sends a child to a reformatory is bound to consider whether the discipline he will there undergo is likely to reform him. But, when all this has been acknowledged, there remains quite enough to charge the Board with. As has already been pointed out, they stood to the children

they had sent to these schools in the relation of guardian to ward. They were exempted from the duty of making inquiry as to the character of each particular school, and as to the treatment the children underwent there, by the fact that all the schools had the certificate of the Home Office, were inspected by its officers, and had presumably borne that inspection satisfactorily. But they were not exempted from the duty of making inquiry as to the truth of specific charges against a particular school when these charges were brought before them, and, indeed, eagerly pressed upon them. To repeat an illustration formerly used, no one would blame a guardian if, having to send his wards to school, he chose a public school of good repute, without himself investigating the foundation of the character it bore. But if specific charges of cruelty were brought against the school at which he had placed his wards, and he refused or delayed to satisfy himself as to the truth of them, he would be very properly blamed. The London School Board had had notice that all was possibly not right with the St. Paul's Industrial School. They had had that notice in the remarks of the magistrate in dealing with the boys accused of setting fire to the school, and later on they had had it in the statements laid before them by Mrs. SURR. Their plain duty, on becoming acquainted with these causes of suspicion, was at once, either by themselves or by appeal to the HOME SECRETARY, to institute the necessary investigation. Instead of this, they did their best to keep the matter from the notice of the HOME SECRETARY by rescinding the motion to submit it to him, and they were late and languid in taking the duty upon themselves. This is the real ground on which the London School Board merits censure. Its members were loth to recognize—many of them possibly have not yet recognized—that they owed any duty whatever to the possible victims of the cruelties alleged to be practised in St. Paul's School. This unwillingness is so extraordinary that it can only be explained by the hypothesis suggested last week. The need for inquiry was discovered, and the obligation to undertake it pressed upon the Board, by the wrong people. If Mrs. SURR had belonged to the majority, all would have gone well. She belonged to the minority, and all went ill. If the London School Board wish to regain the confidence of the public, they will show some appreciation of the duty they neglected, and some regret for having been led away into neglecting it.

A still wider issue is raised by the last two paragraphs of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's letter to the Board. He admits that sufficient defects have been discovered in the particular school which has been under consideration to throw doubt upon the management of other similar schools. If these defects could go on undetected in one industrial school, they may remain equally undetected in another. The possibility of this has been confirmed by the discovery that equally gross abuses are complained of in an industrial school at Glasgow. It is evident, indeed, that the peculiar conditions of an industrial school lend themselves very readily to cruel treatment. The children sent to these schools are usually of a specially unmanageable type. They need to be treated with a good deal of strictness, and at times with a good deal of severity; and strictness and severity, when they have to be shown by unwise or incompetent people, may very easily degenerate into cruelty. The safeguards which exist in ordinary elementary schools are wanting here. The schools are boarding schools, not day schools; so that the intercourse between parent and child, which in ordinary elementary schools is suspended only during the time when a child is actually at school, is in the industrial schools suspended altogether. The children have no one to whom to complain of ill-usage—no one who is likely to find out, even if no complaint is made, that ill-usage has been practised. The only persons who have any opportunity of making discoveries on this point are the Government Inspectors, and it is to them that up to this time the public has looked to see that these schools have been rightly managed. They now learn that the inspection in question is of an extremely imperfect kind, and that the large number of schools makes it impossible for the present staff to introduce any effectual improvement. It is not wonderful that this discovery has greatly disturbed a large number of people. The idea of an industrial school is an excellent one. It seems to meet a want which can be met equally well in no other way. Consequently, money has been freely spent by charit-

able persons in setting up such schools, and by the rate-payers in supporting them when set up. There are reasons which make it desirable that no radical change should be introduced into the system under which these schools are maintained. In a boarding school, for example, it is impossible to put aside the religious difficulty. The managers of the school have the entire charge of the children, and, if they do not make provision for religious instruction, no religious instruction will be given. Now, judging from the recent action of the London School Board, is there any ground to infer that, if School Boards were substituted for charitably disposed individuals as the managers of industrial schools, things would of necessity be any better. The two things that seem to be needed, if the present system is to be retained, are provision for the appointment of an adequate staff of managers and for the adequate inspection of the school as carried on by these managers. At St. Paul's School the first of these conditions did not exist, for the sole manager was Mr. SCRUTTON, while the second, as we are told by the SECRETARY OF STATE himself, does not exist at any industrial school. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT need bring forward no further evidence to establish his position, that "the time has come when the whole matter should be submitted to the investigation of an important and independent authority."

#### ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

THERE is an English proverb to the effect that one swallow cannot make a summer, but what is beyond the capacities of a swallow may be possible to a Saint. There are at all events two of the saintly company who are credited in England, and we believe elsewhere also, with the pleasant prerogative of making, or restoring, a summer that is already fled, though they do not unfortunately deign to exercise this prerogative as often as might be desired, and still seldomer do they both combine during the same autumn to put forth their beneficent powers. This year, however, it may fairly be said that we have had a St. Luke's summer and a St. Martin's summer in quick succession, but with a sufficient interval between them—about All Saints' Day—to preclude any risk of those jealousies from which even "celestial minds" are alleged not to be always free as to who might claim the dispensation of the charmingly unseasonable warmth. But if no rivalry is possible in this case between St. Luke and St. Martin, there is a further question, which has much exercised and in fact hopelessly confused one of our evening contemporaries, as to which St. Martin has a rightful claim on our gratitude. For it so happens that in the Roman Calendar there is a St. Martin, Confessor, on the eleventh, and another St. Martin, Pope and Martyr, on the twelfth, of November. And our contemporary, not being perhaps very deeply versed in ecclesiastical history, and naturally supposing that a Pope and Martyr must be a greater personage than a Confessor, somewhat rashly concluded that the St. Martin of November 12 had sent us the genial weather we have all lately been enjoying. That, however, is not at all the case. We hope we entertain a proper respect for Popes and Martyrs, and Pope Martin I., as may be gathered from Milman's account of his persecution by the Monothelite Emperor Constantine, was a man well deserving respect and sympathy, though it is only by a little stretching the term that he can be called a martyr, as he died from the cruel treatment he had received in his exile at Cherson. Nevertheless, it is not St. Martin, Pope and Martyr, commemorated in the Roman Calendar on November 12, who confers its designation either on Martinmas or St. Martin's summer, but his far more celebrated namesake, St. Martin of Tours, who figures as well in the Anglican as in the Roman Calendar on November 11. Nor is much additional light thrown on the matter by elaborately confounding Martin I., who is the martyr honoured on November 12, with his successor of seven centuries later, Martin IV., the French Cardinal who was elected Pope at Viterbo in 1280. The death or martyrdom of Martin I. occurred in 655, not—as the evening journalist imagined—nine centuries, but two centuries and a half after St. Martin of Tours, who died in 597.

"Who has not heard of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, and Confessor?" are the opening words of Cardinal Newman's sketch of his life, originally published forty years ago in the *Church of the Fathers*. Alban Butler begins in similar terms his life of "the great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul and the light of the Western Church." And indeed from the very first his name was widely honoured in the Church, and especially in England, where even in British times there was—as there still is—a church dedicated to him at Canterbury, in which Bertha, the Christian Queen of Ethelbert, had been accustomed to worship before the arrival of St. Augustine. The large number of churches dedicated in his honour both in England and throughout Europe generally, from the time when first a chapel and soon afterwards a Cathedral was built over his tomb at Tours, which lasted on as venerated by Clovis till the French Revolution, would alone sufficiently attest the prevalence and permanence of this sentiment. Moreover, he alone of Confessors had a service of his own in the more ancient



brevaries, and had his name inserted by Gregory the Great with those of certain Apostles and Martyrs, in the Canon of the Mass. Nor are there many, even of the most famous of the old Christian saints, whose life has come down to us on testimony so trustworthy and precise, as his biographer, Sulpicius Severus, was a disciple, eyewitness, and intimate friend. Milman indeed complains of his credulity in miraculous matters, which however he only shares with his contemporaries, but fully admits his "polished and classical style," on which Cardinal Newman also dwells. Martin was born in Pannonia of heathen parents in 316, and brought up at Pavia in Italy; his father was a soldier, and he himself served some years in the army, but became in early youth a convert to Christianity. At the age of about fifty, he came to Poitiers and established there what is said to have been the first monastic institution in France; and in 372 he was made Bishop of Tours, about the same time that St. Ambrose was elected to the see of Milan. His diocese appears to have been of wide, perhaps not very definitely limited extent, and Gaul was at that period still an almost pagan country; the cities indeed had been evangelized, but the country folk—the *pagani*—still adhered to their old idolatries. The heathen sacrifices were, however, about this time forbidden by law, and there does not seem to have been much resistance to the edict. Martin, at all events, was very successful in his missionary labours among the people, and persuaded them in many cases to join with him in the destruction of their temples and images. But he was to become yet more conspicuous for his courage in dealing with the usurping Emperor Maximus, and that too as the champion, not of heresy—for he was a zealous preacher of the orthodox faith—but of heretics against that persecuting policy of which Maximus set what Milman calls "a fatal precedent" disowned at the time by the general voice of the Christian Church. Martin had already on first coming to Trèves, where Maximus had established his court, refused to hold any intercourse with him till after his solemn assurance that he had only reluctantly assumed the imperial power imposed on him by the army, and had slain no enemy except on the battle-field. The Emperor seems to have thought that a zeal for orthodoxy, which certainly was not according to knowledge, might help to condone if not to conceal his more than doubtful antecedents, and he thereby gave occasion for the two most distinguished prelates of the day, both afterwards revered as saints, St. Martin himself and St. Ambrose, to pronounce by anticipation an emphatic censure on the evil system so portentously exemplified in the establishment of the Inquisition.

The facts, briefly stated, are these. The Priscillianists, a Spanish sect who had revived some form of Gnostic or Manichean heresy and had been condemned by a local Council under the presidency of Ithacius, contrived to get its sentence reversed by an edict of the Emperor Gratian, and Ithacius had to leave the country in consequence. But after the death of Gratian he promptly repaired to Trèves and appealed to the new Emperor, who summoned the heretics to appear before his tribunal, and in spite of Martin's energetic remonstrances, had them tried and executed after Martin's departure. A solemn protest against these proceedings was entered eventually by Sirenius, then Pope, as well as by St. Ambrose, and Ithacius was deposed and excommunicated. But our immediate concern here is with St. Martin. In the following year he returned to Trèves to intercede with Maximus for two of the officials of the late Emperor Gratian, Narses and Leucadius, who had been threatened with death. He found assembled there a Council of Ithacian bishops, who had already induced the Emperor to send a military commission into Spain charged to detect, arrest, pillage, and kill all heretics, the broad test of heresy adopted being paleness of face and peculiarity of dress. One cannot help being reminded of Louis XIV. and the dragonnades. Martin urgently pressed the Emperor to recall this infamous commission, and meanwhile refused to communicate with the bishops who had procured it. Maximus wavered and prevaricated, but at last, being offended at the pertinacity of his petitioners, ordered Narses and Leucadius to be at once executed. This was too much for Martin's kindness of heart; he hastened at once to the Emperor, and promised to communicate with the persecuting Ithacian faction on condition of the lives of the prisoners being spared and the military inquisitors recalled from Spain. The Emperor granted both requests, and Martin fulfilled his part of the bargain and communicated next day with Ithacius and his associates. For this weakness, as he regarded it, he never forgave himself, nor would he ever again attend any Council or meeting of bishops. But the error, if such it was, does credit to his heart, and we can hardly blame him for preferring the preservation of the lives of the hunted heretics to the logical consistency of maintaining a protest against their persecutors. He died at the age of 81 on November 9, 397, and was buried on the eleventh, the day still dedicated to his memory. His shrine was long a favourite pilgrimage in France, but it was afterwards rifled by the Huguenots, and the splendid cathedral of Tours, one of the finest in France, succumbed, as we have before mentioned, to the iconoclastic fury of the Revolution. The site of his tomb was however rediscovered about twenty years ago under some houses purchased by Cardinal Morlot, then Archbishop of Tours, and a temporary chapel was erected over it, which has become again a place of pilgrimage. In England there is scarcely a town of any size that has not a church dedicated to him, and this may help to explain the retention of his name in the Calendar at the Reformation. For Englishmen generally, however it is chiefly rescued from oblivion by the occasional recurrence of such years as the present, when the question

naturally suggests itself what is meant by St. Martin's summer. And as recent experience proves that even so simple a question may be answered quite wrongly, we have thought our readers might not unreasonably desire to know what is the right answer; the more so as, in spite of his monastic austerities and miraculous achievements, on which there can be no need to dilate here, there is a real human interest and significance in the life of this early saint, who is not inappropriately considered the patron of late summers, and who under a rough exterior concealed so generous and warm a heart.

#### LIFE IN NORTH CORNWALL.

ONE of the few remaining refuges from nineteenth-century bustle, from railroads and telegrams, from traction-engines and steam-ploughs, and from the widely spreading Cockney tongue, is to be found in the extreme West of England, on the other side of the boundary line which divides Cornishmen from Englishmen. Only one railway Company has as yet penetrated into King Arthur's dominion, and thus many places are still something like twenty miles from a station. It is nearly impossible for "up-country" people (as the rest of the world is somewhat contemptuously styled by all who have the good fortune to live west of Exeter) to realize such a state of things; but the results are evident enough in the tenacity with which old habits are clung to, and in the slowness to accept reforms, even of the most unrevolutionary type. Old words and idioms, too, linger in the mouths of the elder folk, though it may be feared that Board-School English will be the language of the next generation, to the exclusion of many a quaint and pithy turn of speech.

Belief in witchcraft is still common, principally in the milder form of "white" witches. There may even be found that traditional personage, the "seventh son of a seventh son," who touches for king's evil, stanches bleeding, and, in fact, is what a South African would call a "medicine-man." Very learned he is probably in woodcraft and bee-keeping, and most other country pursuits; on Sundays a "Methody" preacher, on week days a labourer at twelve shillings a week, living principally on "tatties," and seldom touching meat, save on the great winter festival of killing a pig. He is now a teetotaler after (it is rumoured) a not too sober youth, and his skill in trapping hares and rabbits suggests sundry breaches of the Game Laws in former days, of which, indeed, the old man makes no secret. His whole life has been spent out of doors, and it is not surprising that he should have acquired a certain knowledge of the useful properties of plants, upon which it may be suspected that much of the reputation of the "white witch" is founded, though in some cases the knowledge is of a vague order.

No heart can know, no tongue can tell,  
What virtue lies in the pimpernel,

may be an excellent excuse for not ridding the flower-borders of that pretty little weed the scarlet pimpernel, or "shepherd's clock," but one would like to know something of its positive merits, which the poet has not left on record.

There is a good deal of awe felt of the barrows or tumuli whose great green mounds rise solemn and mysterious in the fields. They are seldom levelled, though most of them have been despoiled of their contents long ago by ardent archaeologists, and their former tenants are popularly supposed to haunt the neighbourhood. Such traditions and superstitions are not confined to the labouring class; the tenant-farmers are equally imbued with them, and indeed can hardly be separated in thought from the labourers, being generally not removed by more than one generation from ploughmen or "horsemen" (i.e. tenders of horses) ancestors. The holdings are very small and the rents low, so that a hard-working man who has managed to put by a few pounds will often take and stock a small farm. If good seasons help him he may add enough to his capital to have something to fall back upon when the hay harvest is ruined by days of soaking rain, or "the fly" decimates the turnip crop, or, worst calamity of all, when the fatal "cawd" or liver disease strikes down his promising flock of sheep. But, on the other hand, should the small farmer be improvident, or, as is too often the case, should his mind be filled with exploded theories of agriculture, woe betide him in such seasons as the country has suffered from in late years. His landlord may overlook the fact that the man has brought a great part of the trouble on himself by his obstinate refusal to take advice, and he may, or rather he certainly will, remit ten or twenty per cent. of the rent; but this is not sufficient to set the poor fellow on his legs again. If he is an honest man he gives up his farm and very likely starts again as a day labourer; if he is dishonest he sells off everything surreptitiously—farm stock, implements, furniture, &c., and "goes scat" (*Anglice*, bolts). The neighbours, if he has any, keep his secret, and it may be several days before the unfortunate landlord becomes aware that the farm is empty. He finds the land probably bearing a plentiful crop of weeds, and the gates, which have been found useful as firewood, conspicuous by their absence; two or three lean hens and a cat representing the live stock. Acts of cruelty to or neglect of animals are exceptional, and, as a rule, the people are fond of their dumb companions, which in consequence are extremely tame, and occasionally even obtrusive in their attentions to timorous strangers. The pig, especially, is in Cornwall, almost as much as in Ireland, an *enfant de la maison*. Long-legged and gaunt, he appears at every farmhouse door, and

his grunt—suspicious, inquisitive, or friendly—greets the approaching visitor. The Cornish pig's intelligence and domesticity have been as much improved by generations of kindly treatment as those of the Arab horse, and he is a far more sociable companion than the mongrel sheep-dog who barks indiscriminately at all strangers. A pig of those parts has been known to follow the family sedately about the grounds, to watch at a gate for the master's coming, and to make a bold, but unsuccessful, attempt to follow the carriage. The wild birds, too, show something of the same fearless and confiding character. Small boys are so few in this thinly-peopled district that they fail to affect appreciably the number of nestlings hatched each year, and the birds, being free from molestation, cease to regard mankind as their natural enemies. Chaffinches boldly come to share the food of the poultry-yard, juncos hardly get out of the way as one walks along the road, and that shyest of woodland birds, the green woodpecker, has been observed for more than a quarter of an hour quietly feeding within a stone's throw of a house, while the domestic pigeons (themselves the tamest of the tame) walked round it at a safe distance, evidently wondering what sort of creature this strangely brilliant visitor could be.

A less pleasant trait of the Cornish character than kindness to animals is that of revenge for injuries, real or supposed. A not uncommon form of vengeance for dismissal from service is the slaughter of the late employer's pig. It is somewhat unpleasant for a "foreigner" (i.e. any one from beyond the border) to know that any offence he may give, however unwittingly, will very likely be revenged in this or some other equally mischievous manner. When a person from any other part of England settles in the West he must be prepared for an unlimited amount of cheating and petty theft, since he will certainly be regarded by some of his new neighbours as a lawful prey. It will take him some time, probably, to understand the dialect. When he hears of "mating" the pig, he may not at first grasp that the animal is to be fed. "Heave" for thaw; "spears," the hazel stakes used in thatching; "reed," straw selected for the same purpose—these and many other words are very puzzling to a stranger. Sometimes, indeed, the better-educated will translate as they go along:—"The weather is very plum (mild) to-day"; and, *à propos* of wasps, "appliedranes, but some folks calls 'em wasp-flies." Planting is always "tilling," and the ordinary square-shaped spade is never used, a long-handled shovel taking its place; but mattocks and an implement called a "flagay" (in Devon a "two-bill") are mostly used for breaking up the ground. The flagay has a very long handle and a double head, axe-edged at one end and mattock-edged at the other. Possibly the slight make of the men may account for the absence of the spade, the use of which requires greater strength than do the implements of the mattock class. A really well-built man is seldom to be seen in the district; though sometimes tall, they are usually narrow-chested, and they would look frail if set side by side with labourers from Yorkshire or Berks. The milder climate of the West may have something to do with the different physique of the inhabitants; unaccustomed as they are to severe winters, any exceptionally cold season tries them terribly. "Plum" weather is what suits them best; moist and warm and (as "up-country" people would say) relaxing; but the westerly winds are charged with the salt spray of the Atlantic, and are untainted by any poisonous vapours of manufactories or stifling fumes of coal smoke; and nothing can be more invigorating than to stand on some rocky headland looking towards the sunset, and there to inhale deep draughts of pure ozone. No harsh chill is in those sea breezes, which are as soft as they are strong, and the most sensitive lungs need not shrink from their contact. It is little wonder if those whose lives have been spent within hearing of the grand Atlantic swell cannot breathe in the bleak air of our Midland and Eastern counties.

Not only by its mild temperature is the winter of the West country robbed of half its proverbial harshness. The bare brown hedges of other counties are there clothed with evergreen ferns, and these, mingled with wreaths of ivy, keep green and fresh till the oak and thorn and beech are bursting into leaf. In the woods the undergrowth of holly and the bright carpet of moss serve the same purpose; and February is barely over before the soft shoots of the honeysuckle appear, and the vividly green wood-sorrel with its starry white flowers, to be soon followed by the "pale primrose" on the roadside bank, the wood anemone under the trees, and the daffodils thickly covering the grass of the orchards. Then we begin to watch for the first blue-bells, and perhaps we may chance to light on the rare white wild hyacinth. The fences are specially attractive in spring, though hardly calculated to fulfil the object of their existence. A low bank, covered with heath or ferns, then on the top some bushes of furze and "besom" (broom), and dog-rose, all overgrown by honeysuckle, a young ash, or oak, or hazel here and there, a few "motes" (stumps) of larger trees from which tufts of polypody or hard fern are springing—such defences as these do not prove very effectual against the inroads of vigorous Devon heifers or obstinate old sheep which never can find their way out of a forbidden field, however easy may have been the entrance and however large the gap. But there is nothing more fascinating than one of these hedges in April, when they are bright with pink campion and white stitchwort, and overflow with primroses; and then in June, when great purple spikes of foxglove rise singly or in clusters, and the dog-roses, white, pink, and crimson, mingle their blossoms with the honeysuckle, and the ox-eyed daisies and long grasses cover the banks, and many different ferns fill the moist and shady nooks—

then, indeed, we forget utility and agriculture, and everything that is ugly and practical, and revel in the luxuriance of colour and freshness that meets us at every turn. Each bit of marsh land bears its crop of yellow iris or white scented orobis or soft cotton grass, and we have not far to seek for the noble fronds of the royal fern which skirts rivers and canals and mill leads.

No one who has spent a spring and early summer in the extreme West of England can think of it with anything but affection; whatever may be the faults of the inhabitants, whatever the drawbacks which attend seclusion from the busy world, still the "West country," with its profusion of natural charms, and the added interest of an as yet unexhausted mine of folklore and folk-language, has a powerful attraction for all who have lived, for however short a time, within the range of that well-nigh magic influence.

#### LIVING AND THRIVING UNDER DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a not inconsiderable party in England, with Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Thomas Hughes at their head, who vigorously defend by word and, where possible, by deed, what the first-named of the two calls a continental policy for North America. This policy appears to be directed to the strengthening of the United States and the weakening of Canada as far as may be. Mr. Hughes, indeed, with the eccentric simplicity which is his characteristic, maintains in effect that it is wicked of Englishmen to emigrate to Canada at all, though we do not know that he has ever put his contention quite so incisively. We cannot attempt here to enter into this quarrel or to decide between the practical agriculturists who say "Try Canada," and the engineers, politicians, professors on the stump, and such-like cattle who say "Try the United States." But it is as well to point out that recent advices from the United States themselves are not exactly favourable to the chances of the emigrant without capital or with only a very moderate supply. On the one hand, the Superintendent of the Employment Bureau at the Immigration Office fears, according to the New York Correspondent of the *Daily News*, that there may be "considerable privation among the immigrants this winter, owing to the inability to find employment for them." "The demand for labour has fallen off materially." "It is becoming difficult to find employment," &c. Now the superior advantages of the United States over Canada have always been considered to be twofold. In the first place, there are the intangible advantages arising from the consideration that in the one it is practically impossible for any given person to be Governor-General, and in the other, theoretically at least, possible for him to become President; while the divine right of "holding your head up" is supposed to be more fully enjoyed to the south of the chain of the lakes than to the north of it. In the second place, there is supposed to be a far larger demand for labour at wages in the States than in Canada. It is tolerably obvious that, if there is no demand for labour or a falling demand in the States, this advantage ceases. Besides, we are not considering so much the comparative advantages of the United States and Canada, as the comparative advantages of the wage-earner in the land of promise, and in this actual land of bondage. A steerage journey across the Atlantic in winter, to be followed only by a sojourn in the sheds of the Immigration Department, does not in itself offer a peculiarly inviting prospect to persons who are tired of what Mr. Gladstone calls this small little island. But there is more information come to hand as to the status of the labourer in America than this general warning of "no demand." The housekeeping expenses of a family in New York are, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, about twenty-five per cent. higher than they were a year ago. Potatoes and apples, the latter a staple food in America, have doubled in price; dairy produce has gone up from twenty-five to fifty per cent.; meat from ten to twenty, flour itself considerably. So that the actual person who is in receipt of wages, though he is certainly better off than the unlucky Johnny Kaw who is looking for employment, is not altogether in clobber. Recent travellers who have returned from the autumn trips to America now common with English members of Parliament have brought tales of numerous English working-men, who, without exactly speaking evil of the land of promise, confessed that the great nominal increase of their income did not seem to bring with it any corresponding increase of comfortable living. That these men themselves will not receive any higher wages this winter, we may be certain, unless the superintendent of the Employment Bureau is singularly wrong in his facts, and they will at the same time have to face either diminished comforts or a seriously increased expenditure.

It would, of course, be in the highest degree illogical to argue that the United States are not a land of promise because they have had seasons now and then. But it is not at all illogical, and may be of not inconsiderable service, to point out that the conditions of life in this unbridled democracy make such alternations of prosperity and adversity peculiarly hard on the Demos. There is hardship enough at home, Heaven knows; but the wind is tempered not a little to the shorn English lamb. In the first place, the working of Free-trade, the comparative absence of rings and corners in the most important articles of commerce, and the enormous number of steady moneyed purchasers, have a tendency to prevent violent fluctuations of price. We had, indeed, some years ago a taste of

American inflation in respect of coals and meat, but that was the consequence of the wild gambling in business to which the fallacious prosperity of Mr. Gladstone's last Administration led. Generally speaking, while things—at least, necessary things—are never suddenly cheap in England, they are also never suddenly dear. Again, as the goings-out are steadier, so are the comings-in. The apparatus for relieving workers who are out of work is multifarious. There are Trade-Unions and Benefit Clubs; there is the vast machinery of the Poor Law; there is the decaying, but still existing, feeling of employers that they must do their best for the employed; and, beyond all this, there is the exhaustless source of private charity, often abused and wrongly drawn on, no doubt, but always ready to stand the draft. In the United States things are different. In the first place, there is next to no machinery for the relief of destitution; and, in the second place, there is no great wish to use it if it existed. The Americans do not like unsuccessful people. Their feeling towards them may perhaps best be illustrated by one of the incredible, but rigidly authenticated, stories which M. Wallon's investigations of the iniquities of another democracy—the first French Republic—have brought to light. Among the persons brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was, it is said, a luckless ex-soldier, who had exhibited himself in public places with one leg gone. In doing this, it was urged by his accusers, he had deterred recruits from joining the armies of the Republic by showing them what they might expect. We forget whether he was guillotined or not, though it is most likely that he was; but it does not matter. The point of view is the point of importance, and this point of view is that nobody has any business to be even a temporary failure. One consequence of this is sufficiently well known to all those who have studied recent domestic life in America. The labourer out of work becomes a tramp of the most vicious character, who puts in full practice the old Irish custom of "coohering." Not tolerated in the towns, which are too big for him to meddle with, he roams about the country a terror and a plague to society, occasionally committing frightful crimes, and occasionally receiving his reward at the hands of Judge Lynch. Of course all the failures do not take to the road in this way, but, if they do not, they have no alternative except utter misery and the chance of returning to Europe worse off than they left it. Unless great mistakes have been made, this choice of uncomfortable fates is likely to befall not a few unfortunate persons who have set out this autumn with high hopes for the country where they are to be the social equals of kings and princes, and the material possessors of endless messes of pottinge. The thoughts of such persons do not often get themselves written down, but it may be suspected that they will include not a little hankering after the land of bondage. One of the English phrases which are said to excite most loathing and reprobation in the minds of doctrinaire Yankees is the phrase "upper classes." It would be curious to know whether in the objection there is or is not a latent repudiation of the responsibility which at least all the better members of the English upper classes acknowledge—of the duty of giving a helping hand to those below them. Much has been heard of the public spirit of Americans, and it is certainly praiseworthy; but if all tales are true, it is seldom, if ever, shown in any attempt to help lame dogs over stiles.

There is another side to this question, the discussion of which is, of course, not novel, but which is of very great importance, especially in connexion with the problem interesting to all thoughtful Englishmen just now—the problem of American competition. Will it be possible for American producers to maintain their present immunity from taxation for eleemosynary purposes and for the redress of the sharp alternations of prosperity and adversity which their social and economical condition necessitates? The gloomiest pessimists on the subject of competition always argue as if the American producer was a rentless, rateless, taxless being, equipped by Providence with all necessary conditions for the ruin of Britons. One or two cooler-headed speakers have recently pointed out this error. For the present there is much virgin land still to break up; but the supply is not inexhaustible, as may readily be seen when it is remembered that (as Mr. Walter showed the other day) farmers in America are willing to pay on a kind of Metayer system rent equal to something like twenty shillings an English acre as it is. The comparative absence of anything answering to our direct Imperial taxation is more than made up by the heavy protective tariff and the high cost of labour. The absence of endowments necessitates a considerable expenditure in the form, more or less disguised, of rates—an expenditure fairly to be set against the much-grumbled-at tithe, which is, as every rational person knows, simply rent and nothing more. All this is actual, and we have Mr. Caird's conclusion on it. But the expenditure on Poor-rates which we have hinted at is not actual; it is only impending. For the time America is able to avoid the difficulty which England has long ago had to meet by her Poor-law system, and which Germany is trying to obviate by semi-socialist schemes of national insurance. But she will have to meet it sooner or later. The more she produces and the more she manufactures, the more will labour become master of the situation and the more strongly will it insist on being provided for. When it is provided for, the present hardships which weigh on the wage-earner who is out of luck will be alleviated, but only at the expense of the rest of the community, who, supposing their other burdens to continue as at present, will not be in a particularly enviable condition. For it must be remembered that in America there is no class like the English upper and upper middle class, which can be called upon to

bear the main burden. The famous boast that "every inch of Chicago is covered three inches deep with mortgages" expresses admirably the general character of individual American prosperity. It is emphatically phantasmagoric—a thing of bubbles and of "papor." No doubt there is gradually forming a class of proprietors whose wealth is not dependent on the turn of the tide in Wall Street. But then there is the interesting question whether democracy will let them alone. For the curious thing about this form of polity is that it cannot tolerate anything that is solid. No true democrat seems to have the least objection to a corner making two millions of dollars in an afternoon, probably because every one knows that it is exceedingly probable that the same set of speculators will lose four millions to-morrow. So every citizen has his turn, and it is all pleasant and proper. But a landed estate, let on rents, perhaps entailed and settled—this, whether it be in America or in England, no true democrat can away with. Yet nothing can be more certain than that such estates, and the other fixed and stable fortunes which follow on them, are in effect banks for the lower class to draw upon in time of need, and the only banks which rarely fail to honour the draft. Should Ireland pass through her present stage of convulsion and emerge into a settled condition of peasant proprietors, or low rents and ruined landlords, the misery which will ensue might to a sufficiently ruthless economist be compensated by the instructive state of things resulting. The United States are in a fair way to point a different, but a not less instructive, moral.

#### PENNY DREADFULS.

WE have several times called attention in these columns to certain salient points in the natural history of the modern British rough; we will now say a few words upon one of the principal causes which aid in developing his brutal and ferocious instincts—namely, the literary garbage which is so eagerly devoured by the species, especially in their younger and immature stages of existence. The direct connexion between "Penny Dreadfuls" and crime has been demonstrated over and over again by the annals of our own police courts. The mischievous lad who some time since presented a pistol at Her Majesty's head, and got well whipped for his pains, was found in possession of a collection of lives of celebrated highwaymen; and the various gangs of youthful burglars and would-be highwaymen who have lately appeared in the dock have one and all modelled their career upon the heroes of criminal novels. Only the other day a terrible illustration occurred of the actual effect of this gallow literature upon weak minds. A young man, nineteen years of age, named Westby, shot his father dead at Nottingham, having first murdered a little office boy at the office of the solicitor where he was employed, "merely to strengthen his nerve," and then took refuge in a fowl-house, where he was captured with a revolver in his possession, with which, as he frankly owned, he intended, when the police came, to shoot as many as possible. The key to this otherwise inexplicable outbreak of homicidal fury was afforded by the poor mother's words:—"My son was very fond of reading, and would sit for hours at his favourite amusement, studying periodicals and sensational literature." By this "sensational literature" his habits appear to have been formed, and they were eccentric enough. He would not, we are told, "allow any one to visit his bedroom, which was entered by an opening in the floor. To this opening he had attached a trapdoor, with bolts, and at night he always fastened himself in. He had also pulled down the bedstead, and had been in the habit of sleeping in a hammock slung up from the roof, while around the walls of the room were a number of pictures of the 'Life of Dick Turpin,' &c. A singular collection of cuttings from newspapers was also found in his desk at Mr. Fraser's office, including recipes for the manufacture of gun-cotton and other explosives, together with accounts of marvellous adventures." Here is a direct instance of the effect which the modern substitutes for the *Newgate Calendar* have upon weak intellects and crazy brains.

There has always been a tendency to throw a halo of romance around the outlaw, and many of our greatest writers have sinned in this respect. Sir Walter Scott's glorification of the turbulent marauder, Rob Roy, and Lord Lytton's rehabilitation of Claude Duval are cases in point of mischievous examples which the unscrupulous scribblers who pander to the worst tastes of the public have not been slow to imitate, without, of course, any of the delicacy with which the more eminent hands approach their subjects. Never, perhaps, was this kind of pernicious rubbish more abundant than at present; the facilities for printing, publishing, and advertising having given it a circulation to which the older *Mysteries of London*, *Dick Turpin*, and the like never attained. We need only take a single instance to prove our position, and convince the reader of the mischievous and demoralizing nature of the publications in question.

Australia was infested some little time ago by a gang of ruffians who, under the leadership of one Ned Kelly, took to the bush and committed a series of dastardly murders, impudent robberies, and other outrages which made them the terror of the colony. At last they were encountered by the police whilst attacking a lonely railway station; the ringleader was captured, and nearly all the rest of the band were killed in the fight which ensued. The prisoner was tried at Melbourne and hanged, like the cur he was, shortly afterwards. There was nothing to distinguish Ned Kelly

from hundreds of other bushrangers for which the antipodes are unfortunately famous, except that he and his fellow-criminals accoutred themselves in a rough kind of home-made iron armour, and so proved that they had not even the brute courage with which the ordinary rowdy must be credited. Yet this worthy is made the hero of a work now issuing in penny numbers, and which—although, we are happy to say, no respectable bookseller or newsagent will have anything to do with it—has attained an immense circulation. The motive of the work is sufficiently indicated by quotations from three of our contemporaries which are prefixed by way of motto or advertisement to the book. Every one knows how a single passage, taken apart from its context, can be made to convey an impression quite different from that which the writer intended; and we imagine that the editors of the journals mentioned will not be best pleased at finding their columns quoted in such a connexion. The passages are as follows:—

"It is well known that for many years Ned Kelly had made himself notorious by a series of crimes wholly incompatible with the civilization of the nineteenth century. Ned Kelly's celebrated steed, Maroo Polo, is as well known at the Antipodes as Dick Turpin's Black Bess in these islands."—*Telegraph*, 7th July, 1881.

"It is notorious that the robbery of Mr. Steward's corpse was mainly performed by the assistance of NED KELLY'S BROTHER, the Captain of what was neither more nor less than a pirate ship."—*Times*, July.

"The history of NED KELLY and his celebrated black horse, Maroo Polo, will ever live in the recollection of the Australian public. The deeds of Dick Turpin, and the performances of Black Bess, are tame beside those of 'NED AND HIS NAG'; in addition to which Ned's history is true, and Turpin's is pure fiction."—*Press*, July.

Around this amiable figure the writer has thrown together a disconnected narrative, the sole interest of which consists in the introduction of all the notorious crimes and unsavoury incidents which have disgraced the present generation, and in the exhibition of vice and brutality of the most loathsome and degrading kind. In the first chapter Kelly and his companion throw an unfortunate constable down a "deserted hole" ninety feet deep; but the victim turns up again unharmed a few pages later. It is only fair to say that an explanation is given of this resuscitation, but it is so unpleasant that we are unable to quote it. The unsavoury in all its branches is taught by the instructors of the modern rough, and the nastier the lesson is the more readily and easily is it learnt. A little further on we are introduced to Lola Montez, who happens to be in a coach which is stopped by the bushranger, and at once makes a conquest of him:—

"Lola Montez, Countess of Lansfeldt," said he, "your destiny is to become the wife of Ned Kelly, the King of the Australian bush. The parson shall marry us at once, and then I'll take you right away to your future home in the mountain ranges. What do you say to my plan, countess?"

"That I haven't so much as seen your face. How can I tell whether I shall like you? I have shown you mine; 'tis but fair that I should behold yours in return."

"Well, I don't know but what it is." And the bushranger dropped his reins on his horse's neck, and raised his ponderous iron head-dress.

Hardly had he done so, however, when the beautiful woman (we have her portrait before us whilst we write) pulled a small pistol from within her sleeve and fired it point-blank at the bushranger's face, accompanying the action with the contemptuous remark—

"Where seven men sit panic-stricken before a single villain, 'tis time for a woman to show what she can do."

Unfortunately, the beautiful specimen of the sex in question had not done nearly so much as she intended.

The little bullet from her almost toy weapon, instead of penetrating to the bushranger's brain, had only shorn off a portion of his left ear.

After a dreary list of brutal murders and robberies, which no doubt the literary rough finds very entertaining, we come across another old friend—namely, Mr. Slade, already made famous by Mark Twain, whose chief claim upon the admiration of the public is that he induced a coach-driver with whom he had a dispute to throw away his revolver, and then shot the unarmed man dead. The next hundred pages or so do not contain any passage which we could quote without outraging propriety; but in chapter six we meet with another familiar character, "the unfortunate nobleman who now languishes" in captivity, and who hails from Wapping and Waggia Wagga. Mr. Peace, the protean burglar, next comes upon the scene, and gives a most instructive account of his life and methods of business procedure. As this ingenious gentleman now reposes within the precincts of the gaol in which he was last confined, and files of newspapers are not, as a rule, accessible to the modern rough, the burglarious fraternity should owe the London Novelette Company much thanks for reproducing this piece of professional biography. We have no hesitation in saying that the life of *Ned Kelly, the Ironclad Bushranger*, is as disgraceful and disgusting a production as has ever been printed. Lord Campbell's Act recognized the moral mischief which might be done by publications which offend against common decency, and provided for the condign punishment of the scoundrels who write, print, and sell them. The immoral effect of these stories of bloodshed and crime is worse than that of works which appeal only to the senses. They are, as the annals of the police courts prove every day, direct incentives to murder and robbery; and if the law as it stands is not sufficient to reach those who provide this mischievous rubbish, it is high time that there should be some such amendment of the existing Acts for the suppression of vice as would make it penal to issue similar publications for the future.

We are not sure that the "Penny Dreadfuls" are the only offenders against good taste and public morality in this respect. Many of the penny periodicals which are published for the delectation of youth contain stories which, if not exactly sinning in the same way as those which we have mentioned, are yet too full

of the "marvellous adventures" which had no end and a result in the case of the Nottingham murderer, and too highly spiced with incidents of crime to be altogether wholesome reading for boys. The practice also of giving publicity in the columns of the daily newspapers to the fullest details of dreadful crimes, not only panders to a morbid taste, but actually leads to imitation. The more horrible a murder, or the more ingenious a robbery, the more sure is it to be repeated. We turn away with indignation from the coarsely realistic pictorial representations of murders and suicides in the *Police News* which occasionally catch our eye in passing by some small newspaper shop; but we forget, as a rule, that we have carefully studied the same details in the daily paper over our breakfast. There is room for much improvement in the method of reporting criminal trials; but we can scarcely hope for this until public taste has undergone a change for the better; and this, it may be hoped, will come with the spread of education and culture. The more flagrant abuses to which we have referred admit of more drastic remedies, and we trust that means may soon be found for applying them. Parliament has plenty of work before it; but we should imagine that there would be little difficulty in passing an Act for the suppression of "Penny Dreadfuls," if some member would only bring in a Bill. That such an enactment is urgently wanted, the slight sketch which we have given sufficiently shows; but a searching inquiry into the subject would prove it to demonstration.

#### SMALL-POX HOSPITALS.

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the extent and nature of the hospital accommodation for infectious diseases which now exists, or ought to be provided, for London and the suburbs, ends for the present a highly inconvenient controversy. There are enough obstacles to the prompt and adequate treatment of this class of cases without the number being increased by disputes whether patients belonging to one parish can lawfully be sent for cure to another. The Hampstead and Fulham cases have so embittered the relations between the Managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the district authorities that any profitable, or even peaceful, discussion of the question had become impossible. Consequently the President of the Local Government Board had to choose between deciding the issue for himself and obtaining fresh advice on the subject. Wisely, perhaps, his choice has fallen on the latter alternative. A Royal Commission is to inquire into the whole question, being guided therein by perhaps the very longest instructions ever provided for such bodies. There is nothing connected with hospitals of this particular class which is not mentioned in the instructions, and most of them are mentioned twice over. The gist of the inquiry lies in the second paragraph of the directions given to the Commissioners. They are to consider "the relative advantages and disadvantages of providing for small-pox and fever cases by a limited number of hospitals under one authority, or by parochial and district hospitals." The medical eminence of several of the Commissioners is a sufficient guarantee that their Report will put the Government and the public in possession of all that the latest and most accurate investigation has to say upon this question. We shall know whether cases of infectious disease can be best treated in small hospitals or in large; whether the proportion of recoveries to cases is greatest when the conditions in which the patient is placed are most near to or most removed from those with which he is familiar in his own home; and whether the spread of disease is averted or promoted by the aggregation of many patients into one building. Even when we know all that is to be known upon these points, the controversy may still rage upon the degree in which these considerations ought exclusively to determine the action of the Local Government Board. Let it be supposed, for example, that the Commissioners report that the system under which a few large hospitals are set up in the outskirts of London, to which patients are to be carried from all parts of the metropolitan district, is likely to yield a larger percentage of recoveries than the system under which each parish provides accommodation for its own sick—will that be a conclusive reason for preferring the former alternative? No doubt, if the balance was very greatly in favour of a few large hospitals, if it should be shown that patients recover more surely, and that infection is less likely to spread, when they are brought together than when they are scattered, the feeling in favour of aggregation would become very strong. Even then, however, it might not be irresistible. Those who have the charge of patients ordinarily prefer to send them somewhere else to be nursed. That is only another way of saying that it is pleasant to get troublesome obligations transferred from your own shoulders to those of other people. But then these other people have a voice in the matter; and, if they are unwilling to accept the obligations it is proposed to thrust upon them, the merits of the argument in favour of their doing so become of less moment. This is just how the case stands between the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the district authorities. The Board contends that small-pox and fever patients are more successfully treated; and that the risk of their communicating the disease to others is better guarded against, when the patients are brought together in a few large hospitals. The district authorities, on the least, those within whose jurisdiction



It is proposed to place the hospitals in question—reply that, whether the medical argument on which the Board relies holds water or not, they are not willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of all London. Hampstead or Fulham is willing to look after its own small-pox or fever cases; but it objects to having to look after the small-pox or fever cases of Marylebone or St. Pancras as well. When the Board urges that patients from Marylebone or St. Pancras will have a better chance of recovery if they are brought to Hampstead or Fulham, and that the spread of the disease in Marylebone or St. Pancras will be thereby prevented, Hampstead or Fulham answers that this may seem a very good reason to Marylebone or St. Pancras, but that as regards Hampstead or Fulham it has no force at all. If the Commissioners report in favour of the aggregation of patients, the acceptance of their report will mainly depend on the extent of the good which they attribute to aggregation. If the proportion between cases and cures is markedly greater when the patients are brought together in a few hospitals than when they are scattered over many, and if by this means London is in a great degree ensured against the return of such epidemics, it is not likely either that the inhabitants of Hampstead or Fulham would maintain their resistance any longer, or that, if they did maintain it, they would be supported either by the Government or by Parliament. If, on the other hand, the superiority of one method of treatment over the other is very slight, it is probable that the inhabitants of Hampstead or Fulham will continue to object to an advantage, so slight in itself, being realized at their cost, and there would be so much reason in this objection that it would probably be sustained by the Local Government Board.

It is difficult to see how any argument which proves that the public are better protected against infection when small-pox or fever cases are brought together in a few large hospitals can fail to prove at the same time that the neighbourhood in which they are brought together suffers by their presence. Why are small-pox or fever patients a source of danger to the parish in which they are living? Because they are so many centres from which disease may conceivably be communicated. But, then, will they not be so many additional centres from which disease may conceivably be communicated when they get to the district in which the hospital stands? If this is so, the loss to one part of London must be set against the gain to another, and the parishes which have to bear the loss may not unnaturally object to the vicarious suffering imposed on them by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. What the public at large will ask is, whether the gain to London generally decidedly outweighs the injury done to the parish in which the hospital stands. If it does, they will be inclined to argue that the case is one in which the few must give way to the many. The reason why there has been so little disposition on the part of the victims of the Metropolitan Asylums Board to put up with their fate is that the few have not been called upon to yield to the many, but to the fewer still. The real, as well as the nominal, plaintiffs in the Hampstead and Fulham cases have not been the small-pox patients of London, but the managers of the Asylums Board. It was their outraged dignity that needed vindication. It is probable, indeed, that, even if the managers of the Asylums Board had not magnified their office so unblushingly, the people of Hampstead and Fulham would have objected to receive small-pox patients from other parishes. But the contention between them would not have been so sharp, and there would not have been the same amount of ill-feeling evolved in the course of it. If the managers had been wise, they would have admitted that it is human to dislike having small-pox patients foisted upon you from a distance. They would have condescended to reason where, as it was, they only thought fit to bluster. The great advantage of the reference of the whole matter to a Royal Commission is that it lifts the issue out of the slough of personal and official irritation into which it had fallen, and promises to place it on the solid ground of medical science. After all, the one thing that Londoners as a body want to know is what, taking all the circumstances of London into account, is the best method of dealing with infectious disease—the most certain to cure it, the least likely to spread it.

#### THE TRIMOLET COLLECTION AT DIJON.

ONE great distinction between an average English town and a Continental one of the same pretensions is that, whereas in France or in Belgium, for example, nearly every place has its little museum of natural history and antiquities, and portraits of local celebrities, such a collection is very rarely to be found among ourselves. There are many good reasons to account for this. The destruction of our own abbeys and their churches, with their ornaments and fittings, was complete; and it happened so long ago that the artistic value of every fragment of mediæval art was not yet appreciated. But in France, in particular, the excesses of the great Revolution not only spared many an ancient church, which has done duty since—as at Langres—for a local museum, but provided from the spoil an ample supply of treasures for stocking it with a collection of specimens and relics. Then, again, the Gallo-Roman remains in many parts of France are so numerous that it is a rare thing to find a museum in a small country town without some interesting architectural or sculptural fragments of the Roman period. Our own provincial museums are, we fear, but seldom visited by strangers, though they no doubt are of

appreciable use in advancing the general culture, and perhaps in giving point to the aspirations of some few students in the towns in which they are placed. Sometimes, as in the Dover Museum, for example, there are really good collections of the birds, or insects, or geological specimens of the neighbourhood. And Dover, as a Roman station, actually boasts of a few specimens of Roman art, besides, as becomes a seaport, many shells, war clubs, and other curiosities brought home from distant climes by returning ships. We doubt whether the French local museums are now often visited by travellers, especially if they lie out of the reach of railways. Yet they will generally repay inspection. We have often wondered at the vast aggregate of works of mediæval art still preserved in the "Treasures" of the French cathedrals and in the local museums. The priceless collection of the Cluny Museum in Paris has its representative on a small scale in many a small French town. But our English country towns have nothing to remind their inhabitants of what is to be found on so large a scale in the great central storehouse of the South Kensington Museum. And this is the justification for the project of opening temporary loan museums of ancient or mediæval art in different parts of the country.

Dijon is a place at which so many travellers stop for at least a night when hurrying to or from the Riviera that its local Museum has never been quite forgotten by English tourists. There are few of our readers who do not know that the old Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, itself a very interesting specimen of fifteenth-century architecture, is now used as the Hôtel de Ville, and contains, in a large suite of rooms, one of the most important museums in France. It boasts of a really large collection of paintings, though none are of very great value, besides many most beautiful and interesting fragments from the destroyed churches of the city and district. In particular will be remembered the magnificent tombs, carefully restored and gorgeously coloured, with the recumbent effigies of Philippe le Hardi and Jean Sans Peur, Dukes of Burgundy, and Margaret of Bavaria, the wife of the latter. Nor must the separate Musée des Antiquités de la Côte-d'Or, added some fifteen years ago, be forgotten.

This Museum has very lately received a further most valuable and important addition to its contents in the shape of the Trimolet Collection. M. Anthelme Trimolet, a painter by profession, a native and resident of Lyons, had spent his life and his fortune, which must have been considerable, in forming a miscellaneous collection of antiquities and works of art of every imaginable kind. Born early in the present century, he had singular facilities for picking up valuable relics of mediæval workmanship before the revival of the general fashion for such objects which has so vastly enhanced their price. And, being childless, he seems to have had ample means at his disposal for indulging his taste. Some quarrel with the municipality of Lyons caused him to remove his home and his treasures to Dijon. And when he died he left all his collections to his wife for her lifetime, with a reversion to the Dijon Museum. Mme. Trimolet herself died last year, and the whole of her husband's collection, amounting to some four thousand articles, has been now for about six months displayed to the public in five large apartments of the Museum. It is not yet provided with a catalogue, though we believe that the Curators are at work on one. Until this is completed, the collection is not of much practical usefulness to the world of students or connoisseurs. But it may be well to give some general account of its contents. There is, we believe, no single department of mediæval art which is not richly represented in M. Trimolet's Collection. The possession of such a treasure will be of great advantage to the old Burgundian capital; and many travellers will make a point of breaking their journey at Dijon in order to visit it.

We scarcely know where to begin in our description of the collection. In oil-paintings it is fairly rich, though few of the specimens are of a high order. Yet there are some of interest, both old and modern; in particular, an unnamed Dutch picture of the *Flagellation*. The whole furniture of M. Trimolet's house, including the portraits of himself and his wife, forms part of his munificent legacy. In addition to which two very interesting bas-reliefs of himself and Mme. Trimolet, dated respectively 1838 and 1833, will hand down their portraits as public benefactors. Sculpture, again, is not strongly represented. But there is one small head of the Blessed Virgin in low relief, of the Christian school of Florentine sculpture, which is particularly beautiful. It might be a work of Verrocchio or of one of his contemporaries. There are several cases of miniatures, and not a few exquisite illuminations from church service-books, some of them framed. And there are several specimens of coloured wax portraits, extremely lifelike and most delicately modelled. Next in order we will notice the ivories. These are very numerous, both secular and religious in design. Among the specimens of this department of art are some early diptychs and several triptychs of the best date, exquisitely sculptured. One of the latter, of considerable size, and square in shape, contains figures of the Blessed Virgin and Holy Child, with small groups of sacred subjects. The whole of this is parcel gilt and coloured with great delicacy. On the outside leaves is this legend:—"Ave maris stella: Dei mater alma: Atque semper virgo: Felix celi porta: Sumens illud Ave: Gabriella ore: Funda nos in pace: Mutans Eve nomen." Horns covered with carvings and toothed-combs must be mentioned in this group. Of stained glass there is but little; though there are a few fair specimens of enamelled painted subjects on a small scale.

The metal-work, on the other hand, is superb. There are all kinds of swords, lances, maces, halberds, spurs, suits of armour,

coats of chain mail, helmets, and shields; together with matchlocks, pistols, powder-flasks, and other details of military accoutrement. We are reminded by this brave show that the late Mr. William Burges, who, like M. Trimolet, was an enthusiastic collector, made arms and armour his specialty. His almost unrivalled collection was left by him, at his recent most lamented death, to the British Museum. Domestic ironwork is represented at Dijon by locks and keys, knives and spoons, mirrors and candlesticks. Lamps and inkstands of bronze may be mentioned next. One pair of altar-candlesticks in latten is of great antiquity. The collection is rich in ormolu and enamels. Limoges enamels abound, with rare Italian enamels, and splendid Italian nielli. Two beautiful plaques, in niello, representing the Triumph of Mars and Mutius Scaevola burning his right hand, ascribed to Peregrini of Cesena (of fifteenth-century date), deserve particular mention. One cloisonné enamel, of very early date, represents the Apostle of the Gentiles, and is inscribed "Sanctus Prædicator." Next, there are settings of jewels and of miniatures in metal. One coffer, in steel, most elaborately wrought, is beyond praise. Add to these innumerable rings, chains, lockets, ear-rings, necklaces, rosaries, crosses (pectoral and processional), morses of copes, croziers, pastoral staves, oagularies, monstrances, reliquaries, chalices, pyxes, and cups and vessels of all shapes and sizes. Then, again, there is a large assemblage of medallions and of coins, in gold and silver, of modern as well as of ancient mintage—especially of Greek and Roman art. Clocks and watches, caskets and cabinets, compasses, and a host of miscellaneous articles, complete the enumeration of the specimens of metallurgic art.

Precious stones may be taken next. M. Trimolet had acquired innumerable gems of all sorts—cameos, intaglios, and carved crystals. There are also cases of the most delicate Venetian glass; with specimens of iridescent glass from ancient tombs; and mirrors of all kinds. Ceramic art is even better represented. There are precious vases of real crackle, Oriental pots and jars, Japanese pottery, and some valuable specimens of Sèvres and Dresden. Faience of all kinds, majolica plates, and fine works of Palissy were must not be forgotten. Textile art, too, is well represented. There are tapestries, and numerous embroidered vestments, purses, and the like.

Finally, there are some very fine engravings; etchings by Albert Dürer, in finest condition, and others by Martin Schön and other masters. A fine engraving of St. Cecilia is described as the first work of Mark Antony Raymond. Wood-work is represented by delicate boxwood carvings, jewel caskets, collars, and cabinets of every shape and material, picture-frames, sideboards, chairs, and miscellaneous furniture. And there are other valuable articles, not easily to be classified, such as mosaics, cocoa-nuts in metal settings, specimens of Egyptian and Oriental personal ornaments, necklaces of Roman coins, and the like.

This enumeration, which is probably far from complete, will show how marvellous a collection is that with which M. Trimolet's legacy has enriched the Dijon Museum. We are not aware whether there is any stipulation that the collection should be kept undivided. One is tempted to grudge so splendid a gift to a small provincial capital. At any rate, the people of Dijon will be benefited indirectly as well as directly by the possession of a collection which, when it is better known and properly catalogued, will doubtless attract very many visitors to their town.

#### THE THEATRICAL LIBEL CASE.

THE history of the action of Scott v. Sampson has perhaps more interest, except, of course, to the parties concerned, in its side issues than in the main one. The character of the libel upon which the action was brought was such that, so soon as the line of the defence became apparent, there could be scarcely a doubt as to the way in which the verdict would go; and the only question which remained open was that of the amount which would be given in damages. The libel appeared in a paper of which the defendant was described in the statement of claim as being "proprietor, printer, and publisher." The gist of the libel, which appeared soon after the purport of the will of the late Miss Neilson, the actress, had been made known, was, as set forth in the statement of claim, this:—"It is just as generally known as that Miss Neilson lived and died that, when her will was opened, it was found that 1,000*l.* was left to Mr. Joseph Knight, a critic, who had in her early days been kind and useful to her, and that the bulk of her property was to go to another old friend, Admiral Carr Glyn. . . . Another theatrical critic [meaning the plaintiff] whose name had not been mentioned in the will, called upon Admiral Carr Glyn and hinted at a great many terrible things about Miss Neilson; that he felt very much hurt, after all he had done, that his name should have been omitted, and that of course he should not do anything objectionable, but, &c. &c. &c.—as any one who understands what such a creature would say can fill in for himself. The result was that Admiral Carr Glyn paid this representative of English journalism 500*l.* in kind or coin." Then followed a letter from the plaintiff's solicitors giving notice of action, in which it was said that "the libel is of a most serious character, and imputes conduct to Mr. Scott which, if true, would justify its terms. You have omitted his name, but it is too clear to him and to us that he is the person intended by the libel." This was, in fact, admitted by defendant's

counsel when the case came before the Court, and justification was pleaded. It is sufficiently obvious that, to support such a plea, it was necessary to prove the alleged facts up to the very hilt. This the defence was quite unable to do, and, in fact, the line adopted was rather that suggested by the interrogatories administered in the course of the action to the plaintiff, "which went into prior matters in his life." It is this, amongst other things, which in this case seems to us of some general importance; but, before we go into these matters, it may be convenient to give a sketch, as briefly as possible, of the general course and conduct of the case. Admiral Carr Glyn, called for the plaintiff, gave an account of a transaction between himself and the plaintiff, whom he had known for some years, the result of which was that he advanced to Mr. Scott 500*l.*, at 5 per cent., to help the fortunes of *The Theatre*, a dramatic magazine conducted by Mr. Scott. In cross-examination he denied that the transaction had any sort of reference to Miss Neilson and her will. At the end of the Admiral's evidence, "This," to quote the *Times* report, "said Mr. Russell, was the plaintiff's case; but he would call Mr. Scott to be cross-examined by Mr. Willis. Mr. Willis, however, said he would call Mr. Scott as his witness."

It is here desirable to point out that neither the plaintiff nor the Admiral was asked by the counsel for the defence whether it was true, as alleged in the libel, that the plaintiff "had thus extorted money from the Admiral"; and the plaintiff, when asked the question by his own counsel, replied that it was a scandalous falsehood. In fact, as we have hinted, the line taken was in great measure that of trying to throw discredit upon the plaintiff generally, without special reference to the libel complained of. This line, as Lord Coleridge most justly pointed out, is open to every conceivable objection. It is a line which in certain cases, and on a greater scale, has been too often attempted, and too often permitted. It may be well to quote what was said in this connexion, or rather specially in connexion with the interrogatories by the plaintiff's counsel in his opening speech. "The interrogatories which had been administered to the plaintiff were, he made bold to say, a positive abuse of the process of that Court. . . . Those interrogatories sought to rake up the story of Mr. Scott's life in all its relations. With what object? Why, to terrorize the plaintiff. To hold up a warning finger to Mr. Scott, the defendant saying, 'I may have libelled you, atrociously, malignantly, but there are chapters in your history to which you would rather keep closed from the world. . . . I tell you, if you come into a court of justice we shall torture you by cross-examination on these matters, raking up things which may have been forgotten—things which you yourself regret.' He ventured to say that he was only speaking the learned Judge's opinion when he said that nothing could be more atrocious than turning interrogatories to such purpose as that." With these remarks most people will cordially agree; but it is to be observed that, since the ruling in the *Orton* case as regards cross-examination to character, such license has been allowed to counsel that, had the plaintiff been put in the box as his own witness, Lord Coleridge might have found it more difficult than he did find it to put his foot down upon a system which is perhaps calculated rather to defeat than to advance the ends of justice. It is a significant fact that, in this case, the examination of the plaintiff by defendant's counsel has been spoken of in almost every report of the trial as cross-examination. The character of cross-examination, it should be further noted, was imparted to the examination without the formal declaration, usual in such cases, to the effect that the witness was to be treated as hostile. Indeed at one point Lord Coleridge very properly thought it necessary to reprove Mr. Willis for treating, or attempting to treat, the plaintiff, his own witness, as a hostile witness. The gist of the whole matter is, as it seems to us, that, according to recent decisions which have not yet been completely overruled, it is open to any person to libel any other person, and, if an action is brought, to endeavour to elicit in court facts which may or may not be thought discreditable to the plaintiff, but which have no real connexion with the libellous matter specially alleged. This is, in fact, a product of the superstition of *res gesta*, and Lord Coleridge may be heartily congratulated upon having done as much as he has done to put an end to so pernicious a practice. But for previous decisions, as we have hinted, he might have done even more. One may, however, hope that his example may have its effect in future, both upon judges and upon magistrates, and may tend to put a stop to the traffic in blackmail which, there is too much reason to believe, is rife.

It remains for us to add that the plaintiff, who has been more than sufficiently cleared of the vile imputation made against him, has perhaps been ill advised in trying to combine vocations which are really incompatible. He was, according to his own evidence, well known as the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, and was also the editor of the dramatic magazine *The Theatre*. In undertaking to hold both these positions he obviously laid himself open to disagreeable attacks. In the particular case which has brought this fact into public notice he has defeated his adversary, but had that adversary been a little more cautious it might have been difficult to defeat him. Without for a moment casting a doubt upon the plaintiff's good faith, it may be said that a writer whose business it is to criticise theatrical performances in a daily paper, and who also conducts a theatrical magazine, exposes himself to misconstruction. It is probable that Mr. Scott has by this time seen the objections to a course which was tolerably certain

sooner or later to lead him into difficulties. It may, indeed, be not unfortunate for him in the end that these difficulties should have been forced upon his notice in a brutal and clumsy manner. It is hardly possible to take leave of the case without mentioning the unseemly attack, made "in the heat of advocacy," by the defendant's upon the plaintiff's counsel. The imputation of *mala fides* was as frankly withdrawn as it was rashly made; but the fact remains that it ought never to have been put forth.

#### THE EXCESS OF IMPORTS OVER EXPORTS.

THE excess of imports over exports is perplexing many people, not all of whom are Protectionists. Because a private person will ruin himself if he spends more than his income, it is assumed that the excess of imports over exports means an expenditure larger than the national income, and therefore an encroachment upon the national savings. But this view is based on an entire misconception of international trade. The imports cannot be strictly compared to the private expenditure of an individual, nor can the exports be compared to his income. A short explanation will make this clear to those who have not given special attention to the subject. When, for example, a merchant exports a cargo of steel rails from Liverpool to New York, the value of the cargo is stated by the exporter's shipping clerk to the officer of Customs at Liverpool. The statement is not necessarily exact, but it is near enough to the truth to pass muster. When the cargo reaches New York, however, the value given by the shipping clerk at Liverpool is increased by the freight, the insurance, and commissions. In other words, the value as stated by the shipping clerk in Liverpool is the price at the place of production, while the price in New York is the price in the ultimate market. Now let us look at the imports. A cargo of wheat or of cotton is exported from New York and imported into Liverpool. At the latter place the value consists of the value declared in New York, plus the freight, plus the commission, and plus the insurance. In other words, the value now is the value at the ultimate market; and it is evident that to compare it with the value at New York would be something like comparing the price of coal at the pit's mouth and in London. Under the circumstances the imports must exceed in value the exports. But, further, the mercantile marine of the United Kingdom greatly exceeds that of any other country—indeed it exceeds the merchant navies of all other countries put together. Not only is the merchant navy of the United Kingdom employed in the trade of the United Kingdom with other countries much larger than the foreign navies employed all added together, but it is largely employed also in trading between those foreign countries themselves. And this greatly predominant British merchant navy has to be paid for the services it performs for foreigners. The freight it earns is paid to a large extent in commodities which are imported into the United Kingdom. Moreover, British investments in all forms abroad yield a very large income, which, to some extent at least, is also sent home in the form of commodities. For generation after generation we have been lending money to other countries in large amounts. With the exception of the United States, France, and Germany, perhaps British investors hold a larger proportion of the debts of foreign countries than even the natives of any of those countries, certainly than any other foreign investors in the world; and all these investments in foreign and colonial bonds yield a large interest, which is, to a considerable extent at least, remitted to England in the form of commodities, and therefore appears amongst the imports. Again, British capital has largely contributed to the construction of railways all over the world. The whole of the railways of India, for instance, have practically been made by British capital. So have the greater part of the railways of all our colonies. So, again, has a large proportion of the railways of the United States; and, generally speaking, British investors have contributed considerably to the construction of the railways of the continent of Europe. All these immense investments in foreign railways likewise yield interest which, to a greater or less extent, is remitted home in the form of commodities, and appears amongst the imports. British investors also have contributed largely to the construction of waterworks and gasworks in foreign cities, and British private traders have invested largely all over the world. Amongst the workers of the nitrate deposits which caused the war between Chili and Peru, British traders are the most energetic and most prominent. British capital has also founded and worked the indigo plantations and tea gardens of India. British capital has largely built the cotton mills of Bombay and the jute mills of Bengal; and, in short, British capital is invested in almost every country in the world where it receives fair protection. This capital receives a return which is sent home more or less in the form of commodities. British officials, again, in India, in the colonies, and in other dependencies of the Crown, remit some part of their savings, either for the education and maintenance of their family or as a provision for the future; while British colonists, having made their fortune and returned home to enjoy it, also draw a large income from abroad. These sums are likewise remitted to some extent in the form of commodities, and appear among the imports. Thus, besides the imports proper—that is to say, the commodities directly imported for trade purposes—a large proportion of the imports is really repayment

for services rendered, or interest yielded upon investments made abroad.

It is objected, however, that, if this be true, the years in which the excess of imports is largest ought to be the most prosperous, but that, on the contrary, the excess of the imports over the exports has been greatest in the years of depression through which we have just passed. This, however, is exactly as it ought to be. In years of active trade there is always going on a large lending of British capital to foreign countries; but in the late depression this system of public loans completely ceased. The general discredit was so great that few countries were able to borrow, and most countries were so distressed that they had not enterprise to borrow, even if they could have done so. Accordingly, the exports from this country were not swelled by foreign loans. When, for example, during the inflation years which followed the Franco-German war, loans were made to all sorts of South American countries, a large proportion of these loans was intended for the construction of railways, and was actually spent in purchasing materials for that purpose. A large loan for the construction of a railway abroad almost necessarily implies an expansion of British exports. The whole of the railways of India have been made by capital raised in England, and by far the largest part of that capital has been expended in the purchase of materials here at home which have been sent out to India for the construction of the lines. Loans made to India, therefore, for the construction of railways have greatly contributed to the expansion of our exports to India, and the same is true of almost all the loans made for the construction of railways, gasworks, waterworks, and the like abroad. When the system of foreign loans came to an end, the exports necessarily fell off; but the previous loans that had been made still existed, and the interest upon them was still due. No doubt in many cases the interest was not paid; but upon the great majority of the loans which had been contracted in this country the interest was paid. And thus, while the imports were being swelled by the payment of interest on previous loans, and by the remittance of profits earned abroad, the exports were diminished by the cessation of foreign lending. Since the depression has come to an end, borrowing for public works abroad has set in again. For example, the various Companies brought out during the past twelve or eighteen months for the working of mines in India has led to the export of instruments for the working of those mines, and has therefore augmented the exports from this country to India. We have also had several American railway loans brought out in this country; and if the present speculative spirit continues, no doubt other loans will continue to appear, and will go to swell the exports from this country. It follows that in a period of depression the exports ought to fall off as a matter of theory, while the decrease in the imports ought to be by no means so great. It is possible, too, that during the late depression there was some calling home of British capital invested abroad. In the raw-material-producing countries, which are the countries in which British investment is usually most profitable, the depression was extreme, and for a while it is probable that the British capital so invested did not return a sufficient interest, and that a portion of it was brought home. If so, it naturally came back in the form of imports. But whether this be so or not, it is quite clear that the excess of the imports over the exports ought to be greatest in the years of the greatest depression.

That the view we are here putting forward is correct very clearly appears from some facts brought out in a letter addressed by Professor Leone Levi to the *Times* of Saturday last. In 1860, as he reminds us, the excess of imports over exports amounted to 40½ millions sterling, or about 23 per cent. In 1870 the excess was nearly 69½ millions, or about 60 per cent. And in 1880 the excess amounted to 122 millions, or over 75 per cent. Thus we have in each ten years a steady and large increase in the excess of the imports over the exports. In the same ten years we have also a large increase in the wealth of the country. In 1860 the gross amount of the property and income assessed to the Income-tax was 335,200,000*l.* In 1870 the same income was assessed at 444,900,000*l.*, being an increase of 109,700,000*l.*, or 32½ per cent. In 1880 the amount assessed to the Income-tax was 578 millions, being again an increase of 133 millions, or 29 per cent. Thus, while the excess of the imports over the exports has been so largely increasing, the wealth of the country has been quite as rapidly increasing. And it is to be remembered that in 1880 the income assessed to the Income-tax does not really represent the whole increase of wealth, for Sir Stafford Northcote during his Chancellorship of the Exchequer considerably extended the exemptions from Income-tax; so that the property now assessed, if assessed upon the old system, would be much larger than that stated by Professor Leone Levi. In those figures we have the clearest proof that it is a mistake to think that an excess of imports over exports implies trenching upon the capital of the country; in fact, an excess of imports over exports in a country like England, which for so long a time has been investing abroad in public funds and in industrial and commercial undertakings, is natural and necessary, unless the country had been unfortunate in its investments and had lost all the money it had lent or sunk abroad.

## CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

SOME years ago the Newmarket Houghton Meeting was considered a chilly affair, to be endured on sufferance, but almost beyond the pale of the regular racing season. In these days, nine or ten later meetings have to be gone through before the flat racing of the year is concluded. During the week that followed the late Houghton Meeting there were two days' racing at Worcester, two at Brighton, two at Lewes, and two at Lincoln; in the following week there were four at Liverpool and two at Alexandra Park; and in the two succeeding weeks there were three days' racing at Shrewsbury, two at Derby, three at Warwick, and four at Manchester, besides some smaller meetings. The few events which formerly took place after the Houghton Meeting used scarcely to be regarded as legitimate racing; but they have a good claim to recognition as regular races in these days, since stakes approaching twenty thousand pounds in value are now run for between the last of the Newmarket meetings and the close of the racing season. It is not only at the end of the season that there is a glut of racing. There are now nearly one hundred and forty race meetings in Great Britain at which flat races are run during the year. Last year more than 240,000*l.* was given to be run for, and the total value of the stakes amounted to 387,909*l.* This sum was probably trifling compared to the amount of money which was lost and won during the season in bets; and there can be no reasonable doubt that several millions sterling change hands annually in Great Britain over races. Thousands of men live by racing. To start with, more than two thousand men and boys must be employed in attending the couple of thousand racehorses which are annually trained in the United Kingdom. Numbers of men, again, are employed in attending to the three thousand brood mares at stud farms exclusively devoted to the breeding of racehorses. In addition to those who are directly concerned with racehorses, there are many hundreds, if not thousands, of men who gain a livelihood from racing by working as officials on racecourses, grand stands, and on the staff or at the printing presses of sporting journals. Lastly, there is the immense crowd of betting men, who live by what is technically called bookmaking. It is not difficult to discover the sources from which the money which supports this large population is derived. The thousands of men directly employed with the horses themselves are paid by owners of racehorses, who hope to regain some portion of their expenditure by their winnings. A very large sum, again, is contributed by simple sightseers, who pay prices varying from five shillings to three guineas for the privilege of seeing a day's racing, exclusive of their railway and other incidental expenses. The bulk of this money is raced for in stakes, while some of it helps to keep racecourses and race-stands in order. But by far the largest amount of the money employed in finding food and other necessaries for those who live by racing comes out of the pockets of the countless horde of backers of horses. There is no need to notice the well-known fact that many men of property gamble away princely fortunes on the Turf, that clerks sometimes rob their masters' tills to pay their racing debts, or that forests of fine timber have to be felled and old family estates sold to clear off the gambling encumbrances of lads scarcely out of their teens; but it may be worth calling attention to the less familiar truth that a large percentage of the entire male population of this country makes a practice of getting rid of a portion of its income by backing racehorses. The bulk of these gamblers do not exactly ruin themselves, but rather throw away their pocket-money, on horse-racing. There are the subalterns in the army, the undergraduates at the Universities, and the "young City gentlemen," who deluge the bookmakers with their pounds, their "fivers," and their "ponies"; there are the merchants and tradesmen who enjoy their quiet but substantial bets, even when they lose their money; and there are the "gentlemen's gentlemen," who put many hundreds sterling into the bookmakers' pockets in pounds and crowns. It is said that there is no class of men fonder of betting on horse-races than servants, and that of these the arch-gamblers are waiters at hotels.

A valuable stud horse was sold to go abroad at the end of the racing season. This was Lord Falmouth's Silvio, which was purchased for 7,000*l.* by the Duke de Castries and the Marquis de St. Sauveur to go to France. Silvio is a very handsome horse, and he has won several important races besides the Derby. Many people may regret his purchase by foreigners; but, good as he is, there are other excellent sires left in this country, and it ought not to be entirely a matter for lamentation when good horses are bought by Continental breeders. Englishmen now spend so much of their time abroad that it is greatly to their own interest when anything happens to improve Continental race-meetings. The races at Paris are in many respects pleasanter than those in England, and the hosts of Englishmen that attend there must surely desire to see horses worth looking at. A day at Longchamps or Chantilly is a pleasant incident in a week's trip to Paris, and a little racing in any part of the Continent makes an agreeable variety after sight-seeing and theatre-going. Another sign that had won the Derby changed hands this month. This was Oremorne, who was sold for 5,400 guineas at the break-up of the stud belonging to the late Mr. Savile. It was generally understood that Mr. Savile had once refused 15,000*l.* for this horse. At the late Mr. Savile's sale, twenty-six thoroughbred mares were sold before Oremorne was brought out, at prices varying from 10 to 1,000 guineas. D'Estournel, whose stock in 1878 won nearly 2,000*l.*, was sold for only 120 guineas; while one of his foals, but

a few months old, went for 200. Last week Robert the Devil was sold for a stud horse. His price is said to have been 8,000*l.*

So much has already been said about the victories of Foxhall and Iroquois during the past season, that the subject is worn threadbare; but it is impossible to look back on the racing year without having a keen recollection of the American successes. It has often been said that among racing men, 1880 will be remembered as "the American year"; but we see no reason why the Americans should not be even more successful in years to come, for this season they only brought two thoroughly good horses to England. It is no disgrace to the British Turf when its races are won by horses of English blood, ridden by English jockeys, and trained in most cases by English trainers, even if those horses were born in a foreign country and belong to foreign owners. Certain people professed to be alarmed when Gladiateur won the Derby sixteen years ago, and prophesied that in future this race would often be won by Frenchmen; but no French horse has won it since 1865, and during a hundred years the Derby has only once been won by France, while during the eighteen years that the Grand Prix de Paris has been in existence, it has been won seven times by English horses. The Americans have had a couple of excellent racehorses in England this year. The question is, how many more are they going to bring over?

The Liverpool Autumn Cup produced a great deal of betting as soon as the weights were published. Prestonpans, the winner of this race last year, was made the first favourite; but after he had been very heavily backed by the public, his owner thought right to scratch him. Valour, the winner of the rich Manchester Cup, was then installed in his place. Valour was only to carry 3 lbs. more than he had carried at Manchester, and the distance was a quarter of a mile shorter. When the Liverpool meeting had fairly begun, he was dethroned in favour of Buchanan, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap. Buchanan was now handicapped 15 lbs. more heavily than he had been at Lincoln; but it was thought that he could win under the weight, as he had won the Lincolnshire Handicap in a canter by about ten lengths. When the field of eighteen horses had left the starting-post, the running was made at a great pace by Post Obit, who led for a mile, when Piræus, a 16 to 1 outsider, came to the front, and kept there until the winning-post was passed. A terrible scene presented itself at the distance. Buchanan, the first favourite, was much exhausted by the pace, and he blundered and fell heavily, throwing Macdonald, his jockey, very violently. Macdonald was just struggling up again when Erclidoune, who was immediately behind, dashed against him and struck him to the ground a second time with terrific force. Down came Erclidoune, and his jockey, White, was thrown some distance. When the two jockeys were picked up, it was found that White, though severely shaken, was not seriously injured; but with poor Macdonald it was otherwise. He was a ghastly object, and in less than two days he died. The poor lad had been a very promising jockey. Just a month before his death he had ridden Foxhall, when that horse won the Cesarewitch. This was the most serious accident of the racing season. The number of accidents in flat races is comparatively small, and they very seldom produce such sad results as those just mentioned. Considering that falls occasionally take place when horses are going at full speed, it is wonderful that more jockeys are not killed, especially when the additional danger of being run into by horses that may be following is taken into consideration; but, although there must necessarily be a certain amount of danger in flat racing, we should not have much to say against it if that were its only evil. On the day following that of the Liverpool Cup, half a dozen of the field that had run in that race, including the winner, met again in the Great Lancashire Handicap. They carried much the same weights as those they had carried the previous day, with the exception of Piræus, who had 18 lbs. more on his back than when he won the Liverpool Cup. Valour was the first favourite, Toastmaster and Post Obit were second and third favourites, and 8 to 1 was laid against Piræus; but, after making the running during the greater part of the race, Piræus won very easily by a length. Here was an example of judicious management. Piræus had been kept very quiet all the season, and was handicapped lightly in consequence, and then he won a couple of races together worth over 1,500*l.*, for one of which he started at 16 to 1 and for the other at 8 to 1. It might have been more satisfactory to the general public if horses that had been running regularly throughout the season had won both events. That good horse Petronel won the Queen's Plate very easily by two lengths, beating Victor Emmanuel, Poulet, Mistress of the Robes, and Prestonpans at even weights. With the exception of the sad accident already mentioned, the late Liverpool Meeting was unusually successful. At Shrewsbury Piræus was made a strong favourite for the Great Shropshire Handicap, although his Liverpool victories had earned for him a 10 lbs. penalty. Peter, who had to carry the heavy weight of 9 st. 7 lbs., was the second favourite. Piræus seemed to be winning until he came to the corner of the paddock, when Wallenstein rushed up, and won in a canter by a length. In the Liverpool Cup Piræus had beaten Wallenstein by a length; but at Shrewsbury Wallenstein was meeting Piræus at an advantage of a stone in weight, which effected a reversal in their relative positions. Peter behaved well, for once in his life, but his weight stopped him. The Shrewsbury Cup was won by Spitzbergen, who started first favourite. The weather at



Shrewsbury was not so wretched as it usually is at that meeting. It may be added that at most of the principal race-meetings this season the weather has been fine. We will now dismiss the subject of horse-racing until next spring.

## REVIEWS.

### LIFE AND SPEECHES OF MR. BRIGHT.\*

IF Mr. Smith's work had possessed greater historical interest and greater literary merit, he would have been unfortunate in repeating the story which has been much better told by Mr. John Morley in his *Life of Cobden*. Probably Mr. Smith has ascertained by a previous venture of the same kind that there is a market for compilations from old newspapers relating to eminent politicians. The modern practice of writing biographies of living persons is not to be commended; but neither in his *Life of Mr. Gladstone* nor in his present work has Mr. Smith been guilty of any violation of privacy, or of any indiscreet criticism. Both books are written, or compiled, in a tone of indiscriminate eulogy which is less offensive than the opposite mode of treatment. Among several biographies of Lord Beaconsfield published in his lifetime, by far the most objectionable was a systematic attack on his character illustrated by a hostile narrative of his public career. In such cases, adulation is better than spite; nor would any generous writer undertake the biography of a living person except under the influence of admiration or goodwill. The *Life of Mr. Bright* was even more unnecessary than the corresponding history of Mr. Gladstone. In both cases the facts related were hackneyed and notorious; but Mr. Gladstone is not in the habit, like Mr. Bright, of delivering an autobiography as often as he attends a public meeting. Mr. Bright's speeches have been collected and published by Mr. Thorold Rogers; and Mr. Barnett Smith can only supply a few passages or early speeches which his predecessor intentionally and judiciously omitted. There is perhaps a certain interest in the rudimentary efforts of the great orator, who seems to have been as bitter and intolerant in his early youth as in the height of his powers. His style, as might be expected, improved largely with practice, while his temper has remained the same. No great speaker ever took less trouble to disguise his hatred of his opponents. Mr. Bright appreciates in others the worst qualities of his own oratory. In his latest address to his neighbours at Rochdale he selected for especial praise two speeches by Scotch tenant-farmers who had both in the same words denounced landlords as knaves and fools. It is, of course, not to be expected that his faithful biographer should either dissent from his opinions or criticize his language.

In his frequent enumerations of his own public services Mr. Bright sometimes expresses with evident sincerity the belief that he would personally have been well content to devote his life to the conduct of his own manufacturing business, if he had not been urged by a sense of duty into political agitation. If the opportunity of public life had never been offered, Mr. Bright might perhaps have devoted all his energies to profitable industry; but he would have been haunted by a more or less definite consciousness of the waste of extraordinary faculties. Mute inglorious Miltons, if they anywhere exist, must pass unhappy lives. Demosthenes, like Mr. Bright, inherited a factory; but he is not known to have persuaded himself that the cultivation of his cutlery business would have been as suitable an exercise of his genius as his lifelong struggle with the Macedonian power. Mr. Bright had, fortunately for himself, less formidable enemies to deal with; and, unlike the Greek orator, he has always, except at the time of the Crimean war, been on the winning side. His education, his circumstances, and his interests have determined his opinions, though he may be pardoned for his habitual boast of the wisdom and high principle by which he naturally deems himself to have been guided. There is now no difference of opinion as to the injustice and inexpediency of the Corn Law; but there was never any doubt that it was opposed to the interest of spinners and weavers at Rochdale. Mr. Bright's menacing invectives were almost as efficient as Cobden's economic arguments in promoting the formidable agitation of the League. His great intellectual powers were stimulated to their highest activity by a burning sense of wrong. After forty years Mr. Bright is as indignant as if he were still in the height of the contest with the landowners who imposed and maintained the duty on corn. For the general theory of Free-trade, though his doctrines are perfectly orthodox, he has never displayed any extraordinary enthusiasm. His attachment to the Americans and their institutions has not been affected by their obstinate adherence to Protection. The coincidence in England of the social and political predominance of an aristocratic class with its interest in protective duties accounts for much of his Free-trade zeal. Only a few months ago he exulted over an imaginary description of the Protectionist landlords flying for their lives as he cruelly suggested that the innocent Irish landowners were flying from the terrors of the Land League.

Though Mr. Bright, and in a smaller degree the other leaders of the Land League, made abundant use of menace and vituperation,

the movement was mainly promoted and supported by the middle class. The vast sums which were subscribed for the furtherance of the agitation were regarded by the contributors rather as an investment than as a sacrifice for a public object. Mr. Cobden promised the manufacturers not that wages would be lowered, but that the demand for their products and the prices received would be indefinitely increased when foreign customers were allowed to pay for their purchases in corn. Mr. Bright dwelt by preference on the injustice of Protection, and on the inability of a privileged class to resist the demands of the people; but, like his colleague, he relied largely on the pecuniary resources which seemed to be capable of almost unlimited augmentation. The agitation in which he engaged at a later period for the extension of the franchise was perhaps still more congenial to his taste. The establishment of household suffrage in boroughs was in a great measure attributable to the energy of Mr. Bright. Lord John Russell, when his popularity began to fail, had revived the movement which had formerly raised him to eminence; but the arguments and phrases which in the days of the Reform Bill had elicited a passionate response, sounded as vapid commonplaces when after an interval they were repeated to the contented survivors. A Reform Bill of 1853 was contemptuously suppressed while the public attention was concentrated on the quarrel between Russia and Turkey. In 1860 Mr. Gladstone's financial measures, including Mr. Cobden's French treaty, easily diverted the House of Commons from the consideration of another of Lord John Russell's measures. Lord Palmerston steadily discountenanced constitutional change, though he allowed his defeated rival to propose a succession of little Reform Bills. The absence of opposition in the House of Commons during Lord Palmerston's last Administration resulted in no small degree from the general confidence that, as long as he remained in office, no organic changes would be seriously attempted. Only a few alarmists attached importance to an incidental declaration of Mr. Gladstone's which seemed to imply his conversion to the doctrine of universal suffrage; but it was observed that from that time the Prime Minister, when he was occasionally absent from the House, no longer allowed himself to be represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When, after Lord Palmerston's death, Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone proposed a moderate extension of the suffrage, Mr. Bright was prepared to accept the compromise; but he may perhaps not have regretted the opportunity of agitation which was afforded by the unconcealed distaste of the Whigs for the Ministerial Bill and by the vigorous opposition of Mr. Lowe. The secession of which the present Duke of Westminster was the nominal leader proved fatal to the Bill, and caused the resignation of the Government; but in the meantime, through the agency of Mr. Bright, the scene of contest had been transferred from the House of Commons to the popular platform. In answer to Mr. Lowe's imprudent challenge, Mr. Bright exhorted the unenfranchised population to display their material force, and even to assemble in the neighbourhood of Westminster for the obvious purpose of intimidating Parliament. The Hyde Park riot in which an obscure demagogue played the principal part was one of the many demonstrations which answered Mr. Bright's passionate appeals. During the succeeding autumn he cultivated and almost created a passion for the extension of the suffrage, which became, in the opinion of all parties, irresistible. Two years before no one had seriously thought of Parliamentary reform, though Lord Russell's practical reminiscences of his youth were regarded with amused indulgence. The change of feeling which followed the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Bill would perhaps in any case have occurred; but it might have been delayed or temporarily checked if it had not been organized and stimulated by a great agitator, who was also the first of Parliamentary orators. There were rumours that in 1866 and 1867 Mr. Bright had occasionally used language which seemed to indicate hesitation or doubt. He was said to have observed with perfect truth that popular suffrage would be more democratic in England than in other countries, where a much smaller portion of the community lived on weekly wages. He was also believed to have intimated his purpose of abandoning further agitation if household suffrage were once conceded to the boroughs. He certainly assented to the distinction, reproduced in Mr. Gladstone's Bill, between borough and county qualifications. It is possible that the moderate language which was attributed to Mr. Bright may have been apocryphal, and it would be idle to dispute a consistency which represented his lifelong convictions. Mr. Disraeli, under the pressure of a supposed necessity, or in conformity with his own inclination, introduced a Bill guarded by nominal securities, which were summarily eliminated by Mr. Gladstone. The two party chiefs might claim to have shared in the Bill of 1867; but the chief author of the measure, as having promoted the agitation to which the House of Commons yielded, was Mr. Bright. Neither Mr. Disraeli nor Mr. Gladstone would have prevailed over the reluctance of the House of Commons if the pressure from without had not become formidable. At that time Mr. Gladstone had not become a popular agitator.

Mr. Bright's fame will not rest on his achievements or essays in practical legislation. He has proposed a scheme for the better government of India which has not found a supporter among persons of practical experience; nor, indeed, has the plan any second advocate. The division of the country into five or six independent provinces and the abolition of the Viceroyalty seems not to be recommended by any plausible reason. The most obvious effect would be a great increase in the share of administration

\* *The Life and Speeches of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.* By George Barnett Smith. Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

reserved to the Home Government, which would have the task of restraining the encroachments of the local Governments on one another and of generally promoting harmony and uniformity. In Irish affairs Mr. Bright has had the merit of discerning that the difficulties were rather agrarian than political; but among the remedies which he has proposed are the abolition of large estates and the more general application of the Encumbered Estates Act. It is now well known that the largest properties have been most liberally managed; and that purchasers under the Estates Act have been unable to emulate the liberality of the territorial magnates. The scandalous wrong which has been inflicted on the modern holder under a Parliamentary title is perhaps the most disgraceful passage in recent Irish history. Mr. Bright's desire for the institution of small freeholders is better known, but at present there seems to be little chance that the experiment will be tried on a considerable scale. Any subdivision which fell short of the creation of peasant freeholds would only have aggravated existing evils. It cannot be said that Mr. Barnett Smith has thrown any light either on political questions or on Mr. Bright's personal history. Of his style it is sufficient to say that he almost always calls Mr. Bright "the right honourable gentleman," and that "honourable gentlemen" are mentioned as if the title were commonly used, and "learned gentlemen" for the most part with a sneer.

#### MADDEN'S COINS OF THE JEWS.\*

THE coinage of the Jews claims a more general interest than belongs perhaps to any other branch of numismatics, though this interest is of a rather factitious kind. Almost every schoolboy collection of coins includes a false shekel, one of those pieces which seem to be poured upon the world in inexhaustible numbers. Persons a little older than the schoolboy handle the coin with reverence, and speculate whether it may have been actually one among the "thousand pieces of silver" which Abimelech gave to Abraham, or among those other twenty pieces for which Joseph was sold to the Midianitish merchants. It is not so very long since even grave writers upon numismatics discussed questions such as these. It is to be feared that if the general reader knew rather more upon the subject of Jewish coins, his interest in them would abate. He cannot be expected to consider too curiously the difference between italics and roman type in the Authorized Version, or to reflect how much of the significance of the phrase "twenty pieces of silver" is due to the insertion of the word piece. It is natural, therefore, for him to assume that coins were in existence in the days of Abraham and of Joseph. But, unfortunately, that is impossible, seeing that the art of coinage had not been discovered in the days of Abraham and Joseph, nor, for that matter, in the days of David or of Solomon. And as for the coinage of the Jews, it does not begin until such time as the Bible history has ceased. It is in a certain sense of the word apocryphal. There are, therefore, two circumstances which give to Jewish numismatics in their relationship to the general public a factitious character; first, the fact that most of the supposed Jewish coins in the hands of private collectors are false coins, and, secondly, the fact that the great majority of the amateur collectors have a quite erroneous notion touching the antiquity of these pieces.

There will still remain, however, a sufficient number of the experts to give a genuine welcome to Mr. Madden's book, which we may fairly call the most complete treatise upon Jewish coins which has yet appeared in any country. The writer has been long a labourer in this field. In 1864 he published his *History of the Jewish Coinage*, which was practically the first edition of the present work. Since then he has from time to time contributed papers upon this subject to the *Numismatic Chronicle*, the journal devoted to this class of studies. Meanwhile, between the publication of Mr. Madden's first and second editions, other writers who had preceded him have returned to the subject, and he has gained the advantage of comparing his results with theirs. Of these writers the principal have been Signor Cavedoni in Italy, Herr Reichardt in Germany, and M. F. de Saulcy in France; all three writers of high ability and reputation. Mr. Madden not unfrequently indulges in a strain of exultation over the mistakes which he has detected in the writings of his predecessors, and which he emphasizes in his footnotes by marks of exclamation. It would be more becoming to remember that those who come after have always the advantage of being able to avoid many of the errors of their predecessors; while these very errors have in no small degree made smooth the road which they are treading.

The early theory concerning the origin of the Jewish coins, which was proposed forty years ago or more by the Abbé Cavedoni, made them begin at the time of that recovered independence of Judæa which resulted from the successful revolt under the Maccabees. This theory was adopted by Mr. Madden in his *History of the Jewish Coinage*, and he has adhered to it in the present volume. Meanwhile, however, M. de Saulcy had successively put forward two other theories as to the beginning of money in Judæa. According to the one first propounded, the Jewish coinage began just after the threatened destruction of Jerusalem by Alexander the Great, and his subsequent pacification

by means of the mission which was despatched to him headed by the High Priest Jaddua. It is well known how, after the fall of Tyre, Alexander marched towards Jerusalem with the intention of inflicting upon its inhabitants an exemplary punishment on account of their previous refusal to assist him in his recent siege; and how at Sapha he was met by a solemn procession headed by this Jaddua. The High Priest recalled the prophecy of Daniel which seemed to foretell the empire of Alexander; and Alexander recalled to mind a vision which he himself had had, wherein this very Jaddua seemed to appear before him. So, on the basis of this mutual recognition of supernatural favour extended to the other, a peace was made between Alexander and the Jews. According to the theory of De Saulcy, the right of coinage was at that time granted to the latter and by them put in force. This view was accepted by the reviewer of De Saulcy's *Numismatique Judaïque* in the *Revue Numismatique* for 1855, though the writer of that critique does not show himself a great master of the matter in hand. In 1857 the same theory was examined in some detail by Mr. John Evans in the pages of the *Numismatic Chronicle*, and, with some hesitation, was accepted by him also. Nevertheless, it was eventually abandoned by its author, who then proposed to take back the first Jewish coins to the days of the rebuilding of the Temple and of the walls of Jerusalem by Ezra and Nehemiah, shortly after the return of the Jews from captivity. Mr. Madden himself, in some papers communicated to the *Numismatic Chronicle* in 1874, seemed to look upon this view with favour, though he eventually returned to the Maccabean date.

After the thorough sifting which these various theories have received, and the advance which numismatic study has made during the last few years, we have no hesitation in deciding in favour of Abbé Cavedoni's and of Mr. Madden's view. M. F. Lenormant, we notice, who has done so much to establish the study of numismatics upon a wide and scientific basis, has returned to the Maccabean date, though at first he adopted the Ezra date proposed by De Saulcy. And, without attempting in this place to enter into the more technical arguments which affect the question, it will be easy to show how much more satisfactory from the point of view of the general historian is the theory which would make the Jewish coinage begin under Simon Maccabæus.

The pieces about which all this discussion has arisen are the well-known shekels, the class of coin out of all the Jewish series with which the general reader is most likely to have some acquaintance, even though it be only derived from forged imitations of the shekel. On one side the piece bears the representation of a chalice supposed to be one of the holy vessels of the Temple. On the other side is a stalk with three flowers, commonly described as "Aaron's rod that budded." These pieces extend over five years only. They come to an end with the death of Simon Maccabæus, and with them comes to an end the silver coinage of the house of the Maccabees, the Asmonean house. Copper coins, however, were also struck by Simon; and the series in this metal continues throughout the rule of the Asmonean kings, and that of the princes of the Idumæan dynasty, until the outbreak of the First Revolt. Adopting, then, the theory that the first Jewish coins were struck by Simon the Maccabee, we find that the whole coinage of the country forms a continuous series. It is obviously much more natural to find money occurring thus in a series almost unbroken, from Simon the Asmonean to Agrippa the Second the Idumæan, than to find a coinage springing spasmodically into life and again dying out. It should be remembered, too, that the result of recent researches into the origin of coinage in Greece and Lydia (that is to say, the origin of coinage in the world) has tended altogether in the direction of diminishing the number of examples of isolated and spasmodic issues of coins such as might have been cited as parallel instances to the supposed mintage of Jewish shekels under Ezra and Nehemiah. There was, it must be admitted, on any theory a somewhat spasmodic character attaching to the issue of the silver coinages of Judæa. The continuous series of money can only be made out by means of the copper coins. Nevertheless, this use and subsequent disuse of silver money is altogether consistent with the Maccabean theory, and, indeed, affords upon that theory one of the most interesting examples possible of the way in which the coinage of a people is often a sort of epitome of its history.

In the history of the Jews after their return from the captivity in Babylon there were three epochs at which they had won for themselves, by force of arms, an almost complete independence of any neighbouring power, an independence lasting for a longer or shorter time, as the case might be. The first and greatest of these periods of complete national life and true autonomy was that which followed the victories of the Maccabees. Judas Maccabæus began his career when Judæa was groaning under the tyranny of the Seleucid king Antiochus Epiphanes. After the death of Judas, and under the rule of his brother Simon, the Jews obtained the formal recognition of their independence at the hands of Antiochus VII. It was at this moment that appeared the first Jewish coins, which were, as we have said, the silver shekels. This silver coinage disappeared with the death of Simon; but a Jewish silver coinage again arose at the time of the First Jewish Revolt under Vespasian (A.D. 66-7), when the nation once more enjoyed a short-lived freedom. Between the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 and the breaking out of the Second Revolt under Simon Barcochab in A.D. 132, none but Imperial coins were struck in Judæa; but at the outbreak of this revolt a Jewish silver

\* *The International Numismata Orientalia*. Vol. II. *Coins of the Jews*. By Frederic W. Madden, M.R.A.S. Trübner & Co.

coinage once more, and for the last time, appeared. It is obvious that the idea of autonomy is more closely associated with the right of striking coins in the precious metals than with the right of striking only copper coins. We know how Rome almost always withdrew the former right from the Greek cities which she had conquered, but allowed them to retain the latter. Almost within our own days private enterprises, such as, for example, some of the Welsh mining companies, have been permitted to issue a kind of token money in copper, but they would never have been allowed to strike silver or gold. Thus the three series of Jewish silver coins tell an interesting history of their own. It is a curious though purely accidental circumstance that each of the series should have been issued by a Simon—the first by Simon Maccabæus, the second by the priests Simon and Eleasar, the third by Simon Barcochab, “the Son of a Star.”

The coins of Simon Maccabæus differ in other ways than in the metal of the greater number of them from those of his successors. Mr. Madden has not devoted much space to the tracing of the origin of the types of the Jewish coins. And this is a circumstance to be regretted, because of all the subtle testimony to history which is given by coins there is none more valuable than that which is yielded by a comparison of the coin types of various countries; and it is just through the reading of small but expressive signs such as these that numismatics can become so useful a handmaid to history. Nor can the majority of Mr. Madden's readers be expected to have such a familiarity with contemporary classes of coins as would enable them to gather this information unaided. Both the types and the legends of Simon's coins are appropriate to the circumstances in which they were issued. They seem to breathe the national spirit which fostered and encouraged the heroic deeds of the Maccabees. Of the types of the shekel—the chalice and Aaron's rod—we have already spoken. The legends on these coins are “Jerusalem the Holy.” On the copper coins of the same Simon the legend is “The Redemption of Zion.” In the subsequent issues there occurs a change which is expressive of the change in the times. The successor of Simon, John Hyrcanus I., preserved intact the kingdom which he had received, and even extended its boundaries. But he did not keep the enthusiasm of the people up to the same pitch of fever-heat which it had reached under the three great Maccabees, Judas, Jonathan, and Simon; perhaps it would have been impossible to do this. Civil discords, as we know, broke out, and John's reign ended in bloody contests between the Pharisees and the Sadducees. We may well believe that John allowed himself to be more influenced by the neighbouring attraction of Greek manners and culture than his predecessor had been, for at the end of his reign he left the severe national party, the Pharisees, and passed over to their adversaries. The coins of John Hyrcanus seem to reflect the various influences to which the prince himself was subjected. On the obverse these pieces bear the Greek A with the legend beneath it, *Jehokanan Hakkohen Haggadol Veeheber Hagehudim*, “Johanan the High Priest and the Senate of the Jews.” Thus the Hebrew legend asserts the supremacy of the Sanhedrin; but the A on the obverse is the initial of the name of the Seleucid king, Alexander Zebinas, and commemorates an alliance which was made between Alexander and Hyrcanus. On the reverse of these coins are two cornucopias, and this is a device copied from the contemporary Seleucid coins. It first appears, we believe, on the pieces of this same Alexander Zebinas. During the days of John's successor, Judas Aristobulus, the same types continue; but towards the end of the reign of Alexander Jannæus, we have a further evidence of a Grecizing tendency on the part of the Asmonean princes—which, by the way, is also suggested by such names as Aristobulus and Alexander—in the introduction of a complete Greek legend on the reverses of the coins: namely, *ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΒΡΑΙΩΝ*. In the coins of this reign we distinguish, moreover, two Seleucid types, the anchor and the double cornucopia.

With the accession of the Idumæan house the sovereignty really passed away from the Jews. Herod was never acknowledged as a Jew, and though he rebuilt the Temple with great splendour, he defiled it in the eyes of the orthodox by fixing up a brazen eagle in the porch. Moreover, he introduced the circus and various heathenish celebrations. We need not, therefore, be surprised to find that his coins, and those of his successors, are less Jewish and more distinctly Greek in type and legend than even the later coins of the preceding dynasty. Herod introduced the Macedonian shield and helmet upon his money. Most of his successors recurred to the older Seleucid types of the anchor and the cornucopia. The legends on the money of this dynasty are always in Greek.

Among the most interesting of the whole series of Jewish coins are the pieces which were struck during the two revolts. The types of the coins in these two series are frequently repeated, and this circumstance makes it a matter of some difficulty to class them in their proper sequence. It has been already said that in these coins of the revolts a silver issue once more appears. We return, in fact, for a short time to a coinage which is, in the true sense of the word, Jewish, and not, like the preceding issues, only struck in Judæa. The “Year of the Redemption of Israel,” “Deliverance of Zion,” “The Deliverance of Jerusalem,” “Year of the Deliverance of Jerusalem,” are the usual legends, written, of course, in Hebrew, no longer in Greek. The types are the symbolic vine-leaf or bunch of grapes, or a palm-tree, the beautiful gate of the Temple, a lyre or a vase; shortly after the suppression of the First Revolt were issued the well-known “Judæa capta” coins of Vespasian and of Titus.

Mr. Madden has done his work with scholarlike thoroughness, and has produced a book which will, we believe, long remain the *locus classicus* of the subject of Jewish numismatics. Seeing that so much research had to be gone through on the question with which he was directly concerned, we venture to think that he might with advantage have omitted those extra chapters on the “Invention of Coined Money” and on “Writing” with which he prefaces his work. The question of the origin of the Phœnician alphabet has not yet been satisfactorily settled. M. Lenormant has never completed his promised work upon the subject; and we may fairly suppose that he has given up many of the notions with which he started. Mr. Madden, we think, trusts too much to the authority of Lenormant's published writings upon this question.

#### THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS.\*

THE present volume appears in fulfilment of the promise given in the first issue of the Letters of Dickens to the effect that more letters were forthcoming; and it contains nothing but letters, as the brief narrative of the life of the writer, which accompanied the former collection, was completed in it. The subjects of correspondence, as before, are varied; some are serious and important, others light and playful; while a few seem hardly deserving of the pains that have been taken to preserve them. The letters addressed to Mr. Rusden, Clerk to the House of Parliament in Melbourne, may be taken as representing the same class of correspondence as that addressed to M. de Cerjat, of Lausanne, in the former volumes. Both recipients were at a distance, and discussions and opinions on politics and events occur in them which would not be so suitable if sent to friends separated by a less wide interval of space and time. Dickens and his correspondent at the antipodes never met; but much kindness was shown by Mr. Rusden to the two sons of Dickens who went to Australia, for which he was always grateful.

Some of the best of the letters now printed are those written to Professor Felton, an American friend of Dickens, which have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. A vein of pleasantry about oyster-eating is to be found in them, which gives occasion to some of the happiest fun and humorous exaggeration of the author of *Pickwick*. In a letter, dated in 1842, in the month of May—which, by the way, is a month without an *r* in it, and therefore is appropriate for the discussion of the question put—Dickens wrote to know what the oyster-openers do when oysters are not in season—“Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically-sealed bottles for practice? Perhaps they are dentists out of the winter season. Who knows?” In another place Mr. Felton is instructed in the story of the once famous Dando, who was known to have eaten twenty dozen at one sitting, and might have eaten forty if his personality and his habit of never paying, which had almost acquired the right of a legal prescription, had not dawned upon the terrified shopman. A graphic account of the death of this heroic glutton is given—in the House of Correction—and how they buried him in the prison-yard, and paved his grave with oyster-shells. A Sam Weller of real life appears in one of the letters which Mr. Felton was so lucky as to get, a sort of groom belonging to Dickens, who, having to announce to his master the approach of an interesting event in his family, adds the philosophic reflection, “Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is natur!” The serio-comic scene at a funeral, also described for the benefit of the Professor, is irresistibly droll, but must be read at length to be duly enjoyed. In an amusing account of his favourite Broadstairs—“our watering-place”—he says, “Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands, whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants”; and the North Foreland lighthouse is called “a severe parsonic light which reproves the young and giddy floaters and stares grimly out upon the sea.”

In a different strain are the letters to Lady Blessington from Italy, in 1844. Dickens had been seeing the amphitheatre at Verona, and makes a good point of the traces of their ring left at one end of the arena by a strolling troop of equestrian performers, who had been there some days before; and looking down from the topmost seat he compares the theatre to “an immense straw hat . . . the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown.” Venice surpassed expectation; Rome was full of interest; but Naples greatly disappointed Dickens. Yet he writes of Vesuvius that “it burns away in my thoughts, beside the roaring waters of Niagara, and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming, night and day, each in its fullest glory.” From Paris, in 1847, he writes of the beautiful actress Rosa Chéri, whom he saw in *Clarissa Harlowe*, and compares her death upon the stage with that of Macready in *King Lear*. He went to see Victor Hugo, and describes his house as “a most extraordinary place, looking like an old curiosity shop, or the property room of some gloomy, vast, old theatre.” His wife was there also, and a little daughter. “Sitting among old armour, and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden

\* *The Letters of Charles Dickens*. Edited by his Sister-in-law and his Eldest Daughter. Vol. III. 1836 to 1870. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1862.

halla, they made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books."

Other letters refer to matters of grave political and social interest, and opinions are given upon very important questions. The writer who described the abuses of the Fleet Prison, who invented the immortal Mrs. Gamp, and who laid bare the iniquities of such schools as Dotheboys Hall, cannot be said to have been without influence in dealing with many then existing abuses. But it must always remain a matter for controversy whether Dickens was more the pioneer or the follower of public opinion in the reforms he ventilated, either in his works of fiction or in more solemn and serious ways. His temperament was certainly not of a kind to qualify him to take a permanent and constant part in public or political life—at any rate, in concert with others. He was too much disposed to stand aloof from, and not to sympathize with, movements in which he did not himself take a leading part. A characteristic instance of this tendency appears in a letter to the late Lord Lytton (then Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer), written from Devonshire Terrace on the famous April 10, 1848. When all London was stirred to the heart, and was making a magnificent display of loyalty and attachment to the cause of order and government, and when all classes were enrolling themselves as extraordinary guardians of the public peace, Dickens could write—"I have not been a special constable myself to-day, thinking there was rather an epidemic in that wise abroad. I walked over and looked at the preparations without any baggage, warrant, or affidavit." And this sneer was launched against a grand exhibition of moral and physical strength, which saved the metropolis and the country at large from the intended commencement of an insurrectionary movement, and which was of important service in restoring confidence to the Governments on the Continent of Europe.

Several of the letters to Sir E. B. Lytton are full of the preparations for acting the play of *Not so Bad as We Seem*, by Dickens and his amateur company, for the benefit of the then newly-projected Guild of Literature and Art. Dickens threw himself into the scheme with all the energy of his nature when interested in what he believed to be a good and righteous cause; and the performances of the play were most successful, as they deserved to be, at Devonshire House, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and at many places out of London. The plan for the regeneration and exaltation of literary workers was believed in enthusiastically by its promoters. It was "entirely to change the status of the literary man in England, and make a revolution in his position, which no Government, no power on earth but his own, could ever effect." Later on, when the play was being performed in the provinces, Dickens writes:—"I sincerely believe we have the ball at our feet, and may throw it up to the very Heaven of Heavens." Alas for the vanity of human wishes, and the non-fulfilment of great expectations! The undertaking that was launched with so much zeal, whether from inherent faults, or from some want of practical wisdom in the councils of its founders, never reached the stage of getting into working order; and it is said that its funds are likely to be applied for the benefit of literary men through other channels, and not altogether under the conditions originally contemplated.

The correspondence with Mr. W. H. Wills is valuable as exhibiting Dickens as an editor in communication with the chief of his staff. His kindly and conscientious desire to do the right thing in the best way is admirably shown, and there are delicious bits of frolic and humour which crop up among the business details. In 1853 the question of national defence for England was much agitated, and how much common sense there is in the remarks of Dickens in reference to some hostile critic of what was being done:—

Surely he cannot be insensible to the fact that military preparations in England at this time means Defence. Woman, says —, means Home, love, children, Mother. Does he not find any protection for these things in a wise and moderate means of defence; and is not the union between these things and these means one of the most natural, significant, and plain in the world?

In a letter to Henry F. Chorley occur some excellent words of advice to speakers and lecturers in public:—"Never let a sentence go for the thousandth part of an instant until the last word is out." And, again:—"A spoken sentence will never run alone in all its life, and is never to be trusted to itself, in its most insignificant member. See it well out—with the voice—and the part of the audience is made surprisingly easier." How much, indeed, might the woes of long-suffering audiences who have to hear speakers pretending to speak, and who cannot speak, be diminished if every one who has ever to lift up his voice in public would pay some little attention towards learning the simple elements for success which require to be remembered! Dickens in his hints to Chorley was not preaching what he did not himself practise, for his voice in acting, and in his public readings, if sometimes a little hard, was always telling, and was distinctly audible in the remotest part of the largest halls.

In his counsels to authors, young or experienced, Dickens was always careful and considerate—to an extent surprising in a man of his many engagements, and who was always doing his own work under heavy pressure. His sympathy with all literary labourers was deep and unfeigned, and he spared no pains in affording assistance when he thought it was wanted and deserved. A letter in 1866 to an anonymous lady should be read by all aspirants to literary fame or employment. He points out the common mistake of supposing that there are impenetrable barriers against so-called "outsiders," and "charmed circles" to which admission

can only be obtained by favour, and adds:—"I know that any one who can write what is suitable to the requirements of my own journal, for instance, is a person I am heartily glad to discover, and do not very often find." He concludes with the wholesome observation, "I do not regard successful fiction as a thing to be achieved in 'leisure moments'; and this is obviously in reply to some suggestion made by his correspondent. One may wonder how much of the stock-in-trade in fiction of the circulating libraries is written in 'leisure moments'; and, on the whole, one may perhaps safely come to the conclusion that much, or most, of it is so written.

Later onwards the remarks on Fechter's acting are valuable contributions to dramatic criticism, although all may not agree with Dickens in thinking that he was equal to Macready in *The Lady of Lyons*, and the observation that there was obviously a great interest in seeing a Frenchman play the part is unworthy of the writer. If it were true, the whole play, in which all the characters are French, and the scene of which is laid in France, would have been better if all the parts had been played by Frenchmen, who would only have been known as such by their sharing Fechter's own imperfect pronunciation of English.

Writing to Mr. Rusdon in 1869, Dickens made a sort of prophecy which is worth quoting at the present time:—

The general feeling in England is a desire to get the Irish Church out of the way of many social reforms. . . . I do not believe myself that agrarian Ireland is to be pacified by any such means, or can have it got out of its mistaken head that the land is of right the peasantry's; and that every man who owns land has stolen it, and is therefore to be shot.

Another prediction made in the same year, of the approaching extinction of the Mormons, although at one time it seemed likely to be verified, now unfortunately appears not to be so certain of fulfilment. The degrading phase of a degenerating civilization which they exhibit still flourishes, nor is it easy to foresee, at this moment, how their pernicious and abominable career can be checked.

#### THE OLD FACTORY.\*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Westall's book would obviously never have been written but for the example set him in *Haworth's*, we have no intention of reproaching him on that account. It needs must be that imitations appear, and when they are readable there is no necessity to be exacting in requiring originality. Now *The Old Factory* is decidedly a readable book. We say "book," because we have our doubts how far it is entitled to be called a novel. In spite of a more than sufficiently common practice to the contrary, a novel is generally supposed to require a plot, or at least a coherent story, and *The Old Factory* is nearly destitute of anything of the kind. There is a story in the three volumes, but it is very far from filling them. It is a common thing enough for the plot of a three-volume novel to prove unable to stretch over all of them; but, as a rule, it is to be found in the first and the beginning of the second; whereas in *The Old Factory* it begins somewhat after the usual place of ending. More than the first half of the work is occupied with preliminaries. We do not remember ever to have come across any book which is written so much on what may be called the method of harking back. That a writer, having drawn us an interesting *mise en scène*, should go back some way to show how it was produced is a thing allowable and warranted by good examples; but he must not do it three times over, as Mr. Westall does. Having given us a picture of the hero about to start for school, he goes back to show us how he came to be going, and then, after the history of various things which happened at the time, goes further back still to show us how the hero ever came to be at all. We conclude that the boy about to go to school must take rank as the hero; for it is his marriage which forms the subject of what plot *The Old Factory* has, and which makes the proper happy ending for the third volume. We decidedly prefer that part of the book which is anterior to the plot. It is full of sketches of the old and evil days of Lancashire weaving, when the new machines were just coming in, to the ruin of the old hand-weavers, and had not yet made the fortune of the new race of masters while improving the condition of their men.

Mr. Westall begins with a description of the home of his hero, Frank Blackthorne. Frank is the son of "a manufacturer of the old school," Adam Blackthorne, a well-drawn and interesting character, whose life, home, and works are described in a fairly vivid manner. But, as the author goes back several chapters further on for the purpose of bringing Adam Blackthorne up to date, we will follow his method, and confine ourselves at present to this stage in the fortunes of the son. Frank has just passed through the not uncommon experience of spending several years at a private school and learning nothing. The author stops to give us an account of this school "of the old sort"; but it contains nothing more remarkable than an indolent master, who woke up at intervals to a sense of his duties, and cased his pupils soundly all round. Allowing for a diminished use of the cane, this sort of school is not so old as Mr. Westall seems to think. However, Frank is now about to start for a new one, which is not destined to prove much more satisfactory, and "Yorkshire Joe" is to take him. This gives Mr. Westall a chance of "doing what he does best—sketch a type of North-country workman, and give a picture of old-world life. Yorkshire Joe is general

\* *The Old Factory: a Lancashire Story.* By William Westall, Author of "Larry Lohengrin," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.



handy man in Adam Blackthorne's Old Factory—a wiry Yorkshireman who can turn his hand to nearly anything from driving a cart to mending a wall, who does his work well and with fidelity to his master, but is unable to resist the attractions of a vile compound known as “buttered gin.” Blackthorne trusts him because Joe never drinks anybody's money but his own, and, however drunk, can always bring the cart home. On this occasion, his master thinks he can be trusted to take Frank to school, for his pocket is empty, and only just as much as will cover the necessary expenses is given him for the journey. The journey to the school across a country covered with snow is well described, and the author makes Joe the mouthpiece for little sketches of the pinched and poverty-stricken hand-weavers of the day which have some merit, and, what is far from being the case with much in the *Old Factory*, a direct bearing on the story. Adam Blackthorne is far from being popular in the country. He is a hard man, ruling his workmen with a hand of iron, and eager to welcome the new machinery which the hand-weavers look upon as their natural enemy. It is just in the evil times of the Luddites, and Blackthorne's factory is marked for wrecking. By an accident, the manufacturer is in considerable danger of falling a victim to the hatred of his people before his mill is attacked. In the very second chapter he has thrown a workman out of his house when the man came to ask for certain wages which Blackthorne had confiscated for some dereliction of duty. On the night on which his son has left home the manufacturer has become impatient at Joe's delay in returning, and goes out to look for him. He is seen by “Little Fourteen,” the man he has so roughly got rid of, and immediately pursued by him and several half-drunk companions. The men are resolved on treating him in the manner which still distinguishes Lancashire, and punishing him with their clogs, and although Blackthorne's great strength and coolness enable him to hold his ground, and even to dispose of two of his assailants, he is in serious danger when the belated Joe turns up and saves him. Fortunately for his master, the Yorkshireman has got drunk on a tip given him by Frank's new schoolmaster, and has then slept off his “buttered gin” and “fettled ale” in a barn where he has overheard a body of Luddites arranging to wreck his master's mill. Joe hurries home with the news, and arrives just in the nick of time. The preparations for the attack on the mill, the sketches of the Luddite leaders, Dearden and Grindleton, and the result of the fight at the mill, which is effectively defended by Blackthorne, make some interesting chapters. The meeting of the Luddites and the speech of Long Peter fro' Whitworth make an episode which is considerably better than most of the author's very numerous digressions. The method of defence, however, which Blackthorne adopts at the suggestion of his partner Basel, strikes us as being a trifle fantastic. Dummies dressed up as soldiers, steam-pipes turned into cannon, and the turning on of the water-pipes, would scarcely have frightened the Luddites.

Having consigned Frank to the new private school, where he is to go on learning nothing, unless an efficient spoli for raising the devil be allowed to count as something, and beaten the Luddites off from the Old Factory, the author goes back many years to account for Adam Blackthorne's possession of that building, and to give the history of his wooing and winning of Rachel Orme, his wife. The chapters which are devoted to this form by far the best part of the three volumes. With the help of a little of what precedes them, and the suppression of Mr. Frank's poor love story which follows them, they would make a pleasant little tale of far higher artistic value than the three volumes of *The Old Factory*. The history of Adam Blackthorne is not written either with power or with any considerable originality; but it is an agreeable and credible picture of a stamp of man always common enough in England, but never seen to such perfection as in the North country during the first half of this century. Adam Blackthorne is a thoroughly self-made man. He comes of a strong wholesome stock of yeomen and weavers, all trained to be frugal and laborious, and equally able to drive the plough or the loom. The nature of their work gave them a width of training unknown among the mere handicraftsmen of the great cities of to-day. Their independence gave them a certain pride, infinitely more healthy than the modern class hatred of workmen to employer. Adam finds himself at the age of twenty left penniless by the death of his father. The little property of the family is just enough to secure the widow a small annuity, and Adam is left to push his way in the world with “a pair of stalwart arms and legs conform,” under the guidance of a good clear head, in which a love of money does not interfere with an instinct for doing good work for the work's sake. His hard-earned knowledge of what good weaving is gets him a place as “putter out,” under a Mr. Broome, and his sagacity in checking the weavers' trick of taking spare yarn, known as “mooter,” makes him a valuable servant. On his master's death Adam, acting by the advice of one Paul Dogget, a spinner of the old illiterate stamp who made big fortunes by judicious rule of thumb, starts out as manufacturer on his own account with what little savings he has, and the confidence the spinners have in his brains and integrity. The fight is hard; but, by incessant toil, and doing three times as much with his own hands as any of his men, Adam works his way to success. Like most men who have risen from the ranks, he is hard to his men, thinking his duty to them done when he pays their wages, and not unwilling to back up his hard words with hard blows. When he is fairly on the road to success Adam very naturally marries, and the history of his courtship makes a very

pleasant little idyl. With what is only a very superficial inconsistency with his rough nature, he chooses his wife for her beauty and the charm of her character. The author has very properly connected Blackthorne's one romance with the one element of sentiment and tenderness which softened the rough money-getting Northern life. Rachel Orme is the niece of a shining light of the religious world of Lancashire, one Nancy Cooper, a “painful woman,” much troubled about her soul and the souls of her neighbours, but shrewd in the honest getting of money, and the putting of it out in safe mortgages. The story of the loves of Rachel and Adam is told with feeling and some humour: She has been brought up to believe that all human love is an offence to God, after the manner of many religious sects which look harder and narrower than they are. Her love causes her many tears and searchings of heart. As for Adam, he is troubled with no such doubts, but goes gallantly forward, thrashing a big blacksmith who is rude to Rachel, and enduring many sermons that he may see her and overcome the very probable opposition of Nancy Cooper to her niece's marriage with so worldly a young man. Of course Nancy is conquered, and is finally so far won over by Adam that when, years after his marriage, a chance is offered him of buying “The Old Factory,” she finds the capital and starts him fairly on the road to fortune. A fortunate meeting with a M. Basel, a Swiss chemist, who becomes his partner, does the rest, and Adam becomes a very wealthy man. Here, however, the really meritorious part of the book ends. A woman like Rachel, with her high and earnest sense of duty, and so strong a man as Adam, should have been the parents of a race worthy of them; but, alas! that is very far from being the case. Perhaps it may be Mr. Westall's irony which gave them such children as the weak snob Frank and his selfish sister, who are both mere shadows as compared with their parents; but we fear it is only fatigue and the dreary sense of having to make bricks without straw which comes of the tyrannical law of the three volumes. When we say that M. Basel has a fair daughter, and that there is a designing young person with views on Frank, and a great deal of law for the accuracy of which we should be sorry to vouch, we have said enough to show what the nature of the plot of *The Old Factory* is when the author at last unfortunately gets to it. It is only fair to say, however, that little sketches of Lancashire life, which are what the author is strongest in, are to be found, though in diminished numbers, even to the end.

#### SHAIRP'S ASPECTS OF POETRY.\*

THE somewhat miscellaneous character of these “Aspects” needs no defence to those who are acquainted with the conditions of that curiously regulated Professorship, the Chair of Poetry at Oxford; and Professor Shairp very properly gives the necessary information in his preface to those who do not know them. The Professor holds his office for five years, on the terms of giving one lecture a term. This cannot be said to be a very heavy tax on him, inasmuch as it amounts to but fifteen lectures in all, or twenty if the nominal, instead of the real, number of terms is observed—a point on which we are not certain. But the distribution of the course (if course it may be called) makes it by no means easy to observe anything like continuity in it. It has often been suggested that it would be in every way better if the conditions were altered, say, to the giving of three courses, of eight or ten lectures each, in alternate years, which would give all undergraduates a fair opportunity of listening to the wisdom of the Professor, and would at the same time give the Professor an inducement to attack subjects of bulk and consequence. However, a man can but deal with things as he finds them; and the result has been that for many years the Professorship of Poetry, though it has—especially during Mr. Matthew Arnold's tenure of it—given occasion to many interesting essays and disquisitions of a fragmentary kind, has not produced any one course worthy of the name as a solid and durable contribution of size and weight to English aesthetics. The contents of this volume are made more miscellaneous still by the incorporation of some papers which were not written as Oxford lectures at all, but as ordinary magazine essays. Thus, of the fifteen chapters of which the book consists, five only deal with what may perhaps be considered the most legitimate subject of a Professor of Poetry—the aspects of the art in a general sense. These are respectively entitled “The Province of Poetry,” “Criticism and Creation,” “The Spiritual Side of Poetry,” “The Poet as a Revealer,” and “Poetic Style in Modern English Poetry.” Their general tenor may be anticipated by those who are acquainted with Mr. Shairp's usual attitude towards things poetic. That attitude may perhaps best be defined by saying that it is antagonistic to any strict definition of poetry, that it disposes the Professor to give more attention to matter than to form, and to resist any attempt to analyse the poetic charm. There is no need to enter into the controversies which become almost inevitable when subjects such as this are discussed. Professor Shairp is all the more entitled to state his opinions in that they are by no means the most popular or generally held nowadays, and are equally remote from Mr. Matthew Arnold's rigid limitations of the poet to “life” and “conduct,” and from the material liberty and formal restrictions imposed by the art-for-art school. Speaking generally,

\* *Aspects of Poetry*. By J. C. Shairp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1882.

Professor Shairp's criticism of abstract poetry is that of a man who admires Wordsworth and Scott above all other poets, and whose dicta in relation to poetry are seldom free from conscious or unconscious reference to one or other of his favourites.

The miscellaneous essays which follow are, as might perhaps be expected in the case of a critic who takes this point of view, of wider interest. There are two on Mr. Carlyle and Cardinal Newman which have to smuggle themselves in under the sub-title of "Prose Poets," and which might perhaps have been better reserved for a volume devoted, not to poetry, but to the *Belles Lettres* in general. One on Virgil, one on Burns, one on Shelley, two on the Poetry of the Highlands, with special reference to Ossian and Duncan Ban MacIntyre, two on Wordsworth ("The Three Yarrowes" and "The White Doe of Rylstone"), and one on Scott, complete the list. Of these, critically speaking, the essay on Scott is the best, and the essay on Shelley the worst. For it follows, from Professor Shairp's general attitude as to poetry, that he is a capital judge of what he likes, but a bad judge of what he does not like or does not understand. Many foolish things have been said lately about Shelley in the way of exaggerated praise. But the exaggeration which comes from over-appreciation, if it be more tedious, is not likely to go so far wrong as the exaggeration which comes from failure to understand. Much of what Mr. Shairp says about Shelley recalls the amazing statement in his book on Burns, in the *English Men of Letters* series, to the effect that the *Jolly Beggars*, one of the finest things of its kind in English, is "decidedly offensive." Mr. Shairp does not like the morals of Burns, and he does not like the religious opinions of Shelley, and no doubt he could give excellent reasons for disliking both. But, while patriotism almost makes him forgive Burns, no such redeeming influence seems to come in to the help of Shelley, and therefore the judgment delivered is somewhat inadequate. On the other hand, the essay on Scott, though there is some fault to be found with the title, "The Homeric Spirit in Scott," is very satisfactory to read. The writer knows his subject thoroughly; he is enthusiastic about it, and he has the great advantage of speaking on it in succession to some other critics who have not known it and have not been enthusiastic about it. The two essays on Wordsworth would, we fear, be dismissed by Mr. Matthew Arnold as "by a Wordsworthian," and there would be some justice in the attribution. But "The Three Yarrowes," at least, is a capital essay, written from the heart, not without fair assistance on the part of the head. That on Virgil may be recommended as putting the case for a poet who is not a great favourite with some professed critics of poetry, earnestly and without the affectation of language which characterizes another Virgilian essay referred to by Mr. Shairp in rather excessive terms of praise—that of Mr. F. W. H. Myers. As often happens, however, this very excess is interesting, because it shows the object which the eulogist has proposed to himself, though, of course, it shows it quite unconsciously. "The Essay," says Professor Shairp, "is the work of one who has seen more clearly and felt more vividly than others have done the peculiar excellence of Virgil, and who longs to make others see and feel it." This is evidently the standard which the Professor has proposed to himself in his own critical lucubrations. He is hortatory and expository rather than didactic, a preacher rather than a professor.

From this point of view, however, we are inclined to think that the most interesting essays in the book are the pair on Highland Poetry. They have, of course, the great advantage of comparative novelty of subject, and of consequent freedom from the operation of La Bruyère's words, "tout est dit, et l'on vient trop tard." The Ossianic controversy has been buried long enough to make the digging up of its bones not merely an inoffensive, but a positively interesting, archaeological exhibition. Of the minor Gaelic poets few Englishmen know anything, and hardly any Englishmen very much. With the natural unreasonableness of human beings, we are inclined to grumble at Professor Shairp for not having given us more, when it would be more proper to thank him for having given us what he has. The task is one of those for which, as we have said, he is specially qualified. He has knowledge, and he has a patriotic enthusiasm which will always carry a Scotchman—let no one infer that we think Scotch patriotism must necessarily include things Gaelic—further than anything else. Besides, there is something peculiar in the subject-matter which exactly suits Professor Shairp's ideal of poetry. The Gaelic poets of the past do not distract him between admiration of their form and dislike of their matter, as do Shelley, and in part Burns. Their vague romanticism, their descriptions of nature, their simplicity of thought and feeling, are positively attractive to him. Perhaps he is too confident on the subject of Ossian, but that is a very difficult matter to enter upon. If Mr. Shairp himself, with his knowledge of the language, humbly hopes for "a Gaelic Bentley or Porson" to settle the question, how shall critics who do not pretend to acquaintance with that ancient tongue (of which, to use the words of a cautious Gael, Adam "mecht have had a few words," even if he did not talk it exclusively) rush in? The only answer to this is, that the Gaelic Bentleys and Porsons have hitherto agreed to differ so completely that it seems as if the question, after all, were rather one of scholarship in the wider sense than of mere particularist philology. To the discussion of the question in this wider sense Professor Shairp has made a contribution of by no means small importance. His own conclusion is that there is, or was, a body of Ossianic poetry, not necessarily identical,

much less coextensive, with Macpherson's work, which belonged to a "time far back beyond the mediæval age," whether there ever was a single bodily Ossian or not. As to Macpherson's work itself, he seems chiefly to rely on its coincidence of feeling and expression with undoubted work of much greater antiquity. But this argument seems somewhat to overlook the fact that a forger, unless utterly ignorant of his subject (which no one pretends that Macpherson was), would naturally aim at this coincidence.

More interesting still is the essay on Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the Gaelic poet, whose life covered the last three-quarters of the eighteenth century and more than the first decade of this, whose work is unquestionably genuine, of high merit as poetry, and particularly attractive as celebrating the older and more primitive Highland life which was usual before the introduction of large sheep-farming. It is rather comical when one remembers the indignant protests against deer and deer forests which are usual with a certain class of politicians nowadays to find this unprejudiced and simple witness regarding and describing the sheep, and not the deer, as the devastator of the Highlands. When Duncan Ban first knew his beloved Black Mount, the mode of life of the inhabitants of the district seems to have been very much like that of Norwegian peasants. The crofters kept their few sheep and cattle in the valleys during all the year but the height of summer, when they drove them up to *sealers* on the Bens. These, for the greater part of the year, were given up to the deer and the roe, the grouse and the blackcock. According to Duncan, the invasion of the sheep was fatal alike to man and to game, and, more than all, to the wood which clothed the hills. It seems really not impossible that this denudation may have had something to do with the impoverishment of the soil, which is alleged to make a thicker population than at present impossible. But, however this may be, Duncan seems to be a good witness to the effect that grouse and deer were not incompatible with Highlandmen. His chief works, as given here by Mr. Shairp in specimen translations, seem to be rapturous descriptions of the mountains which he haunted (for he was long forester to both the great chieftains of the House of Campbell), of the birds and beasts that inhabited them, the woods and grasses that clothed them, the very winds that blew over them. Nowhere, perhaps, is a simpler, as well as a more enthusiastic, delight in nature to be found; and the poems quoted certainly bear out Mr. Shairp's denunciation of "the modern doctrine that enthusiasm for nature is necessarily a late growth." It is true that no one who possessed the slightest acquaintance with mediæval poetry could hold this view, which is a natural result of continuing poetical study to modern poetry and to the classical languages. Professor Shairp's excursion into Gaelic has provided him with the *tertium quid* necessary to save him from the error.

#### SPORT IN THE CRIMEA AND CAUCASUS.\*

MR. PHILLIPS-WOLLEY'S account of his adventures in the Crimea and Caucasus has merits which are by no means common in sporting narratives. The author has, on the one hand, refrained from attempting too elaborate a style, and never tries fine writing or indulges in the detestable practices of word-painting; and, on the other, he has avoided the affected jocosity, the affected familiarity, the vulgarity, and the slang which so often mark the sporting writer. He tells his story simply, but by no means weakly, and brings the scenes he describes before his readers with a power which might be envied by many of those whose calling it is to give graphic descriptions of places and things. Then, in addition to being well written, his book possesses the supreme and rare merit of truthfulness. From most hunters' narratives it would appear that the writers never miss. The "coons" would always come down to them if they were wise "coons." But Mr. Phillips-Wolley makes no pretence to that deadly skill which, on paper at least, the destroyers of big game always seem to possess. He is not in the least afraid to record that he missed, and sometimes that he missed clean. Few men would have the courage to recount, as he does at p. 102, how he had a really good chance at a wild boar, but did not touch the animal, or, indeed, to speak of several other misses mentioned in the book. But Mr. Phillips-Wolley is evidently bent on avoiding one great vice of travellers, and adhering absolutely to fact, even when it puts him in a rather ludicrous light. Thus in one place he describes very fully how, in the depths of the forest, he shot in the most approved fashion what he imagined to be a splendid wild boar, and then discovered that he had simply slaughtered a large pig belonging to the man he was staying with; in another how, after careful observation, he all but shot his own servant; in another how his dry-plate photography failed so completely as to make him seem woefully foolish in the eyes of the Caucasians, who expected marvellous pictures. These and other anecdotes in which Mr. Phillips-Wolley shows perfect willingness to raise a laugh against himself have the merit of at once amusing the reader and inspiring him with perfect belief in the author; and when he tells of a successful hunting adventure, or of the utter discomfiture of an insolent Russian or Tartar, a pleasant confidence is felt that he is not departing one hair-breadth from the truth.

If, however, Mr. Phillips-Wolley's book is in some respects highly

\* *Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus*. By Clive Phillips-Wolley, F.R.G.S., late British Vice-Consul at Kertch. London: Bentley & Son.

satisfactory and well worth reading, it is in others decidedly disappointing. Considering that he was Vice-Consul at Kertch, his ignorance of the Caucasus is really surprising. He is not even acquainted with the books which have of late been written about it. He mentions Mr. Freshfield, it is true, but only to show that he has not read his book, for he calls it "The Frosty Caucasus," which Shakespearean title belongs to the narrative of travel written by Mr. F. O. Grove. Baron von Thielman's book Mr. Phillips-Wolley does refer to, but it is merely to quote one of the few inaccurate remarks in that generally accurate work. Of Captain Telfer's learned and elaborate work on Transcaucasia and Mr. Grove's book he apparently knows nothing. It is not a little strange that he should have lived comparatively close to the Caucasus, have travelled in the Caucasus, and written about it, without having tried to learn what other travellers had done; and he shows scant respect for readers when he refers to Mr. Freshfield's narrative without having read it. As has been said, he gives it the wrong title, and he speaks of it as if in 1878 it had only been a short time before the world. The *Central Caucasus and Bashan* was published in 1869. By a casual glance apparently at a work which he would have done well to study carefully, Mr. Phillips-Wolley became acquainted with a passage which partly induced him to go to the Caucasus. This was the rather unfortunate passage in which Mr. Freshfield observed that almost the only game he saw in the Caucasus were two tame bears in a Tcherkess village. Mr. Phillips-Wolley determined to go and see for himself what game there was, and he seems to think that he ought to dispel the erroneous impression which Mr. Freshfield's words of twelve years ago were likely to cause. If he had carried his studies beyond one glance at one book, he would have seen that Mr. Grove, who wrote in 1875, was at some pains to draw attention to the opportunities for sport in the Caucasus, and that he spoke of one great forest region at present visited only by a few hunters from the Upper Bakkan, which is probably rich in many kinds of game. To his having read little or nothing about the country he visited is probably due the singular want of enterprise as a traveller of which Mr. Phillips-Wolley's narrative gives evidence. In a sluggish, luxurious, or timid traveller this would not be surprising; but it is surprising in Mr. Phillips-Wolley, who is evidently a man of no common courage and resolution, and nobly indifferent to hardship. Of course his object was sport, and not exploration; but he could easily have combined both, instead of lingering, as he did, on the borders of one of the most interesting countries in the world without making any attempt to penetrate into the interior. Had he taken the trouble to acquire a little more knowledge of it, he probably would have been fired with a traveller's ardour, which he could well have satisfied without in the least neglecting sport, and would have produced a very different record of travel, as he certainly had exceptional opportunities for exploring the great range. Two journeys to it are described in his book, which is at once so pleasing and so deficient. It begins with an account of sport in the Crimea, and near Ekaterinodar, on the Lower Kuban, and the writer then proceeds to tell of a hunting trip to the Caucasus, which he made in 1876. After going to Paman and the town just mentioned, he made his way to Duapse, or Tusape, on the coast of the Black Sea, having on the journey a rather grave adventure, not, indeed, with the wild beasts he had come to slay, but with a creature about on a par with them. He had for awhile a Russian cavalry officer for companion, and this worthy, having drunk too much of that very filthy liquor vodka, thought fit to behave with insolence to the Englishman. Undeterred by the enormous odds against him, in case the servants should take their master's side, Mr. Phillips-Wolley seized the ruffian, and gave him a correction which would probably be best described by the words Mr. Grantley Berkeley loved so well, though Mr. Phillips-Wolley is content euphemistically to call it a "shaking." The Russian was effectually cowed, and his servants made no attempt to molest the formidable Vice-Consul, who went on his way unharmed.

After a short stay at Duapse he sought sport at various places on the coast, finding a fair amount of game, but certainly not more than might be expected considering how few inhabitants there are. It may not be superfluous to point out that Mr. Phillips-Wolley was on the sea-coast of Circassia properly so called, and that it was from this district, and from Abkhazia, which lies to the south of it, that the great deportation of natives took place. A most interesting journey might probably be made from the sea-coast of Circassia across the chain west of Elbruz to the waters of the Upper Kuban and the Karatchai country. Thence the south might be reached by the Nakhar or the Nakra Pass. Abundance of sport would, in all likelihood, be found *en route*. The idea, however, of attempting exploration for which he was so well qualified never seems to have occurred to Mr. Phillips-Wolley. Unable to see anything in the country except its capacity for producing game, he stayed long at one miserable station after another, enduring with stoical cheerfulness discomfort that could hardly be surpassed. He had an exciting adventure with a bear, and wounded once in the dark an animal which he believed to be a leopard. On the whole, however, the sport, though good, does not seem to have been remarkable; and, well as the author writes, the long story of his stay at shooting stations becomes a little tedious. At the beginning of winter he returned to Duapse, and went thence to Ekaterinodar, and from there home to Kertch, where, however, he stopped a very short time, soon taking steamer for Soukhoum, Kaleh, and Poti. At the first-named of these places he was in easy reach of a district which probably contains magnificent hunting grounds. He might have ascended the valley of the Kodori and struck into the

mighty forest which lies between its waters and those of the Upper Ingur, and then have descended from the Ingur Valley, or gone through Swanethia and made his way to Kutais by the Rion Valley. The latter journey would probably have been dangerous; but to such a man as Mr. Phillips-Wolley this would have been an incitement rather than a drawback. In the forest he would have found large game in abundance; but, adventurous sportsman as he was, the idea of making such a journey never seems to have occurred to him, and he was content to travel tranquilly from Soukhoum to Poti on board the steamer, where he encountered a certain Colonel G., who professed to have killed in this Abkhazian country game of all kinds, including the auroch, or wild bull. Now the auroch is the Madame Benoiton of the Caucasus. It is always being talked of, but is never seen, and the traveller invariably hears that, if he had only taken a different route, he would undoubtedly have found the auroch. Mr. Phillips-Wolley, who, as we have said, is an eminently truthful writer, does not profess ever to have seen aurochs, or to have had any reason for supposing he was near them; but a friend told him of a place where they were to be found, and Colonel G. had seen or shot them south of Elbruz. If Mr. Phillips-Wolley again goes to hunt in the Caucasus, we trust that he will endeavour to discover the aurochs, and we feel sure that he will find and slay them if anybody can; but we fear that the exasperating beasts will always be in the next valley but one.

From Poti the author took the railway to Kutais and Tiflis, having in the course of two journeys managed to see as little of the really interesting parts of the Western Caucasus as was possible. From Tiflis, of which he gives an excellent description, he started for Lesghia and the Caspian; and, after passing through some dangerous districts, and narrowly escaping assassination in one village, he reached the Lesghian mountains; but, though he was delighted with the honesty and hospitality of the Lesghians, he again showed the same strange indifference as a traveller; and, having got with much pain and trouble to Lesghia, did not apparently see nearly so much of it as he might easily have done, being intent on nothing but shooting. Returning to the post-road, he journeyed through what appears to be a very dull country to Lenkoran, which seems from his account to be a dreary and uninteresting place. Thence he returned to Tiflis, and, after a second stay there, went to Poti bent on visiting again that Black Sea coast to which he was so fervently attached. He regained his old quarters, and had good sport with the wild boars; but the bears left the seaside for the season just at the time when he arrived. He would have done well to have taken the hint which, returning good for evil, these intelligent animals gave him; but, unfortunately, he neglected it, and, staying too long on the coast, was caught by the winter rains, and, owing to the rapid rise of the rivers, had great difficulties in reaching Duapse, where severe illness, due to constant exposure and wetting, attacked him. With a brief account of his sufferings at Duapse, and of his return to Kertch, where he nearly died from diphtheria, his narrative ends.

It is not unlikely to have many readers; for, as we have said, it has merits which place it far above the average of hunters' stories. As a book of travel, it is disappointing; and it is not a little tantalising to find that a man who can describe so well should have been on the edge of a remarkable and little known country, and should not have cared to penetrate into it. Possibly, however, Mr. Phillips-Wolley will visit the Caucasus again, and in that case we trust that he will not disdain exploration which he will, we believe, find perfectly compatible with the destruction of animal life.

#### WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES.\*

THIS work, according to the description that the author gives of it on the title-page, is a Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-way Matters. To show still more strongly how far he has travelled outside of ordinary reading, he takes for a motto Poe's line, "A quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." In his preface he tells us that it has been his aim to "comprise within the compass of a single volume a mass of curious, out-of-the-way information, acquired during years of labour and research from sources not easily accessible to general readers." His book, we fear, will be found more curious than his information; for the hodge-podge that he has made of scraps of knowledge and absurd blunders is not a little diverting. To enjoy it thoroughly it must be read, for no extracts can fully show the strange medley. Mr. Edwards, we will do him the justice to admit, is far more accurate as a copier than many of his rivals. He works to a great extent with the scissors and paste-pot, but for the most part he works carefully. He is not, however, happy in his selections; for he does not know what is pure ignorance and what is lore; neither can he distinguish between the lore of the present day and that which, according to his motto, is forgotten. When he comes to manufacture his own information, then he too often hopelessly breaks down. Perhaps he knows the class for whom he has compiled his book. By "general readers" very likely he means those who scarcely read at all. To such people a work of this character might be of the greatest value. At the modest price of twelve shillings and sixpence—nine and fourpence halfpenny, indeed, if

\* *Words, Facts, and Phrases: a Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-way Matters.* By Eliezer Edwards. London: Chatto & Windus. 1882.

they insist on having the full discount—they can set up for life as the oracle of their family, their tavern, or even of their village. A page or two carefully studied overnight would supply them with facts enough to disturb their friends or their neighbours for at least the next twenty-four hours. After a few weeks of such reading they would leave the parish schoolmaster far behind, and would even press the parson hard. They would become a public nuisance, for no one is a more offensive member of society than he who goes about armed with isolated facts as a mischievous boy is armed with a pocketful of peas. The man of facts, indeed, disturbs all good talk by the constant pelting that he keeps up, even more than the boy disturbs the quiet of a room by rattling his missiles from outside against the window-panes. At the same time, no doubt, what may be to us a terror may elsewhere be a terror mingled with admiration and even envy. How, for instance, would the company assembled in an inn parlour be amazed if the proud possessor of Mr. Edwards's Dictionary could point to an advertisement of Kinahan's whisky hanging on the wall and in an off-hand way inform them why it was called L.L. We remember well how many years ago a dispute arose in a small club of working-men as to the right pronunciation of the word *architect*. Some maintained that we ought to say *arkitect*, while others held that the first two syllables were sounded like the Scotch name Archie. One of the disputants was the shoeblick in a neighbouring school. He, it was voted, should ask the schoolmaster to act as an umpire, whose decision was to be taken as final. Now, though this particular word is not given by Mr. Edwards, yet there are many others which might well give rise to a question, not only as to their pronunciation, but also as to their meaning and derivation. How proud would the man be who, blessed with the possession of such an oracle of wisdom, could lay down the law as learnedly as the first teacher in the land! Newspapers are widely read, and in newspapers foreign words often are to be found. There might be a revolution in France, and a difference as to the pronunciation of the word *coup-d'état* might lead to a brawl in a tavern.

Tum, plateat gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem  
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant.

In other words, if the owner of *Words, Facts, and Phrases* arrived, the room would be hushed, the matter laid before him; and, while all pricked up their ears to catch his learned decision, he would give as a decision not to be disputed that they must all say *too-day-tah*. In almost countless errors would he be able to set them right. *Elizabethan*, it would seem, is commonly pronounced as if it were a word of six syllables. "It is," writes our author, "properly E-liz-a-be-than—not E-liz-a-be-thi-an." In like manner we are taught to say *bo-na-fi-de* in four syllables, and not *bond fide* in only three. If, anxious to make a parade of classical lore, we should talk of *otium cum dignitate*—the meaning of which is explained—we must also remember to say *dig-ni-ta-te*. In *alto rilievo*, the word *rilievo* must be pronounced *ree-le-aj-vo*. The termination *oid* forms two syllables; thus we must say *an-e-ro-id*, *rhom-bo-id*.

As to the meanings of words, many widespread errors are set right. Thus "the word *News*," writes Mr. Edwards, "is commonly believed to be formed of the initial letters of the names of the four cardinal points. If, however, this be the case," he adds, "it is difficult to understand how the synonymous foreign words *nova* and *nouvelles*, which are spelt in a totally different manner, can mean the same thing." *News*, therefore, is not what is blown to us from north, east, west, and south. Neither, we might add, are wens swellings that come from the west, east, north, and south. *Dupe*, we learn, has nothing to do with *duplicity*. We wonder that Mr. Edwards does not think it well to inform us that pig has nothing to do with pigmy, or cat with catechism. *Mammoth*, we find, is probably a corruption of *Behemoth*. "*Abandon* is from the Latin *ab* and *bandum*, a flag; meaning to desert one's colours." On the same page where this explanation is given we find the derivation of *abbot* from the Syriac word *abba*. Why did not our author go once more boldly to Latin to trace *abbot* from *ab* and *botum*; meaning a monk who rises from the bottom to be the head of a monastery? *Aborigines*, we find, is "the proper name of a peculiar people of Italy, who were not indigenous." We are aware that the common derivation from *ab* and *origo* is disputed; but Mr. Edwards ought to have fortified the one he gives by some greater authority than that of H. J. Pye, the Post-Laureate. Had it been on a question of poetry we might have accepted his judgment, for we remember how Porson thus celebrated his praises:—

Poetis nos letamur tribus,  
Pye, Petro Pindar, parvo Pybus;  
Si culeris ire pergis,  
Adde his Sir James Bland Burges.

Passing on from *Aborigines*, we learn that "Academy comes from *Academus*, the name of the owner of the grove near Athens where Plato taught philosophy," while the "Acropolis was so called from *Acrops*, the founder." Regent Street, we shall next be told, was so called after Regent, its owner; while all the High Streets are named after one Mr. High who founded them. If any one should maintain that this account of the origin of these words is incorrect, he must be careful not to abbreviate account into *a/c*, as many, if we are to believe Mr. Edwards, improperly do. Passing on, we read that "*Adjective* is from the Latin *ad*, to, and *jectus*, from the verb *jacere*, to throw, 'meaning to throw or change the noun into a descriptive word, or adjective.'" The children of the blackest Africans, the same great authority tells us, are both white. It may be some satisfaction to the fair sex to

learn that "the delicacy as to mentioning the age of women is no piece of modern sensitiveness. In the old Testament . . . there is but one woman whose age is recorded." The ancients in this respect would seem to have been far more sensitive than even we moderns; for, however unwilling a woman may still be to mention her own age, we have never noticed any hesitation in any one of them to mention the age of another. Agriculture is ingeniously derived from the Latin *ager*, a field, and *cultura*, cultivation. This curious, quaint, and out-of-the-way matter is given in a paragraph by itself. By the exercise of the same sagacity on the niceties of language, *acerbity*, *apparatus*, *error*, and *peninsula* are severally derived from *acerbus*, bitter; *apparo*, I prepare; *erro*, I wander; and *pene*, almost, and *insula*, an island. After remarking that *Alp* means white, our author adds, "It is singular that the names of nearly all the great mountains of the earth have some reference to their snow-covered summits." The first of the great mountains that he mentions is Snowdon, and the second Snafell, in the Isle of Man. He should have gone on, and added Snow Hill as his third. "*Amour propre* is a French phrase, literally 'proper love.' Applied in English to that proper amount of self-respect or self-esteem which no one else has a right to disregard or intrude upon." *Mon propre fils* would mean, therefore, we suppose, a son who behaves properly. *Strut*, we are told, comes from *strouthos*, an ostrich, because we strut like that bird; but *apoplosy* does not mean *Apollo-struck*. The derivation of *arable* would seem to be involved in doubt. "Bailey," writes Mr. Edwards, "has 'to are (a contraction of *arare*, Latin), to plough.' Arable land, according to this definition, is *ploughable* land." To show the distance to which the old English bow could carry, a reference is given to a speech of Falstaff in "2nd Henry VIII. 111." (*sic*).

We again return to our definitions, and find that *asparagus* is said to be derived from the Latin *a* intensive and *sparsus* to tear, and *pansy* from *panacea*. Coming to matters of history, we learn that "the Tower of London was established by William I." Here, however, Mr. Edwards deserves our gratitude. He shows, at all events, some moderation. He says that it was established; he might have said "inaugurated." For this the *Times* would have supplied him with instances enough. He might have assigned its foundation to Julius Caesar; he is content to go no further back than the Conqueror. Retracing our steps, we see that Goliath—as indeed his size deserved—has a whole paragraph to himself. His height was about eleven feet three inches, if, that is to say, we can trust a certain Mr. Greaves, who is quoted on this matter. A little before Goliath we find Garrick, who, we are told, "seems to have been originally a wine merchant." "Seems," Mr. Eliezer Edwards! Nay, he was. We know not "seems." Has not Garrick's Life been written? Does not Murphy tell us that "the famous Samuel Foote used to say, 'He remembered Garrick living in Durham Yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant'?" Under the title "Macaulay's History of England" we read, "It is not generally known that there have been two distinct persons named Macaulay, who have each written a History of England." *Person*, by the way, in a paragraph all to itself, is defined by our author as any "distinct sentient being." If, then, in the passage we have just quoted, we substitute for persons this definition of it, the sentence will run, "It is not generally known that there have been two distinct sentient beings," &c. We hope, however, that the ignorance of mankind as to the two Macaulays is not quite so general as our author imagines. The great female Republican can scarcely be forgotten of whom Johnson, as a test of her levelling doctrine, asked one day, when dining at her house, that she would allow that very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, her footman, to sit down at table with them. With one more quotation we must bring our notice to an end. The following is the curious explanation that Mr. Edwards gives of *Déjeuner à la fourchette*. "French; literally 'a breakfast with a fork.' Applied in England to morning or mid-day meals of light character."

#### THE COMET OF A SEASON.\*

IT is, we fear, possible that readers of Mr. McCarthy's former works of fiction may be disappointed in *The Comet of a Season*, in the pages of which there is, comparatively speaking, but little of the freshness of observation, lightness of touch, and pleasantness of humour which we have become accustomed to in Mr. McCarthy's novels. The author has perhaps been unlucky in his subject, or has been inclined to take it too seriously, and has not mended matters by his occasional attempts to counterbalance this tendency. Anyhow the result is that he never seems to have completely made up his mind as to what kind of person his principal character really is, and, to say the truth, this character and his doings after a while become decidedly tedious. We have never before found Mr. McCarthy tedious; but unluckily in this case, as it is with the principal character, so it is with the subordinate personages and with the underplots, in which it is difficult to feel any interest. Mr. McCarthy has been wont to excel in the drawing of girls' characters, and in his present work he has given us one charming picture in Geraldine Howan. But in Malissa Aquitaine the writer has produced a character which is neither agreeable nor probable.

\* *The Comet of a Season*. By Justin McCarthy, Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Dear Lady Disdain," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus, 1861.



and it must be confessed that Sydney Marion is a remarkably dull young woman.

The *Comet of a Season* opens so as to give a fair hope that the book will be well up to the standard of Mr. McCarthy's former work—a hope which, as we have said, is not afterwards fulfilled. The author begins by observing that he objects to the mysterious in fiction, and then proceeds to introduce us to a young married couple who are sitting together in a small public park just outside one of the great Northern towns of England. This young woman, we are told, was pretty, and was obviously a lady. The young man was strikingly handsome; but, in spite of a well-dressed and graceful appearance, "he still had something of what we cannot perhaps describe better than as the 'glorified artisan' air. The powers of witchcraft would not have been needed to enable any one with his wits about him to reach the quick conclusion that the young wife had somewhat descended from her social position to get to the young lover, and that she adored him all the more." He in fact is the son of a livery-stable keeper, and is now a clerk in the office of Aquitaine and Company; she is the daughter of a barrister, and the two fall in love over riding-lessons. The young man unluckily had got it into his head that "he was a man of genius, and a master-spirit. He had as yet done nothing. He had not even written poems or essays or begun a tragedy. He had not made speeches. He was curiously ignorant on most subjects. His reading had been only a few biographies of men who had risen from lowliness to greatness, some metaphysical books of a cheap and easy kind, the *Count of Monte Christo*, and a *Life of Mahomet*." It is a pity, by the way, that Mr. McCarthy should have passed the misspelling of *Monte Cristo* just quoted. In subsequent passages of the book the name is given correctly. The theme of his conversation with his young wife is himself and his desire to make a name. "'I want to be known as one who did great things for his fellow-man and the world, and I shall be known in that way some day. I don't want merely to explode—oh no, I want to blaze.' 'Wasn't there,' she said, 'one who blazed, the comet of a season?' 'I don't know; I haven't read much poetry. But I should rather be the comet of the season than not blaze at all.'" This introductory chapter ends with the death of the young wife, and the disappearance—no one knows in what direction—of the young man, whose name as yet we have not been told.

In the next chapter, fifteen or sixteen years are supposed, as the old novelists had it, to have rolled away; and in the description of the changed aspect of the Northern town in which we have seen the young couple we have one of the too infrequent passages in which the author has done himself justice. The place where the little public park used to stand has now become "the site of one of the favourite nests of the local aristocracy—the men who had made fortunes in shipping and on 'Change, and in all manner of commercial adventures and enterprises." They built themselves houses with conservatories below and observatories above. When the Queen Anne mania set in, they had houses of red brick "more intensely Queen-Anneish than anything of Queen Anne's day could possibly have been."

Little windows started out like Jacks-in-the-box exactly where they might least have been expected, with bars across them where there was not the slightest necessity for such precaution. Glass was specially manufactured of a thick greenish dinginess, and with bull's-eyes elaborately wrought in, so that the known imperfections of the glass-making craft in the Augustan age of English letters should add to the reality of the careful imitation. It was said by the friends of one of the enthusiasts in the cause of this architectural revival that he had little mechanical spiders ingeniously constructed to run up and down some of his window-panes, in order to give to his mansion the greater air of eighteenth-century realism, by suggesting the domestic untidiness of the days of Dean Swift.

One house among these is remarkable for the good taste with which it is designed, and this is the house of Mr. Aquitaine, head of the firm of Aquitaine and Company, who, it may be remembered, were the employers of the young man who disappeared after his wife's death. Staying in his house is his daughter Melissa's friend, Sydney Marion, who is expecting the return from America of her father, Captain Marion. There come with him as fellow-passengers his other daughter, Mrs. Trecoo, her husband, Miss Geraldine Rowan, the daughter of an old friend, and a mysterious stranger, named Montana, who, according to Mr. Aquitaine, is "a very remarkable man. They were talking a good deal about him when I was last in the States, but I never happened to see him. . . . I have never heard how he began; but he was a soldier in the war—the great civil war, you know; and he left what they call a good record there, and now he is a lecturer, or preacher, or something of the kind, and the head of a great new school, and has what people call a mission of some sort. I have no doubt he is coming to Europe on some mission." Montana, who is, of course, identical with the son of the livery-stable keeper, arrives and makes his impression on the assembled guests. Miss Rowan, who is, to our thinking, by far the best-drawn character in the book, has always distrusted him, and continues to do so till the end. Mrs. Trecoo adores him as a prophet of good; some of the others cannot make him out; and Melissa falls violently in love with him. He goes up to London; creates a sensation by issuing invitation cards in a peculiar fashion to all kinds of people for a discourse, to be given in one of the large halls; and succeeds in getting the thing so much talked about that, even before he appears, he has become the fashion. His speech—which treats of

the founding of a mysteriously grand and beautiful colony in America—is, in its way, a complete success:—

Montana spoke with deep feeling apparently, and with a kind of eloquence. He sometimes warmed into a glowing thought, sometimes even condescended to some quaint piece of humorous illustration. He held his audience from first to last. The whole discourse was entirely out of the common. It had nothing to do with the ordinary gabble of the platform. It had no conventional eloquence about it. There was no studied antithesis: the listener could not anticipate in the middle of a sentence the stock form of rhetoric with which it was to close. The wonderful eyes seemed to be everywhere. If by chance any of the audience became for a moment inattentive, he or she suddenly seemed to feel an uncomfortable sensation, and looking up found that Montana's eyes were fixed on the disloyal listener. A curious thing was that almost everyone in the room seemed to feel the direct appeal of Montana's eyes.

This is the beginning of the blaze of "the comet of a season"; in the subsequent history of which we are made perhaps needlessly acquainted with various meannesses, displayed by people who ought to know better, in the attempt to get Montana to their houses. One character among the people who run after him—a certain Lady Vanessa Barnes—seems intended to produce a striking effect on the reader; but it cannot be said that the author has here made much of a success. In his introductory description of Lady Vanessa, Mr. McCarthy's tact seems to have deserted him. "She had," he writes, "so much courage that she could always make the fullest use of any gift she possessed, and she had the audacious purity of a savage girl. She once played the part of a saucy page at some private theatricals in her own house, and when the play was over she mingled with the company for the rest of the evening in her page's dress, making fearless and full display of her beautiful legs." The incident of Lady Vanessa's securing Montana's appearance at an evening party, which follows hard upon this unpleasant description, is obviously intended to be amusing, but seems both tedious and disagreeable. Equally disagreeable, in another way, is the scene of the livery-stable keeper's death, at which his son, Montana, is present. Matters are complicated by the father's having adopted, after his son's disappearance, a young man named Clement Hope, who has some personal resemblance to Montana, and who becomes one of Montana's ardent disciples. Clement Hope is also in love with Melissa Aquitaine, who is in love with Montana, who is in love with Geraldine Rowan. But even out of this situation Mr. McCarthy fails to get any interest. In fact we must end, as we began, by recording a sense of general disappointment with Mr. McCarthy's latest work. We can only hope that those who care to follow further the fortunes of Montana may get more entertainment out of them than we have done.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE Christmas books of each season succeed and resemble each other as much as the winter berries in the hedges and the Christmas roses of December. These latter blossoms, with many other flowers of every month, decorate the pretty *Birthday Book* of Princess Beatrice (Smith and Elder). This is the earliest, and is sure to be one of the most popular, of the larger and more sumptuous gift-books of the season. The ordinary birthday book tries to give an appropriate quotation for every day of the year, and naturally fails in an impossible task. There are only a few remarkable days in the modern year—those marked by great events, or popular superstitions or customs, or the fixed fasts and festivals of the Church. For all other days the mottoes must be chosen at random. The Princess Beatrice has, therefore, chosen no mottoes at all, but gives each day in the month a fair broad page with a decorative border. There is room and verge enough for people who write their signatures to add appropriate verses of their own, if Apollo has touched their lips with the sacred fire, and if the bees of the Muses have hummed above their heads in infancy. In short, the *Birthday Book* may answer the purposes of the ancient album dear to our grandmothers. For every month the pencil of the Princess has designed a garland of flowers and grasses; snowdrops for January; poppies, daisies, and blue corn-flowers for August; red berries for October; "wild roses and ivy serpentine" and honeysuckles for June; chrysanthemums for November; holly and mistletoe and Christmas roses for December. The drawing and colouring are correct and graceful, and are well reproduced by chromolithography. The cloth covers are stamped with a very pretty design, and the book is certain to secure a wide popularity.

Mr. Verker Hamilton and Mr. Stewart Faxon have combined—we do not quite know in what proportions—to produce *Scenes in Ceylon* (O Chapman and Hall). This volume of sketches and verses is certain to be the book of the season in distant Colombo, and we can heartily recommend it to English sportsmen who want a lively record of life in Ceylon. The collaborators begin at the beginning, and show us the new comer to Ceylon being paddled through the surf in outriggers by almost naked natives. The way in which Mr. Hamilton has drawn the plunge of the frail canoe is almost too realistic to be quite comfortable. The pencils of both partners have combined, as we guess from the monograms in the corners of the sketch, to delineate Galle Face, "Colombo's Park or Prater." The perspective here, as in all Mr. Hamilton's sketches, is excellent; the figures in the foreground will no doubt be recognised in Colombo. "The New Clearing" shows the planter what he has to expect. The fire has cleared out his lot—a delicate operation,

for if rain falls while the fire is busy the land becomes worthless—and the planter, from his shady hut, surveys the work of black women labourers. "The Shuck Estate" shows the same girls at work; it is a drawing in the style of a Cingalese or Tamil Millet. "A Hunting Morning" is a sketch of an interior in the country, a very careful drawing of the rude arrangements of a hut in which three sportsmen are breakfasting or lounging. Then follow pictures of the chase, till the stag stands at bay in what, but for the rich tropical plants, one might take for a Highland burn. The boulders and branches and foliage are drawn with very praiseworthy care and success; in fact, we have rarely seen the light and shade of deep woods better reproduced. The same praise may be given to the rocky hill-side from which the coolies are returning, their labours over for the day. There are other sketches of civilized and savage dances; of the Tamby or itinerant pedlar, in the drawing-room of a prosperous planter; but perhaps the best drawing in the volume is that of the distant palm-tree trunks on the fringe of the polo-ground. There is also a splendid elephant, within range of the stalker, and a ferocious "rogue" charging through a jungle of reeds. In short, this is one of the very best books of the kind we have ever seen; and the verses, if not very polished, are full of life and movement.

There are plenty of adventures in *Who Did It?* (Rev. H. O. Adams. Griffith and Farran). We do not know whether there are any schools at all like that which is described here, and rather hope, on the whole, that such seminaries are rare. But many lads will read the book with all the more pleasure because the adventures rather resemble the dreams than the reality of schoolboy existence.

*Hood's Comic Annual* (Fun Office) is not a particularly mirthful publication, but some of the woodcuts are amusing.

*The Magazine of Art* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) contains an immense quantity of miscellaneous literature, and is enriched with woodcuts of various degrees of merit. Some are *clichés*, usually representing large pictures; others have fresher merit. The Galleries of the year are criticized, and, though the criticisms may have had some temporary interest, yet this part of the contents of the magazine is rather out of place in a volume. The articles illustrated are not always those that best deserve illustration; and we especially miss illustrations, just where they are most needed, in the essay on the Roman Villa at Brading.

The designs in *Old Proverbs with New Pictures* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) are very graceful and clever, and the artist has a wide range of subjects. They are not at all imitative, but stand on their own merits. The rhymes, by Mr. Mateaux, are scarcely worthy of their settings.

*Comic Insects* (Warne and Co.) are drawings by Mr. Berry F. Berry, and are rather ignominious than humorous.

The drawings in *Sugar and Spice* (Strahan and Co.) are marked by a pleasant understanding of the ways of children, and will please old and young people.

*A Leal Light Heart* (Annette Lyster. S.P.O.K.)—It is pleasant year by year to welcome back old friends, and to find, as in most cases we do find, that they have lost none of their attractions. Miss Lyster is one of these. Her stories are interesting in themselves, and told in simple, careful language which is agreeable to read. *A Leal Light Heart* is the story of two cousins, bound by the terms of their parents' wills not to marry without the consent of their guardian till they have attained the age of full discretion. This guardian, a strong-willed widow lady, with a reputation for match-making, has given her consent, prior to the opening of the story, to the engagement of her wards with two penniless young men; but, when the girls become heiresses, withdraws her permission, and takes them to live with her. The heroine, Emily, is one of the pleasantest girls we have met with for a long time; resolute, but neither forward nor given to preaching, lively, and true. She ends by getting her own way, and marrying the blind curate of her choice. Her companion, Gwenevere, who always bore the impress of the last person she was with, is easily persuaded to relinquish her lover, and to make a *mariage de convenance* with a cousin. She is afterwards punished for her perfidy by becoming the mother of one of the most horrid little children in fiction or out of it.

*We Four* (Mrs. Reginald Bray. Illustrated by Miss W. Erichsen. Griffith and Farran).—It is by no means an easy task to write a history of the doings of four naughty children, so that the children who read about them shall neither feel priggishly superior to them nor yet anxious to imitate their tricks; therefore it is not wonderful that Mrs. Bray's tale is not wholly a success. Anything ruder or more disagreeable than the girl who relates the adventures could not well be imagined, and it certainly needed some one very different from her weak father to keep her in check. We have seen for ourselves what children can become who are on principle never punished, and the experience was not a pleasant one. Mrs. Bray has fallen into the common mistake of supposing that, because she has made the lives of children the subject of her story, it must therefore be suitable reading for all those of the same age. This is not, however, the case. Any book calculated to develop self-consciousness and precocity is harmful, and it surely is very undesirable to open little minds to the amount of toadyism and humbug afloat in the world. The illustrations, too, are poor.

*Out on the Pampas* (G. A. Henty. Griffith and Farran).—The adventures of the English family who go out to settle in the Pampas are very excitingly told. We have a great deal about Indian raids, in which, it is needless to say, the Indians are always

ignominiously worsted; and we have a picture of a white girl, and rescue of a white girl. It seems a pity that such extraordinarily gifted beings, who had besides the talent to succeed, should have deprived English society of their presence for six whole years; but, on the other hand, if it is possible to make a fortune and retire to the mother-country within so short a time, why do we not all go out to the Pampas? Perhaps we have not all the necessary gifts. The book has given us much amusement, and it would be pedantic to cavil at a story on account of its improbability. The illustrations are neither better nor worse than usual.

*Missy and Master* (M. Bramston. S.P.O.K.) were, when they first make their acquaintance, a little circus girl known as the Infant Wonder, and her performing pony; but they ultimately part company, the one to become a pony in high life, the other to become an inmate of an industrial school, where she was about as welcome as an eagle in a dove's nest. She led her teachers a terrible life, instilling into the minds of the pupils a mysterious contempt for domestic service, which was finally traced to a lurking wish to dance in the pantomimes, as Missy aspired to do in the future. This bad little girl only looked on baptism (which ceremony had in her case been omitted) as a means of obtaining the names of "Ida Evelina Violet," after which her soul hankered. Her numerous pranks bore disastrous fruit one day, when she had been jumping from the banisters downstairs, and was emulated by one of her companions, who breaks her arm in her fall. Missy is scolded by her governess, and forms a resolution to behave better. By way of carrying this out, she addresses the maimed dame thus:—"Sarah, you're a fool." Sarah, who did not particularly enjoy this mode of address, turned her head away. "Yes, you are. What business have you got to go and try to do what I can? I told you you couldn't. I've been brought up to do it all my life, but you haven't, and you've no business to try to do such things. And I tell you what. I won't have none of you trying to do the things what I do, if I can help it. So don't let me hear of none of you going and playing them pranks again. There ain't no reason why you should go and get yourselves into trouble because I chose to practise against the time I dance in a pantomime." As will be seen from this extract, the conversation is most original and amusing. We wish we could give the illustrations equally high praise. As it is, we feel bound to say they are feeble productions, both as examples of art and also as being pictures of anything contained in the story. Who, for instance, would ever guess that the fashionable young lady with long, flowing hair and kilted skirts (p. 122) is a child at an industrial school? It would be well if, before illustrating a book, the artist would sometimes read the story, as such illustrations as these, far from adding to the attractions of the tale, absolutely detract from its merit.

*The Three Frights, &c.* (Sarah Tytler. Marshall and Co.)—Miss Tytler cannot be altogether congratulated on her new book. We have an uncomfortable feeling that it is all moral, which is not a propitious frame of mind in which to read a story. The first tale is the best of the three. The second, about the nieces of Horace Walpole, who were so unfortunate in their matrimonial schemes, is an absolute failure. It is impossible to imagine high-born ladies of 1780 exclaiming, "It is too horrid." Still less was a gentleman of that date likely to remark, when speaking of the Princess Dashkoff's probable guilt, "I daresay Paul died in his bed a natural death, or at least that this woman had no hand in his assassination"; for the Emperor Paul did not die, naturally or otherwise, for twenty-one years after the Gordon riots, and the person in whose murder the Princess Dashkoff was implicated was his father, Peter III.

"L. O.'s" stories and T. Pym's drawings in *Children Busy, Children Glad, Children Naughty, Children Sad* (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.), make one of the prettiest and most attractive Christmas books we have seen for a long time. The stories are, indeed, of a far higher order than is generally looked for in books of the kind. They have a fine touch both in humour and in pathos which recalls, while it in no way suggests an imitation of, Hans Andersen. To make an extract from any of the stories would hardly be fair to the author. We may, however, quote one of the few sets of verses which the little volume contains:—

Swing, swing, swing,  
Through the drowsy afternoon;  
Swing, swing, swing,  
Up I go to meet the moon.  
Swing, swing, swing,  
I can see as I go high  
Far along the crimson sky;  
I can see as I come down  
The tops of houses in the town.  
High and low,  
Fast and slow,  
Swing, swing, swing,  
Swing, swing, swing,  
See! the sun is gone away;  
Swing, swing, swing,  
Gone to find a bright new day.  
Swing, swing, swing,  
I can see as I go  
The poplars waving to and fro;  
I can see as I come down  
The lights are twinkling in the town.  
High and low,  
Fast and slow,  
Swing, swing, swing.

The school of Miss Kate Greenaway, are greatly coloured. There are certain faults in the drawing, but these may perhaps be set right in future. T. Pym would do well especially to study the conformation of the human skin. There is so much "go" in the compositions that it would be well worth while for the artist to attempt to do yet better.

In *Under the Sunset* (Sampson Low and Co.) Mr. Bram Stoker has produced a book which may please grown-up children as well as the smaller readers to whom it is specially addressed. The writer has a graceful fancy, the forms of which he expresses in excellent English, an accomplishment by no means too commonly met in children's or, indeed, in other books. *Under the Sunset* is well illustrated by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Cockburn, who have caught and expressed the author's delicate fancies with keen perception.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE are glad to observe that such a book as the *Republic of Republics* (1) has reached a fourth edition in America. The fact indicates that, among those who have both the leisure and the inclination to make a thorough study of constitutional principles—and the leisure and inclination are less commonly combined in America than elsewhere—there is at least a large number desirous to learn all that can be said upon the unpopular side of the controversy which is commonly supposed to have been finally decided. If that decision is final and extends as far as the dominant party would carry it, there can be little doubt in the minds of any who have really mastered the Federal Constitution that the victory of the North was a revolution—changed completely the character of the Union. The first principle, the fundamental idea, of the Constitution as framed by the Convention of 1788, was the sovereignty of the States. At that time no one questioned that sovereignty. England, it cannot be too often repeated, never recognized the Union. She recognized by the treaty of peace thirteen united States, each by name. The revolutionary war was waged to turn the colonies, not into an independent Republic, but into independent and sovereign States. Their sovereignty was under the Articles of Confederation so absolutely unfettered, Congress was so absolutely powerless, that there seemed no little danger lest the Confederation should become a nullity. To prevent this, a Convention, authorized by the States in their sovereign capacity, but possessing no sort of authority over them, prepared a new Constitution. That that Constitution was accepted, not by the people of the united States, but by the several peoples of each State in their individual capacity, no one who knows the facts can well deny. The first and great secession was the secession, one by one, of nine States from the original Confederation, and their entry into the Union formed under the new Constitution. Each of these sovereign States came in separately; the concurrence of nine was required to put the Union in force. The other four came in when and as they pleased, and some among them remained independent, not united with their former confederates by any bond whatever, for months, and, if we remember rightly, in one case for more than a year. It is commonly forgotten on both sides of the Atlantic that the Convention discussed and denied the right of coercing a State; that Mr. Lincoln, eighty years later, tacitly confessed that such coercion was unconstitutional—i.e. criminal—by the evasions under which he disguised what was simply aggressive war. That in the frenzy of hate which followed his death, in the elation of victory, his Ministry did not dare to bring any Confederate leader to trial for high treason is another of the forgotten facts of the case. We now learn for the first time that the question was discussed by the first lawyers of the victorious party, and that, after some months of careful study, they came to the conclusion that no Court could possibly convict even the President of the Confederate States of treason against the Union. That is, it was admitted by counsel engaged to get up a case for the prosecution, all of them violent politicians as well as lawyers, that secession was not treason—that is, that the States were sovereign. And it follows that the traitors were those who in West Virginia and in Eastern Tennessee bore arms against the State to which their allegiance was due. Whether Congress be or be not the supreme Legislature of the Union; whether the President be or be not empowered to interfere by force, uninvited, in the internal affairs of a State, are still questions of vital moment—questions on which the character and fate of the Union may depend. We believe no American lawyer would dream of suggesting that Congress is competent to enact a national law of divorce, for example, gravely as such a law is needed, or to alter the penalties of theft, arson, or murder anywhere save in the territories or the district of Columbia. All these and many other equally interesting and vital considerations are set forth at great length in the work before us. It is, however, too much of a party pamphlet, and too little of a constitutional treatise—a defect due probably to the circumstances in which it originated. The first edition was published as a protest against the proposed trial of Jefferson Davis. The author has thought it desirable to exclude from the mass of evidence which he collects the opinions and statements of all the great historical representatives of States' rights doctrine as that of partisans

whose dicta will not be accepted by opponents. Unfortunately for this principle of selection, many of these men were notoriously the spokesmen not of a party, not even of a single State, but of many sovereign and independent communities. What Jefferson and Henry thought, what they held to be the vices of the Constitution and what its safeguards, is matter whose exclusion leaves any treatise on the subject imperfect. What they and others in their position said explains on what understanding and with what reserves the sovereign States of Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas entered the Union. As Virginia expressly reserved the right to secede, it would be difficult for any reasonable man to deny that the invasion of Virginia by Mr. Lincoln's Government was a distinct breach of treaty, unprovoked by any previous breach on the Virginian side. But the importance of that official reservation, great as it is, is not a little enhanced by a careful study of the views of Virginian statesmen at the time. Calhoun was, no doubt, an extreme partisan; but on Constitutional questions Calhoun spoke the mind of the South. No higher authority could well be cited to show in what sense the treaty forming the Constitution of the Union was accepted at that time by the fifteen States south of Mason and Dixon's line. The work before us, then, is not that important desideratum, a complete statement of the Constitutional case in favour of State rights, but it is a most valuable contribution to the comprehension of that case, and, taken together with a work like the masterly treatise of Vice-President Stephens, may serve to show the outlines and most of the details of the argument. How overwhelmingly strong it is, even after recognizing that the prosecution of Mr. Davis was abandoned as legally hopeless, the vast majority of Englishmen, and not a few Americans, will be surprised to learn. Indeed, the Federal Government, even in the hands of violent Republicans, has shown a certain curious consciousness of its strength. It trampled on every Constitutional right of the Southern States, but it has not ventured even to enforce unquestionable Federal obligations on the recalcitrant State of California; and that State may, we believe, do anything but formally secede from the Union without provoking forcible intervention from the Federal Government.

Mr. Mackenzie's *History* (2) is a party pamphlet in another and much worse sense. On the two great incidents of American history—the War of the Revolution and the War of Secession—there is, we fear, very little hope that Americans or Englishmen of the rising generation will be correctly informed. The current histories, and especially the school and college histories, are something worse than careless or one-sided in their account of every critical fact in either of these two signal events in the annals of the Union. A boy who takes his notion of either from a writer like Mr. Mackenzie—and Mr. Mackenzie is hardly a worse offender than the majority of his competitors—had better perhaps have remained entirely ignorant of the subject. One vital fact in the long interval of peace Mr. Mackenzie could not altogether distort, and he has stated it with a vivid sense of its importance which gives unusual force and clearness to the impression made upon his readers. The invention of the cotton-gin was the most important incident in the history of slavery. Its moral bearings Mr. Mackenzie systematically misrepresents. He has not the fairness to own that the abolition of slavery in the North rested on no moral considerations whatever; that its retention in the South because it paid stands exactly on a par with the sale to the South of the Northern negroes, because in the North their labour was not remunerative. That in 1790 no considerable class or party in the Union thought slavery immoral the Constitution unanswerably testifies. To accuse the Southerners of having changed their opinion on the subject because slavery became profitable is quite unwarranted. The change of opinion took place in the North, not in the South; and, as few who have studied the facts can doubt, it would have been very slow, very partial, and would have left slavery still prevailing throughout the Union at this hour but for the coincidence of Northern interests with sectional prejudice and passion. How far the falsification of American history has been carried, how little the studies of later life avail to correct the worse than ignorance implanted at school, has recently received a signal illustration. When we find a writer like Mr. Goldwin Smith repeating and emphasizing the absurd fiction which represents the New England Puritans as champions of religious liberty, we may understand how utterly distorted are the ideas current among ordinary men of education on both sides of the Atlantic respecting the principal facts of American history.

We think it would be difficult to over-estimate the value in its own special field, and as a mere contribution to the literature of an exceedingly interesting subject, of Messrs. Shaler and Davis's *Glaciers* (3). The leading facts with which this monograph deals may be found clearly, though much more briefly, set forth in more than one popular work; in none perhaps better and more clearly than in Mr. Wallace's most recent treatise on the Distribution of Life. The glaciers of the Alps, of Greenland, and of a few less well-known mountainous tracts, are the relics or the miniature reproduction of an age of glaciation, an age when ice covered, as is now generally held, the whole of Northern and Central

(2) *America: a History*. By Robert Mackenzie. London: Nelson & Sons. 1882.

(3) *Illustrations of the Earth's Surface—Glaciers*. By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Palaeontology, and W. M. Davis, Instructor in Geology in Harvard University. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(1) *The Republic of Republics; or, American Federal Liberty*. By F. C. Canty, Barrister. Fourth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1881.

Europe that was not under water, and, according to the authors of this volume, the whole of North America down to the Ohio and the Missouri. How greatly the present form of the earth's surface has been affected by that glacial period, how very large a share ice has had in the formation of lakes, valleys, river courses, harbours, in the shaping of coast lines and mountain ranges, only a careful study of works like that before us can fully inform the reader; but we believe that no one of the powers by which the present form of the world has been shaped is so imperfectly appreciated by all but careful students of geology. The action of the sea is probably exaggerated by current opinion. Those who think they understand the subject at all generally overrate also the work of rivers and rainfall, ascribing to them much that was actually accomplished in a shorter period by the far more powerful agency of moving ice. Upon no subject has geological knowledge extended more widely and more rapidly of late than upon the evidences of glacial action over an enormous extent of the earth's surface. These evidences are recorded in the most striking manner by the numerous photographic plates at the end of this volume—to illustrate and explain which, indeed, was the original purpose of the text, greatly as its scope has been extended in the course of execution. A few of them, from the inevitable defects of photography, fail to convey any distinct picture even to a careful observer. But most of them are eminently successful and effective. The plates are beautiful enough to ornament a drawing-room table; combined with the text, they form a monograph invaluable to any scientific library.

Mr. Howe has given to his elaborate, tedious, and needlessly technical work on the monetary systems of the present age perhaps the most inaccurate title he could have chosen (4). The simple, obvious common sense of the matter is just that which Mr. Howe not only misses, but actually denies. That metallic money derives its sole, or almost its sole, value from the mercantile worth of the metal whereof it is formed; that this is the vital essential distinction between token money like our shillings, which derive their value from the legal rate of exchange, and silver francs or dollars, which are worth exactly the quantity of silver they contain; that gold is a commodity exactly like any other, and the value of a sovereign exactly that of the gold it contains plus the cost of mintage—these are the truths that lie at the root of the whole science of currency. A man who misses these can have nothing to say which is worth the attention either of practical or of scientific economists; and as Mr. Howe begins by ignoring or denying these essential truths, the rest of his work is hardly worth the labour of perusal—a labour greatly and wantonly enhanced by the exceedingly tedious phraseology which, in expounding what he calls the “mathematics of money,” it has pleased the author to employ. In truth, as is the case with most crotcheteers on this subject, he seems to have begun by bewildering himself, and will no doubt succeed in bewildering a certain number of readers.

Mr. Appleton's series of volumes on Building a Home, on laying out Home Grounds, on the Home Garden, and on Household Management (5), are pleasant as well as practical reading, but their practical value is from the necessity of the case almost confined to America. The conditions of building, the value of land and domestic arrangements, are so different in England and America that from a practical treatise intended for the guidance of readers of the one country those of the other can at most only pick up a few useful hints. *The Amenities of Home* is a work of a somewhat different, a much more generally valuable and yet hardly less practical, character. Simple, unaffected, and unpretentious, it contains, we think, more sound practical sense upon a subject interesting to all, and yet on which few can write what is worth reading, than any book of good advice we have lately seen.

The *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science* (6), like those of its elder sister on this side of the Atlantic, are hardly literature in the proper sense of the word. They are, however, of such general interest that we can hardly pass over without mention the two solid volumes which record the proceedings of the twenty-ninth meeting, held at Boston in August 1880.

To Mr. Merriam's treatise on the Figure of the Earth (7) the same remark applies. It is purely mathematical and technical, but contains some observations on ancient geometry and geodesy from the mathematical point of view which possess a more general interest.

Mr. Elder's Memoir of Henry O. Carey (8) has at least the merit claimed for it. It is, what very few American memoirs are, a “brief biography.” Mr. Carey, as our older readers at least will remember, was perhaps the most distinguished, certainly the most popular, economist of the United States. He owed his popularity, however, less to his intellectual powers and mastery of his subject,

both of which undoubtedly entitled him to attention, than to the singularly perverse use he made of them. No other writer on economic science of anything like equal ability and knowledge has devoted his powers, not to correct, but to justify, the economic follies of his countrymen, to contradict all the first principles of practical economics as understood by every leading European authority with scarcely an exception. The Fair-traders of to-day might find a store of plausible Protectionist arguments, such as they have shown no ability to devise for themselves, in his well-known treatises.

On natural history we have some volumes of more than usual interest. Dr. Henshall devotes a solid octavo volume of 450 pages to the Black Bass (9)—the American perch, it might perhaps be called—to its haunts, habits, structure, and place among fishes, and to the means of capturing it according to rule. The work is half scientific, half sporting, and in both branches the author seems equally interesting and equally master of his theme. Mr. Hervey's work on Sea Mosses (10) has fewer attractions for the general reader; but to the collector or botanical student, for whom it is apparently intended, both the text and the excellent coloured drawings which illustrate it will doubtless be attractive. The one grave defect in Mr. Scudder's monograph on American Butterflies (11) is the absence of colour in the illustrations, which, being mere engravings, can show only the form and shading of these beautiful insects, and therefore fail to give any true idea of their especial glories to those who have not observed them or their like. *New England Bird Life* (12) has avowedly a limited and purely local scope, and, even so, it is imperfect as yet, dealing only with the class of Oscines.

Mr. Bailey's *Book of Ensilage* (13) deserves a mention, though its value is purely technical and professional. It sets forth at length a method of preserving green corn, largely used for the feeding of cattle in America, and other fodder in a fresh state, without the fermentation or putrefaction from which in the ordinary methods it is impossible to preserve even imperfectly dried grasses. By feeding cattle on fodder that retains all its juices fresh and sweet as when first cut, the quantity of milk obtained from a given amount of food is, of course, largely increased. The subject may be well worth the attention of our dairy farmers. Dr. Thurber publishes another similar pamphlet on the same subject (14).

Dr. Wheeler's *Foreigner in China* (15) contains a good deal of useful information respecting the recent relations of the United States and of England with the Celestial Empire, known, no doubt, to those who happen to remember the newspapers of the time, but forgotten by a much larger number. But the writer's heart is in another part of his work, the description of missionary efforts and of the obstacles they have met; and on this subject he has much that is new and interesting to say.

That any one should think it worth while to write and publish a minute and elaborate account of the dramatic career of Mr. Edwin Forrest (16) may seem, to those for whom the interest of the theatre is purely ephemeral, somewhat surprising. It would appear, however, that Americans have either an unusual amount of leisure to bestow on the biography of public characters, in whatever career their notoriety has been acquired, or a very special preference for this kind of literature. The multitude of biographies of men far less generally known than Mr. Forrest, and of scarcely more public importance, is one of the most inexplicable phenomena of Transatlantic literature.

*Boston Town* (17) is a popular kind of history of the oldest, and perhaps in many respects still the first, of Anglo-American cities, given in the form of familiar conversations between a grandfather, who personally remembers great part of the facts he relates, and grandchildren who do not seem to find either himself or his information tedious; a fact less surprising, perhaps, in this case than in most books in which the same form has been adopted.

We have several volumes of verse, whereof Mr. Bayard Taylor's *Home Ballads* (18) alone perhaps deserve the name of poetry. The worst of all is a veridical biography of President

(4) *The Common Sense, the Mathematics, and the Metaphysics of Money.* By J. H. Howe, Author of “Monetary and Industrial Fallacies,” &c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(5) *Appleton's Home Books.—Building a Home.* By A. F. Oakley. *Home Grounds.* By A. F. Oakley. *The Home Garden.* By Ella K. Church. *Household Hints.* By Emma W. Babcock. *Amenities of Home.* New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(6) *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.* Twenty-ninth Meeting, August 1880. Salem: the Association. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(7) *The Figure of the Earth: an Introduction to Geodesy.* By Mansfield Merriman, Professor of Civil Engineering. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(8) *A Memoir of Henry C. Carey.* By William Elder. Philadelphia: Baird & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(9) *Book of the Black Bass; comprising its complete Scientific and Life History.* Illustrated. By J. A. Henshall, M.D. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(10) *Sea Mosses: a Collector's Guide and an Introduction to the Study of Marine Algae.* By A. B. Hervey, A.M. Boston: S. E. Cassino. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *Butterflies; their Structure, Changes, and Life Histories, with special reference to American Forms.* Illustrated. By Samuel H. Scudder. New York: Holt & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(12) *New England Bird Life.* Revised and Edited from the MS. of Winfred A. Stearns, by Dr. E. Coues, U.S.A. Part I. Oscines. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(13) *The Book of Ensilage; or, the New Dispensation for Farmers.* By J. M. Bailey. Farmer's Edition. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(14) *Stilts and Ensilage.* By Dr. G. Thurber. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(15) *The Foreigner in China.* By L. N. Wheeler, D.D. With Introduction by Professor W. C. Sawyer, Ph.D. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(16) *Edwin Forrest.* By Lawrence Barrett. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(17) *Boston Town.* By H. E. Scudder, Author of the “Bodley Books.” Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(18) *Home Ballads.* By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.



*Lincoln* (19), which contrives to render ridiculous even what was really great or pathetic in the story of a man whose position was far above his powers, but whose powers seemed constantly to rise towards, if never up to, the greatness of his opportunities. *St. Olaf's Kirk* (20) has merits, or it would hardly have reached a second edition, but scarcely merit enough to secure it a Transatlantic circulation. *The Consolation* (21), a treatise on death and other human calamities, will hardly console a single reader. The volumes containing Shakespeare's tragedies of *Cymbeline* and *Coriolanus* (22) complete, we are informed, a new carefully expurgated and annotated edition of Shakespeare intended for school use.

(19) *Abraham Lincoln; the Type of American Genius: an Historical Romance.* By Rufus Blanchard. Wheaton: R. Blanchard. 1882.

(20) *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.* By G. Houghton, Author of "Christmas Booklet," &c. Second Edition, revised. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(21) *The Consolation: a Poem.* By G. Gerrard. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1881.

(22) *Annotated English Classics.—Shakespeare's Cymbeline and Coriolanus.* With Introduction, Notes, &c. for use in Schools and Families. By the Rev. Henry N. Hudson. Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1881.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## CABINET MINISTERS ON IRELAND.

IF Lord HARTINGTON is not, like Sir W. HARCOURT, a born and trained orator, he has become by practice an advocate of considerable skill. In the earlier part of his speech at Blackburn he replied, not without plausibility or force, to many hostile comments on the foreign policy of his party in and out of office. It happened that about the same time his colleague, speaking at Derby, supplied the most appropriate comment on Lord HARTINGTON's elaborate argument: "I will not," said Sir W. HARCOURT, "take you back again on that long and weary journey over the mountains of Afghanistan, or the sands of South Africa, or the frontiers of Greece, or the Balkan Peninsula. If the people of England have not made up their minds on these subjects, I do not think they are ever likely to do so." Lord HARTINGTON had prudently kept clear of the sands of South Africa, if indeed the Transvaal is sandy. It was morally and politically easier to climb, in a rhetorical sense, the mountains of Afghanistan, and to explore the frontiers of Greece, or traverse the Balkan Peninsula. Whether or not the people of England have made up their minds on these points, they have dismissed the subject from their thoughts; but possibly Lord HARTINGTON may have done some service to his cause by reminding his constituents, for the twentieth time, that he and his colleague have always been in the right. It is wholly by accident that the policies of the late and present Government have become respectively associated with Conservative or Liberal opinions. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who happened to be the Conservative leader, continued the system of Lord PALMERSTON, while Lord PALMERSTON's official and political successor entirely reversed the traditional policy of the Liberal party. In choosing between two bodies of statesmen, it is reasonable to judge their personal merits in part by the soundness of their doctrines of foreign policy; but the sands of Africa and the mountains of Asia are equally irrelevant to the legislative and administrative measures which ought to be applied to Ireland. On the only question which at present excites general interest neither Lord HARTINGTON nor Sir W. HARCOURT contributed much information; but there was a marked distinction in the tone and manner in which they respectively approached the subject.

Sir W. HARCOURT, in his long and able speech, carefully avoided all reference to the defiance of the law which prevails in a great part of Ireland. It may not be the fault of the Government that it is unable to establish order; but to the Government and to the nation at large it is the gravest of misfortunes. In estimating unprecedented experiments in remedial legislation, it is, above all things, urgent to inquire whether they have succeeded. Sir W. HARCOURT paid a well-deserved tribute to the courage and perseverance of Mr. FORSTER; but there is reason to fear that it will be necessary to arm the Irish Government with additional powers. A year ago it was understood that the Cabinet deliberately withheld from the CHIEF SECRETARY means of protecting peace and property which he had demanded as necessary or desirable. During the Session of Parliament the Land League was allowed, with almost entire impunity, to establish its tyranny in every part of Ireland. Both Lord HARTINGTON and Sir W. HARCOURT twit the late Government with the fact that the Land League was already organized before the change of Administration; but the

future supremacy which it was to attain had not then been foreseen by either party. At the time of the general election Mr. GLADSTONE for his own purposes asserted that, in consequence of the operation of his Land Act of 1870, Ireland was unprecedentedly tranquil and contented. When Lord BEACONSFIELD about the same time, in his letter to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, indicated the approach of danger, he was assailed with a storm of ridicule and invective. Sir W. HARCOURT blames the late Government for not introducing a Land Act, forgetting that, as the Duke of ARGYLL stated, the incoming Cabinet had not included a Land Act in its list of necessary measures. Both Ministers prudently abstain from mentioning the Disturbance Bill, which contributed, by the introduction and by the defeat of the measure, to promote agrarian agitation. Lord HARTINGTON alone thinks it necessary to account for the prolonged toleration of violence and disorder.

It may perhaps be true that the present unanimity of the Liberal party is in some degree attributable to the ostentatious reluctance with which the Government used its powers for the maintenance of peace. According to Lord HARTINGTON, the Irish party of revolution would, if the Government had acted more readily, "have been reinforced by a large contingent of opinion and sympathy in England." The conjecture may perhaps be well founded; but it is not complimentary to the advanced section of the Liberal party. According to Lord HARTINGTON, the extreme Radicals were too blind to anticipate the necessary consequences of inaction, or too factious to aid the Government in guarding against imminent danger. It will not be forgotten that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made a wholly different apology for the long-suffering of the Government. The Land League, with all its atrocities, was in his opinion a legitimate and useful organization, because it exercised pressure on Parliament to pass the Land Bill. When its task was accomplished it incurred the penalty of suppression, not as a murderous and predatory conspiracy, but because it thwarted Mr. GLADSTONE in the further development of the policy which it had before facilitated. It would seem that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is one of the Liberal section which would, in Lord HARTINGTON's judgment, have supplied a contingent to the party of Irish revolution. Sir W. HARCOURT, perhaps, thought it better to abstain from a defence of conduct which could not be completely vindicated. He failed to observe that his exaggerated charge against the late Government involved the admission that the present Ministers were to blame for not attempting to suppress or restrain the Land League. If Lord BEACONSFIELD ought to have nipped it in the bud, when Mr. GLADSTONE was boasting of the tranquillity of Ireland, it would seem that his successors were not justified in acquiescing in its full-grown enormity, either on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's or on Lord HARTINGTON's alleged grounds of toleration. It is true that Mr. PARNELL and his associates from the first avowed their purpose of prohibiting the payment of rent, or of arbitrarily limiting its amount; but it was impossible to foresee that their mandates would be generally obeyed, or that they would inspire universal terror. The atrocious practice of "Boycotting" had not been invented when the agitation was in bud.

It is in speaking of the administration of the Land Act that Lord HARTINGTON and Sir W. HARCOURT part company.

No one, however, Sir W. HARCOURT occasionally favours a special spoliation; but he rashly identifies the interpretation of the Act which was throughout debated in the House of Commons earnestly repudiated by the promoters of the Bill. Mr. Gladstone said over and over again that liberal landlords who were, as he truly declared, the vast majority of the whole number, would not be injured by the assessment of a fair rent. The Sub-Commissioners have so far made reductions which, if all rents are dealt with in a similar manner, will involve a reduction of the whole rental of Ireland twenty or thirty per cent. It is of course possible that, as Lord HASTINGTON hypothetically suggests, the worst cases may have been tried first; but there is no reason to suppose that the Sub-Commissioners have dealt with exceptional instances of injustice on the part of landlords. Some of them have, with imprudent parity, propounded declines which could only be held by violent partisans. One lay judge held that the valuation of land ought to be reduced in proportion to the badness of the tenant's farming; another declared his intention of disregarding the evidence of paid valuers; and the presiding lawyers have more than once announced their intention of being guided by the opinion of their colleagues, who, at the same time witnesses and judges, are not checked by opposing testimony or by cross-examination. Justice O'HAGAN himself caused just and general alarm by announcing that rent must be so adjusted as to enable the tenant to live and thrive on the farm. Sir W. HARCOURT assumes that the judgments of the Sub-Commissioners are equitable, and he consequently affirms that the only spoliation in question is that which has been applied to the tenant. Lord HASTINGTON is more discreet in reminding adverse critics that the decisions which have caused so much indignation are subject to review by the Chief Commissioners, and that "we are not yet in possession of such full and detailed information as to the evidence on which they have proceeded, and the principles by which they have been guided, as to enable us to form an opinion or a final judgment on their proceedings." In the same spirit judges are accustomed to tell juries that they must not be influenced by popular rumour, but must suspend their judgments until they have heard the evidence. It is not even certain that the reports of speeches delivered by the Sub-Commissioners, for the apparent purpose of eliciting the applause which is said to have followed, are altogether accurate. Lord HASTINGTON can only hope that ordinary cases will not hereafter "show a reduction of nearly so great a character as those of which we have lately read." There can be no doubt that Lord HASTINGTON shares the dissatisfaction and uneasiness with which the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners have been generally regarded. Sir W. HARCOURT might, perhaps, with advantage to the cause which he supports, have declined to apologize for decisions which at first sight appear monstrous perversions of justice. His assumption that the judgments delivered are just would be cruel to the sufferers if it were not merely thoughtless. It would have been still more convenient if he and Lord HASTINGTON had not found it necessary to gratify their constituents by the delivery of party speeches. The growing nuisance of provincial oratory throws an additional difficulty in the way of considering any question with reference to its merits or to the public interest.

#### PRINCE BISMARCK.

IF the opening days of the new German Parliament have been stormy, they have been instructive. Prince BISMARCK has taken the earliest opportunity to define his object, his principles, and his creed. His object is to maintain the unity of the German Empire; his principles are still based on the conviction that the German Empire is founded on force, and must be maintained by force; his creed is that he believes, as every great man believes, in himself. The main objection to all he says is not that these statements are in any way untrue. The German Empire exists, and every German question must be subordinated to the supreme question whether what is proposed tends to strengthen the Empire or to weaken it. It is undeniable that the Empire was founded on force, and must be maintained by force. It was blood and iron, not enlightened opinion, that triumphed at Sedan and Gravelotte. Prince Bismarck directed this force, made

the Empire, and ordered for the new Empire a commanding position in Europe. The weak point in his statement is that if dealt rather with a glorious past than with a disturbed present and a future that inspires grave anxiety. The Germans have got their Empire, and are, on the whole, very pleased with it; but they are by no means satisfied with the form it has assumed. It is too Prussian, too bureaucratic, too imperious, too arbitrary. It threatens to become the Empire not of Germans, but of Prussians, of Prince BISMARCK, of petty sovereigns bowing at the feet of the Hohenzollerns. The Empire was made by force, and as against outside enemies it must be sustained by force, always ready to act, and to act with efficiency. But, if it is added that it must be internally sustained by force, if all Germany and everything German is to be under the rule of the Emperor, the army, and Prince BISMARCK; then Germans naturally ask whether this is the German Empire that was promised them, which they aided in establishing, and which they fondly hoped they had secured. Prince BISMARCK converted them to the belief that force was an indispensable means to an end; but they never understood, and would be most reluctant to own, that force was to be the end as well as the means, and that they were always to be under the discipline of the camp. Then, nothing can be stronger than the personal position of the Prince. He made the Empire, and he made it powerful; and his past successes have been so great that it is not wonderful to find him claiming a right to be considered beforehand as sure of success in everything he undertakes. He is extremely dictatorial and often wantonly offensive; but his arrogance, and even his petulance, evidently spring from a profound conviction that he alone possesses a master-mind, and that he is thinking of great things while his adversaries are thinking of small things. His hearers are compelled to admire, if they cannot forgive, and are as much overawed as they are alienated. But the more Prince BISMARCK magnifies his personal importance and his personal triumphs, the more Germany comes to think that the Empire as he conceives it is bound up with his personal existence. It may live while he lives; but it may also die when he dies. An Empire created by and for Prince BISMARCK may be buried in his grave. After him the deluge, is the thought that Prince BISMARCK breathes every hour into the minds of his countrymen; and, as they may survive to see it, they contemplate the prospect of a political deluge with considerable apprehension.

In Prince BISMARCK's conception of the German Empire there is no place for a German Parliament. He always looks facts in the face, and does not shrink from owning that a Parliament, if it is independent, is an excrescence on his general scheme. He calmly told the German Parliament that in old days he had got on perfectly well without a Prussian Parliament, and that he did not see why what had done for Prussia might not do for Germany. He and the Emperor and the army could be perfectly happy without a set of fictitious deputies sitting and chattering in a large room. His utterances were in a much milder key when he strove to point out that the new Parliament does not really represent Germany. The Liberals have, as he thinks, got more representatives than their total electoral strength justifies. If he honestly thinks so, he will be perfectly warranted in dissolving the present Parliament after giving it a fair trial. But a long Parliamentary experience enables Englishmen to say that too much importance must not be attached to electoral statistics. There is no possible system of representation in which the returns of any particular Parliament correspond precisely with the nominal strength of parties in constituencies. English Liberals are in a much larger majority at the present moment than corresponds with the balance of Liberal over Conservative voters. Success creates success, and constituencies are swept away by the tide of party triumph. Into every electoral contest, too, there is imported the dark and insupportable element of abstentions. At the recent German elections the abstentions were unusually numerous. Why were they numerous? No one, not even experienced German politicians, could give a complete answer; but one reason must have been that many who were slightly inclined to support Prince BISMARCK did not think it worth while to support him when supporting him meant taking the trouble to vote. They had no objection to



and indolence suggested that he might deserve to be supported, but that he must look out for himself; or that he was not quite clear whether he ought to be supported or not, and that he need not worry himself with the solution of a question which he had to gain, they had nothing to do but stay at home. A penal dissolution, a dissolution to punish a Parliament for existing, is always a hazardous experiment, and would be especially irritating in Germany at the present moment. For it would inevitably be coupled with Prince BISMARCK's declaration that he did not see any reason why the Empire could not be governed as well without a Parliament as with one. It would be a challenge to Germany to see whether it dared send another Parliament which would prove as satisfactory as its predecessor, and furnish an excuse for putting an end to Parliaments altogether. There is a great probability that Germany would accept the challenge, that Liberal activity would be more lively and more triumphant, and that the roll of Conservative abstentions would be increased rather than diminished. A hasty dissolution might not improbably be the means of forcing on the serious consideration of the whole nation whether it is true that a German Parliament in the present day is like the Prussian Parliament in the days before Sadowa, and can be safely reduced to being little more than an important appendage to royalty.

Whenever Prince BISMARCK makes an important statement, those who have to consider it start with two great advantages. They are sure that the speaker has a real knowledge of his subject, and they are sure that the speaker says what he really thinks. When Prince BISMARCK states that Germany would view with indifference, or at least with submission, the abrogation of its Parliament, or its reduction to the position of a Court registering the decrees of the Government, it may be taken for granted that he thinks this, and that he thinks it after a vast experience and a profound study of Germany and the Germans. All that foreign critics can do is to call to their memory the numerous instances in which great men have made great mistakes. With all his experience and all his insight, the First NAPOLEON was utterly blind to the change which French feeling had undergone in the latter years of the Empire. And there are general reasons for thinking that Prince BISMARCK is mistaken now, and special signs that Germany does not think with him, which at least deserve attention. The German Parliament binds the German people together in a way in which the Prussian Parliament did not in old days bind together the Prussian people. The German Parliament is much more than an expression of constitutionalism. It typifies not only the union, but the difference, of the different German States. It brings particularism face to face with Imperialism. It is the safety-valve of local discontent. It allows each State that yields to feel that it is yielding to the wishes of all the others. The views entertained in Germany on religion, on political economy, on the province of the State, are intimately associated with distinct localities. These localities wish their opinions to have some sort of fair play; and what they chiefly prize in the German Parliament is that it gives them an opening by which their opinions may influence all Germany. If there was no Parliament, each State would be driven back on itself. It could not help obeying the dictates of the EMPEROR and the army; but its thoughts would be concentrated on itself, or might, if taking a larger scope, be directed to the dangerous desire of getting rid of the pressure of the EMPEROR and the army. A military dictatorship, which is really what Prince BISMARCK means, might be perfectly possible in a single German State like Prussia; but it seems quite incompatible with anything like the unity of an Empire depending on the voluntary adhesion of its fractions. At any rate, there can be no doubt that not only this but every German Parliament thinks, or has thought, that its existence is a necessity, and that every attack on its proper standing must be jealously watched. Prince BISMARCK has already been defeated on a small question, but one which jarred on the susceptibilities of the Parliament. He merely asked for a trifling sum of 4,000,000 for the expenses of a Council of manufacturing and agricultural experts whom he had summoned to give him advice. The last Parliament refused the vote, and the present Parliament has repeated the refusal in a very large majority. The King, of course, or of Germany,

could not get ninety members to vote with him, because the bulk of the Chamber was determined to extinguish any attempt, however slight and indirect, to set up a Council outside Parliament, and selected not by the people, but, by the Minister. In itself the vote is unimportant. Prince BISMARCK has no more to complain of in the present Parliament than he had to complain of in the last Parliament. But the vote is important when taken in connexion with the supposed indifference of Germany to the existence and independence of its Parliament. He made a passionate appeal to his hearers to be allowed for once to have his own way in a trifling matter; but his request was summarily declined when a Parliament, freshly elected by the people thought its own dignity and independence were touched.

#### FURTHER DEGRADATION OF THE FRANCHISE.

TWO Judges of unquestionable competence have by a short and final decision effected an organic and perhaps a fatal change in the Constitution. It is to be regretted that they could not see their way to allowing an appeal from the most important act of judicial legislation which has ever nullified the intention of Parliament. The Court refused the appeal on the ground that the judges had no doubt; but the consequences of a judicial decision deserve consideration. It was a gross error in the framers of the Act to leave the Court of First Instance a discretion as to granting an appeal; but it is evident that the Act was not regarded as important. No better proof can be given of the conflict between the words as interpreted by the judges and the intention of the Legislature. It is probable that the judgment would have been sustained; but in a second and more deliberate discussion arguments might have been adduced which appear not to have been urged before Justice DENMAN and Justice BOWEN. It is a sound rule of law that the purpose of the Legislature must be exclusively collected from the words of an enactment. It is immaterial that a blunder may have been notoriously committed either by the member who has had charge of a Bill, or by the Parliamentary draftsman; but, if possible, one part of the statute law should be reconciled with another, and an interpretation consistent with common sense should be preferred where it is compatible with grammatical construction. On the other hand, Courts cannot take judicial notice of the ruinous effects which may follow from the discovery of a flaw in a legislative measure. If Justice DENMAN had been at liberty to exercise a discretion, he would probably not have swamped the existing borough constituencies and the future county constituencies by suddenly doubling their numbers. It is notorious that in 1867 both parties agreed, with more or less sincerity of conviction, on the enfranchisement of householders in boroughs. The ten pound franchise of 1832 was abolished; but, by a supplementary provision, lodgers paying 10*l.* rent for unfurnished apartments were put on the same footing with occupiers of entire houses. The privilege was evidently reasonable, inasmuch as a lodger may often be a more substantial occupier than his landlord.

The Judges have now practically determined that the lodger clauses of the Reform Act of 1867 have become inoperative and absurd. A lodger paying ten pounds of rent is entitled to the franchise, but he has equally a right to vote if he pays ten shillings or tenpence. It is true that the new franchise is only acquired by lodgers who receive no personal service in return for their rent. The distinction increases the absurdity of the enactment as it has now been interpreted. The lower class of lodgers wait on themselves, while clerks or professional men probably employ the servant of the house. That Parliament should be capable of so foolish and mischievous a paradox is surprising; but Judges cannot afford to be startled by anomalies. Almost all Liberals, including Mr. BRIGHT himself, have for thirteen or fourteen years been professedly satisfied with the borough franchise as they supposed it to exist, though they desired to extend it to the counties. They now know that they have been entirely mistaken in their complacent approval of their own legislation. Household suffrage is unmeaning and fallacious now that, according to the Judges, a room is as good as a house. By the interpreta-

tion clause of an Act of 1868 the definition of a dwelling-house settled the year before was intentionally altered. In 1867 a vote was attached to the occupation of "any part of a house occupied as a separate dwelling, and separately rated to the relief of the poor." In 1868 a vote was conferred by the occupation of "any part of a house when that part is separately occupied as a dwelling." An Act of 1869 provided that, for the purposes of any qualification or franchise dependent on payment of Poor-rate, payment by the owner should be equivalent to payment by the occupier; but it may be doubted whether any question as to rating arises under the Act of 1868. According to the judgment of the Queen's Bench Division, a room in a house becomes a dwelling-house when it is separately occupied as a dwelling. It would follow that almost every male adult who lives under a roof would be entitled to vote. It seems that some years ago Mr. CHAMBERLAIN hit the blot in the Act of 1868, for he complained in Parliament of the adherence of registering officers to the interpretation which was then universally held to be correct. His remonstrances were not successful; and the disastrous revelation which has now been made must be attributed to the astuteness of the HOME SECRETARY. In obedience to his instructions the claim was raised before one or more revising barristers; and his opinion has now been confirmed by the Queen's Bench Division.

The certainty which induced the Judges to withhold permission to appeal will not be shared by all laymen, nor even by all lawyers. It is incredible that the 10*l*. lodger franchise should not have been expressly abolished, if Parliament had intended to dispense with the renting qualification. It would also seem that the words "separately occupied as a dwelling" are not wholly exempt from ambiguity. In former times apartments under a common roof, such as chambers or flats, were for legal and Parliamentary purposes separate dwellings, if they had access to an open staircase and separate outer doors. Such tenements were rated to the relief of the poor; and it is nearly certain that the new interpretation inserted in the Act of 1868 was intended only to abolish the condition of rating. It is, therefore, possible to consider a separate dwelling as a dwelling which would formerly have been separately rated. The opposite interpretation is of course equally plausible in itself, and it is supported by the authority of the Court; but in a case of paramount importance there was perhaps sufficient doubt to justify an appeal. Twice within one year momentous consequences have followed from legislation by inadvertence. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, Irish tenants acquired a share of ownership through a mistake of his own; and it is certain that in 1870 he vehemently deprecated the logical consequences which in 1881 he attributed to his first Land Act. The practical abolition of household suffrage by an Act which has for thirteen years been entirely misunderstood is still more astonishing. There can be little doubt that the fault in the first instance lay with the Parliamentary draftsman, who must have known that the Conservative Government of 1868 could not knowingly enact what is virtually manhood suffrage. That his blunder should not have been exposed during the interval is the more surprising because three general elections have been conducted under a misinterpretation of the statute.

It is painful to reflect that only a fortnight ago limits existed which, according to the decision of the Judges, have been now removed, to absolute democratic supremacy. Some sceptical politicians hesitated to place unqualified confidence in constituencies numbered by tens of thousands; but it could not be denied that the unfittest part of the population was excluded. A householder or a ten-pound lodger is not infallible, but he has given some pledges to fortune. In a retrospective view he assumes the character of one of a select aristocracy. Perhaps he even displays rudimentary symptoms of fatty degeneration of the political heart. It would be interesting to learn whether the electors created by the Queen's Bench Division are as much superior to occupiers of entire houses as the former borough voters were superior to the educated and independent classes. The adulation which has descended with the possession of power from kings and nobles to ten-pound householders, and thence to householders in general, becomes due in turn to the occupiers of any part of a house used as a separate dwelling. The exultation even of ardent Radicals ought to be tempered by a feeling of shame for discredit incurred,

not by their party alone, but by the country. That the English nation should have no voice in determining by whom it shall be governed is a result of official and legislative ineptitude as disgraceful as it is unexpected. The realization of a revolutionary dream is effected, not by a comparison of forces, or after a prolonged struggle, but by an imbecile miscarriage in drawing a clause. The demigod in the *Odyssey* knew that he was destined to suffering and defeat, but he always expected the challenge of an enemy stronger than himself. His loss of sight was embittered by the insignificance, in his estimation, of the puny adventurer who had fulfilled the prophecy. The intelligent classes of the community, whether Conservative or Liberal, will lament the casual acquisition of supreme power by the promiscuous multitude; but enfranchisement, even when it results from deliberate legislation, is as irrevocably as the letting out of waters. It is not a small aggravation of the misfortune which has occurred that the suffrage which seems about to be extended to counties will have been previously vitiated by the degradation of the borough franchise. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. BRIGHT will welcome the irruption of the classes which he included in the residuum. Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion may be more confidently conjectured, for it must be admitted that the occupier of a room as a separate dwelling, like the compound householder of former times, possesses the qualification of common flesh and blood.

#### THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE prorogation of Parliament until its usual time of meeting must probably be regarded as indicating that the Government have no intention of taking any definite steps in the direction of putting down the present state of anarchy in Ireland. If it be also true, as is reported, that meetings of the Cabinet are suspended for the rest of the year, this argues a still more remarkable acquiescence in the situation. The Coercion Acts of last Session can hardly be said to have failed, because they have been only very partially applied; but as a preventive or repressive measure in the hands of the present Government they have certainly not succeeded. The various measures which have been recommended for directly coping with the lawlessness in the South and West are somewhat beyond the scope of those Acts, and, whether within the theoretical competence of the Executive or not, could hardly be applied by Mr. GLADSTONE's Government without the knowledge at least of Parliament. Such measures are—the increase by considerable numbers of the Constabulary; the alteration—either by doing away with trial by jury in certain districts, and adopting the recommendations of the Lords' Committee, or by something similar—of the present method of dealing with persons suspected of agrarian crime, and some other steps of the same kind. There is no sign of such measures being likely to be actually adopted during the next two months, and it must therefore be concluded that the Government has resolved to abide by its present policy. This policy appears to be confined to the alternate arrest and discharge of suspects, and the support, where necessary, of evictions by large forces of military and police—things excellent in themselves, and which might perhaps have sufficed eighteen months ago, but obviously insufficient now.

In the audacious and paradoxical letter in which Mr. O'DONNELL endeavoured to prove a community of interest between his own party and the Tory leaders there was one point at least which has often been insisted on before, but which deserves the gravest consideration, while it is almost entirely neglected by the supporters of the Government. It is perfectly true that evictions are going on in considerable numbers, and that more may be expected, and it is equally true that the result of this is not likely to be conducive to public order. Encouraged directly by Mr. O'DONNELL's friends, and indirectly by the Government, dissatisfied with what now seems to them the meagre benefit of the Act, hundreds and thousands of tenants are refusing to pay any rent; and hundreds and thousands more are refusing to come to terms about arrears. In the former case they may lose all benefit of the Act, and in the latter their prospects are not much better. Supposing that the large reductions accorded by the Sub-Commissioners are confirmed on appeal, a time will come when the dispossessed tenants will find their neighbours

in comparative prosperity and themselves in destitution, and it cannot be doubted that a terrible ferment will ensue. Agitators are not likely to be wanting to avail themselves of this promising material, especially now that at least some prominent English Radicals have declared the severance of Ireland from England to be within the range of practical politics. The reckless folly of Sir WILFRID LAWSON would be of no moment if it had been met by his audience with any manifestations of disapproval. But Radical audiences nowadays appear to have lost the power of even comprehending the propositions made to them. That persons living within sight of the Irish Sea should cheer a suggestion involving the presence on the opposite shore of that sea, or rather strait, of an independent and hostile nation, is perhaps the most glaring example of corporate lunacy recently recorded—and that is saying a good deal. The leaders of the party have not, indeed, got to this stage; but what Sir WILFRID LAWSON thought one day Mr. GLADSTONE has before now thought the next day, and there is assuredly no guarantee in the past conduct of the present Ministry for any belief in their political steadiness. It may, however, be admitted very frankly that there is no immediate danger of any considerable number of responsible English politicians advocating the independence of Ireland. The danger is of another kind. All these reckless utterances, from Mr. GLADSTONE's own downwards, act as direct encouragements to Irish violence. The present PRIME MINISTER's recipe for disestablishing a Church was applied with remarkable rapidity and success to the process of disestablishing a landed gentry. Sir WILFRID LAWSON has recommended the same methods of flying at still higher game, and he is sure to meet with intelligent and obedient hearers. The number of outrages has already exceeded the dismal record of last year. Ireland is divided between tenants made hungrier for fresh plunder by the share already assigned to them, and tenants infuriated at having lost the chance of plunder at all by their refusal to pay rent. The most apparently trivial, and yet, under all the circumstances, one of the ugliest symptoms of all, is the systematic interference with that sport to which but a few years ago all Irishmen, from the highest to the lowest, were equally devoted. The machinations of the Land League and the supineness of the Government have, it seems, left only two passions in the Irish breast—hunger for the property of the landlords and hatred of English government. These feelings have always existed; but side by side with them other, and sometimes better, feelings have existed likewise, which seem to be now extinguished. Nothing, for instance, can be more obvious than that the old influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, which it has desperately striven to preserve by abetting the present anarchy, is gone. A priest may be cheered when he advises holding the harvest, or inveighs against Mr. FORSTER; but let him denounce murder and outrage, theft and violence, and, though it be done from the altar itself, his congregation simply refuse to listen to him.

Meanwhile what Lord HARTINGTON ingenuously calls the apparently indiscriminate reduction of rents goes on merrily. Perhaps no case has occurred which better illustrates the attitude of the Sub-Commissioners than one in the Belfast district, which is probably the only one, with the exception of the celebrated instance of Sir ORIEL FORSTER, in which a rent has actually been raised. The tenant had the use of a valuable flax mill, the property in which, and in the water which gave it its value, was unquestionably vested in the landlord. The Commissioners admitted this freely, and went on to say that, if the landlord had not said that he would be contented with a small increase, they would have raised the rent substantially. Now it must be perfectly obvious to any one who is able to attach the slightest meaning to the word "judicial" that this was a preposterous course of proceeding. Had the landlord and tenant agreed together out of court for a certain rent the Commissioners would have had nothing to do but to sanction it. But this was not the case, and the tenant having brought the landlord into court, the Commissioners had nothing left to them but to assess the "fair" rent as it seemed to them, neither less nor more, and fix it for fifteen years, leaving the landlord, if he pleased, to make a reduction of his own free will. But then this would have been to act in the ordinary fashion of a court of law, and not in the fashion of a "court of the Land League." Elsewhere the monotonous

process of cutting down has been going on, with rare exceptions of maintenance at the old rents. The tenants, we are told, are not satisfied, and it is not surprising. Even the boldest *coups* of the Sub-Commissioner who "does not care a straw for paid valuers," are insignificant and grudging, compared with Mr. PARNELL's prairie value. And yet the Commissioners are not doing the work negligently. They have provided a list of reductions which is said, though the statement is hardly credible when it is remembered that Mr. PORTER is a Law Officer of the Crown, has been placarded by the agents of his candidature for Derry and been urged by the candidate himself in his speeches as an evidence of what the Government has done and will do for the people. Considering that most, if not all, of these reductions are under appeal, and that, as each case is supposed to be judged on its merits, no one reduction can form a precedent for any other; the proceeding, if it has really taken place, may be described as one of the most indecent ever resorted to even by electioneering indiscretion. Yet more indecent, if one could for a moment believe it, would be the fact alleged that The O'DONOGHUE is about to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds "in consequence of his acceptance of the Governorship of Ceylon." After all, however, these things are only part of the system of universal bribery which, side by side with an irritating but partial and utterly ineffective coercion, constitutes Mr. GLADSTONE's policy towards the disaffected masses of Ireland.

#### THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE CONCORDAT.

THE theory that M. PAUL BERT owes his appointment to a momentary forgetfulness on the part of M. GAMBETTA that he would be disliked by the clergy would be disproved, if it needed disproof, by M. BERT's own action during the last ten days. His demeanour is not in the least that of a man who, finding himself in office by a lucky accident, is chiefly anxious to make the world forget that he has been put there. In less than a week M. BERT has made fifteen speeches, and there are few of them into which he has not been able to introduce something characteristic, and consequently unpleasant. His idea of his position as Minister of Worship, and still more as Minister of Education, is that of a champion who has to defend his post against attacks from every quarter. To him the Ministry of Worship is not only, or even chiefly, an administrative office. It is, as he himself has called it, a Ministry of Ecclesiastical Police. He stands to the clergy in the position in which the Minister of Justice stands to the criminal classes. Even criminals are given a certain amount of law. They are not arrested except on suspicion of having committed some specific crime, and they cannot be convicted unless this suspicion is reduced to reasonable certainty. If it is found that the law has left them too much liberty, it is the Minister's duty to propose amendments in it. The relation between the two is throughout one of measured and legal hostility. A Minister of Justice would like to make short work of the whole criminal class; but he is bound to give effect to this desire only within the limits and by the methods which the Legislature has proscribed. This is not in the least an exaggerated description of the policy which M. BERT proposes to adopt as regards the Church. As M. BERT he would like to destroy it altogether; as Minister of Worship he is bound to do it no more injury than the law allows. He cannot, however, resign himself unreservedly to this restriction. Some of the laws which now regulate the relations between the Church and the State are too monstrous to be suffered to remain on the Statute-book. When these have been repealed, and the Minister of Worship has only to guide himself by the Concordat and the organic laws annexed to the Concordat, that particular particle of tissue which stands to M. BERT in the place of a conscience will not find the duties of the office too distasteful to be gone through. After that M. BERT hints, with a kind of grim humour, the clergy may not find him as black as he has been painted. At least, if he has to make himself hateful to them, it will be rather in the capacity of Minister of Education than in that of Minister of Worship.

It is probable from the carefully considered address in which M. BERT's views were unfolded, that M. GAMBETTA means to give ecclesiastical affairs a large place in his scheme of policy. He is not prepared to go as far as M.

OLIVIEREAU and abolish the Concordat. The separation of Church and State is a measure to which he may be driven or led some day, but he does not think that things are ripe for it at present. It is not, perhaps, unfair to suspect that he looks to M. BERT's career as Minister of Education to hasten the ripening process. A French politician who contemplates the separation of Church and State has mainly to consider how the change will affect the peasantry. Its effect on the clergy need only trouble him in so far as it bears upon this larger question. The peasantry may be supposed at present to view with equal dislike the alternative of closed churches and churches kept open out of their own private purse. If they do not hear mass themselves, they like their wives to hear it, and they like to sit outside the village church while their wives are inside, in the enjoyment of a vague sense that Sunday is somehow different from other days. But these are not pleasures which they would be willing to pay for by direct contributions to the *cure*, and the only other means of retaining them is to have them paid for by the State. The Budget of Worship is not a local burden, and consequently the peasantry do not feel it, or, if they do, they are acute enough to see that there is no cheaper way of getting what they want. The Extreme Left in the Chamber, which demands the separation of Church and State, does not represent the peasantry. It is returned almost entirely by the large towns and by working-class electors. To these men the Budget of Worship is a very irritating burden indeed. As a rule, neither they nor their families ever enter a church or see a priest; and, however small may be the proportion of their total contribution to the Exchequer that goes to pay the clergy, it is nevertheless larger than they like it to be. M. GAMBETTA, though he would like to conciliate this latter section of the electorate if he could, knows that the peasantry are, in the long run, the more important element. By giving M. BERT the double office he now holds, he may hope to soothe the working-class electors for the moment, and to initiate a process by which the peasantry may by degrees be brought to the same wholesome way of thinking. As Minister of Worship M. BERT will say and do showy things against the Church. As Minister of Education his aim will be to have as many children as possible brought up without any religion. It has already been remarked that the proportion of First Communions to scholars throughout France has of late begun to decrease, the explanation being that, under the old system, when the *cure* was free of the communal school, and when the teacher was virtually his subordinate, the children were prepared for First Communion as a matter of course. Now the priest can only enter the school on certain fixed days, and, when he is there, can only give religious instruction to such children as choose to come to him. Even this permission is likely to be withdrawn under the new Government, and then the priest will have to take his chance of inducing the children to come to the church for religious instruction. Unless the clergy are able by means of some new, and at present improbable, awakening of religious enthusiasm to make head against these obstacles, the decay of religion in France is likely to be general. What religion there is may be more genuine, but there will be very much less of what goes by the name of religion. M. GAMBETTA may look forward to a time when those who are now the children of the peasantry will have become the peasantry, and he may hope that, under this new secular training, they will have lost the languid preference they now feel for having a *cure* paid by the State established in every village. In that enlightened time the abolition of the Concordat will be a universally popular measure.

The materials on which to found a conclusion as to the degree in which those speculations are likely to be realized do not exist; but there is no imprudence in saying that the position of the French Church in relation to the State has been greatly changed by M. GAMBETTA's accession to power. All former Governments that have been set up since the conclusion of the Concordat have regarded the Church as in some sort an ally. Even M. FERRY, though he dispersed the religious orders, was—in words, at all events—friendly to the secular clergy. The Church has often been treated as an ally upon whom it was necessary to keep a very sharp watch, but she has never been ranked among the avowed enemies of the Government. This, however, is plainly to be her position in the future. The Concordat, as M. BERT proposes to carry it out, will be simply an

agreement concluded for specific purposes between two honourable adversaries. What is written in it in black and white will be executed to the letter, but the Church will get nothing that is not written in it. If she makes a slip in her dealings with the Government, and either oversteps her own assigned province or withholds from the State something to which it has a claim, every advantage will be taken of the blunder. It is the declared object of the new Government to lessen her influence in the country, and the only promise that M. BERT will give is that he will pursue this object without either violence or worrying. But, as M. BERT's reason for avoiding these methods is merely that the one is odious and the other ridiculous, the Church has nothing to thank him for. He would be defeating his own end if he condescended to employ either. Violence would turn the clergy into martyrs; worrying would make them respectable by the side of those who worried them; and both these results would just serve the Church's purpose. M. BERT does not wish to see any genuine tears shed on behalf of the clergy, or any genuine laughter excited against the Government, and his apparent moderation is merely due to his determination to do his work thoroughly. It will be seen, therefore, that the circumstances in which the French clergy are now placed are full of serious moment. The Republic has at last measured herself against the Church, and the ultimate consequences of the conflict thus begun are very hard to estimate. The position of the Church under the Concordat will henceforward be very much worse than it was at the time the Concordat was signed. In 1801 it represented an arrangement into which the ruler of France thought it expedient to enter; in 1881 it is an arrangement from which the ruler of France does not think it expedient to withdraw. In 1801 it was a bargain by which Church and State alike hoped to be gainers; in 1881 it is a bargain which the State declares not to be at all a good one, and which it is consequently sure to interpret in the narrowest possible spirit. M. GAMBETTA may be the gainer, from his own point of view, by thus dealing with the Church; but, if so, he must be acting on grounds which he has not disclosed to the world when to all appearance it is his interest to do so, and which have, to say the least, no *a priori* probability. If the Church were the dangerous and irreconcilable enemy of the Republic, it might be prudent thus to take her by the throat. But if left to herself she would be neither dangerous nor irreconcilable; and if the one way in which she can by possibility be made dangerous is by first making her irreconcilable, the wisdom of M. GAMBETTA's course is certainly not apparent. Until M. FERRY entered upon the road on which M. GAMBETTA seems to intend to travel at a very much faster pace, the French Catholics were the enemies of the Republic in so far, but in so far only, as they were Royalists or Bonapartists. Under the present system they will have no choice but to be the enemies of the Republic in so far as they are Catholics. M. GAMBETTA is minded to improve upon his conduct of the war in the autumn of 1870. Then he called legions as from the earth to defend the Republic; now he calls legions as from the earth to attack it.

#### PRIVATE BILLS FOR 1882.

THE list of private Bills for next Session is a very long one, and in this long list there are some of exceptional importance. The railway Bills are fifty per cent. more, and the miscellaneous Bills are thirty per cent. more, than were submitted to Parliament last Session. The increase is greatly due to reviving trade, to the accumulation of capital, and, above all, to a reviving spirit of enterprise. But, so far as the projected railways can be taken to indicate the general character of the enterprise which is now longing to manifest itself, it cannot be said that, apart from the metropolis and the neighbourhood of the metropolis, there is anything to be seen but a very natural expansion of the means of local communication. All the large railways have, as usual, Bills for extending the accommodation they offer to the public. This is inevitable. Every year brings new wants, and new wants can only be met by an annual increase of powers. Minor lines in their turn wish to create new feeders, or to vary slightly the direction in which parts of them run, or are intended to run, or to resume the construction of works which have in the time of depression



been standing still for want of funds. The lines that propose to occupy new ground are not very numerous or important except in the North, and for the most part are cross lines to connect two points of the large systems, or are intended to open up new sources of agricultural produce for the large towns. The projects for London and its vicinity can alone be called ambitious. The Regent's Canal is to offer a line from Paddington by the Zoological Gardens to the Victoria Docks. There is to be a gigantic outside railway going in a circle through the outlying suburbs on the northern side of the Thames, and offering twenty-four miles of a connected line. There is a project which, if carried out, would be most acceptable to a large portion of the public, by which the South-Western would be brought from the remote and inconvenient station of Waterloo into the City near Queen Street. Further, there is a design which will fill London with much wonder and, perhaps, some alarm. It is that of a railway on the pneumatic principle from Uxbridge Road to the Minories, with a slight offshoot from Oxford Street to South Kensington. The London extension of the South-Eastern, although only an increase of existing accommodation, is on such a scale, and will require such a very large outlay, that it deserves to rank separately as a great metropolitan work. Some of these great metropolitan schemes are perhaps premature, and the pneumatic line is, to say the least, very ambitious. But, on the whole, it may be said that they are legitimate attempts to accommodate traffic which is known to exist, or which it may reasonably be said will exist before long; and the outlay, large as it would be, would not absorb any serious portion of the available capital of the country. There is very little in the railway schemes of the coming Session that bears any analogy to the feverish adventures of 1845. Railways were not understood then, and they are understood now. Experience has amply proved that very great works may be now undertaken with a fair chance of the moderate rate of profit that at present contents investors.

It is outside of railways that the most adventurous and startling schemes have been set on foot. The proposed increase of dock accommodation is absolutely necessary to meet the growing wants of a nation which has got the larger share of the carrying trade of the world into its hands, and is obliged to use larger and larger vessels to carry it quickly and cheaply. There are, for example, to be large extensions of the East and West India Docks, and of the Victoria Docks; Workington is to offer new docks to the adjacent mineral districts, and Dartmouth Harbour is to have its capacities of usefulness greatly enlarged. The latest discovery of practical science endeavours to find an ample field for its operations, and at least three Electric Companies ask for extensive powers to tear up streets, fix posts, buy land, and supply any district that may be fixed on with endless electric power, not only for heating, lighting, and motive purposes, but for any other purpose to which it may be hereafter found that the power is applicable. The peculiar wants of London also receive special attention, and one inland fish market is to be created on the northern and another on the southern side of the water. The Government, again, seeks to acquire extensive sites for the convenient housing of the Admiralty and the War Office, and we are taken into a very high region of soaring adventure when we find that Parliament is to be asked to sanction the construction of the railways that are to serve as approaches to the English end of the Channel Tunnel. With the exception, however, of the last scheme, which raises grave national questions, all the foregoing schemes are more or less within the proper region of finance. The main question they raise is, whether it is or is not desirable that Parliament should or should not allow compulsory powers to be given by which promoters will be enabled to insist on the public trying very costly experiments. The Docks and the Fish Markets may in themselves be good or bad schemes, but they are designed to satisfy recognized public wants. The desirableness of permitting electricity, in the present stage of its advance to perfection, to be the subject of experiments on a gigantic scale is a matter on which some doubt may be fairly entertained. But there can be no doubt that some day or other electricity will be allowed to have a trial on any scale that may be desired, and a Parliamentary Committee is perhaps as good a tribunal as could be selected to decide whether the time has already arrived. A Committee is sure to be fair, and not very likely to be rash, and is perhaps

more likely to take into account the claims of conflicting interests than any other tribunal that could be devised. It may also be remarked that the general character of the schemes of this year is not such as to inspire much hope that any extension of local self-government would greatly relieve Parliament of its work in discussing private Bills. There are, no doubt, many small railway projects, intended to meet local wants, which might be satisfactorily dealt with by local bodies. But they are precisely the schemes which, comparatively speaking, are unimportant and excite no general interest. We are carried into a very different region when we come to conflicting schemes for getting hold of a great mineral district, for constructing gigantic docks, for arranging the railway communications of a town with four millions of inhabitants, or for putting every street or every town at the disposal of electrical patents.

There still remains a class of the new schemes which deserves to be considered apart. This class has little to do with finance, and its chief characteristic is that grave public questions are being sought to be solved by the machinery of private Bills. First, there is the Channel Tunnel scheme, which certainly is, from a financial point of view, a very great scheme, but the financial importance of which is as nothing by the side of the national importance of the issues whether the Government ought to allow the tunnel to be made, and, if it ought, what control it should retain over the tunnel. It is true that all that is now asked is power to make the approaches to the tunnel; but in a military sense it is the approaches that are of supreme importance, and Parliament cannot allow the approaches to be made and then refuse to allow the tunnel itself to be constructed. As another instance of the class may be mentioned the Thames Conservancy Bill. This Bill is a regulative Bill, and its regulative force is wonderfully extensive. It proposes to give the Conservators arbitrary and indefinite authority to determine every point as to every craft that uses the waters of the Thames—its size, speed, lights, where it may land, and what it is to be bound to do under every conceivable circumstance. It may be necessary that some body should have these despotic powers, and the Conservators may be a body that can be safely entrusted with them. But whether these powers should be given and to whom they should be entrusted is a public rather than a private question. Of the same character is the Buildings Bill of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Bill gives the Board complete jurisdiction over all the buildings of the metropolis. The Board is to be able to see not only how buildings are built, but what line they are to follow; to decide, irrespectively of the rights of ownership, whether they may protrude beyond the line or not; to appropriate for the public the vacant ground when they are set back; and to pull down buildings unfit for human habitation, to clear the space and to charge the owner of the soil with the cost of clearance. That greater powers of supervising buildings should be given to some one may be conceded; but to define these powers, and to give them to one Board, is a great public act, and is scarcely within the scope of a private Bill. Much more is this the case with a gigantic and most adventurous scheme for getting hold of every charity of every City parish, and putting those charities, which, as stated in the Bill, are some hundreds in number, at the disposal of a body of trustees created according to the fancies of the promoters. Nothing can be more bewildering than to find that such a wholesale handling of charitable property should be considered to be within the scope of a private Bill. To deal with hundreds of charities; to override the intentions of founders; to accommodate, when necessary, old benefactions to modern uses, is the business of Government and of Parliament as a whole, and not that of a Committee or of fanciful promoters. It was not for purposes of this kind that Parliament delegated its powers to Select Committees; and it is scarcely too much to say that it is a sort of fraud on Parliament that Select Committees should be invited to pass such large public measures in the disguise of private Bills.

#### NEW APPLICATIONS OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

IT will perhaps be unnecessary to engage for the present in any controversy with the United States on recent attempts to extend the so-called Monroe doctrine. Mr. BLAINE, who issued the Circular on the Panama Canal,

is about to retire from the Cabinet, and, although his successor is not likely to retract any pretension which may have been advanced, he may perhaps not care again to raise by anticipation a doubtful issue. It is nevertheless necessary to remember that the claim of exclusive rights over the Canal was first made by Mr. EVARTS during the Presidency of Mr. HAYES. There can be no doubt that the same policy will be at least tacitly maintained, or that it will be revived as soon as the Canal is ready for use. One of Mr. BLAINE's arguments admits of a conclusive answer. He relies on a treaty between the United States and the Republic of Columbia which, according to his contention, renders unnecessary any guarantee on the part of European Powers. The treaty which bears the names of Mr. CLAYTON, Secretary of State, and of Sir HENRY BULWER, then English Minister at Washington, of later date than the Columbian Treaty, expressly provides for a joint guarantee of any inter-oceanic canal which may at any future time be made. It is impossible to prevent a State from propounding demands which it may in its own opinion have power to enforce; but the exclusive control by the United States of the North and South American continents, with the adjacent seas, had never any foundation in international law; and in this particular case it directly conflicts with the provisions of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty. The formal right of guaranteeing the neutrality of the Canal may be of secondary importance; for the free passage of armed vessels in time of war would, in spite of conventions or of the common law of nations, depend on the naval and military power of the belligerents. It is also improbable that any Power would guarantee the free passage of the Canal for warlike purposes. The chief danger to be apprehended from the establishment of an exclusive American protectorate is that the commerce of other countries might become subject to differential rates. The Columbian Government will readily agree to the imposition of limited and equal rates on commerce which it will have an interest in fostering. It would be impossible to allow to the Government of the United States a right of prohibiting any convention of the kind.

A writer in the *North American Review* who has held a diplomatic post improves on Mr. BLAINE's interpretation of the MONROE doctrine. According to Mr. KASSON, a member of Congress, and formerly United States Minister to Austria, the rights of transit through the Panama Canal are to be exclusively subject to the authority of the United States, with the nominal sanction of the Columbian Government. For the purpose of laying a foundation for an extravagant claim, Mr. KASSON coolly describes the Canal as "the connecting water-line between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts." That it will also become the connecting water-line between Europe and the North and South Pacific is a circumstance too trivial to mention. As a New York paper observes, the Canal is separated by hundreds of miles of ocean from any coast on either side of the Continent over which the United States have jurisdiction. The Canal will also form a connexion between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the Dominion of Canada, and between the West Indies and Australia. That it should already be regarded as a part of the American coast-line is significant, if not alarming. It is highly probable that in the Panama Canal, as in the Suez Canal, English tonnage would exceed that of America, and perhaps of all nations. As if to illustrate the cynical injustice of the MONROE doctrine in its latest version, Mr. KASSON declares that the Panama Canal must be no more under European control than the Pacific railroad, of which every part is within the territory of the Union. His claim therefore is one, not of free passage, or even of exclusive right of diplomatic contract, but of absolute sovereignty. The Government and Legislature of the United States might, if it were thought desirable, lawfully exclude foreigners and their goods from the use of the Pacific Railway. It is by no means certain that if the present claim were admitted they would not establish for American citizens a monopoly of transit by the Canal. It is true that Mr. KASSON writes without authority; but the gloss which he supplies to Mr. BLAINE's circular despatch suggests a careful examination into the meaning of the text.

In one part of his despatch Mr. BLAINE refers to the abstinence of his Government from any claim to share in the control exercised by the European Powers over interests in Europe and Asia with which they are concerned. In the similar case of the Suez Canal no dispute

has yet arisen as to the rights of all Powers to free passage both in peace and war. The English Government has more than once informally announced that it will, if necessary, maintain to the utmost of its power the right of free passage for its troops between Europe and India. Its right to keep open the passage of the Canal really depends on its paramount interest, though Lord BEACONSFIELD, with statesmanlike foresight, strengthened the equitable position of the English Government by the purchase of a large portion of the stock of the Canal Company. It is certain that, if England were engaged in war extending to the Levant, the free use of the Canal would depend neither on treaties nor on guarantees, but on material force. It was as a precaution against such difficulties that Lord PALMERSTON, with sound judgment of national interests, though perhaps in undue disregard of cosmopolitan interests, consistently opposed the construction of the Suez Canal. The engineers who asserted that the Canal could not be made merely supplied him with arguments for discouraging the scheme. If Lord PALMERSTON had relied implicitly on their judgment he would not have troubled himself to thwart an impracticable enterprise. The American Government prudently declines to interfere in remote complications; but, if a differential duty were imposed by the Suez Company on American shipping or freight, the neutrality of the United States would be immediately interrupted. If commercial equality is secured in the Panama Canal for the trade of all nations, the United States will have little difficulty in maintaining political preponderance.

A still more recent corollary has been deduced from the MONROE doctrine by Mr. HURLBUT, American Minister to Peru; but the authority on which he professes to act is disputed by his colleague in Chili, and it is not yet known whether the Government at Washington sustains Mr. HURLBUT's policy. If the Ministers have acted on conflicting instructions, Mr. BLAINE will be responsible for a grave official and diplomatic miscarriage. Notwithstanding the crushing defeat of the Peruvian forces, and the long-continued occupation of the capital by the Chilean army, the United States Government has recognized Señor CALDERON as President of Peru. His predecessor fled from Lima on the approach of the enemy, and he is said, after maintaining desultory warfare for a time, to have left the country for Europe. Mr. HURLBUT lately addressed a communication to the Chilean commander at Lima to the effect that the American Government would regard with displeasure the permanent annexation to Chili of the whole or any part of the territory of Peru. On receiving the despatch, the Chilean Government applied to the American Minister at Santiago, who in answer formally repudiated any intention on the part of his Government to interfere in the quarrel. Not being, as it would seem, satisfied with the assurance of the Minister, the Chilean authorities have since arrested President CALDERON, and sent him in captivity to Santiago. It is possible that the American Government may regard the arrest as an affront to itself, though it would seem to be a legitimate act of war. Some writers assert that the seizure of the Peruvian President would have been resented but for the sufficient reason that there was no American ironclad on the coast. Whatever may be the result of proceedings which have perhaps not been accurately reported, there is happily no reason to fear that England will be involved in any dispute which may arise. The American Government, if it demands the release of the Peruvian President, or if it insists on controlling the territorial arrangements which may result from the war, will act in virtue of superior power rather than in assertion of any international right. England has no interest either in the dismemberment of Peru or in the extreme assertion of the rights of conquest. If the American Government persuades or compels the Chileans to be moderate it will probably do them a service.

#### MORE VACATION SPEECHES.

EVERYBODY who has read LUCRETIVS, with a great many people who have not, knows the famous description of the atom-drifts pelting through space, nowhence and nowhither. The comparison has no doubt been applied before to the pitiless storm of extra-Parliamentary oratory; but it is certainly applicable afresh now. Every week the competition of speakers grows hotter, and every week that very competition leaves less to say.

Since last Saturday there has been an especial pressure of deliverances, many of which before a score or so of hours have passed are as last year's snow. Among them, however, there are one or two which really deserve exemption from the general law of the dust-heap, and among these the first place must certainly be assigned to Mr. GOSCHEN's address at Rugby. Mr. GOSCHEN was in more respects than one lucky. He had an admirable foil provided for him in the shape of a member of Parliament whose name is known only to his brother lawyers and to diligent students of DOD, and who was good enough to append to Mr. GOSCHEN's thoughtful and original speech a *cola* of the usual adulation of Mr. GLADSTONE and the usual out-and-dried party common-places. Without Mr. BUSZARD Mr. GOSCHEN would still have been remarkable, but he would not have been nearly so remarkable. For it might have been forgotten how far the party to which he belongs has strayed from its original ways. There was a time when a Liberal, whatever might be the rectitude or obliquity of his general political views, was emphatically a person who thought for himself. There is no room now for any one who thinks for himself in the ranks of the Liberal party, and it is fortunate if a few persons like Mr. GOSCHEN are allowed a kind of unattached position in gratitude for past services and in hope of future subservience. To pass from Mr. GOSCHEN's atmosphere to Mr. BUSZARD's is very much like an experience of *RIP VAN WINKLE*; there is no need to describe the sensations of the later stage; the earlier is at any rate invigorating. Devoting himself, for the most part, to the subject of local government (not without certain very definite allusions, not over-complimentary in character, to the necessity of a "strong Executive"), Mr. GOSCHEN took occasion to sketch plans of reform in county administration, which may or may not be approved in detail, but which are evidently poles asunder from any likely to be proposed by the Government in which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are the two Kings of Brontford. Probably no worse service to his party could have been done than the reference to a former proposal which Mr. GOSCHEN gave us dating from 1871. That measure was by no means one to be accepted without criticism and alteration. But, at least as Mr. GOSCHEN described it at Rugby, it seems to the reader of 1881 to have somehow come from another sphere—to be a kind of Saturn and Jupiter Bill compared with the projects of to-day. "What! a fight! and nobody killed?" says a character in a novel of the last generation. "A Bill! and nobody robbed?" is the natural and irrepressible parody which rises to the lips of Mr. GOSCHEN's hearers now. To the scheme of direct county government by the elected of the ratepayers, which Mr. GOSCHEN suggests, it is easy to make some grave objections, not the least of which has been anticipated, but certainly not answered, by the suggestor himself in the remark that his own objection to the extension of the Parliamentary suffrage is not affected by his now proposal. But from this scheme, as well as from the scheme of parochial Boards, which, after Mr. ALBERT GREY, Mr. GOSCHEN supports, and from his eminently just and sensible views on the readjustment of local burdens, there is equally absent "the note of confiscation and revolution which every measure carried by the present Government has borne. There was room, too, for the protest—not now heard for the first time—which Mr. GOSCHEN made against the bewildering multiplication of Government interferences which is gradually sapping the healthy civic and social life of England. Indeed the whole speech may be said to have been a distinctly audible and distinctly intelligible reminder of the difference between Radicalism and Liberalism. There must have been many readers, as there were probably some hearers, of Mr. GOSCHEN's speech who were half rejoiced and half grieved at this glimpse of the days that are apparently no more—the days when Liberal and Conservative differed rather about means than ends, and could therefore mutually respect each other. When the historian comes to write the history of the present day he will not distinguish English politicians into Whigs and Tories, but simply into destructives and anti-destructives. Oddly enough, on this present occasion the two classes were represented by members of the same party, as parties went not so many years ago.

The analogy which has been drawn between Mr. GOSCHEN and Lord CARNARVON is somewhat superficial; but, as analogies go in these days, it will perhaps serve. Both

have proved their independence (Lord CARNARVON more strikingly, if less wisely, than Mr. GOSCHEN) at considerable inconvenience to themselves; yet there is not a breath which rests on the party loyalty of either, the insinuation of a morning journal that office might have bought over Lord CARNARVON to Liberalism being simply gratuitous impertinence. From the nature of the case Lord CARNARVON is not quite so much detached from his own party as Mr. GOSCHEN from his. The point on which the one differed was a point of accidental occurrence which is now past. The point on which the other practically holds himself aloof is yet a burning question, is entirely unsolved, and is one which holds a foremost place in the nominal programme of the party leaders. It is therefore impossible for Mr. GOSCHEN to take up the cudgels against all and sundry for his party, while no such disability rests on Lord CARNARVON. The chapter of his dissidence with former colleagues is closed, and that of his agreement fully reopened. The result is a speech in a livelier and more pugnacious vein than is usual with Lord CARNARVON. The Hampshire Conservatives who listened to him at Portsmouth on Wednesday must have felt that they had ware for their money. But, at the same time, the speech, though excellent of its kind, scarcely has the general interest of Mr. GOSCHEN's. It was a capital example of polemics; the kind of speech which benefits, and is intended to benefit, not the comparatively impartial student of politics, but the local politician. It is by speeches such as that of Lord CARNARVON that Governments are in the long run upset or established, not so much from their intrinsic weight as from their inspiring effect on the divisions of the combatant army. Not many speeches of the kind lately have been better than this, which strikes out for its author something of a new line. Unreasonable as the lavishing of such speeches may seem to be to persons who are well acquainted with political facts and deductions, there is no doubt that in the altered conditions of the electorate they are in a manner necessary. They do not conduce greatly to a clear and unbiassed judgment of the subject; but the immense majority of those who are called on to decide are incapable, and of the minority a large majority are impatient, of any such clear comprehension. Into such minds the nail must be driven when and where the opportunity offers, and, great as the sacrifice may be to the speakers, and tiresome as the result of that sacrifice may be to some hearers and readers, it must be acquiesced in. It was a fair jest of Sir W. HARCOURT's that his adversaries had come to the conclusion that the last election was won by much speaking, and had determined to repeat the process. But, like many jests, it covered a fact tending to refute the intended inference of the jestor.

One curious deliverance, proceeding from a very near relative of Lord CARNARVON's, deserves to be noticed in conclusion. Mr. AUBERON HERBERT, after a rather eccentric course in politics, appears to have definitely settled down into the position of a *vox clamans in deserto*, for the warning, if it be possible, of an erring Liberal party. The latest subjects of Mr. HERBERT's cries in the wilderness are the Farmers' Alliance and peasant-proprietorship. The former body supplies him with the occasion of much true, if not exactly new, reflection; to the latter he looks forward with a sanguine cheerfulness sufficient to save him from the charge of being a mere pessimist bemoaning his lost illusions about Mr. GLADSTONE. It is true that persons not unworthy of credence tell us that, if the peasant-proprietor were to reappear in England, the same causes which have banished him would make him a miserable creature, dragging on, by the help of money-lenders, a precarious existence, until some future Mr. GLADSTONE helped him by legislation. Still, the belief in the peasant-proprietor is a pleasant positive relief and lining to the negative gloom of Mr. HERBERT's present political creed. That everybody is trying to get something without paying for it; that all Liberal statesmen (except Mr. GOSCHEN) are endeavouring to help everybody in his laudable enterprise; that politicians like to take small steps in the direction of larger propositions so as to involve the acceptance of the latter without responsibility, and other things of the same kind, are the conclusions to which Mr. HERBERT's recent political studies have led him. The most unfortunate part of the matter is that there is a very great amount of truth in all this, though Mr. HERBERT has perhaps been a little late in perceiving it.

## VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS AND THE PROPOSED EDUCATION CODE.

IT is not every subject or every occasion that takes the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to a Government Department. He is too great a personage for his aid to be lightly or often invoked. The proposed Education Code may claim, therefore, among the other triumphs it has already won, that it has brought his Grace from Lambeth to Westminster, and engaged him in a close examination of that mysterious formula about which so much has been said and so little is certainly known. The case which the ARCHBISHOP laid before the LORD PRESIDENT and the VICE-PRESIDENT on Wednesday was simply this. The National Society, of which the Archbishop of CANTERBURY is the official President, has been the means of keeping alive a great number of voluntary schools in all parts of the country. As the representative of the subscribers to Church schools, the Society may be said to contribute between 500,000*l.* and 600,000*l.* yearly to the support of elementary education. Besides this, not less than 12½ millions have been laid out on school buildings, of which about 4 millions have been spent since 1870. The friends of voluntary schools may therefore claim to have given substantial proofs of their earnestness in the matter. They have not offered to the public that which cost them nothing. The part which these schools play in the education of the country is fully proportionate to the money expended. The elementary schools in England and Wales provide in all 4,240,000 school places, of which 2,327,000 are provided in Church schools. Thus more than half the whole school accommodation is furnished by the schools whose cause the Archbishop of CANTERBURY pleaded on Wednesday. Of the children actually on the school registers more than two millions are in Church schools, against something over half that number in Board schools. Nor is the education given in these schools at all inadequate to the requirements of the Government. The National Society can appeal to the reports of the Government Inspectors for proof to the contrary. The Church schools hold their own with any in the kingdom. The position, therefore, of the supporters of these schools is that they do a double public service. They educate a large number of children, and they do this at no cost to the ratepayers. If every Church school in the kingdom were closed, the number of School Boards would have to be greatly increased, accommodation provided for two million more children, and an additional half million of money be extracted every year from the ratepayers. The ARCHBISHOP did not profess any general hostility to the proposed code. Some of the changes he admitted to be good; but he is afraid that the result of these changes, taken in conjunction with the intended alterations in the mode of calculating payment for the work done, will be to throw a large additional outlay upon the Church schools. The regulations in the existing code with regard to teaching, to the number of teachers to be maintained in each school, and to the apparatus required for teaching, cannot be improved, as the new code proposes to improve them, without considerable outlay. If the old methods of calculating payment for work done were to remain in force, the managers of Church schools might hope to recoup themselves by the larger grants earned. But it is not at all certain that, under the new code, the existing grants will not be cut down; so that the managers may find themselves in the position of men called on to do their work more efficiently out of diminished means for doing it. From this point of view the Archbishop of CANTERBURY was able to speak as indirectly the representative of other bodies than the National Society. Other voluntary schools are afraid that their finances will be seriously crippled by the new regulations. In these schools eight hundred thousand children—not much short of half the number in the Board schools—are receiving instruction. The changes which are expected to do harm to Church schools will do equal or greater harm to these other voluntary schools. Thus, supposing the new code to make in favour of Board schools and against voluntary schools, it will improve the education given to a million children at the expense of the education given to nearly three million children.

It will be admitted that the case thus stated by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY is a strong one. The schools maintained by School Boards stand in a wholly different position as regards money from those maintained by voluntary contributions. All elementary schools are in part

maintained by Government grants, and in part by the children's pence. The difference between them has reference to the source from which the deficiency in the money thus obtained is to be made good. In the case of voluntary schools this source is the subscriptions of persons interested in their maintenance; in the case of School Board schools it is the rates. The rates have the advantage over subscriptions of being inexhaustible. Supposing that the Education Department insist on more money being spent on teachers and apparatus, the School Boards have no difficulty in meeting the demand. They can make as large a call on the rates as is necessary for the purpose, and they have not even the trouble of collecting it. The Vestry has to find the money and to make its peace with the ratepayers. If the school rate all over the country were fourfold or tenfold what it is now, School Boards could smile serenely on the local tempest which the demand would create, and plead that it had to meet the requirements of the Education Department or consent to forego all share in the Parliamentary grant. The managers of voluntary schools have nothing to fall back upon except the liberality of persons who, in many instances, are more and more taxed for the support of School Board schools. If they cannot induce their subscribers to increase their contributions in proportion to the new outlay that has to be provided, they must be content to see their present income getting smaller from the steady decline of the grant, owing to their inability to conform to the conditions on which a share in it depends. If it were only the disappointment of school managers that was involved in the discouragement of voluntary schools, it might be argued that this ought not to be set against the improvement of elementary education. If the voluntary schools cannot give as good an education as Board schools, they must go to the wall. There would be a good deal to be said on the other side even upon this view of the case, but it is unnecessary to say it, because there is very much more than the disappointment of school managers involved. School Boards are not so universally popular, nor is the zeal for paying an increased school rate so passionate, as to make it a matter of no importance whether voluntary schools are injured or held harmless. The true way to take in the meaning of a change is to see how it would work if pushed to its extreme limits. The closing of a voluntary school here and there would matter nothing, except to the ratepayers of that particular parish. But the closing of voluntary schools generally would inflict a very serious burden on the community, and in the end be extremely detrimental to elementary education. The children now in elementary schools must have schools and teachers provided for them, and it would be no slight demand upon the various School Boards to have to educate nearly four where they now have to educate only one. Even if we suppose that by the removal of overlapping schools the children were educated more cheaply under School Boards than in voluntary schools—an assumption for which there is at present very little foundation—the additional drain upon the ratepayers would be very large. When once the voluntary schools were out of the way, one of the principal motives for keeping the School Board schools in a state of thorough efficiency would be gone. There would be no competition, and consequently no shame in earning but a small part of the possible grant. Any decline in the grant, however, would be only temporary, inasmuch as the School Boards, having only their own schools to consider, would bring pressure to bear upon the Education department to induce it to lower its standard so as to make things pleasant for the ratepayers. The ultimate result would be that the country would spend more money than it spends now and get a poorer education in return for it. It would be an exceedingly short-sighted policy on the part of the friends of elementary education to do anything which should leave School Board schools in entire possession of the educational field. The pressure brought upon the School Boards by the ratepayers, and upon the Government by the School Board, to lower the standard of education in place of increasing the cost would soon become irresistible. The rivalry between the two classes of schools is not without its drawbacks; but they have their standing compensation in the educational activity to which that rivalry gives birth.

The answer of the LORD PRESIDENT to the deputation was as reassuring as anything can be which has to do with a code about the working of which every one concerned, except the permanent officials of the Education



Department, is in complete ignorance. Are the fears of the managers of voluntary schools well or ill founded? Nobody knows. Will efficient schools be able to earn as much as they earn now, or more, or less? Nobody knows. Will the changes in the teaching staff be beneficial or injurious to voluntary schools? Nobody knows. Never was there a series of proposals affecting such large pecuniary as well as other interests about which those who introduce them, and those to whose benefit or injury they are introduced, seem to be so completely in the dark. It is to be hoped that before Parliament meets the Education Department will put out an intelligible statement, showing what is the precise effect which it believes that the new code will have upon the several classes of voluntary schools. There must be an impression in the Office as to what that effect will be, and there can be no reason why this impression—which, formed as it will have been by competent experts, will furnish valuable data for forecasting the future of voluntary schools under the new code—should not at once be made public. The representatives of voluntary schools will then be able either to show cause why these impressions are to be deemed untrustworthy, or why, if they are trustworthy, the changes to which they have reference are inexpedient. It is greatly to be desired that Parliament should not, during the Session, be as much in the dark about the proposed code as nearly everybody else has been during the recess.

#### RESCUE OF MR. LEIGH SMITH

THE situation of Mr. Leigh Smith and his crew is one which cannot fail to excite the interest and compassion of his countrymen. Mr. Smith's yacht, the *Eira*, was last seen on the 8th of July, off the west coast of Nova Zembla. She was steering north, with the purpose, as is presumed, of crossing the difficult Barents Sea, of exploring Franz Josef's Land, and of pushing on, were it but for a few miles, the limit of human knowledge of the frozen North. From that date—the 8th of July—nothing whatever is known of the *Eira* and her fortunes. Mr. Leigh Smith had no thought of wintering in the Arctic regions. Even if no disaster has happened to his vessel and its crew, he will be unable to wait on board until September or even August 1882. It is almost certain that he will have to abandon the *Eira*, perhaps in May, to load his boats with provisions and all things necessary, and to make what progress to the open sea he may, by the tedious and fatiguing process of hauling the boats across floes, and of rowing when he is favoured by lanes of water. How slow, how tedious, this mode of travelling is, nay, how impossible to men worn out by an Arctic winter, we propose to show presently by the experience of the famous Austrian expedition. But it is necessary first to give some account of Mr. Leigh Smith's previous achievements and of his method of Arctic exploration.

Mr. Smith's first Arctic voyage was made in 1871, on board his yacht the *Samsøen*. His purpose, as Mr. Clements Markham says (*Threshold of the Unknown Region*), was to attain the highest possible latitude, and to explore the unknown lands to the eastward of Spitzbergen. He sailed down Hinlopen Strait in August, and reached a position which had formerly been supposed to be a peninsula. In the course of one shooting expedition, which lasted for eighteen hours, Mr. Smith walked round the "peninsula," and proved that it was, in fact, like Cape Breton, an island. He discovered, also, the eastward prolongation of North-East Land, and attained latitude  $81^{\circ} 24' N$ . In 1872 Mr. Smith's new yacht, the *Diana*, encountered much ice, and made no great progress. In 1873 he and the *Diana* were very serviceable to the Swedish Arctic expedition, which they supplied with fresh provisions. For this expedition Mr. Smith received the appropriate order of the Pole Star from the King of Sweden.

The most successful of Mr. Leigh Smith's voyages was that which he made last year, in the *Eira*, a new steam-yacht which he had built at Peterhead for the express purpose of Northern exploration. The *Eira* is 360 tons burden, and her crew, in 1880, consisted of twenty-nine men in all. Mr. W. G. A. Grant, the well-known amateur photographer of Arctic scenes, accompanied Mr. Smith, who had with him Dr. Neale, the surgeon, a master, two mates, two engineers, and twenty-one men. This year Mr. Grant has not sailed with the *Eira*, and Mr. Leigh Smith is left to the society of his surgeon, and some twenty-three whalers and mariners from Hull and Peterhead, through the dark weariness of the Arctic winter. By July 31 last year the *Eira* had rounded the south point of Spitzbergen, and Mr. Smith determined to cross the ice-laden Barents Sea to Franz Josef's Land, the country discovered by the Austrian expedition under Payer and Weyprecht. The *Eira* steamed northwards, and came on the pack on the 6th of August. On the 14th of August she reached Franz Josef's Land, proving that the route, at least in certain summers, is easily navigable. Unfortunately the condition of the ice in 1881 must have proved to be very unlike what it was in 1880, and the *Eira*, instead of outdoing her former exploit, may now be blocked up by the ice in "Eira Harbour," where she was comfortably installed last year.

Even in the expedition of 1881 there were perils enough, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Grant, with the doctor and boatswain, only reached the yacht on one occasion by jumping from one floating piece of ice to another. The zoological, geological, and botanical results of the cruise had considerable interest, and Mr. Smith demonstrated, as it appeared, that much might be done for Arctic discovery in the course of a single summer, by an explorer who understood ice-navigation and knew how to bide his time. "The extent of new coast-line discovered and explored was 110 miles, while, with the extent seen to the most distant point it was 150." The great size of the icebergs and the extent of the glaciers are supposed to indicate that Franz Josef's Land is almost continental in its proportions. Whether Mr. Smith's discoveries added at all to the reasonable hopes of reaching the Pole by this mode is a debated question on which we cannot venture to pronounce an opinion. Sir George Nares informed the Geographical Society that his own expedition had "effectually closed up Smith's Sound as a route in that direction." But Sir George Nares appeared to think that Eira Harbour, discovered by Mr. Smith, might prove a basis for an attack on the Pole made from the direction of Franz Josef's Land. However this may be, Mr. Smith's is decidedly the most meritorious expedition made in our time by private enterprise. His persistent and gallant efforts to advance geographical knowledge, and to help England in the international contest for the frosty laurels of the North, entitle him to the sympathy and the assistance which we trust that he will receive.

How great is the possible need of Mr. Smith and his crew may readily be estimated by any one who will recall the sufferings and exploits of the Austrian explorers. On the 20th of May, 1874, they abandoned their vessel in about the very place where Mr. Smith will probably be compelled to abandon the *Eira*. Mr. Smith, as we have already pointed out, had provisions with him which could hardly outlast fourteen months, and therefore he cannot afford to wait on board his yacht till September, and then steam quietly home if he is released by the breaking ice. He will be obliged to do as the Austrians did—to leave his vessel in May, and to haul his boats over the ice. Now the Austrians found that the first day's progress of twenty-three men harnessed to ropes and sledges was but one mile, and even this rate of progress was above the average. On many days they did not make half a mile of way. They were detained for long in what they called the "harbour of Aulis"—*vento retinente*, as Ovid says—and it is strange to think how the memory of some old tribal feud in prehistoric Greece has left its mark on a waste of ice and rock beyond the land of the Cimmerians. Not till June 17 did an ice-hole open, and the boats were launched only to be frozen in again. The men's privations were extreme. They lived on the fat of seals when they were lucky enough to shoot seals, on the dusty remains at the bottom of bread-barrels, on tea and tobacco. But these luxuries were soon exhausted; tobacco became the circulating medium; people paid each other for little services with a pipe of tobacco or a pannikin of water. Some men who had none of the circulating medium adopted a paper currency, and smoked brown paper. At one time the south-east wind blew so persistently that the expedition was blown and drifted due north-west, and actually lost three weeks' work. The one amusement was sleeping; dinner consisted of a cup of tea, a handful of bread-crumbs, and, on lucky days, a seal among four boats' crews. Meanwhile the labour of dragging, liting, pushing the boats, of cutting ice, of removing and reloading the packages, might have exhausted well-fed men in the perfection of training. And, after two months of this life, the distance between the boats and the deserted ship was two German miles. On the 24th of July, after more than two months' labour, rain began to fall, and the ice melted more rapidly. Might not the crews as well have waited for this favourable moment in the ship? Not till the 7th of August did the boats begin to make progress at the rate of twelve miles a day. Now August was well advanced, only a month's provisions remained, and still the open sea was not reached. Who can think without emotion that in August 1882 Mr. Smith and his men may be precisely in this strait? And, even when the sea lay free and open to the Austrians, on the 15th of August, they had a long uncertain cruise to make in open boats, with a barren and deserted shore in front of them. When Nova Zembla was reached, their perils were not over. They might find no ship there, they might be forced on the desperate venture of crossing the White Sea, direct to Lapland, a distance of 450 miles. On this occasion, as every one knows, Fortune did not desert the brave, and they fell in with a hospitable Russian vessel, when they could sleep undisturbed by the fear of being starved to death in the end.

"Truly," says Homer, "every shape of death is hateful to wretched men; but to die of hunger, and so meet doom, is the most terrible death of all." Surely we cannot endure to leave the lives of the crew of the *Eira* to chance, or to the best-directed of private enterprises. The Barents Sea, as Mr. Valentine Smith says in his letter on the subject to the Geographical Society, will not next summer be wholly deserted. The Dutch will make a fifth voyage there with the *William Barents*, and Sir Henry Gore Booth intends to go there in a small sailing vessel. But sailing vessels, as Mr. Valentine Smith says, cannot make an effective search, nor do much more than skirt the outer edges of the ice. "A well-equipped and ably-commanded steamer can alone meet the requirements of the case. . . . It would probably be desirable to leave a *dépôt* on Cape Nassau, with a large

and conspicuous cairn," such as men might see from open boats afloat between the ice and the coast of Nova Zembla. Eira Harbour should also be visited as early as may be. Mr. Leigh Smith has given money and time and labour to the cause of science, and, for the credit of a seafaring nation, we trust that Government will think that such services, and such an example of energy and fortitude, merit recognition, and that the crew of the *Eira* deserve to be sought for and rescued, not less than the whalers after whom Sir James Ross was despatched in the *Cove*. The nature of Mr. Leigh Smith's position is the most impressive that can appeal to the imagination.

ἔχρη' δῖστος, ἀνυστος,

he has gone out of all men's sight and hearing, and is left to combat with such enemies as cold and hunger, and the night. That he and his men will overcome them, we most heartily hope; but they need such assistance as surely they will receive from their country.

#### CHURCH PARTIES PAST AND PRESENT.

IT was not a bad idea of Mr. Benham's to give us, in the new number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, a sketch of "Church Controversies during the last fifty years," the date being of course fixed so as just to anticipate the beginning of the Tractarian movement. But his manner of executing the design leaves us much to desiderate. Mr. Benham writes apparently from the standpoint of a moderate and liberal-minded Broad Churchman—we agree with him that the term is too vague and comprehensive to be a very satisfactory one—and is evidently anxious to be fair both to High Churchmen and Evangelicals, though his appreciation of their respective principles, the former especially, does not appear to be more than superficial. But his paper has none of the picturesque interest of the brilliant though very one-sided sketch of Tractarianism lately contributed by Mr. Froude to *Good Words*, and does not even attempt to emulate the historical and ethical coherence of Mr. Gladstone's paper on Church parties in the *British Quarterly* two or three years ago. We have successive glimpses of the old Evangelicals, the Tractarians, the Broad Church, and the modern Ritualists, but of any moral or logical sequence of these various phases of thought and their relation to each other we are told almost nothing; even the notorious and significant fact, which Mr. Gladstone has dwelt upon, that nearly all the original Tractarians—the exceptions can be counted on the fingers of one hand—began life as Evangelicals, is not so much as touched upon. After this it is not surprising to find the writer so vague and unsuggestive as he is in drawing the moral of his tale. Beyond a strong conviction that disestablishment would be "a frightful calamity," and that it is imminent if the present strain continues much longer, that Bibliolatry and idolatry of the Church are equally false and ineffective, and that "young High Church zealots" are very foolish persons, he really has nothing to tell us of the future—except indeed that "there is a possible future before the Church of England," if only the clergy will follow the advice given by St. Peter to those of his own day. That does not seem a very helpful or adequate solution of the problems raised by the controversies of the last fifty years. On one point indeed Mr. Benham had intended to give some advice, but there was no space for it, and that is on preaching. We are the less tempted however to regret the omission as his indictment against modern preachers generally is so very indiscriminate, and the models he proposes for imitation in the past are so little suited to present exigencies, that our confidence in the value of his counsels is not extreme. His view of isolated facts is often an odd one, as will presently appear, and of their mutual relations he does not offer any view at all, except in one case, where his theory of the development of ideas is still more peculiar. *Post hoc, propter hoc* is no doubt an exploded fallacy in logic, but nevertheless historical events, and not least in religious history, have a sequence of causation as well as of time. Nor can any predictions or warnings about the future be of much service which are not based on a careful appreciation of the growth of ideas and institutions in the past.

Mr. Benham begins by observing that fifty years ago, towards the close of Charles Simcoe's life, the Evangelical party had lost its first fervour and had patched up a sort of Concordat or armistice with the high and dry or "old port-wine" school. That is true, but it is an awkward way of putting it, to say that "the old Evangelicals had been violently anti-Erastian; the new ones looked coldly on the Dissenters." Of Erastianism the old Evangelicals knew little and thought less. They fraternized readily with their "dear Dissenting brethren," not because they were jealous of State interference in religion, but because they recognized no special sacredness or obligation in one form of ecclesiastical polity more than another. It is true also that the *Tracts for the Times* were started with the view of showing that the Church does not depend on civil authority; but here again it is quite out of place to charge the authors with inconsistency in taking up "the old Puritan idea" on one point while they denounced Puritanism in nearly all other respects. The "idea" was much older than Puritanism, being avowedly borrowed from the ancient Church, which in this one respect Puritanism, when confronted with Popish or prelatic Governments, had found it convenient to emulate. But whatever were the motives of the Tractarians, an outcry was at once

raised against them on the score that "they were leading a movement which would land us in the Church of Rome." And although all of them, and especially "the chief writer," indignantly denied the charge, he and many of his allies eventually justified it, by their conduct. The fact of course is so, but it is strange logic to argue that the Homeward tendency of the Tract movement was "demonstrated" by the publication of Tract XC. or by its author's secession; it would be just as logical to argue that its anti-Roman tendency was demonstrated by Dr. Pusey's declining to follow him. This reference to Tract XC. illustrates also Mr. Benham's queer way of looking at facts. Its republication some few years ago by Dr. Pusey made no more fuss, Mr. Benham tells us, than is caused by the reappearance of a polemical tract of Milton or Tom Paine. "It is interesting as a literary curiosity; no one adopts its principle, *certainly not the editor*." The notion of Dr. Pusey undertaking the editorship of literary curiosities is sufficiently amusing; in his reissue of Tract XC. he was careful to explain that he published it with a very practical object—to which Dr. Newman also referred in his Letter to him—and that he did very distinctly "adopt its principle." Mr. Benham is not equally incorrect in refurbishing the favourite Broad Church boast—which is reiterated with a persistency that forcibly reminds one of a familiar copybook sentence about "self-praise"—that the voice of each of the liberal leaders was raised on behalf of the much-abused Tract writers in the midst of the clamour against them. He specifies four of these chivalrous apologists—Thirlwall, Maurice, Hare, and Stanley—and even of them this can only be predicated with considerable reserve; that others quite as prominent then on the same side—e.g. the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Wilson the *Essayist and Reviewer*—took a prominent part in creating the clamour he omits to mention. The somewhat vacillating line taken, "not with very happy results," by Bishop Blomfield—on whose zeal, ability, and high character he pronounces a just encomium—is described by Mr. Benham fairly enough. On the one hand he approved and encouraged the attack on Tract XC.; on the other he delivered a Charge condemning indeed some "Romish novelties" now commonly seen in even Evangelical churches, such as flowers on the altars, but directing certain changes in divine service, such as preaching in the surplice, which were then considered so ultra-ritualistic (the word was not then in use) that their introduction according to the *Times* compelled conscientious worshippers to turn aside with tears from the pews where their fathers and grandfathers had knelt—we mean sat—before them, and the graves where their bones reposed. But when the Islington clergy refused to obey these injunctions the Bishop somewhat abruptly withdrew them, and threw over those who had got into trouble by too ready a compliance with his orders. He was a high-principled and well-meaning man who imperfectly discerned the signs of the times.

In his comments on the literature of the movement Mr. Benham is not happy. He admits, what is certainly the fact, that, while in a numerical minority, the Tractarians had the learning and literary power on their side, but he chiefly dwells on one very subordinate branch of this literature, the religious novel, in which he thinks they misused their gifts. We are not prepared to defend everything in Mr. Paget's extremely amusing tales, but they do not deserve the severe censure here pronounced upon them, which moreover applies really to this method of conducting controversy rather than to any particular examples of it. The controversial novel, in whatever interest it may be written—whether Roman, Anglican, Protestant, or even, like some of the most attractive of those stories, designed to illustrate the contrast between the early Christians and their heathen persecutors—is always and inevitably more or less unfair. We have a distinct recollection of a Broad Church novel by the late Mr. Conybeare, called *Perversion*, far more objectionable than any tale of Mr. Paget's, and our readers may remember a grossly offensive specimen of the same kind of anti-ritualist fiction reviewed some months ago in our own columns. As to theological controversy, properly so called, Mr. Benham seems to be possessed with the essentially shallow and arrogant notion, which does not say very much for his own acquaintance with theology, that all good men at bottom think just the same, only they do not know it. The difference between Dr. Pusey and Bishop Ryle on baptismal regeneration is simply "a question of terminology"; "there is no practical difference between them," which means, we suppose, that Dr. Pusey would agree with Bishop Ryle on the importance of carefully training a baptized child, and not merely trusting for its Christian steadfastness to the fact that it has been christened. If the remark means this it is an obvious truism; if it means anything more it is untrue. Bishop Ryle might with equal justice be said "practically" to agree with Cardinal Manning about Transubstantiation. Then we are told that "the late Professor Mozley, being called upon to write down Mr. Gorham, but bringing a cool head and warm heart to bear upon the question, ended by writing in his defence." In the first place Professor Mozley, if we may trust his own account of the matter, was not "called upon to write down Mr. Gorham," but took up the question to satisfy his own mind; in the next place he was only led to defend Mr. Gorham's views through his adopting a theory of predestination which by no means commends itself to every one with a cool head and warm heart, and is repudiated by almost every High Churchman who values consistency of thought. Dr. Pusey is altogether rather hardly dealt with in this paper; he is the lay figure constantly trotted out by Mr. Benham to illustrate his

somewhat paradoxical crotchets. Not only does he devote himself to editing literary curiosities, and "practically" agree with Bishop Ryle about the doctrine of baptism. He also "practically" agrees with Dr. Farrar about eternal punishment, which again can only mean, if it means anything, that they would both alike exhort sinners to repentance in this world, however they may differ as to the consequences of sin in the next. The late Dean Mansel in another way has still harder measure dealt him. He is saddled, on account of his Hampton Lectures, with the sole and actual paternity of "what is known as Agnosticism," and this too is the solitary instance in the controversies of the last fifty years where Mr. Benham professes to recognize anything like a progressive sequence of ideas. Dr. Mansel's theory of the "limits of religious thought" has always appeared to us a very questionable one, but to say that it has proved historically the only or chief cause of the recent outbreak of Agnosticism, even if—which we do not ourselves believe—it has had anything whatever to do with the matter, is simply ridiculous; the explanation of that phase of modern unbelief is not far to seek, nor is it made any easier by retailing some irrelevant nonsense about the donkey that drank up the moon.

We cannot follow Mr. Benham through his rambling comments on Bishop Colenso's affair, further than to notice that he again betrays his characteristic inaccuracy of thought when he says of the Bishop of Capetown's action in the matter—in language studiously borrowed from one of the most unpleasant of the *Ingoldsby Legends*—"Who is one penny the worse for his sentence of deposition and of the greater excommunication?" It was an attempt to suppress by force what hundreds and thousands were seeking and trying to get to the bottom of, and his attempt was hopeless. Certainly if anybody out of Colney Hatch had been silly enough to make such an attempt it must have proved hopeless enough. But it is one thing to endeavour to suppress by force the investigation of critical difficulties in the Bible, quite another thing to decide that a person who has arrived at the particular solution of them maintained by Dr. Colenso is not fit to hold high office in the Church, and—with all deference to the superior wisdom of Mr. Benham and "the jackdaw of Rheims"—Bishop Gray was not at all singular in judging that the latter point should be decided in the negative. Lastly we are brought to "the Ritualistic quarrel," but whether this quarrel has in any way risen out of the Tractarian movement, or has any sort of connexion with it, no hint is vouchsafed. To do the writer justice, he speaks in warm, almost enthusiastic terms of the good work done among the poorest of the poor by such men as "Mr. Macconochie and Messrs. Green and Knaght," and still more by "good Charles Lowder," whom he knew personally. On the other hand, the Evangelicals are summarily informed—which will not quite please them—that "their old belief in 'an infallible Book' will not do. The Book is not infallible." But then the Ritualists "are utterly unreasonable in refusing to obey anybody," and exploding the old Tractarian principle that the final authority is the Bishop. That is too wide a question to enter upon here, but one concluding remark will not be out of place. Whether the Ritualist position is a tenable one in itself is a point fairly open to discussion, but that is not the question raised here. And assuming—what of course must be assumed in advising the Ritualists on the rightness or wrongness of this or that detail of their conduct—that their fundamental contention against the binding authority of Lord Penzance and the Privy Council is defensible, we do not see much reason or justice in blaming them for declining to accept injunctions which are "practically"—to use Mr. Benham's favourite phrase—a mere conscious echo of that rejected authority, even though clothed in the form of an episcopal "admonition," and promulgated amid the solemnities of an extemporized clerical assembly dignified, rather on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, with the name of a Diocesan Synod. But if it is unfair to condemn the Ritualists for refusing to bow to the *ipse dixit* of individual Bishops, there is more force in Mr. Benham's humorous exposure of the infallible pretensions of the "newspaper pope" to whose edicts they are sometimes too ready to succumb. Nobody familiar with that department of journalism is likely to mistake the organ not inaptly indicated in the following passage:—

In our day, an invisible pope summons all classes to his tribunal, and absolves any one of them, whether bishop, priest, or layman, from any obligation whatever, on his own sovereign authority. Maurice said so long ago, but since then this pope too has made fresh canons of his infallibility. And this pope is—the editor of the religious newspaper. The young priest disobeys and insults his bishop, sets the law of the land at defiance, scorns such insignificant dunces as Lords Selborne and Hatherley, will put his trust in nobody but the newspaper pope. You buy your pope's weekly bulls with the same instinct that a London rough looks on at a street fight—a cruel instinct. You want to see whom your pope calls "Raca" this week, and whom "Moreh." For the pope delights in cursing—it is his livelihood; and it is he if any who will bring the Church of England to ruin.

#### IMPRISONMENT FOR BRIBERY.

THE severe sentences passed last Tuesday on the persons convicted of bribery at Sandwich and Macclesfield may not improbably have an effect somewhat different from that which appears to have been anticipated by the judges who passed them. Their object seems to have been to affirm in some decided and startling manner the principle that the law does regard bribery as a serious offence, and so to convert public opinion and encourage juries to convict. According to general experience, the proceeding is

likely to act rather in an opposite direction. Juries will probably be rather more than less reluctant to convict when they are aware of the results of conviction. This, however, is, it may be admitted, not a very important consideration, inasmuch as it can hardly be more difficult to obtain convictions in these cases than it is at present. Supposing that severity is really justifiable, there might be some reason for contending that, when the law catches a specimen of a class of criminals particularly hard to catch, it will do well to make an example of him. An example has certainly been made of the unfortunates whom their own ill-luck and the adroit management of the Commissioners has exposed to the clutches of the law. Three solicitors, all men of high standing and position in their respective societies, have been condemned to terms of imprisonment varying from six to nine months, without any of the indulgences usually accorded to persons of their class who have been convicted of what may be called artificial crimes—crimes, that is to say, which are the creation of statute rather than of the moral law. A coach proprietor, who, as a Town Councillor of Sandwich, must be presumed to be of respectable station, also has six months, and shorter terms are assigned to half a dozen other persons. The most remarkable point of the judgment, perhaps, is that the aggravated enormity which procured the sentence of nine months upon Messrs. May and Mair of Macclesfield seems to have been that they had taken counsel's opinion as to the legality of the course they pursued, and had received an answer favourable to that course.

The speech in which Mr. Justice Denman passed sentence ignores the main reasons which lie at the root of the general reluctance to see sentences of this kind inflicted. Very few people, we suppose, have any abstract sympathy with or approval of bribery, though paradoxes here and there have been started—more in jest than in earnest—to defend it. But there is felt to be, in the first place, a good deal of cant about the objections usually made to the practice; and, in the second place, it is, we believe, felt still more widely that such victims as those of Tuesday are emphatically the wrong men in the wrong place. Their office is little more than ministerial; they are simply middle terms between the candidate who is willing to spend on an election sums of money which he knows perfectly well can by no possibility be honestly spent, and the voters who are not merely willing to receive, but who insist on receiving, money for their votes. It is on this last point especially that the cant just mentioned is wont to lavish itself. The wicked bribing agent is represented as going about tempting poor, but previously honest, voters with his infernal gold. As every one knows who knows anything of elections, nothing can be less like the fact. With very rare exceptions, the bribe is a man who has made up his mind to be bribed. His attitude is precisely that of the Bridgewater elector who was canvassed by the late Mr. Bagshot. "I won't vote for gentlesfolks unless they does something for I." Yet the law hardly troubles itself at all about the corrupt voter, while it visits Mr. May and his fellows with about the same punishment as would be inflicted on a wife-beater who had not quite killed a woman. In the same way the candidate, even though his intentions may be obviously and transparently corrupt, gets off with nothing worse than a partial and temporary disability. This is certainly not even-handed justice, and it is all the less even-handed because the classes who are exposed to punishment get punished in the most haphazard way. A mere glance at the reports of the Election Commissions will show that there were scores and hundreds of agents and sub-agents in exactly the same boat with Messrs. May, Mair, and Edwards. It so happened, however, that their evidence was necessary to the Commissioners, and so they got their certificates of indemnity. There is something revolting to an ordinary sense of justice in such a state of things—a state in which the mere caprice of Commissioners in refusing to call a man may subject him to severe and even ruinous punishment. But, independently of the sense of justice, there is the expediency of the matter to be considered. There is no triter saying about punishment, and none better founded, than the saying that to be effective it may be heavy or light, but should be as certain as possible. So long as the criminal can say to himself that there are a hundred chances in his favour and only one against him, no severity of the improbable penalty will deter him. Now the chances of punishment to any individual briber are exceedingly small; indeed, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, he can practically do away with them altogether. If he is caught, it must be owing either to his own imprudence, or to the treachery of others who are bribed to incriminate him by receiving immunity themselves. The present system of obtaining convictions for bribery may be said to be a vast manufacture of king's evidence, in which, some hundreds or thousands of persons having conspired to commit an offence, the great majority are bribed by a free pardon to supply the necessary testimony for the conviction of the infinitesimal minority. It is the knowledge of all this, and not any sympathy with corrupt practices which makes those Sandwich and Macclesfield unfortunates objects of compassion. In the first place, they are not the really guilty parties; and, in the second, if they are guilty at all, they are only unlucky individuals of a vast class.

These points are all the better worth considering because of the present Attorney-General's threatened change of whips for scorpions in this matter of bribery. When the rules of Parliament have been altered, and the English tenant-farmers presented with various undefined boons, and the Bankruptcy laws set aside

once for all, and county government revolutionized, and the labourer enfranchised, and a few other trifling *boulversements* of the British Constitution effected, Sir Henry James is going to make matters much more unpleasant for bribers. It remains to be seen whether such an alteration of the law would be of any effect. It is, to say the least, not probable. Bribery is an ugly weed, but one of very hardy growth, so long as the actual soil in which it grows—the willingness of voters to be bribed—is not affected, and it is not quite clear how this is to be done by more severity to agents. The increase of the constituencies and the magic of the Ballot were to do away with it. It is now notorious that they have not done anything of the kind; on the contrary, the Ballot Act is the very Magna Charta of the corrupt voter, securing to him the formerly impossible privilege of receiving bribes from both parties at once. As for the increase of the electorate, the sole result has been to diminish the price of individual votes, and to make the "boss" system for which the Caucus arrangements of Mr. Schnadhorst and his friends give every facility both necessary and imminent. Nor is it at all probable that the plan of shutting up in prison an old gentleman of sixty-three who, relying on the law, has told the truth freely, but has put himself in the power of the Commissioners by a mistake or an equivocation on a single unimportant point, will be any more successful. For, as has been already pointed out, the most likely result of this severity will simply be an increased reluctance to convict on the part of juries, if not a possible reaction of public feeling against criminal proceedings for bribery altogether.

The truth is that nothing can be more clumsy or less equitable than the present legal methods of dealing with bribery. They punish the wrong persons, and they punish them in the wrong sort of way. There can be nothing more prejudicial to that "conscience of the nation" of which we hear so much nowadays than the creation of artificial crimes and the confusion of different kinds of culpability by the infliction of an identical punishment, unless perhaps it be the infliction of punishment in the uneven and haphazard manner which, as has been shown, is a necessary incident of the present law of Election Commissions and trials. In all cases the first thing to do is to proportion the penalty to the offence; and, as it happens, this is particularly easy to do in the case of bribery. If it were the custom, not, according to the present rather irrational rule, to disfranchise a constituency for ever for the fault of one generation, but to suspend its franchise for five, ten, or twenty years, and then restore it during good behaviour; if candidates proved guilty of bribery were rendered incapable of sitting in Parliament (the present theory of agency being of course modified) for a longer or shorter period; if agents detected in the same practice were made incapable of serving anywhere in the same capacity without vitiating the election; and, finally, if every person proved to have been bribed were struck off the register, as much would have been done to check bribery as can reasonably be done, and probably far more than is done under the present mixture of coaxing for confessions and punishing for not having had the chance of confessing. For, if people would clear their minds of cant about bribery, they would see that the reason for objecting to it is simply that, in conceivable cases, it might prevent the State from being served in Parliament by the best man. The agent or the candidate who buys votes disturbs the judgment of the constituency in selecting the best man; the voter who sells them announces that he does not care about using that judgment. The appropriate punishment, therefore, is, in the first place, to disqualify the man who solicits votes for money; in the second, to disfranchise the persons who are false to their trust, and who show themselves open to this manner of soliciting. Beyond this the State can have no possible reason for going, and by going beyond this it simply defeats its own intentions. The weapon of disability or disfranchisement is easily used; it is perfectly equitable in its operation; it is not likely to be interfered with by sympathy with the victims; and, best of all, it is absolutely effectual. No other weapon unites these advantages, or even most of them; certainly that at present in use does not. For, when the House of Commons is at last stirred up to disfranchise a borough, what happens? The corrupt voters simply swell the county constituency—an arrangement perhaps as ludicrous in its anomaly as any to be found, even in English politics. It is, of course, in the highest degree desirable that so severe a punishment as disfranchisement should not be used indiscriminately, and perhaps that it should never be used without allowing a *locus penitentiae*. But, with obvious safeguards, it might be made thoroughly workable as applied to individuals, to parts of constituencies—for very often one ward in a town is utterly corrupt when the next is not corrupt at all—and to constituencies *en bloc*. Imprisonment for bribery has none of these advantages. When public opinion holds it disgraceful to bribe, as it already holds it disgraceful to be bribed, bribery will cease; but that state of public opinion will not be brought about by the haphazard infliction of a clearly incongruous punishment.

#### TATTOOING.

IN the sacred interests of science we have paid a somewhat disappointing visit to the Westminster Aquarium. The enterprising Mr. Farini had advertised his possession of two priceless anthropological phenomena—"a noble Greek" and "a Leopard Boy"—and his intention to exhibit them to the curious and contemplative. We do not pretend to take much interest in the spotted boy, even if he is a mulatto who has come out in spots

instead of a uniform yellow. But the noble Greek is a more interesting person. This nobleman is reported to have been tattooed in more than three hundred places by the Chinese Tartars. These ferocious monsters, for political reasons, are said to have completely covered the Hellenic frame of the Greek with beautifully delineated figures of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and quadrupeds. If we may judge by the coloured advertisements, the Chinese Tartars tattoo very much in the style of old Persian carpets. We are, unluckily, obliged to judge by coloured advertisements only, for the noble Greek did not appear when we went to his room in the Aquarium. One old gentleman and a little boy shared our poignant disappointment, though we waited on the victim of Tartar cruelty at the very hour when, according to the advertisements, he exhibits himself to the inquiring eyes of anthropologists and the general public. We can therefore only place our trust in a document signed by Mr. O. W. Holmes, declaring that the noble Greek is "remarkable as combining in one exhibition a picture gallery, a menagerie of strange animals, and a proof of how much suffering man can inflict on man endure." Mr. Farini offers a reward of 10,000*l.* for the correct deciphering of the tattooed hieroglyphs. Here is a chance for Ilittite and Etruscan students. Mr. Farini does not say who is to be umpire as to the correctness of the decipherment, but no doubt the editors of the sporting papers will kindly act as referees. Meanwhile, we are compelled to fall back on the topic of tattooing in general, after admitting, on very eminent authority, that the noble Greek is the best tattooed European alive.

Tattooing, or at least tattooing as practised by uncivilized men, is an art without a history. No one, as far as we are aware, has made it the business of his life to study the development of tattooing from its rude beginnings to the consummate forms which we are invited to admire in the person of the noble Greek. We have not, therefore, the materials at hand for a really scientific discussion of the evolution of "moko," as the New Zealanders call tattooing. As science becomes more thoroughly differentiated, and as specialists arise in this branch of learning, we shall, doubtless, have books written on Mokology. This seems the most appropriate term for the new study, because it sounds tautological to talk of tattooology. In the course of a few years we may believe that conferences of Mokologists will be held in September in the larger and more intellectual provincial towns. In the meantime we venture to offer a few remarks of our own on this obscure topic.

The origin of tattooing is, doubtless, the same as the origin of whittling—namely, pure brainless indolence. But while the civilized Yankee merely whittles at his chair, his table, or a piece of soft wood, the untutored and childish savage naturally preferred whittling at his fellow-creatures. He saw no fun in whittling at dead, unfeeling matter. The love of giving pain is one of the earliest instincts of our nature, and the practice is as agreeable to the least developed savage as to the most accomplished modern libeller. We may even regard tattooing as an upward step towards civilization. Man's very first impulse, if we may believe some speculative philosophers, was to eat his neighbours *sans phrase*. His next idea was to keep him alive, when caught, and to tattoo him, as the Chinese Tartars tattooed the noble Greek. His third idea was to use his captive as a slave. But the gulf between tattooing captives and the use of tattooing as a universal fashion is a wide one, and we must leave some future inquirer to leap across it with the conjectural agility of Mr. Herbert Spencer. There is one source of the custom of tattooing which doubtless combined with the instincts of cruelty and of decorative art, instincts that, as Mr. Ruskin says, generally go together. In the infancy of mankind, before people wore clothes, and when all men, except those who shared the same cave, were enemies, it was necessary for the different groups to have some sort of distinguishing mark. Otherwise, near relations might come to blows, and persons of the same stock might intermarry—a thing utterly repugnant to primitive morality. By way, therefore, of having some recognizable mark, people are supposed to have tattooed themselves with the effigy of some animal common in their neighbourhood, or, which was easier and simpler, with some combination of dots or lines. One set of persons was marked with the sign of the crane, another with that of the wombat, a third with the turtle. Whether this was a really primitive practice or not, it is certain that heraldic bearings of this kind are traced on the breasts of the Red Men of North America. But they are comparatively advanced savages; and, indeed, we can hardly believe that very rude tribes could draw a recognizable wombat, or a crane that might not easily be mistaken for a swan, and so lead to infringements of etiquette and morality. A man marked with the crane might marry a lady of the same mark, under the delusion that she was tattooed with the swan, and so a heinous offence against early morality might be unwittingly committed. The least developed tattooing with which we are acquainted is that of the natives of Australia. The purely decorative tattooing may be traced to the primitive stage of mere arbitrary whittling. Gentlemen of fashion have their bodies covered with huge scars in relief, scars which make no attempt to represent any object, and which are not even pretty in shape and arrangement. In Mr. Brough Smyth's *Aborigines of Australia* (vol. i. p. 11) there is a portrait of a good-looking black fellow, with scars at least an inch high all over his back. Down the spine runs a line of these scars; others appear to indicate the position of the ribs. Both men and women in Queensland get themselves marked in this way. The instrument used is a piece of broken shell, inserted in the end of the throwing-stick which is used to give velocity to the



flight of the spear. This custom must probably be the survival of some very old institution, because the Australians are capable of designing very graceful decorative patterns, such as the herring-bone, chevron, and saltire. But they keep these marks for their shields, and hack their own bodies in a rude and random fashion. In addition to the mere unmeaning scars, the different groups tattoo themselves with patterns common to the tribe. Three rows of five dots, five upright lines, and a rude curve, like an attempt to draw a boomerang, are among the recognized tribal marks. The untutored Australians find it almost impossible to draw a curve, and this naturally limits their powers of decorative design. The lower Brazilian tribes, according to Bates, are on the same artistic level as the Australians, and scar themselves with mere lines and patches. The New Zealanders, on the other hand, a much more advanced race, show us tattooing on the level of a fine art. It is impossible, without the use of illustrations, to demonstrate the richness, beauty, and variety of the New Zealand tattooing. The ornaments are the herring-bone and triangular markings; but these are subordinate to the loop-coil which winds gracefully in and out of all their ornamentations. The patterns are intricate, the lines deep, and the style bold. Ornament of the same sort is found in Borneo, and it has been suggested that the Polynesian style is really a debased form of the Asiatic. However this may be, the New Zealanders cut and carve their own skins with all the resources of their art. The "moko" is said not to constitute a mark of rank, except in so far as inability to pay the *mokoists* is a sign of poverty. Nor do the New Zealand tattooings indicate the differences of tribe. They appear to be merely an exhibition of human vanity, like expensive dress among clothed peoples. The men, like true savages, keep decoration as much as possible to themselves; or perhaps it would be more fair to say that the better taste of the women revolts against the practice. When Englishmen first settled in New Zealand they found that the older women had one side of their faces tattooed, so that from one point of the view they looked like men, while the other aspect of the profile revealed them as women. Now the women tattoo only the lines of the lips and a scroll depending from the angles of the mouth. They also draw fine blue lines on their arms and breasts. The practice of the New Zealanders shows us tattooing as no longer a torture or a kind of trade-mark, but merely a form of personal ornament.

It is in this shape that tattooing survives among the savage and backward classes of civilized peoples, among boys, criminals, and the lower class of soldiers. This modern tattooing has recently been made the subject of special studies, both in France and Italy. Soldiers are often found tattooed literally all over their bodies. The men who are frequently under arrest find, in tattooing, a help to kill time. Whole pictures copied from illustrated newspapers or the covers of match-boxes are often imprinted on the flesh by the use of needles and colouring matter. Mottoes are also engraved, and marks of trades, or religious and patriotic emblems, are very common. Places like Loretto and other centres of pilgrimages are also centres of the art of tattooing. Sacred signs are stamped, for a small charge, on the bodies of the pilgrims, and this practice actually prevails in Jerusalem. In Paris and other great towns there are professional tattooers, and the cost of a really elaborate design may reach twelve or even twenty francs. The lowest class of women in French Africa are also tattooed with a liberality which the New Zealand *tubras* might envy or despise. Mankind is naturally prone to relapse into the barbarous customs of the past, and there can be no better proof of this than the extent to which tattooing is practised in the armies and prisons of France and Italy. Indeed these tattooed civilized men have sunk even below the standard of the barbarian of New Zealand. Civilized tattooing is mechanical in method, and trivial or disgusting in subject, while the "moko" of the New Zealanders is designed on sound principles of decoration.

The recent French and Italian researches prove that tattooing in Europe is chiefly confined to men. Roger Tichborne wished to tattoo his cousin, and Mr. Payn tells, in the *Belgravia* Christmas Number, a very moving tale of a young lady of rank who tattooed her arm with the name "Tom." School-girls should remember that, however devoted they may be to "Tom" at the age of fourteen, at eighteen they will find the indelible token of this affection rather inconvenient. But, if all tattooers were as expert as the Dyaks, ladies who love blue china might consent to be tattooed. The hands of a Dyak woman in Mr. Carl Bock's *Head Hunters in Borneo* have the most beautiful blue ornaments, in the most exquisite taste. We have known æsthetic ladies who tinged their nails with henna; from this to tattooing *à la Dyak* is but a short step. Whether young dandies should tattoo themselves is a question that may be left to the cultivated taste of long-haired lads who already wear bangles and bracelets. The first young man tattooed in Nankin blue will doubtless have a success, but imitation might prove monotonous. It is certain that Europeans will find no better teachers in this art than the china-collecting, head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo.

#### LONDON SMOKE.

THE meeting held at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, by way of prelude to the opening of the Smoke Prevention Exhibition, did not contribute much to the public knowledge of the subject. It was hardly necessary to subpoena the Marquess of Lorne

to prove that roses will not now grow in Kensington as well as they did when he was a child. That vegetation does not, as a rule, like smoke is a fact which might be sufficiently vouched for by a lesser authority than a son-in-law of the reigning Sovereign. It was a little more to the purpose to be told by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre that it costs 2,500*l.* a year to repair the damage done to the Houses of Parliament by the smoke which comes from the 800,000 private chimneys of London. If public money can be saved by a Smoke Consumption Act for London, an economical Government may be the more inclined to legislate in the sense desired by Lord Aberdare. It would have been better, however, to have been told by some of the scientific members of the National Health Society in what direction the Exhibition is likely to prove most useful. Few things can be less profitable than an unintelligent saunter through a crowd of grates of every size and pattern, each warranted by its maker to give out so much per cent. less smoke than any other which has been invented, and most of them proving, when tried, to be very little better than those already in use. Happily the exhibits will in this case supply the materials for a partial disproof of their owners' praises. It is to be presumed that they will be shown in actual operation; and, if so, the smoke, if there be any, must go somewhere. Flues have been provided to meet this contingency; and the visitor's first step, when comparing the merits of two rival grates, will naturally be to go outside the Exhibition and see from which flue most smoke is escaping. Hot controversies will probably arise as to the share which each particular apparatus contributes to the cloud which will be hanging over the several chimneys, unless, indeed—which seems impossible—each should be given a flue to itself. If the meeting of Wednesday had been turned to the best advantage, the visitors to the Exhibition would have been told by some expert what is the extent to which, with our present scientific knowledge, a domestic grate can be made to consume its own smoke, and whether the obstacles to the employment of the grates which seem best to satisfy this requisition have most to do with their cost or with the difficulty of using them. So many of the public, at all events, as visited the Exhibition on Wednesday might then have made a better use of their afternoon. In a collection of this kind it is highly important to have some scientific clue provided for us if the Exhibition is to claim any precedence over the ordinary display in an ironmonger's shop.

Another point which was unaccountably passed over at the opening of the Exhibition was the extent of the harm which is done by the presence of so much smoke in the atmosphere. The Lord Mayor had the courage to say a good word in behalf of factory chimneys. In the Essex marshes, he says, they have destroyed the ague which was formerly abundant there, and he intimated, although with evident caution, that, before abolishing the chimneys, it would be well to try our hand on the ague. Unfortunately for the owners of the chimneys, Sir Henry Thompson was ready with an explanation which was entirely fatal to the salutary value of smoke. The appearance of the chimneys has, it is true, been fatal to the ague; but the explanation is simply that the draught created by the furnace fires carries off the miasma which, when left stagnant, becomes a cause of ague. It would be equally true to say that smoke cooks our dinners or dries our clothes because neither process could be performed without the fires in which the smoke is generated. If London really consumed its own smoke, what would be the state of the atmosphere? Would fogs, for example, be as frequent, though less yellow, and would the invisible gases which we imagine would still be given out into the air be equally injurious with the solid products which are now sent forth from our chimneys? In dealing with a large question like this it is extremely important not to assume more than we can prove. Every one acknowledges that smoke is disagreeable; but is it disagreeable only, or unwholesome as well as disagreeable? Considering the injury that it undoubtedly does to vegetation, it seems natural to suppose that it does equal injury to animal organisms; but, like some other natural suppositions, this can hardly be taken as an established truth. The fear is that it will some day be assumed and acted on, and then the whole movement in favour of smoke prevention may be upset by the discovery that the particular evils attributed to smoke either do not exist or are attributable to some other cause. This would not in the least prove that other evils which it is quite as well worth our while to abate are not the direct result of smoke, but it would probably be taken for a time as tantamount to a break-down of the whole case. Before the Exhibition is over it is to be hoped that the National Health Society will arrange for the delivery of some temperate lectures by eminent doctors, giving a plain and unvarnished account of the diseases which they have been able to trace to smoke in the course of their own practice. So much attention is now paid to health that if it were proved by scientific testimony that London smoke is distinctly unwholesome, there might, in the event of the right sort of grate being adopted, be some chance of getting its adoption in newly-built houses made compulsory. We do not mean, however, that the case against smoke is not to be taken as made out unless it is shown to be directly injurious to health. Life in London is not so purely delightful that we can afford to put up with any needless aggravation of its discomforts. At all events smoke generates dirt, and dirt is certainly a remote cause of disease, even if it be not an immediate cause. If we were compelled by the conditions of life in London to mix ashes with the food we eat, we should scarcely sit down patiently under the infliction. But a glance at the

telegraph wires may serve to suggest that our daily meal, though it may be less gritty, can be scarcely less black. The whole atmosphere is full of sooty particles which we cannot escape swallowing if we would; and if this unpleasant state of things is preventable, it argues great poverty of invention or an ignorant patience of avoidable annoyances if we take no steps to prevent it. As regards the action of smoke upon vegetation, the case is pretty much the same. The money spent in growing flowers in London must come to a very large amount in the course of the year, and if this money is in a great measure wasted because we do not choose to do something effectual in the direction of smoke prevention, it will reflect but little credit on our ingenuity as a practical nation. We do not see why, supposing it should be shown to be possible to make every grate consume its own smoke at a not unreasonable cost, every householder should not be forbidden to send his smoke into the air, just as he is already forbidden to throw the contents of his ash pit into the street. The question is simply one of degree. The community have a right to forbid one act as well as the other—the only point to be considered being the extent of the nuisance which each causes, and the possibility of preventing it.

It is well that Londoners should at last have taken up the question of smoke prevention in this fashion, because it shows that they are not content with preaching reformation to others and allowing their own stable to go uncleansed. No doubt the harm done by the factory chimneys in Lancashire or in the Black Country is much greater than the harm done by the domestic chimneys of London. But it is never expedient to neglect an evil for which we are ourselves responsible in order to concentrate an attack upon an evil with which as Londoners we have nothing to do. If it should prove to be possible to abolish smoke in London, we shall have all the more chance of being listened to when we urge the factory-owners of the North to take in hand the more consecrated, and consequently the more manageable, evil by which they are confronted on every side. It is possible, too, that in the search after machinery which shall enable an ordinary domestic grate to consume its own smoke, some valuable experience may be gained as to the best means of enabling a factory furnace to consume its own smoke. The real test of the degree in which the public has been educated by the recent discussions and by the present Exhibition will be the readiness which is ultimately shown to make the use of some satisfactory form of grate compulsory in private houses. It has hitherto been supposed—or, rather, we have acted as though we supposed—that it is an essential part of a nuisance that it should be created by some process which is carried on for gain. The man who bakes our bread is punished if he allows his chimney to part with its smoke; but the man who equally allows his chimney to part with its smoke without doing us any service in return is treated as beyond the reach of the law. An Englishman's house is his castle so long as he puts his fire to no purpose that is useful to his neighbours. It ceases to be his castle so soon as he does put it to such a purpose. It is of the more importance that this distinction should be broken down because the enormous extension of London makes the area of the mischief so very much wider. We must go a long way afield before we can find a suburb as free from smoke to-day as Kensington and Brompton were thirty years ago. If nothing is done, the canopy of smoke under which Londoners have to live will get yearly wider and denser, and the work of breaking it up will become proportionately more difficult. If the Smoke Prevention Exhibition should result in the discovery of a grate that really prevents smoke, the National Health Society will have made an invaluable contribution to the public comfort.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKMAKING.

THE topic of our present remonstrance is not the excessive prevalence of betting at our public schools, nor, indeed, are we aware that rebuke on that head is particularly called for. It is an outside excrescence or parasitical attack, not an inward disease, that we mean to speak of. We could not mark its nature in few words by any less ambiguous title than the one we have prefixed, in which the term bookmaking is to be understood in its first and liberal sense. The public schools of England are cherished institutions, and, like all objects of popular interest, are exposed to the Nemesis of having flippant and hasty books made concerning them by compilers. Just now the compiler is deprived, as it happens, of any decent excuse. For there is a still new book on the Public Schools, noticed by us in the spring of this year, which, though written in a familiar way, is a really sound and useful book. But the compiler is an irrepressible species. Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe has got together a certain amount of history and legend about the public schools by the ordinary compiler's processes, and, moreover, has bethought him of a novel attraction for British parents and schoolboys. This is the enlisting of the schools themselves in the work. He has induced recent, or in one or two cases present, pupils at the leading schools to write for him accounts of their daily life and manners; and the collection appears under the title of *Everyday Life in our Public Schools, Sketched by Head-Scholars of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse, and so forth*, "edited by Charles Eyre Pascoe." And in the book itself the names of these scholars are given. Now we are strongly of

opinion that, without Mr. Pascoe's latest invention, English school-boys get in sundry ways quite as much premature publicity as is good for them; and we should therefore not be disposed to congratulate Mr. Pascoe, even if his invention were justified to the greatest extent to which literary success could justify it. But peradventure this is not our affair. There is no law to prevent any one from publishing whatsoever he can get printed and published at any time after he is old enough to write. We presume that the consent of the parents or guardians of these young gentlemen has been obtained to the present publication; and, if they do not object, other people are free to regret the example, but they can hardly do more. And we shall say nothing more on this matter; nevertheless, thinking of it as we do, we cannot be extremely sorry that the result, taken on its merits as a literary performance, is not of an encouraging kind. We have, indeed, no grave censure to pass on the contributions of the "head-scholars" (we should like to know, by the way, in what public school, if any, such a term as "head-scholar" is current). They speak well, in the main, for the tone and culture of modern sixth-form boys. They are simply and candidly written, and on the whole with creditable intelligence, though in one or two of them there are slips which look as if the writers had not revised their work with much care. Assuming that the thing was to be done in this fashion, the editor has no reason to complain of his materials. But to make the best of the materials would need a very different editor from Mr. Pascoe.

Mr. Pascoe's part of the work, it appears, is reprinted from the *Leisure Hour*; and we do not know that it is more slipshod than contributions to minor magazines have a license to be by present custom. But that excuse, whatever it be worth, will not serve when slipshod work is republished in cold blood. The key-note is struck at once in the preface by a sentence of fatuous complacency. "There are few parents, indeed," says Mr. Pascoe, "who would not desire to educate their sons at a Public School; and there are few lads of any spirit who would not hail with satisfaction the prospect of entering one." As to the lads of spirit, it may safely be assumed that the boys of well-to-do parents will always hail with satisfaction the prospect of doing what they are brought up to believe is the proper thing for people of their class to do. But as to the parents, an author who undertakes to instruct us about the public schools should not be unaware that among the parents and schoolmasters who think seriously of these things it is understood that our whole public school system is on its trial as it never was before. Not that the schools are worse; on the contrary, they have been made much better in every way than they were even one generation ago. But people have begun to reflect, and to consider that education is a thing to be taken in earnest, and means a good deal more than learning lessons and playing games. Among the most notable signs of the times in this respect is the admirable address delivered by Mr. Wilson, formerly of Rugby and now Head-Master of Olifton, to the Education Society, and printed in the *Journal of Education*. Parents will do much better to read that, and read it carefully, than to amuse themselves with the odds and ends of school "shop" collected by Mr. Pascoe. We need hardly apologize for a little digression which has led us to mention one thing of solid value in the course of this article. The value of Mr. Pascoe's historical, legendary, and archaeological smatterings is merely naught. He gives an account of the constitution of one public school after another, but seems never to understand their relations and differences. In his chapter on Shrewsbury there is the following curiously bungling passage:—

It has been somewhere remarked, and not without some ground for the assertion, that the Foundation boys of each of our great schools represent the school; in other words, that the "Collegers" of Eton represent Eton College as founded by Henry the Sixth; the "Scholars" of Winchester, Winchester College as founded by William of Wykeham; the "Queen's Scholars" of Westminster, St. Peter's College as established by Elizabeth. In the case of Shrewsbury School, this order of things has been reversed, owing to the restriction imposed by Edward, of reserving the principal benefits of his Free Grammar School to the sons of the burgesses. Since his day, the burgesses, or those inhabitants of the town of Shrewsbury who possess the legal qualification to be so named, have greatly declined in number, and each succeeding year they have become fewer and fewer. Only a few persons now live within the old borough liberties of Shrewsbury; the town proper is mainly used for business purposes, the inhabitants residing on the outskirts. Hence it has been brought to pass, that the number of scholars having the statutable right to be educated at the school under Edward's charter at the lower fee have become so greatly reduced that, if the school had depended for its existence on the influx of "Oppidani," or Town-boys, it must long since have been closed. The prestige of Shrewsbury School has been mainly upheld, and its fame promoted, by the "Alieni," who have sought admission to it from all parts of the kingdom.

Mr. Pascoe is comparing incongruous things. The truth is that our public schools fall into several distinct classes. We have the endowed Colleges of Royal foundation—Winchester, Eton, and Westminster—with their fixed body of foundation scholars enjoying the founder's gifts, and a more or less variable body of outsiders who pay their own way, and whom the authorities are in strictness not bound to take in at all. The type is just the same as that of a College at either University, with its head, fellows, and scholars who are members of the foundation, and pensioners or commoners who are not. The head of the Oxford or Cambridge House corresponds, of course, to the Provost of Eton or Warden of Winchester, not to the Head-Master. Eton College would have been formally complete in itself without any oppidani, just as the associated foundation of King's at Cambridge ("affiliated,"

as Mr. Pascoe ludicrously calls it) not only might be, but until our own time was, complete in itself without any pensioners. But even the actual association of King's with Eton, and of New College with Winchester, has failed to exhibit this obvious homology to Mr. Pascoe. Then we have the Grammar-schools of the Reformation period, in one or two cases of Royal foundation, but mostly the work of private munificence, which were designed in the first instance exclusively or chiefly for the benefit of residents. There are schools of this type all over the country. Some of them, being favoured by circumstances, have gained a national reputation, and taken rank as public schools in the most eminent and honourable sense. Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury, are of this class. The thing to remember about them is that they do not formally differ from many other schools which have not had the like success. There was no reason in the nature of things why the Grammar-schools of Sherborne or Tunbridge, for example, should not have become what Harrow and Rugby became. And there is no reason in the nature of things why old Grammar-schools which have hitherto remained obscure should not yet make for themselves a considerable place if they fall under capable direction, as indeed the two we have last named are doing. St. Paul's and Merchant Taylors stand apart from other grammar-schools as the work of men who were advanced reformers in their day. They reject the principle of local advantage, and have been free and open from the first. St. Paul's is now on the point of entering on a new course as a day-school on a large scale, with the advantages of public-school traditions, and teaching of the best public-school standard. The experiment will be most interesting, and if it succeeds may have great consequences. Lastly, we have two peculiar foundations, also of the Reformation period, where charity in the popular sense was a material or principal part of the original scheme. These are Charterhouse (by its proper legal name Sutton's Hospital) and Christ's Hospital. Perhaps, however, the difference between these and the older collegiate foundations should be reckoned only one of degree; for in most of these, if not all, distinct provision for the poor was included. These charitable provisions have either been commuted, or have become so insignificant beside the scholastic part of the foundations that few people remember their existence. On all these matters Mr. Pascoe is either silent or hopelessly confused. So that his account of the public schools, as English institutions of a very typical and remarkable kind, is perfectly worthless.

Neither is Mr. Pascoe happier in details. We begin with his account of Eton, which comes first. He tells us that "the secular priests who under the charter"—he means statutes—"were retained for the daily service of the chapel have long since been relegated to the things of the past." It is true that secular priests, as a class distinct from regular, are "relegated to the things of the past," every Anglican priest since the Reformation being secular; but the particular secular priests in question are to this day represented at Eton by the Conducts (*conducti*, or *salaried*), of whom Mr. Pascoe has evidently never heard. The modern reforms in College are post-dated by about a generation. "Fagging in the days gone by (we write of twenty-five years ago) was fagging, indeed," says Mr. Pascoe. "No proper surveillance was exercised by the masters; and a junior collegier's life was wellnigh one of positive misery." We say of our own knowledge that between twenty and twenty-five years ago this was not the case. Fagging has been in some respects diminished since; but even then it was milder at Eton, and in College in particular, than we still understand it to be at some other schools. And the other reforms in College mentioned by Mr. Pascoe as if they were quite recent are about forty years old. A similar mistake, though on a much smaller point, occurs in the chapter on "Life in College" contributed by a recent Collegier. The late Oppidan's story of "Life among the Oppidans" which follows has a certain pleasing simplicity. It begins with stating that "the generally received idea that an Eton Oppidan has not so much work to do in school as a Collegier is an erroneous one." Quite true—but with the qualification that, brilliant exceptions excepted, the Collegier does his work and the Oppidan does not. The same contributor mentions that the Head-Master "thought it his duty" to take notice of an extremely gross and, we should ourselves add, all but unprecedented case of bullying. He further endeavours to instruct the British public in the mystery of the "wall game" of football; about as hopeful a task as for a conveyancer to explain to a layman the operation of a common recovery, which a Chief Justice of the last century declared to be in its nature inscrutable. We pass on to Winchester. Let us hear Mr. Pascoe's interpretation of the threefold inscription in the schoolroom, "Aut discere, aut discere, manet sors tertia cædi." Apparently he has not discovered that it is a hexameter verse; but that is nothing. "In other words," he expounds, "the scholars are warned, either learn—Or depart hence—Or remain and be chastised." Any Winchester boy who in our fathers' days had been so misguided as to offer "remain and be chastised" as a "construe" of "manet sors tertia cædi" would have speedily made a better acquaintance not only with the grammar of the sentence, but with the practical meaning of the *sors tertia*. Discipline is gentler now, and perhaps he might escape with moderate admonition and not moderate derision. After this it is but natural that Mr. Pascoe should talk of "rules for the conduct of the students, written in Latin, in the style of the famous Duodecim Tabulæ of the Romans." The discreet reader may judge whether Mr. Pascoe has ever read a word of the fragments of the XII. Tables, or

would understand them if he did. For the early history of Westminster Mr. Pascoe quotes, at second-hand as we suspect, and with all but implicit faith as appears by his language, the chronicle of the false Ingulf. In the same chapter is an extremely absurd comparison of the general characters of the different schools. Mr. Pascoe is much awed by the aristocratic air of Eton collars, and imagines Rugby to have a monopoly of "the bone and sinew of England." We might pick out more blunders and crudities; but we are already ashamed to have troubled our readers with criticism of such flimsy stuff as this "introductory historical matter." The only part of the book that may some day be worth something is the glossary of school terms at the end. It is nothing like complete, and contains at least one serious mistake—the definition of "sock" at Eton as "edibles of various kinds privately imported into college, house, or school." "Sock" means and includes all petty refreshments—fruit, ices, or what not—consumed outside set meals, whether privately or openly. The word implies a certain superfluity. Bread and cheese taken to satisfy hunger on a long walk would not be "sock." But it does not imply anything clandestine. It also is, or was, used as a verb, to give by way of "sock," and thence to give generally; but this, we think, was rather a lower-boy usage. However, this glossary is the only attempt we have seen to collect the terms of art of the different schools, and some philologist may one day find it useful for want of a better.

#### THE MONEY MARKET.

THE course of the money market this autumn has not been in accordance with the expectations of the most competent observers. For a period, much longer than had been anticipated, the interest charged for the use of capital in the short-loan market continued low, although gold was taken in immense amounts for the United States. In the middle of August, however, the Bank of England raised its rate of discount from 2½ per cent. to 3, and a week later to 4 per cent. In the beginning of October it further raised the rate to 5 per cent., and has maintained it since at that figure. But no sooner had the rate been advanced to 5 per cent. than rates in the "outer market," as it is called, began to fall away; in other words, the competition amongst themselves of the banks and discount-houses which cluster round the Bank of England was so great that the rates charged by them fell to 1½, and at one moment even to 1¼, per cent. below the official minimum of the Bank of England. This showed that the demand for loanable capital here at home was but slight. Although trade has been improving for the past two years, and continues to improve, the improvement has not yet reached that stage which occasions demand for a great amount of accommodation on the part of merchants and manufacturers. There is no marked rise in wages or prices, and, until that occurs, the absorption of capital by trade will not be largely augmented. The real cause of the rise in the rate of discount was the drain of gold, particularly for the United States, and to a lesser extent for other foreign countries. As soon as that drain began to fall off the outer market took courage, and, as we have said, rates then fell away steadily; but about a fortnight ago there was a sudden change, and rates began to rise again, until at the close of last week they reached 4½ per cent., an advance of fully 1 per cent. in about ten days. To understand this sudden movement it must be borne in mind that the Bank of England is much more poorly provided than it was a year ago. Roughly speaking, it holds now six millions of gold less than it did at this time last year, and its reserve also is fully five millions smaller. The market, therefore, is very much less able to bear any strain upon it than it was last year, and still less able than it was two years ago. A slight cause consequently produces a considerable effect, and the special causes which have now been acting are three in number.

It is usual in the month of November for a considerable amount of gold to be taken from the Bank of England by the Scotch banks. In the middle of November the circulation of the Scotch banks rises considerably, and to cover this increased circulation the banks have to provide themselves with gold. The gold thus withdrawn from the Bank of England of course lessens its reserve, and leaves the London market poorer than before. The movement, however, is now well understood, and, as it is temporary in its nature, it is of itself calculated to have but a slight influence upon the market. Still it leaves the market poorer and less able to bear any strain which may arise. One such strain was caused by the preparations of the India Council for paying off a portion of its debt. The India Council is usually a large lender of money in the short-loan market of London. The fact is singular, since it would be considered contrary to sound principle if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to enter the money market to compete with bankers there. But it is to be borne in mind that the India Council is the successor of the old East India Company; that the East India Company, like other trading associations, was in the habit of lending whatever surplus cash it happened to hold for the time being, as any other traders might do; and that the India Council has inherited this among other practices. The market quietly accepts a custom which, if introduced for the first time, it would certainly cry out against; and thus it happens that the India Council is usually a large lender in London. But a year ago it gave notice that it would pay

off on the last day of the month just ended certain bonds which it was entitled to pay off on giving a year's notice. As the time for payment approached, the Council was of course obliged to cease lending, and also to begin to call in the loans which it had made for short periods. The amount to be paid off was between four and five millions; and this large sum, withheld from the market at a time when the market was, as we have just been explaining, poorly supplied, caused a considerable rise in the value of money. The borrowers from the India Council had to provide themselves with the means to pay off the Council, and the demand created by them at once sent up rates. In addition to these causes there was the resumed export of gold to various places—South America, Portugal, the Cape, and India—and, above all, to America.

The export of gold to the United States this autumn has been very much smaller than last year or the year before; partly because the exports of those two years had almost provided the country with as much currency as it needed, and partly because the bad wheat harvest in America this year diminished the debt due by Europe to the United States, and consequently lessened the power of the United States to draw upon Europe for gold. It was, as we have already said, the drain of gold to the United States which in the early autumn caused the advance in the Bank of England rate; but the drain did not assume large proportions, and soon ceased, and people had begun to believe that no more gold would be taken, when suddenly pressure arose once more in New York. This pressure was caused partly by a succession of bank failures in Newark, New Jersey, and in Boston. The shock to credit given by these failures originated rumours in New York itself that one of the principal banks there was in an insolvent condition, and a scare followed. The bank, however, immediately invited the Clearing House Committee to examine its accounts, and the Committee reported that the bank was in a most satisfactory condition. The scare abated, but still there has remained a feeling of uneasiness, and all who are under engagements to pay large sums have been taking precautions against what might happen. In addition to this the market has been disturbed by the action of the United States Treasury. Here in England the proceeds of taxation are paid into the Bank of England to the account of the Government, and are thus available for trading purposes until the Government needs them. But in the United States the proceeds of taxation are paid directly into the Treasury, and are kept locked up there until they are needed. In the remote districts, indeed, the Government uses some of the banks as agents for collecting or depositing its receipts; but, speaking generally, the revenue is not deposited in banks, but is locked up in the Treasury until it is needed. As our readers are aware, the United States Government collects a revenue much larger than is required to defray its current expenses. The surplus income this year is estimated to amount to about 24 millions sterling, and during the present autumn the receipts have been coming in in exceptionally large amounts. Thus the Treasury has been taking out of the market very large sums at the very time when the market was apprehensive, and therefore needed a full supply. To remedy this state of things the Secretary of the Treasury advertised that he would buy every Wednesday during November bonds to the nominal amount of 400,000*l.*, and, in addition, he had called in for redemption a considerable amount of bonds which are to be paid off on Christmas Eve. But, as he offered for the bonds to be bought weekly only their par value, with the interest accrued at the time of payment, he has been unable to make any purchases during the month. A large class of lenders—as, for example, trustees and savings banks—are allowed to lend upon Government securities, but not upon any other kind of Stock Exchange securities, and consequently there is always an active demand for Government securities for the purpose of obtaining loans upon them. And as the United States Government has of late been reducing debt at an unprecedentedly rapid rate, this demand has run up the price of the Three and a Half per Cent. bonds, which alone the Secretary of the Treasury is willing to buy, above the figure which the Secretary offers for them. It thus happens that, while the Treasury by its collection of the taxes is abstracting from the market very large amounts, it is unable to return to the market by means of the redemption of debt such sums as would relieve the pressure. For these reasons the New York market has been exceedingly stringent for some weeks, and the exchange upon London fell to a point which threatened a renewal of the drain of gold; indeed last week an amount of gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England for despatch to New York. This withdrawal accentuated greatly the rise in the value of money here, as it was feared that it might be, but the beginning of another drain which might make money extremely dear. This has not, however, proved to be the case. The exchanges have again risen, and it appears improbable now that gold to any considerable amount will be taken. Moreover, there is a general opinion that the new Secretary of the Treasury will adopt energetic measures to prevent the action of his department from causing a crisis in the money market. He is not a financier, and he requires some time to consider what measures he should take. Indeed his only knowledge of finance was acquired when, for a single year, he held the office of Sub-Treasurer of the United States in New York about twelve years ago. Since then he has been Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York, in which capacity he is not likely to have had either time or opportunity to pay much attention to finance. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has taken time to consider

his policy; but it is believed that he has now decided upon adopting such measures as will relieve the market.

As regards the immediate future it seems probable, as we have just said, that no drain of any considerable amount to New York is now to be feared; but it is also evident that the action of the India Council in paying off its bonds has ceased, while the drain of gold to Scotland is also over; indeed the gold is now coming back. Moreover, what we may call the miscellaneous export of gold to India, the Cape, Lisbon, Vienna, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres is not important, and is not likely to exercise much influence upon the market. On the other hand, however, the demand of Italy for gold, in order to resume specie payments, is still unsatisfied; and the contractors for the Italian loan will continue their operations, taking gold, if not from this market, yet from quarters which would have supplied this market if not thus intercepted. Moreover, the improvement in trade continues; and, when it reaches a certain point, it will lead to a demand for additional capital on the part of manufacturers and merchants, and will thus tend to enhance the value of money. But, for the present, the general expectation is that rates will tend to fall, though they may begin to rise again as Christmas approaches.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE revival at the Haymarket by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft of *Plot and Passion* was in some ways a curious experiment, of which the results were naturally watched for with interest. The Haymarket company has hitherto been occupied with stuff less strong than that of *Plot and Passion*—a play which demands strong and strongly-marked acting. The piece is described in the bills as the work of the late Mr. Tom Taylor; but there seems some reason to believe that part of the credit of its authorship was to be attributed to Mr. John Lang. It is not known to be founded upon any French play, and yet there is seeming evidence of some French origin, which cannot but strike a reader of the play, in the turn of the phrases. However this may be, the piece is a striking and effective piece of stage craft, and has the great merit that the interest in its action never slackens. The plot is mainly concerned with the downfall of Fouché, who in the first act appears disguised as an Abbé in the house of a certain Mme. de Fontanges, who is for the public a "grande dame de par le monde," but who is secretly an agent of Fouché's. Another creature of Fouché's, Desmarets, is secretly plotting against him, and has given private information to an anonymous pamphleteer, Henri de Neuville, a native of Guadeloupe, whom Fouché accidentally discovers. Desmarets by a stratagem procures the pamphleteer's escape, and then persuades Fouché to send Mme. de Fontanges after him to decoy him back to Paris, thus taking his revenge upon Mme. Fontanges for having scornfully rejected his own protestations of love. Mme. de Fontanges consents to do this under the pressure of Fouché's threat to denounce her as a paid spy, and follows Henri de Neuville to Prague. Here he falls desperately in love with her, and she falls as desperately in love with him; and from the moment when this is known the interest of the play centres in the plots and counterplots made by Mme. de Fontanges, Desmarets, and Fouché. These parts, originally played by Mrs. Stirling, Robson, and Emery, are now undertaken by Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Bancroft; while that of the fiery and chivalrous Henri de Neuville, formerly undertaken by Alfred Wigau, is now played by Mr. Conway. Both in the action and in the dialogue the colour has been laid on with a good fat brush, and the play seems throughout to demand a strength and breadth of interpretation which is perhaps not always reached by those concerned in its rendering. Mr. Bancroft's polished style suits well enough the mock character of the Abbé which Fouché supports; but he lets us see too little of the real Fouché, the unscrupulous and ambitious Minister of Police, whose agents are everywhere, while they are all, at least in appearance, abjectly obedient to him. Mr. Arthur Cecil had an unusually difficult task in undertaking a character associated with the memory and reputation of Robson, an actor whose peculiar gift of intensity lingers in the memory of many playgoers and is known by tradition to many others. Certain former performances of Mr. Cecil's have made us believe that he had it in him to play parts demanding this special intensity; and we still think, having seen his performance of Desmarets, that he has it in him. But, on the occasion on which we saw him play the part, he did not succeed in giving his conception of the character an adequate outward expression. His facial expression was from beginning to end fine and striking, and in this one could trace that he followed the character's varying phases with appreciation; but his voice and gesture did not correspond to his wish. He seemed, in fact, to have, to borrow a French phrase, emotions which did not cross the float. This has happened to many actors of exceptional merit on former occasions, and probably will happen again and again. Mr. Cecil's present performance of Desmarets, if it is for the moment disappointing, affords no reason for concluding that parts of a calibre similar to that of Desmarets will in the future be out of his reach. In Henri de Neuville Mr. Conway displayed a fire and passion for which we were not wholly prepared. Mr. Conway has always acted with grace and intelligence; but we have not before seen him go nearly so far as he now does in the direction of seemingly spontaneous emotion.



In the love scenes he displayed an unforced tenderness and fire, and in the scenes of anger he showed at once strength and self-restraint. Mr. Pinero as Cevennes gives an excellent and unexaggerated study of a fop of the time. We have kept for the last the great praise which we have to give to the rendering of Mme. de Fontanges by Miss Ada Cavendish, who, always an actress of high skill, seems to us to have gained much in the power to interpret varying emotions. Her last scene—an especially difficult one—was especially well played.

*Plot and Passion* is followed by Mr. Burnand's bright and clever adaptation of *Lolotte*, in which Mrs. Bancroft plays the part taken in the original by Mme. Ochaumont; a part which in *A Lesson* is that of Kate Reeve, a popular actress, who comes to give instruction in two of her favourite characters to Lady Duncan, wife of a Scotch banker, who detests theatricals, but who has been over-persuaded to allow his wife to act for a charitable institution. A good deal of fun is got out of Lady Duncan's astonishment at finding that the actress is off the stage a well-bred lady without a tinge of Bohemianism, and more is got out of the *verve*, tempered by Mrs. Bancroft's well-known skill, with which Kate Reeve throws herself into the task of showing Lady Duncan how to deliver burlesque lines riddled with puns, how to sing the kind of songs now popular in burlesques, and how to dance a burlesque dance. A serious interest is given to the little piece by Kate Reeve's discovery that her husband, whose marriage with her has been kept secret, is making love to Lady Duncan. The husband comes suddenly in while Kate Reeve is waiting for her cue behind a screen, and begins immediately to urge his suit. The actress stops forward and delivers herself of a scathing speech of rebuke, which is given with much force and dignity by Mrs. Bancroft. As she draws to an end she finds herself face to face with Sir Thomas Duncan, who has come in unobserved by her, and breaks off with "That, Lady Duncan, is how I should like you to speak the speech." The little play is well written; but its success naturally depends upon the admirable manner in which it is acted by Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Henri, Mr. Conway, and Mr. Brookfield, whose performance of Sir Thomas Duncan cannot but add to his reputation. His Scotch is capital; and his byplay is just what byplay should be, sufficiently marked, but never obtrusive. He is specially to be commended for the studious moderation of his acting at his last entrance, where any provocation to a laugh from the audience might spoil the situation. The scene is set with much gorgeousness; and the peculiarly hideous effect of a cast of the *Milo Venus*, with a bronze body and silver drapery, may be intended to indicate the deficiencies of Sir Thomas Duncan's taste.

At the Court Theatre Mr. Clayton has reproduced *Awaking*, Mr. Campbell Clarke's well-written adaptation of *Marcel*, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Engaged*, in which Mr. H. J. Byron is specially engaged for the part of Cheviot Hill, formerly played by Mr. George Honey. *Awaking*, it will be remembered, is a one-act play, in which Mr. Clayton appears as a father who has lost his reason in consequence of the accidental slaying of his own son, and who is restored to health by an ingenious and touching plot. The interest of the piece is of an entirely pathetic kind, and the pathos is of the strongest order. It makes an incessant demand, while it lasts, upon the powers of the actor who appears in the principal part, and this demand is as fully met as possible by Mr. Clayton, who seems to us to have made a great stride in his art since he first appeared in the character of Tremaine. Look, voice, and gesture are throughout so carefully studied and controlled that the effect of the acting is completely spontaneous; and the final moment is, without a hint of maudlin sentiment, one of the most touching things to be seen on the stage. We wrote at length of *Engaged* when it was first brought out at the Haymarket, and it need now only be said that it is in many ways more effectively played than it was then, since all the performers have seized the idea that it is necessary to play its most ludicrous passages with the most complete seriousness in order to give them the desired effect. Miss Marion Terry, Miss Thorne, and Mr. Bellew play even better than before in their original characters, and Mr. Byron has certainly a truer notion of how Cheviot Hill should be played than Mr. Honey had. His performance on the first night was not so complete as it probably will be in future; but we have always agreed with Mr. Byron himself that a first night's performance is not a true test, under present conditions, of the merits of a play or an actor.

## REVIEWS.

### BISHOP THIRLWALL'S LETTERS.\*

THESE two volumes of unequal interest, though they are published together, are only so far connected that they contain correspondence by the same person. Of three nominal editors, only one seems to have performed the task which his name

\* *Letters, Literary and Theological, of Connop Thirlwall, late Lord Bishop of St. David's*. Edited by the Very Rev. W. Stewart Perowne, D.D., and the Rev. Louis Stokes, B.A. With Annotations and Preliminary Remarks by the Rev. Louis Stokes. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

*Letters to a Friend by Connop Thirlwall, late Lord Bishop of St. David's*. Edited by the Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

implies. Dean Stanley prefixed to the *Letters to a Friend* his funeral sermon on Bishop Thirlwall. Dean Perowne contributes a preface of ten or twelve pages to the *Letters, Theological and Literary*, and he oddly adds a funeral sermon, not on Bishop Thirlwall, but on Dean Stanley. The Memoir, or thread connecting the letters, is furnished by Mr. Stokes, who does not state whether he was personally acquainted with the Bishop. It seems that the Memoir is compiled from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, written by Professor Plumptre, now Dean of Wells, and Mr. Stokes acknowledges his obligations to the present Master of Trinity and to other informants. Some of the letters ought, if it was thought worth while to preserve them, to have been included in a collection of Bishop Thirlwall's "Remains" which has been already published. A disquisition on a point of theology or of biblical criticism is not converted for biographical purposes into a letter by the accident of being transmitted in a stamped envelope. An exception might have been made in the case of letters of mixed character, such as one which begins with remarks on Hebrew syntax, and ends with a protest against the childish credulity which the writer attributes to an eminent author:—"He was in this respect a born Papiat, and finds his natural element in the *Golden Legend*. . . . Surely it is one thing to believe that all is regulated by a Supreme Will, and quite another thing to believe that this Will employs a machinery like that of the *Rape of the Lock*." Mr. Stokes would also have done well to omit a series of juvenile letters to a schoolfellow, composed in the pedantic and voluminous form which might be expected from a precocious boy; but a biographer with scanty materials at his disposal cannot afford to be too critical in his selections. In the words of the preface, "Even the letters which have been collected do not cover the whole of his life." It is greatly to be regretted that "his correspondence with Lord Houghton, one of his oldest friends, perished, with other treasures, in the disastrous fire at Fyston some years ago." There was probably not one of his friends to whom he wrote with fuller sympathy or with a more thorough certainty of being understood. Bishop Thirlwall is truly described in a passage quoted by the Dean of Peterborough as having been, "not only foremost in the intellectual rank of the clergy: he was, by almost universal consent, foremost in the intelligence of Great Britain." The Dean proceeds to say that, "if he abstained from taking that part in public life which his uncommon powers justly entitled him to take, this was a side of his character which concealed its strength. But it concealed also its gentler and tenderer side. . . . Men thought him stern and severe, because they did not penetrate beneath his mask of reserve. He was, in truth, the warmest and most sympathizing of friends." A pleasant sketch of his ordinary life at Abergwili, by "one who knew him intimately," is added; but it is strange that a friend and admirer should have recorded, without a sense of the rudeness of the comment, his answer to a person who had, at his request, repeated a trivial remark, "Strange how little one loses by being deaf." Genuine kindness and attachment to friends are not incompatible with want of tact and disregard of the feelings of indifferent persons. Bishop Thirlwall was singularly deficient in the faculty of understanding commonplace people, who form the overwhelming majority of mankind. The Dean of Peterborough is perhaps singular in his belief that "no man governed a diocese better." Thirlwall would probably have been an admirable Primate, for he was by nature an ecclesiastical statesman, capable of forming a sound judgment on great public questions, and of exercising influence or authority over those who were similarly engaged. His diocesan charges were admitted, even by those who differed from his conclusions, to be among the most masterly controversial writings of the time; but he had no liking for minute details, and no capacity for dealing with ordinary persons. Probably no contemporary bishop was so deficient in personal consideration for his clergy. When he met them on public occasions he accorded only to a few the barest personal recognition; and in private society he addressed his conversation by preference to any layman who had the advantage of being a scholar or a man of the world. His negligence was not the loss to be regretted because the Welsh clergy are generally of humbler station than those of an English diocese. To serious business the Bishop was always ready to attend; and his pecuniary liberality was great. In his later years his unpopularity with his clergy diminished, as they gradually learned to understand his character and to be proud of his ability and reputation. The Dean of Peterborough is surprised "that a speaker of such acknowledged eloquence should have taken so little part in the debates in the House of Lords. When he did speak he commanded the ear of the House." It is true that Thirlwall's celebrated speech on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was perhaps the most powerful argument which was addressed to either House. The peers probably listened respectfully to anything which might proceed from the ablest prelate on the Bench; but their attention was granted under difficulties. Some of them were in the habit of describing Bishop Thirlwall as the most tedious of speakers; and out of the House his slowness and prolixity were to ordinary hearers intolerable. In one of the *Letters to a Friend* he reports, with perfect good humour, how the company at a Welsh dinner on St. David's Day interrupted him with the cry of "Time." When he presided at an anniversary of the Literary Fund, his neighbours on the right hand and the left, one an eminent prelate, the other an eminent peer, and both his personal friends, slept calmly beside him for the last half hour of an interminable discourse. Every sentence in his speeches was grammatical; every passage had a definite intrin-

tion; but in his arguments and his digressions he followed trains of thought only cognizable by himself, without an attempt to inquire whether he was followed by his hearers. If Mill's description of Thirlwall's speech at a debating club was accurate, his eloquence must have afterwards deteriorated; but it is not improbable that the merit of the speech consisted rather in its substance than its manner. With an audience exclusively composed of philosophers Thirlwall would perhaps have been an effective orator.

The *Letters to a Friend*, nominally edited by Dean Stanley, are addressed to a young lady with whose family Bishop Thirlwall was united by intimate friendship. His correspondent says that the letters were intended for her father and sister as well as for herself; but they have not the less the charm of the personal sentiment which belongs to one of the most graceful and natural of relations:—

They talked with open heart and tongue,  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends; though she was young  
And Thirlwall seventy-two.

A great scholar, who combined a massive intellect with a kindly and simple nature, probably expressed his grave and playful thoughts most easily to an appreciative pupil; and no man, old or young, can speak with full confidence of sympathy, and therefore with perfect freedom, except to a woman. Although none of the letters on the other side are published, it is evident that the Bishop was fortunate in finding a correspondent of varied attainments and open to wide and general interests. He is consequently able to write with equal facility about his cats, his geese, and his flowers, and on the Irish Church, on the character of Napoleon, or on the study of metaphysics. His remarks on the Irish Church are especially interesting, as they show his extreme dislike to the Disestablishment Bill, for which nevertheless he thought it his duty to speak and to vote. Though almost always instructive, his letters are never didactic, as they always have a personal impulse and application. His notices of the lighter books which he is reading have sometimes a critical value, but they are principally curious as illustrating his omnivorous appetite for reading. It was apparently his habit to allot only one hour in the day to English books; but into that space he contrived to crowd almost every novel which was published, in addition to biography, and other current literature. With Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and other principal novelists he was as familiar as Macaulay with the novels of the last century; and it is remarkable that he seems to like everything which he reads. He tells his correspondent that he had intended to read something else, but "Lord Houghton tells me that *Kitty* is the best novel that ever was written, and how can I help reading *Kitty*?" Of *Middlemarch* he never reads more than one chapter at a time, "as one only just moistens his lips with an exquisite liqueur to keep the taste as long as possible." He is not sure whether Sir George Lewis was incapable of enjoying light reading. "If so, I admire rather than envy him." He proceeds to say that he is delighting himself with the thought of reading the *Earthly Paradise* under a tree. The word "admiro" is used in the Latin rather than in the English sense, as expressing wonder. It was true that Sir George Lewis had little taste for light reading, or, indeed, for any kind of reading for the sake of literary gratification, inasmuch as books were to him only valuable as vehicles of knowledge. He was perhaps even a profounder historical critic than Thirlwall, though not a greater scholar; but the student who, like Thirlwall and Macaulay, finds enjoyment in literature itself as well as in the lessons which it conveys, has in that respect a larger intellectual range. In one of his letters Thirlwall accounts for the number of novels which he gets through by quoting the celebrated Equity lawyer, Jockey Bell, who accomplished similar feats with deeds by "always going straight to the charging part." It has been remarked that as a collector of plate or china manages to pursue his vocation in spite of narrow means, a busy man always finds time for reading which he likes. Within the limits of literature, for he knew nothing of science, Thirlwall's range of study was almost boundless. Having begun Latin at three and Greek at four, he soon afterwards learned French, and as a young man he was not a profound classical scholar, but an accomplished linguist. In middle life, on his appointment to St. David's, he became proficient in Welsh, and when he was far advanced in life he amused himself by learning Dutch. He had an extensive or exhaustive knowledge of German philology and criticism, and it appears that he had also studied German philosophy. It is a little surprising to find that he "always considered the problems of metaphysics as at once the highest and the most practical of all to which the human mind can apply itself." In a letter to Dr. Whewell he speaks with extraordinary bitterness of a writer whom many Germans regard as their greatest philosopher: "I have so much faith in the force of truth as to believe that sooner or later Hegel's name will only be redeemed from universal contempt by the recollection of the immense mischief he has done." It is not known that Thirlwall at any time wrote on metaphysical subjects.

The *Letters to a Friend*, even if they had been written by an obscure person, would possess great intrinsic interest. They are extraordinarily valuable as revelations of the true character of the greatest English scholar of his time. Bookish men have almost always certain qualities and defects in common. The love of learning, and especially of those branches of knowledge which may be

called useless, tends to preserve a certain delicacy and simplicity of character, while it apparently interferes with readiness of social intercourse, and with intuitive knowledge of human nature. It was not with impunity that Mill and Thirlwall learned Latin and Greek when they ought to have been playing in the nursery. Eyes, too early fixed on books, see little of the world around. It was in consequence of an unwholesome education which encouraged a natural propensity instead of correcting it, that Mill in mature life mistook the reproduction of his own sayings by his wife for original inspiration. If Thirlwall had not similarly lost touch of humanity, he would have known that courteous small talk would have gone further with Welsh incumbents than all the ripe wisdom of his charges. He was in this respect amenable to just criticism, and he was partly responsible for a mistaken impression of his character. His delightful letters to his young friend will do much to remove a natural misconception. The two volumes which are now published together, each with an excellent index, would have been much less valuable if they had related mainly to Thirlwall's professional or official character. He discharged his various diocesan functions with unequal success, though always with a sincere intention of doing his duty. It was a not wholly felicitous accident that he was a bishop; but he never allowed his perhaps uncongenial position to bias his judgment, or to impair the robust simplicity of his nature.

#### LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.\*

THERE are some writers who apparently become more hardened sinners by friendly criticism and advice. The present work is marked by the same want of method and arrangement as the *Explorations in Equatorial Africa*. There is no attempt at sequence, coherence, or consistency in the account of these wanderings, which embrace the shores of the Baltic and the Island of Hitteren, the southern town of Malmo at one end and Hammerfest and the North Cape at the other. Between 1871 and 1878 Mr. Du Chaillu spent a term of nearly five years in Norway and Sweden, interrupted, so far as we can make out, by return trips to America. We can readily believe him when he says that he has read much and consulted the best authorities on Swedish archaeology; that he has travelled by steamer, boat, *carriole*, and sledge, many thousand miles; that he has learned to speak more than one native language, including a little Finnish; and that he has seen as much of the family and domestic life of Scandinavians as it is possible for an alien to see. Yet, with all warnings and experience, these two volumes are neither consistent records of journeys nor coherent chapters about the Government, the scenery, and the manners of the people. Overwhelmed apparently by the copiousness of his own notes and the redundancy of literary material, the author has forgotten the duty of sifting, condensing, and reducing to proper shape. There is a sort of beginning in the journey from New York to Goteborg and Stockholm, and there is a not inappropriate termination somewhere near the Sound of the Cattgat. But, with the exception of the fact that we find something of a division between summer tours and sledging in winter, it is extremely difficult to follow Mr. Du Chaillu in his erratic course. He has added a map, which would be of some assistance if the author's route were not marked in a red line of nearly the same breadth and colour as those indicative of high roads and railways; and there are some capital illustrations of Norwegian houses, churches and castles, mountains and glaciers, cascades and fjords. But the reader is transported from the age of the Vikings to the peculiarities of modern farmers, and from the perils of a journey performed on sledges to a fair at midsummer, in a fashion which is rather trying to the patience. A good deal of the ground has been gone over by others; but we can do the author the justice to say that his style is pleasant, his observations intelligent, and all his pages readable even when they tell us nothing new.

An exploration of the Fjords, Fjelds, and forests of Norway and Sweden is utterly wanting in those dangerous incidents which nerve to action a pioneer in Turkestan, Persia or Arabia, and Central Africa. Mr. Du Chaillu's life was never in the smallest peril from robbers and raiders. His property when left behind was far safer than the trunks of an autumnal tourist on an Italian railway. In fact, the author's only discomforts and trials arose out of the overpowering civility of the people; and here individual egotism is displayed in a manner which amuses and will hardly offend. When once the ice of conventionalism had been broken, there was nothing which householders and farmers, *Lansmen* and *Bonders*, would not do for Paul Du Chaillu, the famous writer and explorer. Every one addressed him familiarly as Paulus or Paul. Hospitality knew no limits, and offers of payment were almost regarded as insults. He was surfeited with meals and interminable cups of coffee. On one occasion he had, to his infinite discomposure, to partake of thirty meals in two days and to swallow thirty-four large cups of coffee; thus completely distancing the celebrated young woman at the Brick Lane Temperance Meeting, whose nine and a half cups of tea occasioned such astonishment in

\* *The Land of the Midnight Sun: Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland; with Descriptions of the Inner Life of the People, their Manners and Customs, and Primitive Antiquities, &c.* By Paul B. Du Chaillu, Author of "Explorations in Equatorial Africa," "A Journey to Ashango Land." 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1881.

the mind of Mr. Weller, senior. More gloves, mittens, and shoes were pressed on his acceptance than would have sufficed for a popular curate or a centipede. When he left a farm or country house the parting was marked by tears, prayers, and fervent wishes for his return. In the course of a year's absence from this land of his adoption he received no less than four hundred letters from the friends he had left behind. One young woman was reduced to despair when she found that she could not accompany Paul Du Chailu to America; and the gift of a ring to another at a social gathering led to rather awkward consequences, and to the inquiries of the father as to Mr. Paul's intentions, which is not to be wondered at, the girl being "very pretty," with "fair complexion and unexceptionable bearing." We are bound to admit that the author's conduct in this and other instances where he was treated as a friend or relative seems to have been correct, courteous, and chivalrous. We note, however, with some surprise, that his innate modesty and diffidence made him uncomfortable under a compliment, and that he discovered, with a feeling akin to wonder, when dressed for a marriage festival in the costume of Dalecarlia, by the aid of a looking-glass, that he was "not ill-looking." His appearance in the church was greeted with a shout of delight. "Look at Paul! he is not proud, he is one of us."

We are quite ready to credit the majority of Swedes and Norwegians with the full amount of the primitive virtues on which the author lays such stress. The gnales were often empty and the criminal courts had no cases to try; articles of clothing or of value dropped or forgotten were faithfully restored. There was a trustfulness and a candour in mothers and daughters which was never abused; and even one peculiar chapter anent the mysteries of the family bath can be read by right-minded persons without a blush. Evidence of wealth was confined to herds of reindeer and comfortable houses and well-ordered farms; in which the beds, coverlets, skins of reindeer, snow-white fleeces, and domestic utensils were scrupulously clean. At the same time we find occasional rude inroads on this Arcadian simplicity. Drunkenness prevailed in some of the seaports, and at feasts and birthdays there seems to have been much more eating and drinking than was necessary, and healths and toasts were incessant. Now and then we have an instance of rudeness or an attempt at extortion, and in Finland the dwellings of the diminutive inhabitants reeked with smoke and were incrustated with filth. Here Mr. Du Chailu's good nature and buoyancy were scarcely proof against dirty coverlets, rotten mattresses, barbarous and offensive customs, and swarms of fleas and mosquitoes. The inconveniences of the former might be borne or obviated; the latter are the pests of northern travel; and there is a local proverb which says that, when a traveller in one year writes his name in a bed of mosquitoes somewhere north of Haparanda, in the following year he sees it again.

One incontestable merit of this work is that it presents to us Scandinavia in her winter dress. Other books have told us of Norway in the summer; the midnight sun, the rapid vegetation, the pure air, the salmon fishing, the red deer, the ryyer, and the willow grouse. Mr. Du Chailu was not content with a view of the sun at the North Cape in July or the deep blue of the Arctic Ocean, and the grass and wild flowers that were then growing in sheltered spots, but he must needs visit this *latas mundi* when under the pressure of *nebula malusque Jupiter*. To accomplish this feat, and indeed to travel at all between October and April, the author had to serve a hard apprenticeship in driving a sledge, managing reindeer, and going on snow-shoes. This latter equipment he pronounces far superior for speed and comfort to the similar article in North America. The shoes are usually six or seven feet long; but in Finland and Jemtland they reach to ten, twelve, and sometimes fourteen feet. The traveller should be careful to wear two pairs of home-made woollen stockings and a covering of Lapp shoe-grass. The great difficulty for beginners is to keep the two shoes exactly parallel. The foot must not be raised, except when going downhill; and in a flat country progress is most facilitated by two staves with a spike at the end, and, above the spike, wicker-work, to prevent the stick from sinking in the snow. The author practised this exercise for several hours every day, as sedulously as the late Lord Campbell practised dancing when at the Bar. A fall or two on smooth unfrozen snow is harmless. A native can go at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles an hour when the snow is in good condition; and a Laplander, it is said, can at this rate get over his hundred and fifty miles in a day of eighteen hours. It was not quite so easy to manage a sledge dragged by reindeer. In the first place, the animal is not the tractable being of children's geographical books. It is wild, restless, and hard to manage, and it takes a couple of years to break in. The reins are attached to the horns, and the deer often kick and plunge and upset the sledge in the snow. Great skill is required to balance the vehicle, especially at a curve or on going downhill, and in some cases it seems necessary to attach one or two animals to the rear to serve as a drag on those in front. A reindeer can go five or six hours without stopping, at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles for the first hour, and the colder the weather the greater the speed. Unlike the Norwegian cattle, they are not housed, live on the celebrated moss, and give a small portion of rich milk. The author was once or twice in some peril from the upsetting of a sledge; but neither wet nor cold seems to have daunted him. He forded rivers, lived on rye bread, tough mutton, and the coarsest of food and condiments; and he never seems to have suffered from frost-bite, cough, or other disease. He had, to borrow an expression from a French writer, a physique of iron wadded with cotton wool.

Amongst other national characteristics, the habit of going to farms in the mountains during the brief summer merits notice. In Norway these are called *seters*, in Sweden they are *fabodars*. The start is made for these lonely residences on the slopes of high hills somewhere about the middle of June. A family, or a couple of girls, take with them churns, pails, wooden vessels, a supply of coffee and bacon, and remain till September, three or four thousand feet above the sea level. A particular kind of grass gives a flavour to the milk, which in one place is pronounced "aromatic," in another "disagreeable." Large quantities of butter and cheese are made and stored, and grass is cut and carted away for the winter supply. The air is singularly pure; but the nights, even in July and August, are very cold; and a peremptory order to abandon the *seter* comes in the shape of a snowstorm in the middle of September, when there is nothing to be done but to pack up pails and churns and make off at once. Here Mr. Du Chailu saw the red snow, which derives its colour from minute vegetable organisms, according to one authority; from animalcules, according to another. Some of the patches so stained were fifteen feet long. On these trips an enormous number of the lemmings were seen. Many are crushed by horses or vehicles; many more are drowned; and, like locusts in the East, these animals lay bare whole tracts of country, and utterly devour moss and grass and the leaves of the willow and the birch. The mention of these mountainous farms reminds us that the lofty ranges of hills are found in Norway alone. Sweden has swamps and forests, and two very large lakes, the Wenern and the Wettern; but it is not strictly a mountainous country. The Swedish *fabodar* is often a hamlet round which grain is grown in fenced fields. The Norwegian *seter* is lonely; and the house, though scrupulously clean, is a mere chalet of the roughest build.

There is an interesting chapter on geology, glaciers, and the upheaval of the country, which is calculated to go on at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in a century. Glaciers in Norway both increase and decrease, and the largest are found south of the arctic circle, where more snow is melted by the summer sun, to be converted into solid ice by the succeeding frosts. The limits of perpetual snow, from the statistics collected by the author, vary, according to latitude, from about 5,000 to 2,500 feet. The water of a glacier is turbid, being mixed with dirt, *débris*, and sand. We are not at all sure whether Mr. Du Chailu has correctly apprehended the system of land tenure in Scandinavia; but he informs us that Sweden, like other countries, is threatened with the abolition of the law of entail. The Swedish aristocracy have splendid castles and country seats. Around some of these there are moats and stately avenues of trees, flower-gardens and greenhouses. We must, however, confess to our ignorance of the fact that Claude Lorraine was a Swedish artist; and we should have liked a note or two on the special gems of Itassalle, Rubens, Correggio, and a tremendous list of Continental painters—Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and others—who have filled these aristocratic residences with perfect treasures of art. There is a want of accuracy in the use of the terms "estates" and "farms"; but we take the two phrases to be identical, and gather that, owing to primogeniture, property has remained for centuries in the same families; and that when a property is sold to a stranger, any one member of the family may repurchase it within ten years. If this be correctly stated, we can understand that it operates as a bar to the investment in land by capitalists and bankers. But we must say that the author's phraseology about homestead rights and allodial interests is hazy and peculiar, and that we much prefer him on his congenial subjects of adventures in the forest and of fireside talk. We trust that his satisfactory statistics of schools are trustworthy. Sweden has more than twice the population of Norway; in both the education of the masses is cared for; and though there are School Boards, we do not make out that any of the members entertain any doubts about allowing the Bible to be taught or hymns to be sung in the *folkakolor* or people's schools. But then the Scandinavians are not yet "advanced thinkers." To suit the needs of the community scattered over a large area, there are what are termed ambulatory schools. Teachers go from place to place at stated periods, and the local farmers are bound to provide rooms for the scholars as well as to board the teachers while the instruction lasts. As we read the text, the teacher is ambulatory; the school is stationary, though not permanent, and never moves so long as the teacher stays at one place.

The fault of want of connexion in these two volumes perhaps may strike a critic much more than a general reader. Mr. Du Chailu is, however, far too fond of recurring to favourite topics. More than once he gives us long strings of the pretty names of women—Karin, or Carin, Lovisa and Erika, Nina and Ulrica. Amongst males we have Dodrick and Frithioff, Hildmar and Sigurd, Valfrid, Tryggve, Staute, and Egil. There was no reason why these should not have been compressed into a single page or note. But we are bound to say that, in spite of redundancy, repetition, and reiteration, these two volumes contain a great deal which demands attack and merits consideration, and that they add to our knowledge of a country now growing in favour as a summer resort. We trust that tourists will imitate the author's good-humour, intelligence, and kindly feelings for the natives, and will not endeavour in a tour of a few months to compass what it has cost him some years of toil and endurance to effect.

## MARY STUART.\*

MR. SWINBURNE'S *Mary Stuart* completes the trilogy of which *Chastelard* and *Bothwell* were the first two parts. Upon the quantities of these it is needless to go back in detail; but it may be said that there is some ground for disappointment as regards *Mary Stuart*. The play is, as it strikes us, undramatic, by which we do not mean merely untheatrical. If it does not "lose the name of action," yet the action moves so slowly, and at such length, that the interest of a reader cannot but flag at some points where it should be most aroused. The verse is throughout fine, and it need hardly be said that many passages are striking, and in every sense worthy of their author; but they are, on the whole, outweighed by the mass of mere talk, which is indeed framed in words that are fine in the best sense, but are superfluous, so far as the development of character and action is concerned. The poet seems to have been seized with a strange love of writing at great length merely for its own sake. The first long speech delivered by Mary herself is long indeed. It consists of two sentences. The first contains ninety-three lines, the second nine; and the first is almost as difficult as Thucydides, and hardly so interesting. The speech is objectionable on other grounds, to which we may recur, but its mere length and intricacy are discouraging. It is not every man who can write a sentence of this length so that it can be proved to be coherent, and it is not every man who can play on a one-stringed fiddle. Mr. Swinburne's accomplishment in the matter of long sentences is displayed too frequently in the course of his latest volume; but this is perhaps the most striking example of it, and it is not altogether fortunate that so remarkable a string of words should be placed so early in the mouth of his heroine. Faults of this kind, however, would be better endured but for the fact that the qualities of fire and passion which used to inform Mr. Swinburne's verse—and did so notably in *Atalanta in Calydon* and in *Brechtheim*—seem, in great part, to have deserted him in *Mary Stuart*. In the actual planning of the play Mr. Swinburne has departed, not, perhaps, with the greatest advantage, from the lines of his predecessors who have handled the same subject. In *Chastelard*, it will be remembered, Mary Beaton is represented as being desperately in love with Chastelard. "What is this they say?" she cries, just after his execution.

*So perish the queen's traitors! Yea, but so  
Perish the queen! God, do thou much to her  
For his sake only; yea, for pity's sake,  
Do thou much with her.*

In the first act of *Mary Stuart* the Queen asks Mary Beaton, concerning a letter to Elizabeth,

Dost thou mind  
The letter that I writ nigh two years gone  
To let her wit what privacies of hers  
Our trusty dame of Shrewsbury's tongue made mine  
Here it took fire to sting her lord and me?  
How thick and o'er o'ercurled with poisonous lies,  
Of her I am sure it lied not; and perchance  
I did the wiselier, having writ my fill,  
Yet to withhold the letter when she sought  
Of me to know what villainies had it poured  
In ears of mine against her innocent name:  
And yet thou knowest what mirthful heart was mine  
To write her word of these, that had she read  
Had surely, being but woman, made her mad,  
Or haply, being not woman, had not. 'Faith,  
How may'st thou? did I well?

*Mary Beaton.* Ay, surely well  
To keep that back you did not ill to write.

*Mary Stuart.* I think so, and again I think not; yet  
The best I did was bid thee burn it.

Now, so far from having burnt it, Mary Beaton has kept the letter as a possible weapon wherewith to avenge Chastelard's death, and it is the production of this letter which, after Elizabeth has gone through some somewhat weary scenes of indecision, decides her finally to sign Mary's death-warrant. There is, it seems to us, a tinge of paltriness in this; nor do we greatly admire the means which the poet employs to point Mary Beaton's wavering purpose to send the letter, and thus ensure the death of the Queen, who has for years believed in her fidelity and affection. In the fourth act Mary Stuart refers again to the letter, wondering what effect it might have had if it had been sent.

*Mary Beaton.* Certainly,  
I think that soul drew never breath alive  
To whom this letter might seem pardonable  
Which kindly you forbore to send her.

*Mary Stuart.* Nay,  
I doubt not I did well to keep it back—  
And did not ill to write it: for God knows  
It was no small ease to my heart.

*Mary Beaton.* But say  
I had not burnt it as you bade me burn,  
But kept it privily safe against a need  
That I might haply sometime have of it?

*Mary Stuart.* What, to destroy me?

*Mary Beaton.* Hardly, sure, to save.

*Mary Stuart.* Why shouldst thou think to bring me to  
my death?

*Mary Beaton.* Indeed, no man am I that love you; nor  
Need I go therefore in such fear of you  
As of my mortal danger.

*Mary Stuart.* On my life,  
(Long life or short, with gentle or violent end,  
I know not, and would choose not, though I might  
So take God's office on me) one that heard  
Would swear thy speech had in it, and subtly mixed,  
A savour as of menace, or a sound  
As of an imminent ill or perilous sense  
Which was not in thy meaning.

*Mary Beaton.* No: in mine  
There lurked no treason ever; nor have you  
Cause to think worse of me than loyally,  
If proof may be believed on witness.

*Mary Stuart.* Sure,  
I think I have not nor I should not have:  
Thy life has been the shadow east of mine,  
A present faith to serve my present need,  
A foot behind my footsteps; as long since  
In those French dances that we trod, and laughed  
The blithe way through together. Thou couldst sing  
Then, and a great while gone it is by this  
Since I heard song or music.

The Queen goes on to ask Mary Beaton to sing, and she in a speech aside announces that according to the Queen's memory of the song her fate shall be decided, and then sings the beautiful song in *Chastelard*, beginning:—

Après tant de jours, après tant de pleurs,  
Soyez secourable à mon âme en peine.

Mary Stuart tells her that she has some recollection of the song. "Was it—but his rang sweeter—was it not, Remy Belleau?"

This answer decides the treacherous Mary Beaton to send the fatal letter. Queen Elizabeth's speech when this letter is put into her hands is open to the same objection which we have referred to in connexion with the inordinately long speech of Mary Stuart at the beginning of the play. It is riddled with the most horrible language. Mr. Swinburne may plead in defence of this, that it is, according to his view of the matter, *dans la nature*. But he would do well to remember the very pertinent saying of Voltaire on this matter, a saying which was coarse enough in itself, but hardly coarse in comparison with the tendencies at which it was aimed. It would, perhaps, be absurd to suspect Mr. Swinburne of being influenced by the silly rubbish that is talked by M. Zola and his so-called school; but he has certainly done himself less than justice in putting into the mouths of two such important personages as Elizabeth and Mary speeches which have a rank flavour of Billingsgate. Shakespeare, who lived in an age which was sufficiently coarse in its language, was far more reticent in this way than Mr. Swinburne has been in *Mary Stuart*. But, apart from this, it seems to us, as has been said, a mean thing to represent Elizabeth as a vacillating person, anxious at one time to have Mary Stuart privily done to death, at another desirous to sign a formal death-warrant, at yet another shrinking from setting her seal to it, and finally moved to do so, in a towering and most unqueenly passion, by reading a report by Mary Stuart of what "the dame of Shrewsbury" has said, in terms more than plain enough, to her discredit. Indeed, the characters of Elizabeth and Mary, as of other comparatively subordinate personages, are shown forth but ineffectively in the words that they themselves speak. From Mary's own words and deeds we should be at a loss to know with any certainty in what light the author wished to represent her; but there is one thoroughly admirable speech concerning her put into the mouth of Sir Drew Drury:—

*Drury.* Nay, myself  
Were fain to see this roll wound up, and her  
Removed that makes it: yet such things will pluck  
Hard at men's hearts that think on them, and move  
Compassion that such long strange years should find  
So strange an end: nor shall men ever say  
But she was born right royal; full of sins,  
It may be, and by circumstance or choice  
Dyed and defaced with bloody stains and black,  
Unmerciful, unfaithful, but of heart  
So fiery high, so swift of spirit and clear,  
In extreme danger and pain so lifted up,  
So of all violent things inviolable,  
So large of courage, so superb of soul,  
So sheathed with iron mind invincible  
And arms unbreached of fireproof constancy—  
By shame not shaken, fear or force or death,  
Change, or all confluence of calamities—  
And so at her worst need beloved, and still,  
Naked of help and honour when she seemed,  
As other women would be, and of hope  
Stripped, still so of herself adorable  
By minds not always all ignobly mad  
Nor all made poisonous with false grain of faith,  
She shall be a world's wonder to all time,  
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men  
Not without praise, not without noble tears,  
And if without what she would never have  
Who had it never, pity—yet from none  
Quite without reverence and some kind of love  
For that which was so royal. Yea, and now  
That at her prayer we here attend on her,  
If, as I think, she have in mind to send  
Aught written to the queen, what we may do  
To further her desire shall on my part  
Gladly be done, so be it the grace she craves  
Be nought akin to danger.

For the rest, Mr. Swinburne has avoided any attempt to give any relief of comedy to a play which has a sombre tone throughout.

\* *Mary Stuart: a Tragedy.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.



and which is in some parts tedious, but of which the cardinal fault seems to us to be that it fails to reach the height and grandeur of true tragedy, by reason chiefly of the littleness of motive which is employed to bring about tremendous events. Perhaps the best consecutive passages are to be found in the closing scene. Here, as in *Chastelard*, Mary Beaton finds herself unable to witness the execution, and we learn what is going on from a bystander who makes report to her. In this there is certainly a fine tragic irony, but the effect is injured by the inadequate treatment through the play of the character of the woman who thus avenges the execution of the man whom she had loved.

#### THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.\*

THIS novel, which is one of the most careful and elaborate that the author has hitherto published, will maintain, if it will not materially increase, his reputation. It is marked by the same merits and the same defects which are to be noticed in nearly all that he has written. There is the same minute and accurate observation, the same adroitness in keeping the reader's curiosity, if not always his interest, alive to the end, the same ingenious analysis of superficial feeling and motive. But in *The Portrait of a Lady*, as in so much that Mr. James has written, we cannot help remarking the care which the writer takes not to go down, if he can possibly avoid it, below the surface of his characters and of the situations in which he places them. And in those cases where he cannot escape doing so, he seems at once to lose hold of the characters whose outward and superficial qualities he depicts with so much ability. The real nature of his characters, which should appear most clearly in serious and critical situations, seems at such times to have no connexion with what he has told us of their past history. Mr. James devises a plot skillfully, and leads us up to a crisis where all our expectation is awake; but when the moment for action comes, he evades the catastrophe altogether, either—which is his most common method—by making his actors do nothing at all, or by making them do something which seems to be prompted by no reasonable motive. In either case he frustrates the curiosity of the reader, and leaves him with the sense that the plot, however ingenious, breaks down at the critical moment. Mr. James has certainly many of the qualities of a fine novelist; but his reluctance to go below the surface, or to grasp a character as a whole, renders his short sketches and little episodes more successful than his longer works. For the same reason his subordinate characters, with whom he only pretends to give us a casual acquaintance, are more satisfactory than the chief actors, with whom we naturally desire a more intimate knowledge. Mr. James's method evades the main difficulty of a novelist's art; but it also cuts off the writer who uses it from attaining the highest success.

Isabel Archer, the lady whose portrait is drawn in these volumes, is the orphan daughter of a gentleman at Albany, in the State of New York. She is left poor, and her prospects are anything but brilliant, when she is invited by her aunt, Mrs. Touchett, the wife of an American banker living in England, to spend a few months under her charge. Mrs. Touchett, it should be premised, is a lady who does not think it a part of the conjugal duty to be in frequent attendance on her invalid husband. His bank is in London, and his country place of residence is Gardencourt, on the Thames, some miles from London. The lady, however, has an establishment in Florence, and occasionally drops in for a stay of uncertain length at the country house, sometimes on her way to or from America. She is an unfeeling, matter-of-fact, uninteresting person, who serves chiefly as a foil to the other characters of the book. The two most pleasing of these are her husband, a shrewd, kindly, long-suffering old gentleman in feeble health, and their son, Ralph Touchett, a young man of a whimsical turn of mind, in still feebler health, gifted with a good deal of wit, character, and generosity. Isabel and her aunt arrive unexpectedly from America as the father and son are lounging in the garden with Lord Warburton, a young nobleman who plays a prominent part in the book. What Isabel's charm is we can hardly make out. She is young, pretty, imaginative, and apparently has the faculty of striking her company as a girl of much depth and strength of character. She is, in truth, a rather selfish and heartless young lady, who acts as if the world were arranged in order to satisfy the claims of her imagination. She succeeds, however, in the course of the story in making three men deeply in love with her, and in making a fourth marry her; not, however, by in any way intentionally drawing them on, but simply by the impression her personality makes upon them. Where the charm lies the reader cannot easily discover, and he is in no way helped in his endeavours by any explanations of the writer. The first of Isabel's victims is a young American, Caspar Goodwood, whom, it appears, she had encouraged in his suit before she left her native country. The next two are Lord Warburton and Ralph Touchett, the former of whom declares himself after he has known her a few days, and who, notwithstanding that he is a young English patrician of the most wholesome and eligible sort, is rejected, on the ground, apparently, that the lot he offers her is too circumscribed, and does not promise enough of the unforeseen for her imagination to feed upon. The third lover, Ralph Touchett, makes Isabel no offer of marriage, which his state of

health puts out of the question; but gives her to understand what his feelings towards her are, and follows her career partly with the chivalrous devotion of a lover whom circumstances forbid to seek to be more than a friend, and partly with the speculative curiosity of an active mind condemned by physical weakness to play the passive part of a spectator of the life of others. We are given to understand that Isabel is one of the striking, complex, and problematic natures which repay such a study; but the reader can hardly help feeling that the chief point of interest in her is that we cannot quite tell what she will do next. However, her lack of defined motive passes with all her admirers as a sign of depth and originality. Isabel's stay in England is brought to a close by the death of her uncle, who, at Ralph's suggestion, leaves her a handsome fortune; after which event the scene changes to Italy. Here Isabel, who has hitherto brought disappointment to all her lovers, becomes in her turn the victim. In Italy she falls in with Gilbert Osmond, a Europeanized American, who lives in a villa near Florence. The most salient feature in this gentleman's character is that he looks on life purely as a matter of taste; and Isabel, being a handsome young lady, and the owner of seventy thousand pounds, is precisely the acquisition to be desired by a needy connoisseur of cultivated and expensive tastes. The character of Osmond—a selfish, heartless, accomplished, and still ineffective man, reminding one in a good many points of George Eliot's Grandcourt—is one of the most successful in the book. In the teeth of the remonstrances of her aunt, Mrs. Touchett, and of her still faithful lovers, Ralph Touchett and Caspar Goodwood, Isabel, after once refusing Osmond, marries him at last. As to Isabel's change of mind, and the means Osmond takes to bring it about, we are left altogether in the dark. A year or so is supposed to elapse after the refusal, and we are then re-introduced to Isabel as an engaged woman. Surely if the portrait of Isabel's character is to be a living one, we ought to see something of the mental processes which decide her to take the gravest step of her life. Caspar Goodwood, a powerful, energetic, positive, commanding nature, is rejected; Lord Warburton, a generous, manly, attractive, and every way eligible suitor, is rejected; Ralph Touchett, different from both, but quite as noticeable in his way, is hardly ever thought of as a man to be loved. The trains of feeling and association which lead a good and clever woman to prefer to type a like these a person of Osmond's stamp, and the illusions she must create for herself before she can do so, are precisely the subjects on which a skilful analyst of human nature should be able to throw some light; but it is just here that Mr. James leaves us most in the dark. We can only wonder that a situation should be devised so cunningly on purpose, as it almost seems, to be made no use of.

One of Mrs. Touchett's friends, whose acquaintance Isabel makes first in England, is a widow lady, Madame Merle. She is, like Osmond, a Europeanized American; like him, she has lost her partner in life; and it is she that fosters the intimacy between him and Isabel. It is not till long after her marriage that Isabel begins to imagine that there has been anything more than a friendly relation between them; and it is not till the close of the story that Isabel finds out what was her chief motive for bringing about the marriage. Madame Merle is a lady whose antecedents have been questionable, but who has had the art so to veil them from the world that she is received and welcomed in the best society all over Europe. Osmond, when he marries Isabel, has a daughter just budding into womanhood, who, a couple of years after the marriage, becomes herself of an age to have suitors. Two present themselves—one a Mr. Rosier, an inoffensive young American addicted to *bric-à-brac*, who wins the girl's liking, and the other Lord Warburton, who vicariously transfers to Pansy the solicitations which he once addressed to her stepmother. Osmond discountenances Rosier's suit, and does his best to promote the interests of Lord Warburton. The plot at this stage becomes exceedingly intricate; everybody is playing a game, and most of the players a double game. The old lovers reappear upon the scene, and all of them, intentionally or not, combine to trouble the domestic affairs of Isabel. She has soon learned to dislike and despise her husband, and her dislike, if not her contempt, is heartily returned by Osmond. At last the crisis arrives. Ralph Touchett is taken back from Rome, where the need to be in a warm climate and near Isabel had driven him, to die at the old home in England. Mrs. Touchett telegraphs to Isabel that he would like to see her, and in defiance of Osmond's wishes, Isabel quits her husband and goes to visit her dying cousin and lover. Before leaving Rome she finds out that Pansy, her stepdaughter, is the illegitimate child of her husband and of Madame Merle, and discovers that ever since she made the acquaintance of this interesting lady she has simply been unconsciously her tool.

Ralph dies. His deathbed interview with Isabel is described with graceful and delicate feeling. She now makes no pretence that her marriage has not been a disappointment to her. Since her arrival in England she has neither heard from her husband nor written to him; and now her earliest lover, Caspar Goodwood, reappears once more on the scene, and urges her to give up all thoughts of returning to Osmond, and to commit herself to him. Isabel seems to waver; but when Caspar seeks a second interview he finds that she has started for Rome. The story closes enigmatically. Caspar receives the news of her departure from a friend of Isabel's, Henrietta Stackpole, and as he turns away in surprise, "Look here, Mr. Goodwood," she said, "just you wait." Upon which he looked up at her. With these words the book comes to an end. In what way

\* *The Portrait of a Lady*. By Henry James, jun. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

this crisis in Isabel's married life ends, what becomes of her, of her husband, of Onapar, of her stepdaughter Pansy, or of Madame Merle, we are not told. So far as the development of the plot goes, the tale might end at the close of the first or of the second volume just as well as of the third. We are carefully prepared for a catastrophe, and just before it comes off the curtain falls. As we said before, till the time for action comes Mr. James's men and women are admirable imitations of human beings; but the moment the hour arrives for decision and deeds, they reveal themselves as mere *simulacra*. And this defect, which is characteristic of most of Mr. James's works, is nowhere more conspicuous than in his latest book.

Many of the minor characters in the book are admirably sketched. Perhaps the best of all, though she can hardly be called a minor character, is Isabel's friend, Henrietta Stackpole, an American newspaper correspondent, who from time to time appears in Europe to give Isabel counsel and to study the civilization of the old world. Madame Merle, too, is excellent till we come to her deeper motives, and then she too loses her individuality. The most disappointing figure of all in the book is that of the lady whose portrait is the chief subject of it. But the tale, like all that Mr. James writes, abounds in the quickest observation and the happiest description; and if we are compelled to find fault with it in some important respects, it is chiefly because its decided merits tempt us to ask for more.

#### WITH THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.\*

WE have had more than enough of books on the South African campaigns by soldiers, civilians, and colonists turned volunteers. But the volume before us comes from a fresh point of view, being the experiences of a full private in the Cape Mounted Police, and it chiefly concerns itself with the fortunes of the corps. The narrative is written in a lively style, and is sufficiently full of incident to make it agreeable reading; while the descriptions of some of the engagements, and especially of the siege laid to "Morosi's Mountain," are clearly intelligible and often picturesque. Like most soldiers—or policemen, we suppose—who consider that their services have been undervalued, the author is something of a grumbler. But when he states the grievances that were generally complained of in his corps, he quotes facts in support of his assertions; and if he deals hard measure to some officers who held important commands, he can be liberal of the commendation he bestows upon others. We might have thought that the chances of rough frontier campaigning were rather a risky remedy for an enfeebled constitution. Yet it was chiefly with the idea of benefiting his health, injured by a sojourn on the West Coast of Africa, that the author thought of enlisting in the "Frontier Armed and Mounted Police in the Cape Colony." The programme of attractions issued by the colonial recruiting agent was as seductive as the style of the force was imposing. As it turned out, both were delusive. The performance of the Colonial Government is said to have fallen far short of its promises; while, shortly after the author had joined, the name of the force was arbitrarily altered, with the duties it had undertaken to discharge, much to the disgust of the men. Whatever he might have hoped from the climate of the Cape, the circumstances of the voyage thither, as he describes them, were scarcely favourable to an invalid. With two-and-twenty other recruits he was shipped on board a steamer, and found himself among an exceedingly mixed lot of companions, who seem to have ranked beneath the ordinary steerage passengers. These companions consisted principally of rough navvies; they "never had any meal without a light for it," when, of course, the weakest went to the wall. We can imagine no better training for a zealous officer destined to deal with disorderly characters, yet we can believe that the author had quite enough of it in the course of a tedious twenty-eight days' voyage. Disembarking at Cape Town on their way to East London, they had an acquisition to their party in six of "the most unmitigated ruffians it has ever been my lot to encounter." As might be supposed, the six gentlemen in question proved highly unsatisfactory bargains to the Cape authorities. Their first exploit on landing at East London was to inflict a savage beating on the sergeant in charge of them. And the author mentions, by way of illustrating the discipline observed in the force at that time, that when the ruffians were tried for the aggravated assault, they were let off with a fine of half-a-crown and a caution. In fact, the officers appear to have lived in terror of their men, who were certainly as mutiniously independent a set as we can conceive. The old hands advised the novices on joining never to do anything that they could help, as, if they showed themselves willing, they were sure to be put upon; which the author found by experience to be perfectly true. The punctuality which is the soul of discipline, as well as the politeness of princes, was totally neglected; the men were sent on duty when it suited the sergeants, and there were no particular hours for meals. Their leisure might have hung less heavy on their hands had they had more spending money. But, though five shillings *per diem* sounded handsome, there were many serious deductions for stoppages. The men had nothing free but arms and ammunition; they found themselves in everything else. Nay, they had actually to build their stations at their own expense; and the dealers who purveyed their horseflesh

were supposed to make an excellent thing of it by a friendly understanding with the officers. Possibly common report did the officers injustice; but the system by which a man was bound to replace his horse in case of a casualty, receiving a maximum of 14*l.* from the Government, seems to have been open to grave objection. The average cost of a charger was 25*l.*, although it is said that the ordinary value was very much less. So that, as the trooper who had his horse killed in action was virtually fined 9*l.*, he had strong inducements to keep the animal out of harm's way. We are bound to add that, on the corps being transformed into Mounted Rifles, when it was more carefully drilled and better commanded, selfish considerations of the kind do not seem to have weighed with it. The men did a great deal of useful service against overwhelming numbers of the natives; and the artillery troop in particular, to which the author was attached, appears to have attained a high degree of efficiency.

The author's opinion of the natives is far from complimentary, which is not astonishing considering that, while in the Rifles, he passed his time in fighting them, and that they subsequently burned him out of a snug homestead in which he had invested his modest capital. As they have cost us much anxiety and money in the past, he entertains no manner of doubt that they will give us infinite trouble in the future. But he believes that we might have escaped most of our recent little wars had the authorities listened in time to warnings or read significant signs. It may be laid down as an axiom, he says, that a rising is coming off when the Kaffirs are selling their oxen and buying arms. One consolation we have in dealing with them—that they are always ready to quarrel with each other on slight provocation, and are unlikely to combine, even for the common object of exterminating or expelling the detested whites. And he hints his approval of a thoroughgoing, though passive, policy founded on the Iliberian legend of the Kilkenny cats. As he explains his opinions as to the best method of dealing with the Kaffirs in language that may perhaps lay him open to misconception, we may as well let him speak for himself:—"They [his opinions] do not differ very much in respect of improving the natives from that of the American with regard to the Indians, whom he would have improved off the face of the earth." He is certainly not in the habit of mincing matters, when expressing his ideas as to men or things. Here is the character he gives of our ally and *protégé*, Gangeleswe, the headman of the Tambookies, though, if all he has to tell of him be true, we do not know that the portrait is overcoloured:—"This chief is the most cowardly, contemptible nigger in the whole of South Africa; in fact, I doubt if his equal in these respects is to be found in any country or clime." But, on the other hand, he can do justice to a brave enemy, even when stained with the worst vices of the savage. He bestows high praise on Sigow, one of the chiefs of the Galekas, who was notorious for his intense hatred of the white men. Sigow always showed to the front in the bush-fighting, and, although frequently wounded or nearly captured, he appeared to bear a charmed life. But the author, while holding most of the native races in contempt, speaks warmly of the warlike qualities of the Galekas, and he had many opportunities of judging them. He has seen them come on, time after time, in most determined rushes; and more than once they were only checked at a critical moment by the superiority of the English rifle and artillery fire. Consequently he strongly condemns the policy which has invited them to settle again near their own country, where they are in easy communication with their formidable old leader. Krelé appears to have inspired his people with something of the blind devotion which the clansmen of the Scottish Highlands paid to their chiefs. Galekas earning good wages in the service of colonists have been heard to confess that they would make a point of obeying Krelé's summons were he again to try the fortune of war. And we happen to know, on good authority, that most of the Galekas who have settled under our magistrates can lay their hands upon concealed firearms at a moment's notice; while the Fingoes, who have given convincing proofs of their loyalty, have been very effectually disarmed.

We have said that the story of Morosi and his mountain is very picturesquely told; and the moral of it is that in time of peace we should guard against prospective troubles by keeping a sharp eye on suspicious proceedings. Morosi owned a narrow strip of territory, with comparatively a mere handful of people. He had received it from the chief of the Basutos as a reward for distinguished services in the Basuto war of 1853. The veteran savage seems to have been a born strategist, and he had a very pretty natural turn for engineering operations, as the colonists were to learn to their cost. To make a mountain impregnable by cleverly devised fortifications had always been a mania of his, and he very nearly achieved the feat. The position was well chosen with a view to throwing difficulties in the way of a protracted siege; while he might well have brought himself to believe that it was safe from a *coup de main*. There were no roads in the surrounding country, and pasturage was scarce. The rocky hill itself rose so abruptly out of the plain as to be absolutely inaccessible on three of its sides. On the top, however, was a spacious tableland, which could accommodate all his people, with their families and herds of cattle; while he had laid in large supplies of food and ammunition. No pains or labour had been spared in fortifying the fourth side, which slopes at an angle of thirty degrees. A series of strong parallel walls had been built along it, each of them dominating the one beneath. They were from eight to twelve feet high, were loopholed for musketry, and it was practically impossible to

\* With the Cape Mounted Rifles; Four Years' Service in South Africa. By an ex-C. M. R. London: Bentley & Co. 1881.

breach them by any artillery fire that could be brought to bear. The siege for some time seemed wellnigh hopeless, and half-hearted assaults only ended in failures. For the Baphutis, we are told, are splendid shots, and they must have been well armed, so that it was certain death to venture within five hundred yards of the first "schanze." Apparently the blockade must have been indefinitely protracted or given up in despair, had it not been for the happy thought of bringing up a venerable mortar, which dated from 1802. Fortunately there were plenty of shells, but the gunners had to adapt makeshift fuses to them. The mortar was placed in charge of the author, with six men acting under him. During four days and nights a steady discharge was kept up at intervals of ten minutes. The shells, falling on the steep side of the mountain, rolled backwards down the slopes and exploded among the defenders, who had hitherto sheltered themselves behind their schanzen. The plucky Baphutis became demoralized, and the way was smoothed for a surprise with scaling ladders. The assault came off at a natural fissure in the rocks, which had left a flaw in the chief's system of defences; the Baphutis were taken almost unawares, the schanzen were successively turned; and, with considerable slaughter of the defenders, Morosi's stronghold was in the hands of his enemies. Certainly the author's services with the improvised mortar battery would appear to have deserved recognition and recompense. But he complains that he went altogether unrewarded; that the Mounted Rifles were not even thanked for doing, with the aid of a few Kingoes, what the colonial volunteer forces had failed to accomplish; and that the colonel in command, who had reaped all the honour, actually never set foot on the mountain. At the same time, we do not understand that the author disputes Colonel Bayley's claim to have devised and successfully directed a daring and most ingenious attack.

#### COOKE'S FREAKS AND MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE.\*

WE gladly welcome every well-directed attempt to make accessible and attractive to the public the most prominent results of recent scientific research in each special department of nature. Among books of this class a place of merit is due to Dr. Cooke's handy little volume on the curiosities of vegetation, designed to present in a popular form—devoid as much as may be of technical language—some of the most noteworthy fruits of the latest investigations into the phenomena of vegetable life. In his introductory remarks the writer expresses some dread of being taken to task for the use he has freely made of Mr. Darwin's researches without materially adding to them from resources of his own. But the truth is, so exhaustive are the labours of our great naturalist, whatever the field on which he enters, that there remains but scanty gleanings for any one who comes after him; and the best service left for lesser workers is to diffuse and popularize the stores of knowledge which make his volumes a cyclopædia of biological facts. There is a second objection which Dr. Cooke modestly anticipates, resting upon the miscellaneous character of the subjects comprised in his book. Writing, however, as he professes to do, in a popular style, he may fairly plead the necessity of interesting those who are not botanists, and to whom facts of a novel, curious, and attractive kind are more welcome than methodical and systematic lessons in the science of botany. He cannot in fairness be accused of sacrificing truth to the mere excitement of wonder, or of pandering to the ignorant craving after paradox; and his book is fitted to kindle in a wide class of readers an interest in plants and flowers such as they never felt before. Some elaborate investigations—as, for instance, those in fertilization—of great interest to botanists, have been excluded, as little suited to be understood or appreciated by the general public; whilst, on the other hand, subjects which have not been exhaustively examined and reduced to the standard of scientific knowledge have been held to fall legitimately within the scope of his undertaking. Free use has been made of every source of information, the writer feeling convinced that the more experiments of this kind are known and understood the greater and more general will be the appreciation of the labours of those who have contributed to the elucidation of obscure phenomena in plant life.

It is difficult to form any adequate conception of the vast extent and unlimited variety of vegetable life, or to estimate the grandeur and beauty which it has conferred upon the world. Our author can only bid us pick up here and there some object of special interest, gaze at it, marvel at it, try to comprehend it, and then pass on, leaving behind an infinity of wonderful and beautiful things, to be picked up by our successors, and marvelled at as they have been by us. He quotes the saying of a travelled naturalist, that the feeling of one who penetrates an extensive wild forest is much the same as that of one on a sea voyage—surprise at the interminable character of the scene. The chief difference between the two is that the one is a sea of waters, the other a sea of trees. Illimitable, however, as the ocean of vegetable life may be, it is not to be called monotonous. The mind wonders at the multitude of living things, asks whence they can have drawn nourishment to rear such solid, delicate, and complex structures, speculates on their age, their formation, or

their use. The first question to arise will probably be that which our author puts as a prelude to his subject—what number of different kinds or species of plants may be supposed to exist on the surface of the globe? The progressive estimates of these numbers from age to age, which he proceeds to give, furnish a curious chapter in history. Thus Theophrastus (300 B.C.) enumerates 500 kinds of plants. These may be presumed to represent all that were then known. Even narrower, it is possible, was the botanic knowledge of Solomon, though he discoursed on all plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall. Pliny (A.D. 79) increased the number to double that of the Greek naturalist. By the beginning of the seventeenth century the catalogue had grown to 6,000. The second edition of Linnæus's great work included no more than 8,800, but from the impulse given by his labours the progress became rapid. Willdenow up to 1807 had distinguished 17,457 species of flowering plants, Robert Brown carrying on the number to 37,000, and Humboldt calculating all plants, flowering and non-flowering, at 44,000. By 1820 De Candolle had set down 56,000 at the least, to which figure the collection in the Herbarium of the Jardin des Plantes was not long after brought up; that of M. Delessert reaching in 1847 as many as 86,000 species, at which number Dr. Lindley had estimated in 1835 all the plants in the world. About this time Humboldt's advanced calculations seemed to him to verify the ancient myth of the Zend Avesta, that the creative primeval force called forth 120,000 vegetable forms from the blood of the bull. In 1845 the total species of phanerogamic and cryptogamic plants were set down by Mr. R. B. Hinds as 134,000, by Henty in 1857 at 213,000, whilst in 1855 De Candolle could extend the full number of flowering plants to 375,000. With the knowledge of new lands and their varied flora, the numbers may be expected to grow indefinitely. The problem is of course enhanced in difficulty by the vagueness of the line defining specific differences; but at the present time it may be thought a safe estimate to say, with our author, that there are probably not less than half a million distinct species of vegetable organisms on land and in the water dispersed over the globe.

Out of this vast store of vegetable life Dr. Cooke selects for illustration some score or so of groups or species less familiar to the ordinary observer of nature, or more remarkable for their bearing upon the general laws of organic life. First in order come the carnivorous plants, which were for the first time made the subject of systematic research by Mr. Darwin a few years ago. A popular summary is given of his experiments upon the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), to be met with among bog-mosses and in other swampy places. The structure of this curious little plant is made clear by well-executed woodcuts, and the action of the glands in seizing and disposing of the insects that form its natural prey described in detail. The nature of the viscid secretion from these glands has been shown by chemical analysis to correspond with the gastric fluid in animal forms. It completely dissolves albumen, muscle, fibrin, cartilage, the fibrous portion of bone, gelatine, and the casein of milk, precisely in the same way as these are acted upon in the process of digestion in the stomach of animals. In the power of the tentacles to close upon their prey, and in their response to irritation, we see a resemblance to sensibility in the animal kingdom, as well as in their power of distinguishing between organic and inorganic substances, as between a piece of glass and a piece of boiled egg, or between a hard-skinned beetle and a soft fly, also between different kinds of fluids, acids, and alkalies. And not only do these tentacles bend over and grasp the insects or other objects brought into contact with them, but on living flies being placed half an inch away from the leaves, the tentacles have been found to bend gradually towards the insects, closing and gripping them fast within two hours or so in their bristly and viscous embrace. On the flies being removed three-quarters of an inch further off, the leaves still remained bent towards them away from the direction of the light, though failing to reach them—indicating the presence of an appetite in plants. Of the true sundews no less than three hundred species have been discriminated, of which three are met with in England. Australia has yielded two, and others have been met with not only over the whole of Northern Europe, Canada, and the United States, but as far apart as Brazil and Australia. Kingsley speaks of his rapture at coming upon the familiar little plant among the tussocks of Trinidad, with its clawy-haired paws full of dead flies, just as they would have been in any bog in Devonshire or in Hampshire, in Wales or in Scotland. How came about this world-wide dispersal? Possibly, the author thinks, by means of ancient landways connecting the existing continents, which gave unbounded spread to both flora and fauna, but more probably the minute germ was carried on the feet or in the crop of birds. Hardly less interesting is what Dr. Cooke has to say of *Dionaea muscipula* (Venus's fly-trap), belonging to the same natural order of plants as sundews, not a native of the British islands, but dwelling in the damp tracts of the eastern parts of North Carolina. Another order of carnivorous plants—the Sarracenias, or Side-saddle flowers, the representatives in the New World of the Pitcher plants of the Old—are made to furnish many particulars of curious interest, as are also the minor carnivora which manifest the like propensities in a modified form. Among these are the Butterwort (*Pinguicula lusitanica*), the Bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), with its associated species very widely diffused, the list closing with the Christmas rose (*Helleborus niger*), in which indications have been

\* *Freaks and Marvels of Plant Life; or, Curiosities of Vegetation.* By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Author of "Ponds and Ditches," "The Woodlands," &c. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Young & Co. 1881.

detected, if not of persistent fly-catching, yet at least of a capacity for assimilating animal food. A note from Gerard's *Herbal* (p. 157) is appended, in which the quaint old naturalist speaks of the leaves of the Viscaria as covered with a thick and clammy matter like birdlime, so that "if flies do light upon the same they will be entangled with the limessence that they cannot fly away, inasmuch that in some hot day or other you shall see many flies caught by that means. Whereupon I have called it the Catch Fly, or Limewort."

The gyration or circumnutation of plants, for the first time made the subject of regular and systematic investigation by Mr. Darwin, is here set before the reader without the mass of technical detail which was needed to establish upon a scientific basis this important and far-reaching principle in nature. From the clear outlines of the phenomena given by Dr. Cooke, and the illustrations he supplies of the organic movements to be observed in plants of various kinds, the student may do much to carry on for himself the inquiry into the working of this curious property of plant life. The mysterious attraction towards the light, shown in the creeping of buried radicles in the direction of any cranny or crevice where a ray of the sun may pierce; the following of the sun's disc in its course by the heliotropes, or sun-flowers, which has given to this remarkable order the title of polar or compass plant, and made it familiar to travellers as a guide across the prairies unerring as the magnet, may be noticed and appreciated in a minor degree by any one who will watch carefully the behaviour of plants growing on a bank lit and warmed by the sun's bonus. At the same time, he may be impressed with the opposite phenomenon of negative heliotropism, or turning from the sun, observed by Mr. Darwin in *Bignonia capreolata*, an exotic trumpet-flower, and in the *Cyclamen*. The sleep of plants, as determined or influenced by the deprivation of light, furnishes another chapter of inexhaustible interest in botanical study; as do also such freaks of nature as those of the "twiners and climbers" which wreath themselves into tangled masses in the forest or along the hedge-row, or with their tiny hooks creep in fantastic twirls or puzzling zigzags over wall or cottage-roof. The travellers' joy (*Olema vitalba*), the common fumitory (*Fumaria officinalis*), the climbing corydalis (*Corydalis claviculata*), and the Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis hederacea*), come home to every observer of nature; whilst for exotic specimens he may turn to what our author has to tell him of the Michigan rose, or his striking picture of the Natal climbing plant (*Oeropogon Sandersoni*, fig. 22). The dispersion of plants, their abnormal, dwarf, or giant growths, and their strange and perplexing mimicry of other forms of life, animal as well as vegetable—in which part of his book the writer is betrayed into a weak hankering after the doctrine of design in its pre-Darwinian stage—are treated of with much variety of illustration. Without pretending to high scientific quality, the work throughout is well fitted to instruct and to attract a class of readers who might shrink from grappling with a scientific text-book.

#### ARCHIBALD'S COUNTRY SOLICITOR'S PRACTICE.\*

IT was once a popular belief that the new régime instituted eight years ago by the Judicature Act of 1873 was destined to effect an immense simplification in our legal procedure. If any person exists so deluded as to cherish the idea that this result has been or is likely to be attained, we would simply refer him to Mr. Archibald's bulky volume as an evidence of the enormous mass of subsequent acts, orders, rules, forms, and decisions which have conglomerated round the original nucleus, making confusion worse confounded. For really chaos is a mild term to apply to the present condition of legal practice. Complications have arisen with regard to the fundamental measure. In seeking to remedy these, others and worse ones have been introduced; decisions on one provision tend to nullify another, pleadings which were to be so sweetly simple have developed a higher technicality than ever, until competent judges are driven to recommend their total abolition, and Mr. Archibald's is merely the last of a long series of books of practice designed to evolve order out of the hopeless confusion. Of these it is unquestionably one of the best and completest. Treating the country solicitor as a guileless and unlearned legal infant, Mr. Archibald leads him gently on through all the mazes of a modern action at law, adapting the knotty points and hard sayings to his tender understanding, until the professional mind trembles at the prospect of innumerable country solicitors arming themselves with copies of this work, and declaring their independence of counsel for all time to come. Loyalty to the brotherhood of which he is a distinguished member leads Mr. Archibald, however, to deprecate this misuse of his valuable work, and to point out, as he does at p. 144, the dangers a solicitor may run in rashly dispensing with the services of counsel in drawing pleadings, for instance. So that, while solicitors will beyond doubt profit largely by Mr. Archibald's labours, we may hope those labours may not result in the absolute ruin of the much-enduring junior bar.

Speaking seriously, the author is to be very much complimented on this most careful and comprehensive manual. It can only be his modesty which prompts him to commend it primarily to

solicitors, inasmuch as there are few barristers who would not be the wiser for studying it. A particularly valuable feature consists in the numerous suggestions it contains as to various questions arising every day on which no reported authority is available—suggestions which, from Mr. Archibald's position and peculiar facilities, we can well believe are in many cases "inspired." Thus, at p. 163, speaking of the practice which has grown up of a defendant denying his liability altogether, and at the same time paying money into court in satisfaction of the claim he disputes, Mr. Archibald says:—"There is no provision on the subject; but it is presumed the court has power to order the money to be repaid if the plaintiff has taken it out of court and ultimately fails in his action"—a useful hint, inasmuch as the popular belief has hitherto been to the contrary. So, again, at p. 1108, in the addenda by which Mr. Archibald brings his work up to the level of the very latest decisions, he suggests a method by which money paid into court as a condition of being permitted to defend may be tendered and pleaded in satisfaction—another doubtful point, on which there is as yet no authority. In the more beaten tracks of procedure the work is no less efficient. It embodies the whole system now in force, artistically supplementing the new practice by the still existing remnants of the old, so as to be absolutely complete in itself, and to enable its fortunate possessor to dispose of his "Ohitty's Archibald," his "Lush's Practice," his "Wilson's Judicature Acts," and all other like manuals for what they will fetch. From which sweeping supersession we would, however, except another work of the same author—namely, "Forms of Summons and Orders," the leading authority on a subject which could not well have been incorporated into the present volume, and which forms a fitting pendant thereto.

Almost the only point in which we could wish Mr. Archibald's book to be other than it is, is as to the collection of forms of pleadings which he has adopted from the schedule to the Judicature Acts. Of course, these forms have to a certain extent the sanction of authority, and we suppose the author could not well have dispensed with them, but they are really very inferior models; there is among them an extraordinary predominance of precedents for shipping cases, and a corresponding paucity of formulas of more general utility, while some of the specimens are absolutely misleading—notably that of the pleadings in a foreclosure action, which contains at least three paragraphs which would expose the party utilizing them to the danger of having them struck out at Chambers as embarrassing and contrary to the spirit of the Acts and rules. It is really a pity that Mr. Archibald should have had to mar the efficiency of his book by the insertion of these dubious exemplars, which have long ceased to be regarded with any special reverence, and we should have considered him fully justified had he seen fit to reform some of them in accordance with recent decisions.

One of the most hopelessly involved and contradictory departments in the existing procedure is that concerning the employment and functions of the Official Referees. Though these functionaries are, so to speak, the pet offspring of the Judicature Act of 1873, that Act, the rules intended to carry out its provisions, and judicial decisions upon both Act and rules, have combined to put them in an anomalous and almost ridiculous position. The Act and the rules distinctly imply that they may try actions and direct judgment to be entered for the successful party; the judges say they cannot try actions, and cannot direct judgment to be entered. Mr. Archibald, in an excellent and lucid chapter on arbitration, does his very best to guide his reader through the conflicting authorities, though of course it is not within his power to reconcile things which are distinctly and diametrically opposed to one another. Probably either the Act or the rules will have to undergo a complete process of remodelling before the Official Referees can discharge their allotted duties in peace and comfort. Nor does Mr. Archibald confine himself to mere matters of practice. He discourses ably on bills of sale, acknowledgments of married women, and other subjects with which it behoves the country solicitor to be well acquainted. With regard to the former topic, we may mention that the author has, with laudable alacrity and conscientiousness, recalled all unsold copies of his work, with a view to correcting an error which had crept into the report of a bill of sale case at p. 553. This has now been done, and the book is as trustworthy on this point as it is on all others.

At least one half of the book is occupied by the Acts, orders, rules, and forms which constitute the authoritative source and exponents of the existing practice, and which are here printed at full length. This course does not, however, in the present case give rise to the slightest suspicion of any intention on the part of the author to pad out his work to comely proportions, or to economise the product of his own brain by copious extracts from the statute book. A reduction rather than an increase in size is what Mr. Archibald's book could best stand, and in books of practice it is absolutely essential to have at hand the *ipsissima verba* of the enactments and regulations under which proceedings are being conducted. A text-book, however good, is of but little use as authority in such matters; but a text-book which tells you where to find the authority, and at the same time supplies you with it, is obviously the most useful kind of manual. We must confess to some slight misgiving as to whether the very bulk and completeness of Mr. Archibald's book may not somewhat stand in the way of its general adoption by London practitioners. In the hurry and bustle of Judges' Chambers, for instance, it might be difficult at the moment to hit on the particular one of its 1,266

\* *Archibald's Country Solicitor's Practice: a Handbook of the Practice in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice.* By W. F. A. Archibald, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens and Sons. 1882.



pages which contained the particular point to which one wished to refer. It is, however, admirably arranged and indexed, with a view, no doubt, to obviating this difficulty as far as possible, and a judicious turning down of pages beforehand would guide the eye of the practitioner to the required point. For the seclusion of the office or chambers it is, however, as we have before intimated, singularly well adapted. The references are wonderfully copious, their selection not being confined to the ordinary reports only, but embracing the *Weekly Notes*, the *Weekly Reporter*, and the *Law Times*, in whose pages so many practice cases lie entombed, and from which, without some such assistance, it is so exceedingly difficult to unearth them. These minor reports are a perpetual source of terror to the practitioner, who can never feel quite sure that they may not contain some obscure authority adverse to his contention, which, unknown to him, may prove a weapon in the hand of his opponent. So far as practice is concerned, Mr. Archibald has now dispelled much of this terror by enabling one to know the worst, or else to enjoy the feeling of safety.

The portentous length of the addenda above referred to proves the author's extreme assiduity and care up to the very moment of his book's going to press, and also shows the need that exists for the continual issue of new books of practice or the thorough revision of old ones. Nothing is more misleading than a superannuated law book; it is of about as much use as a last year's almanack. In these addenda Mr. Archibald has a fair foundation for a second edition of his work, which we trust will ere long be necessitated by the well-deserved exhaustion of the first. In his preface he refers to another cause which might some day have the same effect—namely, the possible adoption in whole or in part of the recent Report of the Chancellor's Committee on Legal Procedure. No signs of any stir in this direction are, however, as yet apparent; possibly the authorities are waiting until they can obtain the requisite co-operation of the Legislature; and, so far as any danger of Mr. Archibald's book being thus superseded is concerned, we are inclined to believe it will share the immunity enjoyed by threatened men.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

11.

WE have not, this week, to review any of the more splendid works of men and publishers. The splendours of the Christmas season are probably still in the hands of the binders; the largest and most sumptuous of the books of the week is an American volume of travel, *The Heart of the White Mountains*, by Mr. S. B. Drake, with illustrations by Mr. Hamilton Gibson (Chatto and Windus). The White Mountain is the Ararat of the Red Indians, or rather, is one of their Ararats; for every race which possesses the tradition of the Deluge points out its own local eminence on which its local Noah landed after the waters abated. The Indians believe the White Mountain to be the abode of no ordinary Manitou, and approach with reluctance the snowy tops of a hill which is not more their Ararat than their Olympus. The Deluge legend in this part of America tells how one Powaw and his wife alone escaped from the flood; how they sought safety on the crest of the White Mountain; and how, as the waters withdrew, the Powaw sent forth, not a dove, like Noah, but a hare to spy out the land. In a recent essay, by the way, on the Deluge-myths, M. Lenormant maintained that the people of Africa have no such tradition. It would be strange if they were really unacquainted with a story so widely spread that it is current in India, in North and South America, among Celts, and Greeks, and Australians. By a curious accident, the author of *Uncle Remus* makes his plantation negro tell the nigger story of the flood, which, in this African myth, was brought about by the machinations of the crayfish. "There wasn't no ark in this yer Deluge," says Uncle Remus, and his artless narrative seems to throw doubt on the statement of M. Lenormant. But it must not be supposed that *The Heart of the White Mountains* is all given up to Red Indian mythology. We read of the great carbuncle of the hills, the fabulous stone commemorated by Hawthorne, and we have countless descriptions and pictures of fresh and attractive scenery, and humorous American anecdotes of travel. The woodcuts are generally executed with delicacy, and the book is not only well got up, but permits itself to be read with pleasure. This is unusual in Christmas books.

*Features of Bird Life in Pen and Pencil* (Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A. Illustrated by Giacomelli. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.) These pictures of the life of birds are very pretty and clever. The frontispiece is particularly ingenious; a number of draggled and drenched little birds are cowering away from the storm in the niches of a sculptured stone. The owl, which makes the tailpiece of the preface, is a most knowing and uncanny fowl. Mr. Watkins's letterpress is an interesting combination of natural history, poetry, and folk-lore. The woodcuts are engraved with much delicacy, and the book should be a favourite in all country houses.

For the poems in *Indian Summer* (Griffith and Farran) Mr. Clarkson confesses his debt to "American poets only," while the sketches were made in the woods of Maryland. Among the poets who supply the verse we notice such celebrated writers as Miss Mary Mapes Dodge, Miss Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Piatt, and the names, even better known in Europe, of Longfellow and Lowell and Joaquin Miller. The following verses of Mr. Wilde's strike

us as being almost the gloomiest over which we ever dropped the tear of sensibility:—

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless and soon to pass away.  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

In a verse of Mr. Lathrop's address to Mr. Longfellow on his seventieth birthday we foresee the conjectural reading of the future German critic:—

And if too soon the hear-frost throngs  
Your air, O Poet of our prime,  
It seeks in vain to chill your songs,  
Or blanch the beauty of your rhyme.

For "air" some commentator is certain, in the by and by, to read "hair." The poems in this volume are more engaging than the rather garish coloured illustrations.

*Dreams, Dances, and Disappointments* (G. Konstans, E. Casella, and N. Casella. De La Rue) is an exceedingly pretty picture-book, in the style of Mr. Caldecott, though graver in tone. We have rarely seen such pleasant reproductions of the ways of the last century.

The pictures of animals in *A Winter Nosegay* (Sonnenschein and Allen) are extremely spirited and lively, and give a not unnecessary interest to the letterpress.

*The Cornet of Horse* is the history, by Mr. Henty (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), of a Herculean young officer who served under "George Churchill," as Mr. Henty unakes Marlborough call himself. This is obviously a mere slip of the pen, which Mr. Henty redeems by his careful maps of the battles fought "in Anna's wars." The Cornet of Horse is the best swordsman of his time. The artist, however, depicts him in the act of lunging with his left foot foremost, and his attitude on guard in a duel is elaborately absurd. The hero throws all his weight on his right foot, and only touches the ground with the heel of his left foot. In this position, of course, he would be the helpless victim of his big opponent. His attitude is that of the "Narcissus" in the Naples Museum, or of one of the Inner Brotherhood in *Patience*. This is the artist's affair; but the innumerable adventures of the hero will be the delight of boys, and we confess to having read Mr. Henty's book with the utmost excitement. When the hero was sucked in by the mill-wheel we gave him up for lost; but from this, as from all his other perils, he emerges unharmed.

*Salt Water* (Griffith and Farran) is quite as thrilling an account by Mr. Kingston of danger and battle by sea, and is certainly more interesting than most of the novels in three volumes which make the life of the reviewer hideous.

*Our Little Ones* (same publishers) is a lively American collection of papers for children. We deeply sympathize with the hero of "Johnnie's story." "I wanted to be good. I wanted to have lots of fun." Alas, this is the human tragedy in brief.

*The Home Library—Constantine the Great* (Rev. Edward L. Outts, B.A. S.P.C.K.)—Mr. Outts has spared no pains to make his book attractive and interesting. He has read a great many authorities, ancient and modern (especially the latter), on the early history of the Church, and quotes from them freely. He has also a number of very good drawings scattered through his pages, some of which are copies of coins with the portraits of the Emperors, and others sketches of scenery and public buildings. We value these the more highly, as good drawings in Christmas books are as rare as swallows in winter. Mr. Outts's literary style is not, however, always equal to his matter. He occasionally uses newspaper slang, and condescends to such amazing expressions as "a handsome and cultured Emperor." We must object to a statement he makes on page 2. This is, that "the provinces which are so familiar to us under the names of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Servia, and Dalmatia, were familiar to the world then under their ancient names of Dalmatia, Noricum, Pannonia, Moesia, and Thrace . . . they were then united under the name of Illyricum." Now, at no time was the name "Noricum" applied to either Bosnia or Dalmatia. Noricum was the country south of the Danube and west of Vindobona, or Vienna, comprehending most of the modern provinces of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. Pannonia lay directly east of it, bounded on the east by the Danube, and with only a small portion of its territory included in the modern Bosnia; while Thrace, far from forming any part of the province or prefecture of Illyricum, was reckoned one of the members of the Prefecture of the East.

*The Brave Men of Eyam* (Edw. N. Hoare, M.A. S.P.C.K.)—There is no sadder tragedy in all history than the almost complete depopulation of the Derbyshire village of Eyam during the great Plague of 1665. The pestilence was introduced in a bale of goods sent from London, and in less than a year five-sixths of the inhabitants were dead. Whole families were swept away; women, reduced to misery and want, were forced to dig the graves of their relations; and it was only the courage of the villagers, who remained inside their homes and faced the death that awaited them, which prevented the Plague from spreading widely. Mr. Hoare has told his ghastly story well, neither sickening his readers with unnecessary details, nor giving way to sentimentality; but we think it a pity that he introduced the murder of the pedlar, which seems pointless. Indeed a murder is a thing to pass unheeded in the presence of such horrors.

*Off to the Wilds* (Geo. Manville Fenn. Sampson Low and Co.)—Zulaland has hitherto been saved from the pen of the writers of boys' books; but, now that Rorke's Drift has taken the place of the Balacava Charge in our plays and novels, the well-trodden fields of Canada and the South Sea Islands have been deserted for the attractions of Cape Colony. Adventures, however, are just as numerous and striking as of old. We still have monstrous, maneless, yellow lions crawling along the sedgy grass; and we know that the lion has his part to play in harmlessly exciting us before he is disposed of. Large herds of gnus—creatures resembling bisons—tails in air and heads on the ground, charge the defenceless white boy with all their accustomed (and futile) vigour; while worse than all is our old friend the serpent, "writhing and turning in the most horrible manner down in a narrow rift," equally ready to crush a gazelle or wind itself round the body of a man. These wonders are not, however, left solely to the imagination, but are impressed on our minds by numerous pictures. There is a perfect Zoological Gardens in the book, and some rather curious foreshortening. In p. 164 the men look as if they were gracefully balanced on waving ears of corn. In p. 154 the boy is like a caterpillar; while the rhinoceros (p. 225) seems to bound after the fashion of a dream beast, rather than to crush through the brushwood in the manner characteristic of the real quadruped. But boys will not care about these little shortcomings, and will delight in all the hairbreadth escapes.

*Hoodie* (Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by M. Ellen Edwards. Routledge).—Mrs. Molesworth has given us one more of her stories, which, like the others, is pretty and charming, but yet unsuitable for childish reading. The notion that it is "interesting" to be naughty is one that is by no means unfamiliar to grown-up men and women, and it is surely a mistake to implant it in children's minds. The teaching of the old fairy tales was far more wholesome than this. Cinderella, it is true, had something of the *fille encompas* about her (especially as drawn by Mr. Millais), but, luckily for her, lacked the time to brood over her wrongs. The picture of a little girl of five making herself miserable over the thought that nobody loved her is, we hope, untrue to nature, or, if not untrue, is a fact to be passed sadly by without comment. Besides, children, especially little children, never think in language. They have strong impressions, but these are too vague to be translated into words. If, however, we object to *Hoodie* as a Christmas present for our nephew and niece, we have found much entertainment in it ourselves; and the illustrations are above the average.

*Aunt Judy's Annual Volume for 1881* (Edited by H. F. Gatty. Bell and Sons).—If we cannot have Mrs. Ewing herself to write the leading story in *Aunt Judy's Christmas Number*, the next best thing is to have one by the author of "Castle Blair." Her present small hero does not, however, resemble the Irish boys who were the torment of their relatives. Hector was of French origin, and went for a few months to visit his relations in France. His one thought was "birds," and how to make himself as much a bird as possible. Like all Miss Shaw's children, he is perfectly natural and not self-conscious. The rest of the volume is painstaking, but perhaps hardly up to its usual interest.

*Hide and Seek: a Story of the New Forest in 1647* (Mrs. Frank Cooper. S.P.C.K.).—Life in 1647 must, indeed, have been full of surprises if it was as lively a thing as Mrs. Cooper would have us believe. She has, however, given us a vivid and interesting picture of the kind of adventures to which people were liable at that date, though we would fain hope these perils did not follow quite so fast on each other's heels, and that the unfortunate creatures were allowed a little breathing space to recruit their spirits.

*Our Bob* (Author of the "Lost Note." S.P.C.K.).—The illustrations to this story are the most singular thing about it. There is a picture of "Our Bob" in the act of pulling off his coat before plunging into the water to save a drowning child, which we thought for a long time was a waiter wringing out a napkin. The child is in the water a foot or two off, apparently surveying the prospect at his leisure, while his mother, who has evidently much more repose than is usual in her class, is sitting in a corner with her face in her hands. The story begins well, but the dénouement is improbable.

*Vanda* (Esme Stuart. S.P.C.K.).—By far the best part of *Vanda* is the description of the Mathon family, where the gifted young lady who bestows her name on the book became governess. There is real humour in the sketch of the cheerful captain who loves to tease his matter-of-fact irritable wife, and of their two mischievous little boys. The rest of the book, though pleasant reading enough, has nothing remarkable about it.

*Under Palm and Pine* (J. A. Owen. S.P.C.K.).—This is a bright little tale, laid partly in Tahiti and partly in New Zealand. The story, perhaps, does not come to much; but it contains some adventures and pretty descriptions.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is not often that a book has twice to run the gauntlet of legal tribunals; but this is, we believe, the fate of Benjamin Constant's *Letters to Mme. Récamier* (1). Almost immediately after the lady's death they were advertised for publication in the

(1) *Lettres de Benjamin Constant à madame Récamier*. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

*Presse*, though the joint opposition of the two families, supported by a legal decision, made M. Emile de Girardin abandon the publication. Now, so far as we can make out, Mme. Récamier's representatives have sanctioned their issue, while Benjamin Constant's still protest. It was, indeed, recently announced that a fresh lawsuit was to follow on their issue. It would not be fitting to give any opinion here on the propriety of this course; but, without exceeding the limits of purely literary criticism, the difference of attitude may be said to be comprehensible enough. There is nothing in the strict sense compromising to either party in these letters, which show pretty distinctly how purely platonic, on the lady's side at least, was the *liaison* which led to two duels between Constant and others of her admirers. The only reason that we can imagine for the objection which the representatives of the author of *Adolphe* are said to entertain to their publication is that they destroy, or at any rate alter, one's previous conception of his character. Benjamin Constant has always had the credit of being a kind of elder Henri de Marsay, with English instead of French characteristics—a perfectly cold-hearted and clear-sighted person, to whom the various celebrated women with whom he was connected were merely so many playthings. A perusal of these letters scarcely sustains this view. Constant is nearly as passionate in his attitude towards his Juliette as Mlle. de l'Épinasse is towards her Guibert; and, what is still odder, the references in the letters to Mme. de Staël by no means bear out the current idea of Corinne as the victim, of Benjamin as the sacrificing priest. An appendix, however, which contains some fragments of unpublished memoirs, contains a terrible portrait of Mme. de Staël, not, indeed, very surprising to acute students of that person, but likely considerably to disturb Dr. Stevens, her late enthusiastic biographer. According to Constant, who certainly had reasons for knowing, Corinne must have very much resembled a certain English statesman in petticoats. "Mme. de Staël est de bonne foi successivement en mille sens contraires. Mais comme dans chacun des moments où elle est réellement de bonne foi, on est subjugué par l'accent de vérité qui retentit dans ses paroles . . . son éloquence produit sur elle le même effet que sur ses auditeurs. En se préférant aux autres elle ne pense être que juste et elle s'estime de sa justice."

The fourth volume of M. Gambetta's speeches (2), which has acquired an additional interest in the course of its passage through the press, does not contain any of his most famous utterances. But the articles on the anniversary of Hoche's death (thrice repeated), on Edgar Quinet, and on that curious person, D'Alton Shee, are of some general interest, not to mention others.

An anonymous pamphlet (3) on the Egyptian question takes the line of exaggerating the importance of Turkish intervention, and of urging the value of French "political" interference as contrasted with interference in the mere interest of French subjects. Students of this thorny question will know what to make of this and of the covert insinuations against England; others the brochure will hardly interest.

M. Gambetta's new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs can hardly be charged with issuing his book (4) as a testimonial for office, inasmuch as it must have passed through the press some time before the fall of the Ferry Cabinet. It is an eminent example of the style which Mr. Carlyle, in one of the moments when his genius was most with him, baptized for ever as "dull-snuffing." With insignificant changes, it might be the work of a club orator of the First Revolution, a description which M. Spuller will take as a compliment, and which will fully characterize it to those who are acquainted with history. "Dix-huit siècles de civilisation chrétienne (*Rivra*)" is the sort of thing which occurs throughout. It must be admitted that the Republican grouse in the gun-room requires a special education to make it specially laughworthy.

The Duchess de FitzJames has reprinted in pamphlet form (5) her valuable article on American vines and their use in fighting the phylloxera, which, when it first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was fully commented on in the *Saturday Review*.

M. Fernand Maurice's essay (6) is a very clever and a rather dispiriting production. It bears a close resemblance (except that it is better written) to an Oxford prize essay. The author has acquired the knack of taking rapid general views of history, and has seized the idea that at the present moment everything French is to be seen in the light of the Republic. So he starts the question whether there must not of necessity be something radically different between a Monarchical and a Republican foreign policy. The latter seems, as far as we can make it out, to be to let everything go by the board. How little M. Maurice guards his easy historical *aperçus* by any acquaintance with actual facts may best be judged by his argument that English foreign policy is always the same, and that public opinion in England would scout alterations in it. What M. Maurice needs is a caution to read the newspapers as well as the philosophical historians, and to remember that there is such a thing as human nature.

M. Gabriel Monod is well known to students of contemporary French literature, and it is hardly necessary to say that anything

(2) *Discours et plaidoyers politiques de M. Gambetta*. Tome IV. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *La question égyptienne*. Paris: Leroux.

(4) *Nouvelles conférences populaires*. Par E. Spuller. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Grande culture de la vigne américaine en France*. Par Mme. la duchesse de FitzJames. Nîmes: Dubois.

(6) *La politique extérieure de la république française*. Par E. Maurice. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

which he does or superintends will be more or less well done. His present enterprise (7), however, does not commend itself to us. It seems that something or somebody answering to our "My Lords" has decreed that the *neuvèmes* in French schools (that is, the lowest class) should have Greek and Roman history, together with that of non-classical antiquity and a few specimen biographies of classical worthies, hashed up for them in an exceedingly exiguous primer. The thing is here very cleverly done, or rather would be done if it were not impossible.

It is rather a pity that such a book as M. Borel d'Hauterive's *Sieges de Paris* (8) should have reached a third edition. What can be thought of a professedly sober writer who inserts a stupid *chanson* of his own about "Le barbare Attila" and "A Berlin" and "Le Rhin français" and "Le jour prochain de la revanche," and who, in recounting the entry of the Prussians into Paris, has the incredible silliness to talk about "un cordon *infranchissable* formé par les gardes nationaux pour empêcher les Allemands de pénétrer dans la ville," and to say that "pour satisfaire leur amour propre il avait fallu les laisser se glisser un instant"? After "la revanche" it may be pardonable to talk in this way.

A very pretty little book (9) in M. Leroux's pretty little series of folk lore contains some translations of Albanian tales, many of which are curiously Oriental in character. M. Dozon seems to be at present in Cyprus, and to be studying Cypriot traditions.

M. Xavier Marmier is not exactly one of the chief glories of the French Academy, and his American travels (10) are considerably behind the time. But they are written on the accepted lines of travel in France, which lines may be said to be, first, the observation of a perpetual forced liveliness, and, secondly, the inculcation of the superiority of France and Frenchmen to all other countries and nations. It is, therefore, not very wonderful that they should have reached a new edition.

It is possible that some very hard-hearted person might question the right of M. Paul de Musset to have his works presented in so dainty a form (11) as that of M. Lemerre's *Petite bibliothèque*. But it is a great thing to have a brother, and (let it be freely confessed) a greater thing to believe frankly in him, and to take up the cudgels for him gallantly against all comers. M. Paul de Musset's merits in this kind incline us not to press too hardly the comparison between his *Originaux* and Gautier's *Grotesques*.

M. Emile Zola, or some too zealous friend for him, makes such constant and skillful use of *la réclame*—in plain English, of puffery—that even non-subscribers to the *St. Petersburg Messenger de l'Europe* are pretty well acquainted with his critical lucubrations long before they are collected in volumes. This present book (12) illustrates perhaps better than any of its forerunners the strength and the weakness of M. Zola in criticism, for it would be absurd to pretend that there is not strength as well as weakness. M. Zola has unfortunately had a very insufficient literary education; he has fallen early among those worst of thieves, the members of a small mutual admiration society, and he has subjugated himself hopelessly to the most terrible of all slaveries, the slavery of jargon. The consequence is that perhaps no other living writer writes such a curious mixture of sense and nonsense. When M. Zola is talking about the achievements of naturalist literature, the scientific movement, and so forth, he always talks nonsense without exception, and when he attacks his personal enemies he is always unimportant though often amusing. But when he happens to get upon neutral ground his natural shrewdness, which is great, constantly emerges. He knows absolutely nothing about poetry, and therefore no one who has not much time to spare need trouble himself to open his articles on Victor Hugo, on Gautier, on Musset as a poet—for there are some shrewd remarks on Musset as a man—or on contemporary poetry in France. The writer is simply not at the point of view, and his observations are therefore irrelevant. But on Chateaubriand, and in the long and interesting paper on Sainte-Beuve, he has much to say that is worth attention, though neither article is to be recommended to any one who is not in a position to apply the corrective of independent knowledge and criticism. Then we have "La critique contemporaine," which is merely a personal repartee on the critics who do not like M. Zola. How empty his dicta are in such a case may be estimated from his impertinent remarks on M. Oberbuliez, who certainly has his faults as a novelist, but whose best works are worth all M. Zola's put together, and on M. Emile Montégut, one single page of whose best criticism is sufficient to outweigh everything that M. Zola has written in that way. The book ends with an essay on "La moralité dans la littérature," which is an earnest attempt to distinguish between "Brantôme, Boccaccio, and La Fontaine," on the one hand, and *Nana* on the other. The attempt really was not needed.

Many people are more or less interested in French North Africa just now, and all who are so interested will find M. Choisy's book (13) worth their attention. At the time when the late ill-

fated Colonel Flatters set out on his expedition to explore the route for an Algiers-Timbuctoo railway, M. Choisy, who is a civil engineer by profession, was charged with the humbler duty of exploring the triangle between Laghouat, Goleah, and Wargla—a district nominally included within the limits of Algeria, but entirely Saharan in character, and exposed to the incursions of semi-independent tribes. No actual harm came to the little party of surveyors, though they had many frights. But the utterly impracticable nature of the country, the impossibility of its being turned to any account by civilized inhabitants, and the extreme difficulty of prosecuting military operations in it appear very well in these pages. It is not superfluous to remind the reader that the country here described is typical of the entire region from the Nile Valley to the Atlantic.

M. Bougot's is a handsome book (14), and one of no inconsiderable value as a contribution to archaeology. Everybody who has something more than a conventional knowledge of Greek literature knows the peculiar luxuriance and minuteness of the later Greek descriptions of "pictures." In the Greek romances especially they form a staple element, but the most considerable collection of them is that of the rhetorician Philostratus, who is best known as the author of the *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*. These descriptions M. Bougot has translated with an ample commentary and with illustrations of the subjects wherever possible, these illustrations being derived from modern as well as from ancient art, but principally from the latter. The only fault that we have to find with the book is the miscellaneous character of the illustrations, which would seem to have been taken from other works. Here we have a lithograph, here a woodcut, here a héliogravure—a mixture not worthy of so handsome a volume.

In the *Revue des arts décoratifs* for September (15) there is an article on Pugot which is worth reading, and in that for October some "Reminiscences of a Director of the Fine Arts," by M. de Chennevières. Both numbers contain among the illustrations some fine examples of Venetian glass from the Limoges Museum.

Among an unusual number of novels Mme. Henry Gréville's *Perdue* (16) fairly takes first place. It is a very pleasant sketch of the fortunes of a lost child, somewhat slight, but with details in the author's best manner, while it is at the same time entirely suited for anybody's reading, even for the famous young persons "dout on coupe le pain en tartines." *Sauvageonne*, by A. Theuriot (17), does not deserve this latter description. It is, however, a story of greater power than is usual with its author, while its descriptions of forest scenery are both skilful and attractive. The chief fault of the book is the faint and indefinable but perceptible appearance of that discipleship to George Sand and M. Octave Feuillet of which M. Emile Zola has rudely but not unjustly accused the author of *Sauvageonne*. The situation of the wife, her husband, and her adopted step-daughter is wholly different from that of *Julia de Trécar* no doubt, yet a kind of feeling obstinately recurs that if *Julia de Trécar* had not been written neither would *Sauvageonne* have been. Still the book has interest, though of no very agreeable kind. MM. Catulle Mendès and Richard Leclède are two practised men of letters, and the former at least is no mean writer. They might perhaps have been better inspired than in their fancy sketches (18) from the life of Capigliostro. General Ambert's book (19), which we class with novels chiefly because it is not easy to know where else to place it, is a collection of tales, short essays, and miscellaneous papers tinged with a strongly clerical spirit. The writer, we fear, has too little sense of humour and too weak a pen to do his allies much service. In *La buccasse de perles* (20) M. Mario Uchard has apparently determined to slaughter the naturalists with their own weapons. Although, however, he has imitated their audacity in selection and treatment of subjects, as well as sometimes at least their photographic minuteness, he has not caught the true "scientific" drone, and is deficient in the necessary *argot*. Nor, on the other hand, has he the romantic charm; so that his poor modern Cleopatra is tragical without being really affecting. The chief merit of *Trop sèvre* (21) is its Wilkie-Collins-like setting, describing the meeting of a famous doctor and a casual passenger in a train, and the reception of both of them in a great old house at Lille. The tale which this book contains may or may not interest the reader. *Un cas de folie* (22) is a romance of crime of a rather complicated character. It is well written, and, like *La mort d'Eva*, gives the idea that its author has a future before him in novel-writing of the kind of which M. Louis Ulbach has been hitherto the chief practitioner in France. He has, however, as it seems to us, in this instance scarcely taken space enough for the development of his plot and characters. M. Guy de Charnacé has written in *Une parvenue* (23) a decidedly commonplace book concerning *nouveaux riches*, marriages for money, illicit connexions, &c. Although criticism by comparison is often not very fair, it is not, we

(7) *Récits historiques*. Par G. d'Hombres et G. Monod. Première partie. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(8) *Les sieges de Paris*. Par Borel d'Hauterive. Troisième édition. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Contes albanais*. Recueillis et traduits par A. Dozon. Paris: Leroux.

(10) *Lettres sur l'Amérique*. Par X. Marmier. 2 vols. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Œuvres de P. de Musset. Les originaux du XVII<sup>ème</sup> siècle*. Paris: Lemerre.

(12) *Documents littéraires*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *Le Sahara*. Par A. Choisy. Paris: Plon.

(14) *Philostrate l'ancien: une galerie antique*. Par A. Bougot. Paris: Renquard.

(15) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Numéros 17, 18. Paris: Quantin.

(16) *Perdue*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(17) *Sauvageonne*. Par A. Theuriot. Paris: Ollendorff.

(18) *La divine aventure*. Par C. Mendès et R. Leclède. Paris: Dentu.

(19) *Autour de l'église*. Par le général Ambert. Paris: Dentu.

(20) *La buccasse de perles*. Par Mario Uchard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(21) *Trop sèvre*. Par Louis Dépret. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(22) *Un cas de folie*. Par H. Cauvais. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(23) *Une parvenue*. Par Guy de Charnacé. Paris: Ollendorff.

think, unfair to describe M. Rémusat's book (24) as being not unlike Captain Mayne Reid in his more ambitious moods. The Frenchman, as might be expected, is the better novelist and the better writer of the two. The sub-title of his book, "Souvenirs d'un marin à la Havane," describes it pretty well. M. Daniel Bernard has written a story about brigands (25) which has considerable merit. The woes of the luckless banker who is captured and made executioner to the band, and brother-in-law of the chief to wit, are depicted with a good deal of ingenuity, and show not a little skill in avoiding the burlesque while keeping up an undercurrent of comedy. Very little can be said for M. Armand Silvestre (26), who, as in *Les farces de l'ami Jacques*, is coarse without being graphic, and jocular without being amusing. Our list closes with three family books, all of which have merit. M. J. Girardin (27) is nearly always to be trusted, not merely in the moral, but in the literary sense, though he sometimes spins his stories out rather further than their substance will bear.

(24) *Un roman vrai*. Par A. Rémusat. Paris: Dreyfous.

(25) *Un drame à Naples*. Par D. Bernard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(26) *Les malheurs du commandant Laripète*. Par A. Silvestre. Paris: Ollendorff.

(27) *Les théories du Dr. Würtz*. Par J. Girardin. Paris: Hachette.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE PRESIDENT'S Message to Congress was not likely in present circumstances to be an important document. If President GARFIELD had lived he would have expressed nearly the same meaning in slightly different language. It had been foreseen that the present Government would sustain in reference to the Panama Canal the pretensions of Mr. BLAINE, who indeed is still Secretary of State. Since the issue of Mr. BLAINE's Circular Despatch, his Government seems to have been reminded that the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, in which the principle of a joint guarantee was distinctly recognized, is dated four years later than the Columbian Treaty, which, if it had stood alone, could not have affected the rights of third parties. The PRESIDENT now states that negotiations have been instituted for the repeal of the clauses in the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty which conflict with the recent American claim. In a formal communication to Congress he could not conveniently explain the grounds on which he asks for a concession on the part of England which would introduce an unnecessary innovation into international law. There is no reason, except the assumed supremacy of the United States over the whole American continent, for the exclusion of European Powers from a share in the Panama guarantee. The territories of the Union are separated by hundreds of miles on both coasts from the Isthmus which is to be pierced; and it must be remembered that England also has vast dominions on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific and in the Gulf of Mexico. The exclusive guarantee looks too much like a claim to keep the key of a passage which will become one of the most important communications in the world. The exclusive and narrow commercial policy of the United States suggests a suspicion that an exclusive control over the Canal might be used for the purpose of imposing differential duties. It seems that the Columbian Government has not hitherto assented to the American proposals; but the PRESIDENT adds that the Columbians will be disposed to enter into fresh negotiations.

In all other respects the external relations of the United States furnish the PRESIDENT with grounds for undisturbed complacency. The friendship between America and France has been cemented by the centenary celebration of their common victory, to which Germany contributed by the visit of the descendants of a soldier of fortune who served in the revolutionary war. The present Government of Germany has complied with the requisitions of the American Government in the matter of emigrants who have acquired rights of citizenship. The friendship between the United States and the Russian Empire is undisturbed, though friendly remonstrances against the persecution of American Jews have still not produced the desired effect. The general harmony of nations includes even England, in consequence of a recent exchange of courteous offices. The sympathy which was felt and expressed during the illness of Mr. GARFIELD seems really to have been appreciated by the American people, and the PRESIDENT deserves personal credit for the good taste and good feeling of the compliment which he paid to England at the close of the Yorktown celebration. The Americans cannot perhaps be held responsible for the meetings of Land Leaguers and Fenians, or for the felonious plots which are announced against English life and property; but it is to be regretted that the model

State of the Union was represented at a Land League meeting by the Governor of Massachusetts, and the model city by the Mayor of Boston. It is natural that the tone of the Presidential Message should be cheerful, as far as it deals with the exemption of the Republic from foreign complications. The despatch of special missions to compose the quarrel between Peru and Chili scarcely forms an exception to the general tranquillity. Abroad, as well as at home, the United States enjoy the proverbial felicity of countries without a history. The advantage which has generally belonged to insignificant States is now shared by the richest and perhaps the most powerful of civilized communities. The domestic portions of the PRESIDENT'S Message sound like common forms. The questions which really interest American politicians are not suited to a formal and conventional statement.

In the United States politics have, except on extraordinary occasions, become a game of which the object is to produce artificial excitement, or they resolve themselves into personal intrigues. The issues which are raised are so insignificant as to be indiscernible to foreigners, though they provide occasion for much apparent activity. The anxiety with which the PRESIDENT'S Message is said to have been awaited was caused only by the doubt whether he would continue General GARFIELD'S policy, which consisted in alliance with Mr. BLAINE against Mr. CONKLING, Mr. CAMERON, and General GRANT. It is not known that any of the rival candidates for power differ from one another in opinion; though several of them possess considerable energy and ability. Mr. CONKLING, like other American politicians, is an opponent of Free-trade. Mr. BLAINE attended the late Tariff Convention for the purpose of approving the project of imposing duties, not for purposes of revenue, but as a protection to domestic industry. The distinction between Republicans and Democrats is scarcely more perceptible than the line which divides the Republican factions. All parties find that the manufacturers are better worth courting than the consumers, who, indeed, for the most part offer no opposition to the fiscal system which is maintained at their expense. No domestic question of importance is likely to be raised in the present Congress, and all American politicians are of the same mind in respect of foreign affairs. Whether Mr. BLAINE succeeds Mr. FAYETTE, or is succeeded by Mr. FREYLINGHUYSEN, the duties of the Secretary of State for the time being will be full of magniloquent patriotism. That a great and free country should continue to thrive in the absence of vigorous politics is an addition to historical experience.

It is perhaps convenient that no considerable legislation should be proposed, inasmuch as the balance of parties would render it difficult or impossible to pass any contested measure. If the internal Republican divisions are left for the time out of consideration, the respective numbers of the Republicans and of the Democrats in the Senate are almost equal. Mr. DAVIS calls himself an Independent, and General MAHONE was nominally elected as a Democrat, but really by a coalition of the Republicans of Virginia with the advocates of State repudiation. He may now be considered as a Republican proselyte; and there is no counterbalancing secession from the party which he has deserted. His alliance, which gives a majority to the Republicans, is not the less eagerly welcomed because he represents the doctrine and practice of fiscal bad faith. If the former adherents of General GARFIELD hesitate to confirm the

nominations of his successor, the Democratic Senators will be able to control official appointments. In the House the Republicans have proved their superiority by appointing a Speaker, but a majority of four will not enable them to pass any Bill which may be distasteful to their adversaries. It is also probable that the feud between Mr. BLAINE and the so-called "Stalwarts" will weaken the Republicans. General GRANT is supposed to be engaged in constant intrigues against the action of the party which returned Mr. GARFIELD. Manchvros in Congress are for the most part designed, not to affect legislation, but to exercise an influence on the next Presidential election. If less than three years the perpetual struggle will recommence, and perhaps by that time the popular objection to a third term of office may have subsided. The PRESIDENT, as might be expected, uses vague and indefinite language in speaking of the question which is of all others most interesting to the CONGRESS, the GRANTS, and the BLAINEs. He is in favour of Civil Service Reform, and he even approves theoretically of the English system of competition; but he thinks that it cannot be prematurely introduced into the United States. In his opinion public appointments should be distributed on the same principles which are adopted by private employers. As no trader and no commercial firm selects clerks or agents by examination, it follows that Mr. ARTHUR has no intention of resorting to competition. If a President, or a Minister were to regard the interests of the State as exclusively as a private person considers his own interests, it may be admitted that examinations would be useless. Mr. BLAINE made some progress in the establishment of a purer system, but it will be a difficult task to eradicate the fundamental American institution. If there are no places to bestow in return for party service, there will be no levy of taxes on salaries, and there will be scarcely any reason for the continuance of electoral organization. In time, perhaps, public opinion will prevail against the efforts of professional politicians.

#### GERMANY AND EUROPE.

COUNT KOLNACKY, the successor of Baron HAYMERLE, has arrived at Berlin, after having paid a visit to St. Petersburg. Before taking possession of the Austrian Foreign Office he wishes to know as accurately as possible the views of the Czar and of Prince BISMARCK. Austria is on the most friendly terms with Germany, and Russia has lately taken much pains to make its relations with Germany as friendly and confidential as possible. Nor is this all. The SULTAN has lately sent a special emissary to Berlin, nominally to offer the EMPEROR the highest order which Turkey has to bestow, and really to assure Prince BISMARCK of the SULTAN's absolute devotion to him, and to ask him to become more and more the supreme guardian of Turkey. Thus it may be said that, for the present, Prince BISMARCK is the master of Eastern Europe and the grand arbiter of the eternal Eastern question in the phase through which it is now passing. It is he to whom the disputants refer, and it is his voice that decides when a decision has to be made. It was Prince BISMARCK who ordered that concession should be made to Greece, and it is Prince BISMARCK who now composes or encourages, as he pleases, the differences of disputants, in the minor quarrels which inevitably arise from day to day. Austria, for example, has introduced the conscription into Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the SULTAN naturally objects. Theoretically the SULTAN has much to say for himself. The Bosnians and Herzegovinians are his subjects, not the subjects of the Emperor of AUSTRIA, who is merely occupying two Turkish provinces; and it seems strange that the subjects of the SULTAN should be enrolled against their will in a foreign army, which may any day be ordered to occupy fresh portions of the SULTAN's territory. But Austria has two reasons for enforcing the conscription. As the Bosnians would certainly not be permitted to be enrolled in the Turkish army, they would, if not subjected to the Austrian conscription, escape conscription altogether; and there is in the eyes of every Continental Power something unnatural, and almost horrible, in any body of men having the luck through a pure accident to escape conscription. The other portion, too, of the Austrian Empire, would regard it as very unfair on them that, after they have spent much money and many lives in taking possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, those whom they have benefited should

escape repayment, and should be allowed to avoid furnishing their due contingent both of money and of men. Further Austria regards the opposition to the annexation in its semi-Turkish provinces as a challenge to show that it has the courage to treat Slavs as it would treat any other people. The Slav world, with Russia at its head, has conceived the notion that Austria, if it takes on itself the protection of any Slav race, is bound to treat those whom it protects as a sacred and peculiar people. Austria—that is, German Austria and Hungary—accepts the challenge, and enforces the conscription. There is every sign that Prince BISMARCK here supports Austria. The SULTAN complains, and no one attends to him, and Russia is silent and acquiescent while Slavs are conscribed. Nothing can be more natural than that Prince BISMARCK should support Austria in this matter. He of all men would be the first to feel acute pain at the possibility of any set of people escaping the universal lot of Continental man, and not being obliged to fight; and it was to combat Slav pretensions, and to counterbalance Slav power, that he invented, and has adhered to, the Austrian alliance.

There is also a small quarrel going on between Austria and Roumania to which attention has been directed by the KING's speech at the opening of the Roumanian Session. What the KING said was, in effect, that Austria was trying to bully Roumania, and to deny Roumania its just rights in the control of the Danube. It was a very strong step for the KING to take the question in this marked and public manner out of the province of diplomacy, and Austria at once signified its displeasure by directing its Envoy at Bucharest to cease all relations with the Roumanian Government. The KING said what he said partly because he is a HORENZOLLERN, and dared to say it partly because he knew that the difference between Roumania and Austria must be referred to Berlin, and he wished to provoke this reference without further delay, and partly, it may be supposed, because he was honestly convinced that Roumania was in the right, and could prove that it was in the right, if the attention of Europe was called to the controversy. Two questions regarding the Danube divide Roumania and Austria; the question of the supremacy of Austria in the general Commission of regulation, and the question of the dependence or independence of the local police of Roumania in waters that flow between banks both of which are now Roumanian. Austria claims a supremacy because she is much the greatest Danubian Power, and because she has undertaken to spend a large sum of money on the improvement of the navigation of the river. Roumania has no objection to Austria having any amount of honorary distinction in the Commission; but wishes to secure that, when any question arises that specially affects its interests, Roumania shall not be liable to be systematically outvoted. Austria claims that its general superintendence of the Danube shall not be subordinated to any rules of the Roumanian local police. Roumania claims that her local police shall have as full authority as the Austrian local police has where the river flows through purely Austrian territory. In an indirect way Germany and Russia are interested in the quarrel; Germany because the Danube in its upper waters is a German river, and Russia because Russia now controls one of the mouths of the Danube. But the questions at issue are evidently of a character that ought to be determined, not by secret political interests, but by the principles of public law, which have gradually been evolved during the very numerous riverain controversies which have from time to time arisen and been settled. The KING of ROUMANIA chose a mode of appealing to these principles which was neither friendly nor courteous to Austria. But he may have thought that, unless he made his appeal in a manner which at all hazards, must command attention, he might never get a chance of making an appeal effectually. He appealed to Czar at Berlin, and to Berlin he and Austria have now got to go. Probably he felt secure on one important point, and calculated that any feeling of irritation which might be aroused in Austria would soon die away. At Bucharest relations have ceased between the two Governments; but the Roumanian representative at St. Petersburg has had a pleasant and friendly discussion with Count KOLNACKY, and at Vienna the operations of the Roumanian envoy appear to have been not only accepted but welcomed. There is no reason why bitterness should prevail while both parties are awaiting the decision of Prince BISMARCK.

In one of his recent speeches Prince BISMARCK went out of his way to make some observations on Italy, which the Italians have keenly resented. He said that Italy was weak because it was Liberal, and because, being Liberal, it was necessarily gravitating towards Republicanism. Signor MANCINI, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave the best reply that circumstances permitted. He refused to argue with a Foreign Minister as to the ultimate tendencies of Liberalism, and merely called on his hearers to testify their devotion to their King—an appeal which met with an enthusiastic response. It is to be observed that it was not Italy's attitude towards the Papacy that provoked Prince BISMARCK'S criticism. He is always consistent in his views on religious questions. The State should, in his opinion, think of nothing but how it is itself affected by them. He justifies the May Laws not because they promoted culture, but because they put a yoke on a party that was trying to break up the Empire. He now justifies a repeal or a large modification of these laws because they annoy a party which he now regards as the best instrument he can find for preserving the Empire. His view of the German Empire is that it is and must be essentially monarchical, and it is because it is monarchical that it now possesses its commanding position and great influence in Europe. It is German Liberals that are now the real antagonists of the German Empire, as he understands the Empire. When, then, Italy asks to be admitted into the system over which he presides, he says that its general tendencies are not sufficiently in harmony with those which he wishes to see prevailing in this system, and are too much like those he perceives in the party in his own country which misunderstands the character of the Empire and the foundations of his system. Nothing could be plainer than the language of Signor MANCINI in explaining the motives which had led the Ministry to form the new alliance with Austria. Italy, he said, has been very badly treated by France, entirely declines to recognize the validity of anything France has done, or procured to be done, in Tunis, and altogether disbelieves the assurances of France that annexation is not intended. The Austrian alliance was nothing but a means of taking refuge in the only shelter open to Italy while this French storm was blowing. What other effects the alliance may have remains to be seen; but its first fruit may be said to be that, under its protection, Signor MANCINI has ventured to use language about France that he would certainly not have ventured to use if Italy had remained isolated. It is not unnatural that Prince BISMARCK should allow it to be seen that he does not set any very great value on an alliance that was brought about in this way. When a weak Power, having something to resent, implores an alliance that will allow it to give voice to its resentment, it can scarcely expect to be treated altogether as an equal by those to whom the prayer is addressed.

#### THE WHIGS.

AN essay on "The Position of the Whigs," published by Mr. MILNES GASKELL in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, describes the party as it now exists with remarkable accuracy. It is not evident whether Mr. GASKELL has any definite object in his sarcastic description of his friends and of their allies; but his motives concern himself, while his statements and arguments are both instructive and amusing. He delineates with accurate observation, inspired perhaps by sympathy, the unwilling acquiescence of the Whig party in Radical measures. Since the time of the first Reform Bill the Whigs have never regarded with favour the constitutional innovations to which they have ultimately assented. They took a principal part in the defeat of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S little Reform Bills, ending with the comparatively moderate project of 1866. They paid the penalty of their mistake by submitting to the much larger measure of the following year, and they still more reluctantly acquiesced in the sweeping legislation by which Mr. GLADSTONE interpreted for the benefit of unwilling pupils the practical meaning of extensions of the franchise. According to Mr. GASKELL, the discontent of the Whigs contributed to the reaction of 1874; and they only rallied to the Liberal cause when a domestic controversy was temporarily superseded by the issues of foreign policy raised by Lord SALISBURY.

They were probably glad of a reason for renewing active co-operation with their nominal allies, and on the eve of the election some of them were in the habit of assuring anxious inquirers that the Liberal party had never before been so moderate in its views. Though genuine Whigs probably regarded with disquiet Mr. GLADSTONE'S appeals to popular passion, they hoped that the defeat of the Conservative Government would be followed by a period of calm. They contributed largely to the Liberal success of the general election; and it must be remembered that the Parliamentary leader of the Opposition had been for some time one of themselves. It is true that Lord HARTINGTON had on one or two occasions compromised his character for prudence. There is no doubt that his Whig followers regretted his overtures to the Scotch Nonconformists; but, with blamable rashness, they concurred in his proposal to extend the present borough franchise to counties. Mr. GASKELL, who is one of their number, appears still to think that it will be possible to manage large rural constituencies; and he considers the redistribution of seats which must follow as involving only questions of detail. There are others who fear that the transfer of all political power to the lowest and most numerous class of the population will put an end to Whigs and Tories alike. When Mr. GASKELL wrote he had not yet known that by a judge-made constitution the representation of the populace had suddenly been doubled or trebled in strength. Although the Judges have on reconsideration wisely allowed an appeal, there is reason to fear that their decision will be confirmed.

It is more than doubtful whether the secession of the moderate Liberals would be conducive to the public interest. They are separated by no serious difference of opinion from their nominal opponents, and they profoundly disapprove the doctrines and measures of their overbearing associates. As Mr. GASKELL says, the Whigs have for many months been firmly convinced that force is the only remedy for disorder; nor, indeed, was there any difference in principle between themselves and the Birmingham section of the Government as to the efficiency of coercion. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN attributes to force, as administered by the Land League, the beneficent consummation of the Land Act. Mr. BRIGHT, when he gloated over the image of Irish landlords running for their lives, knew that they also were impelled by material force. It is only when force is applied by constituted authorities for the maintenance of law and order that it is denounced as not being a remedy. It may be conjectured that Mr. GASKELL, though he reserves his own opinion, inclines to approve the forcible protection of life and property. He deviates from the modern standard of Liberal orthodoxy in disapproving the system of government by clubs and the incessant appeal of political leaders to meetings of their supporters. He perhaps takes too seriously such a declaration as that of Sir W. HARCOURT that he attended a meeting in Cumberland "to gauge and take soundings of public opinion." The people of Workington heard what the eloquent Minister had to say; but he can scarcely have supposed that when they cheered his attacks on the opposite party they were giving him any information as to the state of public opinion. Mr. GASKELL, affecting to interpret the appeal to the mob literally, suggests that, if Sir W. HARCOURT were made Archbishop of Canterbury, he might ask the opinion of the great towns as to the Decalogue. He may be well assured that the political convictions of Workington are wholly indifferent to Sir W. HARCOURT, except when they find expression in votes at an election. The profession of deference for popular opinion would be affected and insincere, if it were not known to be a commonplace fiction.

On another point Mr. GASKELL plainly indicates both his own political position and that which he attributes to the Whigs. He quotes the threats of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. COLLINGS that the rights of landowners in Great Britain are to be attacked, with the comment that "they are in direct contradiction to Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinions as uttered at Leeds." It is unfortunately impossible to fasten on Mr. GLADSTONE any direct contradiction. The propositions which he enounces are almost always ambiguous; and, even when they seem to be clear, they are liable to be explained away. Mr. GLADSTONE will probably keep his promise of not passing an Irish Land Act for England; but he is quite capable of passing an English Act which may include the three *Es*, and of proving that it is not identical with the Irish

Land Act. In his speech at Leeds he spoke of protecting the tenure of the English occupier, which, as far as it exists, needs no protection. The occupier has during his term a tenure which no landlord ever thought of disturbing; and when his time has expired, his tenure simultaneously disappears. It is therefore uncertain whether Mr. GLADSTONE intended to create the tenure which he proposed to protect; and if he had no definite meaning, he may, as on former occasions, at any moment invent a new principle to justify subversive measures. Mr. GASKELL is confident that the Whigs who would assent to such a Bill as is foreshadowed by Mr. COLLINGS and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are few in number. It is less certain that "Mr. GLADSTONE would obviously give no encouragement to an agitation for either free sale or "fixity of tenure in England." It is perfectly true that "property invested in land differs in the eyes of a moderate Liberal in no respect from property in mills, in savings banks, in the varied securities of the United Kingdom." The only difference is that landowners have few votes, and that since the institution of the Ballot neither they nor any other portion of the upper classes have any considerable influence in elections. The Farmers' Alliance propounds its scheme of undisguised and selfish plunder solely because its managers believe that they can vote away the property of the landlords.

The study of Whig anatomy and physiology is the more accurate because the essayist appears to be one of the subjects of his own analysis. A landed proprietor with connexions in both parties, and, as the tone of the essay plainly shows, a moderate Liberal, Mr. MILNES GASKELL has made himself known as an active politician, was chairman of an Association or Committee for promoting the Liberal cause in the West Riding at the last election, and he has contested one or more seats as a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE. He may perhaps not altogether regret that he is not called upon to express by his votes the confidence which he not long since reposed in the eccentric leader of his party. The doubts and tendencies to criticism of the Government which he attributes to the Whigs are mentioned without any sign of disapproval. Mr. GASKELL seems not to differ widely from a politician who formerly held very different opinions, though he is not as plain-spoken a commentator on modern Liberalism as Mr. AUBERON HERBERT. It has always been certain that, as the Government advanced in its course of disestablishment and disendowment, it would alienate larger and larger numbers of its supporters. If its continuance in office depended on a vote of payers of income-tax, who would fairly represent the upper and middle classes, it would probably be defeated by five or six to one; but under the new Constitution, as for the present declared by a divisional Court of the Queen's Bench Division, the majority may perhaps be as large the other way. The downward progress of democracy is accelerated as it goes. The Republic which, according to the shallow forecast of THIERS, was to divide Frenchmen the least, has concentrated all power in a single party. It is not improbable that in a few years the English Whigs will have approached as near to extinction as the French Orleanists. In the meantime, they probably serve the country best by remaining as long as possible in the ranks of the Liberal party, in which they were once supreme. The secession is proceeding rapidly among their hamble adherents, and several of the great Whig houses have transferred their allegiance; but it is desirable that the final elimination of moderate Liberalism should be postponed.

#### THE TWO PRESIDENTS.

M. GREVY, whose own demeanour is in all respects what a constitutional President should be, is not equally happy in the journal that is understood to represent him. That there should be such a journal seems odd to our insular notions; but the Continental idea of the press is different from the English, and in France especially a man can hardly be called a politician if he does not own or edit a newspaper. Even M. SIMON, who leads the handful of politicians known as the Republican Opposition in the Senate, has conformed to this universal law, and those who care for the rare utterances of common sense and rational liberty that diversify the dead level of Republican dogmatism may now find them in the *Gaulois* as well as in the *Parlement*. In France, therefore, even the

President of the Republic has his newspaper, and the *Paris* has the honour of imparting to the public the views of the Chief of the State. It is permissible, however, to suspect that the articles in this journal occasionally indicate what M. GREVY's less prudent friends would like him to feel rather than what M. GREVY himself feels. It is hard, for example, to believe that the President has genuinely interested himself in the controversy which has lately been carried on between the *Paris* on the one side and M. GAMBETTA's numerous organs on the other, as to the correctness of the title of "Chief of the Executive" with which the latter have lately decorated their idol. M. GREVY's friends, no doubt, remember the peculiar position which M. THIERS occupied in 1871, and they may naturally feel alarmed lest the revival of the particular title which M. THIERS then bore may be designed as a prelude to an assumption of the exceptional powers which were then associated with it. But the title itself is one that can hardly be denied to M. GAMBETTA if it pleases him to use it. The President of the Republic is at once more and less than the Chief of the Executive. He has other than merely executive functions to discharge, and he does not discharge the specially executive function of affixing to a decree the signature which makes it operative. Under constitutional government the Chief of the Executive is the man who is responsible for the acts of the Executive—the man to whom the Legislature looks to take care that things go right, the man whom the Legislature blames if things go wrong. The President of the French Republic can hardly claim higher attributes of sovereignty than those which belong to Queen VICTORIA; but no Englishman would think of calling HER MAJESTY the Chief of the Executive. That is a title which, if it belongs to anybody, belongs to the Prime Minister for the time being. It is not in the least like M. GREVY to show irritation at a thing which he has no power to prevent; and we have little doubt that, if the remonstrances of the *Paris* could be traced to their source, they would be found to have their origin near, rather than in, the Presidential Chair. M. GAMBETTA may fairly claim to have a similar allowance made for the injudicious zeal of his headmen. The motive of their recent acts of homage may perhaps be detected in another expression which has given great offence to the *Paris*. The Corps Diplomatique was said in one of M. GAMBETTA's papers to have "defiled" before the Under-Secretary of State. The *Paris* treats the use of this term as a serious infringement of international proprieties. The members of the Corps Diplomatique, it says, do not "defile" before any one. A foreign ambassador represents the chief of the State by which he is accredited, and consequently has no equal in France except the President of the Republic. It would be nearer the truth, perhaps, to read in the erring expression a desire to glorify the particular Under-Secretary of State. It was only incidentally that the writer wished to degrade foreign ambassadors. They might be as great as they liked, provided that for one happy moment he could picture them to himself as a little lower than M. SPULLER. Probably the Psalmist was thinking of small politicians suddenly raised to good places when he wrote that "Man, being in honour, hath no understanding."

Still, though a floating straw may not in itself be very full of purpose, it has its proverbial use; and there is certainly something significant in the solitary position which M. GAMBETTA shows himself inclined to assume. That the President of the Council should allow himself to be spoken of by a title which has been given to none of his predecessors, and that this title should be one which belonged to the single French Minister who had not even a nominal superior, are small things in themselves. When, however, they fit in with M. GAMBETTA's general line of action, they become invested with some degree of meaning; and it must be acknowledged that they do fit in with this line of action very well indeed. M. GAMBETTA is, in name, the head of a Cabinet the members of which are jointly and severally responsible for the conduct of public affairs. Everybody knows what is the process by which such Cabinets are ordinarily put together. The men who compose them have worked together in opposition, and they have thus obtained that general knowledge of one another's views upon public questions which may be expected to fit them for working together in office. The programme of such a Ministry represents the resultant of the various ideas contributed by each separate Minister, and in this way it represents with more or less of accuracy the ideas which animate the party that has



placed the Ministers in power. This would have been the process followed by M. GAMBETTA if he had been able to include in his Cabinet the various ex-Ministers to whom he applied himself in the first instance. It is doing him no injustice, however, to suppose that his efforts to secure their services were of a somewhat perfunctory character. The stipulation made by M. de FREYCINET and M. FERRY probably was that they should exercise some moderating influence on the policy of the new Government. They did not care to take office under M. GAMBETTA if the sole function assigned to them was that of carrying out in their several departments the orders issued by the President of the Council. That this was the function which M. GAMBETTA intended to assign to them there can be little question. There was no such antecedent difference between his policy and theirs as to make it difficult for M. de FREYCINET or M. FERRY to become his colleagues. Each had in turn been virtually nominated by him as Prime Minister; and, if each had in turn been overthrown by the same omnipotent hand, it was for the working out of his own supreme purpose, not for any demerit of theirs. It is probable, however, that they knew enough of M. GAMBETTA to realize fully the necessity of a clear understanding as to the place they were to hold in his Cabinet. M. GAMBETTA had every inducement to make his answer to this inquiry as agreeable as possible. It had always been assumed that when he at last took office it would be as the chief of a united Republican party. Consequently, he could not have wished to proclaim to the country that, of the chiefs of the various sections into which the Republican party is divided, not one was willing to enter his Cabinet. It was not of M. GAMBETTA'S own choice that the great Ministry that had so long been looked for became in fact the very smallest Ministry, as regards every member of it save its chief, that has ever been known in France. He would have averted this consequence, we may be sure, if he could have done so without too great a sacrifice. But the one sacrifice by which it could be averted was also the one sacrifice which M. GAMBETTA was determined not to make. He would not resign or weaken his own sovereignty in the Cabinet. Rather than do this he was willing to accept one refusal after another, and to end by taking a Ministry of clerks.

There is some ground, therefore, for the apprehensions which M. GRÉVY may be supposed to entertain of M. GAMBETTA'S intentions towards himself. There is not the slightest probability that M. GRÉVY will ever depart from his constitutional position, or attempt to place any restrictions on M. GAMBETTA'S freedom of action. He has no reason, therefore, to fear the result of a conflict into which he is determined not to enter. But it is conceivable that M. GAMBETTA may sustain a check from some other quarter than the PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC. It is not his Ministers alone that he thinks ought to be in strict subordination to himself. In his own conception of the ideal State he probably assigns a scarcely less dependent position to the Legislature, and though at present there is no sign on the part of the Deputies of any disposition to quarrel with the place it pleases him to give them, it is impossible to say how long this state of things will continue. The habit of combination against any and every Ministry is very inveterate in the French Chamber, and it may by and by revive to M. GAMBETTA'S injury. If that should come to pass the President of the Council is not unlikely to compare his own precarious existence with the septennial life of the President of the Republic. It long seemed doubtful whether M. GAMBETTA meant to become President after M. GRÉVY or Prime Minister under M. GRÉVY, and, though circumstances have led him to take the latter office, he may still regret that it should have been forced upon him. To a man of M. GAMBETTA'S personal ambition, there must be something very attractive in the freedom from vexatious interference which belongs to a Chief of the State who is elected for a fixed period; and if, as in the United States, he enjoyed the further advantage of being elected by, and therefore responsible to, the country, not the Legislature, even M. GAMBETTA'S imagination could hardly conceive a post of more uncontrolled authority than that of President of the Republic. The actual holder of an office which, if it is not already, might easily be made, all that M. GAMBETTA thinks it desirable to have, may be pardoned if he feels that his own tenure of it is not perfectly secure.

#### REFORM OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

ONE Liberal member after another goes down to his constituents and tells them that before all things it is necessary to get the procedure of Parliament changed. The object of the change is universally described to be the removal of the obstacles which make it difficult for Parliament to legislate as much as it ought to do, and in the way it ought to do. Measures that are needed cannot become law because Parliament, although it has the will, has not the time to pass them; and measures that are passed are passed in bad form because they are mangled in their passage through Parliament. But, although all these speakers are agreed in saying that something strong and sweeping ought to be done, they are all equally agreed in avoiding the puzzling question what it is that they really mean. It is a relief, therefore, to find a Conservative member coming forward with definite proposals. Mr. CLARKE, at any rate, makes definite suggestions. He gives us something to discuss; and the same service has been done, not in a speech, but in a book, by Mr. TORRENS, the Liberal member for Finsbury. The value of the suggestions made may be great or small, but their general nature, and the fact that they come from the two sides of the House of Commons, suggest two reflections, which force themselves more and more on the mind of every one who gives serious attention to the subject. The first is that the reform of Parliamentary procedure is not, and ought not to be allowed to become, a party question. If Parliament can be made to do its work better, the improvement will benefit Parliament as a whole, and not one party more than another. And, as the benefits of a good reform will be shared by all, so will the evils of a bad reform. A Liberal, if he is really a Liberal, ought to be the most conservative of Conservatives in maintaining the freedom of debate and the rights of minorities. And then it must be remembered that the question is not at all a new question. It has been discussed at intervals for a quarter of a century, and the discussion has been quite as much the work of one party as of the other. It may perhaps have been first started by the late Lord DERBY, and it was continued by a Committee over which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON presided. The second reflection is that the work which it is proposed to take in hand is one of extreme difficulty. Every proposal is open to numerous objections. It may be wise to face these objections, and adopt the proposal in spite of them. If something must be done, the choice may be between two evils, and the smaller may have to be chosen. But every proposal that has been made, or that can be made, is open to so many objections that nothing but very free discussion and the authority of those of both parties who possess long Parliamentary experience can show which evil is the smaller. Just as the past history of the question shows that it is out of the proper range of party quarrels, so it also shows that the question is very puzzling and very intricate. Committee after Committee has been appointed to make suggestions; and, after patient consideration, has reported that it has had no suggestions to make, and that the only thing to do was to trust to the good sense and good feeling of members. All these Committees were earnest in the wish to suggest something feasible; but they all found, to their disappointment, that they could think of nothing which they themselves could not immediately pick to pieces.

No one could be stronger than Mr. TORRENS in denunciation of the present confusion and waste of time which characterize the legislative proceedings of the House of Commons. But when we examine what he considers to be the root of the mischief, we are surprised to find that his conception of the fundamental error of our system of legislation is precisely the opposite of that which is put forward by Mr. GLADSTONE and most Liberal speakers. They think that Parliament, owing to its defective procedure, does not legislate enough. Mr. TORRENS thinks that Parliament legislates far too much. A very few Bills, passed very slowly, is his ideal. He compares a Bill to wine in a cask, and says that the longer a Bill is kept in its passage through Parliament, the better and mellowed it will be. He has the courage of his opinions, and selects the Irish Land Bill as an instance. It would, he thinks, have been a most advantageous thing if the Lords had not rejected it, but had been in a position to take it up next Session at the point at which it came to them. They would thus have had an opportunity of thinking over it quietly in the recess. It

would then, to continue his simile, have had a full ripe flavour imparted to it, such as is given to brown sherry that has been sent round the world. This may be a good theory of legislation, or not; but at least it shows the extreme divergence of views to which thinkers, even of the same party, are led when, professing to start from the same point, they lose themselves in the labyrinth of Parliamentary procedure. Mr. GLADSTONE deplores that he cannot legislate enough; and one of his followers urges that the one Bill of last Session ought to have stood over, that the Peers might think over it in the recess. And Mr. TORRENS goes further. He stoutly maintains that last Session was wasted; but it was wasted, not because the Coercion and Land Bills were debated at undue length, but because both measures were futile. This objection takes us altogether out of the region of Parliamentary procedure. The criticism that Parliament has passed two bad Bills is directed, not against the mode in which the Legislature works, but against the capacity of Parliament to act as a legislative body. Mr. CLARKE, who, although much newer to Parliamentary life than Mr. TORRENS, never loses his contact with real life, and when he makes a suggestion considers how it will practically work, also favours the proposal, which has much to recommend it, that Bills should be taken up at the stage which they had reached in the preceding Session. Precious time would thus be saved, and what Mr. CLARKE considers to be equally important, the Bills would be improved; for, as those in charge of a Bill would not consider their measure lost, they would be content to let it be postponed until it could be attentively considered. He has certainly a most extraordinary instance of rapid and inconsiderate legislation to adduce. In 1878 a Bill was brought in, regulating among other things the lodger franchise. Fortunately an appeal from the late judicial interpretation of the clause has now been allowed, so that it still remains to be seen whether it was so drawn as really to introduce manhood suffrage into large towns. There was only one member of Parliament in either House who raised any objection to this extraordinary clause, and, when he was told by one Conservative member and one Liberal member that the clause as drawn would scarcely have any effect, he sat down, and it passed without further discussion.

Mr. CLARKE thinks that if the Bill could have been postponed until the following Session, instead of being rejected, the Government would have at once acquiesced in a proposal to postpone it, and that in a subsequent Session some one would have been sure to hit the blot. Unfortunately, it is most improbable that anything of the kind would have happened. The Bill was the work of a Conservative Government, which liked the clause in the shape given to it, which would have recoiled from a sudden and secret extension of the suffrage, and fully believed that what it proposed could not receive an interpretation that would be mischievous. Every one of every party, except Mr. CHORLEY, was under the same mistake; and he yielded at once when he found that private members on both sides took the same view as the leaders of his own party. If under such circumstances the Government had consented to postpone the Bill, it could not have carried any Bill whatever. One member on the Government side asks for explanations on a clause in a Government Bill, receives them, is satisfied, and sits down. Why should a Government decline to go on with a Bill, and get it through Parliament in the Session in which it is introduced, because some little doubt is expressed for a few moments by a single member as to the meaning of a clause which to the Government seems perfectly clear and perfectly harmless? And this points to the real objection to the proposal for taking up Bills in a succeeding Session at the stage they have already reached. It would help legislation, but it would also impede it. Every Government would find it much more difficult to get its Bills through Parliament if it was always open to the invitation to defer going on with a Bill for a few months. The motive power that practically gets Bills through Parliament is the reluctance of the majority that the Government of their party should be defeated. To ask for postponement would seem, not to defeat the Government, but to appeal to its equity and courtesy, and the appeal would be made by its supporters as well as by its opponents. The mischief of weakening the Government may be less than the mischief of Bills being passed without due consideration; but at any rate it is a mischief that deserves to be considered. The minor sugges-

tions of Mr. CLARKE and Mr. TORRENS all seem open to the same method of treatment. The suggestions themselves suggest the objections to them. Both, for example, approve of counting out a debate; so that, if forty members do not wish it to be continued, the House may go on to other business. The obvious objection to this is that members who have something of importance to say, but for which public opinion is not ripe, may be deprived of all chance of submitting their views to Parliament. To avoid this, Mr. TORRENS suggests that every debate should go on for two or three hours before the count-out extinguishes it. If so, the proposal comes to nothing, for three hours of public time may always be wasted. Mr. TORRENS, again, has an elaborate scheme, by which all the Committee work of the House would be undertaken, not by the House, but by what he calls three grand panels of 200 members each. This, he thinks, would be a great saving of time. The House would, in his metaphorical language, have three steam-engines at work at once. We naturally ask, when would these steam-engines work? and we find that Mr. TORRENS is obliged to limit their working to the hours between twelve and four on Tuesdays and Fridays. The suggestion that the House could efficiently get through all its Committee work in two weekly periods of four hours each, at a time of the day when every business man would be in the City, every lawyer in court, and every Minister in his office, may be left to refute itself. It may also, however, serve to swell the list of instances which show how much easier it is to talk about improving Parliamentary procedure than to improve it.

#### AFGHANISTAN.

IN the numerous utterances of supporters of the Government during the last week or two, nothing has been more frequent than an expression, in one form or another, of the opinion that the Afghan question is "dead." It is very much to be wished that it were; but unfortunately it appears to possess all the troublesome vivacity of John Barleycorn. It insists on getting up again and sore surprising the God-granted Government—it is a well-known Afghan phrase—which believes that it has settled it for ever. During the last few days there has been published a Blue-book of further correspondence relating to Afghanistan, and some very important news from the country itself, which throws much fresh light on the question, while the Blackburn speech of the INDIAN SECRETARY is hardly obsolete. In the Blue-book itself there is little but historical interest. One phrase may perhaps save it from utter oblivion, because of the illustrative light which it casts on Mr. GLADSTONE's theory of the moral barrier. The writer is the present Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, and the occasion of his writing is the demand of the Indian Viceroy for an Afghan Envoy. "A thoroughly confidential man," replies ABDUL RAHMAN, "does not (as your Excellency is well aware of the "nature of the people of Afghanistan) exist in this "country." Apart from this instructive confession, there is little in the Blue-book which does not belong to ancient, and now well-known, history. It breaks off, indeed, between the defeat of GHOLAM HYDER and the subsequent victory of the AMEER's troops; nor is there much, if anything, in it which deserves particular notice, except the unsatisfactory details of the black-mail arrangements for keeping open the Khyber, and the evacuation of Candahar. It contains, indeed, abundant data for estimating the attitude of the AMEER towards the British Government. That attitude may be said to be made up of a great desire for rifles, breech-loading cannon, cartridges, lakhs of rupees, and other varieties of portable property, and of a firm intention not to receive an inconvenient British Envoy—even a native one—on any terms whatever. But the existence of this state of mind on the part of the AMEER—and, indeed, of all Eastern princes—was sufficiently well known already. Nothing else, save the curious contrast of the unanswerable demonstration of the Indian Council (which, it need hardly be said, is not now a "Jingo" Council by any means) as to the retention of Pishin and Sibi, and the obstinate refusal of the English Government to do more than postpone the evil day, is contained within these covers.

If it is worth while to take up Lord HARTINGTON's speech so long after its utterance, it is only because the

speaker himself is not prodigal of extra-Parliamentary speech, and because of the important light which has been thrown on the Afghan question by subsequent news. Lord HARTINGTON's remarks on Afghanistan at Blackburn exhibited him again in the curious position which he has more than once held. No one questions Lord HARTINGTON's honesty, or his common sense; and, if certain unfortunate incidents, like that of the Army Discipline Bill, make some people question his backbone, that is a quality which, though it is the most invaluable one that a statesman can possess, is perhaps the most seldom called into play. But, unluckily, honesty and common sense, even if backed by a strong will, are not quite sufficient for the satisfactory settlement of State affairs. There is a fourth quality, which, for want of a better name, must be called knowledge; and it is more than ever obvious that Lord HARTINGTON has not taken the trouble to provide himself with this. His bland announcement in the early days of the quarrel about Candahar, to the effect that no argument or demonstration would move the Government from its preconceived determination to evacuate the city, has not been forgotten, and his attitude towards Afghan questions has been consistent throughout. No statesman who had taken the smallest pains to examine the history or the merits of the matter could have committed the inconceivable blunder of describing Afghanistan as a "neutral" country. No one who had even a rudimentary acquaintance with the facts could sneer at the importance of the Transcaspian railway, or affect to question the interest of England in the fact that independent Turkestan has been practically blotted out of the map of the world. Every allowance must be made for ignorance, and it is quite certain that an ordinary person is entirely excusable if he fails to appreciate the enormous difference which the last four or five years have made in the defensibility of India. It takes some trouble merely to go through the facts, more still to comprehend them. But it might be at least expected that a Secretary of State for India should not openly display his ignorance of them. To Lord HARTINGTON, no doubt, the recent news from Afghanistan is a thing of which he would quite innocently like, in his own words, "to be told how the interest or "honour of the country is involved in these events." This news is put briefly as follows. The great danger of Afghanistan as far as England is concerned is the existence of a divided but nominally independent Government. According to a plan which was perhaps too hastily abandoned by the late Government, Herat would have been re-united to Persia—a step which, accomplished as it would have been under British protection, would have made the recent encroachments of Russia on Khorassan impossible, and would have riveted the more than doubtful friendship of the SHAH to ourselves. Candahar would have been not directly annexed, but governed under a kind of protectorate by SHERE ALI KHAN, or some more capable governor, and Cabul, with its points of vantage towards India secured, would have been left to the reigning Ameer. This plan was given up for reasons not necessary to enter into, and the whole action of the present Government has been concentrated on the alternative plan of uniting all Afghanistan under ABDUL RAHMAN. They have lavished war material and money on him; they have retired from almost every point of vantage gained in the late war; they have pressed on him the importance of making his authority felt all over his nominal country. AYUB, his quondam rival, is a broken fugitive in Persia. Yet it by no means appears that ABDUL RAHMAN's authority is on the point of being established. Mere tribal disturbances in the East and South are of no importance. But it is rumoured, apparently on very good authority, that the Governor of Afghan Turkestan and the captor of Herat, MAHOMED ISHAK and ABDUL KUDUS, are by no means inclined to give up their quasi-independent authority. It may be remembered that the AMEER's regular troops had remarkably little to do with the capture of Herat. ABDUL KUDUS, his emissary, joined himself to the practically independent highland chief ANSIA KHAN and his Obar Aimaks, defeated the LUINAR, marched on Herat, and entered it. The proceeding was very much as if an emissary of one of the early STUART Kings of Scotland should have joined an Earl of CRAWFORD or an Earl of ROSS in the capture of Aberdeen or Inverness. Now, it seems, ABDUL KUDUS warns the AMEER that "the Heratis are not prepared to accept further

"change." It is not surprising that those who have watched Afghan affairs see in this a project to detach Herat and Turkestan from the AMEER.

Now it will be perfectly evident to any one who has taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the facts that it is exactly in Herat and Turkestan that English interests lie. Cabul, and in a manner Candahar, are, notwithstanding our withdrawals, still within the range of our influence, and are beyond that of Russia for the present. We still possess at Peshawar and Quetta bases from which we can act upon them, and, despite the reckless way in which the advantages gained at the cost of so much blood and treasure have been squandered, we still have routes alternative to the Khyber and the Bolan by way of Kurram and Hurnai, which can be utilized without much trouble. But in the further provinces we are, since the retirement from Candahar, utterly powerless, while it is precisely on these provinces that those conquests of Russia which Lord HARTINGTON seems to regard as situated in Saturn or Jupiter enable the Russians to bring their influence to bear. Between Tashkend and Balkh, the last nominal obstacle (it has for long been not more than nominal) has been removed by the servile declarations of the Ameer of BOKHARA. Between the Caspian and Herat the way has literally (whatever Lord HARTINGTON may think) been made easier and shorter than the way from Bombay to the Khojak. The value of a neutral Afghanistan, to use the INDIAN SECRETARY's strange phrase, might in any case be small; but, small or great, it must obviously depend on the country being united. In the case of an even nominally independent Herat-Balkh principality, it is scarcely necessary to say whose nominee the Prince would be. There would be no impropriety in Russia's exercising her influence. On the contrary, she would be simply following the principles which govern every State in the wide world, from her autocratic self to democratic America, from monarchical Germany to republican France, with the single exception of England under a Radical Ministry. That the next step would be that boundary of the Hindu Koosh of which some people talk so glibly cannot be doubted. The neutrality of Afghanistan, which is the INDIAN SECRETARY's latest discovery, would, under those circumstances, be perhaps one of the most curious neutralities which the world has known since diplomats invented the expression.

#### IRELAND.

IT is natural that the professed supporters of the Government should be rejoiced at the result of the election for County Londonderry, and it is perhaps only surprising that their satisfaction should wear something of the appearance of relief. Had the IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL been defeated, the idea of human nature would have had to be reconstructed, unless the supposed alliance between Conservatives and the "Catholic vote" had taken place. It was tolerably obvious beforehand that this alliance existed only in the wishes of Mr. O'DONNELL and the imagination of partisan writers; while the result of the poll proved it completely; fewer votes having been given for Sir S. WILSON than for Mr. ALEXANDER last year. Nor is it at all probable that the so-called Catholic vote—if by that is meant the vote of Roman Catholic Land Leaguers—is strong in Derry. The Irish Northern farmer is usually Protestant, has not lost his ancestral Scottish shrewdness, and is certain to prefer half a loaf on the right side of the legal hedge to a whole one on the wrong. Of this peculiarity Mr. PORTER and his partisans availed themselves to the very utmost of the elastic tether of election proprieties. The manner, indeed, in which the Derry election was won is a curious study in the ethics of bribery. The IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL had no need of a clumsy and dangerous box of sovereigns, or of agents likely to compound in the day of petition for their own sins by denouncing their neighbours'. The rent-roll of County Londonderry was his persuasion-fund, and all the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act were his men in the moon. "Vote for PORTER, and you will have from twenty to forty per cent. taken off your rents" was the cry which has returned, and in the nature of things must have returned, the second Law Officer of the Crown in Ireland. It is said that the defeated candidate's threat of a petition in consequence is something more than a natural outburst of spleen. But the laws of bribery

were not framed with a view to the Irish Land Act, and there will probably be some difficulty in proving that Mr. PORTER overstepped the limits of legality in the slightest degree. The comparison between his fate and that of Mr. EDWARDS of Sandwich is all the more instructive to those who can appreciate the irony of human affairs. They both adorn the same profession; they are both members of the same political party; they have both worked in the same cause by appealing to the same eternal principles. Legally, it may be possible no doubt to point out the parting of the ways which led the one to the Palace of Westminster and the other to Canterbury gaol; from any other point of view than that of law it is not so easy.

Of more importance perhaps than the maintenance of a Government seat by such means as these is the still burning question of the anarchy of Ireland. No one has attempted to impugn the statements of Mr. Justice FITZGERALD at Cork on Tuesday, to the effect that in the province of Munster "life continues to be insecure, or is rendered so miserable as to be almost worthless"; that "the humbler classes continue to be oppressed by an odious tyranny," and that the present state of things, "if allowed to continue unchecked, threatens the very fabric of society." It is impossible to quarrel with these words in face of the almost daily news of murder and murderous outrage, and of the deliberate and persistent refusal to perform contracts. The last shift of the English abettors of anarchy is to maintain that it is the result of coercion; that the fire-engine is responsible for the fire. To argue with such persons would be absurd, and the only reasonable thing to do with them is to take the grain of truth which, as usual, lies at the bottom of their absurdity—the truth that the Government, by whatever use, abuse, or neglect of the means at their disposal, have failed to do their duty with those means. It is not too late for some improvement in this respect, and the announcement made as to an increase of the Constabulary is a step in the right direction, though a slow and hesitating one. The reinforcement of the Irish Constabulary by a thousand men chosen from the Army Reserve will be unquestionably valuable if it can be effected at once, and if good men can be got in this way. A suggestion which distinguishes itself amidst the vast mass of newspaper correspondence on the subject is that the Constabulary are at present both harassed and disabled from attending to their proper duties by the custom of sending large bodies of them, in company with the military, to superintend and protect evictions. Soldiers are in their proper place on such occasions, are intended to be used in masses, are (or can be) at hand in quite sufficient numbers for the purpose, and would be doing nothing else if they were not so used. On the other hand, every body of policemen which is detached on a day's duty of this kind might, if it were free, be broken up into dozens or scores of patrols, constantly scouring the country and protecting the peaceable inhabitants. It is this constant patrolling (by mounted men, if possible) which is the only thing to be relied on, both for the prevention, and, for what is better still in this case, the sharp and immediate punishment of the malefactors. It is not too much to say that the catching, red-handed, of a single gang of Captain Moonlight's ruffians would do more good than the shutting up of a thousand platform orators in Kilmainham or the successful prosecution of a hundred Ladies' Land League viragoes. If to this sweeping of the country for the purpose of catching the evildoers there were added some effectual mode of securing a fair trial of the evildoers when caught, more would have been done to reduce Ireland to order than all that the Government has done yet.

It is true that, even were these steps taken, one exciting cause of anarchy, the action of the Land Court, would remain. The proceedings of the Commissioners themselves in Dublin have recently been such as to encourage a hope which the conduct of their roving deputies had dashed not a little. The decision of Messrs. O'HAGAN and VERNON, despite their colleague's dissent, in favour of a natural and not a non-natural construction of the Act in the case of a tenant whose lease had expired before it came into operation, has been followed up by a series of other decisions in reference to existing leases, in which it is once more possible to recognize principles of something like a legal character. The complaint, however, which has been made of the postponement in favour of these comparatively unimportant cases of the hearing of appeals from the Sub-

Commissions seems to be well founded. So long as it is not known, from the results of a sufficient number of test appeals, how far the Commissioners uphold the wild practice and wilder doctrines of their deputies, so long will the tenants be excited by possibly illusory hopes of plunder. In particular, the question whether some of the Sub-Commissioners are to be supported in their opinion that what a landlord has bought and paid for in past years by the concession of a lease is to be taken away from him without compensation, ought to be decided with the least possible delay. At present both parties—the landlords and the tenants—are injuriously affected by the uncertainty prevailing. It is impossible for the former to decide what course to take in the altered circumstances of their property, and it is almost inevitable that the tenants should be unable to settle down to anything like a sober and businesslike frame of mind. It has to be remembered that in many, probably even in a majority of cases, the application of the tenant for a judicial rent by no means implies an undertaking on his part to pay that rent. It is a speculation, a form of gambling in which the tenant has two cards to play—"fair rent" and "no rent"—and in which he reserves his right to play the latter if he is dissatisfied with the result of the former. This attitude of mind is distinctly encouraged by the delay which is occurring in the settlement of the question how much a tenant is likely to get as a matter of final award from the Land Court. In fact, the only course which seems to be in the least likely to bring about a settlement of Ireland on Mr. GLADSTONE'S lines necessitates a prompt threefold action on the part of the Court, the Government, and the landlords. If the Court hastened to settle finally test cases of various kinds and from various districts so as to indicate the probable reduction to be expected; if the landlords, especially the larger landlords who can afford it, at once systematically put in force the rights of ejectment which the law has left them in case of refusal of rent; and if the Government, by multiplying patrols and taking steps to ensure the fair trial of agrarian crimes, show a determination to put down lawlessness, affairs will soon be brought to a crisis. It is not necessary to prophesy the precise nature of that crisis; but it is, after the course which Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government has hitherto adopted, the condition most likely to bring about a settlement in Ireland, or to rescue her from her present lingering disease of suspense and anarchy. The reported decision of the LORD MAYOR to set on foot, with at least the acquiescence of the Government, an English branch of the Property Defence Association, may assist the hastening of the crisis. It will certainly be a counterpoise to the American support of the Land League, and an encouragement of the greatest importance to the well-disposed.

#### THE LAND QUESTION IN SCOTLAND.

SIR BARTLE FRERE has published in the *Nineteenth Century* an account of the changes which he has observed on visiting Aberdeenshire after an interval of six years. He left landlords and tenants on amicable terms, except for some discontent caused by undue preservation of game; either class being not so much content with its own condition as unaware that any organic change in their respective relations was possible. The owner received the rent which a tenant agreed to pay; and it was understood that, under the system of leases for nineteen years, the occupier had the opportunity of recouping himself for any outlay which he might have found it expedient to make. At the end of the term both parties were remitted to their original independence of one another, and the rent was raised or lowered, or remained the same, according to its market value, ascertained by bargain. During the continuance of the system there have been many bad seasons, but until now it never occurred to the tenant that he could escape from the fulfilment of his contract. Having been engaged in totally different matters, Sir BARTLE FRERE finds on his return an agitation for the transfer to the tenant at the end of the term of the reversion, subject to payment which will still be called a rent. The price of further enjoyment of the land is to be determined by the arbitration of a tribunal, to the utter and final abolition of all freedom of trade in land. It is not stated whether the Aberdeenshire farmers have rivalled the cynical contempt for justice of their allies at Bedford and else-



where in England. The adjudication of the respective rights of landlord and occupier by two tenant-farmers indicates the opinion which Mr. HOWARD and his friends entertain of Mr. GLADSTONE's intellect and character. In other respects the Aberdeenshire agitators are at least as revolutionary as the English Farmers' Alliance. Mr. BARCLAY lately avowed with perfect candour that it was their object to transfer rights of property, which, as he added, was the only effective mode of reform. The agrarian agitators of the present day rival the cynicism of the French judge who is said during the Reign of Terror to have ejected a landowner who inherited from a long succession of ancestors, on the ground that his family had enjoyed the land long enough.

The causes of the change which has taken place are much more political than economical. Aberdeenshire has scarcely been affected by American competition; and it is more independent of fine seasons than regions with a more genial climate. Little or no wheat is grown in the county; and there has been no remarkable diminution in the crops of turnips or of oats, which have no American rivalry to fear. It is possible that, nevertheless, there has, even in Aberdeenshire, been a certain agricultural depression. The farmers may have found that, like those who are engaged in other commercial pursuits, they may in their current leases have sometimes made disadvantageous bargains. They would be exclusively entitled to the profits which might have been realized in good seasons with high prices. They suffer the whole loss in opposite circumstances, except that many of them rely with reason on the indulgence of their landlords. Ordinary railway shareholders receive the whole increase of the earnings, while debenture and preference shareholders are limited to their stipulated rate of interest. Conversely, the fixed dividends may perhaps in unfavourable times absorb the whole returns, leaving the more speculative shareholders to starve. Tenant-farmers are so far in a better position that they have the opportunity of readjusting their contracts as often as their leases come to an end. As Sir BARTLE FRERE remarks, both farmers and labourers have in modern times the means of escaping from undue pressure by threatening or resolving to emigrate. In many cases landlords, even during the continuance of a term, would be inclined to retain a good tenant at the cost of reasonable concessions. In the large part of England in which leases are almost unknown the tenant has for the last two or three years had the landlord at his mercy. Few owners are able or willing to cultivate their land themselves; and they sometimes find it impossible, even by great sacrifices, to induce tenants to remain. For the reasons which have been stated, the Aberdeenshire farmers have been comparatively exempt from the losses which have been incurred elsewhere.

The agitators whom they are disposed to follow have been stirred to activity, not by bad seasons or foreign competition, but by the accession of a Government which is supposed to have revolutionary tendencies, and by the introduction of the Irish Land Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE's followers perhaps do him injustice in believing that he is prepared to yield any boon which may be demanded by electoral majorities. The farmers may fail in argument, but they can easily outvote the landlords, and they hope that agitation will effect in Great Britain the results which are due in Ireland to outrage and to murder. When Mr. GLADSTONE declared at Leeds that he would introduce no Irish Land Bill for England, Mr. HOWARD significantly observed that Mr. GLADSTONE perfectly understood what was wanted, and that before he disclosed his policy he only wished to be backed by popular agitation. It is to be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE's flatterers think too meanly of his honesty and firmness; but for the present they judge him by his acts. The author of the Irish Land Bill cannot rely on the principles of freedom of contract, which indeed he has expressly relegated, with other doctrines of political economy, to Saturn and Jupiter. The agrarian revolutionists are perhaps well advised in preferring the most extravagant claims, though they may not hope for the present to obtain perfect success. They demand not only arbitrated rents, but fixity of tenure, irrespectively of the terms of their leases. The Irish tenants could allege a more or less generally recognized custom, by which they remained in their holdings as long as they paid their rents. A stranger who ten or fifteen years ago made a bargain with an owner for the use of his land for a limited time now coolly insists

that he is entitled to a perpetuity. The proposals for the abolition of settlement and entail are inserted in the programme for purposes of ornament. The occupier at an adjudicated rent, with a perpetual right of renewal, will care little whether the rent-charge, as long as it also is not legislated away, belongs to the eldest son of the landlord, now reduced to the condition of an annuitant, or is divided among his children. The conscious injustice of the attack on ownership of land has been strikingly illustrated by the abandonment of the sham agitation against the existing land tenure. In no previous political movement has simple cupidity asserted itself with so little attempt at disguise.

If the soil of Aberdeenshire is to be arbitrarily taken from those who have acquired it by purchase or inheritance, it may well be asked why the tenant-farmers should be preferred by Parliament to other claimants, equally well entitled to the proceeds of legislative robbery. The labourers will probably wish to acquire gratuitous freeholds, although the more extreme communists are already protesting against their exclusive claim to the land, which is said naturally to belong to the whole community. It is true that the Farmers' Alliance and similar bodies care little for abstract justice, and that they place their whole dependence on their power to control county elections. Mr. GLADSTONE paid promptly and handsomely the debt which he had incurred to the seceding rural constituencies at the general election; but before he indulges in further displays of gratitude he will count the heads, not only of those who now possess the franchise, but of the future voters who are pressing at the door. At the next election it may be better worth while to buy the labourers than to pay additional bribes to the tenant-farmers; and it may be confidently assumed that the newcomers will not be deeply concerned for the interests of their immediate employers. The large farmers, who would gladly extend still further their areas of occupation, will have to try conclusions not with a small number of landowners, but with three or four times their own number of would-be peasant-proprietors. The abolition of entails would become an object of popular demand if it tended to bring small parcels of land into the market; and in that case it would result in the subdivision of farms. The introduction of the French system of succession, which may follow in course of time, would be fatal to the class on whose behalf the present agitation is promoted. As a general rule, it would not be advantageous to a tenant-farmer to purchase the fee of the land which he occupies. If any rich tenant could afford the luxury of becoming his own landlord, he would at once become devoted to the maintenance of the rights of property. It is easy to prove that the agrarian agitation is iniquitous in its objects; but it may be admitted that the managers trouble themselves little with attempts to prove the justice of their cause. Even the hypocritical affectation of a desire to increase the productiveness of the land has of late not been loudly urged. Covetousness of a neighbour's land scarcely troubles itself to assume a disguise.

#### MR. BRIGHT AT LLANDUDNO.

THERE were many things which Mr. BRIGHT might have said at Llandudno with profit as well as pleasure to his hearers. He might have told them a little about the processes by which he has trained and developed his extraordinary natural gifts, and has come, without, as he himself said, having much of what "high cultured people" call education, to be the most nervous and English of living orators. He might have contributed something to the vexed question, not how much ought children to learn—that has long ago been settled—but how much it is possible to teach them in the limited time, and under the unfavourable conditions, in which the education of the great majority of them must be carried on. He might have indicated what he and his friends mean when they speak of the political qualifications which come by education, and warned people against the common delusion that reading, writing, and arithmetic will somehow make a man a good citizen, without reference to what it is he reads, what it is he writes, or to what purpose his calculations are directed. He might have said something about the growing cost of elementary education, and ranged himself on one side or the other of the controversy as to how much of the necessary provision ought to be made by the com-

munity, and how much by those whose children directly benefit by the outlay. It is a question which needs to be threshed out, for the cost becomes greater every day, and the expedients by which it is met show that no firm grasp has yet been taken of the remoter considerations which are involved in it. Or, if he had been in an unwontedly gracious mood, he might have given a word or two of praise to those voluntary workers in the cause of education who did so much before ever Board schools were heard of, and have so well held their own since Board schools have been set up.

Upon not one of these things did Mr. BRIGHT touch. His speech from first to last was one long attack upon the old enemies with whom he has been fighting all his life. It was not political in the strictest sense, for no political names were introduced into it, but it was certainly political in the worst sense—in its constant appeal to class feeling, in its recurrent depreciations of every generation but our own, in its obstinate identification of things that have no relation to one another, in its refusal to draw even the most obvious lesson suggested by his own words when that lesson did not happen to square with the particular kind of legislation which Mr. BRIGHT favours. His remarks about temperance were a striking instance of this last fault. Some years ago Mr. BRIGHT said he met a Saxon gentleman who told him that sixty years back drunkenness was so common in his country that “if there was a man anywhere very drunk they would say he was ‘as drunk as a Saxon.’” Now, this gentleman said, you might use the very opposite expression. As sober as a Saxon has come to be as true as the less complimentary comparison was half a century ago. Mr. BRIGHT was naturally curious to know how this excellent change had been brought about, and particularly whether there had been any great change in the Saxon licensing laws. None, the gentleman said, that he could specially call to mind; the change had been made entirely by the schools. An admirable system of education had been established, and the result of it had been such an improvement in the character of the growing generation, “so much self-respect, so much knowledge of ‘what was due to themselves and to those around them,’ ‘so much sense of what would contribute to their own ‘comfort and happiness, that the vice of intoxication had ‘been almost banished from among them.’” It might have been thought that after this Mr. BRIGHT would have made it his business to learn something of the educational system which had worked this wonder, or, if he had no opportunity of doing this, that he would have recommended the Llandudno School Board to take the Saxon schools for their model, and have impressed upon them the superiority in all respects of sobriety which comes from education over sobriety created by law. So far from doing this, Mr. BRIGHT went straight from a demonstration that, in one remarkable instance, at all events, education had proved strong enough to deal with the vice of drunkenness, even when that vice was almost universal, to a glorification of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act, and to the expression of a hope that in this respect the example of Wales might be followed by England. It is hardly possible to conceive a more perverse *non sequitur*. The premisses point unmistakably to the conclusion so often insisted on by the opponents of prohibitive legislation, but the conclusion Mr. BRIGHT prefers to draw is precisely the opposite of that suggested by the premisses. Look at Saxony, he seems to say, and see how good schools can make a population sober without recourse to Acts of Parliament. Look at Wales, and see how it has preferred to take the less effectual method, and to rely on legislation to do the work which education can do much better. And from this Mr. BRIGHT deduces the inference that, England having the two examples before her, had better follow the example of Wales.

It is natural in a speech upon education to say something about Universities, and Mr. BRIGHT would have been wanting to himself and to the occasion if he had not had a fling at those ancient, exclusive, and wasteful institutions. No one would suppose from Mr. BRIGHT's reference to them that for the last thirty years Oxford and Cambridge had been devoting themselves with an almost exaggerated zeal to the work of reformation, and that every part of their machinery has been taken to pieces and reconstructed until, as in the case of the “rules called the Pie,” it has been more business to be found out what should be taught than to teach it when it was found out. Of all this Mr. BRIGHT

knows nothing. No one can be more judiciously blind than he to the amendment of an institution which he dislikes. But he might at least have given us his views upon the curious contrast which has by degrees grown up between the working of the University system now and its working in the unreformed days. Formerly every college at Oxford and Cambridge preserved traces, to say the least, of a system in which deliberate provision had been made for the education of the poor side by side with the rich. The old sizarships and servitorships were intended to carry out something of the same principle as has lately been tried—with, we believe, but scanty success—in the United States. The poor youth who was elected to one of them was to receive his education while at the same time he did work in the college. In course of time the original idea got perverted; and, instead of the sizars being youths to whom manual labour of this kind was natural, they were taken from a class who were unaccustomed to it. Instead of the labourer's son being enabled to dignify his work by study, the poor gentleman's son was expected to degrade his study by rendering menial service to his richer companions. The throwing open of endowments to unrestricted competition has swept away these anomalous offices. But the result has been that the old provision for the poor has been taken away, and no new provision put in its place. Where scholarships are gained by examination they naturally fall to the best-prepared boys; and this kind of preparation has now become such a recognized business that a boy has scarcely a chance of success if he has not gone through the forcing-house of a costly preparatory school. As the tendency of University reform is still in the direction of unlimited competition, it promises to become less and less possible for the poor to gain any benefit from them. We do not say that this result is avoidable, or even that it is to be regretted. All we care to point out is that, under the old system, the Universities which Mr. BRIGHT blames for giving their advantages mainly to the rich gave them very much more to the poor than is the case now. The poor have lost, not gained, by the work done in this reforming generation; and, when Mr. BRIGHT was surveying the whole field of human history, and picking out from it everything that could be made to tell against the generations that are gone, he might at least have praised them for the honest, if ineffectual, efforts they made to solve a problem which we have pretty well abandoned as insoluble. This would have been more suitable matter for a speech at the foundation of a school than eloquent but inaccurate generalities about the wickedness of war or the connexion between pauperism and the Land-laws.

#### M. PAUL BERT AND THE CONCORDAT.

WE have already more than once had an opportunity of expressing our opinion on the appointment of M. Paul Bert to the Ministry of Education and Worship in France and the line he has announced his intention of pursuing. If the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* may be trusted, the disquiet caused by this new departure in ecclesiastical policy is by no means confined to France. He says that as the signal of the anti-religious campaign has been given by a Republican Government in one of the leading countries of the Continent, Monarchical Europe feels the common interest at stake in the conflict, and recognizes the supreme necessity of guarding religion as one of the great auxiliaries of moral authority, and then he adds, “In this common anxiety differences of creed disappear, for it is felt that the assault threatens all creeds alike. At the advance of materialism every religion feels that its time is approaching, and that war has been declared against all, and it is not a question of Catholicism or of any other creed, but of all.” Such language is in curiously close accord with that of the great French Protestant statesman of the last generation, M. Guizot, who says in his *Meditations on the Christian Religion*, “It is in fact the whole Christian Church, and not this or that Church in particular, which is at present the object of attack in its fundamental principles. When the supernatural world, the inspiration of Scripture, and the Divinity of our Lord are denied, the blow falls upon all Christians, whether Catholics, Protestants, or Greeks.” If such fears were natural in M. Guizot's day, they are much more natural now, when the advancing secularism of the age has found so determined and influential an exponent in the new Minister of Worship in France. Our immediate concern however is not so much with M. Paul Bert's secularism generally, as with the particular instrument of oppression he proposes to apply for the discomfiture, and ultimate disestablishment, of the French Church. The Concordat and Organic Articles of Napoleon I. are henceforth, he announces, to be rigorously applied, and the various modifications or relaxations which have been gradually introduced during the period of nearly a century since

its original introduction are to be at once abrogated. As to the Organic Articles they may be dismissed in very few words. When M. Portalis, the minister of public worship, introduced the Concordat to the Corps Législatif on April 2, 1802, in an able and learned speech, he said not a word about these supplementary regulations which, as he well knew, had been surreptitiously appended to it by Napoleon after it had been signed by Cardinal Consalvi, and without the knowledge or consent of the Pope. Their general drift was to reduce the Church into direct and servile dependence on the civil Government; there were even restrictions imposed on the bishops as to the conferring of holy orders. The Pope protested in full Consistory against these Articles and demanded their suppression or modification, at the time without success. In some respects they were however found to be so unworkable that modifications have since been introduced from time to time, and—without, we believe, any formal agreement with Rome as to those retained—a practical understanding had been arrived at. How long it is likely to continue unimpaired under existing circumstances is another question.

But as regards the Concordat itself, apart from these accretions, there is an impression in many quarters, especially among those outside the Roman pale, that it is somehow a security for the liberties of the Gallican Church. And of course from the nature of the case any Concordat, as being a contract between the Holy See and the national Government, must in some degree restrict papal autocracy, and hence perhaps the remark of a leading Ultramontane divine of our own day that "the Church is always more at home in a Catacomb than in a Concordat." But the present question is not whether a Concordat may not more or less, according to its detailed provisions, promote the interests of Erastianism, but whether it serves to promote the independence of national Churches, which is quite a different thing. There is certainly no *a priori* reason for assuming that such would be the case, for the high contracting parties in every such agreement are the Pope and the Sovereign or Government of the country, who make terms with each other over the heads of the national episcopate and clergy, and therefore in possible disregard or contravention of their rights. But there is no need to discuss the question on *a priori* grounds. The Concordat between Pius VII. and Napoleon I., which M. Paul Bert desires strictly to enforce, is a document sufficiently well known in its origin, its substance, and its actual results, and is very far from being, under any of these aspects, the *Magna Charta* of Gallican liberties. The unprecedented and portentous assertion of Papal absolutism which was the essential preliminary and one may almost say leading principle of the Concordat—namely, the compulsory resignation or deprivation of the entire French episcopate, that the Pope might thereupon constitute a brand-new hierarchy, diminishing by about half the number of the ancient sees—would alone suffice to prove this. No such act had ever been attempted by the most autocratic and powerful of previous Popes. But we shall understand the matter better if we go back a little further in the history of the French Church. For the Concordat of 1801 was based, *mutatis mutandis*, on the Concordat of Bologna arranged in 1516 between Leo X. and Francis I., and the same principle in relation to the national Church runs through both alike. In the words of Mr. Jervis's *Gallican Church*, the best English work on the subject, "as in the sixteenth century, so at the opening of the nineteenth, the high contracting parties pursued their own views of interest, and reaped great mutual advantages; but the Church for which they professed to negotiate was at both epochs weakened and damaged rather than benefited by their agreement." And the Concordat of Bologna arose in this wise. The "Pragmatic Sanction" of St. Louis in the thirteenth century, constantly and justly cited as the *Magna Charta* of Gallican liberty, and styled by Pasquier "the foundation stone of the Gallican liberties," had declared that the French Church should be administered "according to the common law, the canons of Councils, and the statutes of the ancient Fathers"; it approves and confirms all ancient privileges and immunities of the Church, but contains no hint of the comparatively modern claims of Rome to the confirmation and institution of bishops, while it censures and prohibits for the future the exorbitant pecuniary imposts levied by the Papacy. But unworthy intrigues and violence on all sides prevented this salutary legislation taking any permanent effect. The Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges two centuries later was a second step in the same direction. It was a solemn protest against the encroachments of the mediæval Papacy, abolishing "reservations," "expectatives," "devolutions," "annates," and the like, prescribing canonical election of bishops and confirmation by the metropolitan—not, as Sir J. Stephen mistakenly supposed, their nomination by the Crown—and regulating appeals to Rome. But it had hardly been in force for twenty years when Pius II. induced Louis XI. to abolish it, on the ingenious plea that the liberties of the Church are but so many fetters on the absolute power of the Crown—and, he might have added, on his own. It was in fact from the first in evil odour at Rome, though received with universal satisfaction in France, and had been denounced both by Eugenius IV. and Nicolas V. as a blot on the French Church. Louis thought by abolishing it to get the control of the Church into his own hands, but he found himself bitterly disappointed. A half-century of chronic quarrels between Pope and King succeeded, and then Louis XII. made a futile attempt to restore the Pragmatic Sanction with the aid of the Council of Pisa. But he succumbed to the arms of Julius II. and the more astute policy of Leo X., backed by the fifth Lateran Council, an Italian synod, which claimed to be Ecumenical.

The final upshot of the contest was the famous Concordat of Bologna, concluded between his successor Francis I. and Leo X. in 1516, which differed in such important respects from the Pragmatic Sanction that it has been not unjustly said to constitute a complete revolution in ecclesiastical affairs, substituting absolutism—both royal and papal—for constitutional government. It was, in short, a private bargain between the King and the Pope whereby each party accorded certain privileges to the other, while the rights and interests of a third party, viz. the national Church, were sacrificed or ignored. It was thus totally irreconcilable with the true principles of Gallicanism; whatever was wrested from the Pope was appropriated to the Sovereign. The King, for instance, acquired the arbitrary nomination to bishoprics and some other benefices, to the final extinction of the primitive rule of free election, while the Pope acquired the sole right of confirmation and institution, to the exclusion of metropolitans and provincials to whom it belonged by ancient precedent. On the other hand, no further mention was made of the Councils of Constance and Basle, which had established the superiority of Councils over Popes, or of the annates abolished by the Pragmatic Sanction, which were accordingly at once revived. Both the Parliament and University of Paris strenuously resisted this arbitrary measure, but their opposition was suppressed by the King, and by the Bull *Pastor Æternus* Leo X. in lofty and sonorous terms of condemnation abrogated the Pragmatic Sanction, and established the Concordat in its place. The struggle, indeed, continued for many years, and the execution of the Concordat was contested in detail both by civil and ecclesiastical corporations, but the growing power of the monarchy ensured its ultimate triumph. In a certain sense it may be said that the Concordat helped to make the French episcopate more national, that is, more anti-Papal, but only by making the bishops more entirely the creatures of the Court. They were still less ready to assert the rights of their order against the Crown than against the Pope; and when, as frequently happened, Pope and Crown had a common interest, they were reduced to hopeless servility. But while nothing could be more strikingly opposed to primitive institutions than the state of things thus introduced, there was just enough semblance of national protest against certain Roman usurpations to operate as a veil to the true character of the measure, and enable its admirers to describe it plausibly as protecting Gallican liberties. It was in truth the system under which such men as Dubois, Tencin, Lafléau, and De Rohan rose to the highest dignities of the Church, under which the Jansenists and Huguenots alike were ruthlessly persecuted, and the disastrous Bull *Unigenitus* enforced with the whole weight of the civil power and with a rigour which, as the event proved, shook the very foundations of authority both in Church and State. If an ecclesiastical obnoxious to Rome, like De Marca, was nominated to the episcopate, the Pope had the absolute right of refusing institution till he had submitted. For several years under Louis XIV. thirty-five sees were kept vacant, in order to compel the prelates he had named to abjure the Four Gallican Articles, till at length both the King and his nominees yielded to the pressure put upon them. It was again the Ultramontane yoke of the Concordat which led at the Revolution to the ultra-national and ill-organized reaction of the *Constitution Civile*, and that in its turn was suppressed by a new Concordat drawn on the same lines as the old one.

It will perhaps be asked whether we mean that Napoleon desired to exalt the power of Rome, and to this the answer must be both Yes and No. He had the discernment to perceive, what appears to have escaped the cognizance of M. Paul Bert, that religion is the natural ally, and not the natural enemy, of authority and social order; and he was resolved for the consolidation of his own supremacy, in a country where, as it was officially declared, "the Catholic religion is that of the great majority," to come to an understanding with the Pope. Certainly he desired to be himself independent of control from Rome or from any other quarter, but he had no desire that his Church should be so. And as he expected always to be able to keep the Pope under his thumb, by physical force or otherwise, there seemed no readier means of ruling absolutely, and at the same time in a seemly and respectable manner—appealing to the religious conscience, and not outraging it—over the actual Church than to make the Pope its absolute master. In such a bargain Rome, which can afford to watch and wait, is pretty sure sooner or later to gain the upper hand, and Napoleon was already beginning to discover this before his fall. And with him fell, not the Concordat, but the iron hand which had sought to wield it as an instrument of imperial despotism. Its first appearance had been the signal for a revived ultramontaniam both of theory and practice. And that tendency was strengthened as well by the autocratic grasp it secured to the Pope over the national episcopate, as by the tyrannical yoke of civil despotism over the national Church, which led clergy and laity alike to turn to Rome as the one harbour of refuge. Thenceforth, as in Germany under the Falk laws, the religious party became identified with the Ultramontane party. Men like De Maistre, Lamennais, and De Bonald gave literary expression to this revived Ultramontane enthusiasm, and the experience of the last half century has abundantly illustrated its predominance throughout the length and breadth of the French Church. It is true that Bonaparte appealed, when it suited his purpose, to the Gallican liberties and the Articles of 1682, but his practical interpretation of them was to make himself the absolute master of the Church, with the inevitable result of driving it, as it had never before been driven, into the arms of Rome. The series of events which led up to this conclusion cannot indeed justly be attributed to Gallicanism, properly so called, but to influences radically opposed to it. Still less

is it Gallicanism, but the directly opposite principle in the religious sphere, that will be furthered by the yet more drastic *régime* in Church matters which the present Government of France threatens to establish. And if there be any truth in the report to which we referred at the beginning of this paper, the reactionary impulse produced by what looks like an infatuated assault, not only on all ecclesiastical but all religious life, may extend far beyond the boundaries of France.

#### PERILS OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

THE thefts lately committed at Dunecht and Brynkinalt have done something more than supply the daily newspapers with thrilling poster headings; they have added a new charm, in death as well as in life, to the "sweet security of streets." We say thefts, because it is the most convenient class-name; but it seems to be agreed by the best authorities that body-snatching is not larceny. There is property in a grave, and presumably in a coffin, but not, it would appear, in what the coffin contains. This, however, is a technical dispute of limited interest. To the ordinary mind such a case as that of the Dunecht misdemeanour combines, it would appear, the attractions of theft and murder, to which the newspapers already referred to do not hesitate to add other fascinations. The heading "Theft of an Earl's Body" appears to imply a dim notion on the part of the ingenious reporter or sub-editor who is responsible for it, to the effect that holders of that rank in the peerage have bodies of a peculiar kind corporally distinguished from the bodies of commoners, and even, we presume, from those of viscounts on the one hand and marquesses on the other. Indeed it is quite probable that he would be much puzzled to distinguish between the strict propriety of such a phrase as an Earl's coronet and the absurdity of such a phrase as an Earl's body. Putting all these accidents of the cases aside, however, there remains a considerable amount of interest in both. Both have what has been called the *caso-lite* attraction—the interest of a tangle which has to be unravelled—and both have other elements which appeal to the imagination. As to the magnitude of the Brynkinalt robbery, lucrative crimes of that kind are indeed getting almost hackneyed. It will be necessary soon to add a fourth list to those which now open the columns of the *Times*, and to revive the convenient shorthand by which our forefathers used to designate the fortune of a bride or the personal property of a deceased millionaire thus:—

On the 5th instant the Earl of DASH of a jewel casket at Treburtle, Cornwall (30,000*l.*)

A second parenthesis might contain the amount of reward offered. The other crime (for it amply deserves that name, whatever may be its more specific legal designation) is fortunately not likely to be so common.

An attempt has been made to show that, if Lord Crawford had not been embalmed, his body could not have been stolen, which is certainly true as far as it goes, but which does not seem to be a very effectual moral to draw. A more obvious and more practical one would be to say that burying in vaults offers the strongest temptation to this sort of sacrilege. Yet, again, it is tolerably obvious that, if the reported omission of the iron door at the mouth of the crypt be a fact, the business of the tomb-breakers was made easier still. Such masonry as is described, if fitted with a door such as bankers' strong-rooms have, would be practically impregnable; but mere slabs of stone, resting in their places only by their own weight and a little mortar, could offer no very formidable resistance to besiegers who knew what they were about. As, however, nobody could reasonably have anticipated that such a crime would be committed, it is not surprising that precautions which suggest themselves easily enough after the fact were not taken before it. If, as may be hoped and believed, the idea of paying blackmail is steadily rejected by the family, we are not very likely to hear of imitations of the deed. Advocates of cremation will probably make the most of it; though, as cremation supposes the retaining of the ashes, and in a form which would make them eminently portable property, not much would in reality be gained, for the columbaria which held the urns would be just as easily violated as the Dunecht crypt. The ordinary churchyard, not retired from the ways of men, and the ordinary fashion of burial, which accepts the destiny of earth to earth, are probably the best safeguards against similar post-mortem inconveniences. Meanwhile, it is certain that everybody who has a lively imagination, a memory capable of lending itself to that imagination with some docility, and a vigorous interest in what is going on, will for some time be sure that any odd-looking bundle which met his eyes during the month of September contained the late Lord Crawford's remains. Already persons of such unerring vision that they can tell a mummy from the top of an omnibus have communicated their reminiscences to the ear of a grateful public, and others will assuredly do the like if fate and newspaper editors permit. There are large numbers of people who appear to feel a certain pleasure in talking of graves, and to them Lord Crawford's misfortune must be an unmixed boon. To some other people it will probably be chiefly memorable as a fresh instance of the apparently incurable want of decency which the multiplication of newspapers has inflicted on this age. The fact is, of course, striking, and could hardly be concealed. But what business the average newspaper reader has with "the impression made by the head and shoulders of the deceased on the carefully-prepared

sawdust," with the wishes of a widow as to the spot selected for her husband's last resting-place, and with other matters less suitable still for publication, we at least cannot see. "My people loves to have it so" is, we presume, the excuse—a sufficiently feeble one.

If the advantages of churchyards over stately but lonely vaults in parks, and the necessity of making vaults secure, if they are made at all, are the subjects of the chief reflections which anybody has any business to make on the Dunecht matter, it is not so in reference to the more cheerful subject of Lord Trevor's loss. We speak, of course, from our own point of view, for it is not certain that the subject is a cheerful one to the bear of several thousand pounds' worth of jewelry. Here everybody may be said to have an interest; for though everybody has not got several thousand pounds' worth of jewelry, everybody is proportionately exposed to a similar loss. Besides, it may plausibly be contended that details ought to be published in order to prevent innocent and guileless people from buying diamond tiaras which happen to be offered them at a cheap price, and so defeating the ends of justice. There is really something interesting (putting questions of morality aside) in a "good" robbery, and this interest is entirely free from the morbid elements which enter into curiosity about murder, and, we may add, about violations of the sanctity of the grave. A good burglary or robbery from a house, even without infraction, requires very careful planning and the display of much ingenious generalship. Hitherto it seems doubtful whether this ingenuity was displayed at Brynkinalt. On the face of it, the hanging of a rope out of the window, which was obviously insufficient to support a man, which left a twenty-foot drop to the ground, and which would have landed the rather enterprising dropper on a flower-bed where his traces must have been seen, does not look artistic. Nor can the plan of leaving the key of a door, through which exit had apparently been made, under a dining-room sofa, be commended in itself. But it must be remembered that in the art of burglary more, perhaps, than in any other, *celare artem* is the great thing, and an apparent clumsiness may sometimes have the best effects in drawing the hounds off the scent. An inference, however, which supports that drawn from the rope and the key is undoubtedly given by the authoritative announcement that the jewels were not, as has been said, carelessly left in an open wardrobe, but were securely locked in a case built into the wall. Such being the fact, it is not uncharitable to say that correspondence with some one who was, or had been, an inmate of the house must have been indispensable to the thieves. The theory that the booty is even now concealed somewhere in the park at Brynkinalt does not seem to have much to recommend it, except the attractiveness of the general idea. A large park, traversed by a river, and thickly wooded, is an easy place to get out of to those who have taken the trouble to study its topography, and there never is much difficulty in studying the topography of a place like Brynkinalt. On the other hand, if what is called in Arctic travelling a *cache* of the jewelry has been made, it might remain concealed for an indefinite period, for it does not always happen that even he who hides can find in such cases. A park with some thousand pounds' worth of jewelry concealed somewhere about it would be unique among demesnes.

Both these incidents seem to show that of all precautions which people of considerable fortune, who have large houses and valuable property in them, can take, the most indispensable (and we think we are safe in saying the least generally observed) is the appointment of a perambulating watchman. Malefactors of all kinds very easily get to know the arrangements of a house, and the hours at which the various classes of servants are engaged or not on their respective duties. There are long hours during the day, and of course much longer hours during the night, in which it is a mere chance whether anybody entering or descending by a window, rummaging in a room, or even engaged in abnormal operations on an outbuilding like the Dunecht chapel, would necessarily be noticed. The house servants have their regular times of attending to their respective departments, and their regular times for absence from the regions they control. Gardeners (who, in a fashion, do perform an irregular kind of outpost duty) are not always at work; grooms and stablemen, by the very architectural arrangements of most houses, are out of the way, even if they did not generally entertain a profound belief that no animal possessing less than four legs deserves their attention; gamekeepers' operations lie too far from the house, as a rule; and a house porter is naturally not of much use, unless the enemy politely makes his approaches by the front door. If the great country houses of England were examined systematically, we imagine that not many would be found (though there undoubtedly are some) where there is anything like a regular day watchman, even if there is a night one. Accordingly, while robberies in town are generally committed at night, those in the country are at least as often, if not more often, committed in broad daylight; either—as in this case—during church-time, or during dinner-time in the summer, or at some other period which involves a regular and well-ascertained alteration of domestic habits. It is true, of course, that a watchman's perambulations might be in their turn watched. But few houses are so large that the rounds would give opportunity for entrance or escape without at least a great chance of detection, while such operations as that which must necessarily have taken place at Dunecht would be simply impossible. Slabs of stone weighing many hundredweight are not removed, even if they are unencumbered, in a minute, or in a few minutes. Consider-



ing the immense value of the property which many English country houses contain, and the comparative ease with which a thief can get off if he once clears the open circle of lawn and garden, a little more pains in guarding them than is generally taken would certainly seem to be desirable.

#### THE NORTH BORNEO COMPANY.

WITH a tardiness which is somewhat remarkable, public attention has at last been generally directed to a recent transaction which promises to be of some importance in our colonial affairs. The incorporation by Royal Charter of a North Borneo Company, which proposes to take upon itself the government of a territory considerably bigger than the United Kingdom, may very conceivably be the beginning of much. The Company may die a premature death, and nothing more be heard about it; but even if it fails to gain permanent success, it may live long enough to compromise the nation. The names which appear on the list of Directors of the Provisional Association to which the charter has been granted are a guarantee that the Company is to be organized for a serious purpose. That purpose entails the establishment of English factories throughout the territory which the British North Borneo Company is to rule with all but nominal sovereign power. Should the Company become bankrupt, it is scarcely conceivable that these settlements could be deserted, and so a permanent addition, which may be of great value, but may also only prove a source of expense, will be made to our colonial possessions. The Company nominally holds its sovereign rights as delegated on certain conditions, from the Sultans of Brunei and Sooloo; but it can only accept them for the Crown, and the Crown is therefore practically responsible for the Company, at least in so far as it is a governing body. It is worth while looking into the history and nature of a corporation which may compel much attention further on.

The process of the formation of the British North Borneo Company is a familiar one enough in the history of European settlement in the East. A British subject, Mr. Alfred Dent, by means of which we know nothing, gains from certain barbarous potentates a delegation of their sovereign claims over certain territories. He then proposes to utilize the concession by the formation of a Company, which is to work these territories as private property. The territories in question are to be held from the Sultan of Brunei, the Pangeran Tamongong, who, it seems, is his chief Minister, and from the Sultan of Sooloo. The first of these cedes his rights in three separate deeds, referring to different districts; the other two in one each. It is worthy of observation that the Sultans of Brunei and Sooloo cede rights over the same territory, and that the Pangeran Tamongong sells his right of private property in a district of which the sovereignty has already been ceded by the Sultan of Brunei, who also distinguishes clearly between what he sells as his personal estate and what as country over which he has only a right of supremacy. What the Sultan of Brunei, who would appear to include the other two, sells to his "trustworthy and well-beloved friends, the grantees," is "certain portions of the dominions owned by him, comprising the entire northern portion of the Island of Borneo, from the Sulaman River on the west coast of Mludu Bay, and to the river Paitan, and thence the entire eastern coast as far as the Sibuco River, comprising the States of Paitan, Sugut, Bangaya, Labuk, Sandakan, Kina Batangan, and Mumiang, and other lands as far as the Sibuco River; furthermore, the provinces of Kimanis and Benoni, the province of Pappar, and the territory of Gaya Bay and Sapangar Bay, with all the land and islands belonging thereto, and likewise the island of Banquay." Over these dominions—some hundreds of miles of coast in all—the Sultan of Brunei cedes his whole rights of sovereignty to the duly authorized representative of the British North Borneo Company, who is to govern them, under the title of Maharajah of Sabah (North Borneo) and Rajah of Gaya and Sandakan. The cession is made for "certain considerations"—namely, for a rent of twelve thousand dollars a year to the Sultan of Brunei, three thousand to his chief Minister—whom the Company promises to "protect with kindness"—and five thousand to the Sultan of Sooloo—in all, twenty thousand dollars, or some four thousand pounds. These concessions were originally made to Mr. Alfred Dent personally. The Provisional Association was formed to act as an intermediary between him and the Company to be incorporated; and now the Royal Charter asked for has been granted. From this document it is clear that the British Government is to assume the virtual, though indirect, sovereignty over all the territories to be taken in hand by the Company about to be formed. The suzerainty of the Sultans is indeed recognized, but only as far as concerns their right to the due payment of their trifling rents. Most of the other articles of the Charter are worded so as to secure at least the indirect control of the British Government over the proceedings of the Company. Apart from those stipulations as to the suppression of slavery and good treatment of the natives which could scarcely be absent, the action of the Company is subjected in various ways to the control of the Secretary of State. The appointment of the Company's representative is to be subject to his approval; it can make no transfer of its grants or commissions, or have dealings with foreign Powers except with his consent; and he is to be the judge of all disputes between it and the Sultans. The Secretary of State—in other words, the British Government—

is to have the supreme authority over all the doings of the Company, and must therefore, in the last resort, be responsible for it.

In estimating the probable consequences of the granting of this charter, the main thing to be considered is what the Sultans really have ceded to Mr. Dent. Looking merely at the data supplied to us by the preamble of the Charter itself, it would not seem to be anything considerable. It is not to be believed that rights of any real value over such large territories would be bartered even in Borneo for the sum of four thousand pounds a year to be divided among three persons. The Sultans of Brunei and Sooloo, if they were virtually rulers of these countries, would not reduce themselves to the condition of the most helpless of Indian protected princes for so trifling a consideration. The rights which can be so lightly parted with must be of a very nominal kind. This appears plainly from the preamble of the charter, but it is otherwise notorious. The sovereign rights of the Sultan of Sooloo are scarcely even nominal. Such as they are, he has already ceded them to Spain, in consequence of one of the obscure little wars which are chronic in the Spanish Philippine colonies. They probably amounted in practice to no more than a traditional claim to tribute whenever he was strong enough to enforce payment of it. The country over which he really rules is a group of islands to the North-East of Borneo. Whoever takes his rights takes simply a species of pirate kingship which will be effectual or not according to the fighting power of the holder. The position of the Sultan of Brunei is essentially similar. To the greater part of his nominal kingdom he holds very much the relation which the later Sultans at Delhi held to Oudh or Bengal. They had a right of giving an investiture, which was worth paying for when it could not be extorted by force. It would seem, therefore, that what Mr. Dent, or the Company which is to take over Mr. Dent's rights, really has acquired is the power to hunt, to kill, and to skin the bear, if it is able. The North Borneo Company will take the position of the Sultan as the holder of certain more or less indefinite rights of sovereignty, which must be made effectual by force of arms. The example of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak is there to show how worthless any investiture the Company may receive from the Sultan of Brunei will be if they cannot make it good by force. It is not to be supposed that the Directors of the Company have any settled scheme of conquest; but the whole history of European settlement in the East goes to show that conquest must be the result of their establishment in Borneo. Factories must be set up among savage or semi-savage tribes in a permanent state of hostility to one another, and not likely to submit without resistance to the exercise by total aliens of a more effectual control than has hitherto been enforced by the Sultans. The savage character of Dyaks and Malays is well known; and the Borneo of Chinese descent have long been organized in societies to defend their own interests, and are perfectly ready to fight for them. The factories will have to be made safe by the establishment of an armed force. Quarrels will certainly arise with the native chiefs, and, as a universal experience shows, can only end by European conquest. Trade will open the way for the foundation of an Empire, as it has always done since Europeans first made their way into the East.

Nor will the relations of the Company be confined to the Sultans and the various tribes. The sixth article of the Charter, which provides that "the dealings of the Company with any foreign Power" shall be subject to the control of the English Government, shows that the possibility of such relations arising is already contemplated. And before the Company is yet well in existence, it has been the object of attention and even diplomatic action on the part of Holland and Spain. The relations of the Company with Spain are likely to be very slight. That country is scarcely able to manage the Philippines, and its interests in Borneo are nearly null; its rights, too, to interfere are of the most shadowy kind. But the case is different with Holland. The Dutch have been left behind in the development of European Powers, but they have a great colonial empire in the Indian Ocean, and one that is still growing. They already have a settlement in the south of Borneo, and have established a protectorate over several of the southern princes. In 1847 the English Government found it necessary to put a stop to a further extension of their power in the island by a treaty with the Sultan of Brunei, binding that sovereign not to cede more territory to any European Power except England. It is true that the Dutch do not appear inclined to oppose the establishment of the Company's proposed rule in North Borneo in any way. We even hear of proposals to come to an arrangement as to the respective spheres of the Company's action and their own. That is to say, the North Borneo Company and the Dutch are to come to an understanding as to how much of the island each of them is to be considered entitled to conquer. Everything points to conquest as the ultimate result of the action of the Company. It is certainly a remarkable piece of inconsistency that a scheme of this nature should be approved by a Ministry which has made such unseemly haste to surrender already acquired territory in the Transvaal, and to sacrifice the interests of British subjects for the sake of peace and an escape from responsibility. The establishment of an English Government in North Borneo would doubtless be a benefit to all concerned. The natives would gain by the control of a civilized authority. Their prosperity, as well as our commercial interests, would be served by the peaceful and intelligent development of the great natural resources of Borneo. Nevertheless, it is strange to find a

scheme for doing this by an extension of our colonial empire promoted by a Ministry which has the happiness to include among its members Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, and Courtney. And, apart from the strangeness that such men should do such a thing, we think exception may be taken to the way in which it is proposed to be done. The example, not only of the East India Company, but of the Company established to colonize New Zealand, proves that the Imperial Government cannot tolerate the prolonged existence of corporations exercising sovereign powers abroad. If we are to take North Borneo into our hands, it would be better to follow the precedent of Fiji, and do so by the direct action of the Crown. To develop the resources of North Borneo by a trading Company under the protection of a Colonial Government is one thing. To bring into existence a corporation exercising sovereign powers, maintaining its own fleet and army, making its own little wars under the indirect control of the Imperial Government, which is ultimately responsible for it, is quite another. If it were likely that the corporation could enter at once into the peaceful government of the territory ceded to it, the reasons against establishing it would still be strong. They are doubled in strength by the probability that it can only make its rule a reality by a series of little wars which would endanger it financially and complicate its relations to the Home Government. The nation would in the long run have to take up the task of settling the country; for it is to be presumed that not even the Ministry who surrendered the Transvaal could allow a Company established with its consent to be destroyed, and its agents slaughtered by Dyaks and Malays.

#### SALE OF THE SUNDERLAND LIBRARY.

THE first days of the sale of the Sunderland Library have surpassed all expectation. This sale was particularly interesting, because it was certain to show, beyond possibility of error, the direction in which the tide of fashion is setting. We confess that the appearance of the books, huddled together on the dingy shelves of the sale-room, did not impress us very favourably. The Library has not always been carefully watched. Many of the books were ill bound originally, and the calf-leather or vellum covers had grown seedy by lapse of time. The interiors were, on the other hand, clean and well preserved. Some very valuable books, it is true, had lost leaves here and there, and miniatures had been cut out of some MSS., while the cruel plough of the binder had defaced the fair margins of others, and others, again, were water-stained. Still, these were the exceptions; and, as a rule, the margins and condition generally were highly respectable. It seemed certain that no fictitious value would be given to the books by rare old bindings and the arms of the famous collectors of the past. The question arose, Would modern taste applaud that of the old Earl of Sunderland, and endorse his judgment, by bidding great prices for books which he may have bought comparatively cheap? On this subject, too, we had doubts. Classical books are no longer read, and we hardly anticipated the prices that were to be paid for certain early printed volumes. The collection is necessarily deficient in almost all the newer varieties of fashionable literature. The vignettes of the later eighteenth century, the books of the Romantic school, original editions of Shelley and Keats, and other modern poets, one could not expect to find in the Sunderland Library. It seemed certain, however, that early editions of the modern European classics, as Dante, Ariosto, Boccaccio, were well represented; and, as the Earl of Sunderland collected some of the poets of the Pleiad, and possessed original editions of plays by Boursault, later volumes of the catalogue may prove that he did not neglect Ronsard, Villon, the *Romances of the Rose*, Corneille, Molière, and Racine. He was also rich in Americana, which are now so greedily sought by Transatlantic purchasers.

If it be true that sums like 25,000*l.* were offered for the collection as a whole, dealers must have either underrated its value or supposed that "holders" were very anxious to "part." Up to the present moment each day's sale has averaged, we think, about 2,000*l.*, Wednesday's sale alone exceeding 4,000*l.* At this rate the first twelve days' buying and selling, which only take us as far as the esteemed works of Ohappuzeau and Ohardin, will produce a sum equal to that said to have been offered for the whole library. It is reported that the Americans were particularly anxious to purchase the collection *en bloc*. We cannot be expected, after all their recent sporting victories, and their acquisition of the Cesnola Cyprian collection, to grieve at their disappointment. Mr. Quaritch spoke to these enemies in the gate, and also faced the French champions with much firmness, though M. Techener occasionally overcame his stubborn resistance. It is impossible to say how many days the sale of the whole collection will cover. Estimating the letters from A to OHA as covering a fifth of the whole contents of the library, there still remain about fifty days of the delight of battle. We can scarcely expect any other books to equal in price the famous Boccaccio's Bibles, and the St. Augustine, but perhaps 100,000*l.* may be regarded as a moderate estimate of the value of the library. So excellent an investment are books, if people buy the right books. We are obliged to take this commercial view, because it is impossible to suppose that many purchasers will look on their treasures as literature. Anacreon is more easily read in a Tauchnitz edition ("cost you a shilling," as Pepys would have said) than in the original edition of Stephanus, and the Mazarine Bible is more inconvenient to

study than an inexpensive copy from what the *Times* calls "The Caledonian," and mortals call the Clarendon Press.

We may look at a few examples of the prices brought by separate books, as illustrative of the tendency of modern taste, and of the abundance of modern wealth. The poems of Soudéry, with *Les Chevelles* (1649), seem rather dear at ten guineas. The first edition of Æschylus, on the other hand, the Aldine edition of 1518, is a bargain at 4*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* M. Techener carried off De Albertini's *De Mirabilibus Rerum* (1510), printed on vellum, for 66*l.* The same champion overthrew Mr. Quaritch in a spirited contest for the grammatical works of Alexander Gallus, a volume that rejoices in painted initial letters (41*l.*) *Amadis de Gaule* was in a state of unknighly seediness—the first edition, indeed, but cut, and patched, and clouted. One adventurous spirit bid 10*l.*, and no one contested his possession of this treasure. Americana, of course, caused wild biddings. The *Libro Ultimo de le Indis Occidentales* is a tiny volume in vellum, which fetched 47*l.* "A true Declaration of the State of Virginia" (1610), with other tracts, the original value perhaps about one shilling and sixpence, was bought by Mr. Quaritch for 143*l.*, and some New England tracts fetched 111*l.* The first edition of Anacreon (1554), printed on vellum, was the first book that produced a really exciting contest. France, in the person of M. Techener, fought hard for this masterpiece of Henri Etienne. The binding bears a cardinal's hat; but Brunet, for reasons which are not apparent, believed the book to have been in the possession of Grolier. Mr. Quaritch secured this jewel for 221*l.* Libri possessed a fine copy of this book on paper; it had belonged to Daniel Heinsius, and contained seventy-six pages of manuscript in his hand. Libri's copy sold in 1859 for 1*l.* 6*s.* The Sunderland Library copy on paper, on the other hand, brought 10*l.* 10*s.*; and Remy Belleau's translation fetched 20*l.* 5*s.* Remy Belleau is the poet whom Queen Mary, in Mr. Swinburne's new tragedy, prefers to her forgotten Chastelard. The first edition of the *Greek Anthology* (Lascarius, Florence, 1494) sold for 51*l.*; while the Aldine edition (Venice, 1503) brought but 4*l.* Alopa's Apollonius Rhodius (Florence, 1496), printed on vellum, was sold for 160*l.* to M. Techener. If the Sunderland Library contains the first Florentine Homer on vellum there will be a battle for that beautiful book worthy of the song of Homer himself. The first edition of Apuleius, printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz (1469), seems cheap, as prices go, at 64*l.* M. Techener outbid Mr. Quaritch for a book that should have stayed in England—a book that bore the autograph of William Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's secretary. This was the first edition of the *Orlande Furioso* (Ferrara, 1516). The sum of 300*l.* won this desirable volume for some purchaser in France. The greatest of all contests hitherto has been that for the Augustine on vellum (Jenson, 1475). This book has miniatures of fanciful beauty; for example, a hart wounded by two cupids, and St. Augustine in meditation. M. Techener and Mr. Ellis competed till 400*l.* was reached, when Mr. Quaritch took up the bidding, and the Frenchman and he went on till 980*l.* was attained. Here there was a pause, and it seemed as if the countrymen of Gladiateur were sure to carry away the St. Augustine. But the English representative advanced to 1,000*l.*, which is twenty-five thousand francs, and beyond that bid M. Techener did not care to go. He consoled himself with a rather damaged Augustine, printed on vellum in 1470. A beautiful MS. copy of the *Roman du Roi Artus* remained in England, being ransomed for 535*l.* The illuminations were of the utmost originality and ingenuity. Oreamer's old translation of Aristotle's *Politics* (1489) seemed very cheap at 6*l.*, after all these great prices.

Next day some of the works of the French Pleiad were sold. *Les Jeux*, of Baif, fetching 17*l.* Henri III., and books of his reign, are much in fashion. The *Ballet Comique de la Royne*, of Beaujoyeux, valet de chambre au Roy, brought 125*l.*, and M. Morgand could not win it for France. A book by Bejart, one of Molière's troupe, and brother-in-law of the poet, seems to have attracted no attention. Some original pieces of Joachim du Bellay fetched 40*l.*, and the Rouen edition of 1597 sold for 30*l.*, though we have purchased a copy of the same for as many shillings. The binding was not rich or rare, but was stamped with two M's, possibly the monograph of Marie de Medicis. A rare book with De Thou's arms fetched 41*l.* At the time of Libri's sale De Thou's bees were not nearly so much valued. The great book of the sale was "the first Bible printed with a date" at Mainz, in 1462. The French do not seem to care for Bibles so much as the Bible-loving English. Those eminent devotees, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Quaritch, carried their pious enthusiasm to the extent of 1,600*l.*, for which sum the latter bore away "the secret of England's greatness." Among other Bibles, a most gorgeous family Bible, with enormously thick old morocco covers, lined with gilt paper, clasped with prodigious silver clasps, and printed on vellum (Oxford, 1717), fetched 225*l.* The possession of this work should at once transform a manufacturing into a county family. It looks like a kind of Palladium, and is a perfectly magnificent example of English piety, adorned and illustrated by English taste. A book which puzzles us is the poetry of Blanchon, Joachim Blanchon (1583), with a portrait of Henry III. We know something of the bards of that date, but Blanchon has escaped the historians of literature even more successfully than Jean Chaperon or Scallion de Virblunneau. Blanchon's verses were sold for 41*l.*, as much as Mr. Ruskin's volume of poetry brings at auction. A French translation from Boccaccio (Bruges, Colard Mansion, 1475) nearly reached 1,000*l.*, but stopped at 920*l.*, remaining in England.

Finally, the great Valdarfer Boccaccio, the tallest in the world, fetched 585l.—not a great price, but the volume might be in better condition. The moral of the sale is that poor collectors can scarcely hope for really good books in this age of long purses. They must be content with the Elzevirian crumbs which the Earl of Sunderland seems to have neglected.

#### THE STRIKE IN THE POTTERIES.

THE strike in the Staffordshire Potteries has some features of more than usual interest. The expedient which has often been recommended as an infallible preventive of trade quarrels has been in operation in the district for the last fourteen years. In 1867 the masters and workmen agreed to set up a Board of Arbitration, and until Michaelmas last the rate of wages continued to be governed by its decisions. The present dispute dates in some sort as far back as 1876. In that year the employers appealed to the Board for a reduction of wages. The terms on which the men were then working had been fixed in 1872. At that time trade was exceedingly brisk in the Potteries, as in most other places, and the workmen found little difficulty in getting a rise of ten per cent. over the wages they had up to that time been receiving. Between 1872 and 1876 English trade had undergone a very serious reverse, and the employers were able to lay a strong case before the Board of Arbitration. There was less demand, they said, for their goods at home, and less power of disposing of them in foreign markets. The introduction of protective tariffs had greatly crippled the trade with the Continent and America. England could undersell the foreign producer if she were allowed to put her wares into the market at rates proportionate to the cost of production; but when to that was added the duties which had to be paid on them under the tariff, she found herself undersold by the native producer. On this first occasion, however, the application was unsuccessful. The Board of Arbitration could not be brought to see that it was expedient to make a general reduction in wages, and they remained at their old rate for three years longer. In November 1879 the masters renewed their application, and this time they got what they wanted. Lord Hatherton, who had been chosen as the arbitrator, compared the state in which the trade had been in 1872 with the state to which it had been reduced in 1879, and decided that a reduction of a penny in the shilling would best meet the case. Accordingly, from November 1879 to November 1881 those were the wages paid. The reduction had been acquiesced in by the men, but so unwillingly as to make it certain that they would reopen the question at the very first opportunity. In November of last year the rate of wages was submitted, on behalf of the workmen, to the arbitration of Sir Thomas Brassey; and, according to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, from whose narrative we borrow these facts, Sir Thomas described the "battle of arguments and figures" as one of the "most remarkable exhibitions of working-class intelligence and of almost paternal relations between employers and workmen" that he had ever witnessed. Sir Thomas Brassey decided to sustain Lord Hatherton's award. The workmen greatly resented this decision, but no immediate action was taken in opposition to it. It proved fatal, however, to the Board of Arbitration. Notices of withdrawal from the agreement to be bound by its decisions became common; and, as a Board of Arbitration is useless if its awards are not to be universally accepted, it was dissolved. At the beginning of the trade year the demand for a rise of wages was renewed; and, on its refusal, four weeks ago, some 20,000 people ceased to work.

It is seldom that in a strike of this magnitude the right is so entirely on one side. In the majority of trade disputes the refusal to submit the case to arbitration has come from the masters; and we are very far from saying that in all cases such refusals have been without justification. The masters have often contended that the points in dispute were not such as they could possibly refer to any decision but their own. It is evident that the question whether wages ought to be raised may depend on considerations which have only a remote connexion with the state of trade at the moment when arbitration is proposed. The employers, for example, may have been working for some time for very inadequate profits, and they may only have been induced to go on doing this by the hope of better times to come. In theory wages and prices depend on one another; but an employer will sometimes prefer to go on paying the same wages after prices have fallen rather than run the risk of a strike and the disturbance of trade that would ensue from lowering them. If this has happened pretty often in the course of a few years, the employer will naturally look forward to a rise of prices, not merely as to a time when he may do a better trade than formerly, but as to a time when he may recoup himself for the losses incurred when times were bad. It is easy to see how, under such circumstances as these, masters may get wrong with their workmen. The workmen see that trade has improved, that orders come in more briskly, and that higher prices are asked and obtained; and they infer that the profits made by the masters must be such as to justify an immediate rise of wages. They would be large enough to do this, the masters reply, if wages had always been reduced in proportion to profits; but, inasmuch as this was not the case, we cannot afford to raise wages until the losses incurred on the inadequate profits realized by reason of their not being reduced have been made up. This is not an issue that readily lends itself to

arbitration. The arbitrator can but say that the employer is earning so much now as against so much which he was earning a year ago. He cannot determine how long the employer must go on earning this increased sum before he will have made that aggregate profit, without which in the long run it would not be worth his while to keep his works open. That is a point upon which every man must judge for himself, and it is the sense that this must be so that has so often led employers to reject proposals of arbitration. Still it is always matter for regret when they are so rejected, because it presents the masters in an attitude of, to say the least, apparent want of confidence in the goodness of their own cause. There will always be a presumption, though in this instance it is often an unfounded one, that the man who will not submit his case to the unprejudiced judgment of a third person has a secret suspicion that he may be proved in the wrong. Employers who refuse arbitration may sometimes, of course, be actuated by this feeling; but it will be found, we suspect, at least as often that what they fear is that their case will be upset on paper without the strength of its appeal to their pockets being in the least diminished.

In the strike in the Potteries the refusal to submit to arbitration has come from the other side, and, moreover, it has come after a long course of years during which the system of referring all disputes about wages to arbitration has been completely successful. It is surprising that before breaking away from this system the men should not have considered that whatever indisposition has hitherto been felt to arbitration has almost invariably been on the side of the masters. The grounds on which the workmen demand a rise of wages are usually extremely simple. They allege that trade is brisker, that there is more money coming in to the masters, and consequently more to be paid out to the workmen. The grounds on which the employers resist a rise of wages may, as we have seen, be of a much more recondite kind. Much may depend on the skill with which they are put before the arbitrator, and the masters may distrust their own ability or that of their representative to put their case in the really effective light in which, if properly handled, they believe that it might be put. It is a genuine victory for the men, therefore, to have got arbitration formally established as the universal method of deciding disputes about wages. If occasionally wages are reduced under this system when they would be maintained without it, the occasions on which they are raised or maintained under arbitration when they would remain as they are or be lowered without arbitration are much more numerous. In the case of the Potteries the masters failed to get a reduction for three years of trade depression, while the men have as yet only gone without a rise of wages for two years of trade revival. It seems like madness, therefore, when the disputant who in the long run has by far the most to hope for from arbitration is the first to reject arbitration on the solitary ground that the award has gone against him in two instances. Even supposing that Sir Thomas Brassey's award was mistaken, and that the improvement which trade had undergone in 1880 was really sufficient to justify an advance in wages, it would have been infinitely more to the men's interest to have acquiesced in it than to have thrown the whole plan of arbitration overboard, and fallen back upon the old brutal method of refusing to work, and living on the accumulations stored up in years when they were more wisely disposed. The four weeks for which the strike has already lasted will have consumed an amount of reserve funds which it will take them a long time to replace, even if they ultimately get the advance they have asked for; while, whether they get it or not, they will probably begin work again with a suppressed ill-feeling on both sides, which will no longer have a Board of Arbitration to prevent it from coming to a head.

#### CAPTAIN AND PASSENGERS.

AN attempt, which we trust may prove successful, has recently been made to enable people to enjoy all the pleasures of an extensive yachting trip without any very great expenditure. Lady Brassey's book showed what an extremely agreeable thing a voyage round the world may be; and it apparently occurred to the managers of an enterprising Company that, though there are but very few persons who are in a position to imitate Sir T. Brassey, there are a good many who have sufficient leisure for a long voyage, and sufficient means to pay for comfort afloat. A vessel was accordingly prepared for carrying a certain number of passengers round the world, touching at such "places of interest" as are to be found on the various seaboard of what an American has called this one-horse planet, and she sailed for the East some six weeks ago. How much enjoyment may be derived from such a voyage as this vessel is making is obvious; but it is also unfortunately obvious that that enjoyment may be sorely marred unless there is something like harmony among the fellow-travellers; for squabbles which would be nothing ashore are very serious matters when people are boxed up together for nine months. The best safeguard against the discomfort which may be caused by such feuds is, of course, the authority of the captain, who is to some extent ruler and peacemaker, and who, if he has good sense and good judgment, will generally succeed in effecting what is known in duelling cases as "a peaceful settlement." In some instances, however, the captain may have to do more than conciliate and advise; he may have to exercise his authority; and it is generally supposed that the captain of the steamer we have mentioned has been

armed with exceptional powers for the purpose of putting a stop to misconduct which may interfere with the general comfort. Whether such powers are legal may perhaps be doubted, and certainly the expediency of conferring them may be doubted. The remedy may prove worse than the disease, and over-strict rule be found much more trying than unpleasant companionship. Some power, however, a captain clearly must have, and the precise extent of his authority over passengers under the law as it is, without any special stipulation, is a question of great importance which will be of interest to many besides those who are obliged to traverse the seas, if the voyage we have spoken of proves successful. An opportune moment for discoursing on this subject has, then, been chosen by Sir Travers Twiss, who contributes to the current number of the *Nautical Magazine* an article on "The Master's Authority over Passengers at Sea." As the law on this subject has the rare merit of being simple, and as it is but little understood, his brief and lucid exposition of it should receive the attention of those who have to make long ocean passages, of those who think of making voyages for amusement's sake, and especially of the masters of passenger ships engaged in the foreign trade. The authority of masters of vessels engaged in the home trade it is not necessary to consider, as this is clearly defined by statute.

In one respect the law on this important subject differs from the English law on most subjects, and approximately resembles the history of the nation which is supposed to be happy. There is very little of it. Indeed, so far as the Admiralty Courts go, there is next to none of it. Sir Travers Twiss shows that in 1802 Lord Stowell, after some hesitation, allowed a civil suit to be instituted by a passenger against the master of a ship for assault. The case, however, was not proceeded with; and since its institution there is, says Sir Travers, "no reported instance of proceedings in the English Admiralty Court for damages on the part of a passenger against the master of a ship." In the Common Law Courts, however, there have been such proceedings; and from the reports of them a clear idea of the legal powers of the captain may be obtained. The cases—though not, we believe, quite so rare as Sir Travers Twiss thinks—are few in number; but happily the *dicta* of the judges are decisive, and, with one slight exception, consistent; and the law, as laid down by them, seems in accordance with reason and common sense. It does not support exaggerated views on either side. The passenger who looks upon the captain as being in much the same position as the manager of a hotel, and the captain who fondly imagines that he sits at the head of the cabin-table armed with despotic authority, are equally in the wrong. The needful powers are given to the master of a passenger ship, but he may get into a sad scrape if he abuses them, or if he acts under the impression that he has the same authority over the passengers that he has over the officers and crew. This fact was realized seventy-four years ago by a captain of an Indiaman, who, acting under considerable provocation, treated a passenger with unnecessary harshness. In *Boyce v. Bayliffe* (1 Camp. 57), cited by Sir Travers Twiss, the plaintiff sued the master of the *Huddart* for assault and false imprisonment on the voyage home from the East. It appeared that, in consequence of two strange sail being sighted, which were supposed to be enemies, the ship was cleared for action, and that the plaintiff was ordered to go with the other passengers on the poop, where they were to fight with small arms. The plaintiff, who was not a cuddy passenger, but in the gunner's mess, had previously been forbidden to walk on the poop by the captain, and he now refused to go there, though willing to fight in any other part of the ship. The captain put him in irons, and kept him on the poop all night in irons. At the beginning of the case Lord Ellenborough appeared to think that the captain was justified; but when it came out that the passenger had been kept on deck all night, he held that the defendant had clearly exceeded his authority. According to his view apparently the captain had the right to do what was necessary for the safety of the ship, and to assign stations to passengers. The plaintiff had refused to obey, and his confinement was, therefore, perhaps necessary; but, in punishing him as he had done, the master had gone too far. This case seems to show very accurately what the powers of a captain are in times of danger. The passengers must obey him implicitly, and, in case of disobedience, he may be justified in putting the offender in irons; but he must not behave vindictively to a man who has misconducted himself. He must not think that he is justified in punishing him in the same way as he would punish a mutinous officer or seaman. That this rule, which may be deduced from the dictum of the famous judge who, when not carried away by political prejudice, usually decided so well, is in accordance with justice and good sense, can hardly be doubted; but we fear that it is scarcely in accordance with the ideas which some captains have of their prerogative.

Fortunately, questions respecting the captain's power in times of actual danger to the vessel are not likely to arise often, as deliberate disobedience at such times will probably be always rare. Not unfrequently, however, a captain may have to stop wanton impertinence to himself, or to interfere when a passenger is behaving obnoxiously to his fellow-passengers; and it is important to know what legal power he has when a man persists in making himself disagreeable. On this point the law again seems moderate and sensible, and while giving the captain necessary authority, does not encourage any fantastic notion of his dignity. The first case quoted by Sir Travers Twiss is "*King v. Franklin*," 1 Foster and Finlason, 360, in which Baron Watson, after laying down—somewhat broadly perhaps—that the cap-

tain had absolute control over the passengers and crew, and speaking of his powers in case of emergency, went on to say, "If a passenger misconduct himself at table, the captain may remove him, or may even imprison him for a short time, if imprisonment be necessary for the enforcement of his lawful commands. The rule of law is simple; the power of the captain is limited to the necessity of the case." Here, perhaps, the learned Baron slightly overstated the law, as what he says scarcely seems in absolute accordance with what has been laid down by Chief Justice Tindal and Baron Channell in cases to which we shall shortly refer. No doubt, if a man gets drunk or uses disgusting language at table, the captain may deal with him sharply; but, on the other hand, he certainly must not try to raise himself into an *arbitrarius elegantiarum*, a nautical Nash, with even more than Nash's powers, and forcibly remove men from table or confine them in their cabins because he considers that their behaviour is coarse. Such men are terrible nuisances to their fellow-passengers; but, like other nuisances, they must be endured; and it would never do to allow a captain to constitute himself a judge of good manners. Indeed it would be manifestly absurd for him to arrogate such a position, seeing that on board a passenger steamer not a few of the passengers are frequently of much higher social status than the commander. In the case just mentioned the plaintiff told the captain that the ship was only a floating hotel, and he the landlord of it; whereupon the captain, in great wrath, had him "lightly ironed." Baron Watson was evidently much puzzled at the indignation which the expression caused, and said that it was not altogether incorrect. He further observed that the commander was certainly not justified in imprisoning a person for calling him the landlord of an hotel. In the case of *Prendergast v. Compton* (8 Carrington and Payne, 454), tried before Chief Justice Tindal in 1837, coarse conduct at table was given as sufficient reason for excluding a passenger from the cuddy or poop cabin for which he had paid his fare. This offending person had indeed conducted himself like the naughty boy of a nursery story. He helped himself to potatoes and broiled bones with his hands, and, as was gravely alleged in the plea, stretched out his hands and arms in front of people sitting at table by him. The judge laid down to the jury that "conduct unbecoming a gentleman" on the plaintiff's part might have justified the captain in excluding him, but that in this case there was "no imputation of the want of gentlemanly principle." Happily the judge thus made clear what he meant by the expression "conduct unbecoming a gentleman," which is perhaps the vaguest in the English language. He referred, not to vulgar or ill-bred conduct, but to discreditable conduct; and the inference from his judgment is that a captain is not justified in dealing despotically with an ill-bred passenger because his manners are offensive to the others. At first sight this may seem hard on people who have to sit at table with a fellow who is scarcely fit for the servants' hall; but a little consideration will show that much more harm would be done if the law went to the other extreme, and if the captain was entitled to put under arrest or turn out of the cabin any one who addressed him in a way which he considered impertinent or whose manners he disapproved of. A certain amount of necessary power a captain has, no doubt, but not nearly so much as has been imprudently claimed.

In a later case than those above mentioned—that of *Aldworth v. Stewart* (4 Foster and Finlason, 957)—to which, strange to say, Sir Travers Twiss does not refer, Baron Channell laid down that a captain's authority over his passengers was "based upon necessity, and was limited to the preservation of necessary discipline and the safety of the ship." To justify arrest on the ground of mutiny, "there must be some act calculated in the apprehension of a reasonable man to interfere with the safety of the ship or the due prosecution of the voyage." This dictum, coupled with the others to which we have referred, seems to show what a captain's authority over his passengers is with a clearness not often found in the English law. In time of danger he must be implicitly obeyed, and may put in irons a passenger who deliberately disobeys him. For the preservation of order among the passengers under ordinary circumstances he has authority, but it is strictly limited. He may put a stop to marked misconduct, or may silence language which is likely to cause a mutiny; but he must beware how he uses his power, and is not at all in the position of a colonel of a regiment or of the captain of a man-of-war. If he puts a passenger in irons or confines him to his cabin without really good cause, he renders himself personally liable to an action, and may have to pay very heavy damages. That his authority should be thus limited appears perfectly reasonable. Were the captains of passenger ships rendered more despotic by legislative enactment, those who have to make long voyages, or those who go on yachting trips round the world, might find that the annoyance caused by an unpleasant messemate is small when compared with the misery which may be inflicted by a tyrannical commander.

#### ST. KATHARINE'S DAY AT ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

IN the gradual, and during recent years rapid, decay of local tradition, the honour in which St. Katharine, Virgin and Martyr, was once held throughout England is fast passing out of remembrance. The fear of School Boards or School District authorities, as represented by the ubiquitous Inspecting Officer,



identical usually with the "nuisance-man," has fallen on the children of the midland counties, and the voice of their song, as they were wont to go on their "Katharine and Clement" rounds, is heard no more in the land on dark days in the end of November. The kind old ladies who never failed to set aside the basket of "red apples" for the little petitioners are all gathered into family vaults, and only the learned in black-letter hagiology know or care that the 23rd and 25th of November—both in the Sarum Use Simple Feasts of the First Class, and marked by the Dominical Red which the long tradition of vestries believes to be the only orthodox colour for an altar-cloth—were kept in honour respectively of St. Clement and St. Katharine. Variations in the spelling of the name of the Alexandrian Martyr are of very long standing; but the true tradition of the initial has been preserved in the familiar English "Kate." The Missal gives "Catharina"; the Sarum Calendar, we think, "Catherine"; and the printers of the English Prayer-Book any spelling which occurs to them at the time; Mr. Blunt, in the *Annotated Book of Common Prayer*, restoring the ancient form. For the orthography of secular calendars we have turned in vain to several "Vox Stellarum" authorities of a century since. "Francis Moore, Physician," was a loyal Hanoverian, and displaced the black-letter St. Katharine to make way for the red-letter notice on November 25th, "Duke of Gloucester born"—the change of style notwithstanding, the Duke's birthday having been on the 14th. It is due to the venerable Foundation which for nearly seven centuries and a half has preserved the name and memory of St. Katharine "near the Tower" that it has at least maintained the traditional spelling, through all its vicissitudes of dignity, misfortune, and mismanagement, and has transmitted this inviolate to its assigns of the Dock Company. And it is pleasant to find that in the grotesque suburban exile of the Hospital among the Regent's Park villas the general decay of the national tradition of honour to its patron saint has been in some measure compensated by a special revival or commemoration, upon something like the ancient lines, of the mediæval Chapter of St. Katharine. On St. Katharine's Day in the present year a gathering of the members of the Foundation and its eleemosynaries was assembled in the singular group of buildings which express the ecclesiastical ideas of the Georgian age, and did at any rate show to the nation and the world the spectacle of a Religious House completely restored as regards its personal constitution, although the report of its proceedings may not be read altogether with the gravity which would befit the record of a dignified ecclesiastical function. Some little preparation of mind, and some sense of custom acquired by repetition of experience, is wanted before one can fully realize the idea of the middle ages tempered by tea and cake. But it will all come in time, and the St. Katharine's experiment of this year may be improved as years go on.

The central fact exhibited by the Regent's Park gathering on St. Katharine's Day is one now seen for the first time since the accession of Edward VI. The Chapter of St. Katharine's was present under the presidency of its clerical Master or Dean, and the appropriation of its revenues under a royal dispensation by a layman in attendance on the Court was, in spite of the prescription of more than three centuries, shown to be a thing of the past. With the Master, who has not as yet assumed, or been authorized to assume, the Decanal style which by analogy should attach to his office, and who is described by the simple prefix of "Reverend," are said to have been assembled "the resident Brothers and Sisters, the Extern Sisters, the Nurses of the Order of St. Katharine from the Westminster and other Hospitals," and also "some of the bedesmen and bedeswomen, with the boys and girls of the St. Katharine's School." "A special service was held in the chapel at three o'clock"; while later in the afternoon and evening the numbers present at the service were augmented by several old scholars, and the tea and cake portion of the arrangements succeeded in the usual way. The old scholars, it is added, "have recently been formed into a guild, meeting at St. Katharine's every month," an institution which is in harmony with the ancient precedents of the foundation, an associated guild of considerable importance having existed at the time when Katharine of Aragon was its patroness. The report from which we quote, and which appears to have been either contributed or inspired from an official source, is wound up by the instructive reflection that "such a gathering cannot fail . . . to increase a sense of gratitude in those who are recipients of the bounty which is dispensed to them by the favour of her Majesty, who is the patron of the Hospital"—a sentence not exactly framed upon mediæval models, but rather recalling to memory the genuine Hanoverian charity-sermon ring. This style was, no doubt, impressive in its time; but in its present reference to the revenues and benefices of an ecclesiastical foundation in Royal patronage it is suggestive after a fashion which its writer may not have contemplated. Her Majesty has recently selected as "recipients of her bounty" as patron of foundations of a character similar or cognate to St. Katharine's three gentlemen of acknowledged merit and attainments. It would be a curious, though scarcely a practicable, experiment to collect the newly appointed Deans of Westminster, Wells, and Carlisle, and, after causing them to sit in a row and regaling them with "a substantial tea," to watch their countenances for traces of the "increased sense of gratitude" with which, we must suppose, they ought to be illumined. The analogy is strictly accurate, since the Collegiate Church of St. Katharine near the Tower is just as much and as little a "charity" as is the sister Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster.

From the details given in this report of the existing members and associates of St. Katharine's Hospital, it is evident, according to all the historical precedents, that new Rules and Orders, or, in modern language, a new scheme, have already been framed by the Lord Chancellor and are in force. The "Extern Sisters," and the "Nurses of the Order of St. Katharine" from the hospitals, are an addition to the old foundation, which consisted of the Master and resident Brothers and Sisters, with ten bedeswomen, and to the body as augmented in 1829 by Lord Lyndhurst, when the bedesmen and the schools were introduced. Of the appointment of "Extern Sisters," as far as we are aware, no particulars have as yet been publicly made known; but the institution of "Hospital Nurses" has been announced some time since. Both in their numbers and in the proportion which the emoluments paid, either directly to them or to the various hospitals on their behalf, bear to the value of the benefices of the Chapter, they seem exactly to represent the ten bedeswomen of the old Foundation; and their recognition and payment appear to involve the existence of Orders issued by Lord Cairns. There is no historical necessity that such Orders should have been enrolled in Chancery, and up to a recent date they had not been so enrolled. But it is matter for regret that their existence should remain doubtful, and that, if they do exist, they should not be made public. The opinion formerly current in some portions of society, that the foundation was one of a private nature, has been repeatedly shown to be incorrect, and its public character has been proved by the evidence of a mass of State papers, while no attempt to produce either arguments or evidence on the opposite side has ever been made. The Act of Parliament by which cathedrals and all the other collegiate foundations of the English Church have been re-arranged and reformed, contains an express provision for inquiry and reform in the case of foundations such as St. Katharine's, which is only not named because the reference was obvious, and because reasons, well understood at the time, made reticence and delay desirable; but it is known that these reasons have ceased, by lapse of time, to exist. The patronage is now, according to ancient charters and usage, exercised by the Sovereign, *vacante sede* of the true patroness, the Queen Consort, or Queen Dowager; and the administration of the Hospital, under either condition of patronage, has been carried on under Orders issued from time to time by the Lord Chancellor. But the directions contained in the Act above mentioned (3 & 4 Victoria, c. 113, s. 65) are specific, and any Orders of the Lord Chancellor must have been framed in accordance with them. If, "on inquiry, the Endowments of such Hospitals appear to be capable, after satisfying the objects of the Founder's Bounty, of affording a better Provision for the Cure of Souls in the Parishes with which they are connected," "suggestions for effecting such provision" are to be made.

As a sign of hope and promise for the future, the St. Katharine's Day Commemoration of the present year is altogether welcome and encouraging. In its details it is plainly susceptible of much improvement; but this could scarcely be otherwise. It would not be fair to judge the wisest and most dignified of mortal men—not even the Lord Chancellor himself—by his utterances and movements at the moment of his beginning to awake. A certain inconsequence and want of completeness and coherence is a natural accompaniment of the condition. And St. Katharine's Hospital is awaking at last out of a long and heavy slumber. Its preparation for renewed activity under the changed circumstances of modern life must follow, though the process may be slow. Much misapprehension exists as to the available revenues of the foundation, the full rental of its estates being often assumed as its present income. But the old system of leases renewed on fines is long in working out, and the twentieth century may have begun before the whole of the St. Katharine's estates have fallen into possession. Meanwhile, there is no reason in law or precedent to hinder the renewal of the old line of benefactors, "such as were John, Duke of Exeter," and the rest whose names are, or soon will be, commemorated in the bidding of prayers by the Master and Brothers; and it is not too much to hope that, before the present decade has expired, St. Katharine's Day may witness a more stately ceremonial in a collegiate church more in keeping with the dignity of the ancient foundation than its present pew-rented chapel, and even—why should it not be?—more in harmony with the traditions of its ancient name of "St. Katharine near the Tower" than is possible among the terraces of the Regent's Park.

#### THÉOPHILE GAUTIER'S CATS.

IN a delightful book, called *Ménagerie intime*, Théophile Gautier has given an account of his domestic pets, the list of which includes cats, dogs, chameleons, lizards, and magpies. The cats come first, and it is of their history that we propose to give a brief sketch, which it is perhaps the more desirable to do because cats are, to our thinking, as a rule, grossly underrated as regards their moral qualities, and because no one ever appreciated these qualities better than did Théophile Gautier. The little book opens with a characteristic statement:—"On a souvent fait notre caricature: habillé à la turque, accroupi sur des coussins, entouré de chats dont la familiarité ne craint pas de nous monter sur les épaules et même sur la tête. La caricature n'est que l'exagération de la vérité; et nous devons avouer que nous avons eu de tout temps pour les chats en particulier, et pour les animaux en général, une tendresse de brahmane ou de vieille fille." After

this we hear first of a dog whose history was curious enough; then of the cat Childebrand, "a cat of the romantic period," and then of Madame-Théophile, a sandy cat with a white chest, with a pink nose, and with blue eyes. This cat lived in constant and affectionate companionship with Gautier, and apparently its life was untroubled until one day Gautier took charge of a green parrot belonging to a friend of his who was going abroad. Madame-Théophile, who had never seen a parrot, was surprised naturally enough at the first sight of the bird. She looked at the parrot with an air of deep meditation, collecting all the ideas of natural history that she had picked up on the roofs, in the courtyard, and in the garden. Her thoughts were divined in the changing lights and expressions of her eyes, and it was not difficult to see that she came to the conclusion "This is certainly a green chicken." Having come to this conclusion, she went to crouch in a corner, and there thought over the chance of a delicate feast thus put before her, until "de petits frissons lui couraient sur l'échine, comme à un gourmet qui va se mettre à table devant une poularde truffée. . . . Ce mets exotique chatouillait sa sensualité." By this time the parrot was well aware of the danger threatening it. In a moment the cat leapt from the floor upon the parrot's perch, on which the parrot cried with a deep and solemn voice, "As-tu déjeuné, Jacquot?" The cat fell back as if struck by lightning, and the parrot seeing his advantage, followed it up with the exclamation "Et de quoi? De rôti du roi," after which Gautier saw clearly in the cat's face the thought, "Ce n'est pas un oiseau; c'est un monsieur; il parle!" Then the parrot broke out into triumphant song, and the cat, after casting a look of interrogation at her master, with the reply to which she was not satisfied, hid herself under the bed, where she remained for the rest of the day. "People," says Théophile Gautier, "who have not been in the habit of living in company with animals, and who, like Descartes, regard them as mere automata, will of course think that this story of what passed between the bird and the cat is embroidered by my imagination. What I have done is really only to translate their notions into man's language. Next day Madame-Théophile, having collected her courage, made another attack, which was repulsed in the same way. After this she gave it up, and took it for granted that the bird was really a human being." Madame-Théophile was distinguished, besides her encounter with the parrot, which has been more or less paralleled within our own experience, by an inordinate love of perfumes, and by a decided liking for music, which, however, changed to dislike when the notes of the highest register were sung. When the "la d'en haut" was given she invariably tried to shut the singer's mouth with her paw. We have lately observed the same peculiarity in a sheep-dog, which, habitually of excellent temper, always became irritated to an almost dangerous point if high notes, without any reference to the quality of tone, were continuously sounded.

The reign of Madame-Théophile was succeeded by that of Don Pierrot de Navarre, a white cat, whose personal affection was as marked as we believe, that of all cats that are properly treated is apt to be. In writing of Don Pierrot, Théophile Gautier takes occasion to make some admirable remarks upon the cat's nature in general:—"Conquérir l'amitié d'un chat est chose difficile. C'est une bête philosophique, rangée, tranquille, tenant à ses habitudes, amie de l'ordre et de la propreté, et qui ne place pas ses affections à l'étourdie: il veut bien être votre ami, si vous en êtes digne, mais non pas votre esclave. Dans sa tendresse il garde son libre arbitre, et il ne fera pas pour vous ce qu'il juge déraisonnable; mais une fois qu'il s'est donné à vous, quelle confiance absolue, quelle fidélité d'affection! . . . Quelquefois, posé devant vous, il vous regarde avec des yeux si fondus, si moelleux, si caressants et si humains, qu'on en est presque effrayé; car il est impossible de supposer que la pensée en soit absente." All people who have really studied the ways of cats will surely recognize the truth as well as the charming style of this description. The difference between them and dogs lies greatly in the fact that they will become your friend willingly enough, but never your slave. They reserve for great occasions the tokens of fidelity which dogs are willing to lavish at every moment. We know more than one instance of a cat, ordinarily constant to its own habits of comfort, breaking through its self-made rules to sit outside the door of an invalid, as if waiting for news.

Don Pierrot de Navarre had a companion called Séraphita, after Balzac's story, whose whiteness more than rivalled his own. Séraphita had "un caractère rêveur et contemplatif." She used to sit for hours immovably on a cushion, seeming to watch sights that it was not given to human eyes to see. She appreciated caresses, but was extremely reserved and discriminating in returning them. She had a marked taste for luxurious surroundings, and was very particular over her toilet. She, like Madame-Théophile—and so far as we know unlike most cats—delighted in perfumes and essences, "et, si on l'eût laissée faire, elle se fût volontiers mise de la poudre de riz." The white cats were supplemented by a troop of white rats, with which they lived on the most friendly terms. Don Pierrot de Navarre was especially fond of the rats, and would sit by their cage and watch them for hours together. When by chance the door of the room in which they were kept was shut, he would scratch and "meow" until it was opened. Séraphita, with her fine taste in perfumes, was less pleased with the rats, but never threatened or did them any harm. The rats, we are told in passing, came to a curious but possibly not unhappy end. On one thunderous day they were put into a tunnel in the garden to save them from the heat which

seemed to oppress them, and the first violent stroke of lightning killed them all in their cage. "Les fils de fer de leur cage avaient sans doute attiré et conduit le fluide électrique. Ainsi moururent, tous ensemble, comme ils avaient vécu, les trente-deux rats de Norvège—mort enviable, rarement accordée par le destin!"

To the *dynastie blanche* there succeeded a *dynastie noire*. Don Pierrot de Navarre's unlucky habit of staying out all night brought on a kind of consumption, the course of which he supported admirably. "Rien de plus touchant qu'un animal malade; il subit la souffrance avec une résignation si douce et si triste!" Everything was done for him that could be done; a doctor came and listened to his breathing, and prescribed asses' milk for him; but it was too late. Just before his death, which is described in moving terms, "il nous jeta un regard qui demandait secours avec une supplication intense; ce regard semblait dire, 'Allons, sauve-moi, toi qui es un homme.'" Two or three years later Séraphita died, but there was left a family of three black cats. "Explique qui voudra ce mystère," says Gautier. Of these Enjolras, the handsomest, was conscious of his own majesty, and was, indeed, somewhat given to posing. He was also very greedy, and grew to huge dimensions, which led to his being shaved, in imitation of a shaved poodle. Gavroche, the second black cat, had an "expression fûtée et narquoise," as if to do justice to his name. He was of a buffoon-like nature, and was too apt to seek his diversions with the street cats, forgetting the dignity he inherited from Don Pierrot de Navarre. But a redeeming trait in his character was his charity to stray starving cats that he brought in to share his meals—a trait which most observers of cat life will be able to match from their own experience. "Les pauvres hères," as Gautier with admirable gravity calls them, used under Gavroche's auspices to snatch a fearful joy from the furtive feast, which they dreaded every moment might be interrupted by the sweep of an intolerant housemaid's broom, and they did more credit by their appearance and manners to Gavroche's heart than to his head. Epouine was the most delicate and refined of the three black cats, and in some ways the most human. She had a fine manner of doing the honours of the house to visitors who were waiting to see Gautier; she used to sit up at table at dinner-time, and, in spite of her fondness for fish, she would always consent to eat her soup first if one said to her, "Mademoiselle, une personne qui n'a pas faim pour la soupe ne doit pas avoir faim pour le poisson." She always knew when there was to be company at dinner, and, unless she recognized some or one of the guests, she withdrew on those occasions to the vantage ground of a footstool. Enjolras and Gavroche came to unhappy ends; but Epouine was still living, with one companion, an Angora, when Théophile Gautier wrote her history. He breaks off his history with the remark that he is afraid of tiring his readers, since "les histoires de chats sont moins sympathiques que les histoires de chiens." Of his dogs also he has left a charming record, of which we may have something to say on a future occasion.

#### THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall this week has been one of the most successful ever held there. The animals exhibited are remarkable for a high average of excellence, and the attendance has also been very large. As the Show at Birmingham the week before was likewise very successful, the fact is doubly satisfactory. The long-continued agricultural depression would have led one to expect rather a falling-off in these Shows. When rents are falling all over the United Kingdom, when so many farms are vacant, and when farmers generally find it so hard to hold their own, we should not have been surprised if there were little heart left for improvement. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that the desire for improvement is not only as strong as ever, but apparently even stronger. The money prizes offered amounted to 2,480*l.*, while plates, medals, and cups raised the aggregate value to nearly 3,500*l.* We have here evidence that the support afforded to the Club is not falling off. Moreover, the cattle entries numbered 238—an increase of 31 over last year, though nearly the same as in 1875. The pens of sheep numbered 180 against 138 last year, and 150 in 1879, and the pens of pigs were 85, against 62 last year, and 50 in 1879. These figures are certainly in remarkable contrast with all we hear of agricultural depression. We are afraid, however, that we must not infer from this continued support and from the increased number of animals exhibited that the depression is drawing to a close. It is true, of course, that the depression has not been as great in cattle-farming as in tillage. It has its origin in continued wet seasons, and rain is much more injurious to grain than to grass or roots. But even for grass and roots there may be too much rain. And, besides, an incessant downpour overcharges the earth with moisture, and produces disease in both cattle and sheep. Even, therefore, in cattle-farming the past few years have not been prosperous, as, indeed, the abatement of rent voluntarily made by landlords all over the country and the agitation for a change in the Land-laws sufficiently prove. But the most conclusive evidence that we must not infer too much from the success of the Show at the Agricultural Hall this week is afforded by the increased exhibition of sheep. The Agricultural Returns published last August tell us that the number of sheep in the United Kingdom has fallen away by nearly two

millions, as compared with last year, and by nearly four millions as compared with 1879. It is true that the whole decrease in sheep is not dead loss, though probably the larger part of it is. The decrease is mainly due to the wet weather of 1879, which overcharged the soil with moisture and produced the diseases from which hundreds of thousands of sheep died. This year, again, as our readers will remember, the spring was dry and cold, and July was intensely hot. The pastures in consequence became parched up, and the farmers, for want of "keep," were obliged to sell their sheep before they were properly prepared for market—that is to say, to sell them at a loss in price. Yet, in spite of this depression in sheep-farming, we have the remarkable fact stated above, that the pens of sheep exhibited this week at the Agricultural Hall are forty-two more than last year, or an increase of over twenty per cent. The truth, no doubt, is that the preparing of cattle for exhibition is too costly for the ordinary farmer. The animal, in the first place, must be of pure breed, or it has no chance of gaining a prize, and all the labour and money expended upon it will be thrown away. Further, it requires special care and special feeding from its very birth; while the risk of disease is considerable. The ordinary farmer cannot devote his time to the labour thus involved, nor can he risk the loss should the animal happen to die. Consequently the business has fallen into the hands either of amateurs rich enough to disregard the cost, or of professional breeders who make a special study of this branch of agriculture. Even the average excellence of the Show this year confirms what we say. The "ugly brutes" which never had a claim to a place in the Show, except such as was afforded by excessive fat, and on whose absence this year we are congratulated by the newspapers, were evidence that ordinary farmers not only felt an interest in the Shows, but were anxious to take part in them themselves, when they possessed an animal exceptional in any respect. But now the ordinary farmers have withdrawn altogether from the contest, and have left it to those who make it, as we have said, a special business. Still the success of the Show is not without significance. It proves that the leaders of British agriculture are not discouraged either by the long succession of bad seasons or by the fierceness of foreign competition, and that they retain their faith in improvement. This in itself is an important symptom, giving grounds for the belief that things are not quite so bad as they are sometimes made out to be. The succession of bad seasons has, no doubt, been very long, and has caused excessively heavy losses; but it was preceded by a long term of prosperity. In any case, the existence of a hopeful spirit amongst the leading agriculturists of the country is a fact of no inconsiderable significance. We remarked last year upon the success of the Scotch cattle, and this year the success is still more remarkable; in fact, the prizes for the best male and the best female animal exhibited, as also the one hundred guinea champion plate for the best animal of the Show, were carried off by a Scotch steer and a Scotch heifer. Last year the excellent show of Scotch beasts was attributed to the good seasons with which Scotland had been favoured for two years running; but this year the weather has been exceedingly bad in Scotland, and the result therefore cannot be attributed to that cause.

One other feature of the Show lends weight to the observations we made last year upon the revolution which cattle-farming is undergoing in this country. The two animals just referred to, which were declared the best in the Show, were barely two years and eight months old. The heifer weighed nearly 17 cwt., and the steer very nearly 16 cwt. The early and extraordinary development thus attained is a marvellous instance of the power of selection. How much forethought, judgment, and skill must have been applied generation after generation in selecting parents before a progeny could have been produced possessing this wonderful aptitude to yield meat at so early an age. From the special point of view, however, which we are here taking of the Show, the significance of this early development is in the evidence it affords of the desire to produce meat juicier and less fat than formerly in a shorter space of time. A few years ago animals were not deemed worthy of a prize until they had attained a mature age and become monsters of fatness; but now only young animals are allowed to be exhibited at all, and the great effort is to produce them as young as possible. Partly this is the result of more scientific knowledge of dietary, and partly it is due to the changed taste of the public. When men lived largely in the open air, indulged in violent exercises, or were employed in out-of-door occupation, they could digest almost any kind of meat; but to dwellers in towns—and the population of this country now practically consists of dwellers in towns—it is essential that meat should be juicy without being too fat. Lastly, no doubt, the effort is inspired by a desire to lessen the cost of producing meat. The longer an animal has to be fed the costlier of course it is, and therefore every abridgement of the period of rearing and feeding cheapens the production of meat. Of late years the efforts of the leaders of English agriculture have been directed mainly to the selection of breeds which will put on flesh while they are yet young, and, as we see from the instances just cited, with wonderful success. No doubt it was hoped that in this way the English farmers would be able to retain their command of the home market, but the hope has not been realized. Nations nowadays are so closely connected with one another, and the accumulation of wealth in new communities, especially in the United States, is so rapid, that the improvements made in any one country soon become the common property of all. Thus Ameri-

can farmers are able to buy the best breeds of this country, and so to improve their own; and the construction of railways all over the United States, with the application of steam to navigation, enables the American farmers to compete with our own in the English market. We will not enter into the dispute as to whether American beef is equal to our own; but it is an undoubted fact that American beef is largely consumed in this country, and is often sold as prime Scotch without detection. Our English farmers, therefore, cannot hope to maintain the command of the home market by merely improving the breed of their cattle, and unfortunately the great mass of farmers have not followed the pioneers of cattle-farming even in this direction. Probably the cost of a prime breed has deterred them; but there have also been a want of skill and a slowness in appreciating the changes which are taking place around them, which have kept English cattle-farming in the background, and have thus enabled Americans to compete successfully with them at home.

In spite, then, of the gratifying success of the Cattle Show this year, we cannot regard the prospects of cattle-farming in this country as satisfactory. Year after year land is being turned from tillage into pasturage, but still, as we have already observed, the number of sheep actually decreases, being now less than in any year since the Agricultural Returns first began to be kept, and the number of cattle do not increase as we should expect. At the same time the population is growing rapidly. Wealth is accumulating in an unprecedented manner, and the standard of living is steadily rising. The demand for meat is, therefore, increasing year by year; and yet, as we have said, the home supply does not increase. Making every allowance that may be necessary for cattle plague, for unfavourable seasons, and for any other causes the reader may choose to assign, it is yet unsatisfactory to find that our farmers have not been able to meet in a fuller manner this steadily growing demand. The farmers of the United States have imported English breeds and have improved their own breeds thereby, and are now competing with us in our own markets. Even our colonists in Australia and the farmers of the River Plate are preparing to compete actively. All this, of course, is satisfactory from the point of view of the consumer; but it is unsatisfactory from the point of view of the home producer, and it is unsatisfactory from the point of view of the economist. Wherever there is neglect to develop to the utmost the wealth-producing capacity of the soil, there is a waste of the resources of the country, and therefore a loss of wealth. We cannot doubt that the soil of this country could produce a much larger supply of animal food if proper skill were devoted to the business. Our farmers, however, taken altogether, do not possess the requisite skill; and meritorious, therefore, as are the efforts of the exhibitors at cattle shows, it is clear that those efforts are not sufficient to keep the business ahead of foreign competition. Leaving political questions entirely apart, it would be worth the while of the Royal Agricultural Society to inquire into the causes of this state of things, and into the remedies which ought to be applied.

## REVIEWS.

### THE TIMES OF THE FIRST FRENCH EMPIRE.\*

THE interest attaching to the letters of Mme. de Rémusat is not comparable to that which attached to her Memoirs. They are very good letters for a wife to have written to a husband, but they are only good in the sense that they express in well-chosen language the feelings of an affectionate wife and a sensible woman. To say in forms as varied as possible how dull she is without him, to inquire with sincere interest after his colds, and to tell him whom she has been seeing, who has been pleasant or well-dressed, and who has been the reverse, is the proper duty of a wife when writing to a husband at a distance. This duty Mme. de Rémusat zealously fulfilled, and what she wrote she wrote well. The letters of Mme. de Sévigné were her favourite study, and she zealously strove to emulate, or perhaps imitate, the best of models. She was always and consciously improving herself; reading hard at the best books, reserving difficulties for the enlightening conversation of her husband, and taking infinite trouble to keep herself far enough ahead of her clever eldest son, so as to be able to educate him while he was a boy. She was devotedly attached when she was attached at all, and her affection for Josephine almost rivalled her affection for the different members of her own circle. Of a pure and high character, she disapproved much that went on around her at the Court of Napoleon, but she was too much accustomed and too suited to the atmosphere of a Court not to take the world as she found it, and she played the part not so much of a critic as of an amused and humorous outsider. In her Memoirs she gave full play to her fun, her power of quiet appreciation, her love of a good story, and her interest in the gossip

\* A Selection from the Letters of Mme. de Rémusat to her Husband and Son, from 1804 to 1813. From the French, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito. Edited by General Fleischman. From the French, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

The Marriages of the Bonapartes. By the Hon. D. A. Bingham. London: Longmans. 1881.

of the day. When writing to her husband she had too much respect for herself and for him to be gossiping, witty, or amusing. There is, therefore, very little to be found in this selection from her letters which can be called a contribution to the history of her times. If they offer any contribution of the kind, they do so chiefly by giving one more proof that high-minded women are to be found in every age and in every form of society; and that in the Court of Napoleon, which, as a whole, seems such a dismal mixture of mock grandeur, frivolity, and petty tyranny, a highly educated, pure, affectionate, and religious woman could find a natural and not unsuitable place.

Very much the same impression is produced by another work referring to the times of the First Empire. The translators of the letters of Mme. de Rémusat have, almost at the same time, placed before the English public a translation of the ponderous *Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito*; and they have executed both tasks with an intelligence, an ease, and an accuracy which, if a few obvious errors had been corrected, would leave little or nothing to be desired. Count Miot de Melito, as a man, singularly resembled what Mme. de Rémusat was as a woman. He, too, lived in Court circles—first in the Court of Napoleon, and then in that of Joseph; shared their splendours and miseries; strove to do his duty; mourned, in a gentle, high-minded way, over much that he had to witness; strove to be just, moderate, liberal, and generous; lost rather than made money by success; was faithful in adversity; and loved strongly where he loved. What Josephine was to Mme. de Rémusat, Joseph was to Count Miot de Melito, the object of friendly regard, of unceasing interest and devotion. Both set out with a passionate admiration for Napoleon, both came to see that he was rushing over a precipice, and both were alienated by the tyranny and neglect with which the great man treated the lesser persons to whom they were specially attached. Mme. de Rémusat was much the cleverer of the two. She had sparkle and grace, while Count Miot de Melito seldom rises above common sense and the ease and dignity of an instructed man accustomed to good society. But in tone, in justness of thought, in the desire to be at their best in all circumstances, and in affectionateness, they are one.

Count Miot de Melito was born in 1762, and at the earliest possible age began his official life. He was the son of a chief clerk in the War Office, and was pushed into and on in the hereditary calling. In 1788, when he was twenty-six, he was appointed Commissary of War, and was sent to one of the military divisions which had been recently established. His position enabled him to observe and record the numerous symptoms of discontent in the French army before the Revolution broke out. He found soldiers and officers keenly interested in political questions, and complaining of mismanagement which they found vexatious. M. Miot, as he then was, had duties to perform which kept him at Versailles during the months in which the first scenes of the great drama of the Revolution were played out. Some of these scenes he describes with spirit, but has little to add to what is already known to the readers of history. He looked at passing events with the eyes of a cautious high-minded official, with a leaning against the Court, and a hope that better times would some day come, but serving every Government with punctilious fidelity. For three years after the Court was brought to Paris he stayed in the War Office, ascending in the regular course of professional promotion; but in 1793 he changed into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and continued in that department until 1799. When he entered the Foreign Office his temporary chief was an intimate friend of Danton and of several of the revolutionary chiefs who were crushed by Robespierre. The triumph of Robespierre brought M. Miot a new chief, who never troubled himself with any of the business of the department, spent his time between billiards and backing up every decree of blood and terror, and at last told his trembling subordinate that he was to be arrested the next day. That day was the 9th of Thermidor. Robespierre fell, and M. Miot was saved. Again he had to work under new masters, and again he was promoted, being appointed early in 1795 to the post of Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence. The brilliant victories of Napoleon in 1796 placed Tuscany at the mercy of France, and M. Miot did the best he could to prevent the Directory from overturning the old Governments in Italy and substituting Republics. He even sought an interview with Bonaparte, and tried in vain to convert the young hero to his projects. Although he failed, he did not incur the displeasure of his superiors, and was made towards the end of 1796 Ambassador at Turin. On his way he was ordered to touch at Corsica and endeavour to establish something like order in that distracted island. This visit is principally remarkable because during it he saw at Ajaccio for the first time Joseph Bonaparte, with whose fortunes his own were at a later period so intimately associated. "His mild and refined countenance," says Count Miot de Melito, "affable manners and polished language prepossessed me in his favour, and I date from this first meeting the sincere affection I have ever entertained for him." During his short stay at Turin he further cultivated his friendly relations with the Bonapartes, for he made an expedition to the Lago Maggiore with the General and Joséphine, and Joseph paid him a visit, during which he and the author congratulated each other on not having to stay in Italy and witness the violent revolution which the Directory was proposing to the Italians. During Bonaparte's absence in Egypt M. Miot was looked on with some disfavour on account of his known intimacy with the Bonapartes, and all that was done for him was to send him in a very vague capacity as an attendant in Holland on one of his old Foreign Office chiefs. It was when in Holland

that he heard of the return of Bonaparte and of the *Coup d'état* of November 1799. His friends having triumphed, M. Miot profited by their success and was appointed Secretary-General of the Ministry of War. Subsequently he was made a member of the Tribunal and then a Councillor of State under the Consulate. He served for six years in various capacities under Napoleon, until at the beginning of 1806 he was told to join Prince Joseph at Naples. Thenceforward he served the King of Naples and the King of Spain, not Bonaparte himself, took his share in the quarrels of the brothers, and was always for Joseph and against Napoleon. During the years which passed after Napoleon had been made First Consul and the creation of the new kingdom of Naples, the attitude of M. Miot to Napoleon had been that of a fairly honourable and self-respecting man. He found himself very much ordered about, sent off here and there, told one day to act as a temporary dictator in Corsica, and another day to act as an extraordinary police inspector in the North of France. He had to concur in many things of which he very faintly approved, and he had the pain of witnessing many quarrels in which the weak vanity of Joseph came in conflict with the violence and domineering of his brother. But he could honestly persuade himself that the supremacy of Napoleon was not only inevitable, but beneficial; that the Empire was the nearest approach to orderly government which was then possible; and that Napoleon justified the adhesion of his followers, not only by his military genius, but by his varied ability in civil affairs, his spirit of compromise which led him to make peace with the Church and the aristocracy, and by the possession of fascinating qualities, to the influence of which M. Miot owns that he himself was fully alive.

Joseph was created King of Naples in April 1806, and on May 13 made his solemn entry into the capital. "He was cheered by thousands of voices, and received everywhere with the real or simulated gladness that is never wanting on such occasions." Unfortunately, the new reign was clouded by the English occupation of Capri, which closed the sea to the King, and entirely prevented him from carrying out the instructions of Napoleon to signalize his career as a sovereign by the conquest of Sicily. It was, however, only in a very limited sense that he could be called a sovereign. Massena was in command of the army, and a French Minister of Police directed the internal administration. Both conceived themselves to hold their offices directly from Napoleon and to be answerable to him, and during the absence of Joseph in Calabria, Massena and the Minister of Police put to death an influential Neapolitan who had been tried and acquitted by court-martial. They never thought of referring to the nominal King; and, although Joseph expressed his extreme displeasure to his own little circle, he could do nothing publicly but acquiesce. He tried to govern as far as he was allowed. He had a Council of State and a Ministry, in which M. Miot figured as Minister of the Interior. Joseph was sincerely anxious to conciliate the Neapolitans, and appointed as many respectable Neapolitans to places in the Government and the household as he could find room for; but nothing could allay the jealousy felt towards the French officials; and the extraordinary cruelties of Massena and the Minister of Police in Calabria—of which Joseph, as usual, disapproved, and which, as usual, he countenanced under compulsion—rapidly alienated the feelings of the people. The new Government had no money; and, in order to exist, had at once to pillage the monasteries. M. Miot wished for more radical measures than the King would sanction. He advised the total suppression of the monasteries and the exclusion of the monks from teaching. The King, under orders from Paris, took a different view. Being at peace with the Church, Napoleon ordered that the monasteries should be only pillaged as far as was necessary; and, looking on the spread of popular and liberal ideas as dangerous to the State, he wished to leave education in the hands of the clergy. Massena had left, and the King made the Minister of Police also Minister of War, and the next day wished to dismiss him in disgrace. M. Miot disliked the man, but remonstrated against such a demonstration of sudden caprice, and Joseph gave way. By the middle of 1807 things had got into a better state. The peace of Tilait had confirmed the power of Napoleon to an extent which made the Neapolitans think that they had nothing to do but to acquiesce in the Government which he had set up for them; and Joseph and M. Miot, who were both men of cultivated tastes, had leisure to patronize art, promote harmony, and make roads. They witnessed together with calm curiosity the annual festival or miracle of St. Januarius in September, and as the Emperor had ordered a considerable sum to be sent monthly from Paris in aid of the Neapolitan Treasury, they were happy, confident, and useful. For something like six months the King and his Minister might seem to themselves as if they had got something worth having out of the high positions accorded them. But all of a sudden their bright sky was overclouded. To be forgotten by Napoleon was something like happiness, and to be remembered by him was misery. At the end of 1807 Joseph was told to come to Venice, and then he found that his brother had been thinking of him, and was going to make him King of Spain. A little time was left to the friends to pack up, and then they bade adieu to their humble home, and exchanged the harmlessness and quiet of monarchy at Naples for the misery and degradation of monarchy in Spain.

It was in July 1808 that the new King entered Spain, and it was in June 1813 that he was finally driven across the frontier by the victorious army of Wellington. Thus Joseph had almost exactly five years of sovereignty in Spain. There was scarcely a



moment in these five years in which his position was endurable. M. Miot had been made Count Miot de Melito by Joseph just before he quitted Naples, and the title had been confirmed by Napoleon. In Spain the new Count was chief of the Royal Household, and was officially as well as personally on terms of the greatest intimacy with the King. From the outset, Count Miot de Melito saw that there was a very great difference between Joseph's position in Naples and Joseph's position in Spain. At Naples it was possible that he should at least seem to be a king, do some good, and give play to his natural kindness. There was no such possibility in Spain, for Spain during the whole of his reign was the theatre of war. The war had to be carried on by generals, and there was no room for a civilian brother of Napoleon in the practical conduct of administration. Then, as Napoleon was continually obliged to fight in Spain, and could only hold what he held by superiority of arms, he treated Spain as his by right of conquest. It was entirely a matter of policy and prudence what part of Spain he should leave to Joseph, and what part he should annex to France. Joseph was not, therefore, King of Spain in the sense in which Spaniards understood the term. He was merely a sort of prefect in districts which the conqueror assigned to him. This, he himself felt, was not to be king, and yet he held this humiliating kingship for five years. Count Miot de Melito was present at several of the most important scenes of Spanish history in these years. He was present when the junction of the French forces forced Wellington to retreat into Portugal after the brilliant success of Salamanca. He was among the fugitives who hurried towards France after the disaster of Vittoria. He is always accurate, and often lively, in his descriptions, and he has, therefore, much to say of events in Spain that is worth reading. But he has little that is new. What he describes has been already described by many others. It is in his study of Joseph, of Joseph's character, of his goodness and his weakness, that he has most that is new to tell. He was constantly advising, urging, begging Joseph to give up his miserable dignity and resign. He sometimes seemed almost to have succeeded, but in the end Joseph always went on. As early as November 1808, he did his best to get Joseph to resign when the Emperor, during his short stay in Spain, entirely superseded the King, and announced his intentions with regard to Spain as if he had been speaking of a country with which Joseph had nothing to do. Again, in the beginning of 1810, he strongly urged Joseph to resign on the receipt of an Imperial decree in which Napoleon showed that he had made up his mind that Spain must be dismembered. At the end of 1810 Napoleon sent to Joseph the extraordinary suggestion that Joseph should treat with the Cortes assembled under English protection at Cadiz, and should offer, if the Cortes would accept him as King, to regard it as the proper representative body of the nation, Napoleon offering, if this could be arranged, to allow the provinces north of the Ebro to be restored to Spain. The French Minister was directed to support this suggestion orally, but to put nothing in writing, so that the Emperor might be free to throw Joseph over at any time. This time Joseph was so mortified that he broke into the most violent invective against the Emperor, not in private, as usual, but before a group of persons, many of whom were very insincere in the support they gave him. Count Miot de Melito was extremely distressed at the King's want of self-command; but was all the more urgent privately in advising him to resign or to seek an interview with Napoleon, and get a positive assurance that if he stayed his miserable position should be improved. The King again temporised; but in the spring of 1811 he made up his mind to go to Paris, and was accompanied by the Count. Joseph nominally went to attend the baptism of the King of Rome, and did all in his power to turn the opportunity of seeing his brother to account. But Napoleon kept him at arm's length, would scarcely see him, and made no concessions beyond that of paying a month's subsidy in advance. He had too just an estimate of Joseph to believe in his threats of resignation. Joseph drank the last dregs of the cup of humiliation, and decided to go back to Spain. As the Count says, "A desire to escape from the restraints imposed on him at Paris, the charm which, notwithstanding the most painful experience, still lingered in the merest shadow of supreme power, and, more than all, perhaps a love affair at Madrid, which attracted him to the capital, led him, in opposition to the counsels of his most devoted friends, to decide on returning to the Peninsula." Among those devoted friends was Count Miot de Melito, and yet the Count, though strongly tempted to stay in France, generously listened to the promptings of gratitude and affection and returned to Spain with the King. He was with him till his fall, returned to Paris with him, and was faithful to him even in the extreme of his degradation, when Joseph was no longer called King of Spain but King Joseph, and was only allowed to go to the theatre under the surveillance of the police. After the occupation of Paris by the Allies the Count was asked to obtain a passport for Joseph to leave France, and this was obtained; but the condition was inserted in the passport that Joseph was not to re-enter France without permission. This Joseph considered so derogatory to his dignity that he quarrelled for the moment with his faithful friend for accepting such a document. Even during the Hundred Days Count Miot de Melito was at first received with coldness by Joseph, but before Waterloo put an end to Joseph's new grandeur the old intimacy was revived. It stood the test of time and exile; and ten years later the Count, who had retired into extreme privacy at Paris, crossed the Atlantic to visit Joseph, who was then living in the United States under the title of the Count of Survilliers.

Napoleon could do neither with his brothers nor without them. France saw in him its own hope of stable government and gladly allowed him to make himself First Consul and Emperor; but a Government that hung on one life could not be stable, and he had to think of a successor. Passing over Lucien, whose second marriage he could not pardon, he placed his brothers in the line of succession, reserving the power of adoption, which he intended to exercise in favour of the eldest son of Louis until the child died, and then he divorced Josephine and centred his hopes on the King of Rome. With his brothers in the line of succession, and being himself Emperor, he had to settle the position of his family, and could scarcely settle it in any other way than by giving it Imperial rank. His conquests grew beyond what he could annex to France, and in some of the countries he had to set up totally new Governments. Republicanism was out of character with his own Imperial system, and so he had to set up monarchs. To have gone outside his own family would have been to set up rivals to his nephew or son, and would have been to confess that the Bonapartes were not really an Imperial stock. It was not through a freak that he made three of his brothers kings, but because he could not help it. In his own mind, however, he always thought that his brothers and his family owed everything to him. They were the creatures of his own triumphant genius, unable to understand why they were put here or there, and still more incapable of understanding what they were to do in the position that had been assigned to them. He had a natural love of interference, and he had a deep conviction that those whose fortunes he had made existed only to do his pleasure; and he took an extreme delight in arranging every possible action of their lives, including their marriages. His family, however, was not nearly so subordinate as he wished. In the first place, his brothers and sisters took their Imperial position with a comic seriousness. They seemed to themselves as if they had been born to the purple, although that very unimperial person, Mme. Mère, was always at hand to remind them of their humble origin. The crowned brothers, and especially Joseph, believed that they reigned not so much by the grace of Napoleon as by a sort of divine, if not hereditary, right. When they had come into their kingdoms they wanted to be good kings. It was their territories they had to defend and their subjects they had to protect. This was in its way creditable to them, and placed them in dignity above the level of the puppets which they always were in the eyes of Napoleon. But he looked at facts more closely than they did, and he knew that his frail system of Empire would break up at all points if it broke up at any. Hence constant dissensions, quarrels, reconciliations, submissions, marriages ordered and marriages counterordered. The family history of the Bonapartes is thus the key to much of the general history of the time; and it is so very complicated, as it includes the history not only of the Bonapartes but also of the Beauharnais, that it amply deserves a treatise to itself. The task has been accomplished by Captain Bingham with much industry, judgment, and success. Fortunately, if the subject is complicated, and at times trivial, it is also amusing; for both the men and the women of the Imperial family did very odd things, and were a law, and often a bad law, to themselves. Captain Bingham's work is necessarily a compilation. He could but take what he found in the accepted authorities, and piece together fragments of information; but the compilation he has made is a very good one. There are some obscure points in the family history of the Bonapartes, such as the real date of Napoleon's birth and the real facts as to Napoleon's religious marriage with Josephine, and these points are discussed by Captain Bingham with clearness and acumen. A happy mean is preserved between the avoidance of scandals—without reference to which a history of the Bonapartes would be singularly incomplete—and too protracted a dwelling on disagreeable topics. Above all, these volumes have the great merit of being very pleasant reading, and may be expected to interest a large class of readers who like family history better than history properly so called, while they will serve as a very useful book of reference to those who may have from time to time to refresh their memories as to the minor events of the times of the First Empire.

#### HODGSON'S ERRORS IN THE USE OF ENGLISH.\*

WE hope, but not with confidence—to borrow a phrase from Carlyle—that this book may do some good. This expression of doubt is not to be taken as reflecting upon the author; what we fear is, that the stupidity and perversity of mankind are past correction. Orthodox divines tell us that, though heresy may seem to be an error of the intellect alone, it really springs from some deep-seated moral disease. It would be possible in like manner to make out profound moral causes for the writing of bad English. For example, the sinful pride which seems to look into a dictionary is doubtless answerable for much of the prevailing abuse of words. In old days, when a man met with a hard word, he went and looked it out in the dictionary. But novelists and essayists sneered at the people who took this sensible course until it came to be thought that to use a dictionary was to proclaim oneself a dunce. People now suppose that they understand long

\* *Errors in the Use of English.* By the late William B. Hodgson, LL.D., Fellow of the College of Preceptors, and Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1881.

words, as a Cambridge man is said to have maintained that he understood Euclid's propositions, "by intuition." Vanity, of course—the vanity of using hard words, or fine words, or the slang in vogue—has much to do in producing bad English; so also has deliberate choice of bad models. This last, it may be said, is a mere error of judgment, of taste; but not so. A man who goes to church, says the responses, and reads his Bible, as a good Christian and Churchman should, becomes so habituated to noble and rhythmical English that no other will please him. If he neglects his Sunday duties, goes to music-halls to hear comic songs, and confines his reading to the penny papers, we leave it to religious tracts to say what is to become of him spiritually, but certain it is that for his literary style there can be no hope. And with him, as with other sinners, the difficulty will be to convince him of his sad estate. Those who most need such a book as Dr. Hodgson's will probably be the last to look into it. One might as well expect the cook in Mr. Hardy's novel who trimmed her bonnet with bright red and yellow because she loved "to have a flare-up about her head of a Sunday," to peruse æsthetic treatises and study arrangements of half-tones. The writer of the worst class is too well pleased with his flare-up of misunderstood words and mangled and misapplied French and Latin quotations to seek to exchange it for a purer style. But although we may not hope to turn him from the error of his ways, it may yet be possible to train the new generation in better courses. The work before us is intended to be used as a lesson-book—the lessons chiefly taking the form of "awful examples." As may easily be supposed, it is lively reading enough, though it will probably force upon the mind a conviction that, as no man can be a poet, so no man can write English. We at least are convinced of this by seeing that Dr. Hodgson has extended his criticism even unto us, and has discovered errors in our own columns. Research might perchance prove himself not faultless; we suspect that if any one but himself had written "That were unhappily no easy aim," he would have at once observed that the difficulty is not to aim, but to hit. "No easy mark" is what he meant. His persistent use of *were* for *would* be will provoke criticism from some; but, as students of our older language know, it is historically and grammatically correct, though it may have a somewhat quaint and archaic effect.

Seriously, to write good English is no such simple matter as is commonly supposed. To abstain from using words which one does not understand is perhaps the first and the easiest step towards the desired end; and the book therefore rightly begins with a sort of glossary of "spurious words, and words used with meanings other than their own." A note to the preface tells us that the author did not live to see his work through the press, and that indulgence is therefore asked for any "errors and imperfections" which may have escaped revision. Except that the index is a poor one, we have, as far as we have examined, found no need of such indulgence. Omissions there are, and must be; who can number all the forms of human error? On some points the author's opinions are contestable, and here and there he shows that tendency to hypercriticism which results from the practice of minute research for mistakes. This is exemplified in his insistence that *verbal* cannot rightly be used as synonymous with *oral*, because it must apply equally to speech and to writing, "seeing that it is as impossible to pen as it is to utter a sentence without the use of words." Now, as we have *oral* and the legal term *parol* to express "by word of mouth," it might perhaps be convenient for the future to assign a different function to *verbal*; but, in the face of the fact that the Roman law distinguished *obligatio verbis* from *obligatio literis*, and in the face of such a phrase as "Plura illi mandata verbo, quam scriptura dedi:"—the example selected by Facioli to show how *verbum* may stand *pro viva voce*—Mr. Hodgson's contention cannot be maintained. We might indeed, if disposed to be captious, retort that in strictness it is not words, but the signs of words, that are written.

Remarks upon a book of this kind are apt to take the form of hostile criticism. Assent is general and brief; it is only when one dissents that one has anything to say. For the most part we agree with the author, and therefore we have little comment to make. It is with especial satisfaction that we read his remarks upon the misuse of the terms *female*, *lady*, *individual*, and *party*, the last being, he points out, a vulgarism, or rather, when it began, a polite affectation, of considerable antiquity. So indeed is *female*, as Touchstone in *As You Like It* informs us. Excellent too are the warnings against the common misapplications of *aggravate*, *allude*, *alternative*, *calculated*, *condign*, *condone*, *decimate*, *limited*, *mutual*, *partake*. Of these it may be said that they are rarely misapplied by any careful writer, though only the other day we saw in an episcopal address *calculated* for *likely*. But even good writers have often forgotten that *climax* means, not the acme or topmost point, but a ladder or ascending scale; and that *avocation* ought in strictness to be opposed to, rather than synonymous with, *vocation*, as is well illustrated by a sentence from Fuller:—"Heaven is his *vocation*, and therefore he counts earthly employments *avocations*." But here it is easy to see how the confusion arose. It sounded grand to treat the everyday and necessary business of life as a vexatious distraction from nobler pursuits. As the pious man spoke of his earthly calling as only an interruption to his devotional life, so the occasional author spoke of "the professional avocations" which took him from the service of the Muses. Desdemona's "house affairs" were her *vocations*, but when they drew her away from hearing Othello tell his adventures they were doubtless, in the opinion of both the

lovers, *avocations*. With regard to *condone*, it would have been well if the author had explained the technical legal sense of *condonation*, in which it means something beyond a mere pardon, and implies a blotting out of the offence. It may be a question whether the use of *demean* in the sense of *debase* can be altogether condemned. In the beginning it is likely enough that it was a mistake, founded, as Professor Skeat says, "on an obvious (but absurd) popular etymology, which regarded it as composed of the Lat. *de*, 'down,' and the Eng. *mean*, 'base';" but it has so far established itself that Latham's Dictionary is justified in treating *demean* = *behave* (from *démener*) and *demean* = *debase* as two words. At least, the usage is not, as Mr. Hodgson seems to have thought, modern. Latham gives an example from Abbot in 1601, "far demeaned beneath all kingly state." In his strictures on a public speaker, who talks of "permeating the masses with sound ideas," the author has not been happy in suggesting corrections. He says it ought to be "to teach the masses sound ideas" or "to instruct the masses in sound ideas." Now you may teach the masses to form sound ideas, or instruct them so that they may have sound ideas, but you can hardly teach the ideas—that is, the mental images—themselves. We do not fully agree with his remarks on the verb *spare*. He says that this has acquired a "secondary, mainly colloquial, meaning of 'grant, vouchsafe,' e.g. 'Spare us a copper.'" But in this vulgar phrase there is surely a meaning beyond that of "grant" or "vouchsafe." It would not be easy to follow the chain of thought by which *spare* acquired all its various senses; but it is clear that it has come to convey a notion of having something over and above, e.g. "I have enough and to spare," and thence of something that one can well do without, that one can give away without feeling the loss:—"I could have better spared a better man." The beggar who says "Spare us a copper" is appealing to the rich man who, out of his wealth, can so easily afford to give away one small coin. The idiom is Shakspearian:—

What, not an oath? Nay, then the world goes hard  
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

*Grant* or *vouchsafe* would not so well convey the insinuation that Clifford in his day had been, as one may say, flush of bad language. Further on, in the fourth part, on "libetoric," the author might have pointed out the true form—at least if we conceive it aright—of the metaphor of "breaking the last link of the chain." Of course the man who writes "I broke the last link of the chain that remained to connect me with taverns" is faulty in his metaphor, albeit meritorious in his act. But the inventor of the phrase, we think, had before him the image of a captive who has escaped with his shackles on him, like Palamon in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, or the fugitive slave in Mr. Ansell's well-known picture. Even if he has snapped his chain asunder, he still is not fully free till the last link has been broken from off his limbs. Under *persuade*, the author, perhaps on the ground that he deals only with modern English, does not notice the archaic phrase of *persuading*—i.e. urging, recommending an opinion or an action, as in Acts xix. 8, "Disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God"; which, by the by, the revisers have altered to "Reasoning and persuading as to the things." So in *Hamlet* we have:—

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge.

Mr. Hodgson lays down that *persuade* "can stand for *advise* only when the advice has carried with it conviction"; and this distinction seems to be observed by good writers when a person is the object, but not always by our older classics when a thing is the object, or when the verb is intransitive, and means to *plead*, as when Isabella in *Measure for Measure* says,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd.

In the case of Shylock persuasion notoriously failed—

Twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes,  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

The author touches upon the abuse of French words and phrases; but the extract he gives on this subject from Hotten's *Slang Dictionary* is, at any rate as regards the phrase "on the tapis," beside the mark. We do not believe that any Frenchman who was told that a marriage was on the *tapis* would "look down on the carpet" for it, because *tapis* may equally well mean, and in that idiom does mean, the table-cloth. "On the carpet" can only be held a fair translation when we remember that carpet once had the same double sense of floor-cloth and table-cloth.

As we have said, we could easily extend the author's list of Malapropisms. *Transpire* and *ovation* should have places in it; also *paraphernalia*, which we have seen used for *ceremony*. The exact meaning at present attached to *phase* should be inquired into. The word used to be connected with the moon and the tides; but now, with the fine writers of the country newspapers, it seems to have something to do with cases of kicking and wife-beating, which they love to call "phases of modern life." For the benefit of Lancashire folk an explanation might be given of the nature of a *parapet*, which in that part of the world is, even by educated people, taken to mean the footway. There is a growing tendency, which ought to be checked, to misapply the word *supposed*, sometimes as if it meant *expected* or *required*, sometimes as if it stood for *intended*. An *employé*—we use the jargon of the period—when questioned in the witness-box about the method of conducting business in the shop or the office to which he belongs,

will answer, if the question relates to something outside the line of his own work. "I am not supposed to know that," meaning that it is no part of his business to know it. In a man who begins by calling himself an *employee* this is in keeping; one does not demand Christian English from him. But we were surprised, on glancing over the official prospectus of the new University College, Liverpool, to read that "A Professor is supposed to be resident in Liverpool," the meaning, from the context, being that it is intended that he shall so reside. We hope that the hypothetical professor may be able to give lessons in English composition.

We have wandered away from our book, and have only gone through the first of its four divisions. In the second part, on "Accidence," we are glad to see that the author supports the accurate and Johnsonian, but rather puzzling, expression, "I gave no more than I could help," against the illogical "I gave no more than I could help." The third part, "Syntax," has a useful section on "collocation" or order of words, which so often baffles writers who are far above such mistakes as we have hitherto been dealing with. On this subject we cannot now enlarge, but we must quote a few choice specimens of disorder. "He blew out his brains after bidding his wife goodbye with a gun"—an extract from a Connecticut paper—is pleasing; and there is a fine Irish flavour in the Ulster epitaph, "Erected to the memory of John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother." But the gem of the collection is an advertisement from an English paper, "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case with carved legs." With this we take our leave of the book, which will certainly amuse its readers, and will probably teach them a good deal which they did not know, or at least never thought about, before.

#### AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ELECTRICITY.\*

IT appears that the late Professor Clerk Maxwell left behind him, amongst other MSS., some papers intended to form part of an elementary treatise on electricity. The editor of the present work has put them together, on a plan and under circumstances which he explains in his preface as follows:—

It was for some time under consideration by the friends of Professor Maxwell whether the MS. should be published in its fragmentary form, or whether it should be completed by another hand, so as to carry out, as far as possible, the author's original design; but, before any decision had been arrived at, it was suggested that the book might be made to serve the purposes of students by a selection of Articles from Professor Maxwell's *Electricity and Magnetism*, so as to make it, in a sense, complete for the portion of the subject covered by the first volume of the last-mentioned work.

In our opinion this suggestion was by no means happy, as may be seen by the results as shown in the book now under consideration, which, in spite of its great value, can in no sense be said to "serve the purposes of students," who, we should say, would find the work absolutely incomprehensible. We should have thought that a competent electrician would have had no difficulty in arranging, amplifying, and explaining these valuable notes of Professor Maxwell's (for they are but little more), and might thus have succeeded in producing a real elementary text-book which students could have understood, and which would have been one of a sort for which there is now much need. All due reverence could have been shown for a valuable literary relic of one of our most celebrated scientific men by distinguishing original from added matter by a difference of type, and passages which it was found desirable to rewrite might have been preserved in footnotes or in an appendix. Such amplification and explanation are somewhat needed in the actual materials of the proposed elementary text-book, and are absolutely necessary in any articles taken from *Electricity and Magnetism* for the purpose of completing the work. *Electricity and Magnetism* was written for advanced electricians, and is some of the most difficult reading in the whole literature of science, even to those who have the advantage of considerable mathematical training; and even its easiest passages are by no means of a nature to "serve the purposes of students," but are more of the nature of intellectual pemmican—to use a very happy phrase of Professor Huxley's—than of intellectual beef-tea, which is the kind of mental food best suited for the brains of students.

Mr. Garnett, however, in spite of his long connexion with the Cavendish Laboratory under Professor Maxwell, has not apparently cared to take upon himself the responsibility of acting as the author's interpreter, and has carried his reverence for the original text to so high a degree as not even to have ventured to change one or two words, even where such a change would certainly have been made by the writer before passing the book for press; as, for instance, in the following passage:—"There is nothing in this case to which we can apply the term 'flow' which we apply to the case of the transmission of heat with the same propriety that we apply it to the case of a current of electricity, of water, or of time itself"—where the exercise of a very little literary ingenuity would have prevented the impression that Professor Clerk Maxwell could by any chance write of a "current of time."

We have said that had these materials been used to produce a true elementary text-book it would have supplied a great want. Up to the present time the teaching of electricity to those who have not very high mathematical attainments has been, for the most part, carried on by means of analogies and provisional hypotheses, varying from one part of the subject to another, often contradictory one of the other, and all having a tendency to lead the student to have more or less belief in "the electric fluid"—a curious product of the inner consciousness of early electricians, which, whilst appearing to do its work as a *memoria technica* for some electrical phenomena fairly well, has yet done incalculable mischief to the spread of sound knowledge on the subject of electricity. We may here quote Professor Maxwell's words on the subject, which occur early in the present book:—

And here we may introduce once for all the common phrase, *The Electric Fluid*, for the purpose of warning our readers against it. It is one of those phrases which, having been at one time used to denote an observed fact, was immediately taken up by the public to connote a whole system of imaginary knowledge. As long as we do not know whether positive electricity, or negative, or both should be called a substance, or the absence of a substance, and as long as we do not know whether the velocity of an electric current is to be measured by hundreds of thousands of miles in a second or by a hundredth of an inch in an hour, or even whether the current flows from positive to negative or in the reverse direction, we must avoid speaking of the electric fluid.

The only way to teach the subject when we have cast from us that unclear thing, the electric fluid, is to treat electricity purely as a branch of the science of energy. It is, no doubt, difficult to do this without the help of refined mathematical methods; but in these notes and materials Professor Maxwell shows that it is quite possible to do so by making use of methods analogous to those used with such great success by Faraday, which, whilst really mathematical in form, do not require for their right understanding any very deep knowledge of mathematical symbolism and machinery.

We would recommend to the notice of those who love to start hypotheses as to the true nature of electricity, and air the same with much heat of temper and reviling of objectors, the plain confession of ignorance contained in the passage which we have quoted above, and to beg them, whilst reading and studying it, to remember that probably Clerk Maxwell, by his so-called electromagnetic theory of light and by his other researches, has done more than any one else who has yet lived towards clearing the way for the formation of a true physical theory of electricity. Until this has been found we are in the dark, and must walk cautiously and always hold fast by our only guide, the conservation of energy, of which Professor Maxwell says:—

The progress of physical science has led to the investigation of different forms of energy, and to the establishment of the doctrine that all material systems may be regarded as conservative systems, provided that all the different forms of energy are taken into account. This doctrine, of course, considered as a deduction from experiment, can assert no more than that no instance of a non-conservative system has hitherto been discovered; but as a scientific or science-producing doctrine it is always acquiring additional credibility from the constantly increasing number of deductions which have been drawn from it, which are found in all cases to be verified. In fact, this doctrine is the one generalized statement which is found to be consistent with fact, not in one physical science but in all. When once apprehended, it furnishes to the physical inquirer a principle on which he may hang every known law relating to physical actions, and by which he may be put in the way to discover the relations of such actions in new branches of science.

The doctrine of the conservation of energy having taken its rise from the theory of heat, particularly from what is known as the "first law of thermodynamics," as its necessary supplement, the doctrine of the dissipation of energy may be said to be based upon "the second law of thermodynamics." The best way to get a clear grasp of these important generalizations is by the study of the theory of heat; so that the best training for the student of electricity is a good grounding in the older and better understood science.

It is of the utmost importance at the present day that sound and trustworthy teaching should be given in electrical science. The practical applications of electricity to industrial processes of late years has given rise to a great demand for professional electricians, and whilst we fully recognize the value of a practical training in their case, yet it must always be remembered that advance either in the science or the art of electricity can only be made by men who thoroughly understand all that is known of the theory.

The subject of the alliance between electrical theory and the practical application of the science naturally suggests the Ohm, or British Association unit of electrical resistance, which has played so important a part in practical work, and has also, with its allied units of electromotive force, &c., done so much for fixing and establishing scientific electrical knowledge. In one of the articles from *Electricity and Magnetism* used to complete the present book, Maxwell points out how difficult an operation the determining of this unit is; and the truth of his remarks has been fully shown by recent experiments carried out at the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge by Lord Rayleigh, Dr. Schuster, and others. The original apparatus used by the Committee of the British Association was some time ago deposited in the Laboratory, and was erected and arranged for a fresh determination, under the direction, we believe, of Mr. Horace Darwin. The result of careful experiments went to show that the correction for one of the most disturbing elements—that due to the "self-induction" of the rotating ring of wire which generates a current under the influence of the earth's magnetism—had been taken at too low a rate; and the new determination gives a value for the Ohm 1.05 per cent. higher than that found by the brilliant

\* *An Elementary Treatise on Electricity*. By James Clerk Maxwell, M.A., LL.D. Edin., D.C.L., F.R.SS. London and Edinburgh, Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge. Edited by William Garnett, M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1881.

assembly of physicists who formed the Committee of the British Association. This new result need not alarm electrical engineers. The standard unit of resistance will still remain the standard coil prepared by the British Association Committee. It will no more be changed, as Maxwell points out, than the value of the metre was changed when it was found out that the standard metre at Paris did not represent the ten-millionth part of the arc of the Paris meridian from the Pole to the Equator, as it was intended that it should do.

To return to the book under consideration, it is undoubtedly of the very highest interest and value to electricians, particularly to those who have acquired their knowledge of the science without the aid of mathematics. It is one which every teacher should study deeply, but one which most students will either not understand at all, or will misunderstand to their own undoing. All who hope to find *An Elementary Treatise on Electricity* to be a work resembling the author's lucid text-book on Heat will be, we fear, grievously disappointed; and the treatment which Professor Maxwell's materials have received at the hands of his literary executors and the editor of this book gives another cause of regret that the great physicist did not live to complete his labours.

#### COURT NETHERLEIGH.\*

WE know few harder pieces of work than to make a fair start in reading one of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels. She always has a host of grand people and criminals to get introduced to us, and she is very ill-fitted for discharging the duties which belong to a Master of the Ceremonies. She brings them on to her stage with as little regard to propriety as if they were a mob of citizens in one of Shakespeare's historical plays. No time is given us to distinguish one from the other, and we are for a long while hopelessly confused in the midst of her crowd of characters, and are always mistaking the sinners for the saints, and the saints for the sinners. We might compare her opening chapters to an old-fashioned French diligence just making its start, on which, by some freak of fortune, all the passengers chanced to be people of title, or at all events people of wealth, each travelling with a large amount of luggage, and each attended by a valet or a lady's-maid. To add to the difficulties of the start, a long steep hill should face the overladen diligence. When at length the great people had taken their places, their packages had been safely stowed away, and their servants had climbed up behind, still a vast effort would be required to get the huge machine fairly into motion. For a long time the pace would be slow and tedious, and it would not be till the brow of the hill had been reached—almost till the descent had begun—that a fair speed would be attained and an air of cheerfulness and of hope would be spread over the company that had found itself so strangely brought together. We once knew a worthy old merchant who for many a year went by omnibus into the City six mornings in every week. When they came to a certain hill, and the horses began to tug at the load, the old gentleman, with a pleasant smile, as if a joke, and a new joke, and a good joke, had suddenly struck him, would say to any stranger who sat opposite to him, and, if fortune did not grant him a stranger, to one of his old cronies—"Plenty of collar-work here, sir!" We never saw the point of the jest, but we caught the smile, and were always ready with one in return, and with a nod of assent too. Now, as we were reading the first volume of this novel, and as the comparison came into our mind between it and the diligence, at once the old joke, which we had not heard for many a long day, came back to our thoughts, and we found ourselves repeating, "Plenty of collar-work here, sir." The strain certainly was unusually great, for the load that Mrs. Henry Wood started with was enormous even for her. We thought it almost impossible that we should ever get to the top of the ascent, and once or twice we gave it up as a bad job. We must do her the justice to admit that, when she had at last reached it by an effort that was almost prodigious, and had travelled over a dreary waste of flat country, the pace downhill was really very good. It is true that we got rid of a few heavy sinners on the way; but then, on the other hand, some kept their places and got converted. Now, whatever merits in other respects the penitent may have over the impenitent, yet in a novel of the kind before us it must be admitted that a sinner by becoming a saint does not add to its lightness. Moreover, the places of those who were left behind were soon filled up, and filled up, too, by passengers who in rank, fortune, and general heaviness came nothing short of those who had been present at the first start.

Among all the ladies of rank or of wealth who adorn this story, it is not very easy to decide which is the heroine. In one volume we were inclined to assign the chief place to one young lady, and in another volume to another. Perhaps the safest plan was to turn to the last few chapters and see who among them pulls out the biggest plum from what we may perhaps be allowed to call the Christmas-pie of life. But here we were puzzled. For one young lady whose lover a coroner's inquest had pronounced dead long ago (and he had certainly been last seen on the parapet of Westminster Bridge, a ruined gambler and a swindler) finds him turn up suddenly a virtuous character, with a fortune of at least half a million sterling. On the other hand, another young lady, not a mere commoner as the other, but an earl's daughter and

the wife of almost the richest merchant in London, is suddenly reconciled to her husband, from whom she had been long separated, and finds that he is no longer plain Mr. Grubb, but Sir Francis Netherleigh, Baronet, with a fine old estate of 15,000*l.* a year added to his vast possessions. She had been a swindler quite as much as the supposed suicide, and, like him, had misappropriated just 500*l.* She had been guilty of forgery, he of embezzlement. He had very nearly thrown himself into the Thames, and she had very nearly gone into a poor sisterhood. Both had become very penitent and very rich. He had won a bride who had never ceased mourning his loss, and she had recovered her husband. Between the claims of heroines such as these the most experienced novel-reader might find it difficult to arbitrate. On the whole, it seems the safer course to give due precedence to rank, and to allow an earl's daughter and baronet's wife to take the lead. We shall, therefore, follow chiefly the fortunes of the Lady Adela Chenevix. Her father, the Earl of Acorn, is introduced to us "as he scowls his eyebrows, and presses his lips, and motions with his hand as he paces in his library communing with himself." *Scowls*, by the way, has hitherto been a neuter verb; but a little irregularity in grammar, or in anything else, may be allowed when an author is dealing with the aristocracy. Every one could have seen at once from these strange actions that the Earl was over head and ears in debt, even if the author had not taken the trouble to inform us that he had wasted his princely income. A cab whirls along in the street. Can a cab, by the way, be ever said to whirl, except when the driver is drunk, or the horse insists on turning round and round? But at this rate, stopping each moment to inquire whether Mrs. Wood's words have any particular meaning, we shall never get past the Earl and reach the Earl's daughter. The cab, then, "whirls along, and pulls up before the steps and the stately pillars of Chenevix House." From this it is clear that the steps and the pillars were in the same part of the house. Whatever irregularity there might have been in his lordship's conduct, in the style of the architecture of his town house there was nothing eccentric. "A knock and a ring send their echoes through the mansion." Surely, says the reader, in spite of the cab, some great personage must be at hand. It is only a dun, as the Earl ascertains by standing with his ear at the half-opened door, and listening to the talk that went on in the hall between the porter on the one hand and the stranger on the other. "What!" says our author in honest indignation, "a peer condescend to play eaves-dropper, in an attitude that befits a mean man?" Whether, however, her indignation is chiefly due to his eaves-dropping or to his attitude is not quite clear.

In a few touches we have had brought home to us the hopeless embarrassment of this nobleman, and we are now quite prepared for the introduction of an honest, wealthy merchant, who is deeply in love with one of the nobleman's numerous daughters. He quickly appears in the person of the hero, Mr. Francis Grubb. "Do not be prejudiced against him on account of his name, reader," writes our author; "but pay attention to him, for he is worthy of it, and he plays a prominent part in this little history. He is thirty years of age, a tall, slender, noble-looking man, with intellect stamped on his ample forehead. . . . His grey-blue eyes are simply beautiful." He had finished his education at Christ Church, and there had become intimate with the Earl's only son. This young gentleman was merely needed to help to introduce his friend into his father's family. That being done, he had been killed off with all promptitude. On Mr. Grubb's purse the Earl had largely drawn. By way of return for all the money that was due to him, the merchant now came suddenly to ask for the hand of Lady Adela. "His lordship was considerably startled: the proud Chenevix blood rose, and dyed his forehead crimson." He had, however, to yield, for his circumstances were otherwise desperate. Not so easily was his daughter's consent won; she only yielded to necessity, and to her mother's warning that, if she refused, and Mr. Grubb and the other creditors pressed her father hard, the whole family would have to go abroad "and lodge on one dirty floor of six rooms, and live as common people." She received, then, Mr. Grubb as her lover. "He stood in agitation at the upper end of the room—a fine intellectual man; one, young though he was, to be venerated and loved. She wore a pink and white silk dress, and her hair had pink and white roses in it." The contrast seems somewhat imperfectly drawn between his character and her dress; but then he had come to dinner, and so his clothes scarcely admitted of description. She treats him with worse than coldness. When, later on, one of her sisters speaks of his evident love for her, "Love!" cried she. "It is perfectly absurd—from him to me. But it is the way with those plebeians." She ought to have been happy, for she had in abundance from the very beginning those rewards which in such stories as these are generally bestowed only in the end. "Settlements, carriages, houses, furniture, ornaments, jewellery, all were perfect of their kind, leaving nothing to be wished for." Her husband, moreover, had been "fortunate enough to secure and purchase the lease of a house within the aristocratic regions of Grosvenor Square." Nevertheless she refused to be happy. Her new name was too much for her to bear. She could never bear herself announced "Lady Adela Grubb" but she shivered. The sight of the *Morning Post* ceased to be a source of consolation and joy, for there she read the hated name. "Bless my heart and mind," said her sister, the Lady Sarah, "what's in a name?" "Grubb! Grubb!" hissed Adela from between her dainty lips. *Grubb*, by the way, is not a word that can be hissed even by an earl's daughter. She led her hus-

\* *Court Netherleigh*. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son.



band a miserable life. She flung a cup of coffee in his face. She took to flirting and to gambling. She lost large sums of money at cards, and she forged the name of his commercial house to a cheque. She allowed the blame to fall on an innocent man, who was arrested and lodged in Newgate. In the end she becomes, of course, very penitent, and gets reconciled to her husband, from whom she had been long separated; and is rewarded for her sufferings by finding, as we have said, that there is no longer a Mr. Grubb, but in his place a Sir Francis Netherleigh. Let us hope that the *Morning Post* once more afforded her pleasant reading.

We have no space to follow at any length the fortunes of the other characters. The adventures of the gentleman who was found dead by crowner's law are not wanting in excitement. He had, indeed, only tried to kill himself, but he succeeded by a mischance in shooting his own father. His father's only brother had some years earlier cut his own throat. The life of the supposed suicide's sister is not without attraction for a certain class of minds. In her first season in London after her marriage we are told that "Peers were going mad for her smiles; peeresses condescended to court them. Panics do sometimes come over the fashionable world of this great metropolis," adds our author. "At the time of which we are writing it was the admiration of one of themselves, a woman, the beautiful Mrs. Dalrymple." How a beautiful woman could be a panic we shall only know when Mrs. Wood condescends to publish a glossary to her works. As the bride came in like a panic, so she faded away like "a wreathing (sic) cloud" and "like a bright vision." Meanwhile, she had done Mrs. Wood and her admirers one good turn. She had afforded an admirable opportunity for a great display of the vulgarity of wealth. In particular, there is a long description, filling many pages, of a fashionable dressmaker which ought to be read with the liveliest satisfaction by all the milliner's assistants and ladies'-maids in London. What a pleasure they will have in learning that this dashing young lady of the panic ran up a bill in one season of not much less than four thousand pounds for dresses alone! Those readers of this story who delight in economy, if there are any such, will be somewhat pleased to find, at all events, one exception to this extravagance. Among all the rich people who abound in *Court Netherleigh* was an old Colonel. We are, once in the first volume and again in the second, impressively informed that, wealthy though he was, he wore a black ribbon across his waistcoat in lieu of a gold chain.

Foolish and odious as are the vulgar descriptions of luxury and wealth which are to be found scattered through every volume of this novel, we should not find them quite so distasteful could Mrs. Wood keep clear altogether of pious effusions. We might forgive her characters their viciousness and their worship of money. We cannot forgive them their penitence and their piety. Those who gaze with open-eyed admiration, and even envy, at the purple and fine linen of Dives would be not the less offensive should they now and then for a few moments—a due regard to their gentility, of course, being preserved—mask themselves each as a modern Lazarus.

#### AMONG THE SONS OF HAN.\*

THIS work might more appropriately have been entitled "Among the Sons of Britain in the Land of Han," since the point of view from which the "Sons of Han" are regarded is that of a lady looking out on the corners of the Empire from the verandahs, as it were, of English houses and the steam launches of British merchants. We say this in no disparage of the book, for by so doing we only express in other words Mrs. Hughes's own account of its aims and scope. All she claims for it is that it describes faithfully the "incidents, more or less interesting, which came under her own personal observation whilst accompanying her husband on his travels." We frankly admit all that she thus claims, and having conscientiously read through her book we are prepared to add that from the first page to the last it is well and brightly written, and that the incidents are sufficiently interesting to make it a readable volume.

The overland route has been so often described, that probably most of Mrs. Hughes's readers will skip over the first chapter, even at the expense of missing the gratifying contrast drawn in it between the depressing aspect of Saigon and the surroundings of the rival English colony of Hong Kong. At this place the author's stay was scarcely long enough to accustom her to being carried in sedan-chairs raised to a level with the shoulders of the coolies who bore her along; and at Shanghai, where she next halted on her way to Chefoo, the greater part of the few days at her disposal were devoted to surrounding herself with the staff of servants necessary for the maintenance of a household in China. The interviews of ladies in England with servants applying for situations are often, as Mr. Du Maurier delights to show us, ridiculous enough, but nothing can exceed the apparent absurdity of the parallel process in China, when questions are put and answered in "pidgin" English, except, perhaps, the folly of the people who will persist in using such a monstrous perversion of language. No wonder Mrs. Hughes thought the jargon "excessively childish," and for a long time found it difficult, when giving her orders, to disguise her mother-tongue in such gibberish as this:—"Boy, I wantsee you chop-

chop go topside catchee my one piecey book; supposey no can find that side, maskee." For six years, however, this was the only medium through which Mrs. Hughes was able to communicate with the "Sons of Han." And it would even appear that time overcame her objections to its use; for afterwards, when in Formosa, she expresses her delight at finding a coolie who could speak English. Remembering what his "English" was, we should not have been inclined, had we been in the author's position, to exchange "the straight, strong, and tolerably clean-looking" Chinaman, who spoke nothing but his own language, for the pidgin-English-speaking coolie.

Mrs. Hughes visited several of the ports, and probably saw as much of the natives as falls to the lot of most residents in China. She dined with them, and tried to appear as though she liked shark's fins, Sze-chuen fungi, bêche-de-mer, and other Eastern delicacies; she visited their theatres, and listened patiently to the shrill voices of the actors without understanding a word that was said, and submitted to have her ears deafened by the conventional clashing of cymbals and beatings of gongs; and she "assisted" at a wedding at which she was not only allowed to see the bride's face, but even to inspect her trousseau. But this formal side of Chinese life pleased her less than the unceremonious habits of the people. Chinamen are in the habit of eating largely at dinners, savoury and greasy morsels are apt to slip from the chop-sticks on to the table, the laps of the diners, or floor; sauces also are often spilt, until towards the end of the meal neither tables nor feasters are very sightly objects. Nor are matters much improved by the appearance of the usual "dirty-looking wooden pail full of steaming hot water and a dark coarse cloth, which latter the mandarins," on the occasion of which Mrs. Hughes speaks, "whilst seated at table, each in turn dipped in the water, and then mopped their unctuous faces in the most unconcerned manner." Chinese theatricals, again, are so unlike our own, not only in the arrangements of the building, but in the acting and substance of the plays, that even to foreigners who understand the language they are dreary, if not, as they often are, indecent, performances. Their weddings, too, are to the uninstructed more curious than entertaining, and we can quite understand Mrs. Hughes's desire to leave early at the marriage she describes, after having wearied herself with watching the unintelligible formalities, and the endless bowings and prostrations of the bride and bridegroom before the blank wall which appeared to her to be the object of their adoration.

But for the Chinamen in their work-a-day clothes she has a sincere regard. They "invariably appeared kind and good-humoured, and so far from receiving any rudeness or incivility at their hands," she was ever "treated by them with respect and studied politeness":—

I remember on one occasion [she adds], passing the cottage of a poor man who showed great taste in the arrangement of flowers in pots around his door. One exceedingly good specimen of an aster had a particular attraction for me on account of the delicacy of its hues, and by my gesture I expressed my admiration to the owner. The old man seemed pleased with my approval of his pet, and I proceeded on my walk; I had forgotten all about the circumstance when, to my surprise and delight, I found on my return home the very aster I had admired, pot and all—a present from an old Chinaman whom I had never seen before.

That there is no lack of affection among them she has abundant evidence to prove, and she describes with some force the intense grief of a Chinese mother on the death of her baby. It is as well to bear such cases as this in mind when we read of foreigners being stoned, robbed, assaulted, and sometimes killed in the interior of the country for no other offence than that they are not Chinamen, and of the existence of such notices as the following, which stands at the edge of a pond near Foochow, "Girls are not to be drowned here." But the fact is that among Chinamen, as among all people of a low civilization, the same natures are capable of great kindness and of savage brutality, of excessive affection and of cold-blooded cruelty. Their moral faculties are not sufficiently developed to enable them to hold a just balance between right and wrong, and the consequence is that the impulse of the moment is their only guide. Some of the most cruel murders which disgraced the Indian Mutiny were committed by men who had previously been on intimate and friendly terms with their victims. And so it must always be among half-civilized peoples; it requires but the inflammatory action of fanaticism or the passion of self-interest to curdle the kindest natures, and to make them relentless and cruel.

However, to Mrs. Hughes was shown only the golden side of the shield, and we are quite content to forget with her that there is such a thing as a reverse to it. Of Buddhist priests alone she speaks with some disparagement. But as these servants of Buddha are considered fair game by Chinese novelists, playwrights, and ballad-writers, there is no reason why a stranger should not also join in the chorus of contemptuous ridicule. In appearance they are, as a rule, dirty and forbidding-looking; their ignorance is notorious, and their habits of life are in open violation of the laws of the founder of their faith. But though by long habitude they swallow camels without an effort, they yet on occasions have the decency to strain at gnats, as the following incident at a picnic in a Buddhist temple, narrated by Mrs. Hughes, shows:—

One of the priests [writes the author] was evidently of opinion that the sight of so many unbelievers devouring viands, some of which were prohibited according to the ancient ordinances of Buddha, was not a proper one to meet the eyes of their idol; for, no sooner had we commenced our meal, than the holy man hung up a piece of red cloth, in the manner of a screen, before the face of the gilded image. The priests must have really believed that their own actions were no longer visible to their deified patron, for on our presenting them with some champagne they each sipped a little

\* *Among the Sons of Han: Notes of a Six Years' Residence in various Parts of China and Formosa.* By Mrs. Thomas Francis Hughes. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1881.

in turn, passing the forbidden liquid on from hand to hand with many a leer and wink, and with much smacking of lips, as if they appreciated it thoroughly. One very pious old gentleman put down his beads to clasp with both hands a half-empty bottle which was given him, and with a shy glance up at the red curtain to make sure that the idol was not peeping, he applied the bottle to his holy lips, nor did he remove it until it was quite empty.

It is difficult to imagine a scene more out of harmony with the teachings of Sakya-Muni than this. Self-restraint and victory over the appetites were the cardinal points of his doctrine; self-indulgence and gluttony are the characteristics of these his degraded followers. Even the existence of the idol is one of the "blank blasphemies of Chinese Buddhism" which have tended to reduce a pure and lofty faith to the level of a superstitious idolatry. A fitting pendant to this scene was an episode witnessed by Mrs. Hughes at another "Joss-house," where a woman, after praying earnestly and burning several "joss-sticks" before the shrine of the God of Earth, played a game of pitch and toss with the deity in such a way as to determine by the fall of the coin which were the lucky words to choose in an impending gambling lottery. It is impossible to reach a lower depth of superstition than this, and it is a curious instance of the hold that the supernatural has on the human mind that in a country where atheistic Confucianism is the professed creed of every one who can read the "Four Books" and "Five Classics," there should exist and flourish a system so grossly superstitious as Chinese Buddhism. Unlike those fairies whose touch is said to convert the most worthless substances into the purest gold, the Chinese no sooner come into contact with pure and spiritual ideas than they so materialize and degrade them that they lose all trace of their original semblance. It has been so with the tenets of Buddhism and Taoism, and it remains to be seen whether those of Christianity will fare any better at their hands.

With such considerations, however, Mrs. Hughes does not trouble herself. She prefers to skim lightly over the surface of her subject, and to leave to others the task of cross-examining her facts, and of demanding from them the why and wherefore of their existence. Such book-making is easy work, though it must be confessed that it does not tend to increase our existing stock of knowledge. Indeed, if the present work were not so pleasantly written, we should be inclined to ask why it was written at all. It is impossible to gather from it any definite idea either about the country or the people. It is merely a sketchy diary of a six years' residence in China, but as such it is worth reading.

#### ALL SAINTS, DERBY.\*

NEITHER the chief author nor the subject-matter of this book is unfamiliar to us, as we have already reviewed the four volumes, full of valuable matter, upon the Churches of Derbyshire, successively published by Mr. Cox, while in our notice we followed the writer's own example in dwelling at considerable length upon All Saints Church, Derby, with a particular reference to the inconceivable Vandalism which made havoc of some of its most interesting features in 1873, under the iconoclastic guidance of an incumbent who has since then received his reward in the way of promotion to one of the best-endowed and most fashionable churches at the West End of London. Remembering what we then said, we are confronted by our reminiscences when we sit down to review the more ample monograph of the same church which Mr. Cox has recently brought out in concert with Mr. St. John Hope, in a handsome and fully illustrated quarto; for, of course, incidents which have been already related as most worthy of commemoration, although they have not by lapse of time become less worthy of record, cannot bear repetition after so short an interval. All Saints, the chief church of Derby—formerly collegiate—is, in its present condition, made up of a noble modern Perpendicular tower, and of a heavy, though rather stately, Italian building, which in 1724 replaced the old structure through the determination of the then vicar, Dr. Hutchinson, an arbitrary and not very scrupulous man, according to our authors, who secured Gibbs as his architect at the moderate (for so eminent an artist) cost of twenty-five pounds, but with the result of feuds and heart-burnings before which he himself succumbed. The building, which is internally divided into nave and aisles by two rows of "Roman Doric" columns, is well proportioned and of sufficient height and width. As at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and in the church in Vere Street, Gibbs indulged in the barbarism, taken from Spalato, of the architrave cut up, so as to produce the effect of a second capital standing upon the legitimate one. We still find, though sadly disfigured and ruthlessly displaced, the magnificent wrought-iron screens produced by Bakewell, a local worthy; while the *disiecta membra* of the Earl of Devonshire's tomb tell a tale of fanaticism and of neglect incredible in these days, in which all schools are beginning to learn and practise a decent regard for the proprieties of worship and the charm of historical association.

The old collegiate church which fell before Dr. Hutchinson's innovating zeal is thus described:—

From the various little details pertaining to the old fabric that can be gleaned from the Churchwardens' Accounts and Orders, we find that the church used to consist of a nave, wide south aisle, rather narrower north

aisle, chancel, south chancel chapel, which was an extension of the south aisle, and large south porch with windows on each side, and a vestry, which we believe opened out of the chancel on the north side.

Moreover, we are told, upon the authority of an old painting of the time of James II., that the chancel was gabled, and was lighted by a seven-light Perpendicular east window; and that the south chancel aisle, or "quire of St. Katharine," had also a gable and a good Decorated window of six lights. The more narrow north chancel also apparently possessed only a lean-to roof.

The exact age of the magnificent panelled tower—50 feet square at the base, and 40 at the top, with a height of 178 feet—has not been fully ascertained. We are informed that

various conflicting statements have been made with respect to the exact age of this grand tower, some assigning it to as late a date as the reign of Queen Mary; but the truth is that the process of building, like so many of the best masterpieces of Gothic art, was a slow one, and that its erection extended over a considerable period. Fortunately we are able to give some interesting documentary evidence, hitherto unknown and unpublished, on this very point. From the first volume of the Churchwardens' minute books (which begin in the year 1465) we gather that the works of the tower were in progress in the second year of Henry VIII. (1510-11).

The next entry, it seems, occurs some ten years later; while the accounts of 1527 show that a Derby dyer, named Robert Liverseye, founder two years afterwards of an important charity, was also a munificent benefactor to this steeple.

The patronage of All Saints Church, which belonged before the Reformation to the Dean of Lincoln, passed at that time into the hands of the Corporation of Derby. For a brief space of time during the reign of Queen Anne the pulpit of the old church was famous all over England; for the first of the two sermons for which the turbulent Dr. Sacheverell was made by the Government of his day a clerical martyr, with the characteristic good luck to the prosecutors which ordinarily attends the victimizing of clergymen, was preached on August 15, 1709, in All Saints, Derby. The occasion which led that doughty polemic to fill the pulpit at Derby was that he was chaplain to the High Sheriff of that year, his kinsman, Mr. George Sacheverell, while the sermon, "The Communication of Sin," was published at the request of the grand jury, among whom we find representatives of the old Derbyshire families of Wilmot, FitzHerbert, Beresford, Vernon, Pole, Horton, and—a strange name to occur in so Tory a company—Cavendish.

It must have been some time before the political churchmen of Derby subsided into a condition of decorous calm; for after the death of Queen Anne, in 1715, Mr. Sturges of All Saints prayed publicly for King James, although, after a minute's reflection, he explained that he meant King George. The congregation, we are told, got tumultuous, and the military gentlemen present drew their swords. Poor Mr. Sturges pleaded a slip of the tongue, but he was never again allowed to officiate at All Saints. The authorities no doubt explained to him, as more than a century afterwards the Duke of Wellington did to Mr. Huskisson, that there was no mistake, there could be no mistake, and there should be no mistake. Eleven years passed when All Saints Church again became the scene of strife, though on this occasion civic and not general politics led to the confusion. In the course of the miserable squabbles which characterized its rebuilding the contention between the Mayor, Mr. Bagnold, and Dr. Hutchinson grew so hot that the vicar prosecuted the magistrate for brawling in church, and succeeded in having him fined 37*s.* and costs.

But an incident more strange than any which we have yet recorded took place in the new church within twenty years of its completion. Publicly in All Saints, only a hundred and thirty-six years ago, on Thursday, December 5, 1745, the Roman Mass was said. The book speaks of High Mass, but we can hardly suppose that an army on its march could have carried the apparatus needful for such a celebration. The occasion of this strange event was the occupation of Derby by Prince Charles Edward. The incident speaks well for the conscientiousness of the young Chevalier, or, it may be, for that of his household; but, in face of such an audacious proceeding, it is not to be wondered at that he was disappointed in that sympathy from Englishmen on which he relied for installing his father at St. James's. Mr. Cox conjecturally observes that the Mass must have been said at the marble altar so cruelly desecrated in 1873, when it was torn down and fastened against the wall, with a misunderstood and perverted quotation from Bishop Ridley inscribed upon it. We may assume this altar to have been the site of the ceremony; but in the eyes of a Roman liturgist it was a mere unconsecrated shelf, though most probably used to support the portable altar which was without doubt employed. Our authors describe the monuments and record the epitaphs with great fullness and industry. Among the other relics of the older church still preserved is a wooden effigy, the only one in that material found in that part of England.

By the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1834 all Church patronage belonging to Corporations—bodies which until the repeal in 1828 of the Test and Corporation Acts were absolutely identified with the Established Church—had to be sold by auction. The purchasers of the advowson of All Saints, Derby, were the Simeon Trustees, and nothing more need, therefore, be said of the complexion of the theology which found favour in its pulpit. But, on looking at the list of vicars for rather more than three hundred years, nothing is so remarkable as the obscurity of the nominees under either régime. The only Bishop who has ever proceeded from this church was Dr. Anderson, formerly Bishop of Rupertland, who was vicar for about a twelvemonth in 1848.

If ever Derbyshire—which has very generously contributed, in order to facilitate the increase of the episcopate, to being, under

\* The *Chronicles of the Collegiate Church or Free Chapel of All Saints, Derby*. By the Rev. J. Charles Cox and W. H. St. John Hope. London and Derby: Betts & Sons. 1881.

Sir Richard Cross's Act, transferred from the old and illustrious see of Lichfield in Staffordshire to the new and tentative one of Southwell in Nottinghamshire—succeeds, as it well deserves, in obtaining a bishop of its own. All Saints Church can certainly never be accepted as his permanent cathedral. With a town thriving and growing like Derby, church extension is a constant necessity. It would therefore be an act of prudent forethought to prepare for the contingency of a see of Derbyshire by providing a new church in the form of a building which might be hereafter the instalment of a cathedral. Granting equal accommodation, and leaving the carved work in block, such a construction need not be more expensive than a completed church of the ordinary parochial type. In itself the enterprise would be less ambitious than the gigantic works actually in progress at St. Alban's and at Truro, with its comparatively small population of ten thousand.

#### THE OLD ABBOT'S ROAD.\*

THERE are certain novels of portentous length which touch our sympathies while they irritate us. As reviewers, however conscientious, we should be more than human were we not fretted by the hard labour to which they condemn us; and yet we remember that the task of writing them must have been far more severe than our own. If a trivial story is obviously worthless, we naturally know neither pity nor remorse. As the case may be, we either throw it aside, or we skip to the best of our ability, feeling that it is impossible to do the author serious injustice. But with such a novel as this it is altogether different. *The Abbot's Road* bears the unmistakable traces of thought and care; in many respects it shows more than average ability; some of the scenes are sufficiently exciting, and most of them are far from dull. To judge the book fairly, we should read it conscientiously; and yet it has the fatal fault of gratuitous tediousness. Miss Alldridge seems to have considerable ambition, but slight skill in construction. Selecting subjects purely domestic, she has gone to work upon a broad canvas that might have suited a grand historical picture, and she has overcrowded it with unimportant characters and a superfluity of minute details. To begin with, she has embraced in her digressive fiction the lives and loves of the people of two generations who happen to have an extensive acquaintance in various circles of society. We are introduced successively to many estimable folk; but our knowledge of them is so exceedingly slight and ephemeral that we are profoundly indifferent to the family histories on which the author is inclined to expatiate. Then, in exercising her own powers of imagination, she will trust little or nothing to ours; so we must follow many parallel lines of closely consecutive narrative, extending over a number of years. It is all the greater pity because by economizing her labour she might have made a very interesting story. As it is, we may assure her readers for their encouragement that the interest increases as the end is drawing near; so much so that, at the risk of appearing inconsistent, we are obliged to criticize the abruptness of the *dénouement*. We can understand that Miss Alldridge may have gradually grown desperate as she felt that her characters had fairly bolted with her, and must be pulled up somewhere and on any terms. Still a coincidence of violent moral revulsions should be avoided, if an author has any regard to psychological probabilities. We can hardly admit that a quartet of sorely tried lovers, who have been either betraying and betrayed or playing at cross-purposes, should soar simultaneously and on the shortest notice into the sublimest spheres of Christian forgiveness. And yet the author does not by any means take a genial view of human nature generally. It is true that there are a brother and sister of singular moral beauty in her story, and these are not only the most engaging, but seem to be the most realistic, of her characters. She appears to assign a monopoly of the practice of virtue to those who are most free from temptation; and her rustics living far from the madding crowd lead for the most part tranquil and reputable lives. One great safeguard they have in belonging chiefly to the Dissenting communions. The Church as the author represents it, although she admits one shining exception to the rule, is in an unholy alliance with the world and the devil. Church members are either neglectful of the teachings they ought to follow or let earnestness degenerate into narrow-minded bigotry. People moving in what is known as society abandon themselves to its insidious seductions; while respectable men of business, when hastening to grow rich, are little better than whitened sepulchres. Yet things, in the novel at least, get somewhat better as the world grows older; and the young people of the second generation are decidedly more estimable than their parents.

The story opens with the loves of young Mr. Bentham and Miss Christie Frome. The pair are supposed to be fondly attached to each other, yet the love seems to be chiefly on the lady's side. We hardly know how the author intends to depict Bentham, unless as the fair-seeming embodiment of a problem that defies even self-examination. Though apparently capable of deep affection, he is nevertheless cold and self-contained; and, if nothing is to be absolutely proved against him, we cannot help feeling that we should be sorry to trust him in matters of business. That he is capable of loving is apparently made clear by his sticking toler-

ably steadfastly to Miss Frome, who has nothing beyond her small salary as a school teacher, though at one time he is on the point of throwing her over. That his conscience is elastic is more than suggested; and besides, had it been otherwise, he would scarcely have got on by acting as jackal to the unscrupulously speculative Mr. Faulkner. We are informed on his own confession, after he has "made his pile," as the Americans say, in partnership with Faulkner, with whom he has quarrelled, that that smoothly-spoken gentleman is a fiend in human form, having legally murdered or driven into lunatic asylums sundry impecunious victims who had the ill-luck to have dealings with him. In truth, while Faulkner was increasing a handsome inheritance by usury, Bentham, who was his confidant and associate, could hardly have kept his hands clean. The third of the trio of parents is Sir Hendrik Van Noorden of Mount Norden, a man of a nature remarkably unprepossessing, though perhaps he is rather weak than wicked. By the assistance of Faulkner, Bentham, and Co., he succeeds in pretty nearly muddling away his property; he quarrels with his young wife, and separates from her; and he alienates the attachment of his daughter Petronella, though she is brought afterwards to give him a kind of contemptuous pity. As what is really a prologue gives us reason to presume, the children of the three households are destined to be more intimately connected than their parents. Petronella, as might have been expected from her upbringing, appears at first sight to be the least promising. She is beautiful, of course, but she is wayward, and what in a filly we should have called sulky and vicious. She seems to care for nothing, except perhaps the memory of a dead sister, and the memory has soured instead of softening her. Nor can we well understand why the elder Mr. Faulkner should have set his heart upon marrying Petronella to his son. No doubt she is heiress apparent to the Mount Norden property; but the property is encumbered almost to its full value, as nobody knows better than himself. He is the last man to value birth without money; as mortgagee he has the heiress almost at his mercy; and yet he manoeuvres for her hand on account of his son, as if she were to bring the youth unembarrassed estates by way of dowry. As for young Mr. Ray Faulkner, he is almost as inscrutable as Mr. Bentham; and as with Mr. Bentham, the author appears never to have made up her own mind about him. He prides himself on precocious cynicism; he behaves at home like an arrant bully to his little brothers and sisters by a second marriage, so that it is no wonder his waspish step-mother should detest him. Although he seldom misses an opportunity of making himself disagreeable to his father, he lets himself be inoculated by the elder man's greed of money; and on one occasion, just before his final transformation scene, he behaves to the girl to whom he is engaged with truculent brutality. Yet he not only shows flashes of a noble nature, but gives proof of something like generous self-abnegation, when he falls in love with Bentham's penniless daughter in place of paying court to the supposed heiress of Mount Norden.

As for Bentham the elder, who was comparatively a respectable man, perhaps he deserved on that account to be blessed in his family. His daughter Chrissie, named after her mother, was what we should pronounce an exceedingly nice girl. She is ladylike and unassuming, though sprightly; she sings sweetly, and is quite pretty enough to explain her making a conquest of Ray Faulkner. But her brother Hugh, in every sense, and in all seriousness, is infinitely the best character in the story, although he is undoubtedly the sort of mystically minded hero whom a woman would imagine rather than a man. He was a dreamy boy of decided, though fantastic, genius. He was thoughtful beyond his years, and addicted to those quaint speeches, pregnant with significance, which indirectly, at all events in novels, portend an early death. He is sure to do nothing well which he does not go about with enthusiasm, and his father, though an eminently practical man of business, has the good sense not to cross his son's bent. Hugh begins with an infatuation for art. The lad's visits to the country, where he goes in search of subjects for his brush, give the author many opportunities for those descriptions of scenery in which she excels. Could Hugh have transferred to canvas her fresh and pleasing pictures of the woods and farmsteadings that must lie somewhere in the Weald of Kent along "the Abbot's Road," and in what she has christened the "Land of Oasts," he would doubtless have made his fortune among the dealers. But Providence has designed him for a different mission. Among the Kentish oast-houses he falls in with the good folks of the Methodist connexion, to which his mother had belonged. They have the shrewdness to discern that he has a call as a preacher; and, though he breaks ground at first with diffidence and reluctance, he finds he has the gifts of a heaven-sent orator. Some of the sketches of the young enthusiast when in his impassioned and exalted moods are really very fine. He feels so intensely that, with the winning charm of his eloquence, he speaks to the very hearts of his audience. The most marvellous instance of this is when he moves a young lady whom chance, or something else, has guided to his chapel. The young lady is no other than our old acquaintance Petronella, who, having lost her father, has withdrawn temporarily from a world with which she is more disgusted than ever. Hugh follows up his first success with a zeal which loses nothing by the fact that he admires her passionately. He soothes her bruised spirit, and directs her to unsuspected sources of consolation, till in very gratitude she must give her love to the man who has opened to her new prospects of transcendent happiness. Had Hugh possessed the means to marry her then and there, all might have been well. But they must wait, unfortu-

\* *The Old Abbot's Road*. By Lizzie Alldridge, Author of "By Love and Law," &c. London: Clarke & Co. 1881.

nately, and they drift asunder. Miss Van Noorden is transferred for a time to society that naturally looks down on the humble artist and minister, who was certainly ineligible from a worldly point of view. But the young friend of Petronella, who has been most indefatigable in breaking off the engagement, has gone to work from purely sectarian motives, loathing Hugh as a minister of Dissent. Meantime Ray Faulkner, who had plighted his faith to Hugh's sister, has simultaneously left that young woman in the lurch; and next, adding insult to injury, has positively gone and engaged himself to Petronella. She, as she subsequently explains, when humbling herself in remorseful penitence to Hugh, had given the young minister his dismissal mainly out of consideration for him. When she appeared most cruel and cold she had been painfully acting a part, and certainly she had not only acted, but overacted it. However, she decides at the last moment that it would be wedding misery if she were united to Mr. Faulkner; and Ray, after threatening her savagely and swearing that he holds her to her troth, rushes away in search of the deserted Chrissie. Though he finds Chrissie at the point of death, his return proves the most effectual of possible restoratives; while the much-forgiving Hugh is made more blissful than ever when clasping his Petronella once more in his arms. Had Miss Alldridge concentrated her work on that particular couple, we believe she would have given us a far better novel.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

**OLD and New Edinburgh** (James Grant. Cassell and Co.)—“Edinburgh would be a delightful place if it were not Edinburgh,” Lord Dundreary is said to have remarked. Edinburgh, if we may believe Mr. Grant, and the artists who illustrate his book, was a very nice place before it was Edinburgh. The frontispiece of the work represents an extremely pleasing landscape, “The North Loch,” with a church in the middle distance, and the Pentlands behind. The North Loch, unless we are mistaken, is now Princes Street Gardens, and railways, streets, and villas cover the smiling landscape. Mr. Grant thinks that Edinburgh owes its origin to “the hardy warriors of the Gadoni,” who “raised some rude rampart on the precipitous cliffs of the Castle rock.” The illustrations in this book are rather casually introduced. We find the “Maiden,” that early guillotine, on p. 3, and the “White Horse Inn” on p. 4, where we might expect still to be among the hardy warriors of the Gadoni. But, as Cicero said of Athens, every stone you tread on in Edinburgh is historical, and all the Old Town is full of romantic memories of the Stuarts. Mr. Grant has written a very interesting book. He starts from the silent evidence of graves and cairns, of bronze swords, elf-arrows, gold torques, and clay urns, found on ancient Scottish sites, and still eloquent of antiquity. On the slopes of Arthur's Seat, he says, “may still be seen the traces of ancient civilization, in some now forgotten mode of cultivating the soil, forgotten unless we recall the terraces of the Jthine, or the ancient parallels of the Peruvians in the Cordilleras of the Andes.” Terrace-cultivation, with its walls and watercourses, is as familiar to the people of the Riviera as to the natives of New Caledonia; but it is certainly curious to find traces of this form of agriculture on Arthur's Seat. Mr. Grant's book ranges from the buried civilizations to the anecdotes of yesterday, and every page contains a legend of old broils and duels, and trials for witchcraft, tales of old judges, robbers, poets, taverners. The volume is most copiously illustrated, and (p. 115) we have a sketch of the very lantern used by the notorious Deacon Brodie in his double craft of cabinet-maker and burglar.

**From Eye to Heart** (J. E. S. Rothwell. Chapman and Hall, Limited) contains a number of rather pretty photographs from pictures and a quantity of verses. In quoting, as from Byron, “Go, pretty book, from this my solitude,” and so on, Mr. Rothwell seems to have forgotten that Byron says the lines are Southey's, and implores the world not to take them for his own. Mr. Rothwell publishes some verses of his own which are not quite worthy of the company in which they find themselves.

**Illustrated British Ballads** (Cassell, Petter, and Co.)—Mr. G. B. Smith is the editor of these handsome volumes. He finds that the task of selecting ballads is “like gathering a nosegay in a garden overflowing with floral riches.” “Overflowing with floral riches” is good, but Mr. Smith has certainly not caught his style from the poets with whom he has been living. Among “ballads” he includes, not only traditional *volks-lieder*, but the compositions of Mr. Mortimer Collins, Mr. R. Buchanan, and very many other modern writers. The ballads are arranged—the device saves trouble, but is not artistic—in alphabetic order, and we begin with “Admiral Hosier's Ghost.” We leap from Drayton's “Agincourt” to “Alison Grose”; and soon afterwards comes the imitation of Wordsworth in “Rejected Addresses.” However, almost all the ballads, old and new, are good in their several kinds. The illustrations are of very various merit. Though we could wish to see ballads collected and arranged in a more intelligent way, these two volumes are so full of good poetry that they should be welcome everywhere.

**Pictures from the Orkney Islands** (John T. Reid. Douglas).—This volume contains more than a hundred drawings, “etched by the author in pen and ink.” It is a singular method of “etching,” and unknown, we imagine, to the art of Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Whistler. But this is a mere question of words. The little drawings, as of the Old Pier-head at Kirkwall, and the pears on the garden wall (Plate I.), are very clever and delicate;

and the same praise may be given to the drawing of the ruins of the Bishop's Palace (Plate v.). There is a want of perspective in “The Foot, Shapinsay” (Plate viii.); and the larger landscapes are less successful, because the method of the artist is less adapted to such work than to the smaller “bits” of architecture and the designs of grotesque crags and breaks in the cliffs.

**The Delgravia Annual** (Chatto and Windus) is, as usual, an excellent companion on a railway journey. We cannot praise Mr. Wilkie Collins's story; but “Pausodyne,” by that versatile writer Mr. Arbuthnot Wilson, is amusing; and Mr. James Payn's “Two Delicate Cases” cannot fail to divert the gloomiest reader.

**Vanity Fair Album** (Office of “Vanity Fair”).—It is not the fault of the artists that they have to caricature men of whom the great public never heard. Of about half of the “statesmen” here delineated the names are to us perfectly unfamiliar; and, if one has heard of Mr. Ryle and Alderman Fowler, it is scarcely as statesmen that they are best known to this generation. The drawings, however, of Mr. Frederick Archer, Lord Harris, Mr. Burnand, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Colonel Gordon represent persons who have really won fame, and are, therefore, interesting enough.

**The White Chapel** (Esmé Stuart. S.P.O.K.)—Nobody would ever guess the meaning of the title of this amusing little story. It is nothing less than the name given by an old lady to her bed, on account of a fanciful analogy to the chapel wherein the maiden knight kept watch in the middle ages. The old lady, in spite of her imaginative turn of mind, is a very pleasant and wise person, who takes a little girl to educate and bring up. This child is admirably drawn, and so are her brothers who come to pay her a visit, and send her to Coventry because they find her out on a midnight expedition to the cathedral. Poor Patty is made very miserable at their openly expressed preference for a cousin who is “quite a young lady,” and at having her devotion, which has aspired to learning how to mend their old boots, openly set at naught. Miss Stuart is so successful in her sketches of children that we hope she will give us many more of them.

**Every Boy's Annual** (Routledge).—The four continents and most of the centuries have been laid under contribution, to furnish entertainment for every boy. The Rev. H. C. Adams sends some interesting Traveller's Tales, and Lady Lamb furnishes short accounts of various popular historical personages. We must, however, protest against the shameless way in which Francis I. is flattered in the picture on p. 178. The artist has drawn him as the elegant young monarch one somehow imagines him to be, before one has seen the contemporary long-nosed portraits that represent him as he really was.

The marvellous adventures of two very plucky and amusing children, Tumpy and Chuffy, must be read in *Among the Ghibys* (Sydney Hodges. Illustrated by H. Petherick. Remington, 1881). This is a volume of fantastic travels, which we think children will find really entertaining, while the fraternal affection of Chuffy and Tumpy is as much to be imitated as their plan of scaling a Welsh mountain with no provisions but a box of acid drops is an example to be avoided. The little book somehow reminds one of childhood and its day-dreams, and the numerous pictures, among which that of “the shoe house” is particularly humorous, will be the joy of many nurseries; some of the landscapes are particularly impressive. While that king of nonsense, Mr. Lewis Carroll, rests on the laurels of *Alice*, we are not likely to have a more pleasant book of fantasy than *Among the Ghibys*.

**The Adventures of Herr Baby** (Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Macmillan).—Mrs. Molesworth has written a more successful child's book than usual, and this time we believe that children will be honestly interested in *The Adventures of Herr Baby*. These adventures, it is true, were but small, as we should expect from his size and age; but they are told in a natural straightforward way, and without any grown-up reflections. We cannot, however, help thinking that Mrs. Molesworth makes her children talk in unnecessarily quaint language; at least it is not common among the infants of our own acquaintance to converse after the following fashion:—“Not in winter, Fritz,” said Baby, “him wouldn't mind in winter when the water are so cold. Lisa, when the wevvy cold mornings comes, him's going to be a Frantiker.” This kind of talk would be hopelessly confusing to a child who was reading to itself. Many of the illustrations are very pretty, though “Baby” is frightfully fat.

**Milly and Olly** (Mrs. T. H. Ward. Illustrated by Mrs. Alma-Tadema. Macmillan).—Mrs. Ward's story is written in very little words, and is intended only for very little children. It is simple and uneventful, except for those small events which make up the sum of children's lives, and are contemplated in early years through a very large telescope. Mrs. Ward has not attempted any lofty heights, or any out-of-the-way effects. She has taken two ordinary children and related the history of their trip to the mountains, and the pleasures that awaited them there, in plain, easy language that will render her book acceptable to those for whom it is intended.

**The Three Trappers: a Story of Adventures in the Wilds of Canada** (Achilles Daunt. Nelson).—It is a melancholy fact that, as Mr. Daunt says in his preface, many of the buffalo herds are becoming extinct in Canada, and are only to be found in scattered groups on the sides of the Rocky Mountains. What the writers of boys' books will do without these useful animals we are at a loss to imagine. They fill so many gaps when other quadrupeds are exhausted, and form a kind of temperate zone between the tropical lion and the polar bear. All kinds of beasts, however, brighten the pages of *The Three Trappers*, the scenes of which is laid in the North-West Territory. Grizzly bears, antelopes,



grey wolves, rattle-snakes, and many others cross the stage, and we fear that these trappers have to answer for much of the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter which their biographer deplora. The book is well written and interesting, and boys will pick up a quantity of useful information.

*Hillside* (F. H. Morgan. Griffith and Farran).—*Hillside* will have a special interest to people dwelling on the north coast of Yorkshire, for it tells of that country in the beginning of the century, when smuggling was at its height. The characters talk in the rather didactic fashion which seems to be considered as much a part of the life of the period as the rosewood furniture or the horror of "Boney"; but the book is perhaps none the worse for that, and contains plenty of adventures.

*Unto His Life's End* (Ursula. S.P.C.K.).—It is not possible to imagine a more well-meaning book than this; but we are obliged to confess that it is very dull. Did any set of boys that ever lived talk and act after the manner of these; or, if they did, would other boys be found to read about them? It is difficult enough for a woman to draw a man, but when she attempts to describe a boy the failure is generally more absolute still.

*The Young Draytons* (Mary F. A. Trench. S.P.C.K.).—The young Draytons made themselves famous by escaping into the Bush to avoid their coming stepmother, who afterwards turned out to be their favourite playmate. The boys have quantities of adventures, and end by having to stand for hours in a creek, out of the way of the burning Bush. However, all's well that ends well, and they got home at last much ashamed of their folly.

*The Union Jack: a Magazine of Stirring Tales both by Land and Sea*, 1881 (Edited by G. R. Henty. Sampson Low).—*The Union Jack* is a magazine of the usual sort. There is a story by Jules Verne, called "The Steam Horse," which is certain to prove attractive; and one by Mr. Penn, always a lively writer. Then there are papers on birds, chapters on insects, and prizes offered for pictures, which we sincerely hope will be superior to the numerous and hideous illustrations scattered through the book.

*A Gem of an Aunt* (Mary E. Gellie. Griffith and Farran) was one of those abnormal creatures who reward their infant relatives for getting into worse scrapes than usual by an extra slice of bread and jam. The story is exceedingly simple, and only intended for very young children.

*A Boy's Ideal* (Frances E. Cooke. Sonnenschein).—The "Boy" was Sir Thomas More, and the book is a pleasant sketch of his genial life. We are glad to welcome something strong among the rather weak-minded tales that are considered appropriate to Christmas.

*Grizzy's Story* (Mary Dawson. S.P.C.K.).—Grizzy is a doll, which tells her history to her little mistress when she is waiting for her tea. The tale begins at the time that the doll emerges, unclothed, from the toy-shop, to be sent to the poor woman and her daughters, whose business it is to dress her for sale. We are let off with one illustration, but that is very bad.

Among Nursery books we have R. Caldecott's *Picture Book*, No. 2 (Routledge), in which the "Farmer's Boy" and the "Queen of Hearts" are added to our old favourites. The King of Hearts is a most royally insane person, and the Queen's cat an intelligent animal. The landscape in the "Farmer's Boy" has a pleasant air of the country.

*The Merry Nursery* (Strahan and Co.) is a pleasing miscellany of pictures, verses, and fairy tales.

There is more elaborate art in *Eva's Mulberry Tree* (Seeley), an epic of the English nursery, with coloured pictures by E. L. Seeley.

Nursery rhymes are fancifully illustrated in *Pinafores, Red Coats, and Blue Jackets* (Warne and Co.).

*Three Wise Old Couples* (Words by Mrs. Corbett. Pictures by Hopkins. Cassell, Petter, and Co.) is a romance in the manner of the *True History of Lucian*.

In *Grandpapa's Verses and Pictures* (Griffith and Farran) the verses are not so good as Mr. Morris's illustrations; but they are intelligible and have a story to tell.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

**R**EADERS of Mr. Woolner's charming poem, *My Beautiful Lady*, will have looked forward with much interest to the production of his *Pygmalion* (1), a subject which it seemed especially fitting that Mr. Woolner should take in hand. In treating it he has struck out a new line, the nature of which may be most readily indicated by a quotation from the speech made to Pygmalion by Aphrodite when she reveals herself in answer to his prayers:—

This my reward, your Hebe shall have life  
And immortality. For times to come  
Shall sing your story. Not the sweetest dream,  
As stretched you lay on shadowed forest bank,  
Has ever promised such a paradise  
As mine awaiting you. But, hark! Before  
These high Olympian gifts are yours to hold,  
Braced must you be to battle for your own.  
Dire hate will strew your path with scorpions,  
And dog you for your life. Foul calumny  
Will taint your name with poisonous lies, truth-tinged,  
Whereat familiar friends fall back appalled,  
While other loved ones sledge the barbed lies.  
For Gods do not their rarest gifts bestow  
Without sure test and payment.

Accordingly, we are told how, by the artful plottings of an envious pupil, the mob of Cyprus is stirred up against Pygmalion; how his popularity is suddenly restored by his overthrow of three ruffians, among them the pupil, who set upon him and attempt to murder him one night; how he is chosen as commander-in-chief to resist the attack of the Egyptians; and how, finally, he, on the death of the old King, is elected to the throne of Cyprus. All this is described for us in finely-flowing verse; but among the most interesting passages of the book are those which in its earlier part deal with Pygmalion in his workshop, and describe the various groups which he has

Laboured to show; bound by those rules of Art  
The Wise had found inexorably fixed.

As to the coming to life of the statue of Hebe, Mr. Woolner has, it may be thought, hardly made his meaning sufficiently clear. Ianthe, one of the maidens of the sculptor's mother, has stood to him for the statue, and the artist and his model are in love with each other without either knowing the other's feelings, until Orsinus, Pygmalion's friend, asks Pygmalion to sue for Ianthe's hand in his behalf. This task Pygmalion loyally discharges, but his doing so leads to an explanation, and to his seeking his mother in company with Ianthe, and crying, "O mother, I have found her! Hebe! she is come to life!" The cry is taken up, and the report of a miracle is noised in the city. This is a pretty enough conceit; but it is open to the objection that the intervention of the goddess was hardly necessary to bring about the wedding of Pygmalion and Ianthe. As we have said, there are many charming qualities in Mr. Woolner's verse, but he seems to have caught from another writer an unpleasant trick of leaving out the definite and indefinite article, instances of which are found in this verse from a song:—

On bough a white dove gazed at me  
When I was sad;  
In grass a serpent gazed at me  
When I was glad:  
I hated dove to gaze at me  
When I was sad;  
I laughed to see the serpent gaze  
When I was glad.

To be consistent Mr. Woolner should have written, "I laughed to see serpent gaze." The account of the battle at the end of the poem, between the Egyptians and the Cypriotes under Pygmalion's command, is full of spirit.

Mrs. Pfeiffer has written a preface to her book, *Under the Aspens* (2), in which she says that "The Wynnes of Wynhavod," the dramatic part of the book, was written in the hope that it might, "with the kindly aid of some borrowed technical experience, be found proper for representation on the stage." Her first attempt, however, at "benefiting by managerial help induced an experience of so different a nature that I was fain to make this earliest example of the treatment to which authors are liable at the hands of managers my last, and to content myself with an appeal to the public on literary ground alone. With this view, the purely subjective parts of the play have received additions in places where it has appeared that characters and situations, denied the advantage of scenic illustration, would benefit by further verbal development." Mrs. Pfeiffer has undoubtedly, as she goes on to say, faced many difficulties in writing a drama of modern life in blank verse throughout; and if, as the preface seems to imply, she has been discourteously treated, we are sorry for her; but we cannot be in the least surprised at any manager not having found "The Wynnes of Wynhavod" "proper for representation on the stage." It has, in truth, not one dramatic quality. The plot is lacking in novelty, strength, and plausibility; and the characters are but *simulacra*. More than once Mrs. Pfeiffer makes the serious mistake of preparing her readers for situations which at the last moment are interfered with. Thus one scene is delayed by a game of cross-purposes which comes to nothing, and in another the villain three several times takes aim at the lovers with a pistol, and as many times lowers it, overcome with remorse. At the end of the same scene occurs this remarkable stage direction:—"Robert Murdoch sinks upon a chair and raises the pistol to his mouth. The discharge is heard as the curtain descends." The verse is throughout pleasant and polished, but more than the power of writing smooth verse is wanted to make a play. In the lyrical part of the book there is far more to admire, and Mrs. Pfeiffer has handled the difficult subject of "Rorke's Drift" with much spirit; while we may give special praise to the sonnet "Learn of the Dog."

A second and enlarged edition has appeared of Signor Bach's lectures on musical education (3), a work which is very well worth the attention of all who are interested in the art of singing. In a singularly modest preface Signor Bach writes, "Properly speaking, there is nothing new to be said respecting the art of singing, yet I should deem myself fortunate if I could impart to my readers everything of real importance that has been handed down to us from the old Italian school." He goes on to explain that the demand for a second edition has prevented him from following "Horace's advice not to hurry the publication of literary productions, but rather to keep them in one's desk for nine years," and "consequently, I have to come forward even at the risk of learning from some modern Horace that this little work

(2) *Under the Aspens: Lyrical and Dramatic*. By Emily Pfeiffer. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, & Co.

(3) *On Musical Education and Vocal Culture*. By Alberto B. Bach. Second Edition, enlarged. With a Lecture on the Equalization of the Voice. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

(1) *Pygmalion*. By Thomas Woolner. London: Macmillan & Co.

ought to have been kept in the desk, not for nine years only, but for ever." We feel sure that Signor Bach's readers will be grateful to him for not having kept his little work in his desk. It is full of interest and value. On the very important question of breathing Signor Bach is perfectly sound and lucid, and what he has to say might be studied advantageously both by amateurs and by many professional singers. Such a study would prevent its being possible to hear what it was not very long ago our misfortune to hear—a singer undertaking an important part in an opera, and taking breath in the middle of a triplet. We are tempted to quote some excellent remarks of the author's in this connexion, concerning the old Italian school. He refers to Leonardo Leo, Francesco Durante, Nicolo Porpora, Antonio Pistocchi, and others, as authorities on the subject of breathing, and points out that "these masters were nearly all great singers; and their method, which will be the standard for all times, consisted mainly in the cultivation of the *portamento*, and the development of the voice, with noble formation of tone. . . . Nor was the florid style neglected, and it is with good reason to be recommended to every singer as a means of cultivating voice and delivery. All the writings on the old Italian school extant state that the florid style also formed a part of the singer's training, which must have contributed essentially to the mastery of *portamento* singing, which precisely in those times attained its highest artistic perfection, and the voices were then preserved in great freshness and healthiness for a remarkably long time. The notion of the modern school that ornamented singing would wear out the voice is, therefore, altogether wrong." Elsewhere Signor Bach seems to hint that the art possessed by the great masters whom he cites of "making each singer sing according to his capacity and the special peculiarities of his voice, and not all one way," is lost. In this he is possibly too pessimistic. There is at least one well-known teacher in London who has preserved this art. In his chapter or lecture on "Musical Culture" Signor Bach inveighs not one whit too strongly against the "so-called professors" who, having taken a dozen singing-lessons, set up as teachers of the art of singing, and find their profit and their pupils' loss in so doing. He recommends, most wisely, every one who wants to learn singing to go to "old opera and concert singers of established reputation, who are in possession of experience and skill, though only possessed of a remnant of voice"; and he goes on to quote Roger's feats—which have been rivalled, perhaps, by Signor Mario—after his voice had practically left him. Signor Bach's latest lecture, on "The Equalization of the Voice," has a special interest on which we cannot linger now, but of which we may possibly have something to say on a future occasion.

Captain Nicholson has written an unpretending and interesting account of what he has seen, and of the conclusions which he has drawn from his observations during his stay in Hawaii. His book (4) will be of the greatest use to those who may think of following in his footsteps, and contains plenty of matter that will amuse the general reader.

A new edition has appeared of Mr. D. G. Rossetti's poems (5).

We have also before us the Eversley Edition, beautifully got up and printed, of Charles Kingsley's works (6), to the first volume of which Mr. T. Hughes has prefixed an interesting and characteristic prefatory memoir.

The *édition de luxe* of Dickens's works published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall (7) is equal to other editions of the same kind in the excellence of its type, and is, of course, somewhat unwieldy in size—at least the volume now before us is. But this is a consideration which will not deter collectors from desiring to possess it.

There can be little doubt as to the attractions of the new *Cyclopædia for the Young* (8) issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Trench. The work has already had considerable success in America, but has undergone important modifications in the English edition. "The American edition naturally drew its illustrations from objects with which boys and girls in America would be most familiar; and among the animals described some would have little interest for readers in this country." In connexion with this it is a little odd to find an article devoted to the chipmunk, which contains no hint that chipmunks are not to be found in England; and some English boys and girls may be puzzled at learning that "cats' skins are used for making sleigh robes." Perhaps, however, the few little slips of this kind may have their use in leading "the young" to ask for further information. It may be well to add that the subjects treated are confined to the natural sciences, and to practical details of arts and manufactures.

There is a peculiarity about the "new edition" of the *Curiosities of Literature* (9) which calls for notice. The unwary reading the "Advertisement," which is dated London, 1881, might think that

it was in every sense a new edition. The Advertisement runs as follows:—

This is the first collected edition of a series of works which have separately attained to a great popularity: volumes that have been always delightful to the young and ardent inquirer after knowledge. They offer as a whole a diversified miscellany of literary, artistic, and political history, of critical disquisition and biographic anecdote, such as it is believed cannot be elsewhere found gathered together in a form so agreeable and so attainable. To this edition is appended a Life of the Author by his son, also original notes, which serve to illustrate or to correct the text, where more recent discoveries have brought to light facts unknown when these volumes were originally published.

Now this is, word for word, the Advertisement prefixed to the edition of 1859, except that in that edition the words "to this edition is appended a Life of the Author by his son, also original" &c. &c. do not occur. The 1859 Advertisement runs "so agreeable and so attainable. Some notes are appended to illustrate," &c. In other respects the "new edition"—Life, notes, and all—is a reprint of the edition of 1859.

We have before us several volumes of Routledge's sixpenny series of novels (10) which are well chosen and well printed.

Captain Verney has written a little manual containing the rules of four-handed chess (11) as played by himself and his friends, and various remarks upon the game. Whether the game will ever become popular is of course an open question; but the writer, in a letter to the *Times* on September 20, said that many good chess-players agreed with him that, as far as mere amusement went, the four-handed was a better game than the ordinary one. Captain Verney, it may be added, will "be very glad to hear at any time from players of four-handed chess, and to promote as far as possible its introduction both in Chess Clubs and private families."

The success of Mr. Paley's first little volume of *Greek Wit* (12) has induced him to issue a second series as well selected and as prettily got up as the first.

Miss Ryan's book on *Convalescent Cookery* (13) is full of sound sense and useful hints. We are only sorry to miss in the "Miscellaneous Recipes" a description of the invaluable *lait de poule*.

Mr. George Smith of Coalville has followed up his *Canal Population* with another book (14), which is eminently characteristic, which contains many facts of much importance concerning the working or non-working of the Canal Boats Act of 1877, and which we sincerely hope may do something to advance the cause which he has at heart, and for which he has laboured so much.

Readers of Mr. Church's former work will assuredly welcome his charming version of *The Story of the Persian War* (15), with its carefully chosen and carefully coloured illustrations. The style is as good as possible, as may be seen by, amongst other things, the version of the story of Hippocides.

(10) *Routledge's Demy 8vo. Sixpenny Novels—Night and Morning.* By Lord Lytton. *Jacob Faithful.* By Captain Marryat, &c. &c. London: Routledge.

(11) *Four-handed Chess.* By Captain George Hope Verney. London: Routledge.

(12) *Greek Wit: a Collection of Smart Sayings and Anecdotes.* Translated from Greek Prose Writers by F. A. Paley, M.A. Second Series. London: Bell.

(13) *Convalescent Cookery. a Family Handbook.* By Catherine Ryan. London: Chatto & Windus.

(14) *Canal Adventures by Moonlight.* By George Smith (of Coalville), Author of "Our Canal Population." London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(15) *The Story of the Persian War, from Herodotus.* By the Rev Alfred J. Church. With illustrations from the Antique. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

or

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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(4) *From Sword to Share; or, a Fortune in Five Years at Hawaii.* By Captain H. Whalley Nicholson. London: Allen & Co.

(5) *Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* A New Edition. London: Ellis & White.

(6) *Alton Locke.* By Charles Kingsley. With a Prefatory Memoir by T. Hughes, Q.C. London: Macmillan.

(7) *The Edition de Luxe of Charles Dickens's Works.* 30 vols. Vol. V. *Sketches by Boz.* London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

(8) *The Little Cyclopædia of Common Things.* Edited by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart. With numerous illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(9) *Curiosities of Literature.* By Isaac Disraeli. New Edition, edited by Lord Beaconsfield. 3 vols. London: Murray & Co.

THE

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### THE PROPERTY DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE attendance at the important meeting at the Mansion House was on the whole satisfactory. The presence of Lord POWERSCOURT, of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and of other Liberal politicians, as well as the letter of the Duke of WESTMINSTER, proved that the movement is not confined to one political party. It is to be regretted that Mr. HUBBARD should have thought it necessary to oppose the objects of the meeting, although many persons probably agree in his opinion that the Association will to some extent undertake duties which properly belong to the Government. The subscription deserves support so fully that there is some inconvenience in expressing the incidental reflections which it suggests. The organizations in Ireland which the promoters intend to assist furnish an answer to the heartless taunts addressed by Mr. GLADSTONE and others to the persecuted Irish landlords. The Emergency Committee and the Property Defence Association have done more than could be expected to counteract the agrarian conspiracy which the Land Act has rather encouraged than checked; but the landowners, with the exception of those who have resources independently of their Irish estates, are unable to contribute largely; and it is not remarkable that Englishmen who are interested in the protection of property should come to their aid. The favoured correspondent who on behalf of the Irish Land League habitually supplies the *Times* with paradoxes and fallacies affects to believe that those who have responded to the invitation of the LORD MAYOR are exclusively City capitalists, because they have held their meeting in the Mansion House. The subscribers are, according to Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, landlords of the Irish landlords; or, in other words, mortgagees who are the ultimate recipients of the rents. They are also confounded with purchasers under "the infamous Encumbered Estates Acts," which were, as it may be remembered, passed with the unanimous approval of all parties for the purpose of substituting new and solvent owners for the old race of needy and embarrassed landlords. It is notorious that the purchasers whose Parliamentary title has been summarily disregarded by Parliament were for the most part Irishmen of the middle class, who thought that their money might be safely invested in land. The few English capitalists who may have engaged in the same speculation are perhaps better able to bear the loss; and it is improbable that they were largely represented at the City meeting.

Although no official statement of the objects of the movement has yet been published, the funds which may be collected will probably be applied to the purchase of interests and property which may be sold under legal process employed for the recovery of rent. Notwithstanding the slackness of the Government in discharging its primary duties, there is reason to believe that protection will be afforded to the officers of the law and to purchasers. It will be a matter for further consideration and experiment to ascertain how property lawfully acquired may be securely enjoyed. The Association can only confer legal possession on those who may be duly entitled. It is the business of the Executive Government, under its general powers or with the aid of special enactments, to suppress violence and disorder. The clamour against the Association as instigators to civil war may be answered by the fact that the Association is not a party to the instigation of the Land

sincere. No administrator of the Mansion House fund will have any material force at his disposal, for the public authorities will be exclusively responsible for the employment of the soldiery and the police. It might fairly be argued that the expense of protecting property ought to be borne by the nation rather than by the litigants; but there is no time or leisure to raise doubtful questions; and it is known that the sufferers appeal to private liberality for immediate aid. Competition in subscriptions with Fenian clubs in the United States may be undignified and unsatisfactory, but it is better that the conspirators should be defeated with their own weapons than that they should organize systematic robbery without opposition. It is perhaps superfluous to answer charges of complicity with civil war which are preferred by systematic advocates of treason.

It may be hoped that the subscription will not be discouraged by the awkward advocacy of Ministerial journals, and especially of the *Times*. The perverse attempt to devolve the responsibility of Government on a voluntary Association was caused perhaps rather by involuntary obtuseness than by deliberate partisanship. The answer to an imaginary charge of departure from strict neutrality was altogether unnecessary. At the present moment every honest politician is bound to take a part in the struggle between justice and violence. The apologists of crime have actually founded an argument on the strange decisions of the Irish Sub-Commissioners. The judicial spoliation of owners is cited as a proof that injustice had been previously inflicted on occupiers; and it is not obscurely hinted that the refusal of rent is partially excused by the excessive amounts which have hitherto been levied. It is perhaps not surprising that the assurances by which the Government persuaded Parliament to pass the Land Act should be disavowed when they have affected their object. Subscribers to the Mansion House fund cannot pretend to be neutral between right and wrong. It is essential to the success of their enterprise that they should dissociate themselves from party politics. As far as they are concerned, the question whether the Government has discharged its duty may be conveniently left in abeyance. Their contributions are destined to supply an undoubted want; and it is not their present business to inquire whether it has been artificially created. If they publicly attribute blame to the Government, they will alienate its devoted followers; and they would cause more general irritation by adopting the doctrines propounded by the *Times*. Some willing contributors might refuse to take part in a movement which was founded on the assumption that the enforcement of the law was a proper object of voluntary organization. The theory was implicitly abolished when private warfare was discontinued.

If Mr. O'DONNELL is justified in his assertion that various incumbrancers will share in any relief which may be afforded to landlords, there seems to be no reason to regret the result. A creditor who has advanced money on land is as well entitled to the benefit of his security as the borrower to the surplus on the reversion. It is scarcely advantageous to the entire Irish community that it has become impossible to obtain any advance of capital even for profitable purposes. Mortgagees are not the only partners in the property which ostensibly belongs to the landowners. Widows and younger children commonly depend for their livelihood on the proceeds of the estate which the occupiers, at the instigation of the Land

League, are dividing among themselves. It may during the present reign of terror be found impossible to provide successors to the usurping occupiers; but something will be gained if they are legally and actually evicted. It is not necessary that every contributor to the Mansion House Fund should understand the details of the process by which the landlords and their creditors are to be assisted and protected. The Irish landlords who have associated themselves for their own defence have given the best proof of their confidence in the organization by consenting to rateable assessments which most of them can ill afford while the richer owners have in addition given liberal subscriptions. If in some instances they have done at their own expense what ought to have been done by the Government, they are not to be blamed. Their action against recalcitrant tenants will not be always or necessarily hostile. Many of the occupiers are willing as well as able to pay their rents in the reasonable belief that the law of property will at some future time be once more enforced. Payment to avoid immediate eviction will perhaps even by the Land League be so far deemed excusable as to exempt the tenant from liability to murder or even to the mutilation of his cattle. In such a case force, as far as it is applied to the protection of the officers of the law, will be a remedy.

Mr. GLADSTONE's telegraphic message to the LORD MAYOR, received on the day of the meeting, is so far explicit and satisfactory that the Government admits the movement to be justifiable. It could scarcely be expected that the Ministers should add the expression of a more definite opinion. The Irish Government has offered no discouragement to the efforts of the Property Defence Association; and it must be allowable to aid by pecuniary contributions any organization which has a lawful purpose. The Duke of WESTMINSTER, one of the most faithful supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE, defines the object of the Defence Association as "the re-establishment of law and order, and the prevention of plunder." The greatness of the danger, or rather the extent of the evil, which prevails is well explained by Mr. PLUNKET in his powerful speech at Leicester. If Mr. HUBBARD were right in his opinion that the fund was intended to take up the work of Government in Ireland, it would be better that a necessary task should be accomplished by anomalous methods than that it should be wholly neglected; but Mr. GLADSTONE in his communication to the LORD MAYOR sufficiently answered Mr. HUBBARD. The lists of subscribers will be watched with a certain interest. Of the great landowners in the south of Ireland, Lord FITZWILLIAM is for the present the most conspicuous supporter of the movement. He had previously joined the Property Defence Association, and subscribed liberally to its funds in addition to his proportional assessment. Among the greater English and Scotch landowners who attended the meeting or approved its objects are not only the Duke of SUTHERLAND, who has, perhaps, detached himself from the Liberal party, but the Duke of BEDFORD, as well as the Duke of WESTMINSTER. It may be inferred from the guarded language of Mr. GLADSTONE's message that none of the Ministers will allow their names to appear as subscribers to the fund, though some of them most heartily approve its objects.

#### FRANCE AND TUNIS.

THE debate on the affairs of Tunis in the French Senate allowed the two best speakers in France to engage in an equal and honourable conflict. The attack of the Duke de BROGLIE and the defence of M. GAMBETTA were alike in the best style of French Parliamentary oratory—in that easy, vague, conversational style which permits a constant flow of hints, repartees, and satires, a constant display of the adroitness that chooses or shifts the issues of debate, and a constant interchange of the politeness that wounds with a smile, and the moderation that simulates the abandonment of a contest in which victory is assured. A debate conducted in this way is, not perhaps so impressive as a debate conducted in the English style. The speakers do not so completely exhaust their subject, do not so fully force home their points by the artifices of varied repetition, and do not find such natural occasions for the flights of laboured rhetoric or the bursts of genuine oratory. But it is more interesting, more animated, and far shorter. There is nothing

worth adding that could be added to the exposition which the Duke de BROGLIE gave of the intricacies and dangers which must attend the future relations of France and Tunis. But, on the other hand, few chiefs of a new Cabinet could rival the skill with which M. GAMBETTA neither associated himself with his predecessors nor threw them over, and, without committing himself to any particular course, gave the impression that innumerable solutions of Tunisian difficulties were present to his ingenious mind. The Duke de BROGLIE gave a piquant sketch of the leading episodes of the expedition, of the subterfuges of M. ST.-HILAIRE, and of the fright of the FERRY Ministry lest what they were doing should be known before the elections. He soared into poetry when he spoke of the noble sons of French homes who have strewn with their dead bodies the devouring sands of that land of fire. But all this did not touch M. GAMBETTA. He stripped some of the romance off the last statement by remarking that the total loss of the French army had only been eleven hundred men; but as to the statements of M. ST.-HILAIRE and the manoeuvres of M. FERRY, he replied that he was only a simple deputy at the time and had no responsibility. The Duke is much too able a debater to press a point where the reply of his adversary is on the surface absolutely complete, and he passed on to discuss the future for which M. GAMBETTA will be incontestably responsible. He urged that a protectorate had all the evils of annexation; that France, whether protecting Tunis or annexing it, would have the Porte as its neighbour, and suffer all the inconveniences of the neighbourhood; that if France controlled the revenues of Tunis, she must pay or guarantee the Tunisian debt; that a large portion of the French army would be locked up in a quarter where it would be useless in a European war; and that most disagreeable diplomatic quarrels would arise possibly with Spain, probably with England, and certainly with Italy. Why should not a French Ministry have the boldness to imitate the English Ministry—to retire from a dangerous situation into which the country ought never to have been dragged, to disregard the temporary clamour of an aggrieved patriotism, and to give up Tunis as England had given up the Transvaal. It is true that the BARDO Treaty exists; but, as the Duke inquired, is it too much to hope that the BER might be induced to give up even the BARDO Treaty if the gentle methods of persuasion which influenced him last May were again applied?

It was for M. GAMBETTA an easy retort that there was nothing he should like better than to make with Tunis a treaty like that which England has made with the Transvaal—a treaty by which a French agent, and no other agent, was to reside in Tunis, and Tunis was to be cut off from the world except through the intervention of French diplomacy. The parallel of Tunis and the Transvaal is obviously a false one; and the Duke merely meant to say that the argument from the national honour of France being engaged in Tunis must not be strained so as to make perpetual a blunder that might be made temporary. When he came to speak of what was to be the future of Tunis, M. GAMBETTA threw little light on Tunis but very much light on himself. One of the witnesses in the ROUSTAN trial said that, at the period of which he was speaking, M. GAMBETTA knew nothing about Tunis; and this ignorance seems to have lasted in its full intensity until about three or four weeks ago. Tunis is to him a new field of knowledge and thought, and its novelty stimulates his imagination. He approaches this subject as he approaches other subjects—with a profound conviction that, however puzzling the subject may seem, he will somehow find the right solution; and that he will not only adopt it, but make others see that it is the right solution. He allows his mind to play freely over the ground before it. He likes to think of every possibility, and when a subject is so new to him as Tunis, many things seem possible which a person who had been thinking over Tunis longer would know to be impossible. Nothing could have been more singular than the spectacle of a Minister laying his crude thoughts before Parliament, owning that they were crude, and owning that at present he does not know which thought is better and more valuable than any other thought. But nothing could show more clearly that the Minister who has now to decide what France is to do in Tunis approaches this difficult question with a perfectly unfettered mind. Perhaps it may be better to continue the Financial Commission in Tunis; perhaps not. Possibly something like the Egyptian plan, with



Controllers-General, would do; possibly, as Egypt and Tunis are very unlike, it would not do. It might be necessary to make France responsible for the debt of Tunis or it might be unnecessary. Diplomatic difficulties might also be smoothed over. England was already quite inclined to be pleasant about Tunis, and as to Italy M. GAMBETTA thought that there might be even with Italy some sort of tractation. One of his hearers called out that this was quite a new word, and M. GAMBETTA cheerfully replied that he had coined a word, because no existing word expressed the peculiarly delicate arrangement, or approach to an arrangement, which he had in his head. A Minister coining ideas and coining words visibly in the face of all men would certainly have awakened the French sense of the ridiculous had it not been so obvious that no one but a strong man could have ventured to do it. It bespoke a belief in himself to which his audience involuntarily responded. France knows no more of what is to be done in Tunis than it knew a week ago, but it knows that the decision is in the hands of a man who has that union of imagination and tenacity which sometimes leads to great disasters, but also leads to great successes.

M. ROUSTAN has this week been the hero of a trial which has largely gratified the scandal-loving public. M. ROCHFORD had printed in his paper a statement that M. ROUSTAN had got up the Tunis expedition for stock-jobbing purposes, had taken bribes, and had been the accomplice of an Italian adventuress who had extraordinary influence, and freely sold her influence for M. ROUSTAN's benefit and her own. M. ROUSTAN has come from Tunis expressly to show that this statement is a libel and is wholly untrue. The conduct of a French trial is so very peculiar, and so utterly inconsistent with English notions of what a trial ought to be, that it is almost irrelevant to criticize the evidence offered on either side. M. CAMILLE PELLETAN said that he had travelled lately in Tunis, and had heard that M. ROUSTAN took bribes. M. WADDINGTON testified that he had the highest respect for M. ROUSTAN, and could state that M. ROUSTAN was now as poor as when he went to Tunis. M. DE LESSERES solemnly testified that the lady was very pretty. Another witness with equal solemnity deposed that she was forty-eight, and that M. ROUSTAN was not in the least likely to be swayed by her charms. A side controversy was discussed with extreme acrimony as to whether M. DE BILLING had or had not been authorized by M. ST.-HILAIRE to report to him on Tunis. M. DE BILLING established the fact that he had sent M. ST.-HILAIRE a report; but then M. ST.-HILAIRE as clearly proved that directly he got the report he put it in the fire. There is no apparent bearing in this or in any part of the evidence on the question whether M. ROUSTAN took bribes. The gossip of Tunis says he did, and M. ROUSTAN says he did not, and M. WADDINGTON and M. ST.-HILAIRE believe M. ROUSTAN and disbelieve the gossip. What with the debate as to the lady's charms, and what with a man like M. ST.-HILAIRE publicly calling an adverse witness a liar, there was enough and more than enough to amuse a Parisian public. The case only became serious when the jury gave a verdict of acquittal in spite of a strong indication on the part of the judge that the verdict ought to have been for the prosecution. Juries in political trials have very peculiar ways of conducting themselves, and it is understood that the jury meant to say, not that M. ROUSTAN had taken bribes, but that they do not like the company he had kept, and, still more, that they were heartily sick of the whole Tunis business. If the general feeling of France can be collected from the illogical verdict of a single jury, M. GAMBETTA may congratulate himself on having a freer field before him than was present to his mind when he was answering the Duke DE BROGLIE. He will, for example, have little difficulty in settling as he may think proper the Enfidra case, which has now assumed a new aspect. Mr. LEVY has been forcibly dispossessed. He has been turned out by Tunisian officials in the presence of French troops. It would seem, therefore, as if the very thing had happened to prevent which Lord GRANVILLE sent in the spring an ironclad to Tunisian waters. But it is too early to treat what has happened as an affront to England. The whole tone of M. GAMBETTA's speech shows that he is sincerely anxious not to give England any just cause of complaint; and, if wrong has been done, and if Mr. LEVY has not been dispossessed in accordance with the judgment of a competent local court, M. GAMBETTA may be confidently expected to direct without delay that proper

reparation shall be made, and the jurymen who have made M. ROUSTAN's return to Tunis almost impossible will be the first to rejoice that the great Enfidra case, which was one of his pet creations, should be buried in his fall.

#### IRELAND IN IRELAND.

IT is rather an unfortunate incident of modern civilization that the public attention is drawn from one subject to another with an ever-increasing rapidity; but it would certainly be more than rather unfortunate if the subscription which has just been opened at the Mansion House should draw off public attention from the actual state of Ireland, on which not many days ago it was beginning to concentrate itself. The relation of the new movement to the functions of executive government is a highly interesting problem; the exact steps which it is proposed to take for the assistance of the Irish landlords and other law-abiding persons are also highly interesting. But the point of main importance is the actual condition of Ireland itself. In one, and in only one, respect that condition shows signs of improvement. The anarchy is worse than it was last winter, but the attitude of juries seems to be better. There is either less connivance or less fear, and convictions have in several instances been obtained which would pretty certainly not have been obtained at the Winter Assizes of 1880. This, of course, as far as it goes, is encouraging. But it is to be feared that it does not go very far. The Lords Committee on Irish juries showed decisively of what class they are now for the most part composed. It is the class which, as a rule, profits by outrages in Ireland, but does not commit them—the class of farmers just above the very smallest. This class is at the present moment in the receipt of constant gifts from the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act, and it is perfectly conceivable that the action of the IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL in his canvass for Derry may not have been without its effect on a people proverbially acute, and now eager only for gain, and entirely free from any sense of morality. "Return me," said the representative of law and order, "and such and such reductions of your rent will be the result." "Refuse to convict," Irish juries probably imagine the Government saying, "and the word will be passed to cease reducing." It was clear from the first that the Land Act would be capable of being worked as an enormous engine of bribery, and some satisfaction may be got out of the fact that some of the bribes have resulted in action in itself laudable.

It does not, however, appear that the recent convictions have in any way checked the evil-doers of the "No Rent" faction. The words of Mr. PLUNKET at Leicester the other day are those of a speaker who never uses words lightly, and whose knowledge of Irish history is perhaps equal to that of the English journalists who have taken the Duke of ABERCORN to task for exaggerating the relative gravity of the situation. Mr. PLUNKET says deliberately that "the oldest men cannot recall a time when the conscience of the Irish people was so demoralized and the attitude of the lawless so fierce and defiant." A statement like this is not rebutted by the vague and faltering optimism in which Lord CARLINGFORD indulged a few days later. The period which is assigned by Mr. PLUNKET certainly includes the time—some fifty years ago—to which the comparative anatomists of Irish crime are fond of referring. They choose to forget that at that time the population of Ireland was much greater than at present, which destroys the arithmetical proportion; and also they forget the less civilized condition of the country and the recent existence of galling restrictions, which destroy the logical proportion. But what they forget most of all is precisely what Mr. PLUNKET remembers. The gravity of the present situation lies, not so much in the actual outrages committed, not so much in the resistance towards English rule, as in the complete demoralization of the people. The cry of "No Rent!" is more subversive of society than any cry ever heard in Ireland before. And the cry of "No Rent!" which even Lord CARLINGFORD admits to be entirely novel, is the cry of the moment. There is no sign that this cry, whether in its simple form or in the disguise of demands for preposterous reductions, is growing any fainter; and there can be very

little doubt that, as has been more than once pointed out, nothing but a combined-attack on those who refuse to pay rent, and the application to them of the utmost rigour of the law, will do much good. It is in the possible assistance that may be rendered to such an attack by the new Mansion House subscription that its chief value consists.

The more, however, the actual state of Ireland is considered, the more certain does it become that, unless the present action of the Land Court is checked or modified, the demoralization of which Mr. PLUNKET complains will continue. For the source of that demoralization is the hope—it may be from the Land League, it may be from the Land Court—of inequitable, if not illegal, gain. It is not too much to say that every batch of decisions of the Sub-Commissioners tends to keep alive that hope. Persons like Mr. LABOUCHERE may find it convenient to assume that these decisions are unimpeachable, and that they prove the landlords to be in the wrong. Examination of the facts is utterly incompatible with any such assumption. Mr. GIBSON'S severe criticism of the constitution of the Sub-Commissioners may or may not be correct—that is a personal question on which it would be rather invidious to enter. But certain things are plain. The subject of Irish rents is no new one; it has been examined by authorities, partial and impartial, over and over again during the last half-century, and the result ratified and endorsed by the BESSBOROUGH Commission and the present PRIME MINISTER is that universal, or even general, over-renting could not be charged against the Irish landlord. Against this has to be set the fact that in hundreds of cases, taken presumably at random, and certainly from almost every part of Ireland, the instances in which rents have been raised will not exhaust the fingers of one hand, and those in which they have been left stationary are not much more numerous, while reductions have been wholesale and unsparing. If there were nothing more to be said, it would still be surprising that all the Commissions and all the independent witnesses for half a century should be wrong, and that a bevy of Sub-Commissioners, chosen at haphazard, underpaid, with strong inducements to do what they have done, should be right. But there is much more to be said. There are in evidence the preposterous dicta on which some of the more incautious Sub-Commissioners have publicly based their decisions. There is the fact that rents which tenants have paid for thirty, forty, and even sixty years, without experiencing any difficulty in "living" and "thriving," have been reduced. There is the impossibility, conclusive to experts, of properly examining farms at such a period of the year in such time as the Sub-Commissioners have allowed themselves. When all these things are taken together—the wonderful unanimity of the reductions; the conflict with precedent evidence; the wild principles announced; the physical difficulty, to use the mildest word, of revaluation by bird's-eye view; the suspicious circumstances of not a few of the judges—only the extreme prejudice can admit the decisions arrived at as even possessing an appearance of fairness. It may be said that the hearing of appeals will decide the matter, inasmuch as, despite some perilously loose language at first, the Commissioners themselves, or at least the majority of them, appear to be guided by some knowledge of law and some sense of justice. But it is forgotten that in only a very few instances do the cases go in groups, so that the affirmation of one principle will settle many disputes. In most the question is a question of facts, the very facts which the Sub-Commissioners have decided on the spot with light heels and hearts. The Commissioners may, indeed, appoint responsible valuers, or may even transfer themselves to the spot; but all this means delay and expense. The expense will deter many half-ruined landlords, the delay will encourage many wavering tenants. Thus there is hardly a chance of the demoralization ceasing because one at least of its main exciting causes is likely to continue. Perhaps the best thing to be done (and it is most probable that it will be done) would be the bringing of the conduct of the Sub-Commissioners formally before Parliament as soon after its opening, as possible, with abundant instances the collection of which will certainly not be difficult. It has been usual, and indeed natural, for Ministers to object to any criticism by pointing to the Court of Appeal. But the Court of Appeal is from the nature of the case unlikely, and indeed unable, to remedy the evil which the Courts

of First Instance are doing. It is the members of these Courts who are encouraging demoralization in Ireland; and while they go on as they have begun, that demoralization will continue.

#### FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. BLAINE'S despatches to the American Ministers at Lima and Santiago scarcely confirm the rumours to which they have given rise, though they contain one highly objectionable passage. The first of the series authorized Mr. CHRISTIANCY to recognize Señor CALDERON as President of Peru if he seemed likely to establish a constitutional Government. In the same despatch the SECRETARY of STATE recommended the Peruvians to accept unpalatable conditions of peace as more desirable than the continuance of foreign occupation. He further suggested the expediency of opening negotiations, if possible, before a preliminary cession of territory was demanded; but he added the declaration that the United States could not refuse to recognize the rights of Chili acquired by success in war. The victorious belligerent had on various occasions repeated the common form that the war was not one of conquest; but Mr. BLAINE had probably reasons for apprehending that a considerable cession of territory would be demanded. The first cause of quarrel was the interference of Bolivia with the private rights of certain Chilean citizens to mineral property in a district subject to Bolivian sovereignty. It soon afterwards appeared that the encroachment had been concerted with the Government of Peru, though the Peruvian Minister at Santiago was deliberately left in ignorance of the policy and engagements of his Government. In the contest which ensued, as in the Franco-German war of 1870, the wrongdoer was utterly defeated. After one or two combats the Peruvian fleet was taken or destroyed; and a Chilean army took possession of the hostile capital, which it has ever since retained. The Bolivians seem to have taken little part in the war which they had originally provoked; but probably the territory which had at first been the subject of dispute will be permanently annexed by the conqueror. In his despatches Mr. BLAINE only once mentions Bolivia, while he is anxious to prevent the infliction of unduly heavy penalties on Peru.

On the occupation of Lima President PIEROLA retired to the interior of the country. It is not known by what authority Señor CALDERON was appointed as his successor; but the American Minister, in the exercise of the discretion which had been allowed him, recognized his title. Mr. CHRISTIANCY was afterwards succeeded by Mr. HURLBUT, who apparently took a more active part in the dispute with Chili. Nothing in Mr. BLAINE'S instructions, as far as they have been published, justified his agent in declaring that the United States would refuse to recognize any compulsory cession of territory. On the contrary, the SECRETARY of STATE admitted that, in default of sufficient indemnities and guarantees, it might become a fair subject of consideration whether a cession of territory might not be exacted as the price of peace. A zealous subordinate perhaps wished to distinguish himself by assuming the protection of the weaker party; and he has consequently been severely censured, though his Government has not thought it necessary to recall him. The American Minister at Santiago, who has since died, was also reproved for undue zeal in the opposite cause to that which Mr. HURLBUT supported. Mr. HURLBUT'S intimation that the Chilean Government must forego the rights acquired by conquest was answered by the arrest of President CALDERON, who was sent as a prisoner to Santiago. Although no Republic in South America is likely to dispute the influence of the United States, the Government of Chili may probably have wished to assert its own independence. The American Government has no means of enforcing immediate obedience to its demands, as the coasts of Chili and Peru are out of reach of its land forces, and as it has no ironclad squadron at its disposal. It may be added that, except in one or two ambiguous phrases, Mr. BLAINE uses the language rather of friendly advice than of dictation. A friendly Power cannot be blamed for reminding a successful belligerent that "nothing is more difficult and dangerous than a forced transfer of territory carrying with it an indignant and hostile population." Similar warnings would perhaps have been addressed to Prince BISMARCK after the surren-

der of Paris, if there had been any permanent Power in Europe which could venture to address the German Government in a tone of superiority.

In a communication to the Chilean Government through the American Minister at Santiago, the SECRETARY of STATE makes the curious remark that the completeness of the Chilean victory renders diplomatic discussion impossible. He probably means to say that, with a view to the conclusion of a permanent peace, the victorious combatant would do well to facilitate the establishment in Peru of a regular Government with which it could negotiate. In the absence of accurate local knowledge, it is impossible to judge whether the annexation of any part of Peru would be advantageous to Chili. If such an acquisition were recommended by reasons of convenience, there would perhaps be little danger of arousing patriotic resentment on the part of the population which might be transferred. The former Spanish *Vas-royalties*, now formed into separate Republics, can scarcely have acquired the susceptibilities of States which have enjoyed an ancient independence. They all speak the same language and profess the same religion; and in many parts of the continent, since the date of liberation, States and provinces have been repeatedly divided and reunited. For some reason which is not generally understood, Chili has been more respectable and more prosperous than the neighbouring Republics; and its superiority has been conclusively established by the result of the present war. The South American States have sometimes recognized a kind of common patriotism, as when Chili and Peru jointly resisted the attempt of Spain during the Ministry of Marshal O'DONNELL to interfere with their independence. It is not known whether Chili has any partisans in Peru. Unless the bulk of the population is inclined to transfer its allegiance, the scheme of a permanent occupation of the conquered territory seems, as Mr. BLAINE justly says, to be inexpedient. It may perhaps be difficult to take security for any indemnity which might be stipulated between the parties. There is some force in Mr. BLAINE's contention that the first condition of peace is the institution of a regular and responsible Government. The added condition that it must also be constitutional is conventional and harmless. All South American Governments, since the overthrow of the despotism of LOPEZ in Paraguay, have been nominally constitutional. They are in reality for the most part administered by military adventurers under some transparent pretence of free election. If peace is made with any Peruvian President, it is important that he should be able to control his ostensible constituents.

A diplomatic despatch issued by the Government of the United States would seem to be incomplete if it were not decorated with some kind of defiance to the European Powers, which generally, though not always, are represented for the purpose by England. The peroration of Mr. BLAINE's despatch to the American Minister at Santiago is framed in accordance with established precedent. He thinks it necessary to consider how far the benevolent interposition of the United States "might be affected, and a more active interposition forced upon it [the "American Government], by any attempted complications "with European politics." There is no reason to suppose that Spain meditates any renewal of the injudicious enterprise of O'DONNELL; and it is difficult to imagine any other complication of the war between Chili and Peru with European politics. Mr. BLAINE's apprehensions more probably point to England, which has more important relations than those of Spain with the western coast of South America, as with other commercial regions. Both ordinary trade and the interests of English bondholders are injuriously affected by the present war; and the English Government would be fully justified in using any influence which it might possess to promote a peaceful settlement of the dispute. It is probable that the commercial relations of England with Chili and Peru are more considerable than those of the United States; and mediation or the employment of friendly offices could involve no complication with European politics. The pretension of exercising an exclusive control over the Republics of the Western hemisphere has never been conceded by England, nor, indeed, by any foreign Power. If the Government of the United States can induce the combatants to make peace, the result will be acceptable to England; but the same object would be equally welcome if it were attained by other means. It seems probable

that, since the arrest of President CALDERON, more active steps have been taken towards a reconciliation between Chili and Peru. Two special agents have been sent to assist or supersede the resident Ministers, and one of the new envoys is son of the SECRETARY of STATE. It might therefore have been conjectured that Mr. BLAINE hoped to effect a settlement before his own retirement from office, though the Chilean Government would perhaps not pay extraordinary deference to an outgoing Minister; but Mr. BLAINE has resigned without waiting to learn the result of his mission. His successor, Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN, will not formally retract any pretensions which may have been advanced by Mr. BLAINE; but it is possible that Mr. ARTHUR's policy may not be identical with that of Mr. GARFIELD.

#### PROTECTION IN GERMANY.

A PAMPHLET has been lately published at Berlin to which the English Board of Trade has accorded the unusual honour of publication in an abridged form as a Parliamentary paper. The authors of this pamphlet are clearly among those who are not without honour save in their own country. The one person who will not be impressed by their arguments is Prince BISMARCK. The high *a priori* reasoning in which the CHANCELLOR delights soars far above the tedious corrections supplied by facts and figures. He will not think the worse of his protective policy because the result from the first year's experience of its working has been to draw from an immense majority of the German Chambers of Commerce the most positive condemnation of the new tariff. The defenders of this tariff claim for it that it has been beneficial to German trade generally, and especially beneficial to certain trades of exceptional importance. In the preface to this pamphlet both these statements are denied. If there were any trace of trade improvement, whether general or particular, it would show itself in the annual Reports of the Chambers of Commerce. But, according to the greater part of these Reports, the improvement which was undoubtedly visible during part of the year 1880 was merely a phase of the revival of trade in all countries. This is shown by the fact that the improvement was greatest in the first six months of the year, when the action of the new tariff was modified by previous importations hurried forward to escape the impending duties. It was not until the second half of the year, when the supply of these exceptional imports was exhausted, that the results of Protection could be properly appreciated. Taking Germany as a whole, the general complaint is that in those second six months, when the remedy applied by Prince BISMARCK had really begun its beneficent work, the state of trade was far worse than it had been in the former part of the year. The truth is that Prince BISMARCK has not been able to make his protective policy sufficiently thoroughgoing. If it had been possible to protect all trades, he might at all events have had the whole of the producers on his side. As it is, he finds that the great majority of the producers are included among the injured consumers. The ironmasters, no doubt, declare that without the new duties they would have been worse off than they actually are. It may be noted, by the way, that this is the highest praise which the new tariff gets from any quarter. Nobody is any the better for it; only a few traders think that their present wretched condition would have been still more wretched without it. But then the numerous trades which have to buy iron, instead of selling it, tell a different story. They describe themselves as simply sacrificed to make the ironmasters richer. They are forced to pay high prices for native machinery, because foreign machinery is subjected to a prohibitive duty. In Germany, as elsewhere, there are many trades which are only able to undersell the foreigner in the home market if they have the benefit of free importation of cheap material and cheap machinery. Prince BISMARCK takes this indispensable advantage away from them, and in its place offers them a protective duty on their own goods. If he could compel the home consumer to buy these goods, the traders might be no losers by the exchange. As it is, however, the CHANCELLOR has merely given them a choice between two forms of ruin. They may either tack the duty on to their goods and see them remain on their hands, or they may go on selling them at the old prices, and see the whole of their profits

go to the Government in the form of duty. Either way there is nothing but ruin before them; and, in view of this prospect, they are not very ready to admit that the new policy has been a blessing to Germany because it has increased the profits of certain joint-stock Companies in the iron trade, or enabled the owners of coal-mines to employ more workmen and drive a brisker business.

This review of the present condition of German trade forms the preface to a series of extracts from the Reports of the German Chambers of Commerce for the year 1880. The Berlin Report speaks hopefully of what is to happen by and by, but it admits that as yet the expectations based on the new tariff have been signally disappointed. Protection, the Chamber declares, can only be beneficial when there is abundance of enterprise on the part of home manufacturers, which seems a little like saying that a wooden leg is of no value to a man who has got the full use of his limbs. In the other towns of Brandenburg, where the manufacture of cloth and linen are the chief industries, the future and the present are regarded as alike gloomy. These industries can only live by a cheap supply of raw material, and of this the new tariff has deprived them. West Prussia dislikes Prince BISMARCK'S policy heartily, as a province which depends for its prosperity upon its trade with Russia might be expected to do. The grain and timber trades seem to have suffered above all others. One Chamber reports that the immediate effect of the new tariff has been to pauperize the population. Another describes the existing trade depression as the necessary result of the new commercial regulations. From Westphalia and Rhonish Prussia we learn that a home demand, "the necessary factor" which can alone improve the local industries, is still wanting; and even the towns which declare themselves friendly to the new policy admit that prices were never so low as they were when the Report was written. Protection and low prices is a combination hitherto unheard of; and it is not one which is likely to recommend the policy which has created it. Conspicuous prosperity on the part of a few selected trades may blind the public to the low estate to which the rest have been reduced; but, when the trades for whose benefit the others have been ruined themselves complain that they were never so badly off as now, there is not much chance that the tariff which causes one of these results, while it leaves the other unremedied, will become generally popular. From Munich the same mixed cry comes up. The leather and paper trades are among the protected industries; but they only complain that they are not protected enough. The other trades are as much hampered as their Northern fellow-countrymen by the necessity of paying exorbitant prices for the raw material of their industries. Passau, in Southern Bavaria, is an exception to the general rule; since its Chamber expresses the utmost wonder that any one can be found to oppose the patriotic measures of "our unselfish CHANCELLOR." In spite of these measures, however, trade, even in Passau, is described as "deplorably stagnant."

The best testimony that can be brought forward to the truth and pertinence of this pamphlet is the effect which it has had upon Prince BISMARCK. The CHANCELLOR of the German Empire is also Minister of Commerce for the Prussian Kingdom. When he first became so, some curiosity was felt as to the motives which had induced him to take upon himself this comparatively subordinate office; now the wonder is explained. Prince BISMARCK became Minister of Commerce in order to exercise a moral censorship on the Prussian Chambers of Commerce. What Prince BISMARCK most deprecates in these bodies is prejudice, and the language of their Reports upon the new tariff has convinced him that many of them are not free from prejudice. Instead of giving independent judgments in favour of Protection, they have allowed themselves to give biased judgments against it. The PRINCE has already caused some of the worst sinners to be reprimanded for what they have done, and in future care is to be taken to withhold from them the opportunity of offending in like manner again. The sittings of the Chambers of Commerce are henceforward to be public, so that their ill-disposed members need not hope to be able to conceal their want of patriotism from the local authorities or from the central Government. Every man will speak as in the presence of Prince BISMARCK himself, and this of itself will greatly help a rash speaker to bridle his tongue, when that unruly member may so easily do him harm. If this is not check enough upon the mischievous independence of the

Chambers of Commerce, a still more effectual one will be found in the new regulation which compels them to submit their Reports to the Government before publishing them, so that the Government may amend them if necessary. There will be no more such pamphlets as that which has suggested these remarks. The Reports of the Chambers of Commerce for 1881 will show a beautiful unanimity in favour of the new tariff, unless it has pleased Prince BISMARCK in his inscrutable wisdom to replace it before then by a newer tariff still.

#### LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

THE Annual Report of the Council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture shows that landlords and tenants are still capable of acting together for the defence and promotion of their common interests. It would be strange if the most important of all industries were incapable of the organization which is employed by other traders. Chambers of Commerce are not divided into hostile sections of wholesale and retail dealers. The Farmers' Alliance has, for the first time in England, set the example of association for the avowed purpose of plunder to be effected by political agitation. The Chambers of Agriculture are engaged in the more legitimate enterprise of watching and modifying legislation which may injuriously affect either owners or occupiers. The tenant-farmers, who probably form a large majority of the whole body, have apparently not been persuaded by Liberal orators that they have no concern with the distribution of local and general taxes. Mr. GLADSTONE lately informed them that the landlords alone would profit by a reduction of rates; and that the relief of a class of the community which is generally opposed to the present Government would be equivalent to the process of quartering the owners on the Exchequer. The blinding tendency of party hatred has never been more curiously exemplified. On the same principle every trader and every taxpayer who is relieved from an unjust burden becomes a public pensioner; but the fallacy of the proposition is not exhausted by an exposure of its wilful injustice. It is not strictly or universally true that in all circumstances local taxation is imposed on owners. New rates and additions to old rates fall upon the occupier, as in the instance of the heavy charge for the maintenance of Board schools. In spite of Mr. GLADSTONE'S assertion, the tenant-farmers in all parts of the country complain of the present incidence of local taxation. The increase of fifty per cent. in ten or twelve years must to a great extent have fallen on the occupier. Even the Farmers' Alliance would welcome present relief, until it has transferred the entire burden of taxation to owners, retaining for tenants the exclusive control of expenditure.

It was already known that the Council had rejected by a large majority a motion in favour of imposing duties on articles of food and manufacture imported from countries which imposed protective duties on English produce. The issue of fair-trade could not be more directly raised; and those who supported the motion can scarcely be blamed. Nearly all foreign writers and speakers on economic subjects take for granted the doctrines which were supported by the minority of the Council of Agriculture. If it is once assumed that the importation of cheap produce is a sacrifice on the part of the purchaser, it follows that the expediency of retaliation depends on special circumstances. It is probable that some of those who voted against the motion may have thought that retaliatory duties would be rather impracticable than undesirable. Imperfect acquaintance with economic principles is not incompatible with political good sense. The Council probably knew that it was impossible to resuscitate the extinct Corn Laws, even in a modified form; and farmers could have no motive for protecting manufacturers against foreign competition. The list of the Council includes the names of some sturdy and honest protectionists, who still resent the triumph of the Corn Law League; but the decision of the whole body contrasts favourably with the language used by some ill-informed and imprudent members of Parliament. The object of a paragraph in the Report on the renewal of the French Commercial Treaty is not at first sight obvious; but sheep-farmers have an interest in the French duties on woollen yarns and goods, as far as they supply the raw material for the manufacturer. The Council also refers



to the indirect injury to agriculture which may be caused by an increase of protective duties in France; but any interest which farmers may have in the pending negotiations will be sufficiently represented by the traders who are more immediately concerned, and by the Chambers of Commerce. An attempt was made at the instance of one of the provincial Chambers to protest against the disuse in certain fabrics of home-grown wool; but effectual interference with the caprices of fashion is beyond the power of any Association. Some years since the trade of Coventry was almost destroyed by a change in the form of bonnets which suddenly checked the demand for ribbons. If ladies prefer any other material to home-grown wool, they will wholly disregard the interests of flock-masters. The PRINCESS OF WALES was well advised in declining an invitation to give direct encouragement to native industry.

The Council naturally approves of the notion of Sir MASSEY LOPES for the appointment of a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. The Government has accepted the proposal, and sooner or later a change will probably be made in the title of the President of the Board of Trade. It will be neither necessary nor convenient to attempt any corresponding alteration of his functions, unless the superintendence of measures for the prevention of animal disease should be transferred from the Vice-President of the Privy Council to the rechristened Ministry. As the Council of Agriculture expresses its satisfaction with the precautions lately taken by the Privy Council, the reasons for changing the mode of administration appear not to be immediately urgent. It is not easy to discover any other function which could be usefully undertaken by a Minister of Agriculture. The collection of statistics can scarcely require a superintendent with a seat in the Cabinet, especially as the Council acknowledges with gratitude a recent undertaking of the Foreign Office to furnish it with early copies of all important information relating to foreign agriculture. If the number of Cabinet Ministers is not increased, there seems to be no objection to the creation of a title which will perhaps satisfy landowners and farmers that their interests are duly considered by the Government. With a laudable desire to promote the interests of agriculture, the Council has recommended the Universities to establish agricultural professorships, and it acknowledges certain steps which have been taken by the Government to promote scientific instruction. The suggestion that agricultural chairs should be instituted at Oxford and Cambridge seems to deserve attention; but it is not known that either the Commissioners or the University authorities have taken the subject into consideration.

The Council approves of the principles of the Bills providing for compensation to tenants which were respectively introduced by Sir THOMAS AGLAND and Mr. CHAPLIN. A preference is expressed for Mr. CHAPLIN'S Bill, which was founded on the Lincolnshire custom. It is undoubtedly just "that every tenant on quitting his holding shall be compensated by law, by custom, or by agreement"; but the landlord may, through careless or sentimental legislation, be exposed to great injustice through partial valuations. A scale of payment for artificial manures applied to the land within a certain time before the end of the term may be fairly fixed, and the expenditure of the tenant may be proved by proper vouchers. A general valuation would often result in a charge for improvements which had never been effected. In many cases the outgoing tenant leaves the farm in a dilapidated condition, for which the landlord seldom receives compensation. It has lately been stated, on good authority, that in districts where the local custom provides for compensation the rights of the landlord are habitually disregarded. It is satisfactory to find that an agricultural association can deal with the question in a moderate spirit, and without any suggestion of robbery. The Farmers' Alliance insists on compensation mainly for the purpose of laying a foundation for the acquisition without purchase of a tenant-right. The Council deals in the same temperate manner with the question of distress for rent. The proposal that the landlord's power to distress should be limited to two years is reasonable or plausible; and it is just that hired machinery should be exempt from distress; and perhaps that a similar privilege should be allowed to agisted stock. The cases in which the occupier would deliberately abstain from keeping any stock of his own would probably not be numerous. It would be tedious to enumerate all the questions affecting the interests of agriculture with which the Council deals in the Report.

In all cases its objects are evidently practical, and from the beginning to the end of the Report there is no trace of political partisanship. If Mr. GLADSTONE should condescend to read the document, he will probably despise the sordid, unfeeling, and spiritless tenants whom "no sense of wrong can urge to vengeance"; but perhaps they may be forgiven by less zealous philanthropists for attending to their own business, for considering how existing grievances may be remedied, and even for remonstrating against what they regard as an unjust incidence of taxation.

#### THE CANONBURY ACCIDENT.

THE official inquiry into the Canonbury accident has almost necessarily—at least up to this time—taken the form which is of least interest to the public at large. Two Companies are concerned in the large compensations which will probably have to be paid in connexion with it, and the proximate cause of the accident seems to have been either the directions given by a signalman belonging to one Company or the interpretation affixed to these directions by a signalman belonging to another Company. The incidence of blame as between the two signalmen will determine in a great degree the incidence of compensation as between the two Companies, and a great deal of the evidence is naturally directed to shift this burden from one servant to the other. This is not a point about which it is worth while for the public to concern themselves. What really touches that large class of persons who are compelled to travel every day by railway in order to get from their homes to their business and from their business back again to their homes is the state of things which this accident discloses as always existing on the North London, and possibly on other suburban lines which have a similar pressure on their resources. That state of things is this. An enormous number of passengers have to be brought into London every morning within very narrow limits as regards time. To meet this necessity trains are run at intervals of about three minutes. If the driver of a train could see far enough ahead, he might go slowly enough to be able to pull up in the event of the train in front of him coming to a stand. But these lines are not constructed so as to give drivers this advantage. They have many curves, many cross rails, and, in the case of the North London Railway at the point where the accident happened, a very awkwardly placed tunnel. Consequently the driver has no means of correcting or supplementing the information given him by the signals. He must walk by faith, not by sight. Everything, therefore, depends on the character of the system by which this indispensable information is conveyed to him, and what that character is at Canonbury the evidence taken at the inquiry has sufficiently shown. The movements of the trains are guided by a signalman placed at each end of the tunnel—one in the service of the Great Northern Company, the other in the service of the North London Company. These men have been trained in different codes, and either of them may consequently speak a language which the other can only interpret by constant reference to his dictionary. These are what may be called the special conditions which brought about the accident, and it is hard to understand how the Companies can have hoped that under these conditions an accident could long be avoided. To unlearned persons it would seem a matter of absolute necessity that where two Companies use the same lines and the same signals, the method on which these signals are worked should be the same. Even if the servants of the two Companies are equally well trained in both methods, the having to change from one to the other according to which the next signalman chooses to employ would be an unfortunate addition to labours which are already more than sufficiently exhausting. But it is plain that the servants of the two Companies are not equally well trained in the use of both methods. In this particular case one signalman had to refer to the code before he could satisfy himself what a signal meant, and when a reference of this kind has to be made with trains coming on every two or three minutes, and with signals having to be asked for, acknowledged, and given every minute, it is easy to see how likely the explanation in the code is to be misinterpreted. This is the first lesson of this accident. The code of signals of two Companies which use the same line for any part of

their system should be the same for both. Nothing short of this can give the requisite certainty that a man who only knows one code perfectly will not find himself in a box where he is expected to know both.

The second obvious warning conveyed by the Canonbury disaster is the impossibility of placing entire confidence in human agency in the matter of signalling. It is true, no doubt, that even machinery may get out of order. But it is much easier to detect a fault in machinery than it is to detect it in human beings. A signalman may be ill, or drunk, or tired, or absorbed by some private trouble, and nobody may know it. But, if an accident happens to machinery, and an arm does not work, or a lamp change its colour at the right moment, there are many eyes likely to take note of it. The great advantage, however, of mechanical over human agency in the matter of signalling is that, so long as it is in working order, no accident can happen, provided only the most ordinary caution is taken by the drivers of the trains. Even in the simplest form of this mechanical agency the increase in security is very great. Supposing, for example, that the first of the trains which came into collision at Canonbury had, by the mere fact of its passing over a particular point in the metals, set the signal at danger when it entered the tunnel, and that there had been no possibility of that signal being moved until the same train had moved over another point in the metals beyond the tunnel, there would have been no room for misunderstanding between the signalmen. So long as a train had been in the tunnel every following train must have remained outside it. There are other and more perfect forms of security to be found than this, but in railway travelling it is eminently true that the better is the enemy of the good. When there are several rival inventions in existence, it is only natural that a Company should wish to take the best, if it takes any. But the law ought not to allow it to abstain from taking any on the plea that it wishes to take the best. By all means let it exercise its choice between one invention and another; but the State has a right to insist that it shall be a choice between alternatives, not an impartial rejection of all of them. The work which has to be done by the signalmen on the North London line and on many suburban lines is of a kind that no man can be sure of doing without making a blunder some time or other. The cleverest performer will occasionally make a slip; and, where railway signals on a crowded suburban line are concerned, a slip may easily mean what it meant at Canonbury the other day.

There is a third precaution, which, though of inferior importance in itself, might, as it happens, have saved the lives and limbs of many persons last week. When the first train stopped in the tunnel, many of the passengers knew and dreaded the nature of the danger which was hanging over them. If they all had been able to get out of the train and walk along the line in front of it, they would have escaped the collision. No train could have overtaken them on the up line except the one out of which they had got, and the driver of this train would have known that his passengers were in front of him, and would have been able to come on with proper care to avoid running over them. But the total darkness, which is the normal condition even of suburban tunnels, prevented many of the passengers from doing this. If the tunnel had been lighted, those travelling in the first train would have been almost as free from danger as if the delay had taken place outside the tunnel. As it was, they were in darkness, and consequently unable to leave their carriages. In the abstract, indeed, it may not be desirable to have railway travellers scattered over a tunnel through which trains are passing every two or three minutes; but, at all events, it is better than having them shut up in a train into which other trains are running every two or three minutes. It is true that the precaution of lighting the tunnel would only have saved the passengers in the first train; but it is something to lessen the dimensions of an accident if it cannot be altogether prevented.

It is well, perhaps, that this loss of life should have happened in London rather than elsewhere, for the simple reason that attention is the more likely to be paid to the causes to which it is due, and to the means by which they may be removed. Nowhere are there so many persons interested in the safety of railway travelling as in London, and of these the great majority are especially in-

terested in railway travelling on suburban lines. It is to be hoped that the Board of Trade will not neglect the opportunity which is thus afforded it.

#### A DAY CENSUS OF THE CITY.

THE object of the Imperial Census is to ascertain the population of the United Kingdom at a given date. For this purpose an account is taken of the number of people sleeping in each locality during the night which is selected as the basis of the Census. In this way the proposed object is attained with as much accuracy as is possible, and with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes. So long as each man, woman, and child is registered in some locality, and not in more than one, it is wholly immaterial how it happens that the person registered has come to sleep in the locality where he is enumerated as having slept. If he sleeps at Croydon, he is registered there as a unit of the population, without any reference to what he did in the daytime before he went to bed. If the Census is used for other purposes than that which it was intended to serve, it is naturally misleading, although, strictly speaking, it is not the Census that misleads, but the ignorance of those who misapply it. It may, for example, be used as a guide to the total permanent population of any one locality. But before it can be so used, those who seek to use it must place before their minds the question which the Census cannot possibly answer for them, what it is that they mean by population, and what are the special circumstances of the locality. If they want to know how many people find something to do in the locality within any period of twenty-four hours, they must have a singular capacity for being misled if they think that they can find out what they want by merely ascertaining how many people slept there on any given night. Even the schoolboy of real life, who may be taken as a fair average representative of human perception, would be able to tell them that everything depended on the peculiar character of the locality. In a country parish where the farms happened to be all in the parish, and the labour of the parish sufficed for its wants, the number of persons sleeping in the parish might correspond almost exactly with the number of persons who had been in the parish within twenty-four hours. In a large town into which thousands of persons crowd during the daytime for business or pleasure from the suburbs or the country, the number of persons sleeping in the town would be no kind of guide to the number present in the town during a space of twenty-four hours. The authorities seem, however, to have discovered, or to apprehend, that there are people in England more stupid than the most stupid schoolboy. These people are taken to be misled by the Census, and to be capable of judging the day population of the City, into which it is notorious that hundreds of thousands come from morning to evening, by the night population of the City, in which it is notorious that very few persons sleep. These unhappy calculators will, it may be hoped, have their error corrected by the very elaborate Report which the City authorities have published. The larger number of readers of the Report will find in it, not so much a safeguard against error, as a repertory of most valuable and interesting facts as to the daily incomers, the vehicles used, the buildings and the wealth of the City. Everybody knows that enormous numbers come daily into the City, that those engaged on business find numerous tenements to shelter them, and that the wealth of those who do business in the City is very great. But few who read this Report will previously have had any accurate conception as to how many hundreds of thousands come in daily, how extensive is the accommodation for business purposes, and how gigantic is the wealth of those who do business in the City.

The number of persons who slept within the City boundaries on the night of April 4 was 50,526. For the purposes of a general Census nothing more was required to be known. But the City authorities wished to know something more. They wished to know how many persons on a given day were employed in or were on some City premises; and, by a calculation which very great pains were taken to make exhaustive, it was found that the total number was 261,061 persons. Of this number, there were over 50,000 employers and over 162,000 employed; and the balance was made up of children and of persons in charge

of the premises. If the population of the City is to be taken as that which gives or finds employment there; the size of this population is brought home to us when the framers of the Report remind us that this population is greater than the population of no fewer than sixteen English counties, and places the City sixth in the list according to population of English Parliamentary boroughs. The Committee of the Corporation next proceeded to ascertain how many people come into the City on a day, and for this purpose they stationed two policemen at each of the sixty entrances, including railway stations, by which the City is approached, and they found that the total amount was as nearly as possible 800,000, and that about 70,000 vehicles were employed. This is certainly one of the most curious and astonishing results that is offered us, and it may be remarked that nothing could testify in a more striking manner to the efficiency of the City police than that this vast tide of human beings and vehicles should roll on hour after hour without hindrance or confusion. The police administration of the City is as nearly perfect in every detail as anything human can be, and among other things it deserves to be recognized with gratitude that in the vast expanse of London mud the City offers an oasis where the streets are always clean and the roadway always in good order. The vastness of the increase of the business of the City is also illustrated by the fact that a similar calculation as to the number of employers and employed was made sixteen years ago, and that 90,000 is the increase that is now found to exist. Most of the business premises of London are let in flats; and thus, while the total number of inhabited houses is about 6,000, the number of distinct premises used for business is four times as great, and it is thus shown that on an average about ten persons find occupation in each of these premises. The rateable value of the City is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions, or not far from double of that of any other metropolitan district, the next to it being the district of St. George's, Hanover Square, where the rateable value is almost exactly 2 millions. The net profits on which Income-tax is paid in the City nearly reach the enormous figure of 40 millions, out of a total of 80 millions returned by all the divisions of the metropolis. Half the wealth of London may be said, therefore, to be concentrated in the narrow boundaries of the City; and this is perhaps not very astonishing when it is remembered that the City represents in some degree the wealth not so much of London as of the world.

The Committee state that they have studiously avoided expressing any opinion on the various plans which have been propounded for extending the area of the City, or for incorporating with it or by themselves outlying portions of the metropolis, as these matters do not come within their province. But it is obvious that their Report is meant to have, and ought to have, an important bearing on the questions they do not discuss. It is because they are afraid that persons, misled by the Census, will think the City something small that they show the City to be very big. It is, in short, so big, so populated by employers and employed, so crowded by daily incomers, so rich in business premises, is assessed so highly, and pays such a vast amount of Income-tax, that it is entitled to stand alone, a sufficient centre of self-government without additions, and too important to be merged in a vast unwieldy body. If this is the point the Committee wish to prove, the figures they have collected go far to prove it. The unique eminence of the City, its noble historical traditions, the part it has played for centuries in the history of England, afford the most cogent reasons for keeping the City as it is, and not merging it in a Board governing the whole metropolis. Next in importance is the efficiency of the City administration. We know that one part of London is well administered, and we could never be sure that equal efficiency would be attained under a different system. There is at least as much chance that the rest of London would spoil the City, as that the City would improve the rest of London. But the Report of the Committee introduces another class of arguments which are certainly deserving of the most serious attention. English politicians of every school agree in praising and upholding local self-government; and it is as a glorious extension of local self-government that the proposal to unite all the metropolis under one administration is advocated. But there is a preliminary question that needs to be settled, and that is whether

local self-government may not be killed by being extended. Local self-government means that within a certain area men govern themselves in all matters which they have in common, because they meet within this area. The use of this kind of government is to gain experience in practical politics, to instil a habit of united action, and to offer a counteracting principle to the despotism of centralization. Within areas of a certain size, these valuable results may be obtained, but experience warrants the supposition that the areas of local self-government cannot be indefinitely increased. Those in the area would not manage their own affairs; for the affairs they would be supposed to manage would be too vast for them to understand; they would gain no habits of united action; they would not be self-governed, but would live under the despotism of a new centralization. It may, therefore, be reasonably contended that, when once an area of local self-government is sufficiently large, whether in size or in the importance of interests centred in it, to bring self-government to its maximum of efficiency, it ought not to be extended or merged; and the Report of the Committee may be taken to show conclusively that the City is an instance of an area of self-government which reaches the limits of what the area can be if its local self-government is to be efficient.

#### THE RECENT CANONIZATIONS.

THE grand ceremony of canonization celebrated at Rome last week in the Great Hall of the Basilica of St. Peter's was chiefly remarkable, as a ceremony, on two grounds. In the first place it was far the grandest pontifical function witnessed at the Vatican since 1870, and may so far be regarded as at least a partial abandonment of the imprisonment theory. The Pope for the first time, to quote the rather strange phrase of the *Times*, "exercised his Papal authority at a high altar, as his predecessors in St. Peter's have done." He was borne aloft on the *Sediv Gescalatoria*, surrounded by the Noble Guard and attended by 33 Cardinals and 150 Archbishops and Bishops, and the prescribed ritual was observed in all its fulness, with the sound of the silver trumpets not heard since 1870. This new move was rendered the more noticeable from the pomp with which the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Holy See went to the Vatican to take part in the solemnity, and especially, we may add, under existing circumstances, from the presence and active concurrence of the French Ambassador. Not only did M. Desprez attend the ceremony, accompanied by the whole personnel of his staff in state carriages; he also gave a grand banquet on the occasion to the French prelates in Rome at the Colonna Palace, when in proposing the health of the Pope he pronounced an elaborate eulogy on the virtues of the episcopate and clergy of France. And this is the more noteworthy when we remember that M. Gambetta's organ the other day characterized one of the personages just canonized as "a dirty and incorrigible vagabond," and that M. Paul Bert has written to these very bishops censuring their neglect of the provision of the Concordat—never enforced of late years—which requires them to obtain permission of the Government before leaving their dioceses. The incongruity may serve to illustrate what we said the other day about Concordats being made between the Pope and the Government over the heads of the national episcopate, but that by the way. The second point calling for notice in the ceremony of canonization, besides its splendour and public and official character, was the entire absence of any such matter of provocation as had in some quarters been anticipated. That the Pope should make a lamentation at such a time over the unhappy condition in which the Holy See finds itself, and urge the duty of all good Catholics to rally round it, was natural enough. What is more important, and what indeed might have been expected from his known temper and antecedents, is that he did not verify the predictions of the *Diritto* by putting forward an assertion of his temporal power and fulminating excommunications against its assailants. The celebration cannot therefore be said, except in the indirect sense already suggested, to have had any political significance. Its religious meaning is likely of course to be very differently appreciated by various classes of thinkers within and without the Roman pale. There are many intermediate stages between the scornful sneer of the *République Française* at St. Labré as a dirty vagabond and the enthusiastic sympathy formally expressed by the French Ambassador and probably felt by many of his hearers. But few thoughtful persons are likely to treat the matter merely as a theme for ridicule. The idea which underlies canonization—whatever may be thought of that particular expression of it—is one closely connected with the doctrine of "the Communion of Saints," and has existed from a very early period in the Church, when the persecuted Christians were wont to collect and preserve with reverence and affection the remains of those who had suffered for their faith. And there appears, from what St. Jerome tells us, to have been, long before any regular practice of invocation was established, a prevalent belief that the souls of these martyrs hovered about the place where their bodies were laid and were there somehow brought

into contact with the living. Of the four persons canonized the other day there is little to say except that they were poor and humble individuals, more distinguished by their charity and self-denial than by any great service they can have rendered to the Church. And this is so far to the credit of those concerned, as there can hardly have been any interest of wealthy and influential patrons brought to bear on the Court of Rome in their favour. But the custom itself, of which so conspicuous an example was exhibited on that occasion, is one on which a few words will not be out of place.

The practice of honouring martyrs came, as has already been mentioned, very early into the Church, earlier probably than the cult of angels with which Milman connects it. The Saints being themselves human appended more directly to human sympathies, and the doctrine of the Communion of Saints was held to imply some permanent and intimate relation between the faithful on earth and the faithful departed. It implied, as Milman puts it, the Church militant and the Church triumphant as forming but one polity, and implying that there was a real and living sympathy between the two. The departed were believed still to take an interest in their old friends and the affairs of their earthly home, and to exercise through their intercession a beneficent influence over them. And thus, as time went on, Saints were multiplied, until their separate claims might seem almost to be imperilled by their multiplicity. The Calendar was rapidly filled with fresh names till few days were left vacant, and some days were burdened with an accumulation of—we will not say rival but many—saints, who had to share their honours as best they could. East and West vied with each other in this process, the Greek menologies however being the more copious of the two, but few comparatively of the countless host of Eastern Saints obtained any direct recognition in the West, while the Orientals were content for the most part with their own. Nor was this all. Different countries and indeed cities had their special heroes and patrons. It has been said, with some exaggeration doubtless, that "in Germany alone each kingdom or principality, even every city, town, or village, had its own Saint." "For at first popular admiration enjoyed for some time unchecked the privilege of canonization. A Saint was a Saint, as it were, by acclamation." That was the beginning of canonization, though the name as yet did not exist, but gradually, as these local and other cults came to multiply beyond all measure, the Popes assumed to themselves the sole prerogative of advancing claimants to the successive ranks of Beatitude and Sanctity. The canonized Saints henceforth held no merely local or precarious dignity; they were presented in solemn Bulls and with rites of imposing splendour to the general homage of Christendom. And it was certainly time to impose some limit on popular or episcopal licence in this matter; if ever the vast undertaking of the Bollandists is completed it will comprise the histories of more than 25,000 Saints, and yet this only professes to be a selection of what is of Catholic rather than purely national interest. On the other hand, only 115 persons had been formally canonized by the Holy See before the reign of Pius IX. There are those, of course, like the Apostles, the early Martyrs, the four "great Doctors" respectively of East and West, and some other conspicuous Bishops, confessors and founders of Religious Orders who may be called the Saints of the universal Christian world. But down to the tenth century the popular voice, with the sanction of the Bishop, was held to be sufficient authority for conferring the honour; after that time the sanction of the Pope was required, though Bishops still for a time retained their initiative. The first recorded canonization, in the modern sense of the word, was that of Ulrich, Bishop of Augsburg, raised to that honour by a Bull of John XV. in 993 at the request of Liutolf, his immediate successor in the See, who had however already established public veneration for him in his own diocese. Pope John explained in an Epistle that this usage was introduced in order that by honouring Martyrs and Confessors we may worship Him of whom they testified, and being conscious of our own imperfections seek the aid of their merits and prayers at the throne of God. But it was not till two centuries later that the prerogative was assigned exclusively to the Holy See by Constitutions first of Alexander III. and then of Innocent III. The canonization of St. Gaultier of Pontoise by the Archbishop of Rouen in 1153 is the latest example of such an act being accomplished by any lower authority. Innocent III. finally laid down that the decision of such matters appertained exclusively to the legitimate successor of St. Peter, being partly moved thereto by the scandal caused some thirty years before through the canonization of Charlemagne—rather a questionable Saint, in spite of his immense services to the Papacy—by the Anti-pope Paschal III., and the insertion of his name in some Gallican breviaries. The first canonization solemnized with anything like the present ritual pomp was that of St. Francis of Assisi in 1228. It was not till fifty years later that the regular process, since developed into a minute and searching investigation of the merits of each individual case, was first exemplified in the canonization of St. Raymond of Pennafort. The question of the infallibility of the Pontiff in these high official acts, long hotly debated between the ultramontane and the opposite school in the Roman Church, is still, we believe, a moot point. Its decision in the affirmative would hardly tend to facilitate the acceptance of the Vatican decrees.

A more interesting question, at least to outsiders, than any concerning the mere formalities of the official process, but one too wide to be more than glanced at here, is the rationale, so to call it, of the custom, the idea from which it sprang and to which it owes its

continued vitality. It is not enough to say that it grew theologically out of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. No usage, however consistent with received dogmas, would have attained anything like so widespread and permanent a hold on the popular mind that was not rooted in some deep instinct of human nature. Nor is the explanation far to seek. From age to age the methods of enrolling new Saints might vary, as again the method of electing Bishops varied, being left at one time to popular suffrage, and claimed at another for prelates or popes. But whatever might be the conditions of enrolment in this illustrious brotherhood, the fact remains that, as a modern writer expresses it, "for fourteen centuries the religious mind of the Catholic world threw them (the Saints) out as its form of hero-worship, as the heroic pattern of a form of human life which each Christian within his own limits was endeavouring to realize." Neither indeed can the sentiment thus indicated be justly confined to the first fourteen centuries or to any one form of Christian belief. What works like Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints* are to Roman Catholics, religious memoirs and biographies and *Lives of Eminent Christians* have proved to the most anti-Roman section of Protestant. And the explanation in either case is at bottom substantially the same. If Protestants do not invoke Saints or erect their images over altars, they recognize not the less the practical value of great examples, and cherish a devout and reverential memory of the departed worthies of their own communion and creed. Neander, while commending the vigorous resistance of Rutherius, Bishop of Verona in the tenth century, to the sensuous and superstitious tendencies of his age and the insatiable craving for miracles, adds that he also discerned in the reaction against Saint-worship a dangerous "misapprehension or disregard of the Christian element, in the consciousness of the ennoblement of man's nature by being raised to the fellowship of a Divine life, betraying some approach to an abstract Deism," and that "in opposition to this tendency Rutherius, the antagonist of superstition, defended the worship of Saints." The word worship is too strong for the passage quoted from Rutherius, vindicating a Latin hymn for All Saints Day, but it is not difficult certainly "to recognize in his obscure and awkward style the antagonism of a deeply-felt Christian theism to an abstract deism." We only refer to it here as illustrating the agreement of religious minds of very diverse doctrinal tendencies as to the importance and benefit of dwelling on saintly examples. Man is a creature of imitation, and is sure to choose for himself models of some kind or other to emulate, whether criminals, heroes, or saints. It is to the religious application of this tendency in human nature that we owe both the Roman and the Protestant varieties of hagiology. Only what in the one case is mainly left to individual taste or preference was sure in a highly organized and dogmatic system to be sooner or later reduced to some authoritative standard. We may smile at the quaint ceremonies, dating from at least five centuries ago, reproduced the other day in the form of canonization at the Vatican—the silvered or gilded loaves and barrels of wine, the curiously wrought birdcages, containing doves, pigeons, and goldfinches, and "the five splendidly painted wax candles." But the fundamental idea these strange devices are supposed to illustrate lies deeper than any differences of Christian or, indeed, theistic faith.

#### TO BE LET OR SOLD—AN EMPIRE.

COMMON fame, according to a well-known saying, is a common liar; and it is much to be hoped that this saying is true at the present moment. For there seems to be a general idea among the nations of the earth that the British Empire is to be let or sold in lots to suit the convenience of purchasers—no reasonable offer refused. We have not heard how the Gibraltar subscription is progressing in Spain; but plenty of new projects have been started elsewhere to keep it company. The most definite is the reported application of Germany for the cession of Heligoland. This, of course, like the cession of Gibraltar, is nothing new. Heligoland has always been an eyesore to those patriotic Englishmen who are never so much deserving of the name of John Bull as when they see the red spots dotted about a map of Europe or of the world. It is said that we never had any business with it; that we never used it, except as a smuggling depot—a familiar reproach, used also in respect of Gibraltar; that we ought to have given it back to Denmark at the Congress of Vienna. It is only a sandbank tied on to a rock; a kind of inferior Capri; or, to speak less apotisingly, a Flat Holm and Steep Holm combined in one island. A few sea-bathers, a few fishermen, a great many birds which knock themselves against the lantern of its tall lighthouse on their annual migration, and occasional adventurers who set up roulette tables, and are winked at till British justice and morality wake up and swoop upon them—these are the only beings living to whom Heligoland is of any interest. Besides, it costs something—nearly a thousand a year, we believe—and that is a serious matter; it would pay an extra Sub-commissioner in Ireland. Moreover, it irritates Germany, which is a more serious matter still. All these reasons have long inclined the moral British Radical to look at Heligoland with an unfavourable eye; and perhaps there is another which is stronger with him than all of them. Heligoland is a standing reminder of the period when England was not a *puissance qui commence à rendre*—was something



very different from such a *puissance*. So it is said, very likely on no particular authority, that Count Munster thinks there will be no difficulty about its cession. Why should there be? We are quite in the way of ceding, and Heligoland is such a little place that it will never be missed. It is possible, however, that there may be some people who will take note of certain things. One is that Heligoland has no sort of business to belong to Germany, even if we carry out the principle of the moral barrier so conscientiously as to cede the Channel Islands to France. Another is that the Heligolandians are by no means likely to wish to exchange our easy yoke and light burden for Prince Bismarck's taskmastership. But there is a third of more importance than either of these. Germany is now a maritime Power, formidable in no slight degree; and a certain estuary called the Jahde and a certain port called Wilhelmshafen are the chief signs of that formidableness in an offensive sense. Now Heligoland, as a post of observation, commands the Jahde and Wilhelmshafen most completely. If it is English, and is united by cable to England, nothing could well stir from the modern Antwerp without being at once noticed and the news transmitted. This, of course, is the reason which makes Germany so anxious for it; and it need hardly be said that this is the reason why no sane English Government would let it go. There is, of course, no reason beyond newspaper gossip for believing that the present Government intends to let it go; but the rumour is proof positive of one thing, and that is that the present is thought to be a very convenient time for making offers, as they say in the exchange columns of ladies' newspapers. A kind of impression exists abroad that the outlying portions of the estate of John Bull may be had cheap by an enterprising speculator, and that possibly the opportunity may not recur.

The curious proceedings which seem to be going on in the Pacific are rather instructive commentaries on this general impression. It is true that the islands which French captains are reported to be annexing, after the fashion of an early discoverer, are not exactly British property. Many of them, however, have always considered themselves—especially since the French aggression on Tahiti—as under a kind of quasi-protectorate on our part, and the reported action of the French is in manner particularly cool. The natives are told to send their produce in future to Tahiti instead of to Auckland. As scandal asserts that very little of the trade of Tahiti itself is in French hands, the proceeding may not in the long run be calculated to send up the total returns of French trade very appreciably; but the intention is everything. However, the mere annexation itself, which seems to be only in a state of menace, is not so interesting as the conditions under which political gossip says that it is being carried on. Generally speaking, nothing can be so much wished as that European nations, no matter of what flag, would have the goodness to let the islands of Polynesia alone. We certainly have made a start over all other nations, except Spain, in our government of Fiji, which contrasts satisfactorily with the desolation brought by the French on the Marquesas. But we cannot be said to have, on the whole, conferred a benefactor on the islands in the person of Captain Cook. However, it is too late to make moan over this. The point of interest is that the few dozen islands which are to receive the blessings of the tricolour, and share in the East with Tunis in the West the glory of exhibiting the first fruits of the revived energy of France, are said—doubtless quite falsely—by the aforesaid gossip to have been the subject of a bargain between the English and French Foreign Offices. Absurd pretensions have been recently made by France, not merely to fishing rights, but to a kind of sovereignty over part of Newfoundland. These pretensions are, say the quidnuncs, to be abandoned on condition of Lord Granville's winking at the absorption of Raiatea and its neighbours into the dominions of the French Republic. The bargain is in itself a strictly equitable one; for it consists in the exchange of non-existent commodities. France has no rights in Newfoundland to surrender, and England has no property in the Society Islands to give. "Give me of what thou hast, and I will give thee of what I have," has been said to be the foundation principle and simplest term of trade all over the world and in all ages. But "Give me of what thou hast not, and I will give thee of what I have not," is a new and very interesting general principle. Perhaps it may be said to be the first principle of credit? It is not, however, easy to conceive any Government which retained the slightest respect for itself compromising a question affecting its own sovereign rights by the abandonment of independent communities who owe it no allegiance, but who trust in it for protection. No doubt the English Government has done nothing of the sort. But, as before, the rumour is at least sufficient evidence that somebody thinks it not impossible that it should do such a thing. So the Gibraltar subscription was, no doubt, a "flam," and the serene confidence of Count Munster in the approaching generalization of a *camard*, just as the French admiral and captains who go about planting tricolours and diverting the course of trade are perhaps creatures of the imagination, and certainly are mistaken in their views of Lord Granville's probable conduct. But all these idle suggestions remain as evidence of the ideas entertained by Spaniards and Germans and Frenchmen of the attitude of the present Government of England towards the great Empire of which it is the temporary steward. In this sense the much-abused axiom, that there is no smoke without fire, can certainly be affirmed without outraging reason or morality.

The next question to be asked is, whether these benighted foreigners may not possibly have some excuse for their outrageous

credulity? Nothing has been more edifying than the extreme delight shown by English Radicals at the language of the Duke de Broglie and M. Gambetta about the Transvaal. Almost are they persuaded to bless the Duke, who used to rank a little above Lord Beaconsfield in their estimation; while to see Mr. Gladstone *laudari a laudato* has made them very nearly weep with joy. That Mr. Gladstone was only a stick in the Duke de Broglie's hand to beat M. Gambetta with, and that M. Gambetta could only avoid the beating by gracefully extracting the wand from his adversary's fist, and flourishing it himself, does not seem to have occurred to them. But it may be fully granted that Frenchmen and Germans, and all other Europeans—not Europeans only, it is to be feared—have quite mastered the lesson of the Transvaal. Mr. Gladstone, they know, entered on his Government with contemptuous descriptions of this small little island, and gloomy shakings of the head over the load of foreign possession it had to bear. What more natural than that, as a wise and consistent statesman, he should make the god Terminus step backward? If the word is "scuttle," even when nothing is to be got by scuttling and much lost, how much more should it be so when not much is to be lost and something to be got? Such is the logic of the benighted foreigner. He sees in Afghanistan and the Transvaal simply the announcement which stands at the head of this article, and, like an honest and business-like person, he puts money in his purse and makes his bid for the various pieces of accommodation land which happen to suit him. Fortunately, the present Cabinet is composed of excellent men of business, and they know us well as Messrs. Pattick and Simpson when they have to sell a big library, that it does not do to fling too much on the market at once. In the very size of the British Empire there is therefore safety, and it is possible that some small fragments of it may, after all, go down to our sons either from sheer want of buyers, or because the sellers have not had time to sell to their liking. It takes a great deal of energy to squander completely the work of so many centuries. This is the chief comfort, but there are also others. It is doubtful after all whether a mere sale—a "trade" on even terms—has the peculiar attraction which Mr. Gladstone demands in these transactions. There is nothing in connexion with Heligoland, or Gibraltar, or the Pacific to give the thing the relish added by Majuba and Maiwand. In some of these cases, it is true, there are other relishes of a not dissimilar kind, but still the kind is not the same. On the whole, therefore, until official intelligence confirms the rumours, it will be well to disbelieve them all. Let us all be happy in the thought that the Heligoland fishermen will still be looked down upon by the Union Jack, instead of the black, white, and red ensign; and quite sure that Lord Granville would never think of abandoning the interesting Polynesian who trusts in him. If it is a difficulty for anybody to be jolly under these encouraging circumstances, he can remember that, at any rate, all Europe thinks his present governors perfectly capable of the various dubious acts attributed to them whether they are or not. That is a very pleasant reflection, and calculated to console the despondent. Wrongful suspicions directed towards the Ministers of other countries usually suspect them of wishing to do good to those countries in some irregular way. Could there possibly be a greater triumph for British eccentricity and originality than that similar suspicions, when directed towards an English Ministry, imply that it is ready at any moment to do its country harm?

#### FIRES IN THEATRES.

STATISTICS show that the chances of a theatre being burnt down while spectators are in it are extremely small. Although theatres have so often been consumed by fire that burning is frequently spoken of as their natural end, very few have been the cases of destruction by fire when spectators were in the house. Indeed, it is abundantly clear that at one time such a contingency was looked upon by builders and architects as too remote to be worth taking into account; and unfortunately their views, which were necessarily interested, seem to have been shared by those in authority, whose only interest in the matter was interest in the safety of the public. The Lord Chamberlain possesses over metropolitan playhouses an anomalous jurisdiction more despotic than anything else known to the English law. Until a recent date it rested with him only to decide whether proper precautions against fire were habitually taken in theatres, and to decide whether a new theatre should be opened or not; he could make any requisitions he thought fit, and from his absolute decision there was no appeal. How successive Lord Chamberlains and their officials have used the wide powers given to them on behalf of the public is well known. For long the inspection by the Lord Chamberlain's subordinates must have been a farce at which theatrical people laughed without more than a theatrical aside. Mr. Ponsonby Fane, when giving evidence on the subject, stated with refreshing candour that the Lord Chamberlain did not feel it his duty to interfere when theatres were "safe under ordinary circumstances," and added that the Court potentate had no power "to enforce the requirements" which he thought necessary, "except by taking the extreme step of refusing a licence," and that in no instance had this been done. In other words, the Lord Chamberlain had real power in his hands, but would not use it. There was, indeed, some sort of annual inspection of theatres; and, when a new theatre was to be built, the plans had to be submitted

to the Lord Chamberlain; but it was clear from Mr. Fane's evidence that the supervision exercised was little more than nominal. The officials seem practically to have accepted the views of theatrical architects as to what was needed. Such profound carelessness on the part of those who had ample jurisdiction can only be accounted for on the supposition that the chance of a serious fire in a theatre at a time when an audience was in it was thought too remote to be worth considering.

That this should have been, and should still be, the view of managers is natural enough. As a well-known actor said when addressing some malcontents, the management of a theatre is a matter of business. The man who constructs and opens a playhouse naturally wishes not to expend more than is necessary, and to furnish a house with a sufficient number of exits may be a very expensive matter. There are few people whose views are not to some extent warped by their interests; and, without in any way specially blaming managers, it is easy to understand how they have persuaded themselves that their theatres are safe, or that the chance of an audience being burnt and suffocated is infinitesimal, and scarcely worth more thought than the chance of an earthquake; but it does seem truly surprising that these opinions should have been accepted—up to a very recent date, at all events—by the officials whose duty it was to see that there was due regard for the safety of the public. It is one thing to regard an accident as highly improbable, another to regard it as practically impossible, and unhappily the latter view was willingly taken by the officials who wisely permitted the construction of the Opera Comique and the Criterion. Now this view is shown to be contrary to fact, and to fact of a very hideous and terrible kind. Managers will, no doubt, continue to maintain that their playhouses are perfectly safe, and that any dread about them is due to unreasoning fear. Their opinions and statements, however, are really not worth serious attention, or at best are worth about as much attention as those of the railway officials who maintain that all possible precautions are taken on their lines. It may be said with perfect truth that the burning and suffocation of an audience are very improbable; but it can no longer be said that this horrible catastrophe is so beyond the range of ordinary probability as to be ranked with things all but impossible, not to be taken into account except by panic-mongers. Within the course of a few years theatres have been burnt while occupied by spectators, and in every case there has been loss of life in the most hideous manner conceivable. The Brooklyn Theatre was burnt in 1876, and three hundred lives were lost. The Nice Opera House was burnt down in March of the present year, with the loss of at least a hundred lives. Now has come the crowning catastrophe at Vienna, and eight hundred people have perished—some burnt, some suffocated, some squeezed to death. Can any valid reason be given for assuming that what has happened in these three cities may not happen in London? Of course it may be alleged that theatres here are better constructed and better managed than theatres in America, in Austria, or in France. People who can seriously listen to such a statement are fit auditors for those who can gravely advance it. Five years ago it might have been said that the burning of a theatre with spectators in it was impossible in America, ten months ago that it was impossible in France, and twelve days ago that it was impossible in Austria. There is literally no reason whatever for assuming that such a disaster may not occur in London, and there is, unfortunately, only too much reason to suppose that at some houses very few of the audience would escape if a fire broke out. With the arguments against the possibility of such an occurrence people are by this time probably familiar. Every manager is always ready to prove that his theatre is perfectly safe, and to explain that in the event of fire every one will be able to get away easily. We have shown before now how much trust can be reposed on those assertions, and it is to be observed that even after the destruction of the King Theatre similar statements have been made respecting that edifice. It has been explained that the theatre was really perfectly safe, and that the loss of life was due to bad arrangements. Possibly bad arrangements may have contributed to the catastrophe, and the police may also be to blame; but there can scarcely be much doubt when eight hundred lives have been sacrificed that the exits were defective, and it is well worth notice that now, when the possibility of a holocaust to carelessness and cupidity has been made only too terribly clear, the reassuring assertions with which we are familiar are complacently repeated. People who are mourning over the loss of fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters are told that their relatives would never have been turned into cinders or crushed to death if it had not been for unfortunate negligence which on that particular evening made a well-planned theatre somewhat unsafe.

Even the Lord Chamberlain's officials would hardly give credence to this statement, though unfortunately it can scarcely be doubted that they have given heed to statements which were hardly worthy of more attention. To put themselves to as little trouble as possible, to let things take their chance, to place reliance on comforting assurances, not to bother themselves about what after all was not very likely—these seem to have been their guiding principles; and now the horrible catastrophe which has thrilled all Europe shows what may be the result of the manner in which they did their work, or rather of the manner in which they left it undone. In one respect, no doubt, they are not so open to censure as they appear to be. It would scarcely be fair to hold the Lord Chamberlain's office responsible for the old theatres, as his powers were perhaps not fully defined until the Act of the 6 & 7 Vict. was

passed. It is, however, unfortunately the fact that some of the houses which have the worst means of egress have been built in recent times. Three years ago the Metropolitan Board of Works took some of the responsibility off the hands of the Lord Chamberlain's subordinates; but the Lord Chamberlain of the day did not altogether welcome the change, and the result of a very absurd remonstrance which he made was that he was allowed to retain part of the power which he had used so ill. The Board of Works has not hitherto been willing to exercise all the vaguely defined powers given to it, and what may be the limits of the respective jurisdictions of the Lord Chamberlain's office and the Board it is not very easy to say; but it is clear that the former still rules to some extent. A circular respecting the gas supply has been issued by the Lord Chamberlain, and to it managers will probably pay as much or as little attention as they please. It is greatly to be hoped, however, that this feeble effort will not be considered sufficient, and that the subject will not be allowed to drop as it has been allowed to drop before.

That a fire may occur when a house is full or partly full cannot, as we have said, be doubted now, nor can it be urged any longer that the chance of this happening is too small to be worth considering. The fire at Brooklyn or that at Nice, or even that at Vienna, may be explained away; but all three cannot be explained away. It is childish to place exaggerated confidence on what is really due in great part to good luck, and to believe, because we have been hitherto fortunate, that a happy spell will for ever protect London theatres from the misfortunes which have befallen theatres in other countries. Owing to the carelessness which was common in former days, and to gross neglect of duty recently by a public department, there are many theatres which are not altogether safe, and some which are extremely unsafe. Whether improvements can be made in these latter, or in all, and at whose cost they should be made, should be settled; for now that the possibility of hideous disaster has been made manifest these questions should assuredly receive more serious attention than has yet been given to them.

#### RADICALISM AND FREEDOM.

IT is perhaps difficult for outsiders to share in the enthusiasm of the *Times* over the style of its latest irregular correspondent, Mr. Auberon Herbert. "He writes so well," that even the *Times*, as it confesses, can hardly resist the charm of his writing. It is an ancient and invaluable maxim that, as is the praiser, so is the praise. The language in which the *Times* indulges in its ecstasy of rapture over Mr. Auberon Herbert is not calculated to inspire implicit confidence in its eulogies on points of style. "The measure is still in the clouds and the weapon is still brandished. It is not easy to criticize what we are told is in a stage of incubation." A measure in the clouds, a measure which coming down from the clouds becomes first a weapon and then an egg, is a phenomenon of an unusual character. "Je fais des métaphores qui se suivent," said one of the greatest of French writers as a vindication of his claims, but it is not easy to discern the principle of sequence in the cloud-measure, the weapon, and the egg. The writer in the *Times*, however, besides giving ingenuous measure (not cloud-measure at all) of his faculties of style, is good enough to oblige his readers with other information. He spends, it would seem, "half his days in the country, the real working country of Old England," and "no man can do this without feeling every year deeper and deeper in his heart the wish that our farmers could be made something better than they are now." It is a touching picture, the picture of a great writer, a man who can deal you out consecutive talk about cloud-measures, weapons, and eggs, who passes half his days in the real working country of Old England, as opposed, it is to be presumed, to the idle region of the *pays de Cocagne*, and who feels wishes of the purest benevolence sinking deeper and deeper in his heart for every hundred and eighty-two and a half days thus spent. A little further on we read that the distinguishing feature, or at least "an attractive feature, of country life is its hereditary character." Clearly, therefore, this haunter of the country is not a man of yesterday. The result of his ancestral connexion with the soil is the assertion that "farmers were more men of letters, more men of culture and men of manners hundreds of years ago than they are now." The columns of the *Times*—at least its leader columns—are not places in which one looks for startling discoveries. But this sentence certainly shows that the country resident in question has some remarkable unpublished memoirs handed down from those ancestors who have given him his hereditary character. These memoirs really should be published.

It is rather hard on Mr. Auberon Herbert that he should be introduced in this way. "It is a measure in the clouds; I see it brandished; it is in process of incubation," might pass for an irreverent joke if jokes were admitted in the place where it appears. But Mr. Herbert's letter, though perhaps not displaying the remarkable style which the *Times* discovers in it, is a sufficiently lively performance. Indeed, these modern "hootings of an owl in the wilderness," to borrow a title from David Deans, are very instructive, and even amusing, reading. They make Mr. James Howard (and, if we remember rightly, Admiral Maxse) dreadfully angry; but they are wisely passed in silence by the rest of the Radical party and by sober Liberals who understand the advantage of not answering what you cannot answer. The

answer, in fact, is much simpler than any mere pen-and-ink rejoinder. An idle bystander, contemplating politics with impartial eye and a tolerable memory in the brain behind it, must smile to see how the positions of parties have been reversed. Sixty years ago a keen satirist like Peacock could find nothing better to put into the mouths of his Tories than a choral response "The Church is in danger! the Church is in danger!" to all troublesome arguments. The watchword has survived, but the terms have been altered. "Mr. Gladstone's Government is in danger" is the sufficient and simple reply to such undisciplined maunderings as those of Mr. Auberon Herbert from his hermitage in the New Forest. It is not that Mr. Herbert has not laid his flank open to the archers with sufficient generosity. A man should not gibe at his enemy for not using the English language in the same sense that he does, and, in the same composition, employ the word "loan" as a verb. In point of humour Mr. Herbert appears to be fairly on a level with his distinguished enologist of the three metaphors. "We may still," says he, "have some amusement by the sight of ambulatory assessors let loose in this country and flying over the fences by moonlight." It would be great fun, certainly; but some acquaintance with the Bill of the Farmers' Alliance, and a profound dislike for it, have yet not enabled us to discern the probability of this particular form of sport if Mr. Hunter's proposals were accepted. Lastly, Mr. Herbert undertakes to vindicate his own existence as a Radical Republican. Mr. Howard had bewailed the decease of that entity—or, at least, its severance from Mr. Auberon Herbert's personality. "He is still here," says Mr. Herbert, cheerfully, "though it may be that he better understands his own creed than before, and holds it with more consistency." The proof of this improvement in Mr. Auberon Herbert's intellectual fibre is that his argument for landlords "rests on the same foundation" as that for the disestablishment of Churches, the abolition of religious disqualifications, and that "by which hereditary institutions will in their due season be abandoned." We are not concerned now with hereditary institutions, or else it would be not very difficult to show that Mr. Herbert is still a halter between two opinions, and that in the excellent frame of mind in which he now is he will probably come round even to a House of Lords in which younger sons have no seats before long. It is sufficient to say that he is still evidently sound in the Radical faith, perhaps even in that yet more absurd faith which calls itself Republican, and which bases the right of a fool to demand obedience from a wise man on the fact that it is frequently easy for the fool to find a majority of his likes. However, this orthodoxy makes his final statement really interesting. "Every man, rich and poor," may, it seems, make of the Radical Republican principle "one claim, that he should be accounted a free man, free in the disposal of his faculties and his possessions"—always excluding, of course, hereditary rights and dignities which do not descend to younger sons.

When Mr. Auberon Herbert next takes up his pen to witch the *Times* by noble penmanship, this last sentence of his will give him an excellent starting-point, and, if he will take our advice, he will send for many histories and Blue-books, and set about an inquiry into the conduct of his friends the Radical Republican party of all times, nations, and countries in reference to this particular claim. We have not the remotest wish to prejudice Mr. Herbert in this laudable search, but from some experience in it we shall make so bold as to say that he will find it the exact claim which Radical Republicans absolutely refuse to admit. The Radical Republican of France ninety years ago informed people briefly that if they disposed of their faculties or possessions by taking them across the frontier, confiscation of such of the latter as they could not take, and prompt extinction of the former by the guillotine, in case of capture, would be their portion. The Radical Republican of two centuries and a half ago in England informed his countrymen that if they had the impudence to worship after the manner of their fathers (which may be said to be a pardonable employment of faculties), or if they furnished assistance to their only lawful sovereign (which may be taken to be a conceivably free employment of possessions), various penalties from prison to scaffold would be theirs. The Radical Republican of to-day in the United States goes to work less decidedly; but his general tenor of conduct is much the same, though the constraint exercised is social rather than legal. The Radical Republican of France now is a much more thoroughgoing specimen of the class. There you may not dispose of your property as seems good to you; you may not express your political opinions; you may not join yourself to other persons to employ their and your faculties and possessions in the service of God without the chance of being expropriated and driven out of the country. In England itself the inquiry will be particularly fruitful. Under the wicked old régime before the Reform Bill, the nominal restrictions of law were accompanied by the utmost personal freedom. Unless our great-grandfathers and grandfathers stole, or murdered, or smuggled, or poached, or ran away from a presgang, they had every chance of passing their lives without any interference whatever on the part of the Legislature. They had to pay their taxes certainly; but this done, they disposed of their faculties and possessions as they would. A most remarkable change has come upon us in consequence of the operation of this same Radicalism, which is not always frank enough to call itself, as it does in Mr. Herbert's case, Radical Republicanism. The things that we may not do have multiplied with the most portentous rapidity. We may not be thirsty after or before certain hours; and in Wales we may not be thirsty at all for one day out of the seven after next August. Being

members of the National Church, we may not give churchyards to that Church, but must give them at the same time, unless we choose to take cunning legal precautions, to Jumpers and Ranters. We may not let our lands, if we have any, on the terms that we and our tenants choose to arrange as to game. If we are unlucky enough to possess any in Ireland, we may not let them as we choose at all; but must be content with taking thirty or forty per cent. off the rent which the first comer would gladly pay for the benefit of any idle and defaulting loafer who happens to be in possession. The darling object of the Radical (we still must not call him a Republican) just at present is to add a few more disabilities of the same kind. He pants for the day when we may not canvass electors to return us to Parliament, the pure, wise, and beneficent agency of the caucus being duly substituted. He longs for a time when a wicked Tory minority may be prevented from employing their faculties in opposition to the great and good designs of the greatest and best of statesmen in virtue of cunning *clôtures* and other gags and muzzles of the same kind. Indeed it is not easy to find, in looking through the Radical programme, any single enabling clause. Not only may we not have a churchyard, but shortly we are not to be allowed to have a Church; we must take our chance among a row of competing Bethels. We may not secure our posterity from the folly or imprudence of youth by settlement; and we may not be sure that what we leave for a certain object tending, as we think, to the public welfare will not be perverted to what the donors would assuredly think the public hurt. Some of these contributions towards the liberty of disposing of faculties and possessions Mr. Herbert expressly approves, others he does not seem to like. Let him draw out the list completely—we have given but a mere sketch of it—and study it; and, if he likes, publish it for others' study. He will find that the most fantastic despotisms in the world have hardly exceeded in despotism the interferences with the free use of faculties and possessions made by Radical Republicans in the past, and have hardly approached the rigour of interference of this kind which is threatened by Radical Republicans in the future.

#### CLEEVE ABBEY.

THERE is hardly a more disappointing writer on English antiquities than the indispensable John Leland. He is usually our sole authority for the structural character of the religious houses just at the time of their dissolution; yet, though he styles himself the King's Antiquary, and as such was sent through the country to search into the literary treasures of the monasteries, the information he affords of the places wherein these were contained is frequently little more than that one building stands so many miles apart from another. An instance in point is St. Mary's, Old Cleeve, the only Cistercian Abbey in Somerset, which he did not turn aside to inspect, though he says that he passed within a quarter of a mile of its walls. Had his curiosity induced him to glance within the portal, he would have discovered one of the completest arrangements of monastic buildings of its kind in the kingdom, though not one of the most extensive. The library, however, which perhaps had hardly at any time reputation enough to draw a bibliographical traveller out of the highway, was already ransacked; and Leland knew too many abbeys and priories to be careful of viewing one or two more for the sake of their architectural distinctiveness. Happily, in the case of Cleeve, there is smaller need than usual of his description; for, except the church, the buildings are in general almost as perfect as he himself would have found them. We may yet see the gatehouse, sacristy, chapter-house, day-room, dormitory, refectory, and many other offices in as fairly complete and picturesque assemblage as when the monks cast their last longing, lingering look behind on going forth into the world. Until lately, however, the spot was rarely visited except by some zealous antiquary or ecclesiologist, for the cloister garth had been converted into a farmyard, and the surrounding apartments into granaries, pigstyes, stables, and sheep-cotes, the lowing of oxen and the cock's shrill clarion replacing the chants of the cowed brethren. This was the condition of the place when we formerly saw it, but all is now changed for the better. The farmer with his stock has been provided with more befitting accommodation; the cloister court, relieved from an indescribable scene of lumber and refuse, is now covered with soft green turf; and the monastic offices have been cleansed; while a systematized exploration of all parts has helped to make clear the meaning of the whole. The visitor to Blue Anchor, Minehead, and Watchet, each of which seaside retreats is within a few miles of the ruins, finds practically a fresh showplace of remarkable interest introduced to his view, and it may be said that some of the importance of these holiday resorts is owing to their neighbourhood to Old Cleeve. The pleasanter state of things at the Abbey is in consequence of the estate having been purchased by Mr. G. F. Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, in the neighbourhood, who in 1875 began the good work of rescuing the buildings from their degraded condition. Under the instructions of the late Precentor Walcot, a gang of labourers carted away the accumulations of soil, and gradually brought to light by their pick-axes the lost sight of the Norman minster, including numerous encaustic tiles and other relics; the result being to offer to the student of monastic architecture a profitable illustration of Cistercian arrangement, and one that even Mr. Sharpe seems to have left unnoticed. But, before touching further upon the remains, it

may be useful to give some particulars of the origin of the monastery.

The foundation charter of St. Mary's, Cleve, is assumed to be lost. It was formerly in the possession of Sir Hugh Windham, one of the judges of the Common Pleas in 1677, and is fortunately printed in Dugdale. It asserts in the usual form that William de Romarā granted all his lands at Clyve, with its liberties and customs, military service alone excepted, to found there an abbey by the hand of Hugh, Abbot of St. Laurence of Revesby. The pedigree of the family of Romarā is declared by Mr. Planché to be one of the most puzzling in the whole catalogue of Norman nobility, and he confesses that forty years' study had not enabled him to penetrate its mysteries. We therefore humbly leave these mysteries as dark as we find them. It may suffice here to explain that William de Romarā, who became Earl of Lincoln in 1141, received by inheritance the manor of Cleve, which had passed to his ancestors from Earl Harold at the Conquest. His grandson, of the same name, was founder of the abbey at that place, the first of these De Romarās having left an example for his descendants by building the Abbey of Revesby in Yorkshire. From that Cistercian house Cleve was colonized, and the founder of the latter seems to have had so much affection for Revesby as not only to appoint its abbot to execute his deed of piety at the former, but to prefer the parent monastery for his place of burial, the inscription on his tomb being simply "Fundator Monasterii B.M. de Clyve." A second charter recites more fully the intention of the house at Cleve, which was to be for Cistercian monks, and for the health of the soul of "my liege Richard (I.), King of England, and for the soul of Henry his father, my lord who brought me up, and of all my ancestors and heirs, and for my own soul and of Philippa my wife," &c. Among the witnesses were Lord Hugh de Grenoble, Bishop of Lincoln, and the Lord Abbot of Rievaulx. The famous Hugh de Burgh, Earl of Kent and Chancellor of England, who was father-in-law of the founder of the abbey, was one of the benefactors; and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of King Henry III., granted the fraternity lands in Cornwall, including Treglastan, to hold peacefully with infangethes and utlangethes—i.e. with the power of punishing a thief dwelling either within or without their liberty, if taken within their fee; and to be quit of the citements of the sheriff's turn or king's leet, and all other secular exactions. By a later grant, inferred by the Rev. Thomas Hugo to be of the date of Richard II. or Henry IV., Robert, son of Hugh de Wude, affords the right of common pasture of all his land of Wude, saving his corn and meadow land, from the calends of April to the time it is reaped and stacked, for 300 sheep and for 60 beasts and for 60 swine, on condition that at his decease the monks shall do service for him as one of themselves, and receive, should he finally desire it, his body for burial. This gives some idea of their large flocks and herds, for the Templars were not more warrior monks than the Cistercians were a farming community, and the scythe in the one case outlasted the sword in the other—a symbol, it may be hoped, of the final condition of things. For the sale of their produce they were, A.D. 1455, allowed to hold a market every Wednesday, and a fair, to last three days, twice yearly at the feasts of St. James the Apostle and of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. These manorial privileges had been granted to provide funds for rebuilding the beautiful little chapel of St. Mary, which stood away on the seashore, and had been overwhelmed by the fall of a cliff, only the image of the glorious Virgin and the altar of the same chapel remaining uninjured, being miraculously preserved, as was believed. The market was held in the outer court of the convent, and we may yet see the octagonal basement of the stone cross which once uplifted its head among the buyers and sellers, but a grand old sycamore occupies the place of the shaft.

Evidence of the high rank of Cleve among the English houses is afforded by the letters of Richard III. to the heads of their order and to the mayors, sheriffs, and constables of the realm, by which these spiritual and secular authorities are commanded to assist and obey at all times the abbots of Stratford, Woburn, and Cleve, who had been appointed by the holy father in God the abbot of the head house of Cîteaux, and by the General Chapter of the Cistercians to visit reform, punish, and correct all manner of trespassers, malefactors, apostates, rebels, and rufagates, who had sheltered themselves under their vows, and all other evil conventual livers. Such visitations, though sometimes serious in their effect, must, together with the markets and fairs, have helped to relieve the monotony of the devotional discipline. There was also sometimes a little excitement on the arrival of a messenger from some distant monastery bearing with him intelligence of the lamented death of the father abbot of his house, and possibly a little news or gossip of what was happening in the world through which he had passed. His obituary-roll would be inscribed with the names of the convents he had already called upon, whose inmates had engaged to "batter the gates of Heaven with storms of prayer" until the soul of the departed brother was added to the saints; and his mission to Cleve would be to request the like kind offices from the brethren there. On one occasion he brought a petition for suffrages on behalf of Walter Skirlaw, successively Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, Bath and Wells and Durham, who died in 1406; and on another for William Echebster and John Durnby, Priors of Durham, who died respectively in 1456 and 1468. Politics were not altogether abjured within the cloistral walls, but they sometimes proved a costly luxury. In a Commission taken before the Dean of St. Paul's, London, in 1498, the abbot of Cleve, in company with his brothers of Ford and Muchelney, was declared among

the traitors of the West who had supported Perkin Warbeck. Fortunately he lived before Judge Jeffreys made his gory assizes in the same district, and so he might feel happy to escape with a fine of 40*l*.

The most stirring visitor was one who appeared at the convent gate in 1536, to tell the abbot that his house was to be desolated and his altar abolished. Though the alarmed William Dovell agreed with the enemy quickly, and accepted his retiring pension of 26*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*., it might have cost him a few pangs to quit his cloistral home, for he had added much to its architectural character, the great gatehouse and splendid refectory being his work. But all the fair structure of the Abbey, except such buildings as the King had ordered to be felled, together with 632 acres of arable and meadow land, was granted away (February 29, 1537) to Anthony Bustard, gentleman, at the cheap rental of 42*l*. 2*s*. 8*d*. He did not, however, long hold the estate, for the reversion was granted on March 20, 1541, to Robert Earl of Sussex, at the yearly rent of 33*l*. 14*s*. 8*d*., the actual value being more than three times as much. But in the distribution of the monastic houses and lands the supporters of Henry had, like the followers of the Conqueror, no reason to complain of ingratitude from their royal master, the grants being in some instances almost equal in value, if not in territorial extent, to the Saxon lordships assigned to the Norman chiefs. Besides receiving the monastery of Cleve with its green pastures and easy tenure, Lord Sussex was enriched with the grant of Attleburgh College and Chantry in Norfolk. His title was found in his "good, true, faithful, and acceptable" services in the Northern rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, in connexion with which the unfortunate abbots of Fountains and Jervaulx saw no relenting in his face as their judge, being ignominiously hanged at Tyburn. He enjoyed the monastic spoil but a short while, for he died the year after the demesne of Cleve came into his hands. The same terms of tenure were granted by Elizabeth to Thomas, Earl of Sussex, the succession of owners, since his period, showing none more careful of the interest of the fine remains of the Abbey than the present possessor.

The situation of Cleve, which is so named from the cleveo, or cleft, on the north side of the valley whence the stones were quarried, is not so striking as that of Tintern or Valle Crucis, among their stately green hills; but the poetical title of the Vale of Flowers, which was given to the spot in one of the charters of the Abbey in the days of Henry III., is no undue compliment to the luxuriant meadows, sheltered by a wooded height on the north, and by the undulating line of the Brendon Hills on the south in the distance. A bridge of two low arches, over a rapid stream which flows down the valley, leads from the public road at once into the abbey grounds, which were defended by walls and a moat—a not unnecessary precaution in earlier days, whether for cloister or castle. The moat may still be seen, and the walls also, though in a fragmentary state. Within this outer boundary were a mill and two fishponds, together with the granges and other offices needful for home farming. A tall gatehouse is the first conspicuous architectural object within the enclosure, which, unlike the frowning baronial portcullis to forbid ingress, had a gate in the middle, so that a visitor might at once receive the shelter of a portico before admission to a larger hospitality. The lower stage is of the thirteenth century, but flanked by buttresses of a later period, probably added by Dovell, the last abbot, whose name appears on a tablet over the archway of the inner side as being the builder of the upper story. His hospitable disposition is denoted by an inscription on the exterior, which seems in mockery still to invite the hungry wayfarer to a generous board. But the last table was spread more than three centuries ago, and

Porta patens esto  
Nulli claudaris honesto

will beguile no traveller, either honest or dishonest. A passage 46 ft. long by 13 in breadth had formerly a groined vault, which, having fallen in, reveals above it an open timber roof that once covered the hospitium or guest-house, a spacious apartment lighted at each end by a square-headed window of three lights. On entering the quadrangle a hasty interpreter might pronounce the architectural plan to be clearly Benedictine, the immediate evidence being the position of the refectory, which runs parallel with the axis of the church, instead of at right angles, as usual with the Cistercian type of construction. The later date of this building, compared with the adjacent domestic offices of the monastery, leads to the suspicion, however, that there may have been some interference with the original arrangement; and this on examination is found to be the case.

Leaving this point for the present, we consider the scanty remains of the church, which, it may be assumed, was one of the buildings that our religious King Hal ordered to be levelled. This in itself has furnished so fair a quarry for village purposes that it has seemed unnecessary to disturb the other parts. The walls at the east end where the minster was begun to be erected were 6 ft. 4 in. in thickness, those of the nave being 4 ft., and the whole length 161 ft. The remains are pitifully scanty, but there are some portions of walls, with traces of procession doors and windows, together with some broken bases of columns. These columns, instead of being clustered like Tintern, which date a few years later in the second half of the thirteenth century, were of a bold, round section, after the transitional Norman type of Buildwas and Fountains. The plan was in keeping with the leading abbeys of the order in England, having a short, square-ended presbytery, and square transepts with eastern chapels. The monks' choir, as usual in Norman minsters,



was beneath the low central tower, and advanced one bay into the nave, where it was terminated by a rood screen, the remainder of the nave being for the superannuated and infirm, who worshipped in the retro-choir west of the screen, and the lay brethren or *converses* who held the space between that occupied by the infirm and the western door. Though the rule forbade ornament, the squares of encaustic pavement, with armorial and grotesque devices, which have been dug up in great number, show that the love of ecclesiastical finery was stronger than the spirit of obedience to the dead letter. The eastern side of the cloister, which with the south is more perfect than the western alley (the wall of the church forming the north side), is entirely Early English, and from its severe style may be assigned to the earlier part of the thirteenth century. Adjoining the south transept of the church on this side, we find the sacristy, which has a remarkable circular window seven feet in diameter, once filled with fourteenth-century tracery, possibly of wood. Then succeeds a chamber that occupies the normal position of the armarium or smaller book-room, but which Mr. Sharpe, in his general plan of Cistercian buildings, calls the penitential cell; and certainly its single, high, narrow, lancet aperture gives it more the appearance of a prison than a library. The Chapter-house, with its fine Early English vaulting, follows next, and is entered by an archway rather than a doorway, for it was open to the cloister, and the double unglazed lancet, with its quatrefoil head on each side, is unglazed—such were the stringent rules and hardy habits of the Cistercians. Annexed to the Chapter-house on the south is the conventual parlour, and then comes a spacious chamber 60 ft. in length and 22 in breadth, which was the calefactory, the fireplace that gave its comfortable name being still evident. This apartment has been sometimes erroneously called the Fraternity, a name that belongs to the refectory, as shown in a former article (*Saturday Review*, February 26, 1881) on the Fraternity at Carlisle. Here the ordinary business of the abbey was transacted, a fire being necessary for other purposes besides warming cold fingers, whether for heating charcoal for the thurible, preparing parchment and vellum for the psalters and legends, or even for less ecclesiastical purposes. The dormitory was a yet more spacious apartment, and extended over and formed the upper story of the building we have been speaking of. This chamber, now divided by a modern wall, was of the extraordinary length, considering the fewness of the monks (twenty-eight in the thirteenth century and seventeen at the Dissolution), of 137 ft. by 24, and is lighted on each side by a series of lancets, each deeply bayed for a seat, but without traces of glazing, having, no doubt, been supplied with wooden shutters. Till 2 A.M. the monks slept on their palliasses against the piers between the windows, when after seven hours' rest the bell sounded for them to descend the night-stairs into the transept of the church. That a bedroom fire was not altogether a secular luxury may be argued from the fact of there being here a large fireplace, near to which is the muniment room or library; this extended over the eastern bay of the Chapter-house. At right angles with the dormitory, and making the south side of the quadrangle, is a range of buildings, of which the lower story is Early English and the upper two centuries more advanced. "*Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia*" was so convenient a maxim that in the relaxed days of the rule much liberty was taken with it. Here, as we have said, the refectory is in an abnormal position, and, instead of being in keeping with the severe style of the dormitory, with its simple lancets, is a stately apartment, worthy to have been the hall of a baron's castle or of a rich and powerful guild rather than of a few self-renunciating monks. It measures 51 ft. by 22, and, though but an upper room, is lofty in proportion. On either side is a range of windows, having tracery of the early part of the sixteenth century—the date of the hall itself. The carved angels which start from the hammer-beams of the magnificent oak roof spread their feathery wings with so buoyant a grace that they seem almost to beat the air in actual flight. The ascent to the reader's pulpit, and a fireplace, are on one side, and there is a large painting in distemper of the Crucifixion at the east end. At the west end is a door leading to the abbot's lodgings, of which the upper chamber is covered with a fine oak roof and the lower is adorned with curious wall-paintings, the whole of this part being worthy of more attention than we can here afford.

Not the least interesting portion of the undercroft is the doorway to the steps of the present refectory, which had formerly served for the entrance to the original one. This ran north and south, according to the rule, and was situated on the ground level. The interesting discovery in the convent garden of the foundation walls and heraldic pavement of the earlier apartment was due to Mr. John Reynolds, who has detailed his researches in the "*Proceedings of the British Archaeological Association*" for 1877, an elaborate description of the armorial tiles by Colonel J. R. Bramble being in the same volume. The western alley of the cloisters was appropriated to the use of the converts or lay brothers, and we may yet see at the south end of the floorless dormitory overhead the doorway to the night-stairs by which they descended to the nave of the church, whose nocturnal services they were bound to attend. This side of the quadrangle has been partly enclosed with Perpendicular stone tracery, which is connected with chambers of the same date, now occupied by the warden of the ruins. The foundations of the original converts' house, extending, as at Fontaines, to the west front of the church, with which this part was united by a circular staircase turret, may yet be traced.

## BOUCHARDY AND EDMUND KEAN.

SOME curious volumes of a magazine called *Le Monde Dramatique*, which was published in Paris, with a frontispiece by Célestin Nanteuil, in 1835, and of which we have said something on a former occasion, contain, amongst other odd matter, a story or sketch, in two numbers, from the pen of the prolific M. Bouchardy, which he called "Two Episodes in the Life of a Great Actor." The first episode is, in some ways, the more remarkable of the two. It introduces us to a tavern in the suburbs of Manchester, where three men, a young woman, and some children were sitting at supper. From the odd appearance, says M. Bouchardy, of these people, from the mixed nature of their language and their costume, and from the shrunken dimensions of their baggage, it was easy to see that they were comedians, not comedians of the successful and kid-gloved kind, "*mais de ceux dont la vie n'est qu'une longue comédie, et que l'on nomme en France baladins et en Angleterre strolling players.*" Then we have a not very original description of the life of "strolling players"; and a statement that those particular "strolling players" were accustomed on fine evenings to play at five, and to have supper at ten, and on wet evenings to have supper at ten and begin the performance at eleven. On this occasion it had been wet; it was past ten, and the time drew near for beginning. "Old Jack Bob," who was three gentlemen in one—manager, stage manager, and acting manager—had turned his collar above his ears, pulled his hat low down on his forehead, and was walking round and round the table in a depressed way which was not usual with him. "Par Dieu, Master Bob," cried Tom Cove, the clown, "you look as if you were going to a funeral." "Come, Bob," cried Jackson, the bass, "we are never certain of a breakfast; at least make sure of your supper." Jack Bob, however, replied that he was neither hungry nor thirsty, went on to make some sentimental remarks upon the best way of keeping the landlord in good humour, and wound up by observing that to-morrow they might be worse off than to-night. "Do you not see that one of our company is missing—and that one—" "David! David!" exclaimed Betty the young, Betty the fair, Betty the graceful, who had just given a cuff to one of the children. "Oui, David, reprit Jack Bob, lui, qui nous avait promis de ne rester que quelques heures chez le duc de Bedford, et qui n'a pas reparu depuis deux jours entiers." Jack Bob went on to ask who was to play harlequin and Shylock if David did not return, who was to sing *Rule Britannia* with spirit and energy enough to make the audience join in the chorus, who, in fine, but David was the soul of the company? Tom Cove suggested that perhaps David would return in time; but Jack Bob scouted the suggestion, and announced his conviction that David was tired of his present life, that he had entered the service of the Duc de Bedford, and that he was an ingrate. "Master Bob," said Tom Cove, "you have lost your wits." Betty then burst into an eloquent defence of David, which she broke off blushing, and fearing she had said too much. The "leading juvenile" also threw himself into the discussion; and, in the middle of it all, the missing David appeared. He said that he had been through the round of his performances; that he was "*las de la vue des ducs et des comtes, fatigué de l'odeur de musc des duchesses et comtesses*"; and that he was hungry; and thereupon he ordered supper for the whole company. "*Quel festin! On y but du porter, on y but de l'ale, puis les esprits s'animent et l'on fit du grog et du punch*"; and then, after a merry evening, everybody wanted to go to bed except David, who called wildly for champagne. At this the prudent Jackson and Jack Bob became alarmed; but David exclaimed, "*Allons, Tome Cove, ces deux vieillards sont devenus stupides comme des Cassandres; demande du champagne et trinquons.*" Tom, or Tome, Cove wisely replied that he was willing enough to drink champagne, but didn't see where the money to pay for it was to come from; and, finally, David flourished a five-pound note. "*Qu'on m'apporte pour cinq guinées de champagne; puis il se mit à chanter de toute la force de ses poulmons.*"

The sight of the bank-note filled his companions with astonishment and terror, and Jack Bob set the example, which they all followed, of silently going out of the room, leaving David to finish the bottle alone and to go to sleep under the table. In the morning he was awakened by Jack Bob, who said to him in mournful tones:—"Get up. Here is your harlequin's dress. Take it, make your way across the woods, and may Heaven forgive and help you. As for you, you are young, active, and clever. You will always be able to make a living so long as you keep beyond the reach of the arm of the law. But as for us, what shall we do without you?" "Ah! malheureux! dit Bob d'une voix chevrotante, j'ai perdu onze enfants sans les pleurer et je te pleure aujourd'hui; puis il essuya ses yeux avec sa manche et sortit en murmurant quelques mots que David ne put saisir." Presently "Betty la blonde" came in ready dressed for a journey, and explained that, as it was decided that David must leave the troop, she was determined to go with him. On his asking what was the meaning of all this, she explained that the others had come to the conclusion that they must part company with him, as they had no wish to be hanged with him. "Et pourquoi serai-je pendu?" dit David en riant aux éclats. Pour vol, à ce qu'il dit Jack Bob." On learning that they were convinced he had stolen the bank-note of the night before, David did what was, of course, the proper thing to do in the circumstances—that is, he bit his lips, knitted his brows, and strode up and down

the room in the greatest agitation. Then he went indignantly to his companions, seized the unhappy Jack Bob by the collar, and crying, "Tu vas venir avec moi sur l'heure," dragged him to the street door. At this point the innkeeper intervened, clamouring for payment, and, unable to stop David, girded up his loins, and ran as fast as he could close at the actor's heels. In this way the three arrived at the house of the Duc de Bedford, when, despite the impertinence and opposition of the valets, David, followed by his two companions, made his way across the splendid rooms to the bedside of the Duke, where he exclaimed, "Pardon, mylord, si j'interromps votre sommeil, mais quand il s'agit de son honneur un pauvre diable a le droit de frapper à toute heure à la porte d'un duc." The Duke, "un peu surpris," as well he might be, sat up to listen to David's story, and then, "curieux de compliquer l'aventure," said that he had never given him a five-pound note. "Vous mentez," cried David, and handed him the note, which the Duke looked at attentively, and then, explaining that he must have given it to him in mistake for a ten-pound note, produced a ten-pound note, which he handed to David with a request to be left in peace. The money thus happily got was immediately spent, and next evening the "strolling players" were as badly off as before. "Et vingt ans plus tard David avait changé son habit d'arlequin contre ceux d'Othello, d'Hamlet, de Macbeth, et de Richard III., et avait ajouté au nom de David ceux d'Edmund Kean."

This is the first of the two episodes, which is perhaps strange enough in its way, but hardly so strange as Bouchardy's assertion, in the second episode, that he had the story of "la banquette du duc de Bedford," of Jack Bob, of Tom Cove, and of Betty the fair, from Kean's own lips at a restaurant in Paris, when he repeated the very phrase of the first episode, "qu'on m'apporte pour cinq guinées de champagne." Then he became restive, and refused to appear on the stage at the appointed time. The occasion of his obstinacy was his seeing the Duchess de Kerry's carriage, and being told that she had come on purpose to see him act. At this he broke out with a protestation that he would never let it be supposed that he had come all the way from London to leave his pleasant after-dinner period for the sake of giving the Duchess an hour's amusement. "D'ailleurs, je ne veux pas m'exposer à la critique des oisifs de la cour; si la duchesse n'était pas venue, j'aurais joué, sans doute; mais puisqu'elle est au théâtre, je vais écrire du suite au directeur que je suis alité." Then, according to Bouchardy's recital, followed a remarkable scene. Kean told one story after another, with admirable spirit and success; and his faithful valet meanwhile sacrificed himself to his master's interests by drinking up all the wine as fast as the bottles were opened, so as to prevent Kean from drinking more than the one glass which was before him when the conversation began. At a quarter-past seven they reached the theatre, where the curtain ought to have risen at half-past seven. Kean was ready to go on the stage, but unluckily ordered and drank "un verre de grog" and at the same time caught sight again of the fatal carriage. Then he resumed his old argument against appearing on the stage to amuse the Duchess, and began to take off his half-assumed costume. It was nearly half an hour after the advertised time of performance when he was persuaded to resume his dress and play his part by the ingenious device of a friend, who drew a harrowing picture of the distress which would be inflicted on a large number of scene-shifters, carpenters, and supers, if the performance were given up at the last moment. M. Bouchardy goes on to give a curious account of what Kean did with his money. A third, he says, was absorbed by dishonest men of business and false friends, another third was given away, and another third "plutôt dissipé que dépensé." This being so, it is difficult to see where the "aisance raisonnable" which Bouchardy says he left behind him came from, and it is a little amusing, after having read the story, to read the author's concluding remarks:—"Pour moi, qui me suis approché de l'homme qui avait fait battre tant de cœurs et verser tant de larmes, de l'homme qui avait tant joué et tant souffert, qui avait eu les plus beaux triomphes et les plus grands dégoûts, la plus riche opulence et la plus froide misère, je me suis plu à l'étudier consciencieusement."

#### THE LOST BALLOON.

IT is almost impossible to think any longer with hope of the fate of Mr. Powell and of his balloon. Six days have passed since the unfortunate aeronaut started from Bath with Captain Templer and Mr. Agg Gardner. The upper air at that time was full of snow-clouds, and these it was intended to examine. The balloon at once rose to the height of 4,000 feet, passing through the stratum of snow-clouds, and sailed south-west over Wells and Glastonbury. Here a north-west current was lost, and, after various attempts to hit off the height at which a favourable current was blowing, the voyagers coasted to Symondsburry. Here they drew near enough the earth to ask their way to Bridport, and finally descended within a hundred and fifty yards of the cliff above the sea. The balloon dragged, Captain Templer fell out and slightly injured himself, and this loss of several stones of ballast caused the balloon to rise several feet, while still making steadily for the cliff and the water below. Mr. Agg Gardner now dropped out, not without a severe accident; and Captain Templer, throwing all his weight on the line, called to Mr. Powell to descend by it. But this was so perilous an enterprise, that Mr.

Powell, who was very expert in the aeronautic art, preferred to cling to the balloon and its chances. He was last seen, apparently perfectly cool, waving his hands in farewell as the balloon moved swiftly and inevitably into the growing darkness across the sea. Mr. Agg Gardner was of course prevented by the severe injury he had sustained from taking any active part in the attempt to rescue Mr. Powell; but Captain Templer behaved with the greatest energy and judgment. He had boats sent out at once from Bridport in the direction the balloon was taking, and he telegraphed to Weymouth for a steamer. But, when he arrived at Weymouth, he heard that a balloon had been seen to drop into the sea at the distance of about two miles. For various reasons Captain Templer disbelieved this report, which there is now too much reason for supposing to be correct. It appears to be probable that, either because the gas escaped, or because the balloon soared too high, so that its solitary passenger was chilled, or for some other unguessed-at reason, Mr. Powell lost command of his vehicle, and sank with it into the Channel not far from Weymouth. Captain Templer did all that could be done to secure information and to bring help to his friend. He crossed the Channel, he returned to Weymouth; and since then no possible chance of receiving information, or of sending aid, on either side of the Channel has been neglected. It is impossible, of course, to foresee or account for the vagaries of a balloon. The currents of the upper air may be moving swiftly in one direction, while the breezes below may be moving slowly in another. But there seems every reason to suppose that the balloon did not alter its south-east flight. Even if we suppose that it did not really sink into the sea at Weymouth, Mr. Powell must long ago have drifted into the water elsewhere, or have reached some point of inhabited country whence, if he was alive, he could have telegraphed. The only possible gleam of hope is to suppose either that he was picked up by an outward-bound vessel, or that he lit, in an unconscious state, and unable to make himself understood, in some very backward district, where the peasants had neither heard of his disappearance nor were able to communicate the news of the arrival of a balloon to the papers.

It is unlikely that the exact manner of Mr. Powell's disappearance will remain for ever unascertained. The sea or the land will give up some traces of the large and most ill-fated balloon in which he passed away out of men's sight, in a manner so strange and so impressive to the imagination. Fishing-boats will search the sea and the rocky coasts of the Channel. Every vessel is on the outlook, and rewards have been offered at all the ports. The "Saladin," in which Mr. Powell disappeared, seems to have been very unmanageable even for a balloon. It was the *Great Eastern* of balloons, very large, unwieldy, and unlucky. It began its career in a captive flight, by jolting Captain Elsdale up and down the roofs of the buildings near the Royal Arsenal. Next it just missed by a hair's-breadth the top of St. Paul's. Thirdly, it jerked Captain Lee on to a gasometer, and then shot up into the air with Captain Templer, who received a blow on the head, was rendered almost insensible, and very narrowly escaped being run away with. On another occasion this unwieldy balloon behaved so dangerously that Captain Elsdale had to escape by sliding down a rope, a hundred feet long, into a boat. To slide down in this way was, as we saw, Mr. Powell's last chance of escaping from his dangerous vehicle. Almost the only source of consolation in connexion with his disappearance is the reflection that he had not acted in an imprudent or foolhardy manner; that he had fitted himself by long experience, and by the lessons of experts, for the most adventurous of all the methods by which men seek to widen the boundaries of science. The pursuit of the aeronaut is not merely danger and adventure. Even were it so, little perhaps could be said against an amusement which is exhilarating, and which demands a cool head and steady nerves from its votaries. But ballooning actually and directly adds to our knowledge of the meteorological conditions of our planet, and probably this is only the beginning of the services of the art of Icarus. From the very beginning of aeronautic science people perceived its great military importance—or, rather, its great promise as an addition to the mechanism of war. A school of aeronautic science was founded at Meudon soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, and a balloon was made for each of the four national armies. The enemy was reconnoitred from a balloon before the battle of Fleurus; and the French may, or may not, have owed their victory to the information thus obtained. But, whether the French learned much or not, it is certain that the less scientific enemy was much vexed and annoyed by being overlooked in this newfangled and unsportsmanlike manner. A balloon was sent up before Solferino; and the Americans were not a people to neglect balloons in their great civil war. The French, who invented balloons, have derived more military and political benefit from them than any other people. Sixty-four balloons were sent up during the siege of Paris; and sixty-two accomplished their voyage in safety, as far as reaching dry land went. It can scarcely be doubted that balloons have a military future before them, even if the nations' airy armies do not take to fighting in the central blue in the usually quoted manner. For revolutionary purposes, too, they may be found of use, if it be true that the Nihilists lately proposed to shell the Czar's palace by dropping dynamite from a balloon.

Balloons were an invention that, like printing, came almost at once to all the perfection that they have yet attained. Persons in the past had invented plenty of balloons. The Jesuits

Schott's would have been a splendid balloon. All that he needed for its construction was a quantity of the thin ethereal substance which, he believed, floated above our atmosphere. But how was Schott to obtain it? The Greek Prometheus, like the parallel hero of the Iroquois, was carried up to the heavens by birds, which obligingly stretched their wings beneath his body. But in Schott's time the birds were wilder and less serviceable. Laurens Laurus's idea of a balloon was to fill a leathern ball or a swan's egg with nitre, sulphur, or quicksilver, and then to expose it to the rays of the sun, when the bag, or egg, would ascend with a solemn and graceful motion. Laurus also averred that hen's eggs filled with dew would do the trick. These ideas were worthy of Lord Verulam's dreaming moments. Francis Lana (1670) started the first sound idea. He proposed to buoy up a basket with copper balls from which the air had been exhausted, and to rig the basket with a lug-sail. His calculations were beautiful, but in practice his balloon was unlike Galileo's world—it did not move. The first balloon that ever explored "the cold blue fields and folds of air" was that of the Montgolfier brothers. It ascended at Annonay on the 5th of June, 1783. This balloon was a linen globe, inflated over a large fire of chopped straw. As the air cooled, the balloon, having no source of heat within it, rapidly descended.

The eagle, according to the poet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, seeks the air, "not so the tortoise, and still less the bear." The first animals which ever really sought the liquid air in a balloon, were unadventurous in character, being a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which went up at Versailles, on September 19, 1783. All sped well, except that the sheep, a *mouton enragé*, attacked, and, we regret to say it, kicked the cock, and broke his wings. In less than a month after this experiment, Pilâtre de Rozier went up in a balloon, and flights became quite common. The two most adventurous of balloon voyages that have ever been suggested are the attempt to cross the Atlantic, and the attempt to reach the Pole. The former has attracted the disinterested attention of Mr. Barnum; the latter has been a good deal talked of, but it is doubtful whether it will ever be attempted. The difficulty is that a person starting to cross the Atlantic is just as likely as not to find himself at the North Pole, while a person making for the North Pole may find himself becalmed over the Atlantic. No amount of ingenuity has ever overcome the difficulty of steering a balloon. Till balloons can be steered no one should start for the North Pole in a balloon whose life is not *vile damnum*. Our ancestors, with their straightforward views of the propriety of utilizing criminals, would have started a crew of malefactors for the Pole. Probably a mutiny would have broken out, and a mutiny on board a balloon is one of the most fearful events that can be conceived. Or perhaps the crew, descending among Esquimaux that knew not white men or firearms, would infallibly have been recognized and detained as gods by these blameless Hyperboreans.

#### PIKE'S PEAK.

IN some weathers it is pleasant to take refuge among the mountains of Switzerland, or to explore the Highlands or the Lake country, if the clouds hold up. But to flatten one's nose against the misty window panes of a mountain inn for a week together is not exhilarating. On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains such an experience is almost unknown. There it is as certain to be fine as it is certain to be wet in the Isle of Skye, and when the rain does fall it usually pours and has done with it. Notwithstanding these occasional downpours, the air is so dry that the highest of the Rocky Mountains is as free from snow during the month of August as Ben Nevis, though several peaks rise well above the level of 14,000 feet. Pines contrive to struggle up to the 12,000 feet line, and the clearness of the air dwarfs distances, so that there is hardly any indication by which the height of the mountains can be gauged by the eye. The distant view of the range is by no means striking, and cannot compare with the view of the Oberland from Berne; but the deep cañons and huge fantastically shaped and coloured rocks form a most curious and interesting spectacle. Several huge masses of red sandstone rise 350 feet straight out of the ground on what appear to be very insufficient bases. One is, moreover, much impressed with the appearance of unstable equilibrium assumed by enormous rocks poised somehow upon the steep slopes of the mountains. Again, by taking the trouble to walk or ride up any high peak, a view over the prairies of unsurpassed extent may be obtained, and the path can scarcely fail to lie through a picturesque country. A common excursion to make is from Manitou, a village about seventy miles due south of Denver, lying a few hundred feet above the prairie, and a little over 6,000 feet above the sea, to the top of Pike's Peak, some twelve miles distant and 8,000 feet higher. On the summit a weather-signal station is built.

Manitou is charmingly situate, with beautiful walks, rides, and drives in all directions. It boasts medicinal springs, and is asserted to enjoy the finest climate in the States for consumptive and asthmatic patients. Hence from June to October the hill-sides are dotted with tents inhabited by invalids who wish to combine economy with an unlimited supply of fresh air. The village counts among the attractions in its immediate vicinity a newly discovered cave of considerable dimensions, containing a fair show of stalactites. One of the two lucky explorers who revealed this feature of interest to the public was for thirty-two years

engaged as a lawyer in office work in the State of Ohio, and, on account of failing health, had to throw up his profession and take to digging or any other outdoor employment he could get. He and a friend bought the limestone rock enclosing the cave as a commercial speculation for burning lime; but the cavity has proved much more valuable than the solid rock, for visitors this summer have been plentiful at a dollar a head. Manitou is well supplied with riding horses and light carriages known as "buggies." On returning from a ride you have no difficulty in taking or sending your horse back to his stable; you simply throw the reins over the high Mexican pommel with which your saddle is decorated, and he finds his own way to his stall at a canter. It is said that if a visitor has the misfortune to tumble off, his steed never loses any time in notifying the fact at headquarters. We may mention that the Rocky Mountains are overrun by pretty little creatures of engaging habits, called "chipmunks." They somewhat resemble squirrels, except that their tails are not so bushy, and that the female is beautifully marked on the back. Should the traveller sit down to enjoy a sandwich in some secluded nook, he will find that his proceedings are watched with intense interest by these little creatures from every point of vantage. Lured on to taste a crumb or two flung towards them, they will soon advance within arm's length, and there proceed to sit up and discuss their food quite at leisure, keeping, however, their bright eyes fixed upon the intruder, so as to elude capture. Sometimes the possession of a choice morsel will be hotly contested between two or more chipmunks under one's very nose. The victor in the strife guards his treasure with the utmost vigilance, as he is quite aware that the defeated competitors have only retired as far as the nearest post of observation, and are ready to take immediate advantage of any remissness on his part. They are said to be easily tamed—indeed in their natural state they are the tamest of wild animals—and according to local report they have always thriven in captivity wherever they have been taken. The claims of the chipmunk as a domestic pet seem to us to rank in all respects higher than those of the prairie dog, an animal of very inferior presence, with nothing to recommend him except an amiable disposition, with which his rival is endowed in quite as large a measure.

The ascent of Pike's Peak is usually made on horseback; for, just as in Switzerland no one rides who can walk, so in America no one walks who can ride—the guides themselves accompany the expedition on horseback. It is a curious fact that, on attaining an altitude of about 12,000 feet, the pedestrian is attacked with a feeling of extreme lassitude and oppression not experienced on the Swiss Alps even at much higher altitudes. This statement we do not make only on our own authority. We have the assurance of a very distinguished mountaineer, well acquainted with Switzerland and the ranges of Central Asia, that it was as much as he could do to struggle up to the top of Pike's Peak. Occasionally a party will announce their intention of going up the Peak on foot to see the sunrise therefrom, and will make great preparations accordingly. They will start early the previous afternoon with a goodly supply of wraps and food, carrying revolvers to intimidate the bears; but, according to the inhabitants of the signal-station before mentioned, they usually arrive somewhere about 10 A.M., and are content to see the sunrise from a much lower level. Should you chance to fall in with a "sunrise" party on the mountain, you will find they are a little tetchy if you condole with them on the incomplete success of their expedition, and they will assure you with some warmth that sunrises can be seen just as well from the precise spot attained by them as from any more elevated position. After this assurance you would do well to drop the subject. The path all the way up is perfectly well defined, and no guide is needed. Wherever any reasonable doubt can arise a signpost reassures the traveller. It is practicable by moonlight, even through the forest, and a revolver is not a necessary part of the outfit, the chance of encountering a bear being remote in the extreme. The mountain buck, a species of wild ram much affected by the sportsman, is not unfrequently met with. Towards the top the path becomes bare and uninteresting, but for most of the way the scenery is picturesque, bold, and diversified. From the stony plateau on which the weather-signal station is built one can see about one hundred and fifty miles over the prairie, and on the opposite side a long range of mountains is visible. The station is a substantial building, containing three or four rooms, in which the two permanent inhabitants contrive to look very cheerful. The furniture of the principal chamber in this highest inhabited house in the world—14,150 feet above the sea-level—consists of an elaborate writing-desk, a large wooden bed, a few book-shelves, well filled, a stove, a table, and a few chairs. One of the signalmen, an ex-first-lieutenant in the American army, dispenses hospitality for a consideration. A cup of coffee with condensed milk costs 25 cents, or 1s., and the charge is the same for a glass of lemonade. The gallant officer is much pleased with his quarters, in spite of the low winter temperature, the mercury, or rather the spirit thermometer, having been known to recede to 47° below zero. He affirms that he never had a good night's rest till he attained his present elevation, having previously suffered from asthma. The number of signalmen attached to the station is three, of whom two are always there. Their experience of climatic changes must be interesting, as furious thunderstorms take place with short notice, and heavy gales come on quite suddenly in a clear sky, blowing over without a drop of rain, on which occasions the dust is intolerable. It may be mentioned as a piece of information not to be found in the guide-books, that Colorado swarms with household flies to such an extent as to amount to a perfect nuisance.

Another word of warning to the tourist. Let no one suppose that in an American watering-place, albeit in the Rocky Mountains, he can indulge unremarked upon in eccentricities or deficiencies of costume which he would not venture upon in a good hotel at Torquay. Englishmen who disregard the amenities of society in the matter of dress unwittingly arouse feelings of the bitterest animosity in the breast of the fair American, who considers herself entitled to be treated with respect even by dukes and earls. Civilization in the West is rapidly advancing. Denver is rightfully entitled to be called a city, inasmuch as it boasts a cathedral, a bishop, and a dean. Already lamentations are heard in the *Denver Tribune* over the exclusiveness of the local leaders of fashion. It is remarked in the columns of the same journal that it is no longer a common practice to walk about the streets with trousers tucked inside a pair of Wellingtons, and for our part we fully believe the day will come when it will be possible to put a brand-new pair of boots outside one's bedroom door to be cleaned, in the confident expectation that they will not be appropriated.

#### UNITED STATES SILVER COINAGE.

IN his Report, transmitted to Congress with the President's Message, the new Secretary of the Treasury recommends the repeal of that portion of the Bland Act which makes obligatory the coinage of not less than two million dollars of silver each month, and he also recommends that the silver certificates should be withdrawn and cancelled. Mr. Folger does not make these recommendations as a monometallist. On the contrary, he expressly states that his object is to bring about a concert among the European nations upon the silver question. In other words, he wishes to put pressure upon England and Germany to compel them to agree to the proposals made at the Paris Monetary Conference by the United States and France. It will be recollected that the Conference was adjourned until April next, and American bimetallicists have persuaded themselves that, if Congress would suspend the coinage of silver, both England and Germany would be compelled to accept bimetallicism. We find the reasons put forward for the recommendations by no means conclusive. As regards the silver certificates, we may perhaps explain that they are in the nature of deposit receipts, and that they pass current in the United States as money. Every holder of silver in the United States may lodge the metal in the Treasury and receive for it a certificate which entitles him to the silver at any future time if he wishes to withdraw it. Meanwhile the certificate passes from hand to hand just as if it were a Treasury note, and therefore goes to increase the paper circulation. By Act of Congress the number of greenbacks cannot be increased or decreased; and the effect, though not the intention, of legislation has also limited the issue of bank-notes. The issue of gold and silver certificates is the only means by which the paper circulation of the United States can be increased, and the eagerness of the public to obtain these certificates is strong proof of the great preference of the people for paper as opposed to coin. In fact, Mr. Sherman, just before he retired from the office of Secretary of the Treasury, authorized the sale of silver certificates for gold. He found that the silver coinage remained in the vaults of the Treasury, and, as he was anxious to obtain more gold, he offered to sell silver certificates to any one who wished for them in exchange for gold. The eagerness of the public for this new form of paper money was such that the whole of the silver certificates which the Government was able to sell has been bought up, and the certificates so bought were sent to the South and West. This eased the demand for gold which would otherwise have arisen when the movement of the crops began this autumn. The new Secretary of the Treasury, however, looks with disfavour on these silver certificates, and he states truly that their tendency is to displace coin, and at the same time to overburden the Treasury with the silver which has accumulated in such an amount as to constitute a real incumbrance to the Government. But this, of course, is a mere detail affecting only the United States. The question of interest to other countries is the recommendation to suspend the coinage of silver altogether, leaving only such a discretion to the Treasury as will enable it to meet actual demands.

The reasons put forward for the recommendations, as we have already said, are not satisfactory. Mr. Folger argues that the United States cannot give up gold altogether; and that, as the European Powers are not willing to adopt bimetallicism, the United States alone are not able to keep up the value of silver. Consequently, the United States, as things now stand, have to buy of others on a gold basis and sell to them on a silver basis—that is to say, that while the United States have to pay gold for all their purchases, they can be paid in silver for their sales. Now this is not correct. The Bland Act, as our readers may remember, authorizes only the United States Government itself to coin silver to the extent of not less than two million dollars, or more than four million dollars a month; consequently, no foreign purchaser of American goods can pay in silver, because he cannot send the silver to the American mints to have it there coined. And as a matter of fact we know that during the past three years the United States have taken from Europe nearly forty millions sterling in gold, while they have not taken an ounce of silver, and, on the contrary, have sold silver to Europe, though, it is true, only

to a small amount. But while the danger pointed out by Mr. Folger is unreal, there is unquestionably a danger in the present monetary system of the United States. As long as the great prosperity of the country continues—as long, that is, as its crops are abundant and the demands of Europe for its corn, cattle, cotton, and tobacco are on the present scale—the United States will be able to obtain as much gold as they please, and either retain or sell silver as suits them. But if adversity were to follow prosperity, if the crops were to fail or the exports to fall off, and the imports to increase, then the United States would become indebted to Europe, and would have to pay their debts in gold. Where two metals circulate side by side in the same country with equal efficacy to discharge debt, it is quite evident that the debtor will choose the cheaper metal rather than the dearer. In the open markets of the world silver is about 12 per cent. lower in value than gold, and, consequently, an American having to pay a debt in Europe would send abroad the gold which is full value all over the world, and would keep at home the silver which at home is of as much efficacy in discharging debt as gold, but abroad would be 12 per cent. less efficient. Consequently, whenever a time of great depression in the United States returns, there will be an export of gold, and silver will tend to take its place. This is the great objection to bimetallicism everywhere, and it is an objection in the United States just as much as elsewhere. Whether the export of gold is ever likely to assume such proportions as would render the United States unable to discharge their obligations in gold, is a question open to doubt. In California, for instance, all through the time of the suspension of specie payments, gold continued in circulation, greenbacks being almost unknown there. And it may be argued that a country growing in wealth and population so rapidly as the United States is never likely to be deprived of all its gold. But, whether this be so or not, undoubtedly the tendency of a double standard is what we describe it; and, had the Secretary of the Treasury based his recommendation for the repeal of the Bland Act upon this ground, his position would be unassailable. But, as we have just seen, the grounds on which he bases it are different. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than an attempt to coerce England and Germany into bimetallicism.

How far the recommendation is likely to be successful in Congress is a question not easily answered as yet. It is always to be borne in mind that an American Cabinet Minister is not like a Cabinet Minister in this country. He is not the leader, or even one of the leaders, of his party. He does not even necessarily hold any position in politics. He may, in fact, be raised from obscurity by the mere choice of the President. His recommendation, therefore, carries no special weight with it; and, in the present instance, Mr. Folger, who was the Chief Judge in one of the State Courts of New York, is singularly devoid of influence with his party. The mere recommendation of the new Secretary of the Treasury, therefore, will carry no weight with it unless the feelings of the party happen to be in the same direction. Nor is it to be supposed that the new President will be able to exercise a great influence over the discussions in Congress. President Arthur succeeds to office by a mere accident. He was not chosen by his party as a candidate; and the electors, in voting for him, had no expectation that he would so soon succeed to the first place in the State. Although, then, President Arthur endorses the recommendations of his Secretary of the Treasury, the endorsement is not likely to carry with it any great weight. And, so far as we can judge of the opinions of the majority in Congress, they are not likely to be in favour of a repeal of the Bland Act. The Republican party is Protectionist for all American industries, and silver-mining is a great American industry. The proposal, in fact, is to deprive silver-mining alone of all industries of the United States of protection, with the certain result of reducing its price very seriously. The silver interest throughout the country may be counted upon confidently to oppose the recommendation by every means in its power; and, as the whole Protectionist party is threatened by the agitation for the reduction of the tariff, all the Protectionists will be likely to rally to the aid of the silver party, in the hope of gaining thereby assistance for themselves. And they will be strengthened by all the currency-mongers; by the people who wish for an enlarged issue of paper—the “soft-money” advocates, as they are called; by the opponents of free banking; and generally by all the crocheteers, as well as by all speculators “for the rise,” to whose hopes a contraction of the currency would be fatal. Nor is there anything in the present condition of the country that would lead Congress to entertain apprehensions for the stability of its credit. If gold were ebbing away, Congress might be frightened into a measure of this kind to stop the outflow. But, on the contrary, gold has been pouring into the country in immense amounts for the last three years, and the one overmastering fear amongst the trading classes in Europe at present is that the United States may take away still more gold. The silver party, therefore, will be able to answer all the arguments of Mr. Folger and his friends by the irrefutable assertion that the coinage of silver has not prevented the flow of immense masses of gold into the United States, has not flooded the United States with a silver currency, and has not prevented the accumulation of a vast amount of gold in a very short period. Nor is it likely that Congress will look upon the measure in the light in which it is regarded by Mr. Folger, and believe that it will coerce England and Germany into acceptance of bimetallicism. To proclaim that bimetallicism, having been tried in the United States, is a failure and has to be



given up, is hardly the way to persuade Europe to adopt bimetalism; and Americans are keen enough to see the absurdity of such a mode of reasoning. It does not seem probable, then, that the recommendation will be successful in Congress; but at this distance of course it is impossible to form a confident opinion upon the subject. As all experience tells us, the decisions of deliberative bodies are often swayed by considerations which entirely escape the foreign observer.

But, even if the recommendation should be adopted by Congress, it is not likely to have the effect anticipated. Mr. Folger assumes that if the coinage of silver were suspended, and if the silver certificates were withdrawn, a void would be created in the circulation of the United States which would have to be filled up by gold; that, consequently, a further drain of gold from Europe would set in; and that Europe, alarmed by the increasing scarcity of gold, would agree to accept bimetalism to avert a worse danger. But this reasoning appears to us faulty in many particulars. In the first place, it seems clear that the circulation of the United States is now ample for all purposes. From the experience of various countries it is observed that after a long period of depression the circulation steadily increases for about three years, when there is a stationary period, which again is followed by a contraction of the currency. Now the three years' expansion in the United States has occurred, and it does not seem likely that further expansion of any appreciable amount will take place. Should it, however, occur from withdrawal of the silver certificates, it is probable that the void thus caused may be filled up by an increase of bank-notes. At present the heavy tax imposed upon bank notes in the United States prevents the expansion of the note circulation; but one of the proposals, not merely of Mr. Folger, but of all parties in the United States, is that the tax upon banks should be entirely repealed. If this is done, the present obstacle to the expansion of the note circulation would be removed, and notes then would naturally take the place of the silver certificates withdrawn. But granting, for the sake of argument, that there did arise a further demand for gold in the United States, and that a large drain from Europe were to set in, it by no means follows that there would be the struggle of which we hear so much. All the Powers of Europe, small as well as great, may take part in a general war, because there are only two sides in a general war, and the smaller Powers may range themselves, according to circumstances, on the one side or the other. But in the apprehended struggle for gold each State would fight for its own hand; in other words, each State would have against it all the other States using gold. Now it is quite clear that in such a struggle the poorer States would at once succumb, and the richer States would retain their gold. It may safely be affirmed that the United Kingdom, the United States, and France, can and will retain the gold needed by them whatever struggle may arise, and that the poorer States, such as Germany and Italy, will have to part with gold, and to put up with other substitutes. Instead, therefore, of a general and prolonged struggle making money dear, the probable result in the case anticipated would be that the poorer States which are now aspiring to have a gold currency would discover that they had made a mistake, and would either altogether drop the gold currency, or would supplement it by a silver currency. Moreover, the very fall in the value of silver, from which such dire results are anticipated, would make it more advantageous for the poorer countries which have still to resume specie payments to resume in silver. If Austria, for example, were to decide at once that she would resume in silver, she would be able to do so with much less cost to herself than if she were to try to obtain the costlier metal, gold; and so it would be with all the other poorer States of the Continent. We see no reason, therefore, to fear any great disaster to Europe, even if the United States did pursue the policy recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury, and we feel confident that no mere coercive measure of the kind will induce the Governments of England, France, and Germany to change their settled policy. For our own Government, at any rate, we may without presumption venture to say that it will not be driven to adopt a monetary system which it believes to be bad, because another Government drops that system.

## REVIEWS.

### BLUNT'S ANNOTATED BIBLE.\*

WE cordially hail the appearance of the concluding volume of the most important of Mr. Blunt's numerous and valuable works. It has the distinctive merit of being in reality what he claims for it on his title-page, a "Household Commentary" on the whole Bible, including the Apocrypha, which portion is entirely overlooked in more pretentious and costly editions of Holy Scripture. In the Old Testament Mr. Blunt had the field pretty much to himself, for no one would think of using for family reading the Bishop of Lincoln's learned and exhaustive annotations, or that very unequal and somewhat incongruous collection of sepa-

rate expositions of the several inspired books which composes *The Speaker's Commentary*. These labours, especially Bishop Wordsworth's, bearing as they do the impress of a single earnest and ingenuous mind, while they are almost indispensable to the student, are wholly unsuited to the wider audience addressed by our author. In the case of the New Testament, however, his difficulties were greater, and his rivals can hardly be counted for number and variety of aim. Canon Westcott's *Gospel of St. John* contributed to *The Speaker's Commentary* will long stand by itself for freshness of conception and completeness of execution, the ripe fruit of twenty years of toil and meditation; while the three volumes edited by the Bishop of Gloucester for Messrs. Cassell and Co., amidst much that is fanciful or weak even to puerility, must needs afford scope for detailed explanation of a popular character on a scale which Mr. Blunt's plan will not allow. His best claim on public acceptance is grounded on his uniform and consistent treatment of every book of Holy Scripture consecutively, in the course of which he brings to bear as much special learning as the general reader will appreciate or digest, and in regard to matters of pure scholarship is more careful to state clearly the results at which he has arrived than to describe the processes by which his conclusions have been reached.

Such a Commentary as these volumes embrace must of necessity be, to some extent, a compilation; but this by no means excludes originality and independence of thought on the part of the compiler. These characteristics are very conspicuously exhibited in every part of Mr. Blunt's present work. He is an English Churchman of the higher type, ever anxious to illustrate the Book of Common Prayer and the authorized teaching of his communion from Scripture, as Scripture was received and believed on in the primitive ages of the Gospel. Yet, with all his potent and avowed prepossessions in behalf of Catholic doctrine, we occasionally find him over-cautious in adopting interpretations well vouched for by the ancient Fathers. Thus, in the grand passage 1 Tim. ii. 15, where the Authorized English Version gives for *αὐτῆς τῆς τεκνογονίας* "she shall be saved in child-bearing"—a sense neither suited to the context nor easily extorted from the Greek—the Revised Version boldly sets in its text "she shall be saved through the child-bearing," that is, through the Incarnation of the Saviour of the world; which is the only meaning deemed possible by the older interpreters, and is powerfully vindicated by Bishop Wordsworth, as before him by Hammond, the most devout and sober of our vernacular expositors. Mr. Blunt, however, shrinks through mere timidity; "although this may be accepted as a subordinate sense," he writes, "it cannot be regarded as the principal and literal one," and so falls back upon a poor commonplace reference to John xvi. 21. Yet this exceptional error of judgment (in our author's case it is very exceptional) indicates a tone of mind which keeps him safe from the rash surmises of modern speculation, and leads him to suspect an ingenious theory all the more because it is new.

We meet with a refreshing example of Mr. Blunt's tenacity of old-world notions in his claiming for St. Paul the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. So far as we remember, he is, with the exception of a contributor to the *Church Quarterly Review*, the only very recent writer that has ventured to maintain this opinion. Dean Plumptre has been pleased to revive what, but for his advocacy, we should have called the idle guess of Martin Luther, who ascribed it to Apollon, "although there is not a scrap of writing which can be authenticated as that of Apollon and used for the purpose of comparison, and no ancient writer ever attributed any work whatever to him" (p. 594). Another and not less considerable scholar has proclaimed from the chair of theology in a great English University his high gratification that some second person, distinct from St. Paul, but as richly endowed as he in spiritual wisdom, had been raised up to edify the Church in this noble Epistle, and had then fallen back into such utter obscurity as to have left not so much as his name behind. The arguments by which the Apostle to the Gentiles has been proved to have penned, or at least to have dictated, the Epistle, whether derived from patristic authority, or from the place it held in the most venerable Greek manuscripts, or from minute resemblances in style or modes of thought, are fully set forth in Mr. Blunt's introduction to the book. Yet he, too, has his own peculiar conjecture respecting it, which, to the best of our knowledge, is propounded by him for the first time—that, by reason of its regular form and didactic structure, it was in substance the discourse delivered to the assembled Jews when St. Paul first went to Rome (Acts xxviii. 23-29), supplemented by a few insertions here and there, and by the addition of the last chapter two years afterwards, which gave it the shape of a circular letter. In respect to another question much debated of late years—the date of the Apocalypse—our author departs more than is his wont from the tenor of early tradition, assigning it to a period antecedent to the fall of Jerusalem, either immediately before or not long after the death of Nero, June 9th, A.D. 68. There is no doubt that this hypothesis best suits the literary phenomena of St. John's existing writings, and accounts for the Hebraic structure and rough style of the earlier book by the supposition that little less than a quarter of a century, spent amidst the culture of Asiatic cities, intervened between the time in which it was composed and the writing of his Gospel and three Epistles. All other arguments for so early a date fail us when closely examined, and it is strange indeed that the Church of Ephesus, while Timothy was its Bishop, should be addressed in such language as St. John employed in Rev. ii. 1-7 in the very

\* *The Annotated Bible; being a Household Commentary upon the Holy Scriptures, comprehending the Results of Modern Discovery and Criticism.* By the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A., F.S.A., Editor of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," "The Dictionary of Theology," &c. Vol. III. The New Testament. London: Livingtons, 1882.

year that St. Paul died. The plea that by the mystic number 666 (Rev. xiii. 18) *Neron Kesar*, expressed in Hebrew letters, is indicated, is not so much as named by Mr. Blunt. It more fittingly commends itself to the taste of Canon Farrar and similar writers.

The praise we have cheerfully accorded to this Commentary, almost entirely the work of a single mind, and so insuring a general harmony of treatment throughout (Vol. I. p. vi. Preface), admits on one point of no slight modification. In the introduction to the whole work in the first volume we have a sufficiently ample account, illustrated by a few facsimiles, of the chief Greek manuscripts which contain the New Testament or parts thereof, such as might readily be supposed to set before the reader by way of preparation some acquaintance with the evidence on which rests the sacred text whose integrity cannot but nearly concern every Christian, and which circumstances have brought prominently to the front of late years. Not, of course, that a Household Commentary can enter fully upon the details of textual criticism; but that if there are passages in the English New Testament (and there are not a few) either ascertained to be ungenue, or reasonably suspected to be so, it is the plain duty of those who undertake to guide the simple reader to apprise him distinctly of the fact by way of putting the unwary on their guard. The notification may be made very briefly, but in no important case should it be overlooked altogether. Now it is our grave complaint against Mr. Blunt that he has grievously failed by omission in this matter. Not that we would wish him to have troubled the minds or vexed the patience of plain men in weighty passages like Luke xxiii. 34, which the exigencies of Dr. Hort's elaborate and far-fetched hypotheses have forced him to call in question, in that instance sorely against his own will and instinctive sense of right. A capital error of this kind is best relented by Mr. Blunt's entire silence; but it is not fair that those who use his book should be left quite in ignorance of the doubts cast by modern editors, however unjustly, on the authenticity of the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel, or on the narrative of the bloody sweat (Luke xxii. 43-44). Even such palpable corruptions as the quotation from Psalm xxii. 18, in Matthew xxvii. 35, and "her" in Luke ii. 22, are allowed to pass unchallenged; and, to name three examples out of hundreds, he ought surely to have stated the difficulty which rests on "without a cause," Matthew v. 22, on "we have," Romans v. 1, and on "broken," 1 Corinthians xi. 24. We must add, however, that several variations of prime importance (e.g. Acts xx. 28, Eph. i. 1, Col. ii. 2, 1 John v. 7-8), are marked by our author, who refers in each case to Scrivener's Introduction for a fuller account; that 1 Tim. iii. 16, 1 John ii. 23, and the perplexity in Jude, ver. 5, are carefully examined in his notes, although the paragraph John vii. 53-viii. 11 is more confidently upheld than the evidence seems to warrant, and the case for maintaining Acts viii. 37 is hardly so strong as is represented. Thus it is not a systematic avoidance of the whole subject of biblical criticism that we have to deplore so much as a fitful, partial, and inadequate representation of the problems which it suggests.

As the present volume appeared about November 1881, six months after the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament, we have tried to find out what influence the latter may have had on Mr. Blunt's decisions in difficult places. He nowhere mentions its existence, so far as we can perceive, and his last note on the Revelation bears date August 21, 1880. In the preface also to his first volume (1878) he seems to speak of the whole Commentary as already written (p. vi. and note 2); but such expressions must obviously be understood to admit of changes and insertions as the work passed through the press. At all events, although for some cause our author does not name the Revised Version, we find unmistakable signs of his having used it, especially towards the end of the New Testament, and that to the benefit of his own labours. But, indeed, it is not at all frequent throughout this Commentary for authors to be cited by name. Dean Alford's and Mr. Darby's translations are laid under contribution in just the same manner; they are probably never mentioned by name, nor in a popular work like this is such reserve deserving of censure; it would have been blameworthy and presumptuous, through indolence or conceit, not to have availed oneself of the fruits of other men's exertions. To this third volume is prefixed a careful "Historical Introduction to the New Testament," covering about twenty pages, wherein the temporal fortunes of the Jewish people, and particularly of their sovereigns of the Asmouean family, are distinctly traced. Nearly all that is contained in this historical outline is likely to be new to the class of persons for whom Mr. Blunt writes. Less interesting, but perhaps quite as instructive, is a short treatise on the Gnostic heresy in its infinitely varied forms, which comprises an appendix to the First Epistle to Timothy. It is a subject which our author's earlier studies had rendered familiar to him, and we know not that any competent judge can avoid assenting to his conclusions:—

From every point of view Gnosticism must be regarded as an anti-Christian school of thought. Springing up, as it did, almost immediately after the leading doctrines of the Christian Faith were first proclaimed by the Apostles, it represents the second of the great assaults which the Enemy of Christ made upon Him and His work [the first being mystic or Cabalistic Judaism, according to Mr. Blunt]. Spreading over the civilized world as it did, and containing within the compass of its doctrines the substance of all later heresies, it was the greatest and most dangerous system of antagonistic doctrine that Christianity has ever had to withstand.

The volume concludes with a very full index of seventy closely printed pages, "so arranged as to answer, to a considerable

extent, the purpose of a concordance." We have found it very accurate so far as we have had time to test it, and no one who has ever tried to execute such a task can help commending the patient diligence so freely bestowed upon it. Taken generally, then, it would be difficult to mention any recent Biblical work which more completely answers the want it was designed to satisfy. Moderate, sufficiently learned, rigidly orthodox in the best sense of the term, we hope that this Annotated Bible will find a place in every family whose head cares less for that which is novel than for the time-honoured truths of Christian teaching. Faults in detail it of course has, one or two of which we proceed to touch upon, but they are too few to detract materially from the substantial merits of the whole. Our editor, after his manner, does not appear to name Bishop Lightfoot's splendid monogram on the Epistle to the Colossians (is it fated to be the last great literary effort of that distinguished prelate?), yet he cannot but have studied it, at all events when he wrote his essay on Gnosticism. We should have thought that the Bishop had settled once for all the true construction of that very hard verse Col. ii. 23. "The preposition *πρός*," as he states, "like our English '*for*,' when used after words denoting utility, value, sufficiency, &c., not uncommonly introduces the object to *check*, or *prevent*, or *cure* which the thing is to be employed." Hence the last clause of the verse is rightly translated in the Revised Version "not of any value against the indulgence of the flesh." Mr. Blunt, on the other hand, following in the wake of Alford and Darby, but with a rendering less probable than either of those which they suggest, not only separates *ἐν τῇ τῶν* from *πρός πλῆσμον τῆς σαρκός*, but favours us with a note, whose substance ill justifies the complacency with which it is introduced:—

The whole verse might be better translated, "Which things have indeed a talk of wisdom, in voluntary worship, and in lowliness of mind, and in punishing of a body not honourably esteemed, to the satisfying of the flesh."

One other attempt to draw the bow of Ulysses, if not very successful, involves a less signal failure:—

2 Tim. ii. 26.—The sense here is "and that, at His will, Who peradventure will give them repentance [ver. 25], they who have been taken captive by him who has ensnared them may recover themselves out of that snare of the devil."

The passage is hard enough any way:—*ἐξωγρημένοι ὑπ' αὐτοῦ εἰς τὸ ἐκείνου δέλημα*. Mr. Blunt takes us to 1 John iii. 3 to show that *αὐτοῦ* and *ἐκείνου* must relate to different persons. But to whom? "His will" must be God's will, as the editor rightly indicates by printing "His" with a capital letter, though the capital is not found either in modern Bibles or in those of 1611. On the other hand, it seems more natural to refer *αὐτοῦ*, not to the Devil, but back to "the Lord's servant," in ver. 25. The Revised Version, whose margin virtually agrees with Mr. Blunt, and inserts a strong comma after *αὐτοῦ*, bravely sets in its text "having been taken captive by the Lord's servant unto the will of God."

One more point only have we space to notice before parting with this, on the whole, judicious and always most useful Commentary. Our author, in his notes on 2 Thess. ii. 3, 4, has carefully gathered up into one view the significant notices of Antichrist and his kingdom scattered throughout the Old and New Testaments. He determines that they have reference to no power, prelate, prince, or potentate hitherto revealed to the world, but to a real individual person yet to set himself up as a rival to Christ and God in the season of general—almost universal—apostasy which shall characterize the latter days immediately before the end. He furthermore intimates that the seat of the deceiver's dominion will be some mighty city, a mystical Babylon, flourishing in abundant wealth, where, next to Antichrist, money shall be the object of adoration; some richer London, nay, possibly, some future New York.

#### THE HEAD HUNTERS OF BORNEO.\*

IN these days of rapid locomotion we must not be surprised at finding a Scandinavian in the wilds of Borneo. Mr. Bock went out to Sumatra at the instance of the late Marquess of Tweeddale, and while engaged there in the collection of specimens of natural history, was deputed by the Dutch Government to visit the south-eastern part of Borneo. This volume is the result of the author's travels in the comparatively civilized country of Sumatra, and of his adventures in scenery and among people rarely visited by any European. Readers will note that the visit to Sumatra, though prior in time, comes last in the narrative. Mr. Bock has obviously many of the qualifications essential to success in all such venturesome expeditions. His powers of endurance must have been considerable. There is abundant proof that he is a man of tact and resources. His health does not seem to have suffered, though he was more than once attacked by fever; and while he has wisely compressed the overland route into half a page, and only just touched on the sights of Sourabaya, the remainder of his pages are devoted to Dyaks and their customs, to some remarkable aborigines known as the Forest People, to the Sultan of Kotei, and to native habits and tropical vegetation. In one or two minor points of the outfit there was some carelessness shown. The author took

\* *The Head Hunters of Borneo: a Narrative of Travel up the Mahakham and down the Barito; also Journeys in Sumatra.* By Carl Bock, late Commissioner for the Dutch Government. With Plates, Map, &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

care to provide himself with suitable clothing, provisions in tin, and an ample store of presents to serve as diplomatic solvents. But it never occurred to him to buy a couple of mosquito nets, and he suffered frightfully from those insects, owing to the want of this simple precaution, as must be the case in a tropical delta. His very shoe leather, too, was deficient. On one occasion he was incautious enough to open an umbrella while on horse-back, frightened his steed, and narrowly escaped death. At first he was wholly ignorant of the Malay language, but we gather that he made up for this deficiency afterwards. He has given us a short vocabulary of one dialect of the Dyaks, but he has clearly no solid foundation of Oriental literature. Malay phrases are given over and over again, coupled with some terms derived from the Sanskrit, and with others which are pure Persian or Arabic. A "bitchara," or conference of chiefs and people, is simply the Sanskrit *Vichāra*. *Slaamat* should be written *Salamat*, and *Sabundur* is the "Shah-bunder," or harbour-master, a term familiar at seaports from the Persian Gulf to the Malay Archipelago. *Mantri*, or minister, is pure Sanskrit. *Hormat*—it should be *hormat*—is respect or honour, on which most Orientals set a higher value than on any one moral quality, except perhaps female chastity. *Mingit* is a misspelling of the Arabic *masjid*, a mosque; and there are diverse other terms of the precise birth and derivation of which Mr. Bock is evidently unconscious. In one place, in the middle of a dense forest, he saw a Hindu idol, said to be of stone but in reality of bronze, which he wished much to buy. It was known as *Dingaupti*, and a Dutch writer quoted by the author called it *Gendawagic*. We hazard a conjecture that the original name, transformed through Batavian and Dyak utterances, may have been *Gunga Devi*, the holy Ganges. But, if Mr. Bock fails to a certain extent as a linguist, we gladly bear testimony to his high merits as a draughtsman. The narrative is helped and illustrated by a few choice engravings and some thirty coloured plates which are truly admirable. Dyaks with their shields, spears, and leopard skins; palaces, huts of bamboo, and sepulchres, in which chiefs lie in state; women adorned or rather disfigured by marks of the tattoo, with pendant ears, highly coloured head-dresses, and gigantic earrings; native servants with smooth faces and light skins; cannibals and human skulls, the sword, the blow-tube, and varieties of domestic implements—all of them, we apprehend, taken originally on the spot and under considerable difficulties and interruptions, give a force and a fullness to Mr. Bock's descriptions which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. No photography was resorted to. Indeed, Dyaks, who were occasionally suspicious, would certainly have resented the intrusion of a camera.

Mr. Bock's journeys may be summed up as the ascent of two rivers in Eastern Borneo—the Mahakkam and the Krito—varied by a land journey which enabled him to get from one river to the other, and an occasional stay of days or weeks at capitals or important towns in the interior. One of the most prominent personages met in these wanderings was the Sultan of Keetoi, a Mohammedan potentate whose trading port is Samarinda, near the mouth of the Mahakkam. His capital is Tangaroeng, higher up the river, with a population of 5,000. Many of the houses are raised on posts above the tidal waters, and some are mere floating rafts. The effluvia from putrid fish and all sorts of refuse are described as abominable. But the Sultan is a man of pleasing address, and of as much progress as is consistent with despotic power and complete isolation. If somewhat given to break one contract when a more advantageous offer is received, he has suppressed the slave-trade, and he has grasped the idea that his country must be populous in order to be great. He takes interest in European politics, and is familiar with the names of Bismarck, Von Moltke, and other "men of the time." It was perhaps hardly to be expected that he should pay his household regularly, should not punish theft sharply and summarily, or should not take delight in the national sport of cock-fighting. He was also rather fond of gambling; but, except that he permitted his servants to delay Mr. Bock's start up the country, his treatment of the author was kind and considerate; nor does he seem to have felt that undefinable but not ill-grounded fear and dislike of white men, who in the East have a knack of coming for commerce and remaining for empire. Shortly after leaving the capital of the Sultan Mr. Bock got a sight of the Orang Poonan, or forest people. About a dozen of these aborigines came to visit a Raja with whom the author was staying, and he was fortunate enough to be taken by a native chief to see how these wild men lived in the thickest recesses of the forest. These tribes, like the Veddahs of Ceylon, pass day and night entirely in the open air, with no other shelter than a mat. They keep up fires all night. They wear a head-dress and a waistcloth of bark, and eat monkeys and game, which they kill with the *sumpitan* or blow-tube and poisoned arrows. The women are fairer than the Dyaks, but very dirty in their persons. They welcomed Mr. Bock by asking for beads and tobacco, which were gladly given in exchange for combs and the plates on which the poison is prepared. They enjoyed a good meal of rice, as a pleasant change from serpents and monkeys, and begged for empty cartridge-cases to make ornaments for their ears. If male specimens of these jungle folk have been "interviewed" by former travellers, the author may record with just pride that no European except himself has ever seen and talked with one of their women.

But, after all, the main purpose of the expedition was to learn more of the Dyaks. The Dutch Government wanted a report on these barbarians, and Mr. Bock was determined to visit them,

all hints, doubts, fears, and impediments notwithstanding. A chief of the cannibal Dyaks is described in one of the most powerful and disagreeable pages we have lately read. His appearance merits the term "unmatched physiognomy" which Brougham attributed to one of the lying witnesses in Queen Caroline's trial. This wretch had just slaughtered and, with his followers, eaten up seventy victims. He allowed himself to be sketched, and presented the author with two crania and a shield in return for rice, beads, and twenty-four yards of calico. A high priestess of these savages gave her own opinion on human flesh, and stated that the palms of the hand were considered the best eating—a preference which, we are reminded, was not shared by the dogs that devoured Jezebel. Of course such a visit would not have been complete without a war-dance, which was executed by a Dyak with much shouting, stamping, and flourishing of a sword, for a present of two dollars. A Dyak is never without his sword and his basket for betel and tobacco. Generally he wears a cloth or piece of bark round his loins, and a covering for the head of the same material. Of a chief in his war dress there is a very good plate at p. 184. The women have not much more clothing than the men. The lobes of their ears are hideously enlarged by artificial means; and, when a warrior has secured a good many skulls, he is allowed to deck his ears with the canine teeth of a leopard. The minute descriptions of ornaments and tattooing make up nearly a chapter. Quite as much space is devoted to national weapons. Here and there an old-fashioned gun is found; but the native armoury consists of the sword, or *mandau*, the *kliau*, or wooden shield, the blowing-tube, and the arrows dipped in a poison which enables the Dyak to bring down the smallest bird at forty or fifty yards off with unerring aim. The Dyak's house is very properly raised off the ground, to avoid the ill effects of damp; a precaution somewhat neutralized by the exceeding filth allowed to accumulate under the open platform which represents the flooring. The chief material for building is bamboo, with a covering of palm leaves and wooden tiles. The Dyak is an æsthetic and collects old china. When he does not eat human flesh he lives on rice, which would give him a plentiful return were it not for swarms of rats and mice. At other seasons the Dyaks collect resin and guttapercha, and cut enormous quantities of rattans, which are brought down the Barito on rafts and sold to Chinese or Malay traders. The wild men of the woods are the chief suppliers of edible birds' nests and the bezoar stone. Against cannibalism and a passion for heads Mr. Bock pleads, as a set-off, the high character of the Dyak for honesty and truthfulness. They have, all but the chiefs, one wife each; are great smokers; drink nothing spirituous beyond a preparation of honey; and are liable to fever, dysentery, and diseases of the skin. In short, but for one practice, they would be considered harmless and primitive people, less bigoted than Mohammedans and far purer than ordinary Hindus. But when we are told that no cereunies are complete without heads; that births, marriages, and deaths must be sanctified by the capture of some scores of enemies; that men are enslaved and reserved for tortures which exceed the refined cruelty of Pawnees and Siouxes; and that Rajas and chiefs cannot understand our objections to wholesale murder, we can only endorse the hope expressed by the author to the effect that this practice, if persevered in, must lead to the rapid extinction of the race. A very curious feature in the Dyak religion is the detail of the actual route by which a deceased chief is supposed to reach heaven. The pilgrim in his progress crosses rivers, climbs mountains, goes through a valley of tears, propitiates animals, takes a bath, eats fruits, and is reunited to his parents.

It is rather a relief to turn from these barbarities to some of Mr. Bock's descriptions of the franks of nature in this unexplored region. He went to shoot boars, and after sharing in the death of six of these animals he saw, at a distance, a burning bill which he was informed was a coal formation that had been on fire as long as any one could remember. After leaving Tangaroeng, on the Mahakkam, he saw a lofty tree quite covered with bees' nests in process of construction and of various sizes; the smallest was nearly two feet long. But the honey and the wax were inferior to those of colder climates. Near this place the effects of the drought were worse than in India, though there was much less population to suffer the horrors of famine. The trees were bare of leaves—a rare sight at any time of the year in the tropics—and birds and beasts had either migrated or had been killed by the want of water. A narrow stream, called the Gadung, led to a lake which seemed to have no shores—that is to say, the lake had overflowed and huge trees were standing deep in the water. The narrative here reminds us of some parts of the Upper Amazon as described by recent travellers. Shortly after this the party entered another stream which had only a foot of water, and the channel was so narrow that the canoe was dragged by main force through the trees, reeds, and grass. To this boating succeeded a march through an undulating country and over rivulets and streams bridged by the simple expedient of cutting a tree on the bank and letting it fall over the torrent, or else by joining two bamboos together and adding a slender railing three feet above the footway. Coolies with burdens easily trotted across these rickety bridges, while Mr. Bock looked on with amazement, like the Mr. Briggs of Leech's pictures when Donald crossed a river. It was at this part of the expedition that Mr. Bock saw trees of which the roots grew ten, twelve, and fifteen feet above the soil. The roots were interlaced and tangled in every direction, the trunk of the tree springing not out of the ground but from the top of this

abnormal growth. The explanation given is that the soil is so rich from the decayed vegetation of centuries, that the trees were prematurely forced into the air above ground, or had dragged the roots up out of the soil by sheer rapidity of growth. We hardly like to hazard the suggestion that violent tropical rains might have washed away the earth from the roots, though it is clear to us that Mr. Bock avails himself of the action of rain to explain the appearance of a Field of Stones of every shape and size, from small pebbles to gigantic boulders many tons in weight. Several of these formations had been overgrown by rank vegetation, and the natives had stories of subterranean caverns, and, we doubt not, of hidden treasures. Mr. Bock discards the theory of volcanic agency to produce this result, as there is neither trace nor tradition of such phenomena in Borneo. In such descriptive passages the author is at his best, and his account of Bandjermasin, where a population of 38,000 souls live in houses floating or built on piles, reminds us of Tom Hood's phrase of a "sort of vulgar Venice," applied by that humourist to the city of Rotterdam. The notices of animals will be interesting to naturalists. There is the Sânt, or Gobang, described pithily as a stinking badger, from the fluid which it emits from two glands under its tail. The scent is a cross between Peruvian guano and muriatic acid. Then there is the binturong, half way between a civet cat and a bear: the long-nosed monkey, from its long fleshy proboscis; the honey bear; a harmless species of leopard, and the tiger cat. The rhinoceros is found in South-Eastern Borneo, but not the tiger. The jungles swarm with wild pigs, and in some of the open districts deer are plentiful; but we should hardly advise any sportsman, driven away from England by the Ground Game Act, to visit Borneo in the hope of large bags. Snakes are numerous, and ants in Sumatra were pests; but Mr. Bock once utilized these insects to clean the head of a fine tapir. He buried it in the ground under an ant's nest, and in a few days it was effectually cleaned of all corruptible matter. His travels in Sumatra took the author to pleasant bungalows and sanatoria on the hills more than 3,000 feet high, and here he made the acquaintance of a celebrated native hunter who could kill tigers single-handed as well as the bravest of Indian *shikaris*. We share the author's regret at the loss of his collection of skins by shipwreck in the Red Sea, and may congratulate him on the safety of his own. His lost collection might have gratified the zoologists of Batavia or Amsterdam, but it would scarcely have enhanced the value of his narrative in the opinion of Englishmen.

#### A GRAPE FROM A THORN.\*

MR. PAYN is one of the fortunate novelists who predispose both readers and reviewers in their favour. For he appears to be gifted with inexhaustible freshness, and his stories are full of varied interest. He constructs a clever plot; he creates characters who are not only lifelike but full of life; and, overflowing himself with drollery and anecdote, he makes even the slowest of his slow folks unnaturally entertaining. But as that is a fault on the right side, it is a fault to which we take little exception. As a rule, a prolific novelist is apt to become an intolerable nuisance, and would speedily relieve us by committing literary suicide, were it not for the necessities of the circulating libraries. But we doubt if Mr. Payn could do himself greater justice were he to bestow more time and thought on his productions. For the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* and *By Proxy* has naturally a brilliant inventive faculty, and he draws readily for his delineations of all manner of men and women on a wide knowledge of the world. Experience, which has taught him the tricks of his trade, has warned him before all things against being tedious. And so in *A Grape from a Thorn* he plunges at once into the middle of things, and introduces us to the mixed society of the novel. The company assembled for the season in the Ultramarine Hotel at the rising watering-place of Wallington Bay is by no means very select, although aspiring to be super-refined; but it is not the less amusing on that account. The queen of the circle is a certain Mrs. Armytage, who would fain govern rather than reign constitutionally, and who consequently must repress dissection among the envious. We need hardly say that her struggles to assert her supremacy give occasion for many lively passages of words, in which Mr. Payn shows himself at his best. There is not one of the party meeting daily at the Ultramarine *table-d'hôte* who is not something of a character or an eccentricity. Mrs. Armytage's husband and paymaster is a professor and *savant* of distinction, who devotes himself literally to the pursuit of entomology. He is ready to make any sacrifice in reason for a quiet life with his wife, even to the extent of leaving her the lion's share of the daily bottle of champagne, although he likes the wine in its way almost as much as his beetles and butterflies. As Mrs. Armytage can keep her carriage and drink champagne, it may be presumed the Armytages are sufficiently well to do in the world; but she has a rival near the throne in a Mrs. Jennynge, who prides herself on superior riches. Mrs. Jennynge's social pretensions are bitterly ridiculed by Mrs. Armytage, and it must be confessed that the Professor's lady has reason; for Mrs. Jennynge, who is strongly suspected of having improved upon the less aristocratic patronymic of Jennings, shows the innate vulgarity of the *parvenus* in a hundred ways. We should be more inclined to pity her

daughter, who is keenly alive to her mother's deficiencies, were it not that that over-dressed young woman has so many foibles besides her affectations. Ready enough to remark these are two young men, whom Miss Jennynge might have tried to fascinate, had it seemed better worth her while. One of them is a Mr. Felspar, a successful portrait-painter, who might have made a handsome income by portraits and "pot-boiling," had he not possessed talents for higher things; while Walter Vernon, his inseparable friend, has hitherto been occupied in failing in literature. The friends, of whom we are destined to see a great deal, when their fortunes come to blend themselves with those of the heroine, are singularly favourable specimens of the best class of Bohemians, and Mr. Payn has expended no little trouble on them. Although they are almost aggressively indifferent to the conventionalities, they have a scrupulous sense of honour, and Felspar at least is capable of sublime self-sacrifice. But even while enlivening us in his merriest vein, Mr. Payn delights in touching deep chords of feeling; and, if he presents estimable people in a ludicrous light, he is pretty sure to make atonement sooner or later. Thus the placid Professor Armytage musters courage to override his imperious wife, when he sees an opportunity of doing an act of generosity; and we have a homely Devonshire couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, who shame their so-called betters by their natural refinement when it is a question of gracefully succouring the friendless. As for Mr. Aird, the wealthy Anglo-Indian, who treasures the memories of a melancholy past in the person of his sickly boy, we have always suspected that any asperities in his manner can only be skin-deep. Nor are we in the least surprised when, at the crisis of the story, he appears as a benevolent *doux ex machina* to assure the happiness of a pair of desponding lovers.

The most objectionable person in the novel, from a moral point of view, is the father of the engaging heroine—the scrubby thorn that has produced that grape with its luscious sweetness and its mellow flavour. It is a grape, by the way, that hangs above the reach of many gentlemen who sigh and long for it; and yet none of them, when they see it likely to be plucked by another, dare in their conscience to call it sour. As for the Honourable Mr. Joscelyn, personally we rather like him. It is very true that he is the incarnation of selfishness; we hear that he has behaved badly to his wife, and we know that he leaves his daughter penniless. But his powers of courteous self-command are equal to his capacities for self-indulgence, and though his monologues are generally pregnant with cynicism, he can make himself the most agreeable of companions. We make large allowances for the veteran man of the world who succumbs to luxurious habits which have been growing stronger and stronger; for his conscience is crumpling the rose leaves he would lie upon, and he makes honest efforts towards atonement according to his lights. Mr. Joscelyn not only manoeuvres with astute diplomacy to marry his fair young daughter to the valetudinarian nabob, whom he believes to be a worthy man at bottom, but he is ready to throw himself away on the vulgar Mrs. Jennynge, with the idea of securing a dowry for his child. And though he values money, yet he realizes full well the price he will have to pay for Mrs. Jennynge's wealth. But he is aware that he has the seeds of a mortal disease which will carry him off suddenly, and probably soon; so he hopes to console himself through the troubles of his few remaining days with the thought that he has done tardy justice to his daughter. Of course death comes to upset one of his most unselfish calculations, otherwise the novel would never have been written. It is much to his credit that Ella mourns him sincerely, for, as the young lady is as sensible as she is warm-hearted, it proves that his behaviour to her had blinded her to his faults. The orphan is thrown upon the assistance, and almost upon the charity, of strangers, and then it is that the real interest of the novel begins. Her father, in his anxiety to assure her future, has shown himself short-sighted when he meant to be worldly-wise. It might be all very well to save her from the impulsive devotion of Vernon, who would naturally have welcomed the destitution of the beautiful orphan as affording a magnificent occasion for demonstrating his disinterestedness. And as Vernon had pledged his word to her father that he would never propose unless he had an income of 1,000*l.* per annum to offer, he withdraws in the meantime into the background. But the intentions Mr. Joscelyn entertained with regard to Mr. Aird have unhappily reached the ears of the orphan, and raised an insuperable wall between her and one who would willingly have been a munificent benefactor. Nevertheless Ella Joscelyn, though left alone in the world, is neither helpless nor friendless. To say nothing of sundry suitors, more or less eligible, who are ready to marry her on the slightest encouragement, she has won the heart of the homely Mrs. Wallace, who is only too eager to adopt her. And Mrs. Wallace is bitterly disappointed when an aunt of Ella's appears to offer the girl an asylum. In her new home she is presented to a gentleman who is even more original than any of those she had made acquaintance with at the Ultramarine Hotel. Mr. Charles Edward, the master of the sumptuous establishment which her aunt superintends as lady-housekeeper, believes himself to be the legitimate descendant and representative of the illustrious line of Stewart. He exacts or accepts royal honours from the small circle in attendance on his person; and though he inherits all the stupidity of the last of his race, he is an honourable, kindly, and well-meaning gentleman. Moreover, there is no deception about his riches, whatever may be the case as to his royal pretensions; so, when he condescends to make the Honourable Miss Joscelyn an offer, she might

\* *A Grape from a Thorn*. By James Payn. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.



well have been flattered, as well as tempted. The only result, however, is a courteous refusal; which compels her again to shift her quarters. She is rewarded for her sacrifices and her patient waiting by being united at last to the man of her heart; and Vernon, who has been enriched by the will of Mr. Aird, prepares an agreeable surprise for his ladylove.

Our hasty sketch of the story may have suggested an idea of its scenes and episodes. Mr. Payn exhibits his command of the pathetic, as well as his knowledge of human nature, when he sets Miss Jocelyn to nurse Mr. Aird's invalid boy. Little Davey has been struck down by a contagious fever; and his attendants, while running a certain danger, are condemned to an irksome quarantine. It is natural enough that Ella, who loves the child, should only listen to the generous promptings of her affection; but Ella's father must be consulted by way of preliminary, and we know that Mr. Jocelyn is selfish. He would be loth in any case to be parted from his attentive companion; but, to do him justice, he is also alarmed for Ella. So he actually makes his calculations rather from her point of view than from his own. She may catch the fever, no doubt; but there are long odds against that. On the other hand, if she should escape infection, she will certainly win Mr. Aird's eternal gratitude, and so the scheme he has so nearly at heart will be forwarded. And Ella, in blissful unconsciousness, goes about her duties of mercy, with the results on which her father had confidently reckoned, though she reaches the goal of her happiness by a different road. It is in touches like these that Mr. Payn shows the forethought with which he contrives unsuspected intricacies in his plots. For the parts of the plot fall so simply and naturally into their places, that unless we submit them to critical examination, we overlook the care with which they have been planned. Then there is a good deal of interesting byplay when Ella, who has a pretty talent for drawing, is endeavouring to get an honest livelihood by illustrating books and periodicals. And these artistic efforts of hers offer great opportunities to her pair of artist lovers. For Felspar is at least as much in love as Vernon, and we suspect that, as his nature is far deeper and more earnest, the wound in his affections may never be healed. But, like the Spartan boy, he hides his grief under smiles, although we are conscious all the time that it must be gnawing at his vitals; and the resolution with which he nerves himself to apparent indifference is one of the happiest conceptions in an exceedingly clever novel.

#### MASSON'S DE QUINCEY.\*

AS we differ greatly from the estimate that Professor Masson has formed of De Quincey, both as a man and a writer, we are the more ready to allow that in his little book there is much that is interesting and instructive. At the same time we most heartily wish that it were clear of those faults of style which disfigure so many of the authors of this age. It is astonishing that a man who is so deeply read as Professor Masson in the great English classics should ever be tempted to desert them, and to pass over to the standards of writers who, at their best, are but a set of base imitators. In everything that he writes he has a meaning; for he is incapable, we feel sure, of finding such satisfaction in a mere jingle of fine words as to take no thought for the sense. Nevertheless, we cannot always see that his language can be strictly interpreted. Sometimes, indeed, it is too colloquial. Thus he describes De Quincey's father as "a rather interesting man." Of a little book he says:—"The performance is altogether very creditable." In writing about the effect produced on De Quincey by the story of Aladdin he writes:—"It was a revelation of the universal connexions of things which gave rise to no end of pondering." This over-familiar style is more than counterbalanced by such passages as the following—"over whose mountains the snow had come and gone silently for a thousand winters, and whose valleys had laughed again in equal privacy into shower and sunshine"; "Wilson's magnificent physique and his unapproachable applications of it in pugilistic matches"; and his "promises of some unusual form of literary effulgence not yet distinctly featured." What, we may well ask, is the unapproachable application of a physique when it comes to fisticuffs? If one man hits another in the eye or on the nose, that might, perhaps, be called the application of his physique; but then, on the very supposition, it is not an unapproachable application. In what other sense our author may perchance use "unapproachable" it is not our business to inquire. What, we may also ask, is not yet distinctly featured? We suppose that it is neither promises nor effulgence, but only the form of effulgence. Yet the featured form of effulgence has a very strange sound to our ears. In another passage he writes of "De Quincey's discovery of the omnipresence of . . . wisery . . . on the skirts of smiling society or actually within its bosom." He is as ill-judged in thus limiting omnipresence by society's skirts, even with its bosom thrown in, as he is in telling us that Edinburgh had a wealth of interesting traditions from the past; as if traditions came from the present or the future. A few lines lower down we read that "an unusual number of persons of greater or less note individually moved among her 130,000 inhabitants." He might quite as well have said that an unusual number of individuals personally moved. After describing some of his hero's "general characteristics,"

he thus begins a fresh paragraph:—"It is an important advance to be able to add that De Quincey's writings . . . are all, or almost all, of high quality." What is this advance that is so important? Nothing but the power that the author has of making a certain addition to his statements. In introducing an extract from the *Suspiria* he writes:—"It is perhaps the highest and finest thing, and also the most constitutionally significant, in all De Quincey. Fortunately, the essential core of it can be quoted entire." It is not easy to think of any core that is not essential, for though some animals have many stomachs, none, we believe, have more hearts than one; and this one they most certainly cannot do without. But, passing this over, what strange terms are these that we find in one who sits in judgment on the style of an author, and who tells those who will not fall down and worship the image he has set up that they are deficient in wing and sinew. The essential core of the most constitutionally significant thing in all De Quincey can be quoted entire! If these are the worst errors in language that we can bring against Professor Masson, the reader who is steeped in modern literature may be surprised not only at our censuring them, but even at our discovering them. Had they been met with in a young author fresh from the University, whose reading of the ancients ends with Juvenal and Tacitus, and whose modern reading begins with Mr. Froude and Mr. Swinburne, we should have complimented him on his moderation. But Professor Masson, as we have said, has been trained in another school, and must therefore be held to a stricter account.

We shall not attempt in the narrow space that we have at our disposal to follow him through his general estimate of De Quincey. We must content ourselves with dwelling on one or two points alone. Those who have read Mr. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*—who are they who have not?—will not have forgotten Southey's outburst of passion on the question that Carlyle put to him:—"Do you know De Quincey?" "Yes, sir," said Southey, with extraordinary animosity, "and, if you have opportunity, I'll thank you to tell him he is one of the greatest scoundrels living!" . . . His face, as I looked at it, was become of slate colour, the eyes glancing, the attitude rigid, the figure altogether a picture of Rhadamanthine rage—that is, rage conscious to itself of being just. He doubtless felt I would expect some explanation from him. 'I have told Hartley Coleridge,' said he, 'that he ought to take a strong cudgel, proceed straight to Edinburgh, and give De Quincey, publicly in the streets there, a sound beating—as a calumniator, cowardly spy, traitor, base betrayer of the hospitable social hearth for one thing!'" Southey's anger had been raised—most justly raised, we hold—by the "Sketches of Life and Manners from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater" that were then coming out in *Tait's Magazine*:—

No portions of the series [writes Professor Masson] attracted greater attention at the time, or excited more wrath in certain quarters, than the digressions upon the recently dead Coleridge and the still living Wordsworth and Southey. Carlyle has told us how Southey in particular, when he first met him, flamed up on the mention of De Quincey's name, averring that it would be but a proper service to good manners if some one were to go to Edinburgh and thrash the little wretch; and we hear elsewhere of the offence taken also by the Wordsworths and by members of the Coleridge family. Yet, as Carlyle seems to have thought, the complaints were excessive. The amount of personal gossip in the papers was much less than we have been accustomed to since; the "diversion," what little there was of it, was avowedly for scientific purposes; and no one could deny the generosity of the general estimates. The animosity expressed for Coleridge and Wordsworth all in all, indeed, went beyond what the world even then was willing to accord; and it may be doubted whether we have yet in our literature any more interesting accounts of the philosopher and the poet than those admiring, but sharp-sighted, papers. They and the rest of the articles in the same sense were, at all events, most acceptable when they appeared in the pages of *Tait*.

We cannot accept Professor Masson's apology for his hero; on the contrary, we deeply regret that such an apology should come from him. Is De Quincey to be excused because the amount of personal gossip that he wrote was much less than we have been accustomed to since? When a man is one of the first to break down those barriers that are set up for us all by regard for the feelings of others, by respect for the rights of hospitality and friendship, and by that other kind of respect which each must jealously maintain for his own character or else hopelessly fall away, it is a strange kind of doctrine that his guilt is lessened by the still greater excesses into which those have fallen who have followed in his steps. Was Scroggs after this fashion whitewashed by Jeffreys? That these papers were most acceptable when they appeared we can well believe. It is not often that a man gifted as De Quincey was gifted turns a public gossip, and basely and spitefully attacks those from whom he had received nothing but kindness. Professor Masson writes, "Yet, as Carlyle seems to have thought, the complaints were excessive." He forgets, however, that Carlyle states that he had read only one of the papers—that, namely, on Coleridge—and then adds, with a mark of interrogation, "Perhaps there had been other more criminal papers, which Southey knew of and not I?" We have little doubt that though Southey mentioned only the Sketch of Coleridge, his fierce anger was in part due to the far grosser treatment which Wordsworth, his wife, and his sister had experienced from the Opium-eater. With them De Quincey had at one time of his life been on terms of close friendship. "The mile of road," writes Professor Masson, "from his own cottage to Wordsworth's house of Allan Bank was his familiar walk morning and evening from the first, for the sake of Wordsworth's society and also of Coleridge's, so long as Coleridge remained

\* *De Quincey*. By David Masson. "English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

Wordsworth's guest." Through six or seven years this close intimacy lasted. One of Wordsworth's notes to him ends, "Most tenderly and lovingly, with heavy sorrow for you, my dear friend, I remain yours, W. Wordsworth." De Quincey moved to Edinburgh, and many years later published his Sketch of the household, in which he had once been treated almost as a brother. We admit that he is not sparing in his praises. Professor Masson is fully justified in writing that the admiration expressed for Wordsworth went beyond what the world even then was willing to accord. But because a man, each one of us might say, heaps praise on me which perhaps I do not want, is he justified therefore in holding up for the scoff of the world my failings, and, what is far worse, the failings of my wife and of my sister? Perhaps De Quincey in all this was acting merely from a kindness as sagacious as it was unusual. He, the foremost of Coleridge's admirers, as he claimed to be, had found out, he says, that that writer had stolen whole passages from out-of-the-way authors. He blazed his discovery abroad—among other reasons from his desire "to forestall other discoverers who would make a more unfriendly use of the discovery." "I felt," he adds, "that it would break the force of the discovery, as an unmitigated sort of police detection, if first of all it had been announced by one who, in the same breath, was professing an unshaken faith in Coleridge's philosophic power." Discoveries might, in like manner, be made about Wordsworth and his family, but the sagacious friend and the ardent admirer would once more forestall other discoverers, and by the vehemence of his admiration for the poet break the force of whatever failings might be found out in the man, the man's wife, or the man's sister. Professor Masson forgets that, though to "damn with faint praise" is not a bad mode of attack, yet to damn with strong praise is oftentimes a still better. A sneer and a slander more easily make their way when their rise can be traced, not to an open enemy, but to one who is avowedly, and even ostentatiously, a friend. Antony did not weaken the force of the blow that he meant to strike by his protestation that Brutus was an honourable man.

The value that Professor Masson sets on De Quincey's style is, in our opinion, far too high. It has, no doubt, one great merit; it is easy and clear. No one ever has to read a sentence twice in order to catch its meaning. But its ornaments are in excess, and its beauties are too artificial to attract for long. A little of De Quincey is pleasant enough; but a whole volume is much more than we can endure. He is likely to be enjoyed more by young men than by those who have reached middle age; and perhaps is read with most advantage by the students at our Universities. To them Professor Masson's little volume may render somewhat the same service as a guide renders to the youthful mountaineer. It will open to them a new, if a somewhat petty, land, in which they may, with some advantage to themselves, make a few brief explorations.

#### DRAMATIC SINGING.\*

THE condition of the opera in England has for some time been one of the most curious phenomena of modern society. Plutocraicism has obtained almost complete possession of the reins, and the result is a species of entertainment which cannot be called either genuinely artistic, dramatic, or musical. The repertory consists chiefly of a dull round of constantly recurring works of that kind in which the shallow fussiness of conventional finales takes the place of genuine dramatic climax, and the commonplace pompous display of theatrical pagantry that of genuine dramatic effect, in which the chorus singing is abominable, the acting uncertain and too often bad, the instrumentation generally poor and quite unworthy of the superb band which is called upon to perform it, and the language one which is sometimes unnatural to the play, often superfluous to the singer, and almost always incomprehensible to ninety per cent. of the audience. The set-off against these disadvantages is a string of seductive tunes and the singing of the most efficient vocalizers to be found in the circumference of the globe.

For these advantages people continue, not only year after year, but decade after decade, to pay simply preposterous prices. Many do so just because the prices are preposterous; some because they would not be in complete comfort in the circle of their acquaintances if the source of chit-chat based on a common apparent interest was to fall short; and some because it is a polite entertainment, and where the upper ten have gone before the next fifty will gladly follow after. So the forces of habit, levity, and vanity all conspire to support the rottenness of this branch of theatrical development, and to suppress any earnest attempt at improvement. In fact, the deterioration of substance has gone on so long that it is beyond the power of the most astute caterer for public improvement to patch it. The whole raiment has got too old and worn, and the ostensibly new pieces of *Lohengrin*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Carmen*, *Mefistofele*, *Il Demonio*, and other less valuable fabrics, which are let in, have only a tendency to make the whole fly to pieces. Most publics do by degrees get tired of the fruits of their own foolishness; and, as this form of edification has had a very long spell, it seems likely that its day is not far from ending, and that an entirely new departure will be adopted.

This appears to be a sad prospect for the only portion of the operatic *habitués* for whom a considerate person will feel a touch of sympathy. There is amongst the inane crowd a group, of diminishing numbers, who take a genuine and intelligent delight in the art of singing, and understand and feel real emotional pleasure of a refined order from its highest manifestations. For these the class of works which have so long had almost complete possession of the boards have one decisive recommendation—in their perfect suitability to the style of a particular school of singers. This school has developed in the course of centuries, by tradition, observation, cultivation, and some reasoning, an elaborate system of vocalization, which admits of almost infinite shades and degrees of perfection in its application. The born singing creature is not a common product; but, when it appears, it has a tendency to be very much before the public; and, as the genuine gift of song is the one of all others which commands the souls of the masses and the purses of the wealthy, there has been plenty of incentive as well as fair opportunity for people to take note of the elements which produce so remarkable a result. In the development of this partly artificial system the field has been narrowed by the tendency of the born singing creature to spring from one part of Europe, and to sing one language, from which such generalizations as were attempted were inevitably drawn. As if to restrict matters yet further, a particular school of opera writers grew up which played in and in with the singers, and considered vocalization and vocal effect before everything else, and to the derogation of everything else. In the early stages, before conventional ossification set in, this resulted often enough in music which was the genuine result of musical feeling; and though the range of development could not be extensive on such terms, the perfect adaptation of the compositions to the requirements of the singers produced works of art capable of being a source of long-continued and refined, if not very deep-seated, enjoyment.

A desire to rouse a wider and more intelligent appreciation of this particular kind of musical enjoyment appears to have led one who evidently belongs to the most reasonable and cultivated class of *habitués* of modern opera to publish a simple analysis of the aspects and elements of what he calls dramatic singing. In this attempt everything but the singing element is to be carefully excluded, and the several attributes and elements of that portion of the art alone are to be quantitatively estimated. In setting out, the writer endeavours to forestall the possible charge of hyper-criticism, by protesting that, though he may, by the unwise, be "contemptuously likened to the critic who measured the merits of Garrick's soliloquy with his stop-watch," "the habitual analysis of vocal data need not lead to ridiculous severity in critical examination." This is obviously quite beside the point; for it is not the "ridiculous severity" of such a plan which is objectionable, but its complete inapplicability. However, the writer, in the course of his work, carries sufficient sympathy with him to prove that personally his objects and his enjoyments are alike free from the taint of pedantry; but he cannot, unfortunately, be freed from the charge of helping others to what he escapes himself. The art of music is at present in a peculiarly uncomfortable and unhappy stage of analysis. Mathematicians have begun to find music a pleasant field for interesting and often futile calculations; philosophers for the development of hazardous hypotheses; and a few writers, who are not philosophers, for the building up of reputations for wisdom on the shadowy foundation of public innocence. Consequently, it is easy and natural for people to pick up all sorts of elementary theories and a few facts, and thereby to make a show of refinement and cultivation by criticizing works of art and artistic performances from a ridiculously trivial point of view. This is, no doubt, a necessary stage in public education, as it is in the development of individuals; but it is not a happy one, and works which supply them with matters whose very nature suggests misapplication can do little more than lead them further astray.

The outline of the system proposed is as follows. The essential vocal attributes are first divided into compass, volume, sustained power, equality of power throughout the entire vocal range, quality, tellingsness, certainty, and freshness. Each of these is discussed separately, and a little incidental information is put in on any interesting facts connected with them, and then taking zero to represent average powers, plus and minus numbers are given to express the amount of relative value of each "essential attribute" in the sum total. Vocalization is then dealt with in the same way, dividing it off into intonation, time or rhythm, production of voice or articulation, flexibility or fluency, transition from chest voice to falsetto, and vocal style or embellishment. Finally, the elements of dramatic expression are divided into the just adaptation of style to the nature of the sentiment signified, the adaptation of style to the character portrayed, and the appropriateness of delivery to the national style of music. The first in this last division is a very important point indeed, and practically includes the second; and they, taken together and formulated with a little more breadth and comprehensiveness, might well make a subject for a valuable and interesting work a good deal larger than the entire volume under consideration. But here the means taken for bringing the matter home to the reader are chiefly the quoting of a number of "vocalizing feats," examples of drinking songs, tender songs, and love songs, from works such as *Marta*, *Norma*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Traviata*, *Lurline*, *Trovatore*, *Faustina*, and a few of better stamp, and possibly some of the opposite, and leaving the anxious student to apply his plus and

\* *Dramatic Singing, Physiologically Estimated.* By Walter Hayle Walsh, M.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

minus numbers according to the lights of his own helplessness. The sum total of the theory is, that dramatic singing may be divided off into seventeen attributes, to which different numerical values may be assigned in supposed conformity with their relative importance; the entire collection, amounting to +172 for supreme efficiency in every department, and -171 for the supreme reverse. At the outset this appears a serious matter for the critic of musical dramatic performances; and the only outlook which appears possible for people of earnest disposition is to give up librettos or scores, and take with them to the opera a slate, or some well and widely ruled foolscap paper with the names of the performers written conveniently; and as they successively go through their allotted task, jot down, with a view to striking a fair average, the amount of plus and minus attributable to the singers' respective capacities or incapacities, with a distinct recollection that each attribute is relative to sixteen others, to all of which numbers varying in amount have been assigned. The opera-goer will also have to consider further that no singer ever sang at quite the same level every night, and that one part of the same performance may be languid, and another at a strong pitch of dramatic vigour. But it is hardly possible that half a dozen critics all present at fifty performances of half a dozen identical singers would be able to agree at the end on the amounts to be assigned for each attribute to each singer, and if they could, it is difficult to see what they would gain by it. An impresario would not engage an artist chosen on such terms, and a musician asked to accept a judgment so arrived at would probably shrug his shoulders. The impracticability of the scheme is manifest on other grounds. It emphasizes the singing part of the performance beyond its due measure. It treats the matter in a form which few of the class who frequent the particular kind of entertainment as at present constituted are likely to trouble themselves with, while people who are seriously inclined will either find it too elementary and superficial, or think that the assigning of numerical equivalents is quite as open to disagreement in detail as unassisted personal feeling is in general. Moreover, if the book is really intended "for persons devoid of musical education" to enable them "to determine the mechanism and gauge the justness of effects agreeable or the reverse produced on their emotion and intellect by the music declaimed or sung," it must be answered that the treatment of the various points is not full enough, or particular enough, to enable them to make just estimate of the points to be considered, and could not be made effective in anything like the limits given. And, lastly, the most vital point of all is really left almost untouched. The highest achievements of dramatic singing come from the indefinable power of the rare ideal artist, gifted with soul, intelligence, penetration, and nervous force, who has the supreme gift to realize emotionally the highest dramatic purpose of the composer and the poet, and so to balance the situations of the drama in their relative prominence and importance in the unfolding of the story, and to vary the force of accent and the relation of phrase in the declamation at the most prominent crises in the action, as to make the hearer feel them in his own person. These are things to which the attributes discussed in the book are of secondary importance, and the idea of assigning to them numerical values in relative proportion seems preposterous. The other attributes must be present in due proportion almost as a *sine quâ non*; and if they are, it is quite superfluous to give them such minute attention in any genuine artistic performance, while if they are not, the matter is superfluous altogether. For the rest, the writer is clearly highly cultivated in various directions, experienced in matters concerning the art of singing, and familiar with Messrs. Helmholtz, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and the classics; and, while possessed of wonderful capacity for the appreciation of what is good, rather indiscriminate both in his admiration and in his choice of test examples. The book does, as before observed, arouse sympathy not a little, especially in parts which deal with things generally and without assigning numerical equivalents. The description of sensations derived from a first hearing of the *Vorspiel of Lohengrin* is interesting, and so also are some words upon the relation between the speculations of mathematicians and the inspiration of composers. In some places the writer seems almost to call up evidence against himself, as when he quotes, with reference to the power of singers over their audience, "Si vis me flere, primum dolendum est tibi." To this a numerical equivalent might be theoretically, but scarcely practically, applied. In another place he says, "The intellect in truth plays a governing part in the proper delivery of emotional song the same in essence as, though less in degree than, in the inventions of the composer." For this and some correlative matters there appear to be no numerical values assigned.

There are many remarks and criticisms which are just in conception and clear in statement, and it seems probable that, if the space given to the consideration of numerical equivalents had been occupied by more of the same calibre, the work as a whole would have been of more general value, as well as of more attractive quality.

#### A YEAR IN FIJI.\*

MR. HORNE'S book is something as little as possible like ordinary accounts of new countries, or a new account of

an old one which some fluent writer feels called upon to describe again. *A Year in Fiji* is not full of Mr. Horne's personal adventures, his house, his dog, and his servants, to the exclusion of anything like solid information about the country. On the contrary, the writer has been so entirely intent on collecting and then conveying the most useful information of all kinds, that the readableness of his book has considerably suffered. He probably never intended it for light reading. His object in visiting Fiji was a strictly practical one. In 1877 Mr. Horne was invited by Sir Arthur Gordon to visit the islands, not, as it would seem, for the express purpose of making a report of any kind, but doubtless with hopes on the part of the Governor that something of the sort would come of it. Mr. Horne had been Director of Woods and Forests in Mauritius for sixteen years, and was then about to return home on leave with a sort of commission from the Chamber of Agriculture "to select and forward whatever new and suitable specimens of canes he could find in the different islands lying on his route." For this purpose a visit to Fiji could not fail to be very useful, and Mr. Horne spent the year there, of which this book gives the results. He obviously availed himself of his opportunities in a most conscientious manner. The island of Ovalau was his starting-point, and he continually returned to it for fresh departures. The very clear map which is prefixed to the book is covered with red lines marking the journeys of Mr. Horne; and they cover the whole archipelago like a spider's web, with its centre at Ovalau. Of course, as a friend of the Governor, the author travelled with every assistance, and had every opportunity of seeing the people and the country. We hope to be able to show that Mr. Horne has used these opportunities so as to make a most useful book; but unfortunately it is, as we have already hinted, not very light reading. The author goes straight ahead, taking everything as it turned up, and giving copious information about it, but all a little too much in the style of an official report. It would be hard to put a question as to the products and capabilities of the Fijian Archipelago to which Mr. Horne has not supplied an answer; but we cannot promise readers who like their intellectual food to be carefully sweetened for them much pleasure out of *A Year in Fiji*. To be sure, the author may reply that it is not his business to be amusing, but to supply Government officials, traders, and colonists with information likely to be useful to them, and that more amusing writers may be trusted to draw on his stores. Nevertheless, some attention to the graces, particularly a little more symmetry, would not have hurt the solid qualities of Mr. Horne's book in any way.

Of the natural capabilities of this the last-acquired of our possessions—now that the Transvaal has ceased to hold that position—Mr. Horne gives a very favourable account. He repeatedly mentions finding tracts of land well fitted for growing sugar, coffee, or cotton, and his summing up of the qualities of the soil is that it is very productive. Trading missionaries, "beach-combers," and cannibal savages are none of them very agreeable or useful persons; but we may be grateful to them for the possession of Fiji. It was almost wholly due to their combined exertions for the production of mischief that the Archipelago fell into our hands. The islands have not only a fertile soil and a variety of useful productions, but are well supplied with deep-water harbours, which are likely to be equally a source of wealth. One place in particular—Savu-Savu, in the island of Vanua Levu—seems to be an almost ideal spot for the construction of a great trading port. It has even got a mangrove swamp joining the two islands in the bay, "probably the crater of an extinct volcano," which looks as if it had been expressly intended for a dry dock. Even the climate of Fiji is admirable, in spite of its tropical character. Malarial fevers and other diseases common in nearly all tropical countries are almost unknown. The sufferings of new comers, who are said to be subject to dysentery, are attributed by Mr. Horne to change of diet and "careless living," which, having regard to the character of most of the new comers up to a very recent date, is probably a gentle way of indicating the excessive use of strong drinks. The diseases of the natives, of which elephantiasis seems to be the most common, are probably the result of dirty habits, and perhaps an inheritance from the old times of cannibalism. To be sure even Fiji has drawbacks to its climate, at least for white settlers. European workmen can work in the open air all the year round, which is a rare thing in a tropical climate; but that, unfortunately, only means that they can do so if able to display the necessary energy; and for nearly half the year the effort is more than can be expected of any white man. It is not very easy to see how anybody can be expected to work from October to May when "the least exertion brings the perspiration in streams out of the body," and "the least amount of clothing is burdensome and oppressive." After all, the fine climate of Fiji is only fine in a tropical sense. A white workman is a little less likely to die there than elsewhere in the tropics. The labour of the islands will always have to be done by the natives.

As the old races of the archipelago, which do not seem to be dying out before the whites as the inhabitants of other islands in the Pacific are, will always remain indispensable to its prosperity, it is interesting to see what their character is, or is likely to become as modified by European influences. To judge from Mr. Horne's account, they are already very different from their well-established reputation for savagery and cannibalism. It is difficult to reconcile his picture with very recent stories of cruelty and fanaticism—acquired along with a taste for ardent spirits from the inferior kinds of missionaries—which have come

\* *A Year in Fiji; or, an Inquiry into the Botanical, Agricultural, and Economical Resources of the Colony.* By John Horne, F.L.S., &c. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1881.

from thence. In all probability such stories have grown considerably on the journey. However that may be, the impression of the Fijians left by reading *A Year in Fiji* is that of a mild indolent race, exceptionally amenable to discipline, and open to the influences of civilization of a better kind than the vice of drunkenness and the habit of excitedly howling Methodist hymns. Mention is made of old hill forts now become useless, or utilized as police stations, since the English rule put a stop to the murderous tribal wars. We hear also of marauders from the hills who raided on the settlements, and whom the colonists guarded against by the fatal expedient of cutting down the woods which gave them shelter. These raids have apparently come to an end, which is unfortunately far from being the case with the ill effects of the destruction of the forests. The races of the islands have loyally accepted the English rule; and Mr. Horne absolutely met a chief who even in these times was proud of being a Briton. Perhaps the author takes a rather discreetly favourable official view of the sentiments of the Fijians; but in the main his opinion that they are well satisfied with things as they are would appear to be well founded. The good sense of the English rulers, who interfere as little as possible with the native organization, has much to do with their contentment. And, indeed, that organization would seem to be admirably made to the hand of an intelligent governing power. Mr. Horne gives an interesting description of it, which has a curious resemblance to the primitive institutions of peoples much nearer home. The whole is based on the village or "Koro," with its chief, the Turaga ni Koro. Several villages are united under a Bali, and these again are united into circles under a chief or Iko Tui. The English Governor has taken the place of the king over all. The village chief is assisted by a council, the chiefs of districts hold monthly meetings, and the greater chiefs, with two Balis chosen from each province, and the native stipendiary magistrates, meet the Governor yearly in the great council, Bosevaka Turaga, to discuss national affairs in a parliamentary way. The whole reads, allowing for the difference of the names, like some passage from Dr. Stubbs on the early constitution of a Teutonic nation. The likeness is made more obvious by the fact that the various native offices are hereditary in certain families, from which the immediate holders are elected by the village or district council. The people whom Mr. Horne met seem all to have been kindly and well disposed, a disposition which was probably partly due to the fact that he carried strong letters of recommendation from the Governor. On one occasion, at Vuni Savani, he found himself likely to be stopped for want of bearers, the men of the village being absent at some work and not likely to return for days; but the women, "to show that their town should not be wanting in the accustomed hospitality to strangers," took their place, and were grateful at the end of the journey for a small present of tobacco. Heathenism is dead, or at least has sunk out of sight. The chiefs are eager to get education for their children, and he of Loma-Loma has advanced to such a high point of civilization as to have established a respectable botanical garden. Even the savage Tonguese are becoming tamed. All the inhabitants of the islands are good sailors, and give plenty of employment to the boat-builders. On the subject of the white settlers Mr. Horne is sparing of comment. He says enough, however, to show that the old boach-comber and vagabond element, which has been the pest of the Pacific Islands, is still too strong in Fiji. Time and the strong hand of English government will probably weed the class out in a generation or so, if they will not be drilled into some degree of usefulness. The advantages which the cultivation of different tropical produce offers to capital is already attracting a better class of settlers.

A Director of Woods and Forests has naturally a great deal to say on the subject of the forests of Fiji. Several passages of Mr. Horne's book, and nearly all the ~~the~~ appendices, are devoted to the past treatment of the trees of the islands and the steps to be taken in the future to prevent their total disappearance. It would seem to be the case with our rule everywhere, from the middle of the Pacific to the end of the Mediterranean, that, as soon as we have stopped the natives from cutting one another's throats, we have to stop them from cutting down the trees. Fiji is no exception to the rule. The natives are wasteful and careless, and, though the vegetation is rapid in the tropical climate, the more valuable trees tend to disappear. The white traders have been almost criminally reckless, particularly as regards the sandalwood. This noble tree has been so stupidly wasted by the old traders of semi-piratical renown that it will now have to be restored by careful Government superintendence. The process will be a long one, as the tree requires from sixty to seventy years to come to maturity. It is satisfactory to see that the Governor has employed Mr. Horne to draw up a scheme for the re-wooding of the islands, which will probably produce the desired effect, and not the less effectually that it provides for interesting the natives in the results. Besides sandalwood, the islands produce more than twenty different kinds of useful timber, all of which Government is taking care to foster. It is also exerting itself to instruct the natives and the more ignorant settlers in better methods of cultivation. Altogether, Mr. Horne's book shows that, if Fiji is only severely let alone by philanthropists and reformers for another half-century, it will become a very valuable possession, and produce coffee, cotton, sugar, and so forth, to a very respectable figure of millions.

## AUSTIN'S SAVONAROLA.\*

MR. AUSTIN tells us in his preface that he formed the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Savonarola seventeen years ago. Haste, therefore, cannot be pleaded in extenuation of any of the shortcomings which we may find in it. Further, the author insists that the true drama is that which is written to be acted, and which is to be judged, "not by individuals sitting solitary in their closets, but by crowds assembled in the theatre." Here, then, is a play written expressly for the stage by an author of distinction; and as a play suitable for representation it must stand or fall. That such is Mr. Austin's wish—we might almost say ambition—is clear from the concluding sentence of his preface:—

Whether *Savonarola* will ever be acted I know not. But, at the risk of being reproached with presumption, I will confess that I wrote with the intention, nay, the hope, of proffering it as a humble contribution to the dignity of the English stage. I may share the regret, which others will doubtless entertain, that the task did not fall into worthier hands. But I have at least endeavoured to accommodate myself to the legitimate demands of the existing theatre, and, as far as in me lies, to lessen that estrangement between literature and the stage which I am surely not alone in thinking is a reproach and a detriment to both.

We fully agree with Mr. Austin in regretting that so few literary men write for the stage nowadays, and that fewer still succeed in getting their plays represented. This, however, is, to a great extent, their own fault. The difficulty of persuading a manager to accept a new piece by a new writer has become almost a commonplace. Nor is it to be wondered at that a man of business—for the management of a theatre is, after all, as much a matter of business as the conduct of any other commercial enterprise—should hesitate for a long while before risking his capital. And yet aspirants for dramatic fame persist in increasing this difficulty by presenting works of such a character that nobody except the sovereign of a wealthy kingdom would dream of mounting them. Here, for instance, is a tragedy in five long acts, with a list of characters enumerating thirty-three speaking persons, besides a crowd of officers, citizens, soldiers, and monks of different orders, all of whom would have to be habited correctly, or not presented at all; for the author makes no secret of his desire to exhibit a series of pictures of life at Florence at one of the most interesting periods of her history. Again, scenes such as the "Burning of the Vanities" in the Piazza del Signoria, with the subsequent condemnation of the conspirators who have been plotting the return of the Medici, the attack on the convent of San Marco, and the final execution of Savonarola, would tax the resources of the largest and best appointed stage in Europe. And this brings us to another point. The writing of a play is, to a certain extent, like the painting of a picture. It requires technical knowledge. Artists spend years in trying to acquire this knowledge; and until it has been acquired they do not presume to exhibit their works to the public. Writers for the stage, on the contrary, sometimes appear to think that this knowledge may be dispensed with. We have heard amateur actors cut short a tedious rehearsal with the consoling reflection, "It will all come right at night"; and some of our modern dramatic writers act in a very similar fashion. They do not study either the methods by which their conceptions must be presented to the public, or the limits imposed by stage convention and stage necessity. From what Mr. Austin says in the passage which we have quoted above, we expected that we should have no fault to find with him on this score; and yet, in Act iv., the following scenes are directed to succeed each other. The act opens with the "Piazza del Duomo," which would require the whole depth of the stage; this is succeeded by "A Street in Florence," which is evidently not what is called in theatrical phrase a "carpenters' scene," for the houses are "practicable," with doors that open and shut, and window-shutters that are flung open to indicate afternoon, and crowds of people come and go; and, lastly, we are taken to the "Piazza of San Marco," another scene occupying the whole stage. We should like to know how Mr. Austin proposes to arrange these elaborate "sets" without wearying the audience by frequent falls of the curtain. We feel sure that authors are too prone to disregard the importance of the scenic arrangements which their works involve. This disregard, however, not seldom causes the refusal of their piece, which they attribute to the greed of a parsimonious manager, while it is really due to their own ignorance of what is as indispensable for a play as a knowledge of colour and composition is for a picture.

There are, however, other considerations which, we fear, will militate against the favourable reception of *Savonarola* as an acted play. A play to be successful on the stage must above all be interesting. As the elder Dumas cleverly puts it, "Premier acte clair, cinquième acte court, et de l'intérêt partout." In other words, the interest of the audience must be excited at the outset, and then subdivided so dexterously that whenever the drop-curtain falls they may be left in suspense, eagerly waiting for it to rise again. An interesting story, however, is not all that is necessary; the characters, or at any rate the leading ones, must be sympathetic. Without this no elaboration of plot, no introduction of the element of suspense, no luxury of historic illustration, will save the piece from well-merited condemnation. Mr. Austin's play is, to our mind, neither interesting nor sympathetic. There is little or no story in it, and no single character would enlist the sympathy of an audience

\* *Savonarola*. A Tragedy. By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.



for five minutes. The first act promises well. The opening scene with Lorenzo dei Medici, sound in mind but weak in body, striving to bear himself as usual towards his friends; the succeeding scene, where the Florentines are hoping for his accustomed presence at their carnival; and the last scene of the act, where he vainly appeals to Savonarola for his blessing, are all striking pictures; but they lead to nothing. Between the first and second acts Lorenzo dies; and Savonarola, though he appears in each succeeding act, excites only that distant sort of admiration which a spectator feels for a comet, or a meteor, or any other strange portent remote from the ordinary paths of humanity. We had hoped, from a few words spoken by Lorenzo in the first scene, that something was to be made of his betrothal of the fair Candida Donati to his friend Tornabuoni, whom she does not love; and of the contrast between his passion and the sober suit of Valori, whom she does love. These per-ouages have the required elements of interest and sympathy; but the author has let slip the opportunity of developing them, and has shown the lady in a somewhat odious and unnatural light, by making her practically responsible for Tornabuoni's death, when a word to Valori would have saved him from the scaffold. As for the other persons, they have so little individuality that we have been repeatedly compelled, while reading the play, to turn to the *dramatis personæ* in order to see whether they were partisans of the Medici, or Pignoni, or Arrabbiati. Spini, Salvisti, Capponi, all talk in the same language; and the speeches put into their mouths might be transposed without rendering the scenes in which they appear more obscure than the author has made them. He is at his best when putting before us some historic tableau, in no way connected with the feeble story which runs haltingly through his play. Such is the scene of the "Burning of the Vanities" in the third act, which is exceedingly dramatic and humorous. Unfortunately, however, it impedes the action, and therefore, when judged by the standard set up by Mr. Austin himself, must be unreservedly condemned. The speeches of Savonarola, again, considered merely as rhetorical declamation, are very good. Take for instance, his denunciation of the Florentines celebrating their carnival in front of the Duomo:—

What do you here, you pagan roysters,  
Roaring around the pillars of God's House  
Your lewd fantastic canticles? The Sword  
Hangs by a thread and is about to fall,  
To fall, ay, and on Florence. Put off quick  
Your carnal garments, and make haste to don  
The sackcloth of repentance, trills is all,  
That, Christians called, are worse than midell,  
Blasphemers, usurers, slaves to fleshly lusts,  
Mortgaged to Hell, whom Christ would fain redeem.  
Blessed are they that weep! you only laugh;  
Shameless as Sodom are ye, and as deaf,  
Seeing no star in the East! Accursed be  
Your obscene songs and foul frivolities!  
Accursed they that writ and they that sing,  
Accursed in their offspring and their doom!  
The Sword of the Lord is sharpened, and your necks  
Shall feel the smiting of its edge. How long,  
How long shall I implore you, Florentines?

These are vigorous verses, and did they bear in any way on the story, would produce a fine impression. The truth is that one capital defect underlies the whole play. Mr. Austin has made the common mistake of those who try their hand at historic drama; he has kept the real and the fictitious personages far too distinct. Historic events are generally interesting on the stage only in proportion to the influence which they exert on the persons of the author's own creating. It is rare to find events sufficiently dramatic in themselves to stand alone as the foundation of a play. If, however, the author is able to devise a plot involving antipathetic persons, whose fortunes are made or marred by historic events and historic persons, his work is pretty sure to be successful. Instances of this are rare on our own stage, though common enough elsewhere. Shakespeare's "Histories" illustrate our meaning to some extent, for they have lost their popularity precisely for the reason that there is too much history and too little fiction in them. The audiences of his day delighted to see events, not so very distant from their own time, represented just as they believed them to have happened, without addition or alteration. He, however, when treating a subject at a safe distance, like the reign of King John, allowed his fancy to invent, under the guise of history, some of the most pathetic scenes on the stage. In French dramatic literature there are many excellent examples of the mode of treatment that we have attempted to indicate. Take, for instance, Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia*, which we cite not because it is the ablest of his dramas, but because it is the one best known. He contrives to make his play intensely interesting without once violating probability. His heroine may never have had a son; but, on the given conditions, she might have had one; and, again, contemporary writers have given her numerous lovers. The plot, therefore, in which Victor Hugo involves her does not disturb our conception of the traditional *Lucrèce*, but only sets before us herself, and the time in which she lived, with terrible force and reality. In some such way, we think, Mr. Austin might have treated Savonarola; in other words, he might have shown him influencing, and influenced by, the personages of the plot, instead of remaining external to them. At any rate, such a mode of treatment would have given us realities, instead of a set of puppets.

#### THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.\*

IT was with some misgivings that we learnt from the preface that the first part of this novel, together with passages in the second and third parts, had been published in a magazine as early as 1872, whilst the rest now appears for the first time. Such a disjointed method of publication would naturally suggest a certain scrupulousness of treatment, and is, indeed, hardly consistent with the orderly and artistic development of a well-matured plot. We will say at once that our misgivings were, to a certain extent, justified. The work is somewhat scrappy, and the chief incident on which the story turns is both feeble and improbable; but, for all that, *The Dinky House at Kensington* is a very good novel. Moreover, good as it is, it gives promise of something better; the faults are those of inexperience, and will no doubt tend to disappear as the writer gains more knowledge of her craft, and are perhaps partly owing to the circumstances under which the book appears; whilst the merits are the rare ones of strong grasp of character, and, above all, of great sympathy with the humour and pathos of commonplace life; and these are qualities which are certainly more valuable to the novelist than the power of elaborating an ingenious plot.

We have assumed that the author is a woman, and this, indeed, is sufficiently obvious from the fact that the book essentially consists of the loves and sorrows of a very simple maiden, whose innocent thoughts and ways are described with a fullness of knowledge to which no masculine writer could pretend. It is in the portrayal of this simple maiden, and of her most dreary life, that the author shows her real strength. The sympathy is so vivid, the insight is so true, that Polly Dawson becomes a living figure, and fills the reader with the love and respect that a really good woman always inspires, even in the most hardened masculine bosom. Polly Dawson is the only daughter of a prosperous attorney, who, although really very well off, has acquired such a confirmed habit of screwing and pinching that he makes himself and his family perfectly miserable. This sleek and respectable miser is, after Polly, the best character in the story. The one affection of his life is for his sickly son; but so strong is the ruling passion that he cannot bring himself to afford those comforts and luxuries which would save his son's life. The struggle between affection and a habit which has become an irresistible instinct is very well described, and makes one forgive the excessive sweetness of the son, who is a mere puppet, strangely lacking in the vivid reality of most of the other figures. He is a kind of little Donkey grown bigger, and one assists at his funeral with a feeling that he was destined to end thus from the very beginning, and that he might have been rather quicker about it. Nemesis, however, overtakes the father in the shape of a second wife; his first one, who is rather a good character, having followed her son to the grave with commendable alacrity, more, apparently, because she was in the way of the development of the story than from any definite illness. Mr. Dawson, having thus obtained his liberty, makes use of it in the foolish manner that is common enough even in people who ought to know better. He falls in love with an extremely haughty and impecunious beauty, who is induced to marry him as an alternative to starvation. So blindly infatuated is he with his wife, who never conceals her contempt and aversion for him, that he actually almost launches out into extravagance on her account, and then flies to reckless speculation to satisfy his outraged love of money. This ends in the way that seems inevitable in novels. Mr. Dawson is ruined, and is found dead one morning in his study—whether he dies of suicide or of simple disappointment is not clearly stated. So Polly is left all alone in the world, as her stepmother immediately departs to the West Indies, and is heard of no more in the story.

It is one of the weak points of the plot that the father's misfortunes have nothing in particular to do with Polly's own peculiar troubles. The two stories pursue their way side by side, but have no influence one upon the other. It is true that Polly is left poor and lonely when her father dies; but then he never allowed her any money when he was alive, nor did he ever look after her in any way, so his death causes no alteration in her condition. So little had she been looked after that she had, without her father's knowledge, though quite innocently, struck up a violent friendship with a young gentleman who walks with her, lends her books, and improves her mind, and generally is her guide, philosopher, and friend. Of course she falls in love with this young gentleman, who eventually is so touched by the spectacle of her devotion that he actually proposes to her. In consequence, however, of one of the most irritating and impossible misunderstandings that we have ever met with in fiction, she breaks off the engagement, and at last, in her misery and loneliness, accepts a devoted lover who has proposed to her at odd moments from the beginning of the book. All this has happened before her father dies—an event which, as we mentioned before, has no influence one way or another upon her fortunes. Robert Welch, the persevering lover, is another well-drawn character. He is a most excellent young man, hard-working and intelligent in his business, and with a capacity for unselfish and chivalrous devotion which earns him the undying gratitude of Polly, together with many vows that she will devote her life to making him happy. But, in spite of all her gratitude, she cannot bear the thought of marrying him. She feels it is very wrong of her,

\* *The Dinky House at Kensington*. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

but she simply cannot stand his society when he is making love to her, and this he is always doing whenever he has the chance. For this terrible young man, in spite of all his goodness and chivalry, is one of the dullest and most prosaic of human beings; and Polly, to her cost, has derived from her countless walks and talks with her other lover a tinge of literature and an interest in high matters, which can find nothing to satisfy them in the artless conversation of Robert Welch. The mingled comedy and tragedy of this dreadfully real situation have been finely hit off by our author:—

She heard Robert's footstep; she knew it well enough. He ran up the steps blithely and quickly, let himself in with a latch-key, and hung up his hat in the hall, whistling all the time, while she listened keenly and curiously. Then he looked in on the chance of Polly's being in the parlour, and, seeing her, burst in, thin and sallow, with his coat, as usual, a size too large for him, his arms looking unnaturally long, and his kind, bony face, lighted up with good humour and satisfaction. "Oh, Polly!" he exclaimed, "have the old folks really gone? How nice you look!" and he rushed forward, and she tried not to feel like a martyr, and to think that it was all quite right and natural, and she ought to submit, and she would. "Oh, Polly!" he went on, in a tone of rapture, "look at the cloth laid just for us two. Doesn't it make you think—?"

"Yes, Robert," she said, dutifully. "You had better go and wash your hands," she added, in the practical manner that seldom failed her when she was with Robert.

"All right, darling;" but he lingered by the door, still looking with satisfaction at the dinner table. "I know what I'll do," he said, in the tone of one to whom a brilliant idea had suddenly occurred; "I'll put our two places close together. You shall sit here just round this corner;" and taking up the knife and fork that had been laid at the opposite end for Polly, he proceeded to place them. "And I'll move the table-spoons and salt-cellar, and then we can spoon between the courses."

"No, you mustn't," she said, desperately. "Do leave the things alone. What would Harriet think?"

Of course things come right in the end; the silly misunderstanding is cleared up, poor Robert Welch is thrown over, and the guide, philosopher, and friend condescends to put the finishing touch to Polly's education by marrying her himself. This noble conduct seems to quite make amends for the mean way in which he allowed what he must have known was a mistake to separate him from the girl to whom he had just proposed. Indeed, as he makes no effort to clear up the misunderstanding, or even to see his beloved, one can only suppose that he was rather glad to get out of the engagement. However, they get married at last, and live happily ever afterwards; poor Robert Welch being allowed the cold comfort of an occasional visit as a trusted friend.

Such is the simple story of Polly's life—a story in itself uneventful, commonplace indeed where it is not improbable, but still profoundly interesting in that it seems the story of a real woman, and of one that one cannot help loving. And of all the imagined uses of novels, there is none more incontestable than the good that is done by awakening sympathy with the fortunes and misfortunes of the ordinary human beings who surround us. There is an infinite pathos in the dreary and monotonous existences of average women; creatures sometimes foolish and sometimes ignorant, but often good with a goodness that seems beyond the power of men; and with a patient cheerfulness that is proof against all boredom, and a quiet courage that bears them safely through the tragedies of death and of disappointed love, which alone have power to stir the peaceful dulness of their days. Of such women Polly Dawson is a typical example. Raised somewhat above the average in intelligence by intercourse with a cultivated egotist, she pays for this superiority over her fellows by being unable to accept the common lot and to marry a worthy and stupid man to whom she can devote the accumulated goodness of a lifetime. That she is made happy in the end is, of course, a mere novelistic necessity. We ourselves have no doubt that the adored egotist forgot all about her and married somebody else, whilst she cheered a lonely old age by brooding over his manifold perfections.

In conclusion, we cannot too highly praise the healthy tone of the whole story. Although the drawing of the characters is both thorough and delicate, it is commendably free from that super-subtle analysis of hidden motives that makes many modern novels so indescribably tedious. The style is good throughout; simple, bright, and unaffected, and happily devoid of any pretence at "word-painting." It sounds incredible, but we do not recollect a single description of a sunset. Praise can no further go.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

WE cannot say that the Christmas books this year show any marked improvement on the taste of the past. The books for boys are perhaps rather more readable; for Mr. Henty, especially, has the art of making his stories "go"; and, if the pictures are no better, they are no worse than usual. The babies' books—the paper books for the nursery—are more numerous than ever; and Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Crane, and Miss Greenaway have set such good examples that the illustrations are greatly improved. If any Christmas books ever come to be collected and admired, and sold for vast prices at future sales, as old chapbooks sometimes are today, the nursery books will be not unlikely to survive. But the "table books" do not improve. They neither contain more literature than in the past, nor are they much less garishly covered (though here, perhaps, there are traces of improvement), nor are the pictures more worth looking at. Messrs. Bickers have published what might have been a really beautiful book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with copies of Stothard's illustrations. The size is handy;

the binding is stamped vellum, with a pleasant air of antiquity combined with cleanness. The type is clear and good, the paper very respectable, and with uncut edges; but—Stothard's prints are reproduced by photography, the ordinary brown, glossy photographs. Now Stothard's manner was quite out of keeping with the pseudo-antiquity of the stamped vellum, and glossy photographs are equally out of keeping with antiquity and with the manner of Stothard. Woodcuts like Bennett's in the old non-American style, with bold lines in black and white, would have been the fitting illustrations for this volume. If Stothard's inventions were to be used (and none can be more gracefully pretty), one of the new methods of reproduction in facsimile should have been employed. These considerations will not probably prevent this handsome and incongruous volume from being popular. But the new *Pilgrim's Progress* shows how shaky and fallible is modern taste in decorating books, after all the attempts that have been made to lighten the darkness of publishers.

*The Tyne and its Tributaries* (W. T. Palmer. Bell and Sons).—Mr. Palmer is responsible both for the literature—not "letterpress"—and for the woodcuts of this beautiful volume with a worthy subject. Among the woodcuts we may notice a very mutilated "Supposed Roman Sculpture of Iliwer God of North Tyne." The Tyne's northerly springs are in Roxburghshire, over the border. The same marsh gives birth to Tyne, flowing south, and Liddel, flowing through northern Liddesdale. Mr. Palmer gives a most characteristic engraving of the "dour" Presbyterian scenery, black hill and sour flats in which Tyne has its source. Mr. Palmer has some by no means familiar stories of the old Borderers who stocked their farms with sword and spear. The Robsons, a clan still powerful near the scene of the Raid of the Redswire, once rather hastily stole a flock of scabbed sheep from the Grahams. Justly indignant, they made another raid, and caught seven Grahams, whom they hanged, to encourage the others, and warned them "next time gentlemen came to take their sheep, they were no to be scabbit." But here we are only at the beginning of a book full of fascination for all Borderers, and all lovers of rivers. We earnestly commend Mr. Palmer's volume to the people of the North, and to all anglers and amateurs of ballads. Some day, we hope, he will illustrate Tweed, a subject more magnificent than even Tyne. This is much too good and permanently valuable a book to be forgotten in the crowd of Christmas novelties.

*Living Painters of France and England* (Remington and Librairie de l'Art).—The etchings in this handsome volume have already appeared in *L'Art*. Here is Mr. Millais's "Yeoman of the Guard" (Waltner) and Mongin's "Lecture chez Diderot," after M. Meissonier. Mr. Macheth etches his own "Landing Sardines." There are twelve other etchings of favourite modern pictures, and some pages of letterpress.

T. Pym's *Outlines for the Little Ones to Colour* is a series of pretty outline-drawings on rough grey paper, which will take colour very well. We scarcely know of any better present for children with a turn for dabbling in water-colour—that is, for all children.

*The Fireside* (edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. "Home Words" Publishing Office).—Every kind of story and poem has found its way into this volume of *The Fireside*; but the leading tale is from the pen of Mrs. Marshall. This lady, whose energy is untiring, is a great favourite with many readers. Her books are full of pleasant domestic scenes, and her minutely described costumes are a challenge to all feminine minds. Some, disposed to cavil, might suggest that a more suitable trimming than cream-coloured lace might be found for a beaver hat; while others would possibly say that Dr. Andrew Clarke and Mr. Richmond, R.A., had better be introduced under other names than their own. But these things, like the real soap and water used in a play, give an air of truth to the whole.

*Great Heights gained by Steady Efforts* (Rev. T. P. Wilson. Nelson).—One out of the two examples of perseverance in this book is unhappily chosen. It might be possible for a stupid workhouse boy of sixteen to develop, by plodding, into a clergyman of twenty-four; but no amount of efforts, however "steady," could implant a genius for drawing like that of Sarah Jones if the genius were not already there. We admired the courage of the author in giving his heroine such a name, even though we were quite certain she was not destined to go through life with it. And so, indeed, it proved, for without any efforts—steady or otherwise—on her part, the founding Sarah Jones, adopted child of a carpenter, turns out to be Grace Manton, only daughter of a baronet. Religion is obtruded far too much upon the reader, and the conversation of the young officer who talks of his conversion will only too probably have an effect opposite to what the writer intended.

*The Leisure Hour* (London).—Miss Bird's travels in Japan have afforded matter for some very interesting quotations and observations. The long story, "Will he no' come back again," by Miss Saxby, is hardly up to the usual mark, nor is the shorter one, "Misjudged," much better. The rest of the volume is, however, carefully compiled, and will wile away many long evenings.

*St. Nicholas: Scribner's Illustrated Magazine* (conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Warne).—*St. Nicholas* is always delightful, and it contains this year a most fresh and original story of camping out, called "Mystery in a Mansion." There are one or two sketches from Mrs. Oliphant's unwearying pen, and other popular authors have been pressed into the service. The illustrations are by no means superior to those in our English magazines.

*Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society).—The *Sunday at Home* is less exciting than usual as regards the long stories; but there is the ordinary amount of instructive reading and scriptural

acrostics, and there is a description of a most eccentric invention called a Bible clock. The point of this consists in having a text for every hour of the day, containing the same number of words as there are strokes to the hour. This may have the effect of stimulating to piety; but, on the whole, we should have thought it simpler and more edifying to contemplate the texts in their original setting.

*Jeanie Nairn's Wee Laddie* (Miss Grant. Hatchards).—There is something attractive in the mere outside of this little book, and its inside does not disappoint us. It is full of simple lifelike sketches of Scotch country life, and will not fail to interest any one who takes it up.

*Every Boy's Own Annual* ("Leisure Hour" Office).—If gorgeousness is attractive to boys, this annual will be a favourite indeed with the rising generation. In the first place, there is a gaudy picture of "Famous Cricketers," whom their own mothers would fail to recognize; a jocosely printed, called "Social Transformations"; some brilliant flags, and some quiet-hued fishes. We must mention, by the way, that the dubbing of the fly-hooks is far too thick. Every kind of subject calculated to amuse or interest a boy is to be found in the letterpress, together with many suggestions that will be equally welcomed by their parents as a means of keeping them quiet during the holidays.

*Ambrose Oran; or, with the Buccaneers* (F. Scarlett Potter. S.P.C.K.).—The adventures of Ambrose Oran are of a comparatively unfamiliar sort. The hero, who takes service with a buccaneer captain in 1665, for the purpose of enabling his mother and sister to travel down to Somersetshire with his bounty money, is sold into slavery in Jamaica. After some years of a hard life he escapes, and becomes a hunter in Hispaniola, and next joins the fight for the possession of Panama. The intervals between these events are filled with all kinds of stirring deeds, and rather more horrors than are suitable for children. The illustrations are almost the worst we have seen yet.

*Hurricane Harry* (W. H. Kingston. With Illustrations by R. Huttula. Griffith and Farran).—No country from Nova Scotia to the coast of Guinea comes amiss to Hurricane Harry, a young gentleman who flourished in the middle of the last century. On reaching the years of discretion, which were so soon arrived at in those halcyon days, Master Harry entered the navy, and took part in the war with the Caribs. Adventures at sea were, however, insufficient to satisfy the young sailor, and he hurried back to England in time to take part in the Gordon riots. It is wonderful that in this scrambling existence he found time for love-making, but he did manage to do so, although this is discreetly kept in the background, with due regard for the age and sex of the readers. Let us all be thankful we did not live in those days, if people then were half as hideous as these drawings make them out to be.

*Great-Grandmother's Shoes* (Stella Austen. Masters and Co.). Miss Austen's tale, though a little disjointed, is a pleasant story of the plays and adventures of some country children. There is perhaps rather too much moralizing; but, on the whole, it is well written, and healthy in tone.

This is a great year for Christmas Cards. Messrs. De La Rue send us almanacs, cards, and Russia-leather pocket-books, which are not only a joy, but a practical benefit for ever. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode excel in floral cards. Messrs. Philipps call their cards in various decorative styles, "The Gallery Series." Messrs. Mansell's cards represent, in very attractive hues, all things on the earth, and a number of sea fairies in the waters under the earth. Mr. Rothes furnishes us with some sporting cards, among others. Mr. Raphael Tuck sends copies of the cards which were successful in last year's competitive exhibition. They are very various in style, and many of them very pretty.

Among other genial additions to the endearing festivities of Christmas is the *Renaissance Photograph Album* (Marion and Co.). We see no particular connexion between this tome and the revival of art and letters, nor can we praise the decorative borders of the pages.

Messrs. Kent have published a neat and stout box full of poetry, including Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Scott, and others. The twenty-four volumes are neat, but the text necessarily small.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT would hardly be fair to affirm that the lovers of scandal alone will be disappointed with the correspondence of Dorothea von Schlegel (1) and her sons Johann and Philipp Veit, for the disappointment extends to the lovers of biography and literary history. The separation of Mendelssohn's daughter from her admirable, but prosaic, Jewish husband; her union with the younger Schlegel, the hierophant of the Romantic school; and her subsequent metamorphosis into a Roman Catholic devotee, are in some degree symbolical of the whole history of the Romantic movement, beginning with a feverish revolt against conventionalities, and ending in subjection to a far more oppressive yoke. The intimate history of the affair, also, must have been most interesting, with its far-reaching consequences, and its influence on the lives and opinions of such men as the Schlegels and Schleiermacher, and its con-

nexion with the great literary scandal of "Lucinde." Unfortunately, the most important *pièces justificatives* perished when Henriette Herz, Dorothea von Schlegel's bosom friend and mediator with her first husband, destroyed her correspondence at the latter's request. The collection before us is not made in the interests of biography, but of the Roman Catholic Church; and its object is to show how a questionable proceeding, excusable, however, on the ground that the delinquents were only Jews and Protestants, resulted in the acquisition by the Roman communion of a quartet of very passable saints. It can hardly be doubted that Dorothea must have left behind her correspondence more worthy of her intellectual reputation than the letters to her sons while pursuing their artistic studies at Rome which constitute the bulk of these volumes. They indicate the careful, affectionate mother and the shrewd, observant woman; but are neither more nor less interesting than the domestic correspondence of thousands of other clever women of whom the world has never heard. The scanty correspondence of her unconverted period is as much more interesting as was the company she at that time kept. Tieck, Novalis, the Schlegels are introduced with so much piquancy that, although in reality learning little about them, we seem to know them better than ever before. The greater the pity that a life which promised so much, attractive in its very errors, should have become, in comparison, a *caput mortuum*. During her transitional period between Judaism and Catholicism the influence of Friedrich Schlegel is very apparent, both in her letters and the aphorisms selected from her diary; but after her conversion there is little trace of any predominating intellectual influence. Her sons—Philipp especially—appear as worthy young men, and, as such, attractive, but with little of special interest to say; nor does their standing in the world of art seem to altogether justify the space claimed for them. The book, however, ends abruptly at 1817, twelve years before Friedrich Schlegel's death, and twenty-two before Dorothea's.

England has recently produced two excellent biographies of Lessing, each of which has enjoyed the honour of a translation into German. Herr Düntzer (2), however, thinks there is room for another; and, although his work has no pretensions to the literary merit of Mr. Sime's or Miss Zimmer's, it occupies a ground distinctly its own, which sufficiently justifies its publication. It is a companion to the author's previous biographies of Goethe and Schiller, and is, like them, almost entirely occupied with the incidents and external circumstances of Lessing's career, enriched with copious particulars of the persons with whom he was brought into connexion, and accounting, so far as may be, for every day of his life. Lessing's roving and unsettled existence did not allow the same luxuriance of personal intimacies and local associations to spring up around him as Goethe and Schiller amassed at Weimar; and hence his life, while more susceptible of interesting biographical treatment in the ordinary style, is less adapted for the method followed by Herr Düntzer. He has, nevertheless, collected, with extreme diligence, sufficient portraits, facsimiles, and views of places to equip a handsome illustrated volume, exceedingly useful as a ready and trustworthy means of reference to the leading facts of Lessing's life, and bearing much the same relation to biographies executed in a more purely literary spirit as a good topographical handbook does to the history of a country.

A very handsome volume, got up with a degree of typographic luxury unusual in Germany, records the history of a person of some importance in Lessing's life, the actress Caroline Neuber (3). The theatre conducted by Caroline during Lessing's early residence in Berlin first awoke Lessing's enthusiasm for the stage, and she produced in 1748 his first piece, *Der junge Gelehrte*, an insignificant performance in itself, but marking an epoch from which the regeneration of the German theatre may be dated. It was at that time in a miserable condition, alike devoid of good pieces and good performers. The best plays it could show were translations from the French, which, indeed, continued to be the case till long afterwards. Baron von Reden-Esbeck has published in facsimile a playbill of a translation of Ibsen's "Distract," and also one of a tragedy-ballet on the story of Faust, curiously indicative of the condition of the theatre at the time, and valuable as an illustration of Goethe's poem. Neuber's own company was merely a strolling one, moving from place to place, and her career was most unfortunate. She was at one period closely allied with Gottsched, the dictator of the German literary republic in his day, but more chiefly remembered as the victim of Lessing's ruthless polemic. Misunderstandings, however, crept in, and Neuber lost credit by appearing in a piece designed to ridicule her former benefactor. Nothing else is laid to her charge; but after her death at Leipzig, in extreme poverty (1760), she was refused Christian burial for having been an actress, an outrage atoned for by an expiatory service in 1852. Lessing had the highest opinion of her powers, and her name will always be connected with the revival of the German drama. Baron von Reden-Esbeck's monograph is too long for the intrinsic importance of the subject, but is highly creditable as the refined amusement of an amateur of the drama, and wants no recommendation in the shape of fine paper and print, and interesting facsimiles of autographs and playbills.

(2) *Lessings Leben*. Von Heinrich Düntzer. Leipzig: Wartig. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Caroline Neuber und ihre Zeitgenossen: ein Beitrag zur deutschen Kultur- und Theatergeschichte*. Von F. J. Freiherrn von Reden-Esbeck. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Dorothea von Schlegel, geb. Mendelssohn, und deren Söhne Johannes und Philipp Veit. Briefwechsel im Auftrage der Familie Veit, herausgegeben von Dr. J. M. Katsh. 2 Bde. Mainz: Kirchheim. London: Williams & Norgate.*

A sketch of Prince Alexander Galitzin (4), Minister of Public Worship under Alexander I., by his assistant, the late Peter von Goetze, is full of interest, though rather as a contribution to our knowledge of a singular phase of Russian history than as a biography of the Prince himself. Galitzin, who is represented as a most high-minded and amiable man, had his full share in the remarkable religious reaction which so strongly influenced State affairs during the latter years of the reign of Alexander I. After long enjoying the Imperial favour, he became compromised in the disgrace of the patrons of the Bible Society, and assailed by the reigning favourite Araktschejeff and the fanatical monk Photius, whose pretended revelations had obtained an almost incredible influence over Alexander's mind, was removed to the subordinate department of the Post Office. Photius, Araktschejeff, and other persons concerned in these intrigues, are sketched with great spirit by Goetze, who was himself disgraced, but subsequently obtained an honourable situation in the Ministry of Finance. Galitzin enjoyed the personal favour of Alexander's successor in a high degree, but never again took a prominent part in public affairs. Goetze himself appears as a sensible, clear-headed German, a man of perfect integrity and high culture. His memoirs, though containing few facts of first-rate importance, convey a vivid impression of the unwholesome condition of public affairs under Alexander I., a prince too intelligent to be unconscious of his incapacity to support the tremendous burden imposed upon him, and who, like Friederich William IV. of Prussia under similar circumstances, sought for a spurious strength in a kind of spiritual dram-drinking. The parallel between the two Alexanders is in some respects startling. Araktschejeff is naturally depicted in the most unfavourable colours; but some of the traits recorded of him seem to indicate strong affections and real magnanimity. There are several anecdotes of Catherine II., mostly illustrative of her refined tact and real goodness of heart when political considerations did not interpose.

The latest narrative of the celebrated African traveller, Gerhard Rohlfs (5), is the account of the abortive commencement of what was designed to have been one of the most extensive of African explorations. Starting from Tripoli, Herr Rohlfs was to have proceeded northward until he reached the valley of the Congo, and to have determined the watershed between that river and the tributaries of the Niger. Upon reaching the oasis of Kufra, however, a spot about eight degrees south of Bengazi, the expedition was arrested and plundered by a native chief; and, although the travellers were subsequently released and a portion of the spoil restored, it was deemed inadvisable to proceed further. The travellers owed their deliverance in great measure to the intervention of the Snussi, a society of dervishes of recent origin, but who have already obtained an influence in that region of Northern Africa corresponding to that exercised in Central Asia by the late Akhund of Swat. They are usually regarded as exceedingly fanatical; but their chief, a highly intelligent man who works miracles every day, is probably well aware of the danger of molesting Europeans under the present dispensation. As it was, Prince Bismarck interfered, and compelled the Sultan to redeem the obligation of his nominal sovereignty over Tripoli by a compensation of 800*l.* to the German Geographical Society. Under these circumstances, Herr Rohlfs's book cannot be expected to possess much importance as a record of travel, though there is no lack of bright and attractive sketches. His account of Tripoli possesses some special interest as the most recent, and in view of the political complications to be expected in the Regency. The city of Tripoli has, he says, made great progress since his last visit, entirely owing to the development of the trade in halfa (*Sida tenacissima*), a plant used in the manufacture of paper, which yields a sure crop, independent of the weather, and exempt from the attacks of locusts. The oasis of Kufra, he thinks, may originally have been a marsh. The most valuable part of the book is perhaps Dr. Ascherson's appendix on the plants brought home by the expedition, with a catalogue of the specimens and an historical survey of North African botany.

Dr. Reuss's "History of the Old Testament Scriptures" (6) is a very well executed summary, not only of the books themselves, and of the questions relating to their date and authorship, but of the circumstances of the times of which they treat, distinguished by a spirit at once liberal and conservative, and very clear. Its most important feature, however, is the extensive accompanying bibliography.

Dr. Zart's (7) sketch of the influence of English philosophy upon the German philosophy of the eighteenth century, a prize essay, is perhaps less interesting as a contribution to its ostensible subject than as a sketch of a number of meritorious writers, followers for the most part of Leibnitz or of Wolf, who have been almost entirely forgotten.

There are many sound and ingenious remarks in Sophus Schack's

"Studies in Physiognomy" (8), but they are marred by an endeavour, carried to an extravagant length, to trace out fanciful resemblances between human and animal countenances.

From Vienna we have the most important study in English metre that has appeared since Dr. Guest's *History of English Rhythms* (9). The first instalment, a goodly volume of 565 pages, after some introductory chapters describing the sphere of metre, which Dr. Schipper elevates to a science, to be considered from the æsthetic, the empiric, and the historic point of view, treats of Old English poetry. This the author divides into the Anglo-Saxon age and the Old English age, the latter comprehending two periods, the Norman and the Transition. He traces the story and the development of English verse through the early strict alliteration, the mingling of alliteration and rhyme, the attempt to combine accentuation with numeration of syllables, and the various strophes used by our ancient poets. Dr. Schipper speaks with enthusiasm of the high point to which English versification attained at an early period, and points out the importance of the study of metre, as yet unduly neglected, as a necessary aid to the establishment of a really satisfactory theory. His work abounds with evidences of care and learning, and we trust may receive in this country the attention to which it is entitled. Its value is enhanced by a full index.

Woldemar Kaden (10), who has already produced a volume of light sketches of Italian matters, comes forward with another of still lighter substance, but as lively and entertaining as the author designed them to be. We are only at a loss to perceive the relevancy of an essay on some points connected with the *Faust* of Goethe, whose "Italiänische Reise" would surely have been more in place. The other papers include disquisitions on Tasso, on Italian popular superstitions, on shows and miracle plays, and on the tragical history of the beautiful, but unfaithful, Duchess d'Avalos.

The concluding volume of Robert Pröles's *History of the Modern Drama* (11) embraces nearly all the history of the French drama that is not of merely antiquarian interest. There seems a curious indifference to proportion in the unequal distribution of the volume between the classical and the modern French drama, the former occupying four-fifths of the whole, although information respecting it is so much more accessible. His account of the Romantic reaction in France, and its manifold developments, must be pronounced meagre and unsatisfactory, while his treatment of the classical epoch is good and full.

The author of the "Jews of Barnow" and "Moschko of Parma" has again achieved a decided success as a novelist (12), qualified only by the fact that he has this time been less studious of brevity and finish. The story of Tamas, a Galician popular champion, not altogether unlike Sacher Masoch's "New Job," only that his end is tragical, is decidedly too long. It is nevertheless full of fine feeling and spirited portraiture, interspersed with beautiful pictures of natural scenery.

"A Million," by E. A. König (13), is a fair average novel of incident, but rather commonplace and mechanical.

The *Rundschau* (14) opens with an elegant, although somewhat too artificial, story by Hans Hoffmann, founded on the Roman version of the myth of Molusina. The writer has evidently made Paul Heyse his model, and the pupil is not unworthy of the master. A review of the recently published biography of the great publisher Brockhaus contains some striking instances of the official persecution of liberal ideas in Germany after the War of Liberation. Another series of the Paris correspondence of the philologist Hase during the Consulate afford an insight into the French affairs of the time, especially the confusion in legal and ecclesiastical affairs before Napoleon took them in hand; and a translation of a report of Count Pahlen, dated 1867, expresses the apprehensions even then entertained by Russian statesmen of impending social disorganization.

It is a fault of *Auf der Höhe* (15) to have too many short contributions. Perhaps, however, the shortest is the most important, if Professor Palmieri proves accurate in his brief announcement of his discovery of helium, a metal hitherto only met with in the solar spectrum, in the lava of Vesuvius. The Italian novelist Ciampoli contributes a powerful, but fantastic, tale, "The Adderman"; and the editor himself a pretty child's story. The most interesting of the other contributions are Professor Schwieher's sketch of Hungarian politics on the eve of the Revolution of 1848, and O. Hankiewicz's specimens of Ruthenian proverbs. The foreign correspondence is a valuable feature of the periodical.

(8) *Physiognomische Studien*. Von Sophus Schack. Aus dem Dänischen von Eugen Liebhich. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(9) *Englische Metrik in historischer und systematischer Entwicklung dargestellt*. Th. 1. Altenglische Metrik. Von Dr. J. Schipper. Bonn: Strauss. London: Trübner & Co.

(10) *Skizzen und Kulturbilder aus Italien*. Von Woldemar Kaden. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*. Bd. 1. Hft. 2. Das neuere Drama in Frankreich. Von R. Pröles. Leipzig: Schöcke. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Ein Kampf um's Recht: Roman*. Von K. E. Franzen. 2 Bde. Breslau: Schottländer. London: Nutt.

(13) *Eine Million: Roman*. Von E. A. König. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(14) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Jahrg. viii. Hft. 3. Berlin: Poeschl. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *Auf der Höhe*. Internationales Revue herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 1. Hft. 3. Leipzig: Grunow & Schumann. London: Trübner & Co.

(4) *Fürst Alexander Nikolajewitsch Galitzin und seine Zeit*. Aus den Erlebnissen des Geheimraths Peter von Goetze. Leipzig: Dancker & Hamblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Kufra: Reise von Tripolis nach der Oase Kufra, ausgeführt im Auftrage der afrikanischen Gesellschaft in Deutschland*. Von Gerhard Rohlfs. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Die Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften Alten Testaments*. Entworfen von Eduard Reuss. Erste Hälfte. Braunschweig: Schrotschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Einfluss der englischen Philosophen seit Bacon auf die deutsche Philosophie des 18. Jahrhunderts*. Von G. Zart. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.



The most interesting contributions to the last two numbers of the *Russian Review* (16) are a valuable account of Kashgar, a description of some ancient wearing apparel found in Greek sepulchres in Southern Russia, and a review of the proceedings of the late International Monetary Conference in so far as they affect Russia.

(16) *Russische Revue*. Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Herausgegeben von O. Röttger. Jahrg 10. Hft. 9. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Siegle.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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EGYPT.

SIR WILLIAM GREGORY has given in a letter to the *Times* a very interesting account of an interview he has lately had with Colonel ARABY BEY. This enterprising officer, who has been the ringleader in the mutiny of the army against the KHEDIVÉ, and is now the head of the Egyptian national party, had the good fortune to produce a most favourable impression on the mind of his English visitor. He is described as a tall, athletic, soldierly man, ready and able to give his opinions, holding views that betoken a high purpose, and having quite as much enlightenment as could possibly be expected in an Egyptian Colonel. He acknowledged the religious supremacy of the SULTAN as Caliph, but wished to admire him at a distance, and was resolved to do his utmost to keep Turks and Turkish soldiers out of Egypt. He proposed the utmost toleration for Christians and Jews; for they equally with Mahomedans obey the eternal laws of God, and of these laws the COLONEL spoke with a fervour and a dignity which entitled his utterances, in the opinion of Colonel GREGORY, to rank with the majestic effusion of the *Antigone* of SOPHOCLES. He declared that the army wanted nothing but justice, that it was the appointed spokesman of the dumb multitude, and that all that it had done had been done in order to give the only possible expression to the national longing for independence. In time of peace he owned that the army had no claim to be supreme; but his advance in political science was sufficiently imperfect to permit him to lay down as an incontestable axiom that, in time of war, the army must rule as well as fight. He has no objection to the continuance of the Control until Egypt is more fitted than it is at present to govern itself altogether; for he recognizes that it is to the intervention of the Control that the cultivators owe the present improvement in their position. But he vehemently urged the injustice of Egyptians being superseded by foreigners in the more lucrative posts of minor departments of Government. Nothing could be more instructive as to his character and capacity than his remarks on this head. He is one of those men, numerous in every society, and especially in every semi-civilized society, whose generous feelings are easily awakened by trifling and superficial facts. He has heard of foolish Europeans firing off harmless pistols to amuse themselves and frighten the natives, and of the European glances of indiscreet wonder which the native women have occasionally attracted; and he leaps to the conclusion that this unseemly behaviour is the general characteristic of young European officials. He was smitten with patriotic horror of natives working in the sun to carry out the operations of the Cadastral Survey, while a highly paid European sat indoors recording the results of their work. Under every form of government those who are fitted for nothing but manual labour must do it, while some one qualified for higher work must sit when he can do it, and be paid enough to make him undertake it. For higher work the COLONEL was obliged to own that there were no honest Egyptians properly qualified, and that the Egyptians who professed to be qualified, and intrigued for the higher posts, belonged to the veteran gang of plunderers who flourished in the days of ISMAIL, and hope that a good day is now dawning for them once more. The COLONEL is, no doubt, personally imposing, and is beyond the suspicion of being corruptible; he talks of

eternal laws, in the spirit, if not in the language, of SOPHOCLES; he fully believes that he is working in a good way for a good cause; but he has only got a very slight way at present on the road to statesmanship. Possibly from want of opportunity, he has not displayed any greater amount of military courage and capacity than was needed to bully a young and timid prince. Otherwise he might be fairly compared with GARIBOLDI, who gave aid and impulse to the national movement, but who, had he not been led and superseded by men of a very much higher stamp, would never have achieved the independence and unity of Italy.

The kernel of the Egyptian difficulty lies in the relations of the army, and, so far as the army represents the people, of the people to the KHEDIVÉ. ARABY BEY candidly owned that the army would have liked to revolt against ISMAIL, but was too thoroughly afraid of him to move a step. When ISMAIL was replaced by TEWKI, the leaders of the army thought the time had come to ascertain whether the son was as formidable as the father; and the result of the experiments they made has been to assure them that TEWKI was not a man to frighten any one. Conscious of his weakness, and with religious tendencies which prompt him to think more of the Caliphate than of eternal laws, TEWKI has sought, and is driven to seek more openly every day, support and strength from the SULTAN. He hopes that the troops of his master will shelter him from the attacks of his own disobedient army. The national movement in Egypt, if the assurances of ARABY BEY warrant us in speaking of the national movement, is rapidly passing from a movement against Christian intruders into a movement of one set of Mahomedans against another. There was one expression used by ARABY BEY during his interview with Sir WILLIAM GREGORY which was full of serious meaning. He said that Egypt was universally considered as the centre of the Mahomedan world. It is precisely because he, too, recognizes that Egypt may, with perhaps some little exaggeration, be termed the centre of the Mahomedan world, that the SULTAN wishes to command it. That the centre of the Mahomedan world should be held by independent troops, who will not let the troops of the CALIPH come near them, strikes at the root of the Caliphate. ARABY BEY professes, indeed, a kind of theoretical respect for the Caliph for the time being; but the Caliph of the day may not be the Caliph of the morrow; and, rigid as Mahomedanism is in many respects, it is singularly elastic in the choice of its spiritual chiefs. It is always found that Sheikhs who give the highest class of oracular decisions can be deposed for some ingenious reasons in deference to the wishes of a powerful sovereign or a powerful populace; and the head Sheik of Egypt has recently been changed to meet the views of the leader of the army. The centre of the Mahomedan world, if physically strong enough, and invested with the eminence of temporal independence, might easily persuade itself and its supporters that the *Caliph of OTTOMAN* had lost their claim to the Caliphate. For the SULTAN, therefore, the independence or subjection of Egypt is a question full of the gravest issues. The present KHEDIVÉ, having to choose a side in the contest which has already begun, has chosen to throw in his lot with the SULTAN. He is the champion of a dependence that would keep him safe as against an independence that would sweep him away. Matters may go on more or less smoothly for a time, but everything points to the probability that the day

will come when the KHEDIVI will either abdicate or will call for the aid of Turkey. It is premature at present to speculate on what course England ought to take when the occasion arises; but the English Government cannot allow itself to forget that before long it may have to decide whether the SULTAN shall or shall not be allowed to crush the nascent independence of a religious centre which threatens the privileges and position on which he sets the highest value.

Among the other objects on which ARABY BAY and his friends were supposed to have set their hearts was the increase of the army, and the WAR MINISTER whom they appointed has applied for an increase of the army from twelve to eighteen thousand men. The proposal has been rejected by the Control, because it would involve an outlay of more than a quarter of a million a year. But an increase of 100,000*l.* has been conceded, which it is said may, perhaps, suffice to provide for an army of fifteen thousand men. The increase has been conceded, because the Control thought that some additional forces were really needed. It is often assumed that the Egyptian army can have nothing to do, and it is true that ordinarily it has little to do, and has ample leisure for intrigues and insubordination. But some troops are always wanted, and every now and then occasions arise when many troops are needed. The Egypt known to ordinary travellers may be easily kept in order by a good local police; but there is a wild and very disorderly Egypt beyond, where even disciplined troops have very rough work. Intelligence has just been received that, in the far South, a new prophet has appeared, who gathered together, without the slightest difficulty, a band of followers, and out to pieces an Egyptian regiment that was sent to put him down. A force strong enough to ensure success has now to be sent from the army of Lower Egypt. It is obviously an arduous and expensive undertaking to send troops many hundred miles into a territory so wild that a prophet can in a few days collect more than a thousand men under his standard. Nothing could show more clearly that every Egyptian Government must have peculiar difficulties to encounter; and these peculiar difficulties would exist, and might, perhaps, exist in an aggravated form, if the government of Egypt were in the hands of England. The assumption of the government of Egypt by England might, under conceivable circumstances, be necessary, but it would be a very disagreeable and painful necessity. It is a thing to be avoided, if possible, not a thing to be lightly taken up as the pastime of a great nation. Even if Europe assented—and to assume this is to assume very much—the inherent difficulties of the enterprise are such as to make the most reckless politician think many times before he talks lightly of sending English troops to Cairo. It is not known Egypt, so much as unknown Egypt; that gives just cause of alarm. We should have not only to maintain order where order is scarcely ever disturbed, but to introduce order where order is unknown or most precariously upheld. We should have to hold ourselves answerable for the suppression of the slave trade from the mouths to the sources of the Nile. With time, money, and men we could, no doubt, do what we had undertaken to do; but the cost and the sacrifice of life would be most serious. ARABY BAY said that he trusted to the justice of England not to seize on Egypt; he may trust, not only to the justice of England, but to its common sense when Englishmen begin to realize what seizing on Egypt means.

#### THE LODGER FRANCHISE.

THE decision of the Court of Appeal in *BRADLEY v. BAYLIS*, and two other cases, is so far satisfactory that it diminishes the mischievous effect of a scandalous legislative miscarriage. At the same time the judgment furnishes an additional illustration of the accidental nature of a serious change introduced by inadvertence into the Constitution. A large number of voters, mostly unfit, may be added to the register on the wholly irrelevant ground that the landlords of the rooms which they occupy are not resident on the premises. Another large number may be excluded from the register because their landlords live in the same houses with themselves; but revising barristers will be puzzled to determine whether in such cases the occupier of the house exercises any control over the rooms of the lodgers. The

casual nature of the distinction which has been unintentionally created by the Act may possibly apply an argument for equalizing the franchise by a promiscuous extension of the right of voting to all lodgers, or to all male adults. Incidentally, the Court of Appeal will have decided another question, of an entirely different kind. Judges in the first instance will in future be inclined, if they have a discretion, to allow appeals in cases of great importance, although they may be confident in the justice of their own opinions. If the judgment of the Divisional Court of the Queen's Bench had not been subject to revision, a grievous injustice would have been perpetrated, though with the best intentions. The reasoning by which the final decision was supported will be generally accepted as sound, though the result may be disappointing. There is for the present no measure of the evil which may result from the intolerable carelessness of Parliament. The next registration will perhaps apply statistics of the proportion of householders who let lodgings in more than one set of buildings. The enfranchised voters may turn out to be of the lowest class, as the tenants of professional lodging-house keepers. A resident landlord has a somewhat stronger motive for excluding thieves, habitual drunkards, and the pious and disreputable classes in general. The labour of the parochial officers, who are responsible for the list of voters, will be enormously increased by the introduction of a revised version of the Constitution. To avoid the trouble of minute inquiry, they may be willing to accept any statement which may be made by the lodging-house keeper or one of the inmates as to the number, names, and length of residence of the electors. A register drawn up on hearsay would be a suitable result of random legislation.

From the time when the Divisional Court decided that nearly the whole adult male population was entitled to vote in boroughs, the objections to a new or newly discovered Constitution were in no degree directed against the Judges. Although the Judges seem to have been most akin in their interpretation of the Act of 1878, it was impossible to deny that the judgment was consistent with the words of the disputed clause. The phrase "judge-made law," though it has sometimes been invidiously used, implies not usurpation on the part of the courts of law, but neglect of duty by those who, in or out of Parliament, are responsible for legislation. It is only by a figure of speech that law, and especially statute law, can be said to be made by Judges. When, in the discharge of their duty, they elicit from an enactment a result which had never been foreseen, they are, by a conscious or involuntary metaphor, said to make the law which they declare. In modern times, even when their decisions involve the gravest political consequences, their impartiality is exempt from suspicion. Both the Court of original question and the Court of Appeal discussed one or two stupid and confused sentences with the dispassionate acuteness which scholars might exhibit in construing a corrupt passage in a Greek chorus. The slovenly practice of Parliament would not compare favourably with the dexterity of the ideal copyist or the dullest commentator. The methods of legislation which are thought good enough for the country were lately illustrated in the typical instance of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act. In various districts of the Principality the Act comes into operation at different times; and the ablest justices have found it impossible to re-capture the terms of the Act with the known intention of its authors. The peer who took charge of the Bill in the House of Lords lately explained the confusion which has arisen in a manner which he apparently thought satisfactory. Having discovered the flaws in the Bill, he was about to introduce the necessary amendments, when the promoters of the measure in the House of Commons entreated him not to incur the risk of losing the Bill through further delay. A faulty and unintelligible draft was therefore deliberately submitted to the House of Lords; and the Peers, being prepared to accept the principle of the Bill, probably agreed for the expediency to the mover. The Act, which has now been considered and construed by the Court of Appeal, may perhaps have been subject to similar treatment. No part of the discredit attaches either to the judges or to the established principles of legal construction. The rule that Acts of Parliament must be exclusively interpreted by their own language is, on the whole, both convenient and





THE

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## POLITICS IN 1881.

THE miserable condition of Ireland so entirely absorbs public attention that the general history of the past year can only be recalled to the mind by a conscious effort. At the beginning of 1881 outrages of all kinds were constantly perpetrated in Ireland. At the end of the year violence and anarchy are still more universally prevalent. The pretence of resistance to unjust demands on the part of the landlords has been exchanged for a general refusal of rent. Tenants who are really or professedly willing to pay excuse themselves on the ground of threats which are too often actually executed. It is scarcely to be regretted that the Land League, which had from the first stimulated crime, finally, by forbidding all payment of rent, provoked the Government to declare its suppression and to arrest some of its leaders; but the organization maintains its vitality in the absence of a visible centre, and Mr. PARNELL and his allies may boast that they have discovered a political secret in their successful appeal to the worst of human motives. At this time last year it was generally asserted, on authority which still remains credible, that Mr. GLADSTONE, though he was slack in repressing outrage, yet regarded with tenderness the right of property as it was vested in unoffending landlords. If the popular belief was well founded, the long struggle on the Coercion Bill gave time for a total change of policy. The Land Bill, as it was framed and ultimately enacted, gave the tenants another large slice of the property of the landlords, though some optimists, including the PRIME MINISTER, believed that the great majority of landlords would be rewarded by exemption from further loss for the acknowledged justice and liberality with which they had administered their estates.

The conduct of the tribunals which have lately begun to dispose of all the landed property in Ireland has caused not only alarm, but astonishment. At the first sitting the Chief Commissioner proclaimed the startling doctrine that rents were to be so adjusted as to allow the occupier to live and thrive on the land. The Sub-Commissions, each consisting of a lawyer in small practice and of two irresponsible persons, sometimes tenant-farmers, have already reduced hundreds of innocent owners to ruin by arbitrary reductions of rent; and English partisans are not ashamed to quote their iniquitous decisions as proofs that the tenants have hitherto been intolerably oppressed. The landlords have no better security for the residue of their rents than for the payments of which they had been previously defrauded. At no former time has the condition of Ireland been more hopeless, and the infection of vicious legislation is already spreading to Great Britain. In parts of England and Scotland tenant-farmers are combining for the purpose of obtaining an Irish Land Act for themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE, as might be expected, encourages their agitation by the use of ambiguous phrases.

The revival of industrial and commercial prosperity which had begun in 1880 has not been interrupted, though another inclement season has prevented the removal of agricultural depression. A good harvest would have gone far to relieve the farmers, inasmuch as American importations have declined, and the prices of produce have been comparatively high. A large increase in the rate of discount, beginning about the middle of the year, may be in some degree attributed to the improvement of trade.

The demand for English products would be practically unlimited, but for the protective tariffs which are established in all other civilized States. A consequent sense of injustice has produced a mistaken agitation which is already subsidizing. The theory of Fair-trade, as it is called, requires the imposition of retaliatory duties on imports from countries which impose heavy taxes on English goods. Some dreamers have projected a Customs Union of the Mother-country and the Colonies, with perfect internal free trade and a high tariff against foreigners. Many of the promoters of the movement acted in perfect good faith; but they have not succeeded in obtaining numerous proselytes. Many years will probably elapse before the principles of Free-trade will be acknowledged on the Continent of Europe or in America. In the meantime England will derive great advantages from the possession of a sound commercial system. The natural irritation of the partisans of Fair-trade has combined with the more reasonable convictions of the mass of the trading community to inspire a wholesome vigilance during the negotiations for a renewal of the French Commercial Treaty. The English manufacturers have almost unanimously protested against the conclusion of any treaty which might be less liberal than Mr. CORDEN'S. At first their indifference to a settlement was received by the French Legislature with incredulity; but a desire for a treaty has grown among French economists in proportion to the backwardness of the English producers. The fate of the treaty is still uncertain; but the French and English Commissioners are believed to have agreed on all important points except the French duties on woollen goods.

The only foreign transactions which have been connected with English policy are the settlement of the dispute between Greece and Turkey, and the military mutiny in Egypt. In the French invasion of Tunis the English plenipotentiaries at Berlin had assented by anticipation to an indefinite extension of French influence in the Regency; and the French Consul, M. ROUSTAN, apparently chose his own time for carrying out a deliberate policy by suddenly requiring the Bey to suppress the chronic excesses of certain tribes on the Algerian border. The Bey, as had been anticipated, was unable to reduce the Kroumirs to obedience; and his default was punished by the forced acceptance of a treaty which abolished his independence. The French, after a few skirmishes, left the Kroumirs to themselves; but they have since found it necessary to employ a large military force in restraining the discontented tribes as far as the borders of the desert. The insurgents are totally unable to resist French troops, but they keep the whole country in alarm, and they frequently evade pursuit. M. GAMBETTA, on his accession to power, expressed his determination to maintain the treaty of Bardo; but he would perhaps be glad to be rid of an unprofitable acquisition. An adverse verdict given by a jury in an action for libel brought by M. ROUSTAN is supposed to indicate popular disapproval of the annexation of Tunis. The friendly relations between France and Italy have, for the present, been disturbed by the establishment in Tunis of exclusive French influence. It was in some degree as a protest against the unfriendly policy of France that King HUMBERT, in the late autumn, paid a ceremonial visit to Vienna. He was understood to solicit admission to the league between

Austria and Germany; but it is not known whether his overtures have been favourably received. The complications of Continental politics are inexhaustible; and it would seem that Prince BISMARCK, having suddenly resumed friendly relations with the POPE, is disposed to interfere on his behalf to improve his position at Rome. It is intelligible that foreign Governments should regret the abolition of the temporal power, so far as the POPE's territorial sovereignty rendered him liable to material pressure; but it is impossible for any Italian Government to relinquish its hold on Rome, and Prince BISMARCK can have no design of coercing Italy. An alliance of Germany with the POPE would, in spite of the complications at Tunis, throw back Italy into the arms of France. The projected abolition of the FALK Laws, and the appointment of a Prussian Minister accredited to the Vatican, are consequences of Prince BISMARCK's defeat in the recent elections. The family alliance with Russia has apparently not been disturbed by the assassination of ALEXANDER III. and by the accession of his son. The Emperors of GERMANY and RUSSIA held a meeting at Dantzic, in which they seem to have arrived at a political understanding. Since that time Count KALSOKY, who became Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister on the death of Baron HAYMERLE, is supposed to have arranged a more formal treaty with the Russian Court; yet, according to the latest rumours, the relations of the Russian and German Governments have lately become less friendly. Internal troubles and anxieties will probably prevent the Russian Government from disturbing the peace of Europe.

The brilliant advance and the victory of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS in the neighbourhood of Candahar were followed by the entire evacuation of the territory which had been occupied as far as Pishin. Some months afterwards AYOOB advanced from Herat to Candahar, and defeated one of ABDURRAHMAN's generals; but in a subsequent encounter AYOOB was defeated; and, Herat having been occupied by an officer of ABDURRAHMAN's, AYOOB took refuge in Persian territory. It is not yet certain whether the AMERR will be able to maintain his authority at any or all of the three capitals of Afghanistan. During the internal struggles the Russians appear to have advanced so far into the Turcoman country as to have procured the submission of the chiefs of Merv. The result of the most mortifying occurrence of the year is not yet fully known. The Transvaal has, in painful circumstances, been surrendered to the Boers, and for the present there is peace in South Africa. The death of Lord BEACONSFIELD will perhaps henceforth serve as a date for a great change in English policy. In no previous year has the progress of revolution been more distinctly visible. The accidental acquisition of the suffrage by a portion of the lowest classes of the community, through a scandalous blunder, has scarcely excited attention.

#### LORD JUSTICE LUSH.

THE death of Lord Justice LUSH terminates a long and honourable career. There has seldom been a better specimen of the barrister who attends to his business, who works hard and gets on by working hard, who sticks to his trade until he becomes master of it; or of the judge who gives his whole mind and his whole powers to getting properly through his duties, who knows what a judge ought to know, and who sits in the seat of justice in order to give justice of the best kind and in the best way that experience of men and law can suggest. In a calling where so many qualities and habits of the intellect may show themselves as in that of a judge, and in a sphere so singularly wide and varied as that of the administration of the law, there are sure to be found distinct types of judges, and each type may be admirable and excellent in its way. The two heads of the ordinary judicial body, Lord COLERIDGE and the MASTER of the ROLLS, add very greatly to the efficiency of the Bench, and attract a very large portion of the confidence of the public and of the Bar in the administration of the law. No men could be more unlike, and the special gifts for judicial work which they bring with them are very distinct and almost dissimilar; but they have one point of resemblance—that each is unique in his own way, and each turns his gifts and graces, or his insight and rapidity, to the work before him as he might have turned it to

other work. The man comes before the judge. Lord Justice LUSH presented a different type. In him the man was the lawyer; not that he was a legal pedant, or a lawyer with mere technical knowledge. On the contrary, he brought to the administration of the law a sound common sense, a just commiseration for suitors, an unflinching desire that the rules of law should be discovered to be what an honourable man who knows law, but who also knows the place of law in life, would wish them to be. No judge was ever more anxious that suitors, who each had something of justice on his side, should settle their differences before legal subtleties were argued out; and there was nothing he liked better than to make such suitors tolerably happy before they knew what was happening to them. A master of technicalities, he was never the slave of his knowledge. But he was throughout life a lawyer, and a lawyer who moved on in the old-fashioned traditional way. He worked his way up along a toilsome path from the bottom almost to the top. He did not enter the halls of legal triumph through any of their grand portals. He began by being a solicitor, was called late to the Bar, wrote a book on practice, and practised as a special pleader; he was then a very hard-working junior, and next a hard-working Queen's Counsel; and, lastly, for fifteen years, a hard-working Puisne judge. He was never in Parliament, he never electrified a jury or any one else. But he knew his business, stuck to his business, and was at last made a Judge of Appeal because it became quite impossible that he should not be made one. It would be too hazardous to say that all judges ought to be of this type; but it is very safe to say that the judicial body would little satisfy the legal profession and the public unless it contained a large admixture of judges like Lord Justice LUSH.

The Judge whose death is now widely and sincerely deplored had been longer on the Bench than any other judge. The calling of a judge seems to be healthy one, and several of the judges are advanced in years; but the date of the LORD JUSTICE's appointment was anterior to that of any of his colleagues. In sixteen years all who sat with him had been made judges, and many of them had been appointed very recently. During the existence of the present Ministry not a single English see has fallen vacant; but no fewer than six ordinary judges have been appointed, and four ordinary judges have been made judges of appeal. Besides the vacancy in the Appeal Court created by the death of Lord Justice LUSH, there is also vacant the post of a third paid Law Lord. Two very high positions, therefore, have now to be filled up; and if promotions are made from the existing Bench, there will be other vacancies to be filled up among the ordinary judges. If to be made a judge or to be promoted is happiness, then the Government has made ten persons happy, and it may, if it pleases, bestow happiness on four others. And yet it has not been two years in office. This shows an extraordinary flow of legal advancement, and ought to be most gratifying to the Bar. There will probably be somewhat of a pause in the current soon, for the places created by recent legislation will have been filled up, and many of the newly-appointed judges are comparatively young men. But the flow must always go on with a fairly strong force, for the judgeships are now many, and the date of Lord Justice LUSH's first appointment shows that within a moderately short space of time vacancies must occur. Leaders at the Bar and those who have attained eminence in some way without being exactly leaders have, therefore, a good time before them. Business is said to be slack at the Bar just now, and clever men who feel that they ought to be making more money deplore a state of things which they think is hardly worthy of a great commercial country. But the business of being a judge was never brisker than it is now. And, whatever may be said in public, there can be little doubt that there are very few barristers who are not pleased to secure the offer of a judgeship, and who are not still more pleased and proud if they can say that they have received the offer and refused it. The occupation of a judge is at once agreeable, dignified, and healthy. On this last advantage of their position the judges lay peculiar stress. They are allowed four and a half months of clear holiday in a year, and they declare that they could not get on with a day less. That is about the minimum of complete leisure which a man, occupying an agreeable and dignified position, must enjoy

if he is to keep perfectly well and bright. With this liberal provision for continued health and spirits, they feel that a judgeship is a position which they have done themselves no wrong in accepting, and which they can recommend to their aspiring friends with complete good faith.

It is sometimes however thought, and more frequently perhaps said, that judgeships may be very good things to get, but that there are now so many of them that there will soon be a dearth of barristers fit to get them. Those who are of this opinion may study with advantage the career of Lord Justice LUSH. He was by common consent an excellent judge; but it cannot be said that he in any way lifted himself out of the ordinary groove of his profession. He was not in Parliament; he had been many years a Puisne judge before he was made a Judge of Appeal. He rose as any barrister of ability may rise, and he won his way to the Appeal Court by long slow hard work. If this is the road along which barristers have to travel in order to die with the reputation of having been excellent judges, there ought not to be any great deficiency of competent travellers. There are many reasons for thinking that it will in the future be easier than it has hitherto been to follow in the steps of Lord Justice LUSH. Purely professional qualities have more and more attention paid them. The connexion between the Bar and politics grows less and less. Parliament is not now the recognized avenue to the Bench that it used to be. Ten of the existing judges have been appointed in the last four years, and out of the ten only two were ever in the House of Commons. It may even be doubted whether a barrister does not now lessen rather than improve his chances of a judgeship by entering Parliament. If he stays outside, his appointment cannot be denounced as a political job, and he cannot have to vacate a seat which the Government might fear to lose. And, while the Bench is becoming less political, the chief legal Parliamentary offices are becoming more political. The law Officers are much more politicians who take semi-legal places in the Government than lawyers who occupy semi-political appointments on their way to the Bench. Possibly, in time, the Chancellorship may undergo a similar transformation; and the Chancellor will be regarded, not as the head of the law, but as a peer who for the time being imports some general acquaintance with law into the counsels of the Cabinet. The sphere of political lawyers will thus become a different sphere from that of non-political lawyers; and, in the sphere of non-political lawyers, Lord Justice LUSH surely set an example that may be followed, and reached an eminence that may be rivalled, if only those who come after him will do their work from the day of their call to the day of their death as steadily, as laboriously, and as sensibly as he did.

#### M. PAUL BERT AND THE BISHOPS.

M. PAUL BERT is evidently determined that the Church shall not forget what sort of ruler she has over her. The bishops are now to taste in their own persons some of the sweets of that surveillance to which they are supposed to have subjected their clergy. The Minister has directed one of his subordinates to obtain from the Prefects minute information as to the character, antecedents, and habits of the bishops. That M. BERT should wish to enlarge his knowledge upon these points is natural enough. A bishop is to him a perfectly unknown animal, and, as so long as he remains Minister of Worship he will have to maintain some kind of relations with bishops, it is indispensable that this omission in his political education should somehow be filled up. M. BERT finds himself inconveniently in advance of his age. Until lately he had probably looked forward to being Minister in that happy future when churches and religions shall be no more; and when, if bishops have to be studied at all, it will be from specimens preserved in spirits, not from the living subject. Fortune has called M. BERT to greatness while this beneficent process is still incomplete. Instead of having to build on the ground from which the Church has been cleared away, he has himself to take a hand in the process of demolition. Bishops still cumber the ground in all directions, and, much as he himself may long for the time when they shall do so no longer, he has to wait for M. GAMBETTA's bidding before taking measures to get rid of them. All that is left to him therefore is to make the lives that are still left to

them as uncomfortable as possible. This is a part which M. BERT is very well able to play. The direction to the Prefects to keep a sharp eye on the bishops, and to subject their words and actions to the kind of scrutiny which a detective policeman brings to bear on a suspected criminal, is sufficiently annoying to men who, down to a very few years back, were at least as important personages in their dioceses as the Prefect himself. The mere sense of being watched is unpleasant, and to be watched by an equal to whom you have suddenly been made subordinate is especially disagreeable. This last feature in the case is carefully brought out by the friends of the Government in the press. They defend M. CASTAGNARY's circular on the ground that it involves no new principle. The Prefects, they say, have always been in the habit of keeping the Minister well informed as to the merits and demerits of their subordinates. How else can the Minister know whom to promote and whom to leave where he is? The point of M. CASTAGNARY's circular lies in the fact that it extends to bishops a kind of inspection which has hitherto been only applied to the officials responsible to the Prefect. It treats them for the first time as the Prefect's subordinates. Even the motive alleged for the issue of the circular has a sting of its own. The bishops know that vacancies in the higher ranks of the hierarchy are filled up by the Government, but they do not wish to be reminded that their promotion depends on M. BERT's pleasure. This is precisely the kind of reflection that brings their position home to them in the most unpleasant manner possible. M. GAMBETTA's choice of a Minister of Worship is thus completely justified. He wished to make the clergy pass under the yoke, and while M. BERT is their superior there is no fear that any incident of the process will be excused them.

Some wonder has been expressed at the indiscretion which allowed the existence of this circular to become known. It is safe, however, to say that it was written in order to become known. M. BERT had no need to put his desire for information about the bishops on record in this formal way. If the information itself were the thing he valued, he could have obtained it without difficulty and without noise. He need not even have committed the wish to writing. A French Prefect is seldom slow at taking a hint, and it would have been quite enough for the Minister to mention in conversation that it would be convenient to know anything that could be got together about the bishops to ensure ample information. It is allowable therefore to suppose that something more than information was wanted. The annoyance to be given to the bishops in the course of obtaining the information was contemplated beforehand. If M. BERT could at once have been supplied from the pigeon-holes of the Ministry of Worship with all the facts he wanted, he would still have directed M. CASTAGNARY to send out the circular. The policy which underlies this step—the policy of irritating and humiliating the clergy in the most conspicuous way possible—is evidently one which M. GAMBETTA has deliberately adopted. The Church is to be placed under a kind of official excommunication. To be her servant is to be counted as a sufficient disqualification for the service of the State. Even the village schoolmaster must not in future act as bellringer or sacristan in the village church. He must decide which post he will retain, and abandon or be dismissed from the other. The Church is a public enemy; and, except in the case of M. BERT, who is compelled by the terms of the Concordat to go through certain formalities of intercourse, all who associate themselves with her must expect to be treated as public enemies. As yet, however, it must be observed that no positive harm has been done to the Church. Insult has not so much been added to injury as it has taken the place of it. M. FERRY was a more active enemy than M. GAMBETTA has yet shown himself, though M. GAMBETTA is probably regarded by all except the very few who are in the secret—if there is any secret to be in—as by far the more formidable adversary. It is still possible, therefore, that the notion that M. GAMBETTA deliberately intends his bark to be worse than his bite may prove to have truth in it; and that, though M. GAMBETTA is bent upon making the lives of the French clergy burdensome, he intends to be content with this. The advantage of such a course is that it enables him to keep his radical supporters in good humour without breaking with the traditional policy of France, where the external interests of Catholicism are concerned.

He has to be a protector of Catholicism in Tunis and Algeria, and considerations which he cannot disregard may make it important not to be on very bad terms with the POPE. How is he to bend to these necessities without alienating his Radical supporters at home? Only by giving these supporters the pleasure, which they value so highly, of seeing a bishop baited. In the strength of this refreshing meat they may perhaps endure to see the Nuncio asked to dinner and the French Minister at the Vatican instructed to be courteous to the POPE.

The restoration of the oath which under the Concordat ought to be taken by bishops on their appointment to a see, if it is really intended, is another move in the same direction. It is quite impossible that M. GAMBETTA should suppose that there is any safety in oaths. He has seen too many taken and broken to have any illusion left upon this point. Many of the higher officials who now serve the Republic were originally servants of the Empire, but the allegiance they swore to NAPOLEON III. has not stood in the way of their duty to the powers that be. An oath "to remain obedient and faithful to the Government" established by the Constitution of the French Republic will only remain binding as long as there is a French Republic to be obeyed; and the most ardent rebel usually succeeds in persuading himself that public tranquillity and the welfare of the State will in the long run be promoted, not impaired, by the removal of the particular rulers against whom he is conspiring. There is irony enough in the fact that this very oath to maintain the Republic was imposed on the bishops by the first NAPOLEON. But an oath may be useless without ceasing to be distasteful, and it is in the latter quality that the explanation of its revival should perhaps be looked for. The bishops are suspected, to say the least, of cherishing a concealed dislike of the Republic, and to remind them that they have taken an oath to remain obedient and faithful to it, and to inform the Government of anything occurring in their dioceses to the prejudice of the State, will be a ready method of annoying them when nothing else happens to be at hand. By what process M. GAMBETTA has convinced himself that this method of treating the greatest and most conservative of French institutions can ultimately promote public tranquillity is not known. Perhaps in the hurry of taking office he has not found time to put the question to himself.

#### THE BRIBERY SENTENCES.

THERE could be little doubt as to the answer which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would return to the memorial in favour of the persons convicted of bribery. Having in the last Session introduced a Government Bill for the aggravation of the punishment of the offence, the members of the Cabinet could not be expected to admit that the existing penalty was excessive. An immediate remission of the sentences would have operated as a censure on the judge who had deliberately inflicted a severe penalty on undoubted offenders against the law. That the HOME SECRETARY is not unwilling to reconsider the sentences on grounds of humanity has already been proved by the release of one of the misdemeanants who had become seriously ill in prison. If there should be grounds for similar clemency in any of the other cases, it will be better that any partial mitigation of punishment should not be made under pressure. That the moral guilt of the prisoners is not, in general estimation, deemed proportionate to the legal consequences of their acts seems to be amply proved by the extraordinary depth and extent of the feeling which has been excited by the sentences. In addition to a much larger number of memorialists holding good social positions, more than a hundred members of the two Houses of Parliament, three hundred bankers, and between three and four thousand solicitors have signed one or other of several memorials which were presented to the HOME SECRETARY. No attempt was made to suggest the innocence of any of the prisoners, and the memorial included decent phrases in formal condemnation of the offence of administering bribes; but it is certain that the memorialists, while they were chiefly actuated by personal compassion, really disbelieved in the gravity of a crime which has been created by legislation. Bribery at elections is, on any tenable theory of representation, wrong in itself, and it is still more certainly illegal; but the whole community is conscious that its horror of the practice is more or less

hypocritical and capricious. Votes ought to be given with exclusive regard to the public interest; but in the great majority of instances the practice is remote from the ideal standard. There are even worse methods of corruption than the distribution of sovereigns.

The same virtuous Government which proposes to add hard labour to imprisonment as a penalty of payment for votes has lately profited by one of the most disgraceful appeals to the cupidity of voters which have ever been employed by the most unscrupulous of election agents. The Committee or the supporters of the Irish SOLICITOR GENERAL at the late election for Derry issued placards with lists of rents reduced according to the scandalous practice of the Land Act Sub-Commissioners, with an intimation that similar boons would be secured by tenant-farmers if they voted for Mr. PORTER. It is highly probable that these corrupt incentives, which seem not to have been repudiated by the candidate, tended to secure his return. His colleagues and superiors welcomed his victory without expressing any remorse for proceedings which were morally equivalent to bribery. The Ministers, indeed, cannot afford to inquire too closely into the means by which many of their followers obtained seats in Parliament. Some of the constituencies which contributed to the Liberal majority sold their votes almost as openly as the electors of Sandwich or of Macclesfield. The equally guilty consciences of both political parties sometimes deterred the losers from petitioning, and consequently secured them against troublesome inquiries. The electors of Derry sold their suffrages at a higher rate, for borough voters seldom obtain a price equal to twenty-five or thirty per cent. of an average Ulster farmer's rent. Even the most immaculate of Ministers has not always abstained from the suggestion of sordid or selfish motives. In 1874 Mr. GLADSTONE promised to repeal the Income-tax if the constituencies would renew his lease of power. If the electors in general had responded to his offer, there can be no doubt that they would have voted in consideration of a pecuniary advantage to themselves.

It is possible that severity of punishment may tend to create an artificial public opinion in condemnation of bribery. For the present, the unexpected sentences which have been passed seem to have produced an opposite effect. The forty thousand memorialists who approached the Home Office were probably disposed to find excuses for acts which they nominally allowed to be culpable. It is at least certain that they were more impressed with the assumed injustice of the penalty than with the guilt of the misdemeanants. To ordinary persons it seems shocking that a solicitor or town councillor should be compelled to wear a prison dress and live on prison fare, while his equals, who are known to have been engaged in similar practices, find that their social position is not affected. Rich and zealous Liberals who, like the corresponding section of the opposite party, subscribe large sums to be employed at every general election, must strongly suspect that the application of the funds which they provide is not always consistent with absolute purity. There are, indeed, legal expenses to be incurred; but the money passes through the hands of subordinate agents, who may not be inclined to lose an election for want of a moderate sum. Not a few boroughs are, with more or less success, "nursed," as it is called, by neighbouring aspirants to Parliamentary honours. The constituencies which profit by the continuous liberality of intending candidates are not morally distinguishable from their neighbours who sell themselves for a lump sum. As long as respectable politicians of both parties connive at such practices, it will be difficult to persuade ordinary persons that a distributor of bribes is on the same moral level with a thief or a forger.

It is contended by the advocates of severity that the admitted confusion and uncertainty of opinion requires to be corrected by a strict administration of the law, if not by the imposition of additional penalties. It is conceivable that such experiments might have the effect of diminishing, if not of abolishing, the grosser forms of bribery. In such a case a definite advantage would have been obtained, but many of the evils which seem to be inseparable from a system of popular representation would remain. A purchased vote indicates no preference for one candidate over another, and no belief in any political principle; but the bribable voter, even if he were prevented from actually receiving bribes, would still, as before, have no disposition to recognize merit or fitness. It is difficult to conjecture the



grounds on which the constituency of Macclosfield would vote in the absence of bribes, if their borough were not disfranchised. The chances are that their paymasters on either side have ordinarily been equal in patriotism and ability, and that they could only be distinguished by their comparative spirit in bidding at the electoral auction. When no money was forthcoming, the voters would probably prefer, in default of other reasons for choice, the most fluent demagogue. Their appetite for illegitimate gains would be directed to general projects of spoliation, instead of to personal corruption. It is impossible to make men honest, intelligent, or public-spirited by penal legislation; but perhaps one corrupt motive among many may be gradually eliminated. At the next general election the business of administering bribes will pass into the hands of humbler agents. There will be a large number of additional claimants in virtue of their occupation of rooms in common lodging-houses. By an odd accident the same Judge whose sentence has produced a reaction in favour of bribery came about the same time to the conclusion that Parliament had, without knowing it, suddenly enfranchised nearly the whole male population of the boroughs. This decision was afterwards limited in its scope and effects, but to a considerable extent it was confirmed. It is not to be expected that the poorest part of the population, unexpectedly invested with the franchise, will refuse in all cases to sell their unfamiliar votes. It may also be predicted that they will find willing customers.

#### THE POPE AND ITALY.

THE precise authorship of the pamphlet *Il Papa e l'Italia*, which has recently appeared at Rome, is not of much consequence. It is pretty certain that it contains, if not the POPE's last word on the relations between himself and the Italian Government, at least the particular word which he thinks it expedient to say at the present moment. Perhaps it will be doing the writer no injustice to assume that his object is rather to show the difficulties that surround the maintenance of the present state of things in Rome than to bring about the adoption of the particular proposal recommended in the pamphlet. That this proposal would in itself be a reasonable one may be admitted. It is very much to the interest of both the Powers concerned that they should devise some means of living peaceably side by side, and no expedient would be so effectual—supposing that it were possible to resort to it—as the transfer of the seat of Government to Florence. Rome could then resume the place for which history and the course of events have fitted her, and become the ecclesiastical capital of the Catholic world. The whole temper, however, of the Italian people is opposed to such a compromise as this. It is hardly too much to say that to the Italian Radicals Italian unity was dearer for that which it destroyed than for that which it created. To make Rome the seat of Government was to declare that the world of which it had so long been the capital had ceased to be. Any compromise which lessens the force of this triumph would encounter violent and probably successful opposition from the whole Radical party. With the franchise what it is, even its acceptance by the majority of the Legislature would be by no means conclusive as to its popularity in the country, and the Cabinet which proposed it might only find that it had made its own continuance in office impossible.

If, however, the expedient suggested by the writer of the pamphlet must be rejected as impracticable, he has no difficulty in showing that the expedient actually adopted by the Italian Government is inadequate. The "Guarantees," he says, guarantee nothing. They have been given to the POPE by a Government which was free to withhold them, and is equally free to recall them. Liberty which rests on no better foundation than an Act of the Legislature is no liberty at all. A vote has made it, and a vote can unmake it. This is the objection to the theory of a Law of Guarantees; but there is a further objection in the fact that recent events have shown that the Italian Government is too weak to give effect to the statute, however anxious it may be to do so. A living POPE is not likely to evoke less enmity than a dead one; and, if the authorities could not secure for the body of PIUS IX. an uninterrupted and honoured journey to its last resting-place, what chance is there that LEO XIII. would meet

with more respectful treatment if he went in and out as of old among the Roman people? If the law were technically inadequate, some little weakness on the part of those whose business it is to enforce it might be put up with. If it had been carried out to the letter, its technical insufficiency might be passed over. But, when it is worthless alike on paper and in action, it is impossible for the POPE to put any trust in it. There is really no answer to this reasoning. The Italian Radicals are hewn out of the same block as the French Radicals. Their dislike of the Papacy is not a mere languid feeling evoked by the recollection of the wrongs it has done them in the past. They hate it for its virtues at least as much as for its faults. Of the two, they were more ready to tolerate PIUS IX. than LEO XIII. The one, they felt, was doing something at every turn to embroil the Church with the temporal Governments of Europe; the other is prudent, conciliatory, and anxious to be on good terms with all the Powers with which he is brought in contact. PIUS IX. needed only to be left alone to ensure that he would somehow make things worse for himself; LEO XIII., if he were allowed to go his own way, might end by convincing the Italians that their temporal interests would be best served by a frank understanding with the Vatican. Supposing that the French Legislature had passed a Law of Guarantees when Marshal MACMAHON was President of the Republic and the Duke of BROGLIE Prime Minister, what chance would there be of its maintenance now that M. GRÉVY is President and M. GAMBETTA Prime Minister? A steady progress in the direction of Radicalism is no more impossible in Italy than it has proved to be in France; and, if the Extreme Left were once in power, the POPE's title to the honours and immunities of a sovereign prince would not be worth an hour's purchase.

It is not the purpose of the writer of the pamphlet to indicate any means by which the system of guarantees could be strengthened. He wishes to show by a process of exhaustion that the only possible way out of the deadlock in which things at present are lies in a Concordat between the new Italy and the Roman Church which shall secure to the POPE the liberty which Catholics everywhere desire for him by giving him back his sceptre. But to ask one thing with a secret intention of accepting another is not an unknown process in diplomacy; and it would not be surprising if the author of this pamphlet and those in whose interest he writes were more bent upon proving the offers embodied in the Law of Guarantees to be illusory than upon rejecting all proposals to make them real except the one actually suggested in its pages. There is a third expedient which is not open to the objections which are urged with so much force against the adequacy of the Law of Guarantees and the possibility of restoring Rome to the POPE. What is it that makes the guarantees so worthless in the eyes of LEO XIII.? The fact that they have no sanction beyond a Parliamentary vote which may any day be rescinded. Consequently, if they could be invested with some sanction which is not dependent on a Parliamentary vote, the ground of the Papal objection would be removed. The only way in which this additional sanction can be given is by making them rest not on statute, but on treaty. No doubt, even a treaty can be denounced, but only if the Power denouncing it is willing to run all the risks which such a step may carry with it. Ordinarily speaking, rights which are secured by an international instrument are beyond the reach of municipal legislation. Of course even an international instrument may go for nothing, if none of the parties to it are disposed to enforce its due execution. The liberty which the Law of Guarantees professedly gives to the POPE might be secured to him by a treaty between Italy and certain other Powers, and yet, in the event of this liberty being violated by the Italian Government, none of the other signatory Powers might choose to interfere. But the solution recommended by the writer of the pamphlet is open to an almost identical objection. Supposing that the city of Rome, together with some fragment of the surrounding country, were restored to the POPE, his possession of it must remain in the highest degree precarious, unless it were secured by something in the nature of an international arrangement. Without such an arrangement the POPE would be as much at the mercy of the Italian Government as he is now. The territory, like the guarantees, would have been freely given, and might be capriciously taken away. The only way to make a *modus vivendi* enduring is to invest it with some kind of authority

which the Italian Parliament cannot annul of its own mere motion. It may be impossible, of course, to create such an authority; but, supposing it to be created, it would be far easier to affix it to a Law of Guarantees than to a cession of territory. Where either expedient would secure the POPE's independence, that which is easiest to bring about is plainly the best to labour for. It is true that the Italian Ministerial papers profess to regard both proposals as equally impossible. The Italian Government will not tolerate, they say, any kind of foreign interference between itself and the POPE. But the present relations between the two Powers are of a kind which can hardly be more tolerable to Italy than they are to the POPE. So long as the Church is hopelessly estranged, the State must forego the support of the greatest of conservative forces. There is only one of the Italian parties that can profit by this state of things, and that is the party which regards the KING as only one degree less hateful than the POPE.

#### MR. SHAW AND HOME RULE.

MR. SHAW'S temperate and argumentative letter more than justifies his refusal to join the resuscitated Home Rule League, and it contains almost as conclusive an argument against the Association known by the same name of which he was once the nominal leader. Mr. SHAW hints, if he does not expressly assert, that the present League is formed for treasonable purposes, and also as a substitute for the Land League while that organization is violently suppressed. No loyal subject, no friend of order or justice, will join any League for effecting political changes "while the country is excited by wild and impracticable schemes, while social ties are loosened, and while dastardly crime is stalking through the land." Mr. PARNELL has never made a secret of the connexion between the system of agrarian plunder which he has promoted and the ulterior political revolution which, as he hopes, will follow. The extermination, or even the impoverishment, of the owners of land will have annihilated the class which is most closely identified with the Union. Mr. SHAW, indeed, believes that the tenant-farmers, the tradesmen, and the middle class in general would oppose separation if they thought that it was imminent. The reasons for his judgment are not stated; and it is not improbable that Mr. PARNELL's calculation would be justified by the result. It is certain that the Home Rule League is, at the present time, bitterly hostile to England and to all the Irish supporters of union. The fiction of a federal relation between the Empire and a self-governing Irish State is wholly obsolete. As Mr. SHAW says, the agitation is directed, not to the attainment of local self-government, but to the establishment of an Irish Republic, which, it may be added, would habitually ally itself with any foreign enemy of England.

No English politician, with the exception of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, has thus far professed to regard the disruption of the United Kingdom as an open question; and yet no less definite issue is raised by the agitation for Home Rule. As long as an indefinite demand for something which was designated as Home Rule was preferred by Mr. BUTT, Mr. SHAW, and their associates, it was possible to believe, or to pretend to believe, that a local Legislature was compatible with the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament and with the prerogative of the Crown. The Irish voters in English boroughs were instructed to support candidates who promised to vote, not for the concession of Home Rule, but for an inquiry into the merits of the scheme. In other words, those who truckled to the agitation admitted that Home Rule was an open question. The most conclusive arguments against the project were repudiated under the influence, in almost every instance, of corrupt personal motives. Several members owe their seats to compliance with the demands of the Irish demagogues, and some candidates suffered for their dishonest subserviency through the just offence which it gave to the genuine constituency. It is probable that hereafter even corrupt politicians will abstain from this particular malpractice. No votes are for the present to be got by adhesion to the project of an Irish Republic; and a proselyte to Home Rule in its latest form is pledged to no more moderate scheme. It may be admitted that Irish agitators have only disclosed a transparent secret in deducing the logical conclusion from the doctrine of Home Rule; but it is always possible to affect belief in a political fiction

where anything is to be got by wilful credulity. The Home Rule movement with which Mr. SHAW properly disavows his connexion will be useless, and indeed inconvenient, to English Radicals. Some of them may, like Mr. SHAW, cultivate a conventional belief in the possibility of extending the local independence of Ireland without weakening the connexion with England; but no such scheme would command the popular support which was given to Home Rule when the phrase was understood to mean much more than it expressed.

Mr. SHAW's explanation of the abandoned Home Rule scheme is not remarkably clear. "The Federal plan," he says, "as adopted by the Conference of 1873, was a compromise. It was believed in by many, by others adopted as a fair mode of meeting a great difficulty . . . but there were others, and among them active and influential men, who joined the Association with the view of using it as a means of working out much more extreme ends; and even before Mr. BUTT's death it was evident that these gentlemen had attained complete ascendancy in its councils." The great difficulty which was to be evaded by the Home Rule theory was no other than the proverbial impossibility of keeping the door at the same moment open and shut. The Federal project was in substance the restoration of the form of government which existed, with the episode of the rebellion, from 1782 to 1800. An Irish Parliament of Lords and Commons was to occupy itself with internal legislation and administration, without interfering in Imperial affairs. The Irish were to be separately represented as at present in the Imperial Parliament, which was to retain the control both of foreign affairs and of legislation for Great Britain. In the last century a not wholly dissimilar arrangement was with difficulty maintained for a few years by means of wholesale corruption. It was at last found necessary to buy up Irish patriotism once for all instead of paying annual subsidies. Mr. BUTT's Parliament was to be subject to certain limitations which were not imposed on GRATTAN'S Legislature of 1782; but it is not surprising that many nominal supporters of the scheme knew that its practical operation would be impossible. The active and influential gentleman who superseded Mr. BUTT and Mr. SHAW in the conduct of the Home Rule movement only interpreted its true meaning, and anticipated its results. It was quite certain that an Irish Parliament once legally assembled would have assumed sovereign independence, in total disregard of any constitutional compromise. It is difficult to give Mr. BUTT credit for a sincere belief in the possibility of his proposed division of power. That he was not in earnest is rendered more probable by his proposal that the local Parliament should consist of Lords and Commons, although he well knew that not a single Irish peer was prepared to acquiesce in Home Rule. There was in truth little difference of opinion between the projectors of the scheme and their English critics and opponents. All serious politicians on both sides understood that Home Rule, then as now, was equivalent to separation. For a time it was thought expedient to indulge in rhetorical flourishes about the golden link of the Crown. The alternative of an Irish Republic is now more candidly substituted.

It fortunately happens that the English Constitution allows of no devolution of sovereignty. Parliament is absolutely and necessarily supreme; and consequently it has abdicated its functions in preference to dividing them, when it has, as in the case of the Colonies, been found necessary to recognize local Legislatures. The independence which is claimed by Irish agitators is already possessed by Canada, by Australia, and by the Cape. Unless it were proposed to render Ireland equally independent, it would be impossible to concede Home Rule. The present Government will probably persist in trying a perverse experiment which was announced at the beginning of last Session. As if Ireland were not already ungovernable, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER proposed to confer large additional powers on assemblies, to be locally elected, which were to assume the functions of the grand juries as one of the purposes of their organization. The gift of legal authority to the factious representatives of a disaffected populace would be a gross and criminal blunder. If the Government multiplies the resources of its implacable adversaries, it will not have erred for want of warning. The bestowal of the freedom of the city on the ringleaders of sedition by the Dublin Town Council may perhaps be delayed, or even prevented, by technical difficulties; but in several divisions of

majority has approved the proposal for the purpose of sanctioning anarchy and spoliation. The Boards of Guardians throughout the country are centres of agitation, and some of them are little better than Committees of the Land League. Perhaps at the time when the new measure was announced the Government would not have objected to facilitate by legal recognition the operations of the League. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has once more eulogized its purpose and its early action in the strongest terms, although it was occupied with the arbitrary withdrawal of rents, through the machinery of outrage, mutilation, arson, and murder. As late as the time of his visit to Leeds Mr. GLADSTONE hesitated to condemn the organization which had not yet been openly employed to discredit the Land Bill. Both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have now made up their minds that the Land League must be suppressed; yet the Government scheme would provide the League in every district with a recognized council of direction, and perhaps with funds to be levied by local taxation. The little rural Parliaments would prepare the way for an Irish Legislature; and in the meantime they would, each to the extent of its power, perpetrate unqualified mischief.

#### AMERICAN MEAT.

THE price of meat is generally recognised as a point of great importance; but its importance is ordinarily regarded from the point of view of the housekeeper, and as affecting favourably or unfavourably the total of weekly bills. Its real importance is, however, of a much wider kind. On it depend, in a large measure, the fortunes of the greatest of English industries—that of agriculture—and, so far as it determines the rate of wages, the power of English manufactures to compete in the markets of the world. The importations from abroad, amounting to about thirty per cent. of the total consumed, keep down the price of meat in England, and half of the meat imported comes from America—that is, from the United States and Canada. Anything, therefore, which tends to show what is the price at which American meat can be supplied here, whether this price is likely to be still further reduced, or whether there is likely to be a permanent rise on the prices hitherto obtained, is full of interest to producers and consumers alike. A correspondent of the *Times* has recently contributed a carefully drawn and instructive statement on the subject. To those acquainted with agricultural literature there is not, and there could not be, much that was new in his statement. It would be difficult for any one to add much to the evidence given by Messrs. READ and PELL and by Mr. ROBINSON to the Richmond Commission; but the correspondent of the *Times* gives some facts of a later date, and puts some details in a very clear and succinct form. He is able, for example, to assure us that, although much meat has come over this year from America, there have been great losses in the trade. It is at present a very speculative business, and the speculation, if this year it has answered in some cases, has failed in others. The Americans, too, are just as much exposed as we are in England to adverse seasons; and last winter, which in America was very long and very hard, injured the condition of cattle and considerably raised the cost of keep. Still, experience has shown what is the average sum for which American meat, dead or alive, can be brought into the English market. The statistics given in the *Times*, which are quite in accordance with the evidence given to the RICHMOND Commission, enable us to trace the financial history of an American beast from the cradle to the grave; and it is the study of this financial history which is the basis of all sound calculation as to the future price of meat and the future profits of English farmers. If a rise or fall is anticipated in the price of meat, the estimate, to be effective, must point to a probable rise or fall at one or more points of this financial history. The first thing, therefore, is to have a clear notion as to the periods at which additions are necessarily made to the cost of the animal before it gets into the hands of the English meat-seller. Whether the seller gets more or less than a fair profit on the transaction is a different question. There may or may not be a trade combination among butchers which unduly raises prices to the consumers. But the butcher only gives the English farmer the price which, after American competition has produced its effect, he is obliged to give him, and after he has got his profit the butcher reduces

the price to the consumer in proportion to the reduction he has himself been able to get on the cost of the animal.

Ranchmen, we are told, west and south of the Mississippi, after allowing for capital invested, and expenses of herding and losses, estimate that their cattle cost them 8s. a head per annum. A beast, therefore, represents to the grower, when it is three years old, an outlay of 24s. When it gets to Liverpool it represents an outlay of 19l., and the steps by which this very great increase is reached are as follows. The first stage is that of getting the animal to the nearest railway, and selling it to the purchaser who there receives it. The grower has some outlay in getting the animal to the station, and expects a profit of 50 per cent.; so that, by the time the bullock is delivered at a railway station, he is worth 2l. By the time he gets to Chicago the cost of railway transport for perhaps a thousand miles, and the cost of feeding and tending on the way, have raised his value to 3l. 10s. But before he is fit to export he must be sent to one of the middle or Eastern States to be got into condition. It takes 1l. to send him there, and no less than 8l. 15s. to keep and to fatten him when he is there, so that when he is ready for exportation he has cost 13l. 5s. Another 25s. takes him to New York, so he now has reached the point of 14l. 10s. It takes 4l. 10s. more to get him to Liverpool—the items of this total being 2l. for freight, and 2l. 10s. for feeding, tending, and insurance. These are the stages by which the animal, worth 2l. at the nearest State in the far West, has risen to 19l. at Liverpool; and if the animal is in fairly good condition on arrival, and has, while fattening, put on a reasonable amount of meat, 19l. as his cost means that the meat can be sold without loss at 5½d. per lb. The quantity to be sold will perhaps be 750 lbs., and if it is sold at 6½d. per lb. the profit is very nearly 4l.; and this, it appears, is considered enough to remunerate the vendor after all the trouble and all the expense which the animal has cost at various stages of his career. He would be worth more if he could be kept in England to wait a favourable turn of the market. But, as the United States is an infected country, he must be slaughtered in fourteen days. Canada is not an infected country, and therefore a Canadian animal of the same quality is worth more in the English market than an American animal; but it costs considerably more to get him there, as freight from Canada is higher. This is partly due to the more stormy nature of the Canadian passage. But it is partly due to another cause, which also determines the port at which most of the cattle from America are landed. The great centre of consumption is London, and yet they are landed at Liverpool, although the railway charges from Liverpool to London have to be paid. The reason is that Liverpool is the great centre of the American trade, and shippers can get a return cargo from Liverpool more easily than they can get it from London; while the trade with the United States is so much larger than the trade with Canada that it is more difficult to get a return cargo to Montreal than it is to get a return cargo to New York. Then, again, although the cost of railway transport from Liverpool to London is paid on American cattle, it must be remembered that English meat has also to be brought by railway to London, and the rates charged on English meat by the railway Companies are higher than those charged on American meat. How this happens was explained to the RICHMOND Commission by Mr. TWELVETREES, the Assistant Goods Manager of the Great Northern Railway. The meat of the animals slaughtered at Liverpool on their arrival from America is so packed that it entirely fills the carriages which convey it. English meat has to be collected at different stations, the railway managers cannot tell how much they will be required to convey, and the carriages appropriated to its conveyance are often only half full.

Similar calculations may be made as to the price at which meat from animals slaughtered in America can be sold at a profit in England, and a reasonable profit can be obtained with a less sum obtained per pound, many of the risks and much of the cost of ocean transport being avoided. So many elements of uncertainty enter into the calculation that it is impossible to speak with perfect confidence; but it seems tolerably safe to say that dead meat can be sold profitably at a penny per pound less than the profitable market price of

live meat. Probably a large portion of the dead meat brought over is sold to the consumer as if it were live meat; and then the butcher, or the importer, or some one, puts an extra penny per pound into his pocket. But it is not in itself worth so much. Frozen meat is excellent and perfectly wholesome, but it is not so good as meat that has not been frozen; and, if Mr. ROBINSON'S evidence may be trusted, the meat from the animals slaughtered on their arrival in Liverpool is better than the dead meat imported from America, because the dead meat has suffered inevitable injury from being knocked about during its transport across the sea. Dead meat can be sold at a penny per pound less, but then it is probably worth a penny per pound less; and, apart from tricks of the trade, it is the price of imported live meat that determines the competition which the English farmer has to meet. And consumers who wish to understand what this competition is must beware of judging by what they themselves pay for the prime joints to which they are accustomed. The price of prime joints remains very high because the demand for prime joints exceeds the supply. England is so rich that the number of persons who want legs of tender well-fed mutton and soft juicy steaks is almost unlimited. They fight among each other and keep up the price of prime joints, but the rest of the animal is sold at a lower price than would pay if this competition for the favourite cuts did not exist. What happens in England happens in America, and the cost of the best parts is as high in New York as it is in London. Neither in America nor in the States is the profit of the grower determined by the price of the best parts of the animal. It is determined by the price of all the meat which the animal produces. What the English farmer has to face is that American live meat can be profitably sold at 6½d. per lb., and he may dismiss from his mind any notion that the increasing population of the United States, or bad seasons there, will raise in a serious degree the price of American meat. The tide of emigration to the United States, which is now setting in so strongly, supplies labour, the Americans have plenty of capital; and with labour and capital the unused, or partially used, soil of the States can supply meat faster than the population grows. If there are bad seasons on one side of the Atlantic there are bad seasons on the other. The English farmer must set himself to face a constant supply of American meat at 6½d. per lb. He has some advantages on his side. He can produce perhaps a slightly better article. Englishmen prefer, from taste or habit, English meat; he is close to his market and can watch its turns. What is the pecuniary value of these advantages is most difficult to say. They may perhaps be said to reach, or even to slightly exceed, a halfpenny a pound. He cannot, therefore, reckon on getting more than a trifle over 7d. per lb. for his meat. How he is to solve the problem of growing meat with a profit at 7d. per lb. is a very large and difficult question; but, at any rate, it is something that he should know exactly what is the problem he has to solve if he is to thrive in the future as he has thriven in the past.

#### THE ARITHMETIC OF DISESTABLISHMENT.

**D**URING the past week two letters, each signed CHAS. S. MIALI, have appeared in the *Times* and the *Daily News* on the subject of certain recent volunteer attempts to obtain statistics of attendance at churches and chapels in some of the large towns of England. These letters are in the main identical, but that which appeared in the *Daily News* contains later and fuller statistics, and to it reference will here chiefly be made. Mr. MIALI draws several conclusions from his figures, one of which, as his readers who have glanced at the signature will probably anticipate even before they have looked at his tables, is that "the Church of England is no longer in respect of 'numbers the National Church in our great towns.'" It may be noticed, by the way, that while Mr. MIALI very fairly gives this last limitation, the *Times*, with characteristic inaccuracy, omits it in its comments, and says that "in England" the Church is in a decided minority—a statement not contended for by Mr. MIALI himself on this occasion, and certainly not borne out in any way by his facts, even if they are accepted without question. Some political allusions of the statistician would not require notice were it not for his expressions of regret

at the omission to procure recently a general religious Census. Mr. MIALI must have a conveniently short memory, or must suppose that none of his readers enjoyed the privilege of being a little behind the scenes at the general election of 1880. Those who had that privilege know perfectly well, and can assert without fear of valid contradiction, that one of the principal inducements then used to prevail on Dissenters to support Mr. GLADSTONE, and one of the chief congratulations made to them afterwards by their political leaders and advisers, was that under Mr. GLADSTONE there would be no "tampering with the Census." Every one to whom this phrase was addressed knew perfectly well what was meant by it. It meant that Nonconformists dreaded the exposure of the nakedness of their own particular land which such a tampering—that is to say, the inclusion of religious statistics in the Census—would occasion.

However, Mr. MIALI'S regrets are of less consequence than his figures. These figures are not new to those who take an interest in the subject; nor does Mr. MIALI pretend that they are. The results for the different towns given (twenty-five in number in the longest list, and varying in population from Liverpool with more than half a million inhabitants to Scarborough with but a few more than thirty thousand) were obtained through persons employed by local newspapers. They were procured on a uniform system—that of reckoning only one morning and, in most cases, one evening service. The result of this is to give usually, though not universally, a large majority to the various Nonconformist bodies, including Roman Catholics, though of course not one of such bodies pretends to vie with the Church. There is no need to insist on the intrinsically faulty character of an enumeration where the enumerators are irresponsible, and where they choose their own time and their own methods. But any one who is at all acquainted with the subject can see at once that, even putting aside the hypothesis of a "whip"—which most assuredly no clergyman of the Established Church would condescend to employ, even if he knew of the projected Census, while some at least of the Nonconformist sects would not scruple to do so—the plan adopted is disadvantageous to the Church. Scant notice is taken of afternoon evensong, which in some places is more numerously attended than the later service. No notice is taken of early celebrations of the Eucharist, or of midday celebrations, separate from the ordinary morning service. Nor is there any account of mission services and other miscellaneous functions, which are now so common. The second omission is of especial importance in these days, as any one must be well aware who frequents or even passes, not merely London churches, where early Communion is in use, but such country churches as St. Albans, Manchester, or All Saints, Bristol. As it happens, however, there is no need to reason on conjecture. A more remarkable instance of arrangement of figures than is furnished by Mr. MIALI'S account of the religious statistics of Southampton is not often to be found out of the annals of speculative finance. Southampton is a town of over sixty thousand inhabitants, and, like most seaports, it is not remarkable, in the opinion of any one who knows it, for extraordinary piety. It is, therefore, a very fair specimen town. According to Mr. MIALI, on the appointed day of reckoning 15,032 persons attended Church services, and 14,492 services at Nonconformist chapels. This looks like a victory for the Church; but luckily eight hundred Roman Catholics come to the rescue, and turn the balance, putting the Church in the minority. Now an inconvenient Correspondent of the *Daily News* itself has in a letter to that paper published from the original statistics in the *Hampshire Independent* a very odd comment on this computation. So far from eight hundred Roman Catholics attending the services of their Church on that day, only 346 did so, and these are included in the Nonconformist total given by Mr. MIALI, who has thus not merely counted his Roman Catholics twice over, but has multiplied them handsomely by about two and a half on the second occasion of counting. It is further shown that his eight hundred is a reminiscence of what must have been the purely imaginary statistics of 1851—purely imaginary, for the population of Southampton has increased immensely since that time, and no doubt its Roman Catholic population has increased in proportion. This is, to say the least, a curious fashion of manipulating facts. Moreover, it appears from the same statistics (upon which, be it remembered, Mr. MIALI



reasonable. Extrinsic evidence of the intention of the Legislature would be vague and uncertain; and it might be fairly assumed that the exercise of sovereign authority would be accompanied by a corresponding sense of responsibility. The failure of Parliament to express its own intention cannot be even considered by a court of justice; but culpable negligence in framing irrevocable enactments is a proper subject of private comment. In the case of the definition which has been discussed in the Divisional Court and in the Court of Appeal, there was no doubt that the startling innovation which would be introduced by one of two or three possible constructions of the statute had not been contemplated by any party in either House. The Bill of 1878 was referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons, which reported in its favour. In answer to a doubt suggested by a member of his own party, the Conservative Chairman of the Committee assured the House that the Bill would cause no serious change in the law. The statement was confirmed by Sir C. DILKE, who had charge of the Bill, and the independent critic consequently offered no further opposition. There is no doubt that both assurances were given in perfect good faith, yet the most cursory examination of the Act shows that its meaning is open to doubt or, according to the opinion of both Courts, to an interpretation which was formally disclaimed by the framers of the Bill. The enormous importance of the issue which is now decided admits of no serious dispute. The counsel who opposed the allowance of the appeal by the Court below stated that the claimants under the Act of 1878 were comparatively few in number; but it was not disputed that at a future registration the enfranchisement of all lodgers would in many instances swamp the existing constituencies. The greater or less importance of the question could of course only affect the discretion of the Divisional Court in allowing or refusing the appeal. It is not the business of judges to inquire whether the sky will fall if justice is rigidly administered.

The Judges of the Court of Appeal, in the course of the arguments and in delivering judgment, exhausted the resources of dialectic ingenuity. They had no difficulty in showing that every possible construction involved a series of absurdities, if not actual contradictions. It would have been impossible to conjecture beforehand that Parliament would even seem to confer the same franchise on lodgers who paid a rent of 10*l.*, and on all other lodgers, or all tenants of non-resident landlords, whether they paid 10*l.* or 10*s.* As one of the Lords Justices remarked, the mischief arose from the misapplication of names, as in calling that a dwelling-house which was not a house, but a room.

The Court had to ascertain not what the Legislature had intended, but what it had said. In the particular case there was no opportunity of correcting an oversight, even by the cumbrous machinery of an amending Act. The present majority of the House of Commons favours a wide extension of the suffrage; and it would certainly not consent to any disfranchising measure. One precedent for organic legislation by inadvertence has lately been established by Mr. GLADSTONE. The careless statements which induced Parliament to pass the Act of 1878 were not more definite than the assurances which were given in 1870 that no right of property could be founded on a claim to compensation for disturbance. The vested right to vote which may have been conferred by bad or ambiguous grammar is not less sacred than the tenant right which, having once been unintentionally recognized, has since been purposely extended.

The political effect of a large and sudden addition to the constituency is a legitimate subject of discussion; whether it is effected deliberately or by accident, it cannot be regarded with indifference. One of the strongest objections to successive reductions of qualification is that those who are admitted are always ready to open the door of the Constitution to their allies who are still without. Down to a certain limit a privileged class of voters is a kind of aristocracy; but working men feel a closer connexion with one another than with the remaining section of the community. The artisans of the towns are unanimously willing to extend the suffrage to agricultural labourers, in the well-founded expectation that voters who depend on wages will, in political movements, generally act together. Ten-pound lodgers, of whom many belong to the middle class, are not perhaps equally anxious to share their rights with the poorest occupiers of unfur-

nished rooms. It is perhaps useless at present to vindicate the advocates of restricted suffrage from the charge of selfishness. A few years ago the upper and middle classes exercised almost all political power; and now, as the last general election proved, they are no match for those who have succeeded to their place. It is too often forgotten that political power exists in a fixed quantity incapable of increase, though liable to constant readjustment. What is given to one is taken from another; and the transfer is always in one direction. If, by a blunder in an Act of Parliament, any voters of the poorer class had been casually disfranchised, no opposition would have been offered to the early rectification of the mistake. A rectification of a much more pernicious error is practically impossible.

#### LORD HARTINGTON IN LANCASHIRE.

LORD HARTINGTON, in addressing his Lancashire constituents, has added another contribution to the numerous speeches of the recess. He spoke, as he modestly observed, not because he wished to speak to his constituents, so much as because his constituents wished him to speak to them; and, as he remarked, no one who did not like to read his speeches need trouble himself to do so. As it happens, Lord HARTINGTON is one of the few speakers whose speeches every one wishes to read. In a time of confusion and uproar it is especially interesting to know what are the thoughts uppermost in the mind of a man who takes up politics simply as a sphere in which he has got to do a painful duty, who looks on everything in the light of strong common sense, who is, as a rule, at once firm and moderate, and who represents more conspicuously than any one else a very important section of the Liberal party. He did himself very inadequate justice when he said that, if he left the Cabinet, the party could get on very well without him. The Cabinet without Lord HARTINGTON would be altogether a different Cabinet; and, if he cannot see this, no one else can be blind to it. Ordinarily he is very fair to his opponents, and he is always courteous; but the duty he has got to perform towards Ireland is so painful to him, it is to him something so dreadful, that the Government, with all its efforts, should make such very slow and small progress towards restoring order, that in his despondency he is more sensitive to the attacks of his opponents than he usually shows himself. He complained that he and his colleagues have been exposed to a criticism more bitter and unscrupulous than any to which a Ministry was ever exposed before. The famous Midlothian campaign must have passed for the moment out of Lord HARTINGTON'S memory. The Opposition cannot avoid criticizing things that are going on before their eyes. They cannot turn away from Ireland, for it is Ireland that fills the thoughts of England. If they think they can show that the Land Act is working an injustice which its framers never contemplated, if they think that the Government is using its powers too much or too little, they must say what they think, or they may as well give up politics altogether. Lord HARTINGTON can scarcely think that, if a Conservative Government were in power, and were charged with the difficult task of stamping out anarchy in Ireland, all Liberal critics would be so gentle and discreet as to look on in silence and allow it to be supposed that everything the Conservatives did in Ireland was right. That criticism, whether ill founded or well founded, enfeebles the Executive, is one of the evils inseparably attendant on party government. But criticism also sometimes strengthens the Executive, for it may tend to show that the Government is, after all, in the right. Lord HARTINGTON attacked the criticism of the Opposition, because it has not been suggestive. His critics tell him he is wrong, but will not or cannot tell him what he could do that would be better. This is, at least, partially true; but negative criticism is not without its uses to the Cabinet. Lord HARTINGTON stands resolutely by the doctrine that the great thing is to be patient, and to let the Government work in its own patient way. If he is right, it must certainly contribute to the acquiescence of the nation in his policy if his critics are discovered to have nothing better to propose.

At the first of the two meetings that he attended Lord HARTINGTON pressed on his hearers the necessity of preparing for a new contest, and warned them that they could

net hope to fight with the extraordinary advantages on their side which led to the unexpected triumph of the Liberals at the last election. The caution he gave was in every way justified. There is sure to be a large body of electors who get tired of every Ministry in turn, and who think it amusing and exciting to try a new set of governors. It is notorious, too, that the Liberal majority in the present Parliament is much greater than its average permanent strength in the constituencies warrants. Quite apart, therefore, from anything the present Ministers have done or have left undone, there is a strong probability that an early dissolution would be unfavourable to them. The result might be such that no other Government could be immediately formed; but the same Government would not have the same majority, and the large measures which this Government contemplates would have a much less imposing aspect if they were only carried by feeble majorities. To supplant the Government if possible, and at any rate to weaken it, the Opposition must prepare the minds of the electors for the coming change; and this is exactly what the Liberal Opposition did when Lord BRACONSFIELD was in power. All parties do and say very much the same thing in the great struggle for Ministerial existence. Lord HARTINGTON made some not ill-natured and not infelicitous remarks on the position of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. What he said one day, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said the next day. He played about at will in the lead of the tandem, and all the whipping fell on the back of the sturdy jog-trot old-fashioned wheeler. All party critics always say that their opponents are governed by their tail and not by their head. It seems only yesterday that every Conservative was prophesying that Lord HARTINGTON would get all the whipping and that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would dance away in front. Even now there are Conservatives who would think that their prophecy was as true as Lord HARTINGTON's criticism. Lord HARTINGTON, again, complained that the leaders of the Conservatives were too much inclined to humour the follies of their Protectionist supporters, and did not state with sufficient explicitness their own wiser opinions. Although Lord SALISBURY separated himself from his Protectionist friends in language as distinct as could be desired, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was at one time evidently puzzled as to what he ought to say about Fair-trade. His language was obscure, and might have been mischievous had not reviving trade and its own weakness killed the Fair-trade movement almost before it was born. But every leader in turn has to meet the difficulty of deciding how far he is to patronize supporters who are wrong on some one point. When Lord RAMSAY tried to catch the Home Rulers of Liverpool, Lord HARTINGTON warmly encouraged his canvass, and did not think it necessary to obtrude, in any marked way, his own personal opinions about *Homo Rale* into his estimate of his friend's qualifications.

Like every one in and out of the Cabinet, Lord HARTINGTON thinks first of Ireland; but, after Ireland, his thoughts are given almost wholly to the reform of Parliamentary procedure. He has made the subject peculiarly his own, has thought long and carefully over it, and is not inclined to shrink from conclusions because to most men they would seem novel and startling. When he says that what he seeks is a change that will restore the House to its old dignity and its old consideration, every one feels that he is only saying what he honestly thinks, and that the credit of the House is a chief object of his care. Proposals the only object of which would be to make the House of Commons dignified and efficient would be welcomed by all moderate and sensible men. But it is so very difficult to frame proposals which will effect this object and no other—which will not only do good, but will, in doing good, not do greater harm—that the nearer he gets to the time when the Government will have to decide what to propose, the more strongly he seems to feel what a very onerous and dangerous task it is that the Government has chosen to take up. He even went so far as to express a doubt whether the whole of next Session must not be given up to the reform of procedure. The Government, he hinted, might not have any time to think of any big Bill. A six months' wrangle over procedure is a dreary prospect for Parliament itself, and for all who follow its fateful course. But, even if it gives up a whole Session to the discussion, the Government cannot be sure of carrying its proposals. It has an enormous majority, and in this matter it has not got to obtain the assent of the House

of Lords. But still it despairs of success unless it is strongly supported by the constituencies, and Lord HARTINGTON invites the constituencies to support the proposed change because without it they cannot get the strong Bills carried on which they are supposed to have set their hearts. Lord HARTINGTON is an excellent judge of the position of the Ministry, and he would not have said what he did unless he had been very much in earnest. It is the Liberal constituencies that must really carry the proposed reform of procedure. This may be true, but it certainly places the proposal in a peculiar light. The reform has one object, the restoration of the dignity of the House; but it also has a second object, the carrying of a series of strong measures. Those who dislike the measures can scarcely fail to be distrustful of the reform. The appeal is not to Conservative constituencies; for, although they might wish to see the increase of the dignity of Parliament, they cannot wish to facilitate the passing of measures they dislike. It is obvious, therefore, that what the Government dreads is a falling away of the Liberal majority on this one delicate point. On Liberal waverers Liberal constituencies can exercise great pressure, and Lord HARTINGTON begs that they will exercise it, and that they will keep their members firmly bound to the doctrine that to wish the end is to wish the means, and that to desire a reform of the Land-laws and an extension of the suffrage implies a willingness to cast away all doubts as to the wisdom of the proposals made for the reform of procedure.

#### THE TURKISH DEBT.

THE English creditors of the Ottoman Government are much indebted to Mr. BOURKE for the labours which he seems to have brought to a successful termination. The elaborate arrangement which has been published will only be intelligible to skilled financiers who may have an interest in the matter. As UNDER-SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS during a long and troubled period, Mr. BOURKE must have acquired both general experience in diplomacy and a special knowledge of the affairs of Turkey. There is perhaps some convenience in his position as a political opponent of the present Government, though there is no reason to suppose that he had reason to complain of undue want of official countenance. It has been recently established as a maxim of English policy that the Government takes no part in enforcing the private claims of its subjects against foreign States. Lord PALMERSTON was inclined to strain general rules when there was any plausible reason for interfering on behalf of English creditors; but on the whole it is reasonable that capitalists should rely exclusively on their own judgment of the integrity and solvency of States with which they think fit to deal. For this purpose it is expedient that their own Government should as far as possible abstain from interference with foreign loans. There were some exceptions to the practice in the case of the Turkish debt; but by far the greater portion of the loans was contracted without official participation. The moral responsibility of the English Government was confined to its original share in educating the Turks into the civilized practice of borrowing. Before the Crimean war there was no national debt in Turkey; but for several following years it seemed as if the Porte were entitled to unlimited credit. The latent wealth of the Empire was considerable, and lenders were not sufficiently careful to inquire whether its material resources were in process of development. Through a rapid succession of loans the Turkish Government had no difficulty in paying interest out of principal to the satisfaction of ignorant holders who were contented to receive a large and regular income on their investments. As in all similar cases, Turkish stock was largely held by the classes which were least able to bear a loss. Large annual returns are most attractive to small capitalists, who risk their means of subsistence for the sake of temporary ease.

Total or partial bankruptcy was perhaps inevitable; but the cessation of payment was precipitated by Russian influence in preparation for the war which speedily followed. General IGATIEFF persuaded the Sultan ABDUL AZIZ suddenly to suspend payment of interest, with the result, and probably with the object, of alienating the sympathies of Western Europe from the insolvent Empire. At first only an arbitrary reduction of interest was

announced; but, after the outbreak of war, it became obviously impossible that for the time the Ottoman Government should discharge its obligations. Since the conclusion of peace the SULTAN's successive Ministers have found difficulty in raising money for current expenses; and they have always known that the claim for the Russian indemnity was hanging over their heads. The hopes of the bondholders depended on the urgent necessity of restoring to some extent the national credit. Unless something was done for existing creditors, there could be no hope of borrowing for the future. With this solitary basis of negotiation, Mr. BOURKE has been able to stipulate for an assignment of certain revenues as security for the payment of a low rate of interest and for a sinking fund. The Russian Embassy, though it has from time to time interfered in the negotiations, admits that, according to the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, the claims of the bondholders take precedence of the payment of the indemnity. The statement that the financial administration of certain provinces was to be transferred to the Russian Government has been contradicted; and the true state of the case is still imperfectly known. In the meantime, the representatives of the creditors have obtained securities for payment of the reduced interest which have sufficient value to make the bonds once more marketable. Perhaps the best result which can follow would be the transfer of the bulk of the debt from needy holders into the hands of speculative capitalists, who will probably be able to protect themselves against loss. The conclusion of Mr. BOURKE's negotiations will in many cases operate to the relief of urgent distress.

The SULTAN and his Ministers have, in the course of the discussion, exhibited a not unreasonable apprehension that attempts would be made to impose upon them a financial control after the model of the efficient though anomalous system which has been introduced into Egypt. There can be no doubt that the solvency and financial prosperity of Turkey would be promoted by the substitution of European administrators for native financiers; but, even if such control could be forced on an unwilling Government, it would be highly undesirable that foreign Powers should undertake an embarrassing responsibility. The Egyptian relations of England and France to one another, to the KHEDIVÉ, to the Porte, and to other European Governments, are already delicate enough. In Constantinople the exclusive control of two Powers would probably not be allowed; and the SULTAN is even now more formidable than a Viceroy of Egypt. The tutelage which is exercised over the KHEDIVÉ is justified, as far as England is concerned, by a paramount interest in the protection of the Suez Canal; and it was from various causes found impossible to exclude the partnership of France. If the existing system can be maintained for a few years, the effect on the prosperity of Egypt will be so obvious as to justify, and perhaps to insure, a continuance of the joint Protectorate. It would be a far more arduous undertaking to protect the subjects of the SULTAN in Europe and Asia from fiscal and administrative oppression. By this time the Turkish Government is probably satisfied that its apprehensions were unfounded. Mr. BOURKE and his French colleague have confined themselves strictly to the advocacy of the private interests which they represented; and measures have apparently been taken to satisfy or to adjourn the claims which were preferred by the Russian Embassy. The agents of the foreign creditors have made arrangements with the local bankers on whom the Government depends for a periodical supply of ready money. No long interval will probably elapse before proposals are made for the contraction of some new loan, if such a transaction is rendered possible by a partial revival of the national credit.

There is probably some foundation for the prevailing rumour that the SULTAN attaches much importance to some recent indications of good will on the part of Germany. The courteous reception which was afforded at Berlin to the complimentary Turkish mission may possibly have had some political significance; but the SULTAN, who possesses considerable ability and some political experience, can scarcely share the sanguine hopes of the news-mongers of Constantinople. It appears that, with Oriental boldness of conception, some Turkish politicians have imagined an offensive and defensive alliance between the SULTAN and the German EMPEROR, of which France is to be the victim or the object. Prince BISMARCK is supposed to meditate an invasion of France, while the Turkish

forces are to co-operate for the purpose not only of re-establishing the sovereignty of the SULTAN in Tunis, but of reconquering Algeria. The hope that the statesman who declined to sacrifice the life of a single Pomeranian Grenadier for the maintenance of the integrity of the Turkish Empire would engage in a project for the propagation of Mahometanism in Northern Africa deserves neither refutation nor criticism. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity or the accuracy of Prince BISMARCK's assurances given to the German Parliament, that the prospects of European peace are more favourable than at any recent time. The German Government probably regards either with indifference or with complacency the employment of the military and financial resources of France in the conquest or pacification of Northern Africa. The report of a German alliance with Turkey for the repression of French enterprise in remote regions is a preposterous fancy. It is not improbable that Prince BISMARCK may be disposed to cultivate an influence at Constantinople which might be useful in certain contingencies; nor can there be a doubt that the faintest overtures on his part would be cordially welcomed. No other Power is for the present likely to compete for the SULTAN's favour or confidence. The French enterprise in Tunis has, notwithstanding the assurances of the late Government, caused not only serious irritation, but anxiety for the independence of Tripoli. Although Mr. GOSCHEN lately declared that the influence of England at Constantinople was undiminished, Mr. GLADSTONE's Government has little reason to count on the good will of a Power which is indebted to him and his party neither for benefits nor for courteous forbearance. Lord DUFFERIN's demands for improved administration in Armenia appear to have been equally unwelcome and ineffective. It must also be remembered that the Protectorate of England and France over Egypt is regarded by the SULTAN and his advisers with unconcealed dislike. It is improbable that, after abandoning the Eastern policy of former times, England should receive the deference which was formerly paid to a powerful protector. If Germany were willing to occupy the vacant post, her patronage would be gratefully accepted. The slightest tokens of good will are in the meantime estimated at an excessive value.

#### THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE discovery of a Fenian arsenal in Dublin can hardly be said to be alarming, because alarm implies a certain amount of surprise, and nothing could be less surprising than the occurrence in question. That the anarchic movements of the last two years tended to produce a revival of Fenianism, and would eventually merge themselves therein, has been perfectly evident from the beginning to those who had eyes to see. The question of the exact relation of the Irish Republican Brotherhood to the Land League has, however, naturally given a fresh occasion for the usual display of paradox on the part of supporters of "the Revolution," as their counterparts on the Continent frankly and conveniently term the whole mass of anarchic-democratic plots, plans, and principles. According to this view, Fenianism has arisen because the Land League has been suppressed. The two things are naturally opposed, and the death of the one means the life of the other. The supporters of this idea might, indeed, quote in their favour the somewhat unwise words of Lord COWLEY about driving Irish discontent below the surface. What is driven below the surface at one place naturally breaks out at another point. It is, however, tolerably obvious that this paradox is unnecessary except as a convenient support to protests against coercion. There is no radical difference between an anti-rent movement and an anti-Government movement, and the agitation which has maintained the one necessarily feeds the other. But it may be admitted that the Fenian form of the disease is, if the more malignant in appearance, really the less dangerous because the more likely to be treated drastically. At present no appreciable portion of the supporters of the Government is in favour of actual abdication in Ireland, and against armed political insurrection Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues may still be trusted to act. Lord HARTINGTON may argue that it is no part of the business of Government to collect rents or enforce the rights of property. It is true that he would find it difficult to carry his pro-

position very far. For that the ultimate, if not the immediate, object of Government is to maintain, if necessary by enforcing them, the rights of property is tolerably clear. It is also rather curious that Lord HARTINGTON should have omitted to state more fully his views about the protection of life and person, and the duties of Government in relation thereto. But even Lord HARTINGTON—probably because he has had considerable experience in this very matter in days past—does not apparently question the duty of Government in reference to the putting down of treasonable organizations armed and organized against the lawful Government of the country. It may therefore be argued reasonably enough that the appearance of Fenian agitation in some strength is not wholly to be regretted. It is a head of the same hydra as the No-rent conspiracy, but it is a head which HERCULES does not refuse to cut off.

Of positive, as distinguished from apologetic, contributions to the discussion of the Irish question, Lord HARTINGTON had not much to make; and the only other member of the Government who has recently touched the question had still less. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE'S tour in Cork and Kerry has not apparently inspired him with anything but vague hopes of a good time coming. Meanwhile, he performs the somewhat singular function of acting as intermediary to convey and explain to the public his father's utterances in reference to the LORD MAYOR'S Fund, a proceeding which may be said to open up a new profession for younger sons. Up to the date of this publication the Ministry had observed towards this auxiliary movement what may perhaps pardonably be called an equivocal silence, nor is the telegraphic utterance now given to the world much more explicit. It may be doubted whether the management of the Fund hitherto has been wholly judicious, particularly in regard to the expression, or rather concealment, of the actual definite objects in view. Even the LORD MAYOR'S letter to Mr. GRENFELL is far from being definite. The description of these objects, as undertaking or supplementing the duties of executive government, has been violently objected to by those who seem to think it of less importance that Ireland should be well governed than that their own party leaders should have the reputation of governing it well. A better description perhaps would be that the object of the movement is to force the hand of the Government. The policy which has here been constantly advocated, and which has in the last few days been announced elsewhere as a desirable discovery—the policy, that is to say, of a combined attack on the great scale—should be rendered possible by such a fund, and should be announced as its principal aim. Lord CARYSFORT thinks, pardonably enough, that this attack has already been made by the Property Defence Association; but such is not the appearance which things wear to observers at a distance, who are in this particular instance perhaps best placed for seeing. They see that the attack has hitherto been made in a straggling fashion, so that in each district the supineness or the pecuniary inability of some landlords has spoilt the effect of the energy and forwardness of others. The same incapacity for combined action is apparent in the premature meeting of Irish landlords on Thursday. What is wanted is that over some wide district, by concerted and simultaneous action, every tenant should have the option given him of paying or going, and that, in case of refusal to pay, the holdings should be resumed as soon as the law permits, and fresh tenants obtained for them at once. This would necessitate a great outlay, not merely in law expenses, but in the hiring of emergency garrisons; and it could not be effectual without vigorous help on the part of the Government. But it would pretty certainly bring matters to a crisis. For such a course of action the LORD MAYOR'S Fund would find plenty of subscribers, and the Government, uncertain as its utterances have been, is with tolerable distinctness pledged to give it support. Subsidies scattered here and there over Ireland may be a great benefit to individual landlords, but they will do little to improve the political situation.

It is now finally announced that the movement for promoting an Exhibition of Irish manufactures has fallen through. The failure has from the first been probable, if not inevitable, owing to the discordant elements present and the obvious intention of the disloyal to consent to no plan which would not in some way or other involve an insult to the English Sovereign and a protest against English sovereignty. Between the adoption of such plans and the

alternative prospect of an indefinite encouragement to Boycotting, there is no obvious third course except the abandonment of the project. The incident is not altogether to be regretted, because it shows the real attitude of the Irish political disturbers—even of those whose moderation or cowardice has hitherto kept them out of Kilmainham—towards measures intended to further the prosperity of their country. "Perish Ireland, if it is not to be saved according to our nostrums," is the now openly announced motto of these persons. Meanwhile the paper read on Tuesday at the Statistical Society by Mr. PHILLIPS BEVAN, and the discussions thereon, are both of interest and importance in connexion with this question of Irish manufactures. Nothing could well be more significant than a statement made by Mr. NEPEAN, the Director of Army Contracts. Mr. NEPEAN told his hearers that he had himself been empowered to advertise for tenders in Ireland for Government stores to be consumed in that country—a point on which it may be remembered that clamour has frequently been raised in Parliament by the very persons who are now bent on ruining the Irish Exhibition—that in four months only five proposals were made, and that of the five inquirers only two actually sent in tenders. This result will probably agree with the private experience of many other persons. It is a common thing to find, when inquiry is made for something of Irish manufacture, that nothing is known of it by English wholesale houses and commission agents, that the manufacturers have no London representatives or correspondents, and that, if the thing is to be got at all, it is by the tedious and troublesome process of finding out the Irish address and writing to Ireland for it. Every grocer's shop in London is full of goods made at Aberdeen, while a Dublin trade-mark is the rarest thing in the world, though Dublin is accessible in about half the time which it takes to reach the Scotch town. If the Irish manufacturer is thus *divinus orbe*, it is simply the fault of his own want of enterprise. Mr. NEPEAN says that he believes Irishmen do not want manufactures because they are unwilling to leave the soil, which is probably true, and is certainly a curious comment on the wisdom of a policy directed to rooting them in that soil. However this may be, the proposed Exhibition would almost certainly have given Irish manufactures an impulse, if only from the simple and almost unavoidable result of introducing them to English buyers. That is not what the agitators want. An Ireland poor and discontented is the necessary postulate of all their designs; and, when it is remembered how far the present Government has gone in the direction of securing it to them in the future, it must be admitted that there is some foundation for the bitter complaints of their ingratitude made by that Government's English partisans.

#### MR. BLAINE'S DESPATCH.

MR. BLAINE'S despatch to Mr. LOWELL on the subject of the Panama Canal has the merit of plainness and candour. The American Government, while it almost ironically disclaims aggressive designs, announces that its object is to secure the freest and most rapid transit for its own vessels and munitions of war, and to prevent other nations from having similar advantages. Mr. BLAINE condescends to find a precedent for his claim in the policy of the English Government, which, as he asserts, fortifies every point that can secure the passage of troops to India. "Every point," when the phrase is reduced from rhetorical vagueness to geographical and political fact, means Malta and Gibraltar, both of which strongholds are hundreds of miles from the Isthmus of Suez; Cyprus, in which there are as yet no fortifications; and Aden, which, like the Mediterranean fortresses, was occupied long before the Canal was designed. Corfu was abandoned many years ago, though the fortress was believed to be almost impregnable. The English Government, then represented by Lord PALMERSTON, would gladly have avoided the risks and possible complications which are connected with the construction of the new mode of transit. Hitherto it has as far as possible avoided collision with other Powers; and it has never pretended to exclude other nations from the advantages which it may claim or enjoy. For the purposes of commerce the proposed connexion between the Atlantic and Pacific may be scarcely less important to England than the Suez Canal. The poli-



tical pretensions now advanced by the United States are not improbably preferred with the ulterior purpose of establishing a commercial monopoly. Although there is no shadow of justification for such a claim, the Americans may perhaps intend that the maritime communication between the Atlantic ports and San Francisco shall be appropriated to their own coasting traffic. It has been recently discovered that the interests on which CORDEN relied as the future causes of universal peace are now the principal motives or pretexts for war and for aggressive diplomacy. As Russia is annexing Central Asia for the extension of commercial monopoly, there is reason to fear that the American Government is urged by similar considerations to establish a political supremacy over the Western hemisphere. It is true that Mr. BLAINE has not expressly proposed to abrogate the clauses of the treaty of 1850 which provide for commercial equality; but he prepares the way for such a demand by describing the inter-oceanic commerce of the United States as a coasting trade; and the parts of the treaty which are not immediately repealed are not less liable to future repudiation than the more important provisions which are now made to depend on the will of one of the contracting parties. A future Mr. BLAINE will not hesitate to justify new demands by the acquiescence of England in the repudiation of American contracts.

When Mr. BLAINE first protested against the interference of any European Power to secure the neutrality of the Panama Canal, he relied on the provisions of a treaty concluded between the United States and the Columbian Federation in 1847. He had, as it would seem, overlooked the later treaty of 1850 between England and the United States, of which Mr. CLAYTON and Sir HENRY BULWER were the negotiators. One consequence of his inadvertence was that he attached paramount importance to an international contract, although it could in no way affect the rights of any other State than those which were parties to the treaty. According to Mr. BLAINE's interpretation, the United States were bound by their written obligation to guarantee the neutrality of any canal which might be made across the Isthmus. He further inferred that the spirit of the compact excluded the participation of any other Power. The incidental circumstance that the Columbian Government neither claims the fulfilment of the treaty of 1847, nor assents to the present proposals of the American Government, was left out of consideration. The exemplary respect of the SECRETARY OF STATE for formal conventions has not extended to the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, to which his attention has since been called. Circumstances have changed, as indeed they usually change in thirty years, and as they had changed in thirty-three years from the date of the Columbian Treaty. The particular novelty to which Mr. BLAINE refers as invalidating the arrangements of 1850 is the rapid growth of American interests on the Pacific coast. Unluckily for his argument, the American frontier has remained precisely the same since the conclusion of the treaty and for many years before it. The latest extension of the territory of the Union took place at the end of the Mexican war, and it was with full knowledge of the geographical relations which still exist that the two Governments agreed jointly to protect any communication which might be made between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The treaty dealt with other matters, to some of which, such as the abandonment of the Mosquito Protectorate, the American Government attached considerable importance. The part of the treaty which purported to secure the neutrality of the Canal was in its nature provisional, and the contingency in which it was to become operative has not even now occurred. The repudiation of a solemn undertaking cannot perhaps be prevented, but it must be stigmatized as it deserves. The contracting Governments would, if the question had been material or relevant, certainly have anticipated that in the course of a generation the prosperity of California would largely increase. The gold discoveries which accelerated the advance had already been made.

The vicious precedent of the abolition of the Russian Black Sea Treaty in 1871 is producing its natural results. It would perhaps have been impossible to restrain Russia from a breach of faith which was encouraged by the victorious Government of the new German Empire; but there was no occasion formally to agree to a sacrifice in which it may have been necessary to acquiesce, and the feverish eagerness with which Mr. GLADSTONE welcomed the fulfilment of his own unpatriotic prophecies involved a

humiliation to England which now seems likely to be repeated. It may be true that treaties cannot last for ever; but it is a modern and mischievous innovation to assume that they may be revoked by one of the contracting parties as soon as they can be disregarded with impunity. The rapid deterioration of international morality is illustrated by the contrast between the license now assumed by Russia or America, and the pedantic assertion of obsolete rights which seemed natural within living memory. Lord PALMERSTON protested against the Spanish marriages in virtue of the Treaty of Utrecht which had been concluded a hundred and thirty years before, and which had been followed by wars with the old French Monarchy, with the Republic, and with the Empire. Mr. BLAINE coolly announces that his Government can no longer be bound by an agreement of thirty years' standing, deliberately made for due consideration on either side. The only excuse which he alleges is the natural and anticipated growth of American population and trade. It was less easy to foresee the enormous increase of English shipping, a large portion of which will require the use of the Canal. At the date of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty the American mercantile marine was equal to that of England, and it was growing more rapidly. The comparative amount of English shipping is now enormously larger. It is difficult to follow Mr. BLAINE's course of reasoning when he refers to another supposed change in the circumstances of the case. The Civil War has, as he asserts, proved that the military power of the United States is unlimited; but the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty prohibits the erection of American fortifications in the neighbourhood of the Canal. No similar restraint is imposed on the employment of an English naval force, and accordingly Mr. BLAINE proposes to exclude it altogether. When the treaty was concluded the English navy was as much superior in force to the American as at present; while, according to Mr. BLAINE, the military superiority of the United States had not then been so fully established. Arguments in support of wilful wrong naturally partake of the insolence of the conclusion.

If, as is too probable, Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN maintains the contention of his predecessor, the English Government ought to be fully aware of the extravagance of pretensions which are not confined to a demand for a monopoly of the Canal. Mr. BLAINE's Chilean and Peruvian despatches imply the same assumption that both North and South America are subject to a certain sovereignty on the part of the United States. It is more than probable that the claim is preferred, not only to gratify national vanity, but to secure commercial preference in return for political support. The trade of the South American ports is as rightfully open to England as to the United States; and every European Power is entitled to treat the South American Republics as absolutely independent. In this case the material resources of the Union, however great, can scarcely be used to support exorbitant pretensions. Chili and Peru are out of reach of the army which Mr. BLAINE describes as irresistible; and it is not consistent with the present policy of the United States to maintain a powerful navy. The South American States themselves will probably repudiate the exclusive supremacy of a Power which is not even a neighbour. The difficulties which may arise with reference to the use of the Panama Canal are likely to be more formidable; and they would be aggravated by any recognition of the justice of overweening demands. The value of the exchanges of sentiment which were lately supposed to indicate reciprocal attachment had already been appreciated by serious politicians; but it could scarcely have been expected that two irritating challenges should be addressed by the American Government to England immediately before and immediately after the death of Mr. GARFIELD. The Fortune Bay dispute had been settled; and it was hoped that there would be no immediate disturbance of friendly relations. English well-wishers to America must console themselves as well as they can by the consciousness that they have offered no provocation.

#### M. GAMBETTA AND THE COUNTRY.

M. GAMBETTA has shown that he possesses a kind of self-control which is rare among Frenchmen. All the wits of Paris have been laughing at him for doing nothing, and he has calmly gone on doing it. Weaker men would have been feverishly anxious to make

their mark before the Chambers separated for the Christmas holidays. M. GAMBETTA has behaved like a Minister who knows that he has time before him, and is not obliged to score the first trick lest no others should fall to his share. The Session which has just ended has been an excellent subject for Opposition journalists of all shades. Everything was put off until the new Ministry had taken office, and now the new Ministry is in office, and everything is put off still. M. GAMBETTA is quite unmoved by these repeated demonstrations that he has disappointed the just hopes of his countrymen. For one thing, perhaps, he knows his countrymen better than his critics know them. He may believe, and seemingly with reason, that France is not in a hurry to see great political changes effected, and that she is not in the least disturbed by the discovery that M. GAMBETTA is not in a hurry either. It is enough for her that he is at last in office. She has waited so long for this to be brought about that she is not likely to want any fresh excitement for some time to come. Englishmen will be inclined to wonder why, if France wishes for no fresh excitement, M. GAMBETTA should not definitively discourage the belief that any fresh excitement will be provided. Granted that many foolish promises have been lightly made, why should they not be broken as lightly? They have been made to the nation; and, as the nation does not demand their fulfilment, M. GAMBETTA may fairly hold himself excused from thinking any more about them. If his intentions had to be divined solely from his action since taking office, there would be some ground for thinking that he means to sit loosely by his pledges. At all events, he has taken his time about making them good. There have been instances before now of Ministers broaking entirely with their past when once they had entered upon office, and using for the benefit of the nation the power which had been given them for the benefit of their party. M. GAMBETTA would have considerable advantages if it pleased him to follow this example. The greater part of his promises have been given by journalists whom he can disown; his own positive statements have frequently contradicted one another; and the politicians whom the Radical half of them were designed to catch are now so hostile to him that he may fairly be excused from doing anything more to conciliate them.

But the character of the Cabinet which M. GAMBETTA has chosen does not bear out this theory of his intentions. If he had wanted an excuse for pursuing in office a more moderate policy than he had recommended as a private deputy, it would have been natural to pave the way for the change by surrounding himself with colleagues of comparatively moderate opinions. A Cabinet, ordinarily speaking, is a Committee in which every member has an equal vote, and the Prime Minister can only exercise control by threatening to withdraw the bond that holds the Cabinet together. But M. GAMBETTA has taken special pains to surround himself with colleagues who have as good as no vote. There is not one of them, with the exception of M. BERT, whose resignation would be so much as noticed by the public; and even M. BERT's retirement would generally be considered as strengthening rather than weakening M. GAMBETTA's position. Consequently, if M. GAMBETTA now changes his front, everybody will know that he has done so to please himself, and not in deference to his Cabinet. The excuse of having to make sacrifices in order to keep the Ministry together will not be available. It is true that reports go about from time to time of Ministerial changes which may shortly be looked for, and it is of course possible that when M. GAMBETTA again has places at his disposal, he may renew his overtures to M. DE FREYCINET or M. FERRY, or may even extend them to M. WADDINGTON. It is not obvious, however, why he should do this, when it rested with himself only a few weeks back to make similar overtures effectual. If M. GAMBETTA could not make his programme acceptable to the Moderate Left in November, why should it be any more acceptable to them in January? He may, indeed, have completely reconstructed it in the interval. But changes of this sweeping kind are not commonly effected without some apparent reason, and in this case there is no such reason. The country has given no indication of any dislike to M. GAMBETTA's supposed policy; it is simply waiting with patient curiosity to see whether the real and the supposed policy will prove to be identical. There seems to be no ground, therefore, for expecting any decided change in M. GAMBETTA's programme beyond the

want of any ardent or general desire that the programme he has actually issued should be carried out.

It may fairly be asked, however, why the want of any such desire should not be motive enough for M. GAMBETTA's conversion to moderate views. If the country does not wish for extreme measures, it is rash, to say the least, to give it extreme measures. The electors may come to like them more when they see them, but it is equally possible that they may like them less. The great body of the peasantry is no more revolutionary under M. GRÉVY than it was under NAPOLEON III. It is Republican now, as it was Imperialist then, because it thinks that the Republic is the Government that will give it the best security for the particular things it most cares for. It would seem, therefore, that M. GAMBETTA has every possible inducement to pursue a moderate policy. The Extreme Left have refused to make terms with him, so that he is no longer bound by any offers he may formerly have made to them. The country has shown no desire to see the Radical policy lately associated with M. GAMBETTA's name brought down from the region of speculation to the region of fact. On the side of moderation there is, apparently, certain safety; while on the side of revolution, even of that limited revolution which is probably all that M. GAMBETTA contemplates, there is at least a possibility of danger. Why should a man so able, so versatile, so able to frame new formulas when it suits him, so little hampered by any formulas he has formerly framed, not at once throw overboard the political cargo with which he started, and govern France in the commonplace and common-sense way in which, to all appearances, she wishes to be governed? The most probable answer seems to be that M. GAMBETTA—so long, at all events, as he is Prime Minister—has to consider something else than the abstract views that his countrymen may hold upon the way in which they would like him to rule them. As Minister, he has to administer a Parliamentary Government, and under a Parliamentary Government he has to reckon with the Chambers as well as with the electors. It might be supposed that, with universal suffrage, the Chamber would exactly represent the electors; or, at all events, that by means of a dissolution it might at any moment be made to represent them exactly. But this theory leaves out of sight the obstinate tendency of the French elector to stay away from the poll. If he is satisfied with the way in which things are going on, he thinks that it is not worth his while to vote; if he dislikes the way in which things are going on, he thinks it safer not to vote. The consequence is that the conduct of affairs constantly tends to fall into the hands of a convinced minority. The majority take no part in the elections, and the deputies are returned by the comparatively few voters who are really interested in the contest. The issue at the last general election does not seem to have lain between the moderate majority and the extreme minority, but between one extreme minority and another, and the result was a victory for the Radicals over the Legitimists and the Bonapartists. Thus it is quite possible that the country at large might be in favour of moderate measures, that a Minister might quite accurately interpret its wishes, and yet that he might be beaten in the Chamber. An appeal to the electorate is, after all, only an appeal to that fraction of the electorate which can be induced to come to the poll; and if this fraction, instead of representing the moderate majority, only represents an extreme minority, a Minister may feel with some reason that what he has to consider is not the Chamber that might be returned if every elector voted, but the Chamber that will be returned by the electors who actually vote. M. GAMBETTA may have in view the fate of M. THIERS. There never was any doubt that the country was with him, but the country was inert, and a hostile Assembly was in possession of the field. Even if M. THIERS had had the power of dissolving the Assembly, it is by no means certain that his real supporters would have taken the trouble to vote for him. The new Assembly would no doubt have overthrown the reactionary majority who were striving to destroy the Republic; but M. THIERS might have found on the morrow of his victory that he had merely defeated one extreme faction by means of another, and that he was as far as ever from commanding any effective support from the moderate party in the electorate.

## THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.

THE London Water Companies have recovered from the panic that followed upon the failure of Sir RICHARD CROSS's benevolent scheme for buying them up at their own valuation as completely as the Gas Companies have recovered from their scare about the electric light. The despots who distribute what in London may almost be called these twin necessities of life seem to be perfectly happy in the contemplation of the future. They exactly realize DAVID's description of prosperous but unamiable persons in his days. "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." Their latest triumph is a decision given in the Marylebone Police Court declaring the annual value in respect of which the Companies are entitled to charge for the water they supply to be the gross value or annual rent which a tenant may reasonably be expected to pay for his house. As the annual value thus interpreted is usually a good deal in excess of the amount at which houses are assessed to the Poor-rate, this decision will largely increase the income of the Water Companies. The only fly in the very large pot of ointment thus made over to them is the determination of the particular tenant who disputed the claim to carry the question into as many courts as the law will allow. Mr. DOBBS's municipal spirit is an example by which we may all profit. He is animated by a really heroic determination not to yield to what he thinks injustice. Most men would remember the cost of fighting a Company, and would rather pay on double the gross value of their house than stand the certain expenses of a law suit. Mr. DOBBS speaks of the coming conflict with something very like pleasure. "Yesterday," he writes to the *Times*, "I made application to the magistrate to state a case for the opinion of the high Court, and the fight between the Company and myself is now about to commence in earnest." He is prepared to carry it through at his own cost; and it is with the air of admitting the public to a privilege which he does not think it right to keep wholly to himself that he adds that he will allow donations from those who may be disposed to take a part in the suit to be paid to the joint account of two or three persons, provided this does not in any way impair his own freedom "to carry on the contest fully and effectually." If the Water Companies and the Gas Companies had more customers like Mr. DOBBS, their attitude towards the public might be a little less autocratic.

Unfortunately, even if Mr. DOBBS wins the day, and the gross annual value is declared not to be the foundation of the London water-rate, the Water Companies will still retain mischievously large powers of taxing the public. There cannot be a more absurd principle of payment for an article the consumption of which is exceedingly varied than the value of the house to which it is supplied. The analogy of parochial rates does not apply here. When a benefit is enjoyed equally by all those to whom it is given, it is very reasonable that each recipient should pay for it according to his means. The expense of lighting and cleansing the streets, for example, or of protecting life and property, is quite properly assessed on the value of the houses in the district. Everybody is the better for the outlay, and the cost of the house in which a man lives serves as a rough, but sufficient, guide to the proportion of it which each person is able to bear. But there is neither justice nor reason in making a bachelor tenant and the father of ten children pay precisely the same sum to their Water Company because the houses they severally occupy happen to be of the same annual value. In the one house five or ten times as much water may be used as in the other, yet the sums asked in return by the Water Company are identical. The demand is calculated not on the value of the water supplied, but on the ability of the tenants to pay. Something like the same rule obtains, it is said, in India with regard to articles of food; and a covenanted civil servant pays one price for his leg of mutton, while the shopkeeper pays another. But Indian customs are not usually considered good models for English legislation, and the practice in question has nothing in it to justify exceptional imitation. When the same article is supplied in very different quantities, payment by the amount actually delivered is the only method that can properly be resorted to. In this respect the Gas Companies have shown either less boldness or more conscience than the Water Companies. People grumble about the quality

of their gas or they suspect the accuracy of their meters; but in name, at all events, they are charged for what they actually burn. It is only where water is concerned that it is assumed that a man who lives in a house rated at 300*l.* must necessarily be more lavish of water than a man who lives in a house rated at 100*l.* There is the best possible reason why this assumption should not be sanctioned in the fact that the amount of water supplied admits of being ascertained with very fair precision. If there were no means of finding out how much water is used in a particular house, to apportion the charge to the rental might be a convenient way of getting over the difficulty. It would be perfectly easy, however, where cisterns are used, to arrange them in a certain fixed scale according to capacity, and where constant service has been introduced there are other methods of arriving at the same knowledge. The present plan is a mere makeshift introduced without any of those excuses which are supposed to justify a recourse to makeshifts.

Absurd as the system is, it might very possibly have excited no special outcry had it not been for the imprudent action of the Companies. People had come to regard the water-rate, not as the price to be paid for the supply of a necessary, but as a tax levied on the community. The method of charge was an irrational one, but they had grown accustomed to it. So far as the public have at all abandoned this attitude of patient indifference, the change has been brought about partly by the extravagant prices asked, and very nearly obtained, by the Companies from Sir RICHARD CROSS, and partly by the use which they have made of the Metropolis Valuation Act. Where municipal contributions are concerned, it is only fair that the distribution of the burden should from time to time be reconsidered. Otherwise, the houses which were fashionable a century ago would be condemned to go on paying for their ancient greatness, while others which may have only lately come into request would escape by reason of their former insignificance. But it is not at all fair that the water-rate should as a matter of course be assessed on the new valuation. If the aggregate value of houses in London remained the same, and an improvement in the rental in one part of the town were balanced by a depreciation in another part, the case might be different. As a matter of fact, however, the great majority of the changes are in the direction of increase. At every fresh revaluation houses, taken one with another, are found to be worth more than they were before. Consequently with every fresh revaluation the Water Companies will have a legal right to charge more for giving precisely the same amount of Thames water. This will be true whether Mr. DOBBS gains his cause or loses it. The issue which he has raised relates exclusively to the meaning of the word "value." It does not touch the right of the Water Companies to increase their charges in proportion as the value—however interpreted—is found to have risen when the period of estimating it recurs.

It is clear that Parliament ought, when the Metropolitan Valuation Act was before it, to have provided against the absurd consequences that have since followed from the measure. It is of more importance now, however, to insist that what Parliament did not do then it ought, so far as is possible, to do now. There ought not to be any great difficulty in passing a Bill which should compel the Water Companies to charge for the water actually supplied by them; but, if this is impossible, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might at least introduce a Bill forbidding them to raise their charges in consideration of changes in the value of houses which do not in any way affect the quantity of water supplied. Even the Irish obstructives would probably be merciful while such a Bill as this was under discussion.

## RAILWAY COMPANIES AND RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THERE are no cases that come before a court of law which, in point of theory, are less satisfactory than those which deal with compensation for railway accidents. That a kind of rough justice is dealt out which, on the average, keeps the balance pretty even between the public and the railway Companies it is allowable to hope. But this average is maintained by help of some pretty startling extremes on either side. It cannot be denied that juries are sometimes disposed to strain the law against the Companies; and that compensation is occasionally given for injuries which, with a very moderate exercise of caution

on the part of the plaintiff, need never have been sustained. To judge by some of the verdicts, it is taken for granted that when a man is crossing a railway, or getting out of a train, he ceases to be in any way concerned with the care of his own life or limbs. They have become for the time the property of the Company which is carrying him, and it is their business to look after them. On the other hand, the railway Companies have the immense advantage of wealth; and, no matter how lavishly or how uselessly they spend money in litigation, their shareholders never seem to have found fault with them. Two cases which have been before the courts this week afford excellent illustrations of this tendency on the part of the Companies. In both they have pushed resistance to a point, which probably means ultimate loss to themselves, while it almost certainly means ruin to the other party. No policy can, as it seems to us, be more shortsighted on the part of the Companies than one which is directly calculated to irritate future juries. When the amount of damages is under consideration in some coming case, a jury which has studied "*SMITHERMAN v. the South-Eastern Railway Company*," or "*WEBBER v. the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company*," will be likely to argue that, as the Company is sure to resist the verdict to the utmost of its power, it will be well to give the plaintiff compensation, not merely for the injury received, but also for the trouble and annoyance to which he will be put in making good his claim to what has been given him.

In the first of these cases the plaintiff was a widow whose husband had been knocked down by a passing engine at East Farleigh Station. To get tickets for the down train it is necessary to cross the line by a level crossing. The deceased had done this, and was coming back over the level crossing, when he was struck by an engine which went through the station at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and was so injured that he died two days afterwards. The Company contended that the man had been guilty of contributory negligence, and it appeared that he had jumped down from the platform some yards short of the level crossing in order to reach it more quickly, and that, when in the act of jumping, the signalman had called to him to stop as the engine was coming through. On the other hand, the engine did not reach him till he had reached the level crossing; the servants of the Company had supposed that the lights of the engine were those of a stopping train which was then due, and had rung the station bell; and the engine of that train would have stopped short of the point at which the deceased was struck. The only thing, therefore, that could be called negligence on his part was his neglect of a warning which had confessedly been given when he was in the act of jumping from the platform, and which he might have been unable to obey. It will appear to most people that in these circumstances, and considering that the deceased was only thirty-two, was earning 40s. a week, and left four children, the railway Company was not very hardly dealt with when a jury gave the widow 900*l.* damages. A level crossing at a station is a different thing from a level crossing anywhere else. In the latter case it is maintained for the convenience of the public; in the former case it is maintained to save the pockets of the Company. This accident and many similar accidents would be avoided if the law compelled railway Companies to build a bridge across the line at every station. No doubt at small stations passengers would often cross the line instead of using the bridge, but if they did they would do it at their own risk. Where there is no bridge, they must incur the risk whether they will or not. In the present case passengers by the down train had to cross the line to get their tickets, and to cross back again possibly just in front of the advancing train when they had got them. This the deceased seems to have allowed for; what he did not allow for, and what till the last moment even the servants of the Company did not suppose that there was any need for him to allow for, was the passage of a stray engine through the station at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The remarkable point about the case is that the verdict for 900*l.* was given in July 1879, and that ever since that time the railway Company have been fighting the case. A new trial was ordered in November 1879, and reversed in the following month by the Court of Appeal, on condition that the damages should be reduced to 700*l.* This partial

victory did not content the Company. They appealed to the House of Lords, and got a new trial ordered. The facts were gone into by a fresh jury this week, with the result that the original verdict—with the substitution of 700*l.* for 900*l.*—was sustained. It is tolerably certain that many people will think that one motive for thus contesting every stage of the case was the expectation that the plaintiff would not have funds to go on with it. It appears from a letter in yesterday's *Times* that, but for the help of the townspeople of Maidstone, this expectation, if entertained, would have been justified. The widow has only been enabled to obtain the second verdict in her favour by means of a local subscription. The Company, it is stated in this letter, threaten to appeal against the second verdict, as they appealed against the first, and to carry the case, if necessary, again to the House of Lords. In the case of *WEBBER v. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company* there has been a similar apparent determination on the part of the defendant to wear the plaintiff out by superior length of purse. He had been given 500*l.* as damages for injuries attributed to the negligence of the Company, and an order for a new trial, granted by the Divisional Court on the ground that the damages seemed excessive, has been set aside by the Court of Appeal. On Monday, the Company applied to the Court to stay execution pending an appeal to the House of Lords. The Court refused the application, and in doing so the MASTER of the ROLLS made some observations which railway Companies would do well to lay to heart. Three courts, he said, had found in effect that the plaintiff was entitled to damages and costs. That he was entitled to some damages the defendants themselves admitted. The plaintiff was a poor man and had been unable to employ counsel, and to stay execution would be to deprive him of the means of obtaining legal assistance in the House of Lords. The application was unanimously refused by the three Judges of Appeal; but, though execution has not been stayed, the Company can still go to the House of Lords if they choose.

In neither of these cases can the action of the Company do them any service in the long run. They are very much at the mercy of juries whose compensation for accidents is concerned; and it cannot be wise for them to make juries feel that they are a kind of public enemy. Of course a jury may give a grossly unjust verdict, and then no one will blame a railway Company for asking for a new trial. The imprudence lies in pressing the application through one court after another, on the chance that the ultimate decision may be in their favour. It is this policy that tends to predispose juries against railway Companies; and, in proportion as they follow it out, damages will be likely to become heavier. A railway Company ought to judge its solicitor's advice in these matters entirely by its first result. If the new trial asked for is at once granted, and if the second verdict is from the Company's point of view, a substantial improvement on the first, then the advice has been good. If the new trial is not at once granted, or if the second verdict is not an improvement on the first, the advice has been bad. In the latter case it is the plain interest of the Company to follow it no further. The possible chance of getting a verdict in their favour after all is not worth the risk of earning a reputation for a dogged determination to ruin the plaintiff if they cannot defeat him. This is a reputation which the two cases we have been considering are very well calculated to gain for the Companies concerned, and it is certainly not one which, in the long run, they will find serve their turn with a jury. It is as much in their own interest as in that of the public that we advise them not to go farther and fare worse.

#### MR. STREET.

A PEACEFUL and a prosperous epoch seemed to be commencing for the pursuit of architecture in England. Last summer, after an exciting contest, the Institute of Architects elected as its President—a virtually triennial office—one who was by universal consent foremost in his art, but who had conspicuously won his position as a decided partisan. Mr. Street, however, was no sooner installed in office than he took by storm both friend and opponent, as both sides now vie in generously proclaiming, by the broad, impartial, far-sighted view he took of the responsibilities of his office and the dignity of a profession in which he used his authority as peacemaker and reformer. Not seven weeks ago he made the annual public appearance which the Institute of



Architects exacts from its President, in an address "equally admirable in matter and manner. Now the friends who seem to have only just come home from burying Hargreaves are preparing to gather round the grave which is so deservedly being dug for Street in Westminster Abbey."

The fifty-seven years of Mr. Street's life, apart from the record of his works, were singularly uneventful—the chief public incidents being his election as R.A. in 1871, and as President of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1881. The pupil at first of a country architect of a respectable but now forgotten reputation, he passed into the office of Gilbert Scott, whose assistant for some time he was, and as such helped him in the great church of Hamburg, which was the foundation of Scott's more extended fame. The date, some thirty-five years back, when Street set up for himself was a fortunate one for the man of genius who differentiated his title of architect with that of ecclesiologist; for just at that time the Cambridge Camden Society, under the fresh title of the Ecclesiological Society, and with London as its headquarters, braced itself up to more powerful exertions than such as it was capable of while still hampered with academic complications; and among its earliest recruits of that period Mr. Street was conspicuous. An opportune introduction to Mr. Butler, then Vicar of Wantage, led to Bishop Wilberforce placing in his hands the theological college at Cuddesdon, and naming him diocesan architect. For some years Mr. Street went steadily on making friends and winning fame in a special circle, till in 1855 he acquired a more general reputation as an author who was able to produce a book which was at once instructive and entertaining, on a technical subject, in his *Brick and Marble in Italy*, reprinted many years after with modifications. He maintained his fame as author by a subsequent volume on the ecclesiology of Spain, as well as by numerous articles in more than one periodical.

In the following year, 1856, he surprised, pleasantly or unpleasantly, the architectural world of Europe by appearing as second prizeman, with Messrs. Clutton and Burges as first, in that competition for Lille Cathedral at which France was making sure of coming out successful; and in the next year he stood in the same relation to Mr. Burges, then competing alone for the Memorial Church at Constantinople, of which the building ultimately fell to himself. He was also a prizeman, though not high in the list, in that strangely jumbled competition for the Public Offices, having produced a design probably superior in picturesqueness to any of the others, although we should imagine that official necessities had not been elaborately worked out by its author.

It would be impossible to follow any order of chronology in naming even the more conspicuous of Mr. Street's innumerable works. The church with adjacent buildings which he built at Boyn Hill, by Maidenhead, for Preliminary Grosley, was for some time his *magnum opus*. In London he was the author of St. James's, Garden Street, Westminster, built by the Miss Monks, of Mr. R. T. West's St. Mary Magdalen, Paddington, and of St. John's, Kennington. He also designed the remarkable reredos in St. Andrew's, Wells Street, of which the sculpture is due to James Hedderly, prematurely cut off just as he was becoming eminent. At Oxford he produced little besides the Church of St. Philip and St. James, and at Cambridge nothing at all. The church of St. Margaret, Liverpool, founded by Mr. Horsfall, embodies most admirably the principle which should inspire the architect of a town church. At Torquay, Mr. Street produced St. Peter's Church; and the singularly picturesque and varied, but eminently practical, church of St. Peter, Bournemouth, carried out by the zeal of Mr. Morden Bennett, probably owes its graceful peculiarities to the incident of its being the gradual result of substitutions, first at one point and then at another, in an earlier, smaller, and inferior structure, of which each portion successively disappeared. On the other hand, All Saints, Clifton, was built from the ground with no embarrassing conditions, and it is very successful in the spaciousness given to it by the bold breadth of interior proportions. In St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, on a rather smaller scale, Mr. Street has tried the experiment of a nave apsidally cut off at the angles, and of a chancel with a six-sided apse, so that, as at Caudebec, the extreme point of the interior is an angle. We should be sorry to see the example widely followed, though it is an experiment which may well have been once tried among so many churches.

Of purely country churches which he built, the most sumptuous is that which Lord Eldon has raised at Kingston, in Dorsetshire, exceeding any of the dozen so munificently raised by Sir Tacton Sykes in the East Riding. We do not attempt the barest catalogue of the country churches which Mr. Street restored. Of his scholastic buildings we can only point to those at Uppingham and Marlborough, and name the pile which he provided for the Sisters of Mercy at East Grinstead. His share in English cathedral restoration was Carlisle Cathedral; the south transept of York, undertaken with great spirit by Dean Duncombe; and that which was, in fact, an original work of great magnitude, the new nave of Bristol Cathedral. He drew his inspiration from the choir, a very beautiful specimen of Middle Pointed, with some notable peculiarities; but the judgment with which he followed, without servilely copying, their peculiarities lifts the work much above the class of imitation.

But his greatest achievements as a cathedral builder were in Ireland. Besides the smaller restorations of Kilkenny and Kildare Cathedrals, the resuscitation—in some features amounting to an original work—of the peculiarly beautiful and peculiarly ill-used Cathedral of Christchurch, Dublin, at the cost of

Mr. Roe, is one good thing among the many evil incidents of modern Irish history. Attached to the Cathedral stands the Synod Hall of the Irish Church, which is also by Mr. Street.

He has not left so much behind him in Scotland. Among the competitors in a limited competition some ten years back for the Cathedral of Edinburgh, so unexpectedly created under the will of a rich and taciturn spinster, were Street, Burges, and Scott. Had we been the judge on the occasion, we should have placed those architects in that order of merit. However, the popular verdict was strong for Scott, whose composition, as it is right to say, was much improved in the course of the construction. The chapel added by Lord Crawford to his house at Dunrobin, so fatally notorious of late, was Street's work. Abroad, besides the church at Constantinople, and some smaller churches in Switzerland and at Genoa, he built the American Episcopal Church at Rome, in which he attuned to a style which is a compromise between northern and southern Gothic, a mosaic treatment of the apse borrowed from basilican models. On his designs another church for the English in Rome is being built, and he was in charge of an American church in Paris. We have kept for special notice two works of late date. Within a hideous and seemingly hopeless shell, the Guards' Chapel in Birdcage Walk—a sham Greek temple of the George IV. taste—Mr. Street has built up a gorgeous basilica, harmonious in proportion, rich in fittings, correct in arrangements, while the only outside sign of the internal work is an apse. An eminent member of the Reichstag was visiting this church some weeks ago, and on his ecclesiological guide explaining to him that this was no "ritualistic" proclamation, but a church which had been cast into its present form with the cordial co-operation of high dignitaries, military, ecclesiastical, and civil, answered, "Vous avez vaincu."

For once Mr. Street worked for himself. At Holmbury, in Surrey, on a spur of Lenth Hill overlooking from its fir woods the rolling Weald of Sussex, he made for himself a country house designed with a felicitous adaptation of later English mediæval forms, and near to it constructed a parish church, carefully studied so as to be at once simple and rich. The bell-cot and other features recall the style of the county. A wooden screen cutting off an internal narthex is well conceived, and the elevation given to the north chancel aisle by a crypt employed as sacristy is original and practical.

In all Mr. Street's churches the individuality which proceeds from special thought is conspicuous. He had very decided preferences both of architectural style and ecclesiological arrangement; but he made these his instruments, not his masters. In particular, the broad distinction between town and country church was never more emphatically marked than in his work. No one, either in joke or seriously, thought of hinting, in reference to anything that bore his name, that it was really designed by "the gentleman in the office." His allegiance, on the whole, and particularly in his latter days, was loyal to English Gothic. He had passed, like other men, through that phase—fostered, in his case, by his successful literary advocacy—of admiration for Italian Gothic, not as a graceful exotic, but as a desirable style for the soft climate of England, of which the root may be found in the writings of Thomas Hope, Willis, and Ruskin. Of this episode of his life the church of St. James, Westminster, is the most conspicuous example. But from it he soon and completely emancipated himself. To the massive Early French, which exercised so remarkable an influence on the mind of Burges, he never displayed any leanings.

We have spoken fully and often of the series of events which led to the selection of Mr. Street as architect of the Law Courts, and this is no time to hark back upon extinct controversies. These Courts are the great work of a great man. Enough of them has been built to show how full of variety and beautiful detail they are. But, until the crest has been put upon the roof of that lofty central hall which is to be the crown within and without of the present pile, appreciation of the building as a whole is premature. Even then Street's real conception will only appear in a truncated form. A tower of peculiar massiveness and grandeur was a conspicuous element of his design, and had it been built, it would have stood out as one of the capital features of the London landscape. But *aliter visum* to Mr. Ayrton.

It is only a short time ago that any one conversant with the artistic politics of the day would, if asked to name the architects who had in the course of the competitions, official or unofficial, which were at that time in higher favour than they have since become, taken the foremost position as competitors, if not as combatants, have undoubtedly put in the front line Digby Wyatt, Scott, Edward Barry, Burges, Street, to name them in the order of their departure. Now all of these are dead, Scott only just an old man, and the rest in middle age. Every one of the men, in fact, over whom any real battle at that time raged has, with the exception of Mr. Waterhouse, left the scene. The *Times* attempted to sketch, with a keener eye to faults than merits, the difference between the old and the new taste in architecture by pairing off Mr. Street with Mr. Decimus Burton, who had died a few days before aged eighty-one. The comparison might have been more telling if it had included a third architect, who died on the very day before Mr. Street, and who was, although a year older than Mr. Burton, rather the first of the new than the last of the old school. More than forty years ago, when prominent men of the Gothic school who have since been famous and died were still unheard of, Anthony Salvin seemed destined to lead the revived school of mediæval art. But he was rather torpid in

the important matter of ecclesiastical architecture, and so, while making proof of his mastery of castellated construction at the Tower, at Windsor, at Alnwick, and in his own modern castle of Peckforton, as well as of considerable taste in country houses, he practically became an outsider in the animated conflict of styles which has filled up the intermediate years.

There is never an effect without some cause, and it is better to seek what explanation can be given for the remarkable shortness of life among conspicuous architects than idly to lament the losses. No doubt, as the phrase goes, it is the pace which kills; but there is something more than the mere speed to account for the dangers and the casualties of the architectural race. The nature of the broken country which has to be crossed tells against safety as much as the mere speed. Some men kill themselves by over-devotion to an art, and others by over-devotion to a profession. But it is the hard and peculiar fate of an architect to be following both an art and a profession. His education in composition matches with that of a painter in painting. His education in construction matches with that of an engineer in engineering. Once he is in practice, the thought needful to marry beauty with utility in his designs is only the beginning of troubles. He has to settle his accounts with employers who may be stingy and overreaching, exacting and capricious, ignorant and prejudiced, vain and half-instructed, with contractors too often incompetent, dishonest, or insolvent, with workmen too stupid to understand and too obstinate to obey. Add to this the wear and tear of railways, the severities of weather, and it will be seen that the career of a successful architect is one which tells with unusual severity on the human frame. Yet there is no remedy which could be thought of which would not be worse than the disease. To separate the professions of artistic and of constructive architect would be to extend and to perpetuate a system which has already, in the hands of speculative builders, worked so much woeful mischief to the national taste.

#### CHRISTMAS ARTICLES.

CHRISTMAS is pre-eminently the season of fictitious demand and redundant supply. The article of jollity is not really in the market to any great extent, but we are obliged, like the poor little Marchioness, to make-believe very much; otherwise tradesmen, publishers, printers, butchers, newspaper proprietors, and all that class of people, would suffer severely from the loss of their early illusions. They have been brought up to believe that the world about the end of December wants an immense and well-selected assortment of festive commodities, and these they make it their business to supply. No doubt this illusion is good for trade, and these are not times in which we would willingly check the circulation of the current medium, or deprive one dealer in turkeys, or Christmas cards, or geniality of his cherished and profitable beliefs. Christmas cards, indeed, we incline to regard as a step in the right direction. It is familiar to the student of history that bad old institutions die slowly, and, as they pass away, pretend to survive in the shape of symbols and effigies. Thus, in time past, it was customary to effect a change of Ministry by getting at the king's adviser and cutting off his head, or starving or torturing him to death. Now the Prime Minister is only burned, in Natal and elsewhere, in effigy. The early people of India were accustomed to sacrifice human victims; but they gradually satisfied themselves by tying men to the sacrificial posts, and then cutting them loose again. The Chinese once buried money and objects of price with their dead; now they bury a valueless collection of bits of gilt paper, even slimmer than the funeral gold of the early Italians. Christmas cards answer to the Chinese gilt paper. They are cheap substitutes for the more valuable Christmas-boxes of the past. People who send them believe that they are fulfilling a pious duty, at the most moderate expense. People who receive a gaudy print of a girl of twelve in very scanty clothes, or a representation of a bunch of roses in a blue and white bowl, also glow with the sacred fire of friendship. "Does my old friend remember me?" we ask, like the man in Mr. Tennyson's poem, and Christmas proves that he does remember us. His kind recollection no longer takes the coarse shape of a turkey—a thing that to-day is and to-morrow has ceased to exist—but becomes imperishable in the form of cheap art, in the guise of pasteboard and chromolithography. In this there is a great advance. When all Christmas gifts have dwindled to the paper money of the affections, even that will slowly drop out of use, and Christmas will have become, if not more gay, at least more economical.

Christmas cards, gifts which are no gifts, are only one feature of our fictitious revelry. Christmas books, books which are no books, are a more solid example of the shams of the happy season. But many otherwise harmless persons support life by producing the letterpress and the illustrations of these tomes. By them, too, is the bookseller nourished. Nothing so good can be said about the Christmas leaders in the newspapers. These mournful strains bless neither him that writes, nor him that commands them to be written. As to him that reads, we do not believe that such a student exists in the nature of things. The conductors of newspapers are of all people most the slaves of habit and tradition. There is no anniversary so tiny, or so unregarded of the people, that newspapers do not publish articles thereon. It is impossible to suppose that any member of the intelligent public actually reads four times a year a column and a fourth of twaddle about Bank

Holidays. But the twaddle is always presented in the gravest manner. The University Boat-race, again, throws a gloom for months over the life of the serf who has to "write 'in the air'" about the Isthmian Games, the River Derby, the playing-fields at Eton, and the rest of it. The Twelfth of August, the First of September, the beginning of pheasant-shooting and of fox-hunting, the commencement of the London season, are all celebrated in annual prose hymns which might just as well be "taken as read." The great British public scarcely knows a grouse from a partridge, and has never seen either on the wing, or a fox anywhere but at the Zoological Gardens. The great British public is no more concerned in the entertainments of the season than in those which accompany the election of the Great Lama of Thibet. Probably the leader-writer himself only knows of them through the dim glass of society novels and society newspapers. Yet all these and a dozen other exhausted, uninteresting, annually-recurring topics are commented upon with admirable gravity. The Tartars who churn their written prayers round and round in a little mill are wiser in their generation than the newspapers. They do not fatigue unlistening ears with articulate iteration, and a kind of mute leader-mill for grinding the articles on anniversaries might wisely be introduced, with the telephone and the machine that turns out telegraphic tape, into newspaper offices.

Christmas is, of all occasions for writing, the most utterly exhausted. The subject is treated yearly in perhaps three hundred English prints, and it is wholly and hopelessly threshed out. There are, to the best of our knowledge, but three ways of getting through a Christmas article—unless, indeed, the scribe says no more about Christmas in his paper than Montaigne does about "coaches" in his essay with that heading. The first and oldest and safest way is the genial descriptive. The first paragraph deals with frost, snow, and holly; the next with happy families making idiots of themselves about the Yule log; the third with the condition of the poor who have no Yule log, and whose condition the reader is expected to remember in a generous and charitable style. There is no harm in this kind of article, except that any sensible man, woman, or child would scarcely hold the ideas to be worth thinking which the exhausted author is constrained actually to print. In some quarters this sort of literary fare is flavoured with emotional pietism. We read of "cradles" and of the "storms which hush themselves around a manger." But this suspicious kind of sentiment has never been very common, and is less flagrant than it was some four or five years ago. The second sort of Christmas article is the cynical one. The first paragraph deals with rain, fog, slush, and Christmas bills. The second regrets the convention which unites those natural enemies, brothers, sisters, and cousins, around the hearth; the third deploras the British conception of a holiday, and describes the rueful crowds that trample without an object or an aim up and down the black and cheerless streets. About this cynical sort of article the writer may perhaps say, as Mr. Swinburne's Mary Stuart does about her imprudent letter:—

I did not ill to write it, for God knows  
It was no small case to my heart.

But there is no other good thing to be said about the cynical Christmas article. The third sort of Christmas article is harmless, but tedious; it is the archæological, anthropological, folklore kind of composition. Christmas is a survival of the feast of the winter solstice. Here you introduce Balder, Persephone, the fire through which cattle pass to Moloch, the evergreens hung up in churches and houses, the mystic origin of plum-pudding, the natural history of mistletoe, the esoteric virtues and hidden past of snap-dragon, the cattle talking in the stall, and all the other lore of Brand's *Popular Antiquities* and Hone's *Every Day Book*. The worst of this kind of lore is that every one knows all about it already, except the correspondents of *Notes and Queries*, so remarkable for the extent and variety at once of their curiosity and their ignorance. Beyond these three ways of writing a Christmas article, we doubt if the ingenuity of man has discovered another, unless it be the Boswellian or absurdly problematic. Every one remembers how Boswell, rather than hold his tongue, would ask Johnson ridiculous questions, such as "What would you do, sir, if you were shut up with a baby in a tower?" Now there is a way of getting through a Christmas article in this fashion. You ask yourself where all sorts of luckless Christians may chance to be on December 25, and further interrogate your consciousness as to how they keep Christmas in difficulties. Thus the fancy may explore Christmas on an iceberg, Christmas in the Bank of England, Christmas in a boycotted house, Christmas in a Nile boat, Christmas in an Indian gold-mine, Christmas in a lighthouse, Christmas in a lion's den (like that of the boy who was left all Christmas in the snakes' house of a Zoological Garden, and "doth now an idiot go"), and other queer Christmas scenes that will occur to the tortured imagination.

It cannot be expected that these literary articles of Christmas will be very admirable as compositions. If a man has to do six every year, for as many journals, his fancy's wings will weary, and he will not only bore his reader (if he has ever one reader), but will be conscious that he is boring him. The only remedy is the seemingly impossible one of saying nothing about Christmas at all. There is nothing to be said about it. Apart from its religious aspect, of which there is naturally nothing to be said in this place, Christmas is a festival of children and the poor; a melancholy anniversary, our *jour des morts*, for folk who are neither very young nor very

callous. Let us treat Christmas as, according to Jacques Sadear, the Australians treat their god Haab, and make it impious to say anything on the subject at all. In town Christmas is only a big, prolonged, miserable Bank Holiday. In the country things are not so bad; but the less we say about them, and the less we rake up our consciousness on the subject of this, as of other anniversaries, the better for ourselves. Our modern incontinence of printed words on all topics is particularly deplorable at Christmas-time. Nobody wants lay sermons on the subject, and the supply would be too great for even a large demand.

#### THE JEANNETTE.

THE news of the loss of Mr. Gordon Bennett's Arctic exploring vessel *Jeannette*, and of the preservation of at least the greater part of the crew, adds a very interesting detail to the history of Arctic exploration, and comes somewhat appropriately at the time when efforts are being made in England to send assistance to an Arctic explorer of our own. That the *Jeannette* is none other than Sir Allen Young's famous yacht, the *Pandora*; that she was bought and fitted out on the *per mare per terras* principle by the enterprising proprietor of the *New York Herald*, in order to match and, if possible, excel the glories of the Livingstone search expedition; and that she disappeared from human ken about two years ago, may be presumed to be facts known to most people who take the least interest in geography, and especially in the quest for almost the last of the earth's yet unconquered secrets. The nature of the course, however, which the *Jeannette* took, and the conclusions to be drawn from her failure in that course, are matters not quite so generally accessible to the ordinary reader. A glance at the map will show that through the continents of the Old and New World there are three entrances, and three only, to the region of the North Polar Seas. The widest, the nearest to Europe, and latterly the most generally tried, is the broad gap between Greenland and Norway, in the midst of the south of which lies Iceland, with the solitary speck of Jan Mayen and the archipelago of Spitzbergen further north. The next is the passage on the western side of Greenland, which has been the most thoroughly explored of all, and which has as yet brought explorers nearest to the Pole; though, after many centuries of comparatively unsuccessful voyaging to the east of Spitzbergen, the discovery of Franz Joseph Land by the Austrian explorers some years ago made this latter approach once more the favourite. The *Jeannette* did not try either of these approaches. Mr. Gordon Bennett has, until the late telegrams, been convinced that his ship was "sailing over the Pole"; and it would apparently have given him particular pleasure that this feat should be achieved by the only route possible to a ship without touching at, or at least passing by, territories which are not parts of the United States of America. Accordingly, the *Jeannette* started from San Francisco and tried the route of Behring's Straits. No one possessing the slightest geographical knowledge is unaware that this route has drawbacks from which the others are free. No such equatorial current of importance passes northward through Behring's Straits as that which runs through the gap eastward of Greenland; and, whereas the passage north of Baffin's Bay is hemmed in by an almost continuous series of islands of great size, the sea north of Behring's Straits is apparently for the most part open. Accordingly, while *terra incognita* has advanced on the other routes far beyond the eightieth parallel, almost everything beyond Latitude 75° is, in the district immediately north of Eastern Siberia, a blank. Among the few exceptions to this rule are, just beyond the Straits and to the west of them, Wrangel Land and Kellet Land; while further west the Liakhov, or New Siberia, Islands, well known for their deposit of fossil ivory, have long been marked on the map. Further westward, still on the return towards Europe, the far-jutting promontory of Cape Severo stretches out from the mainland; and the voyager round it comes before long to Nova Zembla, if he is bound towards the haunts of men, and to Franz Joseph Land if he journeys towards the Pole. No man has yet made that latter journey in this direction, though, by hugging the land, the *Vega* achieved the North-East passage in the opposite sense. The *Jeannette* evidently intended to try the other way, though the experience both of explorers and whalers left very little hopes of her being able to achieve it.

She seems, however, to have made a gallant effort to carry out her orders, and to have in every sense done credit to the care and expense laid out on her equipment. On the 3rd of September, in 1879, she was seen by a whaler steering for Wrangel Land, past Herald Island, a small islet nearer Behring's Straits. From what is known, it would appear that she then kept to the north of Wrangel Land, instead of going through Long Strait, and boldly plunged into the Arctic Ocean. If so, her progress was soon stopped. Wrangel Land is in Longitude 180° and Latitude 71°; in Latitude 77° and Longitude 157° (and the degrees of longitude are of the shortest in that part of the world) the ship was caught and crushed. It is noteworthy that, though nearly two years had passed since she was seen by the whaler, not more than three or four hundred miles at the outside can well have been traversed. Allowing for two winter halts, the progress actually made must have been very small; indeed, in the summer of the present year none can have been made at all, as the ice must only have been in process of breaking up (a process fatal to the *Jeannette*) by the end of

June. The spot in which the ship was abandoned was immediately to the north and a little to the east of the Liakhov Islands, and the crew took to their boats. It was not quite clear from the first telegrams whether they journeyed over the ice in the usual boat-sledge fashion, and took to the boats themselves fifty miles from the Lena, or whether they were able to float at once, and separated when at that distance from the great river of Eastern Siberia. The former seems to have been the case. Two out of the three boats struck the outermost cape of the delta which guards the Lena's mouth, and from thence made their way to a village where the barbarous people seem to have used them kindly. The third boat is not reported; but as at the date of arrival, in the middle of September, the water should have been tolerably open, there is ground for hoping that it may turn up at some other point of the Siberian coast. This coast, lined with the curious region of the *Tundra*, where all the migratory birds of all the world make their nests in the brief summer, is not exactly thickly inhabited, but it is nowhere utterly desolate at that time. Unfortunately news travels but slowly in these out of the way regions, and though the boats touched land in the middle of September, the news of their arrival has only just reached St. Petersburg. Everything that can be done has been done by the Russian authorities; but it is of course impossible to send any expedition to look after the missing boat in the depth of winter. The condition of the rescued sailors, moreover, is not encouraging as to the probable fate of others who might have to go through a third winter of hardship. Still, the major part of the crew have been recovered, and the exact achievements of the vessel itself have been made known. That they were not greater will not surprise those who are acquainted with the results of the Behring's Straits route. Everything in Arctic exploration (leaving the mere hypothesis of a central open sea out of the question) depends on making a deep plunge on shipboard into the guarded region before it is necessary to take to sledges or boats. More than two years' travelling, it is now seen, had not carried the *Jeannette* much within half a dozen degrees of latitude of the "furthest" achieved by way of Franz Joseph Land and Smith Sound. It is true that the condition of these strange regions varies astonishingly from year to year. But the results of centuries of adventure *via* Behring's Straits have been uniform. There can be no doubt since the voyage of the *Vega* that the coast of Siberia can be traversed by ships, it may be with good luck, in a single season; but the results of stretching northward have never been encouraging, and are now less encouraging than ever.

The rescue of the crew of the *Jeannette* ought to lend new energy to those among us who are endeavouring to have succour sent to Mr. Leigh Smith. Had matters gone well with the American vessel, she and the *Eira* might have met before now in Franz Joseph Land, and the latter might have brought happier news of her than has now been received. Such a meeting is impossible now that the timbers of the *Jeannette* are scattered hundreds of miles to the eastward on ice untrodden before and not likely soon to be trodden again. But the *Eira* and her owner remain unaccounted for, and in a position much more perilous than was that of Lieutenant De Long and his crew. The latter had a larger and stouter ship, were much nearer, if not to civilization, at least to countries where there is a population permanent, if sparse, and were definitely provisioned for a long stay in the wilderness. It is known that Mr. Leigh Smith had no provisions which will outlast next summer, and that he therefore cannot stand the perilous chance of a possible opening of the ice next August or September. The fuller account of the news brought by the Norwegian Captain Isaksen, who saw him last, shows that in all probability the *Eira* reached very high latitudes last summer. In the middle of August the sea was open far north of Nova Zembla, and, what is more, was running freely from the northward. He is therefore likely to have been tempted much farther north than in an ordinary season, and to be subjected to a new temptation in case of the repetition of an open season this year. A steamer sent at the proper time in the late spring might thus not improbably enable him to achieve a brilliant voyage, and may in all probability be the only means of saving him and his crew from the risk and hardship of a boat-sledge journey across the ice; while in the case of his being exposed to that risk, depôts on the northern coast of Nova Zembla would be almost necessary to secure a chance of safety. For it cannot be too much remembered that Mr. Leigh Smith intended no prolonged exploration on this occasion. Had he done so, it would be superfluous to feel any anxiety about him for another year at least. His plans did not extend beyond a foray into the Polar regions, such as he had made before with success and with profit to geography. The very circumstances, therefore, which to a well-equipped expedition would have been a stroke of the highest luck—the freedom from ice of the Barentz Sea, and its tempting condition for navigation in the late summer—are likely to have been an occasion of evil in his case. His own experience, too, shows that such a relief expedition as is suggested need neither be extremely costly nor organized on any very elaborate scale. A well-equipped steamer might certainly hope to make Eira Harbour as well as all likely places of call further south in a trip of a few months, and to leave at these places the necessary depôts. For this is another advantage of the Franz Joseph Land route that, whether it be or not more likely than another to lead to the Pole, it is certainly that one which is, as a rule, open furthest in an ordinary year, while it

is also the nearest to the ordinary bases of exploration and relief. It cannot seriously be contended that succour supplied in such a case is an encouragement to rash enterprise; for the enterprise is not of a kind to be undertaken, except by an infinitesimal number of people. The experience and the success which Mr. Leigh Smith has had in Arctic travelling relieve him altogether from the charge of rash intrusion into a region where he had no business. When the United States are rejoicing at the rescue, as yet partial only, of the crew of the *Jeannette*, it is certainly not too much to ask that England should take some means to guard against a possible disaster in the case of the *Eira*.

#### INDIAN FINANCE.

THE Marquess of Hartington, in his recent speech to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, pronounced the rumours which have lately been telegraphed to the *Times* by its Correspondent at Calcutta as to the intentions of the Government of India in connexion with the next Budget to be not only "premature and unauthorized" but "extremely inaccurate." Notwithstanding this intimation, there is quite enough in Lord Hartington's remarks and in the probabilities of the case to show that, however inaccurate the rumours in question may be in regard to particular details, they are by no means destitute of foundation as respects the leading fact alleged—namely, that the entire abolition of the duties on cotton goods and the imposition of further direct taxation are at the present moment under the consideration of the Government of India. Lord Hartington's reference to the anomalies which have been produced by the partial remission of the cotton duties, and to the still further anomalies which would be produced by any other partial remission, and the emphatic approval with which he quotes the arguments advanced by Sir John Strachey three years ago in support of his pet project of entirely abolishing, not only the cotton duties, but the whole of the Indian Customs duties, make it tolerably plain that, although the advent of the late Finance Minister's fiscal millennium, when "the ports of India will be thrown open freely to the commerce of the world," and when the "convictions of a lifetime" will be realized, may have to be postponed for a few years longer, it will not be the fault of the present Secretary of State if the duties on cotton goods shall continue to find a place in future Indian Budgets; and, if the cotton duties are to go, it will be difficult to avoid resorting to further direct taxation.

In the financial year 1875-76, when the first attack was made upon the cotton duties, the revenue derived from these duties amounted to 850,000*l*. What now remains does not probably exceed 500,000*l*. The loss of this latter sum would of course be inconvenient; but if the cotton duties only were concerned, it might be possible to dispense with it without resorting to any other kind of taxation, trusting to the normal increase in the productiveness of other existing sources of revenue. The opium revenue for the current financial year has been estimated at a figure considerably below the actual revenue of any one of the last three years, and, if the estimate should be exceeded as much as may not unreasonably be expected, the difference would more than make up for the loss caused by the abolition of the cotton duties. But it is not probable that the abolition of the duties on cotton goods will be resolved on without a careful review of the other duties included in the Indian Customs tariff. Lord Hartington speaks of the protective character of the cotton duties; but this description is only applicable to a comparatively small proportion of the existing duties, inasmuch as the Indian mills do not, at present at all events, compete with the manufactures of Lancashire in respect of the finer descriptions of cotton goods. The greater portion of the cotton duties which still remain are probably less protective than some of the duties levied upon other articles of import. At present, moreover, upwards of half a million of revenue is drawn from an export duty upon rice. Owing to the fact that India has to a great extent the command of the markets of the world as regards this staple, this particular export duty is not really open to objections of a practical kind; but it will nevertheless be an anomaly if an export duty upon one of the chief products of the country is retained, while a great part of the import duties is abolished. It is probable, therefore, that the abolition of the duties upon cotton goods will be accompanied by the removal of other Customs duties.

Again, it would be difficult to justify any considerable reduction of the Indian import duties unless that reduction were accompanied by a revision of the system of direct taxation at present in force. If the import duties are abolished or are largely reduced, unless an Income-tax be imposed, the wealthier classes, European and native, will practically cease to contribute to the general taxation of the country. It may further be conceded that it is wrong in principle that there should be any direct Imperial taxation of which a tax upon the incomes of the rich does not form a part. Four years ago direct taxation for Imperial purposes was re-introduced into India in the shape of a tax upon trades throughout the country and a rate upon the agricultural classes in the Bengal Presidency, with the avowed object of providing an insurance against famine. In the first year in which these taxes were in force, the revenue yielded by them was entirely absorbed in the charges of the Afghan war and the heavy loss by exchange. Two

years afterwards provision was made for the exemption of the poorer traders, and a Bill was introduced for imposing on the official and professional classes a tax analogous to the tax on trades, but was subsequently withdrawn. It would be difficult to devise a system of direct taxation more uneven and apparently unfair than the system at present in force in India. While the agriculturists in the provinces forming the Bengal Presidency contribute 700,000*l*. a year to the so-called Famine Insurance Fund, the agriculturists in Madras and Bombay pay nothing to that fund. The traders throughout the country whose profits are assessed at 50*l*. a year are taxed, but the officials and professional men and the owners of realized property are exempt. These anomalies do not pass unobserved in India, and they are certainly such as to demand a very careful revision of the present system of direct taxation, if taxation of that description is to be maintained; but the wisest course undoubtedly would be to remove all direct taxation from the Indian Budget, so far as regards Imperial as distinguished from local taxation, and to maintain the Customs revenue undiminished, removing the anomalies which have been caused by the partial exemptions already sanctioned, either by withdrawing those exemptions or by imposing upon cotton goods all round a somewhat lower rate of duty than that now charged upon the higher classes of goods. This is the course which would be adopted by any body of sensible men looking only to the peace, prosperity, and content of the people of India, and uninfluenced by personal crotchets or by the exigencies of political life in England. Unless something of this kind can be done—and it is perhaps hopeless to expect that it will be done—there will probably be no alternative but to reimpose the Income-tax, notwithstanding its unpopularity and the very serious objections which attach to it from a political point of view.

The political objections to an Income-tax as a source of Indian revenue have all along been strongly felt by the great majority of Indian officials, as well as by such men as Mr. James Wilson, Mr. Laing, and Mr. Massey, who have gone out from this country to administer the Indian finances. Mr. Wilson, who was the first to impose the tax, was emphatic in his declarations that the Income-tax was only imposed for a particular exigency which demanded additional resources. Free-trader as he was, the last thing he would have thought of would have been to impose such a tax for the purpose of getting rid of the duties on cotton goods. His immediate successors, Mr. Laing and Mr. Massey, were equally clear in their condemnation of the tax. Mr. Laing told the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1872 that the Income-tax had caused "ten times more discontent in India than all the local taxes put together." Mr. Massey told the same Committee that his objections to an Income-tax were so strong that "nothing would induce him to hold office in India as the Financial Minister if the condition imposed upon him by the Secretary of State was the maintenance of an Income-tax as an ordinary source of revenue"; and, unpopular as the tax is at all times, we may be certain that its unpopularity will be greatly enhanced on the present occasion by the circumstances under which it will be imposed. The Income-tax will now come, not as a war tax, nor as a famine tax, nor as a tax which has been imposed for a time in order to defray the charges entailed by some other exceptional calamity, but as an obnoxious tax, abandoned several years ago after very careful consideration, and now reimposed to meet a deficiency caused by the relinquishment of a long-established branch of taxation which nobody in India feels, and which no one in that country wishes to get rid of. It will henceforth be regarded by the people of India as a burden laid upon them by the political exigencies of successive English Governments which feared to incur the risk of an adverse vote from the manufacturers of Lancashire.

And here it must not be forgotten that the considerations which rendered the imposition of direct taxation for Imperial purposes in the time of Mr. Wilson and his successors a measure of very questionable expediency have acquired far greater force in recent years, from the fact that since that time a vast system of local taxation, much of it direct, and some of it precisely similar to the Imperial taxation now in force, has been spread over the country. Nor should it be overlooked that the present critical juncture in home affairs is hardly a good time to select for carrying out in our Indian dependency measures which are certain to provoke widespread discontent. Lord Canning's remark that, "danger for danger, he would rather risk governing India with an army of 40,000 Europeans than he would risk having to impose unpopular taxation," is hardly less applicable to the India of the present day than it was to the India of 1861. These are facts which no prudent statesman can afford to ignore. It may well be doubted whether they do not greatly outweigh the possible gain, in an economic point of view, of removing the very moderate restrictions which at present affect the trade of India. The *Times* Correspondent in his latest telegram refers to official reports recently made by the Boards of Revenue of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces on the working of the Licence-tax on traders, which show "how distasteful it has been to the people, and with how much oppression it has been enforced." Similar objections would probably be made in India with regard to any direct tax; but those objections are greatly increased when the tax takes the form of an Income-tax, partly owing to the inquisitorial nature of the impost, and partly because, as an engine of oppression and extortion, it is far more powerful than a Licence-tax; for the practical operation of an Income-tax in India cannot be measured by its legal incidence. For every thousand persons who are legally liable to



the tax, it is within the mark to assert that another thousand have to pay something to escape being assessed to it.

Lord Hartington at the beginning of his speech adverted to what he described as "the somewhat Utopian hope" which is sometimes expressed, that the affairs of India may be kept altogether outside the pale of party politics; and he went on to observe that questions of great and imperial importance, such as questions of foreign relations, of peace, war, or annexation, whether they affect India or any other dependency, must always be treated as political questions; at the same time expressing the opinion that in Indian questions of internal administration, fiscal or other, party politics should, as far as possible, be kept aloof. The only objection which we have to offer to these remarks is that they tend to draw attention away from the fact that, in the particular matter with which Lord Hartington was dealing, the operation of our political system has led two successive Governments in England to commit themselves to a measure which seems likely to cause very serious embarrassment in our Indian administration, and which we may be certain neither of these Governments would have adopted if they had felt themselves free to deal with the question on its merits. Nobody can justly complain of the operation of party politics because a Government enjoin a particular policy which it believes to be demanded by the interests of the Empire or of one of its dependencies, however much we may dislike or distrust the policy. It has never been alleged that the policy of either of the two great parties in the State in relation to Afghanistan was dictated by party considerations. The Liberals, as a body, held, and still hold, that the policy of non-interference with Afghanistan was the policy most conducive to the interests of India, as well as to those of England. The Conservatives maintain that that policy, right up to a certain period, has, owing to the progress of events, ceased to be a safe policy. In both cases the leaders of the respective parties have acted upon their respective views of the merits of the case. The only way in which our system of party government has influenced the decision of this question has been by replacing in office a set of men holding one view of the question by a set of men holding the opposite view. It is quite conceivable that Indian questions of internal administration might be similarly influenced by the views entertained by successive Governments in England, just as they are constantly influenced by changes in the *personnel* of the Government in India. The complaint which is made by those who hold that on the question of the cotton duties party politics have operated injuriously to India is that in this matter the decision has been based, not upon what the Government in office believed to be the merits of the question, but upon the probable effect of that decision in securing to, or alienating from, the Government a certain number of members of the House of Commons.

#### A RENAISSANCE OF COMPLETE LETTER-WRITING.

"COMPLETE Letter-writers," says a Complete Letter-writer whose work is before us, "are often suspected of being worse than useless," for reasons which he proceeds to give. The chief of these are the "ridiculous style" and the "obsolete epithets" used. Our Complete Letter-writer accordingly resolves never to be ridiculous, and not to use any obsolete epithets. The result of this, it seems, will be that "the present prejudice against Letter-writers will disappear." The epistoler in question, it will be obvious, does not think small beer of himself. It is rather curious to find that he is a very composite epistoler. Externally he looks as if he were one; but the tell-tale evidence of head-lines and type reveals the fact that he is a conglomerate, consisting of "Beeton's Complete Letter-writer for Ladies," "Beeton's Complete Letter-writer for Gentlemen," and, in quite different type, a section of love-letters, which repeats much of the contents of the earlier parts, but makes amends by an appendix of proverbs, quotations, and so forth, for use by lovers in conversation and correspondence. As not unfrequently happens, the parts of the mixture sometimes rather "swear" at each other. Thus the author of the preface accepts bluntly the fact that everybody wants to save time and trouble, and therefore professes his epistolary common form as an assistance in this attempt. On the other hand, the author of the introduction deprecates the decay of letter-writing and the neglect of the art in schools, and seems to hold himself up as a guide to would-be Mmes. de Sévigné and Cowpers. This latter person, however, is not quite such a master of English or of logic as perhaps he should be. For instance, he says that "in olden days correspondence cost money, and a letter was a letter in those 'franking' days." Possibly the Letter-writer does not know what a frank was; but, if he does, it is certainly odd that he should clench his assertion that correspondence formerly cost money by showing that it frequently cost nothing at all. However, these are only the fringes of the book; the substance of it is to be found elsewhere.

Not the least pleasing part of the volume is the table of contents, which really displays considerable forethought and much imagination on the part of the compiler. Thus, under "Invitations," we have "An Invitation to an Acquaintance from the Seaside," with acceptance and refusal all complete; "An Invitation to Spend the Winter in Town," ditto, ditto; "An Invitation to a Lady to meet a Friend from Abroad"; "A Reminder to a Lady of Former Intimacy, with an Invitation"; "An Invitation to a Lady under Painful Circum-

stances"; and all these have each its affirmative and negative answer—a considerable abundance, which suggests that the intellectual apparatus of the Letter-writer's client must be *ex hypothesi* of a very remarkable order. "I can do it in oxen, sir, but I can't do it in sheep," was the reply of a small boy once to a hard-hearted instructor who, out of mere malice and pure caprice, had changed the terms of a Rule of Three sum. So is it with the Letter-writer's clients. Although they have been painfully taught how to do it in oxen—that is, how to accept or refuse invitations to ladies under painful circumstances—it is necessary to go over the ground again with them when they have got to accept or refuse an invitation from a lady who asks them to come and see her when they have just returned from abroad. The section of "Commissions" is fortunately short, though we do not see why the Letter-writer should have given any encouragement to the levying of that worst of taxes. Then we have "Letters to and from School" in great numbers. "From a Schoolmistress complaining of one of her Pupils"; "From a Lady to her Daughter respecting a Schoolmistress's Complaint"; "Answer to the above Penitently." Here the evil-minded reader grows languidly excited, in hopes that the set will be completed (as it clearly ought to be) by "Answer to the above Impenitently," which might be amusing. But the Letter-writer is false to his trust, and lets his opportunity slip. A whole batch of applications for and from cooks and housemaids requires no particular comment, and then comes what is always the solid of these feasts, "Correspondence with a View to Matrimony." Here the inauguration of the model writer and his knowledge of the changing scenes of life is racked to the utmost. "To a Gentleman, almost a Stranger, who has Proposed"; "To an Admirer whom a Lady has seen on Several Occasions"; "Writing to a Lover on Christmas Eve"; "From a Maidservant answering a Cool Letter from her Lover"; "Answer to a Missionary's Proposal Affirmatively"; "Answer to a Missionary's Proposal Negatively." The only wonder is that this exploration of the various relations of human beings ever comes to an end. One thinks of an anecdote which is drawn from no very recondite source, but which is less generally known in England than in France. Under the Bourbon Restoration, when everybody was sentimental, it became the fashion to imitate André Chénier's elegies. An enraptured public welcomed and wept over "La jeune malade," "La sœur malade," "La jeune fille malade," "La mère mourante," &c. At last an exasperated critic offered a prize for an elegy, to be entitled "L'oncle à la mode de Bretagne en pleine convalescence," which is said to have stopped the torrent. When we come to the maidservant answering a cool letter from her lover, and the negative reply to a missionary, we feel that the Complete Letter-writer would not have blushed at the French critic's test. He would write you without the least difficulty a "Letter to a Scotch Fourth Cousin twice removed in a Fair Way towards Recovery," or a "Conditional Proposal from a Veterinary Surgeon who has good Reason to expect an Outbreak of Pleuro-pneumonia in the Neighbourhood."

The "Gentleman's Letter-writer," which follows naturally, gives the counterparts of these communications, with some slight differences; and the "Lover's Letter-writer" at the end adds several choice specimens. The almost scholastic refinement of the Letter-writer's imagination is indeed shown to greatest advantage here. He not only gives forms of proposal, acceptance, and refusal in vast variety, but graduates them carefully in tone. "From a Lady in reply, Unfavourable"; "From a Lady in reply, More Favourable"; "From a Lady in reply, Favourable"; "From a Gentleman to his Fiancee, Complaining of her Not Writing"; "Another, More Severe"; and so forth. But, as the most particular case is not too minute for him, so the vaguest does not elude his grasp. "From a Gentleman to his Fiancee (General Subjects)," must be admitted to be an almost audacious attempt at preceptorship. Perhaps the table of contents is not the least attractive part of the book. The actual correspondence—except a really interesting and dramatic narrative of a visit to the Highlands, the adaptability of which to general use is rather questionable, unless it is to be done on the well-known *volgus* system of Tom Brown, by prefixing a short introduction and ending with *O genus humanum*—is rather heavy reading. When the Letter-writer says "We have no need to insist on correct grammar," he should have substituted for "need" "right." Throughout the letters "will" and "shall" change places; and once, at least, "to your mother and I" makes its appearance. Nor are we quite certain that the "ridiculous style" of the books which this complete epistoler is to supersede was wisely mentioned. Here is an easy form of invitation from one lady to another:—"Letters, you know, contain at the best only mere morsels of news, compared with the substantial fare which a good long chat affords, and besides, they entail upon one the labour of selecting and arranging what we fancy (in our conceit) are the best bits of our secrets, and this duty I am most selfishly wishful to avoid." Again, "My brother has fixed on your neighbourhood because he thinks it is the prettiest he has yet seen, and his taste, I have reason for saying, is exquisite in topography." Alas! that a Complete Letter-writer should not know that topography means the description, and not the selection, of places. A reference a little further on to "these troublesome English verbs which used to puzzle me so much" may perhaps explain the "I will feel much pleased" which occurs in the same letter. Unfortunately the guide seems to be a blind one in more points of grammar than one, as this third-person note will show. "Mrs. Nelson begs to thank—for her letter, and if she can con-

veniently call to-morrow Mrs. Nelson will be at home." We should have thought that this common, but most illiterate, blunder (the use of the conjunction instead of a full stop and a fresh sentence) was one of the very things which a Complete Letter-writer ought to teach its readers to avoid. Nor is the Letter-writer's ingenuity in the invention of reasons less remarkable than his ingenuity in the discovery of situations requiring a model letter. "I left," says a young woman in search of a situation, "in consequence of the presence of an obnoxious person in an adjoining department." It is to be feared that in real life a reflection involving an insult to the Royal Marine Light Infantry would probably follow the reading of this remarkable allegation. Something similar might also suggest itself when one of the young ladies who have been accused of flirtations explains that "the person had just returned from the West Coast of Africa, where he saw John." It is really wrong to suggest to young ladies means of escape of this unblushing character. The unfortunate prevalence of slang in these latter days gives a very odd look to the abrupt request, "Dear sir, you will oblige me by instructing your agent to call and look at the condition of my upper rooms, with a view to putting them in a state of thorough repair"; though this, it must be admitted, is not the Letter-writer's fault. But what, we should like to know, would any judicious father do who received from his son a complaint about his treatment in school in these words:—"I feel bound, therefore, to write to you on the subject, that you may require the principal to act up to the representations made to you when I was left here"? It is to be hoped that that father would require the principal to act in a very decided fashion. Only two more out of a thousand oddities can we find room for. Will the Letter-writer tell those of his kind in whose case it is not too late where they can find a young lady who, in reply to a proposal, will, truthfully of course, express a hope that her future husband will "reprove her faults gently if she errs"? And will he tell us how he reconciles it to his conscience to give this form of concluding a business letter in French:—"Avec l'espoir d'être favorisé de vos ordres, nous restons, messieurs, rous tout dévoués"?

It must have struck many people that the Complete Letter-writer of these days is slow to comprehend the vast field open to him. Why does he stick to mere correspondence, which, as he himself frankly confesses, is a thing of the past? Nobody, it is true, writes letters, but everybody writes books of travel, novels, minor poems, articles in newspapers. The common form of these things can be given at least as easily as that of a "Letter to a Lady in Painful Circumstances," or the refusal of a missionary's offers of partnership in the attempt to convert Okojumbo and make Ja-Ja a savoury professor. In the travel and novel business there is much room for ingenuity; but the other two open a still wider door to a person of our Letter-writer's imagination. "Ode on a young man who has thrown himself from a Calais steamer after vainly attempting to persuade two newly-married ladies to elope with him, and with whom the sea nymphs fall in love"; "Obituary leader on the death of the fourth best authority in England on grey shirtings," and other things of the kind, admit of remarkably easy reduction to common form. The only fear is that the existing practitioners might combine to waylay the betrayer of their mysteries and make him immortal. However, our present author is welcome to the suggestion on the condition that he clears his mind of confusion between "will" and "shall." Sense and style are too much to expect; but grammar in the days of School Boards might surely be forthcoming.

#### ABERDEENSHIRE LAIRDS.

IT seems to be the very fatality of things which has forced the Aberdeenshire lairds into an unenviable publicity in spite of themselves. They find themselves set in the forefront of the struggle which is to be carried on against the discontented Scottish tenant-farmers, and the speeches in which their order is occasionally denounced are vigorous specimens of scathing invective. For, although the majority of tenant orators preserve a certain measure in the exposition of their trials and their grievances, there are fervid gentlemen whose impassioned indignation defies the control of the chair, and outstrips the sympathies of their fellows. It might be supposed that the unfortunate Aberdeenshire proprietors had been sinners beyond the rest of their privileged caste; that long-smouldering animosities had been at last fanned into flame; or, at all events, that those sturdy North-country agriculturists did their farming under conditions specially adverse. As a matter of fact, anybody who knows anything of the subject must be aware that circumstances are precisely the reverse. The Aberdeenshire proprietors have always borne a high character for liberality and intelligent enterprise; and the proof is to be found in the extraordinary rise of rental that has taken place in the course of a couple of generations. Nor were their farms forced up to fancy rack-rents by an insensate land-hunger such as has been the curse of Ireland. There has been keen and open competition among shrewd men who lived and thrived on their deliberate bargains; while the cordial relations between the lairds and their dependents were notorious. Whatever his faults may be, the North-countryman is no sycophant. It was the custom of the country to have festive gatherings of the tenantry to celebrate an accession, a wedding, or the birth of an heir; when the kindest speeches were vociferously

cheered by men who, like their fathers and grandfathers, had often been born on the estate. Nor can any exceptional pressure of unfavourable circumstances explain the present agitation. On the contrary, Aberdeenshire has been saved from the worst stress of American competition by its stock-raising, as Ayrshire has been saved by its dairy-farming, though the importations of Transatlantic meat and cattle are beginning to make themselves seriously felt; and oats, barley, and bere have been grown, almost to the exclusion of the more speculative wheat. So, without entering into the actual merits of vexed questions, we are led to assume that there may be truth in what the lairds aver—that they have been unfortunate in having among their tenant neighbours certain unruly and ambitious spirits with a natural turn for agitation. And the assumption seems to be confirmed by the undoubted fact that some of the gentlemen who figure most conspicuously on the local platforms have no personal grounds of complaint. They are comparatively rich; they pay their rents punctually; and they would be the last men in the world to admit that their lairds had got the better of them in a carefully considered bargain. It may seem uncharitable to deny their claim to be the disinterested champions of their less lucky neighbours; but it is certain that they have their immediate reward in increased popularity and notoriety. Be that as it may, the lairds have to face a future which is far from reassuring to men who as a rule have been at least living up to their easy means, and whose incomes had of late been agreeably elastic. It is hard to say how far a Government that has passed the Irish Land Act and created the Irish Land Courts may be disposed to go in the way of land legislation in deference to their zealous supporters in the Scotch counties. But in any case, by the inevitable revision of contracts there must soon be a general reduction of rents, and undoubtedly there will be increasing difficulty in finding solvent tenants. The lairds will have to retrench, and retrenchment, which is never pleasant, is especially difficult to a landed proprietor. The very prosperity which the Aberdeenshire men have enjoyed, and the enterprise which has been their pride, will turn against them. They have built handsome mansions with ranges of spacious stabling; they have laid out miles of approaches through their home farms and private grounds; they have indulged their æsthetic tastes in ornamental flower and landscape gardening. They have kept up the Northern traditions of hospitality, have filled their houses with guests through the summer, and overcrowded them in the shooting season. In winter, as in the spring, many of them have gone up to town, and they have all got into the habit of travelling. Their children have been expensively educated, with expectations which it will be almost impossible to gratify. Then they have been saddled as a matter of business with liabilities which have become onerous to discharge, and it has been said on apparently good authority that three-fourths of their properties are heavily burdened. The dowager draws a jointure from the estate, estimated on the expanding rental of thirty years ago. The younger brothers and sisters of the laird were portioned on a similar scale of calculation. And the law courts afforded even to heirs of entail facilities of borrowing of which they freely availed themselves. It was an excellent investment to raise money on heritable security at rates varying from 3½ to 4½ per cent., for which the tenant who borrowed at second hand willingly consented to pay 5 per cent. Now, in many instances, it is to be feared that that apparently judicious outlay represents something like a dead loss. The current interest on the heritable bond is a constant claim, while the tenant is clamouring for a relief from his engagements which must probably in any case be conceded when the farm is relet.

Though establishments will be reduced and expenditure restricted, though possibly some old families may have to remove and throw their hereditary acres on a falling land market, it cannot be said that the lairds are paying the penalty of their imprudence or suffering for the sins of extravagant forefathers. The Aberdeenshire landowners have always been a shrewd, spirited, and careful race of men, and the present generation are simply the victims of untoward circumstances. The change in the aspect of the county in the course of the last sixty years has been as great as that in the gentry's manner of living. Sixty years ago the old habits of conviviality still lingered, and the profuse hospitality was almost as rude as the farming. The landlord lived among his own people and with his nearest neighbours, seldom travelling beyond the county town. If the highways traversed by the mails were kept in excellent repair, the side roads were execrable; so communications even on horseback were precarious at the best, and in winter became almost impracticable. The inconvenient old-fashioned mansions were often packed with jovial parties, who, although sitting down to dinner tolerably early, were apt to keep up their potations to the small hours. We believe that the old race of Aberdeenshire lairds never had such a character for conviviality as their hard-headed brethren in Angus; nevertheless each family event was held to be an excuse for hard drinking, and the carousing never was deeper than at the mirthful ceremony of a funeral. Keeping up the credit of the well-stocked cellar was the chief item of expenditure; otherwise entertaining cost comparatively little. The bills of the wine merchant and grocer were paid in hard cash, though sometimes dairy and farm produce was bartered for the tea and coffee; but the beef and mutton and poultry were supplied from the property. The tenants paid a portion of their rents in "kain" fowls and in carriages—"carriages" meaning the carting of coal, wine-casks, &c. The daughters of old families, when they had settled into confirmed spinsterhood, withdrew into the small country towns; and nothing

shows more the cheapness of living in those times than the ludicrously small incomes on which those ladies contrived to make a respectable appearance. In fact, there was little coin in circulation; no one cared to part with money who could keep it, and those who grew rich grew rich by saving. The landlords were few indeed who dreamed of making advances for improvements to tenants; the land was generally divided into small holdings; the farmers and crofters were poorly housed, and the farming was most primitive. The country, to a stranger, seemed bleak; but it had capabilities that were scarcely suspected by residents. Some of the larger landowners, who were familiar with the South, began to set an example of enterprise; and their undertakings proved so remunerative that they speedily found imitators. The fields were cleared of stones, while dykes or walls of the loose granite refuse were formed everywhere. The arable land encroached on the heather and peat mosses; the thickets of furze and broom were grubbed; and coverts of grouse gave way to the partridges. Ducks and snipe began to disappear likewise as agriculturists awakened to the advantages of draining. The planting of broad stretches of fir wood proceeded apace; and the lairds, following the advice of Dumbiedykes in *The Heart of Midlothian*, were sticking in trees that would be growing while they were sleeping, in land that could hardly repay cultivation. The shelter afforded by the rising plantations was invaluable in districts which were flat more often than hilly, and which were swept by nipping winds from the North Pole.

The result of these various operations was that the county attracted tenants with considerable capital, who continued the work which the lairds had commenced. A welcome was given to these substantial men, and many crofts came to be absorbed in a single large farm. The straw-thatched cottages or huts gave place to commodious steadings, and it became worth while to improve the quality of the cattle when they could be housed in well-ventilated buildings and turned out in well-drained "grass parks," in place of being sent to graze in rush-grown swamps. Grass fields and flourishing herds of cattle are more independent of climate than even the hardy crops of oats and barley. Already the cattle trade had assumed considerable importance when first the improved cargo-steamers, and next the introduction of railways, brought Aberdeen into quick communication with the South. Meanwhile, education had kept pace with agriculture; the parish school teaching had been immensely improved, and many a future farmer received an excellent training at the twin Universities in the city of Aberdeen. But although the tenants thrive, they continued to live frugally; and though their rents were rising, they did well and saved money, in spite of occasional spells of bad seasons, so long as they suffered but slightly from foreign competition. They had security of tenure in the nineteen years' leases; nor did they object to strict regulations as to rotation of cropping, since these regulations were based on the custom of the country. In the last fifteen years or so all that has been changed. Every one knows that a succession of more or less disastrous seasons has coincided with falling prices in cattle as well as in grain. Many of the best farms were undoubtedly too highly rented to stand the severe strain. Men made losses instead of gains, and begun to exhaust their reserves of capital. The local banks, which had given free facilities for borrowing, changed their policy and called in their advances after the fatal collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank. Many persons, moreover, are said to have been dealing recklessly with the artificial manure Companies. So now the laird is often in the dilemma of either giving a defaulter indefinite time and releasing him from rent in the meanwhile, or of forcing him into the Insolvent Court and having another farm thrown upon his embarrassed hands. To do them justice, and even by the admissions made at the meetings of the farmers, the lairds have in most cases consulted at once their feelings and their true interests, and have seldom dealt hardly with deserving men. But the losses of the tenants, which they already have to share, must fall upon them later still more heavily; and they must look to cutting their coats according to the shrunken cloth, even though the new garment may pinch them permanently.

#### DANGERS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

THE late lamentable death of a workman at Hatfield who was killed by coming in contact with an electric light lead has again disturbed the public mind, and has indeed produced a state of feeling which may easily be excited into a panic by the opponents of electric lighting. It is by no means our desire to underestimate the dangers which exist, and which have been publicly demonstrated by more than one death, and by several fires which were by singular good fortune of only small importance. Indeed, to underestimate these risks would be to defeat the object we have in view, which is to point out how all danger is to be guarded against, and the importance of making all lighting and other systems in which large currents of high electro-motive force are conveyed in or near buildings perfectly safe. There has been some talk of getting legislative interference in the matter. We think that as yet this is hardly necessary; but, unless electric engineers take the utmost pains, and use every means for the protection of life and property which science can suggest, popular opinion will most certainly prefer even the inconvenience of putting such matters under official control to allowing the existence of perils which are the more

dreaded because of their being to most people mysterious and incomprehensible. What these perils are we will endeavour shortly to point out, and briefly and generally to explain. First, as to fire. If two leads are used, so that there is a complete metallic circuit, if these come in contact the resistance of the whole system is reduced. This causes the actual current passing to be increased, and with it the heat produced in the whole system, most of which appears at the place of highest resistance—that is to say, at the point of contact; and this heat is often so great as to make the leads or wires hot enough to set fire to any woodwork or other inflammable substance which they may be near. This risk is not so great when only one lead is used, and the earth is employed as part of the circuit, it being very unlikely that the lead will come in contact with the earth. As to danger to life, the effect of a continuous regular current passing through the human body is very slight, being confined to an irritation of the skin at the points of contact with the conductors, and certain effects on the nervous system (which vary with the direction of the current), which effects are only well marked after the current has been passing for some time. At the moments, however, of making contact and breaking contact, if the current be of considerable electro-motive force, a "shock" is felt; if the current be rapidly interrupted, or rapidly and suddenly varied in strength, these shocks are repeated, and then the muscles are paralysed for the time, and considerable disturbance of the nervous system, accompanied by pain, is set up. These effects are more strongly produced when the current is rapidly reversed—a familiar example being the effect produced by the shock of a small induction-coil, when, as is well known, the arms tingle and ache, and it is impossible to leave go of the handles until the action of the instrument is stopped. The same effects are also produced by the common alternating current magneto-electric machines sold by medical instrument makers, which are too often bought and used without medical advice by persons who have heard of the good results of treating certain diseases by electricity, and who proceed, in the confidence of ignorance, to apply to their own case a system of treatment which it is no exaggeration to say is only useful in about one out of five hundred cases.

In the dynamo machines used for electric lighting and the electric transmission of energy, currents of high electro-motive force are usually generated, and the machines are of two types—alternating current machines and direct current machines. Those of the former type are even theoretically highly dangerous to life if there be any chance of the shock being received by a human being, and two accidents are well known to have occurred from their use. In one case a seaman was killed on board of the Russian Imperial yacht *Zevardia* by taking hold of a masthead light, worked on the Jablochkoff system, and bringing his hands in contact with the terminals; and in the other case a musician was killed at an English provincial theatre by laying hold of the leads conveying the current. Danger to life is not the only objection to this class of electric generator. If the leads from such a machine pass close to telegraph wires, the effect of induction is so great as to disturb the action of delicate forms of telegraph instruments, and to render telephones on such wires practically useless; and we fail to see any advantage in this type of machine which counterbalances these defects. The direct current machines have not, until the accident at Hatfield, been found to be dangerous to life, although some severe cases of suffering have arisen from their use, because in all so-called direct current machines the current, even if it be not interrupted, is a varying one. The variations are too rapid to affect the lights, and, for practical purposes, the current may be considered to be constant. Yet these variations are sufficient to give a severe shock, which, as we now see, may under certain conditions cause death. The general vague popular ideas on the subject are quite unfounded in fact, and are due probably to a certain bastard poetic style adopted by certain popular writers, who love to talk of human genius chaining lightning to its car and forcing the thunderbolt of Jove to light a theatre. The terrible and erratic effects of lightning are due, it must be remembered, to something which men of science choose to call electro-motive force—a thing about which they know nothing, except that it is a measurable quantity, of which there is a definite unit, and the effects of which are understood within reasonable limits; and that to produce lightning effects, even on a small scale, as by a large induction coil, an electro-motive force of millions of units—which are called volts—is required, whilst the most powerful dynamo machine in use produces an electro-motive force measurable by hundreds of units only. Within such limits, or even up to many thousands of volts, we know that there is no danger of electricity breaking loose, and we know our conditions of safety. These conditions are that, wherever leads are above ground, they must be covered with some insulating material. Whenever one lead and an earth return are used, the lead should be out of reach, say ten feet from the ground; and wherever two leads are used, they should be at least ten feet apart. If these distances were maintained and the leads securely fastened, there would neither be danger of their coming in contact, nor of any human being being included in the circuit by accident. To produce danger it would be necessary for the insulating material to be destroyed, and for the two leads, or the one lead and the earth, to have come so close together that it would be possible to touch both at the same moment. The danger really is analogous to that of being burnt by touching the main steam-pipe of a factory engine, a danger which is guarded against by

covering such pipes with felt or other bad conductors of heat, and placing them where the workmen are not likely to come up against them by accident. The danger still remains of accident to those whose duty it is to attend to the lamps. To overcome this every lamp should be fitted with an arrangement for "short circuiting," and this should always be used by the attendants before touching the lamp. No locomotive fireman would dream of cleaning out his smoke-box unless he had assured himself that the steam blast of the engine was cut off, and so no attendant on electric lamps ought to touch a lamp unless either the current is stopped or the lamp short-circuited.

The precautions which we suggest are so easy to carry out, and are based upon such well-known principles, that we can only marvel that they are not universally adopted already. Unfortunately electricity is difficult as a study scientifically, whilst sufficient practical acquaintance with its phenomena for commercial purposes is easily acquired; and the result is that, though we have some most able and thoughtful electricians amongst our electric engineers, we have too many who are typical "Practical Men," who are not only ignorant of science, but regard scientific knowledge as not only useless, but actually harmful.

It is to be hoped that sufficient sound information may be put forward in a simple and popular form to prevent the advance of most valuable inventions from being checked by the not unnatural fear excited from time to time by terrible accidents, which are really due, not so much to any exceptional danger attending the use of large electric currents, as to the ignorance or carelessness of those who are responsible for the placing and erecting of lighting and other electric systems.

We can only hope, in conclusion, that the late lamentable accident may influence electric engineers and their foremen, and lead them to consider safety as well as efficiency in making and carrying out their plans.

#### THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

THE *Adelphi* of Terence is perhaps the best of the four Latin comedies which form the Westminster cycle. It was the last play written by Terence before he embarked on that mysterious voyage to Greece, of which the only thing certainly known is that he never returned from it, and it was brought out at the funeral games of *Æmilius Paulus*, the conqueror of Macedonia, in the year 160 B.C., when the *Hecyra* was produced for the second time. The latter play was a failure, as it had been when first acted at the Megalesian games some years before; but the *Adelphi* at once gained popular favour, and is now very generally regarded as Terence's masterpiece. In the seven years or so which separated the composition of the *Adelphi* from the day when Terence, an obscure alien, read the *Andria* to the veteran dramatist *Oncilius*, the poet had learned much of the art of dramatic construction; and, as an acting play, his last comedy is vastly superior to his first. It is true that the *Adelphi* is not so rich as the *Andria* in those happy sayings which have since become proverbial; but the plot is more ably worked out, and the action proceeds far more briskly in the later of the two plays.

The plot was taken from the Greek not only of *Meander*, but of *Diphilus* and others, and we find from the prologue that the enemies of Terence, who pursued him throughout his career, had accused him of borrowing from the *Commorientes* of *Plautus*. Terence rebuts this accusation by showing that he has only had recourse to the plays of *Diphilus*, from which *Plautus* also had taken his plot; and he calls upon the audience to judge:—

Fortunne factum existimetis an locum  
Reprehensum, qui prætoris negligentia est?

The central characters of the play are, of course, the brothers from whom it derives its title, and the main interest of the plot arises from the contrast between the rough manners and harsh character of the rustic *Demea* and the gentle easy disposition of the town-bred *Micio*. The two sons of *Demea*, one of whom has been adopted and brought up by *Micio*, while the other has remained under the control of his stern and thrifty father, present no such contrast. The only difference between them is that, while *Æschinus* can pursue his rather dissipated courses without check, and is indeed encouraged to make a confidant of his indulgent uncle, *Otesiphon* is driven by fear of his father's anger to conceal his irregularities. Hence complications arise. *Otesiphon* is in love with a slave girl; *Æschinus*, to help his brother, carries her off by violence from her owner, and, sure of his uncle's easy forgiveness, allows it to be supposed that he is himself her lover. This comes to the ears of *Sostrata*, a poor widow, to whose daughter *Æschinus* has engaged himself. She naturally supposes that *Æschinus*, who cannot explain matters for fear of betraying his brother, has deserted her daughter, and she seeks the aid of her kinsman *Hegio*. *Hegio*, meeting *Demea*, who has already heard of the abduction of the slave girl, tells him of this new evil-doing on the part of *Æschinus*, and thus gives him fresh ground of complaint against the foolish indulgence of his brother. Meanwhile, *Micio* has been informed of the whole affair, and at once sets to work to make everything end happily. *Demea*, whose suspicions are aroused by the prolonged absence of *Otesiphon* from home, is cleverly befuddled by the slave *Syrus*; and, by the time that he returns from a wild-goose chase all over Athens, everything is arranged. After

a stormy interview with his brother, *Demea* is persuaded, sorely against his will, to join in the general rejoicing.

Here the play might well have ended. Up to this point all is excellent; the action never stops for a moment, and every line of the dialogue tells. *Demea* has now been sufficiently punished for his excessive severity and stinginess towards his son; and *Micio*, who, though he is easy-going and over-indulgent, has done nothing to make him either hateful or ridiculous, retains the full sympathy of the audience. The poet, too, has shown great command both of humour and of pathos. The opposite characteristics of the two brothers are brought out with the greatest art in their conversations; and it is finely indicated that *Micio*, in spite of his gentleness and amiability, is really the stronger character of the two. There is both wit and humour in the scenes between *Demea* and *Syrus*. The passage in which the slave draws out the old man on his method of education, and on the excellent results brought about by it in the case of *Otesiphon*, is full of delicate irony. The fun of the scene where *Syrus* sends *Demea* to seek his brother at the other end of Athens is of a more obvious kind, but equally good in its way, and it is intensified by the keen delight which *Syrus* takes in his trickery. *Sostrata*'s discovery, as she supposes, of the treachery of *Æschinus* is full of pathos; but the situation is treated with restraint, and the pathos is never overwrought. The scene, too, between *Micio* and *Æschinus*—where the uncle, after amusing himself for a time with his nephew's embarrassment, tells him to bring his bride home—contains sentiment of the best and truest kind. But there is a great falling off in the fifth act. *Demea*, finding that his surly temper and thrifty habits have gained him nothing but the hatred of his family, suddenly turns round, and outdoes even *Micio* in amiability and reckless generosity. Terence himself seems puzzled how to account for this sudden change. It is evidently due to selfish considerations, and not to any real conviction, as is apparent from the lines which end *Demea*'s soliloquy at the beginning of the act:—

Ego quoque a meis me amari et magni pendii postulo;  
Si id sit dando atque obsequendo, non posteriores feram.

Still it is not quite clear whether he is laughing in his sleeve all the time. His chief acts of generosity are done at his brother's expense; and his general amiability is so extravagant that Terence can scarcely have intended *Demea* himself to be unconscious of his own absurdity. This view of the case is confirmed by his answer to *Micio*'s astonished inquiry:—

Micio. Quid istuc? quare tam repente mores mutavit tuos?  
Quod prolebrum? Que istæ subita est largitas? DEMEA. Dicam tibi:  
Ut id ostenderem, quod te isti facilem et festivum putant,  
Id non fieri ex vera vita neque adeo ex æquo et bono,  
Sed ex assentando, indulgendo et largiendo, Micio.  
Nunc adeo si ob eam rem vobis mea vita invisâ, Æschine, est,  
Missa facio: effundite, emite, facite quod vobis lubet.

The moral pointed by these lines is good enough, though decidedly at variance with the rest of the play. But, if Terence meant this to be the lesson conveyed, why did he not make it clearer? Perhaps he did not wish to give *Demea* too decided a victory over *Micio*. But he had already made *Micio* utterly ridiculous by marrying him, against his will, to the elderly widow *Sostrata*; and this imports into the play another element of incongruity. *Micio* with all his good nature is no fool, as is proved by the way in which he gets the better of *Demea* in all their disputes, and it is quite inconsistent with his character to marry just to please his brother and nephew. If Terence wished to show that there are limits beyond which good nature is more folly, he might easily have done so without sacrificing the most pleasing character in the play. *Demea*'s conversion to the ways of mildness might have been made less doubtful than it is, and the widow might then have been married to him instead of to *Micio*. The moral would have been equally good, and the play would not have been spoiled by an unsatisfactory ending. As it is, the feeling of every reader, and still more of every spectator of the play, must be that expressed by *Diderot*:—"Après avoir été pour Micio contre Démée, on finit sans savoir pour qui l'on est."

The acting of the play was particularly good. Mr. Bain, who was the *Davus* last year, remained to take the part of *Syrus*. It would perhaps be unfair to the other actors to say that he carried off the chief honours, for the part of the slave is always the most attractive in Latin comedy, and the one which offers the greatest opportunities to the actor. Mr. Bain certainly made the most of his chances. The celebrated drunken scene was well, and on the whole naturally, acted, though it was not perhaps quite free from exaggeration. Indistinctness of utterance, too, though it may be suited to the circumstances of the case, is not desirable when the language spoken is unfamiliar to a large portion of the audience. However, the scene certainly pleased the spectators; and the last speech of *Syrus*, when the infuriated *Demea* breaks from him and forces his way into the house, was spoken and acted with excellent effect. The words—

Edepol commissatorem haud sane commodum,  
Præsertim Otesiphoni—

could scarcely have been better given. In the amusing scenes between *Syrus* and *Demea*, Mr. Bain was well supported by Mr. Dalb, who gave a vigorous, yet not too vigorous, rendering of the irascible old man. Mr. Waterfield, as *Micio*, acted a difficult and rather thankless part extremely well. The long tedious speech with which the play opens reminds one of the ridicule thrown by *Aristophanes* upon the very similar prologues of *Æschylus*. To deliver it in such a manner as to render it attractive to an audience



would severely try the powers of a practised actor. Mr. Waterfield got through the task very creditably, and his acting in the scene with *Æschinus*, to which we have already referred, was very good indeed. We must not omit to mention the *Sostrata* of Mr. Sampson. The part is a small one, but the effect of the only pathetic scene in the play depends upon the way in which it is acted, and Mr. Sampson showed both power and self-restraint. His make-up and assumption of a woman's voice were excellent.

The Prologue, which is written as usual in Iambic metre, possessed more than ordinary interest on account of the touching reference which it contained to the death of Dean Stanley, and the graceful welcome addressed to his successor. We quote the lines in memory of Dean Stanley, for they are worthy of their subject:—

Hoc tempore unam præter omnes æniam  
Deposuit annus: ille quod discesserit  
Nostræ Decanus unicus Collegio,  
Cunctis amandus, presidium et decus domûs;  
Calamo felici oblivionis e situ  
Præterita sollers suscitare sæcula;  
In pueros quam benignus—Benefactor Scholæ;  
Quam suavis in colloquio, qua facundia  
Ardente! Puro pectore, intacta fide:  
Iniqui impatiens semper, ac veri tenax,  
Vindex per omnia intrepidus causæ bonæ:  
Occidit! an æquum huic invenire sit parem?

The Epilogue, which was scarcely so well constructed as usual, was mainly concerned with the state of things in Ireland; the weather forecast, the condition of the crops, fair-trade, and other topics of the day, were introduced without much connexion, and the characters appeared upon the stage in a rather bewildering manner. The main plot was as follows:—*Nicio*, who is a Sub-Commissioner of the Land Court, comes in, after viewing the farm of *Syrus*, and decides that *Syrus* is for the future to pay less than the "nihil" which has been his rent hitherto. While *Demea*, the landlord, is deriving what comfort he can from the reflection that he has not as yet been "Boycottatus," a large packing-case addressed to him is dragged in. Some alarm is caused by the suggestion that the mysterious package may contain an infernal machine; but *Syrus* at length opens it, and finds that it contains compensation for *Demea*. The "compensation" when unpacked turns out to be a model of Ashburnham House, the appearance of which was perhaps pardonably welcomed with loud applause by the younger portion of the audience.

#### LIMITATION OF BANKING LIABILITY.

IT has for some time been clear that the Scotch unlimited banks would soon be compelled to limit the liability of their shareholders; but as long as there was any doubt upon the subject, the complete success of Sir S. Northcote's Act was not assured. They have now, however, all decided to register under the Act; and by so doing they have given proof that unlimited liability in banking can no longer be maintained. The dislike of the Scotch unlimited banks to the Act was strong, and was based on an objection to take the title "limited" after their names. As is well known, the three older Scotch banks—the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank of Scotland, and the British Linen Company—are currently believed to be limited. Some doubt was thrown upon the point by the Secretary of the Treasury in his recent correspondence with the three banks, but the banks themselves contend that their liability is limited, and the contention is admitted by the other Scotch banks. No occasion has ever yet arisen to bring the matter before the Courts, and until there is an adverse decision, it seems reasonable to assume that, as in the instances of the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland, the Royal Charter incorporating these institutions really does limit their liability. But, although the three banks are thus limited in liability, they are not obliged to take the word "limited" after their names; and the other Scotch banks argued that, if they were to take the word "limited," they would place themselves at a disadvantage in the keen competition which they maintain against the three older banks. The three banks, from the very fact that they are the oldest, have the prestige which in such matters is always an advantage; and the other banks contend that with this prestige—which will be heightened by the general belief that as they are not compelled to write the word "limited" after their names, therefore they are not in fact limited, and a creditor has consequently the whole property of all the shareholders to fall back upon in case of need—these three banks would have an immense advantage over their competitors. We are ourselves inclined to think that in this argument the unlimited Scotch banks gave too little credit to the intelligence of their countrymen. As long as unlimited liability was the rule in banking, it was natural enough that the public should suppose the three chartered Scotch banks also were unlimited, as they did not write the word "limited" after their names, and as they enjoyed all the rights of the other Scotch banks, including the right of note issue. But the great interest which has been excited during the past few years upon this subject has brought the matter to the attention of the general public, and although it is true that public memory is not very long-lived, yet the fact that those banks do not take the word "limited" after their names will excite curiosity. This will keep the facts fresh in the public mind. But, in truth, we do not consider the matter of much practical importance. For we do not doubt that the older banks will be obliged in some form or other to reorganize themselves, and in

so doing to take the word "limited." They some time ago applied to Parliament for Bills to enable them to increase their capital, assigning as the reason that they wished to give greater security to their noteholders and to their creditors generally. When once the three banks have thus admitted that, in their own opinion, the security they offer to the public is not sufficient, it is clear that they must increase that security if they do not wish to suffer in public estimation. And from their correspondence with the Treasury it is equally evident that they will not be favoured with special legislation unless they agree to take the word "limited" like their neighbours. In the meantime all the banks but the three chartered ones have decided to register under Sir S. Northcote's Act, and this week the first meeting of shareholders to carry the decision into effect has been held.

The fact that the strong objection felt by the unlimited Scotch banks has had to give way to the pressure of shareholders is a striking evidence of the necessity there now is that all banks should register as limited. As we have said, although Sir S. Northcote's Act was passed because of the failure of a Scotch bank and the hardships thereby inflicted upon the shareholders, the Scotch unlimited banks have held out until now against availing themselves of the Act. But the pressure, direct and indirect, of their shareholders has become too strong for the directors and managers. The direct pressure was brought upon them, no doubt, by the representations and remonstrances of shareholders, and perhaps stronger still was the indirect pressure caused by the action of shareholders selling their shares. The best proof, indeed, of the feeling of the public in regard to liability is afforded by the fact that the shares of the unlimited Scotch banks immediately rose on the announcement that they had decided to register as limited. At the present time, which is highly favourable to banking business, it is natural that the shares of well-managed banks should be in great demand, and therefore should stand at good prices in the stock market. But so long as the unlimited Scotch banks refused to avail themselves of Sir S. Northcote's Act, the public did not invest largely in their shares. The instant, however, it was announced that they were about to register, purchases were made so largely that the prices instantly rose. The action, no doubt, of the three older banks in applying to Parliament for power to increase their capital also strongly influenced the unlimited banks. Jealousy of these older banks prevented the unlimited banks from registering, and yet here were the three very banks of which they were jealous acknowledging that their present capitals are insufficient and that they require greater powers. For the moment they have withdrawn their Bills and profess an intention not to go on with the matter, declaring indeed that, as they are already limited, they are not able to avail themselves of Sir S. Northcote's Act. But it is clear, as we have already said, that when once the three older banks admit their capital to be insufficient, they must submit to whatever conditions Parliament likes to lay down in order to increase their capital. Practically, then, the whole of the Scotch banks are limited. The unlimited banks are about to register, and the three older banks, whether limited or not, as they themselves contend that they are, will soon be obliged to take steps which will put the matter beyond doubt. In Ireland also several of the banks have become limited. The Bank of Ireland, like the Bank of England, and like the three Scotch banks of which we have been speaking, was incorporated by Royal Charter, and is understood to be limited in liability. The Royal Bank of Ireland registered a year ago; the National Bank has decided to register, and the Munster Bank is already limited. Thus, of the nine Irish banks, four are limited, and others are understood to be about to avail themselves of the Act. In England, also, the great majority of the banks have registered. In London, two of the greatest banks—the Joint Stock and the Union of London—are still unlimited; but the London and Westminster, the London and County, and the National Provincial Bank have become limited, and all the smaller banks have also registered under the Act. Throughout the country, too, the great majority of the banks have now become limited. In fact, out of 150 banks in the United Kingdom, only 31 are now unlimited; and of these 31 it is understood that several have already decided to register under the Act, or have the question under consideration.

The success of Sir S. Northcote's Act has thus been very remarkable. When it was first introduced it was severely criticized, and not a few objectors boldly predicted that it would utterly fail, as the banks would refuse to register under it. It is, however, very little more than two years since it passed, and yet, as we have just seen, whereas the great majority of the banks were unlimited at the time it passed, only one in five is unlimited now. Moreover, the banks that are still unlimited are for the most part, with two important exceptions, small concerns. The whole of the Scotch banks, as we have seen, are now limited; three out of the five great London banks are limited; all smaller banks in London are limited; and, with the exception of Liverpool, most of the banks of the great centres of trade and industry throughout England are limited, more particularly the banks of Birmingham and Manchester, and indeed of Lancashire and Yorkshire generally. The most signal exceptions are the London Joint Stock and the Union Bank of London. These two banks, however, are not opposed to the principle of limited liability. On the contrary, the chairmen of both have declared at public meetings that they approve of the principle, and object only to the special Act. One of them hoped Parliament would reconsider the question, and would amend the Act, and when this was done, he and his

brother directors would be prepared to advise the shareholders to limit their liability. The second bank is understood to be waiting only upon the first. It is, indeed, believed that it would have availed itself of the Act without delay, but that it feared to suffer from the competition of its neighbour. But it must be evident now to these two great banks that the chance of an amendment of Sir S. Northcote's Act is infinitesimally small. As long as the Scotch banks refused to avail themselves of the Act, the influence of the Scotch members might be expected to be used in favour of an amendment; but now that the Scotch banks have decided to register, that influence is taken away. The influence, in fact, of all the great banks which have become limited will probably be used to prevent a further alteration of the law. Having taken the irrevocable step, they must all desire that the whole of the banks throughout the United Kingdom should conform to it, and that there should be as little further alteration as possible. This being so, it can hardly be doubted that these two great banks will be compelled to follow the example of their neighbours and competitors. From a public point of view there can, we think, be little question that it is desirable that all the banks should register. It is now well known that the management of the City of Glasgow Bank was suspected for several years; that many bank managers refused to take its paper; and that, in fact, there were whispers that it was in difficulties, and must sooner or later end badly. But it was able to go on to the length it did because people who took its acceptances knew that, in case of the failure of the bank, they would be able to come down upon the shareholders and recover to the last farthing. When limited liability becomes universal, the discounters of bills will not have this inducement to deal in worthless paper. They will be obliged to look more closely into the management of the several concerns with which they deal, and when they hear of bad management, or see the paper of a bank floating about in greater quantities than it ought to do, they will be compelled by regard for their own safety either to refuse to take the paper, or to assure themselves that they are safe in discounting it. Thus the limitation of liability will compel greater care in two ways. Bank managers will feel that they have not an inexhaustible fund to fall back upon; that, if they lose a certain definite capital, they will be obliged to wind up quickly; and, on the other hand, those who deal with the banks will feel that the security upon which they have to depend is limited, and that they must exercise prudence and caution in their transactions.

#### THEATRICAL MATTERS.

A CONTROVERSY which is not without interest has been lately carried on in the pages of *Le Figaro* between M. Sardou and M. Mario Uchard, who contends that M. Sardou's latest play, *Odette*, is in its main features identical with his own well-known play, *La Fiammina*. M. Uchard began a long letter to *Le Figaro* by pointing out that the discussion was "toute de camaraderie," insisting upon the *franche sympathie* that he feels for M. Sardou, and asserting his conviction that when the disputed question is settled, which it does not seem very likely to be, "nous nous donnerons une bonne poignée de main." He then set forth a letter to M. Sardou, in which, after a suitably courteous preamble, he gave the following

ARGUMENTUM OF *La Fiammina* OR OF *Odette* (ad libitum).

The Count de Clermont is separated from his wife. He has kept or Daniel Lambert with him a child that he has brought up in the belief that its mother is dead. Five years have passed since the separation, when husband and wife meet at Paris just when Daniel hopes to arrange a marriage for his daughter with the son of his friend Mme. de Méryan. But it is necessary to reveal his situation, and the conduct of the mother is an obstacle. If your wife had stayed in Italy under another name than yours, writes Mme. de Méryan, I should have been glad to consent to the proposed marriage; but she has come back to Paris and assumed a doubtful position, which makes the marriage impossible. Tout est rompu.—Désespoir des amants... Quand, par un effet de la grâce, la mère coupable, en retrouvant son enfant, ressent tout à coup un élan de l'amour maternel mal éteint dans son cœur... Apprenant qu'elle est un obstacle au bonheur de sa fille, elle se dévoue, et, pour expier sa faute, elle disparaît en quittant le théâtre, le monde, ou bien se jette à l'eau.

M. Uchard, after this, went on to dwell upon certain differences between his own method and M. Sardou's, and upon certain points of likeness and of unlikeness between the two pieces; and delivered himself thus in the last paragraph of his letter:—"La pièce est-elle de vous? Est-elle de moi? Ou sommes-nous simplement deux collaborateurs? Je crois qu'il faut, en tous cas, régler enfin cette fameuse question de fait et de droit.—Où commence la propriété d'une idée ou d'un œuvre, où finit-elle?..." This is, indeed, a wide question, and it is to be feared that not much light has been thrown upon it by the correspondence between M. Mario Uchard and M. Sardou. M. Sardou's first answer is not quoted; but, as M. Uchard observes, its tenour is evident enough from the response which it called forth. "At the première,"

M. Uchard replied to it, "every one exclaimed, this is *La Fiammina* over again. Certainly the situation of a separated husband and wife is common property; but does it follow that, choosing this theme, you were bound to follow step by step my method of working it out?..." Let us discuss the matter together, and prepare together a statement of the case for the *Commission des auteurs et compositeurs dramatiques*." This, with a good deal of matter touching the "conveying" of French authors' ideas by English playwrights, and the necessity for hawks not to pick out hawks' éen, was the gist of M. Uchard's manifesto. M. Sardou replied to it, curtly enough, that M. Uchard had not availed himself of an invitation of three weeks' standing to state his case in person to the Committee; that, as *La Fiammina* was in print, people could compare the two pieces (of course by going to see M. Sardou's, which is, or was then, not in print), and that the fuss made would probably sell a few copies of *La Fiammina*—"et, entre nous, je crois bien que c'est tout ce que souhaite mon ami Mario." In a third published letter M. Uchard declared that he had no interest in the sale of *La Fiammina*, spoke of a *haute question littéraire* being reduced to a *question de boutique* by *notre ami Sardou*, and withdrew his request for a friendly arbitration, "car, dans notre nouveau cas tout spécial, ces sortes d'affaires se portent devant les tribunaux civils et compétents." There, for the present, rests this new chapter of the quarrels of authors, into which the names of two eminent French critics were brought by M. Uchard to support his view, the two being M. Vitu and M. Sureau, from whom an English writer—we cannot say critic—has lately borrowed his worst faults, without being able to take over at the same time any of his merits.

Perhaps the greatest of M. Sardou's faults is a tendency to personalities which is not peculiar to him amongst French critics, but from which English criticism has as a rule been happily free. It is safe to say that all French criticism has been distanced in this respect by an article which appeared last week in the *Times*. The occasion of that article being written was a performance at the Haymarket Theatre of *She Stoops to Conquer*, in which, with one exception, the parts were taken by actors of mark. The one exception—the part of Miss Hardcastle, filled by Mrs. Langtry—was no doubt an important one. Mrs. Langtry appeared on this occasion as an amateur, and we have no intention of discussing her capabilities as an actress until the intention attributed to her of appearing as a professional actress is carried out. It does, however, seem desirable to call attention to the nature of the article referred to—an article which, we hasten to say, it is safe to conclude from internal evidence was not written by the regular dramatic critic of the *Times*. This remarkable production of modern journalism, which occupied a prominent place in the columns of "the leading journal," began by telling again, in a singularly unamusing fashion, the old, old story of the first production of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and went on into such a burst of mawkish and garrulous servility as is happily seldom seen in the pages of a paper of reputation. In the inception of what was supposed to be the critical part of the article the functions of critic and reporter were curiously confounded. "The house," we learnt, "overflowed with rank, fashion, and celebrity," as if this had anything whatever to do with the merits or demerits of the performance. The rank, fashion, and celebrity were there with a praiseworthy purpose, since "the proceeds of the performance were to go in aid of the funds of an excellent institution," although the writer had informed us in a previous sentence that the audience was drawn to the theatre by sheer curiosity. "Even those who came only to look," the writer continued, "will admit that they had their money's worth." Comment would be wasted upon the taste which allowed such stuff as this to be written and published as part of what purported to be a criticism on the performance of Miss Hardcastle by a lady who, it was understood, was anxious to put her powers of acting to a serious test. It was no doubt to be expected that many spectators would go to the Haymarket Theatre on this occasion led merely by a motive of curiosity, but it was hardly to be expected that the *Times* should write of this curiosity and of its gratification in the terms just quoted. What followed must be allowed to speak entirely for itself. No words of ours could add anything to the condemnation which every line of it carries in and to itself. "Exquisite purity of complexion (remarkable in this lady) unaided by art is apt to become paleness on the stage. The brightest of eyes are not seen to advantage across the footlights, but the finely-shaped head, the classic profile, the winning expression of the features, the fascinating smile, the musical laugh, the grace of the figure—a full-flowing roundness inclining to length—these are gifts which the public in a theatre can appreciate as well as the privileged admirers in a drawing-room, and the enthusiastic applause which greeted Mrs. Langtry on her entrance must be regarded as the willing eager homage to the far-famed beauty as well as a cordial welcome to the *débütante*." But even this was not enough. The writer must needs further show the versatility of his accomplishments by exhibiting his competence to compose airy descriptions for the *Magasin des modes*. Miss Hardcastle, he informed us, appeared in "three dresses. Her first dress was a pink and yellow brocade, cut low. Her second, a sprigged muslin, and a hat with orange ribbons. Her third, a grey dress, like a French waiting-maid's, with white muslin cap and apron. All were voted becoming, the third *modest of all*." Then came in an attempt at a scrap of critical writing,

in which it was noted, as it seemed, with surprise, that "the merriment" excited by Goldsmith's play "was kept up continuously to the end, unchecked by the reflection that many of the situations were more farcical than comic"; and then followed a dismissal, in a few lines, of the claims to consideration of the players who had appeared in *She Stoops to Conquer*, relieved by what was probably meant for a graceful compliment to an actress who took a comparatively minor part. It is happily not often that English journalism descends to such depths as have been reached in the article upon which we have commented; and it is for that very reason impossible to pass unnoticed the publication in such a paper as the *Times* of such intolerable and offensive rubbish.

## REVIEWS.

### DEANE'S BOOK OF WISDOM.\*

WE have no acquaintance with Mr. Deane that is not derived from sources open to all; but he is evidently one of a class of English clergymen who are becoming fewer every year while yet their services are more needed now than ever—men by whom the leisure of a small country parish is regarded as at once an opportunity and an incentive for literary labour, especially of that kind which is concerned with the exact study of Holy Scripture. Our bishops have long since had to lock up their libraries, and to become the mere slaves of semi-secular business. One very learned prelate is said to have declared that by the time he had lived ten years longer he should have grown to be the most ignorant clergyman in his great diocese; and the claims of a large and populous parish are hardly less exacting and continuous than his. In the days when flower shows and archery clubs and lawn-tennis parties were not as yet, the Church found in her rural parsonages diligent and patient scholars, who devoted some portion of each day to wholesome or holy books, because they rightly judged that "the priest's lips should keep knowledge," and had not yet come to think that theology, the queen of sciences, could be attained to by instinct or intuition. We gather from the tone and spirit of this volume that Mr. Deane belongs to this elder race, and we congratulate him heartily on the pleasure his investigations must have given him in their prosecution, as well as on their happy and fruitful results. Upon no branch of divine learning could his toil have been better bestowed than on editing the *Book of Wisdom*, by far the most important and suggestive of all the treatises which compose that medley of works, varying as widely as possible in their merit and value, called by us The Apocrypha.

Mr. Deane tells us that his attention was turned to this book many years ago, when there existed no Commentary in the English language that treated fully of it, save that of Arnald (d. 1756), in continuation of Patrick and Lowth on the Old Testament; and Arnald, with abundance of erudition and diligence, is "copious indeed, but cumbersome, and often speculative and uncritical." The field, therefore, was open before Mr. Deane; and he has occupied it so well that he is in no danger of being dislodged from ground he has fairly made his own. His prolegomena are very elaborate, and should be read with especial care. "Viewing the *Book of Wisdom* as an important product of Jewish Alexandrine thought, it seemed desirable to offer a brief sketch of the course taken by Greek philosophy in discussing the momentous questions with which it attempted to cope" (Preface, p. 6). Hence, in a section of twenty-two quarto pages, our author, on this subject taking Mr. Lewes for his guide, examines in a summary, but by no means superficial, manner, the physical theories of teachers who preceded Socrates, as Thales, Anaximander, Pythagoras, and the rest; next in order, the practical and purely ethical tenets of Socrates himself, and the speculations of Plato, with whom "universal propositions, abstract terms, were the materials upon which he worked, while in his search for truth he was severely logical," so that his conclusions, being drawn from different premises, would often be inconsistent with each other. From Aristotle, "a less devoutly religious man than Plato, one who seems scarcely to have believed in a personal God," after passing notices of the rival sects of Epicurus and of Zeno, the New Academy is reached, each of these later schools being recognized as in its way a kind of *Preparatio Evangelica*:—

They had all spiritualized to some extent the popular mode of regarding religion, they had restored a certain unity in the conception of the Divine essence, and had given man hopes of redemption from the blind power of nature, and an elevation to a secure and higher life. But here they stopped. They offered these as mere speculative opinions. The best of philosophies had yet to learn that humility which a better religion teaches; and till this was received and acquiesced in, men might argue and criticize and theorize, but they would never arrive at the truth.

It was at Alexandria, that mighty colluvies of Eastern and Western civilization, that speculative philosophy first came in contact with revelation. Mr. Deane had already noted a sharp distinction between the two. "Theology has to deal with faith, philosophy with research." They may both flourish side by side,

\* ΣΟΦΙΑ ΣΑΔΩΜΩΝ. *The Book of Wisdom; the Greek Text, the Latin Vulgate, and the Authorized English Version.* With an Introduction, Critical Apparatus, and a Commentary by William J. Deane, M.A., Oriel College, Oxford, Rector of Ashen, Essex. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1882.

the one throwing friendly light over the dark places of the other, as in the writings of our own Cudworth and More, and the Cambridge metaphysical divines of the seventeenth century; but always on the condition that, where their respective provinces are found to overlap, philosophy must yield place to her nobler sister. This fundamental principle was naturally apprehended only by slow degrees, especially among Jewish thinkers like Philo, whose admiration for the results of Greek philosophical research was at least as great as his reverence for the religious faith of his own people, or for the national ritual to which in his distant home he was a comparative stranger. The writer of this *Book of Wisdom*, who can never have been identified with Philo by any one that had more than a very superficial acquaintance with the tone and spirit of their respective works, could hardly have composed it elsewhere than in Alexandria, and that probably a full century and a half before the age of Philo. On the one hand, he is penetrated with a deep knowledge as well of the facts as of the style of the Old Testament; on the other hand, "a Palestinian Hebrew . . . would scarcely have possessed so thorough a command of the Greek language as the author displays." The grounds for fixing a more exact date for this composition must be confessed to be somewhat precarious. It contains no trace of distinctively Christian doctrine, and is itself plainly referred to several times over in the New Testament (e.g. ch. ii. 22 in Matt. xiii. 11; ch. v. 18-20 in Eph. vi. 13-17; ch. vii. 26 in Heb. i. 3; ch. xv. 7 in Rom. ix. 21); so that it was in existence and even in wide repute at the time of the first preaching of the Gospel; while its constant use of the Septuagint version, where that version differs from the Hebrew, forbids our assigning it to a higher period than B.C. 200, about which time that famous translation was brought to a completion. Mr. Deane cites his test examples of divergence from the Hebrew in favour of the Greek from the prophecy of Isaiah, which is one of the latest and least esteemed portions of the Septuagint, comparing ch. ii. 12 with Isaiah iii. 10, and ch. xv. 10 with Isaiah xlv. 20. Between these extreme limits of B.C. 200 and the Christian era we have not much to guide us. There are several notices scattered up and down this book of seasons of trouble and persecution (e.g. ch. iii. 1, 4, 5; v. 1, &c.); yet the only persecutions visited specially on Egyptian Jews, as such, seem to have taken place in the reigns of Ptolemy Philopator (B.C. 221-204), as related in the Third Book of the Maccabees, and of Ptolemy VII., or Physcon, about B.C. 145 (Josephus, *Antiq.* ii. 5). It is to this last calamity that allusion seems chiefly to be made, so that the book may be as early as the second century B.C. Certain orthodox divines who lived in the dim twilight of biblical study in England have taken the trouble to prove that *Wisdom* could not have been written by Solomon, to whom it is ascribed in the title of nearly all our manuscripts, and whose character is no doubt assumed throughout. We should have thought it plain to the meanest capacity that the assumption is a transparent literary fiction, never intended to deceive, and seriously deceiving no one. The writer, whosoever he may have been, is by far the most spiritually-minded of uninspired writers before Christ came. The companion book of Ecclesiasticus appears cold and worldly in comparison. Hence the veneration accorded to him by the best theologians of every age, from Clement of Rome (Ep. i. 27) to Isaac Barrow, who, fresh from the East and the study of St. Chrysostom, after citing passages from both, thus concludes:—"These are the words of wise Solomon, in the *Book of Wisdom* and in the Proverbs."

The body of this edition abundantly answers to the fair promise of the Prolegomena. Three columns on each page contain in parallel lines the Greek text in the middle, the Latin version on the left side of the page, the Authorized English translation on the right, the verse notation in each case being banished to the margin. The Latin is of the oldest form, untouched by Jerome, so that Sabatier in his great Latin Bible has no other continuous translation to use in this book or in Ecclesiasticus. The Greek is arranged in parallel lines, after the manner of Hebrew poetry, a practice Mr. Deane has borrowed from O. T. Fritzsche (1877), much to our regret. Their model is the Codex Alexandrinus as edited by Baber, but they are sometimes obliged to desert their model (e.g. ch. xviii. 21, 22), while in other places the result is as bad as can be (e.g. ch. vii. 22, 23). The fact is that, while Ecclesiasticus lends itself easily to such an arrangement, *Wisdom* does not. After the first few chapters, where the style is more simple than in the later ones, the language is that of rhetorical prose rather than of poetry. *Græcæ eloquentiæ redolet* is Jerome's fair comment; and of Bishop Lowth's epithets, *grandiloquus*, *colturnatus*, *tumidus*, we respectfully demur to the third. But the book is not verse, and should not be printed as such. Our editor has taken much pains in revising the Greek text by means of the three great uncial copies (A. B.) which fortunately are all complete throughout this book, adopting Fritzsche's collations with a wholesome knowledge of their sad lack of accuracy. He adds to these the celebrated Paris palimpsest fragment (C) edited by Tischendorf, which contains less than half the matter (191 verses out of 436); an uncial manuscript of a later date, imperfectly known (23), and ten cursive copies whose readings are all supplied by Parsons in Dean Holmes's Septuagint, one of them (248) being, in the Apocrypha, the parent of the Complutensian Polyglott. He annexes also notices of the readings of Thilo's nine manuscripts (1825). It is highly inconvenient that Mr. Deane, like Fritzsche, chooses for the capital authorities a notation peculiar to himself, instead of adopting that of his predecessors in this department of criticism. In forming his text he displays both judgment and

skill, calling to his aid as well the ancient but paraphrastic Syriac and Arabic versions contained in Walton's Polyglott as an Armenian translation published in 1827, regarded by Canon Westcott as of great value, and characterized by our author as "so close to the original that it is easy to see what reading it has followed." The groundwork of the text, we are informed, is the Vatican manuscript (B), as edited by Vercellone and Cozza, but still left, and we fear likely to be left, destitute of the necessary critical notes. To B the late uncial (23) bears much resemblance, and Mr. Deane's textual decisions seem rarely at fault. He has none of the rashness which prompts Fritzsche, and that, too, in cases presenting no great difficulty, to resort to mere conjecture, but abides manfully by his authorities, and in his notes tries to make the best of them. Thus, in c. xviii. 22 ἐνίκησε τὸν ὄχλον follows immediately upon a somewhat ornate description of "the blameless man" Aaron standing between the living and the dead (Num. xvi. 47, 48). What may ὄχλον here mean? All manuscripts and versions read the word (*turban*, however, in the Vulgate), except that two cursive copies (157, 248), dragging after them the Complutensian edition and English Authorized, borrow τὸν ἀποθνήσκοντα "the destroyer" from ver. 25. Fritzsche tamely takes into his text Hausermeister's guess (1828) χάλον. Mr. Deane, we are sure, hits upon the true sense, "He overcame the commotion, the trouble," i.e. the plague, and the sinfulness that caused it; a meaning, we may add, familiar enough in the phrase ὄχλον παρέχειν. Before leaving the subject of the Greek text let us gently complain, once for all, of numerous typographical monstrosities, such as seldom issue from the Clarendon Press. The following specimens will suffice: δῆσμων [ἐνεδρεύσμων], p. 31; αἰθερικός and περιόμυθα, p. 38; σκίας, ch. ii. 5; αἰας, ch. xii. 3; ὄργης, ch. xviii. 25.

It only remains for us to say a few words respecting the Authorized English Version, which is quite unworthy to occupy its place in Mr. Deane's third column, abreast of the Greek. The second Cambridge Company, to which the Apocrypha was committed in King James's revision, did its part hurriedly, and at times with almost shameful negligence. Another Committee, now sitting at Cambridge, and composed of men eminently fitted for the task, will beyond question give a very different account of this Book of Wisdom. Arnald had long since spoken of the demerits of our present version in terms not a whit too strong:—

The English translation of the Apocryphal books, which the Church now uses, is that which was made by the command of King James I.; but, though seven very considerable persons were employed in the work, yet it is surprising to observe in how many places it is faulty and imperfect. In that of the Book of Wisdom the language is not only bad, but the sense often obscure and intricate; and, though some allowances may be made on account of the faultiness of the text, which might in particular passages occasion the obscurity of our version, yet often, where the original is pure, clear, and intelligible, the translators have not only fallen short of the force and beauty of it, but have unaccountably mistaken the sense; and where the Greek happens to be equivocal, and will admit of different meanings, have frequently taken the worst and most foreign to the context. The translation of the first part is much the best executed; but the three last (*sic*) chapters betray great negligence, and seem to come from a hasty, if not almost said an unskilful, hand.—Preface.

Arnald hardly seems to know that the worst errors of King James's Apocrypha are survivals from the Bishops' (1572) and even from Coverdale's (1535) Bibles, which have been left untouched in places where almost any change would have been for the better. In regard to the text, it needed a keener critical instinct than John Bois (d. 1643) and his colleagues were gifted with to discern the excellence of that represented in the Roman Septuagint of 1586, grounded, as we now know, on the great Codex Vaticanus. Yet they follow it, after the Aldine edition (1518), in the margin of ch. xv. 5 (ὁρεῖται for ὁρεῖται), and in several other places; and the Roman edition (not on this occasion in agreement with the Vatican copy) in ch. xiv. 25 (πάντας for πάντα). Elsewhere they adhere pretty closely to the Complutensian (1517) and its prototype (248), a cursive manuscript of no great age. Respecting the Authorized text we have but one word more to say. If Mr. Deane decided to reprint it, he should have taken care to resort to the Bibles of 1611 in preference to modern editions, at least where the latter are obviously wrong. Such a case is ch. iii. 14, where the mark of reference should precede "in" (as it does in the earliest issue of 1611), not follow it. In ch. x. 10 "travails" (μύχθους) should surely be read with the Bibles of 1611, 1613, not "travels," as in 1612 and later books; compare ch. vi. 14. So in ch. xvi. 18 we would restore "sometimes" (ποτέ); in ch. xviii. 9, "alike" of 1611 is clearer than "like" of 1629; and why (with 1638) interpolate "and" before "another"? The marginal *tyrant*, ch. xiv. 16, is apparently a misprint; but in ver. 21, marg., "That is" from Junius should be inserted rather than "Or" of 1612. Mr. Deane would think us unreasonable if we tried to recall "unperfect," ch. iv. 5; "unproperly," ch. v. 16, marg., "unconspicuous," ch. xii. 1; but "brickle" (ch. xv. 13), not "brittle," held its own up to 1762.

The new translation which Mr. Deane lacked resolution to attempt was essayed by two writers in 1880, after his text (not his notes) had probably been printed off. That executed by Dr. Bispell, of Edinburgh, we have not seen, but from the specimens cited by our author, we should judge that our loss has not been great. Canon W. R. Churton's edition, undertaken for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Mr. Deane was permitted to use before publication, and it is sure to be worth much if sufficient time and pains have been spent upon it. Mr. Deane's Commentary is very full and scholarly, seldom missing any

point, whether of criticism, grammar, or interpretation, which needs to be elucidated. In illustrating the tough metaphor in ch. iv. 3, he might as well have glanced at the strange occasion on which one Dr. Shaw took it for his text at St. Paul's; but it is rare enough to find him pass over anything that is really to his purpose. The English Church may well be proud of such a work as this, proceeding as it does from a private beneficed clergyman; and we expect to meet Mr. Deane ere long in the same path of study—perhaps in a new and much-needed edition of the Book of Ecclesiasticus.

#### EVANS'S LEICESTERSHIRE WORDS.\*

WE are very far from questioning the value of the publications of the English Dialect Society, or from wishing to depreciate the merits of this volume on Leicestershire words and sayings. We can very readily believe that Mr. Evans has added much important matter to the collection as it was originally published by his father in 1848; but we are by no means sure that the chief improvement is to be found in the mere number of entries which have enlarged the list from a little more than twelve hundred to more than three thousand. Mr. Evans admits that many of the words now included in the vocabulary were deliberately rejected by his father as belonging to the English language rather than to the Leicestershire dialect. The dialect which for convenience sake may be called that of Leicestershire is not, indeed, to be judged in the same way with the dialects of the extreme North and South; but even thus it is not easy to catch the principle which has guided Mr. Evans in his classification. It is impossible, he asserts, to define a scientific frontier between standard and provincial English; and this is indisputably true. But he has felt himself justified, he adds, in annexing, as the rightful property of his native county, "every word and idiom that came in his way to which a fair title could be made out, although a number of other dialects might have an equal right to advance the same claim."

This sentence, plain though it seems to be, scarcely carries its meaning with it. No doubt Mr. Evans has met with every word given in his list; but we are not told whether he restricts himself to words which have been obtained by himself or by others from the actual talk of the people, or whether his limits include words found in manuscripts or in books, whether he restricts himself to the writings of Leicestershire men, and whether he draws any distinction between what they may have written as Leicestershire men and what they may have penned as bred or educated in other parts of the country. A large license must certainly be allowed to those who compile such lists as the present one; but when a given word is used in every part of England, when there is, so far as we may see, no difference of meaning attached to it in Leicestershire, and when there is no reason for supposing that the word was first obtained from Leicestershire, and then spread over the other counties, it is not easy to understand why this word should be included in the Glossary. If it illustrates any notion or saying or superstition in any way peculiar to the county, it might fairly be placed in the list of proverbs and phrases which Mr. Evans gives at the end of his volume; but it can scarcely be taken as a reason for regarding the word as in any sense the peculiar property of the county. We may take the word *planet*. In the Glossary we have under this heading the following entry:—"To rain by planets," said of rain that comes down partially, wetting one field and leaving another close adjoining quite dry. "But why by planets, my friend?" asked I. "Why, don't you know?" said my informant, "it's all along of the planets." If this explanation be peculiar to Leicestershire, it should go under the head of phrases or sayings, not in the list of words; and accordingly in the list of "Proverbs, rhymes, &c." we have the entry "It rains by planets," with a quotation from Italy, accounting for the phrase on two different grounds. Why are the two entries needed? There is no change in the meaning attached to the word planets, the very phrase implying that the speaker regards them as wandering stars. All that is peculiar is the idea that they cause partial showers. We might fairly say that the word planet ought not to be given in the Glossary of any English or Teutonic dialect, and that it must be inserted in English dictionaries only because a dictionary aims at giving the whole store of words used by a people, whether these words be their own or be mere borrowings from others. We may not be able to spare the word "planets," but as it is not a Leicestershire word, so neither is it an English word.

Still less are we able to see why the Glossary should contain the entry "Tyburn-tippet," of which we are told merely that it means a hangman's halter. Mr. Evans adds to this explanation a quotation from one of Latimer's sermons. "The Bishop of Rome sent him a Cardinal's hat. He should have had a Tyburn-tippet, a halfpenny-halter, and all such proud prelacies." Are we to suppose that Latimer's knowledge of Tyburn-tippets was due to the place of his birth or of his early schooling? Is there any reason for supposing that the phrase would have been by itself intelligible to the common folk of Leicestershire? Latimer in his sermon interprets the phrase by the words "a halfpenny-halter"; but, if the explanation was needed, in what sense can the word be regarded as peculiar to the county? We fail to see any stronger

\* *Leicestershire Words, Phrases, and Proverbs*. Collected by the late Arthur Benson Evans, D.D.: Edited, with Additions and an Introduction, by Sebastian Evans, M.A., LL.D., London: Published for the English Dialect Society. Trübner & Co. 1881.



reason for the insertion of *Bogey*, which is said to mean "an apparition, ghost, diabolic spectre, Old Bogey being the prince of darkness himself." Here, again, we have a word which belongs neither to Leicestershire nor to England; but the meaning attached to it in Leicestershire precisely agrees with the meaning attached to it elsewhere; and if the dark unused coal-cellar under the schoolroom at Bosworth was known as the bogey-hole, we are at a loss to know what we get from this fact when bogey-holes are to be found perhaps in every parish in the kingdom. Something may be said for the insertion of "build" in the sense of frame or form ("Ah niver see a sooch a build"), although the Galloway tailor in Scott's *Guy Rannering* speaks of the out-of-the-way build of Dominie Sampson; but in the entry "Apple-turnover" we fail to see any difference in the Leicestershire usage either as to the word or the thing from the usage of other parts of England. The case is altered when, under the heading "April fool," we find that in Leicestershire talk a man may be made an April fool in any month of the year; but even this peculiarity, which would call for notice in the roll of proverbs or phrases, scarcely justifies the appearance of the word in the Glossary. The same remark applies to the entry "Beetle," under which we have simply two quotations from Latimer and Hall, giving the phrase "blind as a beetle." No doubt the phrase may have been used in Leicestershire for centuries, as it may have been used elsewhere; but if this is to be a reason for inserting it in Glossaries of all the dialects of England, we can but say that of the making of such books there will be either no end or a very distant one.

But we need scarcely say that to a vast number of entries in the Glossary these remarks do not apply, and that many of them are in a high degree interesting and valuable. There is good reason for giving the word "cleverthrough" in the sense of right or straight through, on the strength of a sentence from Macaulay's "Antiquities of Claybrook"—"I shall next ways go clever through Ullsthorpe." Macaulay speaks of the expression as being in common use. Mr. Evans remarks that he has never heard it himself or knows anybody who has. "If," he adds, "the theory of a printer's blunder were admissible in the case of so carefully edited a work, I should have concluded that the author wrote 'clean through.'" If, again, we take the expression "finger-pillory," there is nothing peculiar to Leicestershire in either portion of the compound word; but it is needful to note that in the church of St. Helen's, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, an instrument so called was used for the punishment of disorderly children. A lid closed down on the fingers, which were so bent that the hand could not be removed while the lid remained shut. Its action, we are told, caused no pain, and was very effective. It might perhaps be well if the revival of a punishment so harmless could be followed by the disappearance of others which are both harsh and mischievous. Nor do we quarrel with the entry "Besogne, s.b. business." Of this Mr. Evans says simply that "One old lady only, who followed the profession of charwoman, have I ever heard use this word; but with her it was habitual, 'Mind your own besogne.'" But we are not told whether the old woman had always lived within the range of the Leicestershire dialect.

It is something to learn that in Leicestershire "bleak" answers strictly to the German *bleich*. It denotes, not exposure to biting winds, but the lack of colour caused by illness. "A's a good bit better; but a looks very bleak yet." "Brig," which we get in Midlothian English, is, we are told, as common as "bridge," and carries us also to the High Dutch form. So also does *lig*, in the sense of lying or speaking falsely. "You thought a lig, Louke Hudson's pig," is, it seems, a common Leicestershire saying; and, if it be asked what Hudson's pig thought, the answer will be, "Who, a thought as they was a-goin' to kill him, an' they on'y run a ring threw it nooze." Tarpawling, Mr. Evans tells us, is inserted, not so much for any dialectal significance, as for the sake of giving a quotation which may throw light on the origin of the word. This passage speaks of "a perfect seaman, a kind of interpaulin"; and Mr. Evans suggests that the second part of the word may be a variant of *purlins*, the inter-purlins or interpawl-ings being the temporary covering of oiled or tarred canvas spread between them to keep out the wet. The name, he thinks, may have been transferred from the spaces to the material which covered them. "On the other hand," he adds, "'pauling' seems to be used in Lincolnshire for the covering of a cart or waggon, and Halliwell gives 'palliones, tents, Northumbr.," so that tarpawling perhaps may be only a *var.* of tarred pavilioning, or tent-cloth."

The reader who takes up this book with the notion of finding notices of the origin, or even the history, of the words entered in the Glossary will be disappointed. He will find a few explanations, as in the instance just cited of tar-pawling; but Mr. Evans warns us in the preface that he has "eschewed etymology, with a rigour almost superstitious; and the exceptional instances in which a derivation is suggested in no case trench upon the special prerogatives of the etymologist." But, without trespassing on this domain, there is abundance of interest to be found in the examination of the Leicestershire grammar and in the Leicestershire utterances of vowels and consonants. In his excellent remarks on the geographical and local names of the county Mr. Evans notices, as belonging to a time seemingly much later than that of the Norman Conquest, the legend which has gathered round the names of Mountsorrel, Wanlip, Burstall, and Belgrave. The earlier name of this last place was *Merdegrave*; the change to *Belgrave* must, he thinks, have been the work of a Norman owner. But, whenever the change may have been made, the story goes that a

certain giant, named Bel, vowed that he would reach Leicester from Mountsorrel in three leaps. At Mountsorrel, then, he mounted his sorrel steed. "One leap carried him as far as Wanlip in safety; but on essaying a second he burst all—his harness, his horse, and himself—at Burstall. In spite of this misadventure, Bel drove his spurs into his dying charger, and attempted the third leap. But the effort was too great. Steed and rider dropped dead together, a mile and a half short of Leicester, and are buried together in one grave at Belgrave." Whatever be the value of this tale in other respects, it proves, Mr. Evans rightly adds, that the Leicestershire pronunciation of *one* and *leap* (Wanlip) has remained unchanged since the days when the story was put together.

Of the introduction we can only say briefly that it is admirable. Mr. Evans has traced with the greatest clearness the streams of circumstance which determined the relations of Leicestershire speech with that of Northumbria and Wessex, and ended by making the Leicestershire dialect the standard speech of Englishmen. Excellent as this introduction is, its matter is scarcely a subject of controversy. The readers of Mr. Freeman's *Norman Conquest* will be well prepared to admit Mr. Evans's conclusions. They may perhaps also share the enthusiasm with which he speaks of the dialect as "the Boy born to be King":—

Every mishap that threatens disgrace and death in reality but hoists him higher and higher up the steps that lead to the throne, until, almost before the shrewd and kindly peasant becomes conscious of his destiny, the old discomfited royalties are fain to kneel before him, where he sits paled in purple and crowned with gold, grasping the inevitable sceptre in his great brown right hand, and in his left the girdled robe and cross, the chosen lord of realms which the "vast of night" is not broad enough to overshadow.

The dialect of the Leicestershire gentleman became, as Mr. Evans says, the English language. Whether this language will outlive the assaults of fine writers and fine speakers, who are fast degrading it to a wretched jargon, we cannot tell.

#### LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM GOMM.\*

WE do not often come across letters at once so manly, modest, animated, and picturesque as those which go to make up the bulk of this volume. They were addressed—the larger part of them—by Sir William Gomm, from scenes of war and horror in Flanders and the Peninsula, to his only sister at home. The correspondence opens with the year 1799, and is not carried in this volume later down than 1815, which saw the close of Sir William Gomm's actual fighting career. In the former year he writes to an aunt, in reply to kindly words of counsel:—

"Think not that whilst I strive to discharge my military duties I shall forget my religious ones. I have always thought that he who observes the former and disregards the latter is at best but a civilized brute. He who wishes to be styled a 'great man' must, in my opinion, look upon his religion as the foundation of his greatness. Courage, humanity, clemency, and all other virtues that constitute the 'hero' will necessarily follow. The character of Rollo in *Pizarro* (which I suppose you have read) is that which I should choose to follow. I can never enough admire it."

We quote this extract partly because it is a remarkable production for a boy of fourteen, but chiefly because the boy carried out in their integrity the principles he thus early expressed, through a life of ninety years, till he died crowned with honour. The present generation of officers has fallen upon slow times; for young Gomm was gazetted ensign before he was ten, obtained his lieutenant's commission before he was eleven, and was fighting the French in a pitched battle by the time he reached fourteen. He writes home after the fight:—"A bullet just grazed the corner of my left eye. It gave me a little headache; but there is not even remaining the least mark now, which I am very sorry for." Nothing at this time, and for many years later, appears to have afforded him so much satisfaction as a really good "hammer and tongs" business with the French; not that he seems to have borne his enemies the least ill will—indeed he seems rather to have liked them—but what he enjoyed was the "fun of the thing." And he liked it all the more if the weather was fine. One great battle was made actually "disagreeable" for him because it rained most of the time. There is not the faintest tinge of affectation in any such expressions; the writer writes just as he feels; and, indeed, his letters would be more interesting if he were not so reticent about himself.

The attention of readers will naturally be most attracted to that part of the book which treats of the great events in Spain, Portugal, and on the plains of Belgium. The criticism offered is always temperate; the ability and courage of the enemy are readily allowed; though the wanton cruelty and rapacity which stained the characters and dimmed the renown of such leaders as Masséna, for instance, never fail to evoke the writer's indignant and heartfelt reprobation. There are two curious prophecies, placed for contrast in juxtaposition, which we cannot forbear quoting. On one occasion, before Ciudad Rodrigo in 1812, Sir W. Gomm had Lord Wellington for *vis-à-vis* at a dinner given by one of the generals:—

I listened [writes Sir William] to Wellington while propounding his opinion as to what are the characteristics of a really great man—freedom from all double dealing, equivocation, subterfuge, and so forth—evidently levelling the shafts of his criticism at Buonaparte; and he wound up his

\* *Letters and Journals of Field-Marshal Sir William Maynard Gomm, G.C.B.* Edited by Francis Culling Carr-Gomm, H.M.'s Madras Civil Service. London: Murray, 1881.

lecture by declaring it to be his deliberate conviction that French domination, then seemingly established *ad infinitum* over the continent of Europe, was based upon shifting sand, essentially rotten at its foundation, and sustained by fraud, bad faith, and immeasurable extortion; and that it only required an honest understanding among the Powers of Europe, so downtrodden, to put an end to the most contemptible tyranny that ever oppressed the civilized world. I well remember the energetic utterance of these closing expressions in the midst of a pretty large dinner party.

The second is more generally known:—

It was in 1809 that Napoleon wrote to Masséna, then invading Portugal:—"Sweden has lost, through her alliance with England, the finest and most important of her provinces. This is a new example to kings that an alliance with England will lead them to ruin. When I shall show myself beyond the Pyrenees, the terrified Leopard will seek the ocean to avoid disgrace, defeat, and death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of good over that of evil, of moderation, of order, and of morality over anarchy, civil war, and destructive passion!"

Sir William Gomm is usually far more lenient in his judgments upon the Spanish armies and people than are English historians generally. And it must be remembered that he saw a great deal of both, and was frequently employed on duties which took him among them. It is pleasant, therefore, when recalling the often fierce and contemptuous invectives of Napier and Alison, to read:—"I declare I have never seen the Spaniards otherwise than conciliating when we ourselves have known how to behave." Of Castanos, whom Napier terms "slow and arrogant," Sir W. Gomm writes, "I have seen a great deal of Castanos, and I like him very much. I dare say he does not want intelligence or activity as a soldier. But"—and here we seem to see some explanation of British impatience with and contempt for Spaniards—"but we are always looking out for heroes and thunderbolts of war in this country, and we are out of humour with anything else." "Castanos," he says again, "is friendly to the English, not only from principle, but evidently from inclination." It is not in the courtesy of our nation to make allowances for the susceptibilities of other peoples. We are too apt to thrust our idiosyncrasies upon them, with the invariable consequence of arousing the most intense dislike. "Nowhere," says Sir W. Gomm, "is our ill-breeding (to use it gently) more conspicuous than when we intrude upon the religious ceremonies of the Portuguese, as we sometimes do. I really believe it is often done through ignorance; but it is very disgusting." And he proceeds to say how his brother officers would "appear in a Roman Catholic Church in the same humour as people go to Drury Lane to cry down or support a new play." While speaking of the Peninsula we may point out to the editor of this book a slight error into which he has fallen. At page 15 he says, "the French were completely routed at Fuentes d'Onor." At page 215 we read, "Wellington himself admitted that, had Buonaparte been there, the allies would have suffered a signal defeat." As it was, the French were never so nearly winning as on that day. "Both parties claimed the victory," says Napier. The work, we may say here, is admirably edited. It was no easy matter to fill in, briefly and completely, the intervals of Sir W. Gomm's correspondence with explanatory matter.

Sir William Gomm's "Journal of the Operations of the Army under the Duke of Wellington, from June 15 to August 8, 1815," is interesting even at this distance of time, since it was penned while actually on the march to Paris after Waterloo. In that battle the writer was hotly engaged. "I received," says he, writing to his sister, "two blows which are of no consequence, and had two horses wounded, which is of great consequence; and I am so hoarse at *hurrying all yesterday* that I can scarcely articulate." The journal is very brief, but it is remarkably accurate, considering, or perhaps because, the world was not then flooded with Waterloo histories, stories, legends, and enigmas. It was a source of gratification to the writer in after years, on routing out from an old drawer "this sketchy and sadly rusty-looking memoir," to find that "in all important details upon which it touches it was not 'exaggerating' in the heat of exaltation, nor 'setting down aught in malice,' and was at mortal variance only with such versions as have provoked it to break its rest in the present instance." He alludes here to the "sinfarromades recently put forth for the dreamy consolation of compatriots and the grave amusement of all the world beside, by those consummate masters of fiction—Victor Hugo and Thiers." There is one assertion in the journal which is sure to provoke not only comment but sharp criticism; and it will be seen that, when re-reading his memoir on the occasion referred to, Sir William Gomm qualified one or two of his former remarks, but left the assertion we refer to as it was. It is this:—

About five in the afternoon [on Waterloo day] the Prussians are observed advancing upon the right flank of the enemy's position, but their firing is still distant. The Prussian columns . . . although they had happily surmounted all obstacles, and were rapidly gaining ground upon the main position of the enemy above Planchenoit by 7 o'clock, had not formed their junction with our left wing until the third and desperate attack made by the Imperial Guard upon the British line had been completely repulsed, and the enemy was in total rout in our front.

(The italics are ours.) This assertion is all the more extraordinary seeing that Sir W. Gomm was on the British left, in the very best position for observing what occurred in the Prussian quarter; and being a Staff officer, and continually engaged on our left in various duties, such an important event as the advent of our allies on the scene could not have passed unnoticed. We fear that M. Thiers, without any need for romancing, would have made short work of Sir W. Gomm's belief. Marshal Soult writes to Grouchy as early as one o'clock, "Nous croyons apercevoir le corps de Bulow sur

les hauteurs de St. Lambert." Shortly after, Lobau, with no less than 10,000 men, was sent from in front of the British to oppose the Prussian advance. This fact in itself is sufficient testimony to the early and immense effects produced by Prussian co-operation. Their firing was certainly distant—or rather, it did not proceed from large masses—down to as late as 4 or 4.30 P.M.; but the pressure of their coming arrival had been felt by the French long before. So far from the Imperial Guard having been routed before the Prussians effected a junction with our men, the projectiles from Bulow's guns had been falling in the ranks of the Guard while posted in reserve near La Belle Alliance. And there was time afterwards for Bulow's first troops to be repulsed, and for him to attack again with his entire corps, and for half of Pirck's corps to arrive and become desperately engaged before the Guard made its onslaught. But since the appearance, in 1866, of the late Colonel O. C. Chesney's admirable monograph on Waterloo, the question as to the share taken by the Prussians in winning the battle may be held to be definitely settled. Their loss was over six thousand men; and, as there was no serious stand made by the French after the defeat of the Guard, that loss must have been experienced in previous hard fighting.

Sir William Gomm appended to his Journal a final note in which, fifty-five years after the event, and when he was eighty-five or eighty-six years old, he thus sums up his reflections upon the campaign:—

It is my faith that there were three distinct manifestations of the direct intervention of Providence in the course of the great events of 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, 1815, over the plains of Belgium. Of one of these the great Duke himself was conscious. Often when asked to what agency he attributed his escaping scatheless throughout the storm of battle on the 18th, while the chiefs of his staff clustering round him were one after another felled to the earth in rapid succession, his unvarying reply was, "It was the hand of Providence over me." A second instance was the state of persistent vacillation in which the corps of D'Erlon, 20,000 strong, was kept on the 16th—neither affording assistance to those in front of ourselves, nor to Napoleon himself in front of Ligny, to whom its arrival on the Prussian right flank would have ensured the utter destruction of that army. And a third instance, not to be substantially accounted for by classing it in the category of "great military errors," was the unbroken bewilderment of Grouchy, and the absolute retention of his 38,000 men from the field of battle of the 18th. And surely never in the world's story has an occasion for such intervention as is here reverently pleaded for been more signally presented for the confounding of measureless earth-rooted ambition, and of the appliances of transcendent human capacity for its gratification. Once more then, 'tis my faith, and upon the showing here presented, *que Thomine propose et Dieu dispose*."

One or two pretty and still popular beliefs concerning the Duke of Wellington's sayings on some historic occasions are refuted in this volume. "Up, Guards, and at them!" must now give place to the laconic and equally practical command, "Charge, Maitland!" Again, the Duke did not say to Sir Charles Napier, on receiving the news of Chillianwallah, "If you do not go, sir"—meaning to India—"I must." "The Duke was not frightened by Chillianwallah," adds Sir William Gomm. But there is one notable saying of the Duke which cannot nowadays be too widely known among us:—

The last words [writes Sir W. Gomm] that fell from the lips of the Duke of Wellington addressed to myself, when I was taking leave of him previous to my departing for the command in India, were as follows:—"The British army is what it is because it is officered by gentlemen; men who would scorn to do a dishonourable thing, and who have something more at stake before the world than a reputation for military smartness. Now the French army piqued themselves upon their *esprit militaire* and their *honneur militaire*, and what was the consequence? Why, I kicked their *honneur* and their *esprit militaire* to the devil"; and he gave a kick so enthusiastic that it nearly upset him, and prompted me to lay instantly hold of his arm to enable him to recover his balance.

For very long let us hope that in the British army may be found officers of the type of that high-minded, modest, and illustrious gentleman—"first a Christian, then a soldier"—Field-Marshal Sir William Maynard Gomm.

#### THE ENGLISH CITIZEN.\*

"ANOTHER series of handbooks!" is the natural outcry when the reader beholds the neat drab covers of Mr. Traill's little book; and another series it turns out to be. The English citizen is to be informed of his rights and responsibilities in some dozen little volumes, of which Mr. Traill writes the first, while the others seem to be assigned for the most part to well-known and capable writers. The English citizen cannot complain that he is handed over *τῷ τυχερῷ* when Mr. Frederick Pollock undertakes the charge of instructing him about his "Land" (if he has got any) "and its relations to the State"; when Mr. T. H. Farrer promises to tell him all about "The State and Trade," and when Mr. Stanley Jevons grapples with the intricacies of "The State in connexion with Labour." We cannot, indeed, get over a certain old-fashioned feeling that it is a better, if a more rough-and-ready, method of learning the rights and duties of a citizen to practise them, to study them in history and in current business, than to get them neatly catechized out of neat calico books. But this is a previous question which seems to be decided against us. Everybody has bowed to the new system by reading serial handbooks, and not a few people are disabled from objecting very seriously by having actually written them. The speculative anthropologist may indeed feel a curious longing to know what a man would be like who had

\* *The English Citizen—Civical Government*. By H. D. Traill. London: Macmillan & Co. 288s.

been brought up exclusively on handbooks, as well as a certain suspicion that he would not be good for much either as a citizen or a scholar. But all this may be allowed to pass.

Mr. Traill's subject is the Central Executive Government of England and its subdivisions. That is to say, he gives a chapter to executive government under the constitutional system, another to the Cabinet, and then one apiece to the great offices of State—the Treasury, the five Secretariats, the Admiralty, the Boards of Trade and Local Government—with a short *omnium gatherum* of minor offices, a section on the Privy Council, and a finale on "the tendencies of central government." Each of these subdivisions of the subject is treated both historically and in reference to its actual condition. This scheme Mr. Traill has carried out with a great deal of knowledge and in an excellent manner. He is known as one of the most accomplished publicists (to use the word in its French rather than its English sense—the sense, that is to say, of a journalist who devotes himself principally to politics) of the day; and his accomplishments appear to include a knowledge of literature and history which, to judge from results, is unfortunately not common among English journalists nowadays. A clear and straightforward style enables him to put his knowledge in a way at once concise and lucid; and he has almost invariably resisted the temptation to talk "about it and about it," instead of giving the information which his title and commission invite him to give. It is almost unavoidable that there should be differences of opinion about the matter of such a book. Even those who know best that there is no such thing as a cut-and-dried British Constitution (and Mr. Traill certainly knows this) are wont, especially when they have to write about it, sometimes to slip into phrases which look as if they did not know it. Again, constitutional history is by no means made up only of accepted and agreed statements, and each writer upon it naturally takes his own view, and, when writing concisely, is apt to state that view, not as a view, but as a fact. We doubt, for instance, very much the statement (which Mr. Traill feels to be dubious enough to require the support of a note) that the advisers of the sovereign were at any time regarded as not responsible in any formally recognized way to any one but himself. The mere mention of the word "impeachment" seems to upset Mr. Traill's position, and it may be observed that throughout his book there is a confusion, which sometimes results in statements both erroneous and practically dangerous, between Ministerial responsibility and Parliamentary control. The former is now practically and absolutely, and has always been theoretically, the rule of the English Constitution; that is to say, it is not easy to point out any period of history when the mere production of an order of the king would have theoretically sufficed to clear a Minister or an adviser, though there are, doubtless, many periods when it would have been accepted as practically clearing him. It is in Parliamentary control before the fact, not in Ministerial responsibility afterwards, that such enormous alterations have been made, and the former has not yet entirely overtaken the latter in practice, though of late years it has very nearly done so. To illustrate what we mean, let us quote a very important passage where, as we think, Mr. Traill has gone quite wrong, and has, by adopting a weak position, instead of a strong one, made a dangerous concession to current fallacies:—

And, in the second place, there is a part, and a considerable part, of the negotiations carried on between English ministers and the Governments of foreign powers, which not only must not be prematurely communicated to Parliament, but in many cases cannot even be communicated at all,—negotiations which, as between the Governments engaging in them, are of a strictly confidential character, and are so understood to be by all the parties thereto. It might, no doubt, be urged that the obligation to secrecy is one which an English Government has, as against an English Parliament, no power to contract; and upon a strict application of the principle of ministerial responsibility, this is no doubt true. But the question, if it is to be reasonably considered, must be treated as one not so much of constitutional principle as of practical expediency. Parliament might be within its right in compelling an English Government to divulge matters of confidential communication with other Powers, and such other Powers might have no reason to complain of the non-fulfilment of undertakings which those who entered into them had no authority to contract. But, whether they could reasonably complain of this disappointment or not, they would assuredly resolve not to subject themselves to it a second time; and in mere self-defence they would, for the future, decline to communicate anything to an English minister which they were not prepared to see published to all the world. How serious a disadvantage our Government would be subjected to in their intercourse with foreign Powers, if such a course were to be adopted by the latter, it is unnecessary to point out.

On the whole, therefore, the point appears to be one on which the strict principle of ministerial responsibility has been wisely relaxed.

If any one will read this passage carefully, he will see that Mr. Traill is clearly mistaken in using the words "Ministerial responsibility" in the passages which we have italicized, and that he should have said "Parliamentary control." This has not been "wisely relaxed," because it has never existed, and never could exist without utter chaos and ruin. If it be admitted that "an English Government has no power to contract obligations of secrecy as against an English Parliament," the conduct of foreign policy becomes impossible, as Mr. Traill clearly sees. Accordingly Parliamentary control before or during negotiations or warlike transactions is as certainly excluded by the Constitution as anything can be excluded when there is no written document in question. But the principle of Ministerial responsibility is not in any way relaxed or impaired. The Minister or the Cabinet (if acting jointly) are still theoretically answerable with their heads for the results of their doings, and there cannot be any much greater responsibility than this. But, by admitting

without reason or necessity, and owing to a positive confusion of terms, that the uncontrolled initiative in foreign policy only belongs to Ministers by a "relaxation" of Ministerial responsibility, Mr. Traill has, doubtless unintentionally, favoured doctrines which within the last few years have already hampered England almost fatally, and which, if admitted, must simply deliver her over, bound hand and foot, into the hands of her enemies. The error in question is more succinctly put earlier in the book, where Mr. Traill says that the direction of foreign policy by the Crown in the days of William III. and the early Hanoverians was "a permitted departure from the principle of Ministerial responsibility." It has been sufficiently pointed out that there was no such departure at all.

This, however, is the only grave constitutional mistake which we can find in the book, and this itself is probably in part an error of language. Some slighter things may be noticed. The saying that a sovereign "cannot constitutionally preside at a meeting of the Cabinet" contrasts oddly with a subsequent and perfectly correct statement that the Cabinet "remains to this day unknown to the Constitution." It is not clear how the Constitution can forbid the presence of the sovereign, or any one else, at an assembly of which it ignores the existence. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to say positively that it would be unconstitutional for the sovereign to be present (as he has actually been in times past). All that can be said is that the practice has been long disused; that a kind of etiquette has grown up forbidding it; and that, under existing circumstances, it would be extremely inconvenient to revive it; but it is not surprising that there should be some slips in language in a matter where so much depends on individual opinion, and so much more on individual skill and luck in formulating opinions which are generally held, but which have nowhere received authoritative expression.

There are but few omissions in this book. The really important constitutional innovation of a Scotch Deputy Home Secretary, distinct from the Lord Advocate, had probably not been made when Mr. Traill's account of the Home Office passed through the press. In his account of the Treasury it might have been indicated, but would not have been unimportant or uninteresting to the English citizen, if Mr. Traill had divulged the full extent to which the permanent officials of that institution exercise a power of modifying, regulating, and occasionally thwarting the decisions of the House of Commons. Perhaps, however, he was wise not to meddle with the secrets of the prison-house, curious though they are. In his chapter on the Privy Council one function of that body—small, but, from a constitutional and historical point of view, extremely interesting—is omitted. The Privy Council acts as the link between those parts of the United Kingdom which are directly represented in Parliament and those which are not—such as the Channel Islands. When an Act of Parliament affecting these islands is passed, an Order in Council directs its registry by the local "States" or "Court"—for the practice differs in Jersey and Guernsey—and it is only after such registration that it has the force of law. A curious point is that in practice, if not in strict theory, the joint action of Parliament and Council is necessary. If the Channel Islands are not named in the Act, an order of registry, even if issued, would be neglected; and if they are named, and the order of registry were omitted, it would probably be ignored, though a clause to the effect that in such cases the order is not absolutely necessary is usually inserted in it. Such as it is, this practice seems to be a relic of a time when, as in France under the old *régime*, a royal edict required registration by the local Parlements, though such registration could be imperatively demanded. This function of the Privy Council is a survival curious enough to find a place in such a volume.

Although we have found reason to differ with Mr. Traill on some points (of one at least of which the importance can hardly be exaggerated) we are very glad to repeat what we have said at the beginning of the general merits of his book. In a matter where such exclusion was not easy, he has rigidly excluded partisan treatment; indeed in some points he seems, probably from an excessive desire to be impartial, to lean too much to the side to which (if the bull may be permitted) he does not incline. Luckily Central Government is a subject which can be satisfactorily handled in this way. We own that some of the volumes advertised as forthcoming seem to us to deal with subjects which it is next to impossible to approach except in the spirit of one or other party, and this may be taken to be something of an objection to the scheme; but from any such drawback Mr. Traill's subject and his treatment are alike free.

#### THE RIVERS AND RAINFALL OF INDIA.\*

THE question whether there shall be famine or plenty in India naturally depends on the supply of water. Now the sources of supply are of three kinds. There are the rivers fed by the melting of the Himalayan snows; there is the annual rainfall; and there is the supply raised from wells or stored for years in tanks. The extremes of the rainfall in different parts of the plains of India range from six or eight to about one hundred inches. In Bikanoor for instance, the driest part of Rajputana, the annual fall rarely exceeds the first figures. In the most

\* *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*. By W. W. Hunter, C.I.E., LL.D., Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India. 9 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

eastern districts of the Province of Bengal the rain-gauge between May and October registers little less than one hundred inches. Mr. Hunter's volumes teem with statistics and details of climate, temperature, and atmospherical phenomena; and some of the best parts of the *Gazetteer* are the notices of large rivers. We propose in this paper to treat of the characteristics of several of the less-known tributaries of the Ganges and others, and their effects on agriculture, commercial enterprise, and social habits.

Mr. Hunter says truly that the trade by boats in Central, Eastern, and Lower Bengal is, "for magnitude and variety, quite unique in India." Englishmen may sometimes hastily conclude that the network of rivers for which Bengal is celebrated, is confined within the area of the Sunderbund Forest. But it would be more correct to say that a merchant or traveller can embark in a canal within three miles of Government House, Calcutta, and not only thread his way to stations and marts in Backergunge, Chittagong, Tippera, and the Eastern districts, but also reach Assam, Behar, Allahabad and Agra, and the district of Meerut in the Upper Provinces. Before the age of railways, the time allowed to officials, military and civil, to get to the capital of Assam was forty-seven days; and four months was the period in which a batch of young civilians or a convoy of recruits was expected to reach Ghurmukhteser Ghaut, about twenty miles from the fine cantonment of Meerut. Grand military highways and railways in succession have changed all this, but the traffic on many rivers is still largely carried on by native craft as in the days of Warren Hastings; and reckoning the import trade into Calcutta from the interior at about twenty-six and a half millions, we are informed that of this amount thirteen millions were imported in one year by two lines of railway, two and a half millions by river steamers, one million by road, and ten millions by country boats. This local traffic remains mainly in the hands of natives, who employ boats of every conceivable size and build. Boats and boating and fishing castes have a peculiar nomenclature of their own. Doubtless the obstacles under which internal trade was carried on through the Padma, the Megna, and the Nudda rivers, one hundred years ago, have been lessened or removed. Tolls and vexatious restrictions have all but disappeared. Short cuts have been made in some instances, and channels scoured and deepened in others. Dacoities, or organized attacks by robbers on boats laden with valuable cargoes, though occurring occasionally, no longer strike the Mahajans of Calcutta with a perpetual sense of insecurity. These speculators may dread losses by fire or by the rascality of their own crews and supercargoes; but, as a general rule, the waterways are almost as secure as the Thames or Severn. There is still the recurring danger of a cyclone at the beginning or the end of the rains; and every now and then we are sure to read of fleets of hundreds of vessels wrecked or sunk, of huge ships and steamers left high and dry in a rice-field many feet above high-water mark, and of a tidal wave which submerges a whole island or peninsula with its cattle, produce, houses, and several thousands of human beings. No vigilance can anticipate or remedy these disasters, and storm warnings can scarcely reach many for whom they are intended; but still, in spite of hurricanes, sandbanks and shoals, rapid currents and shifting beds, the inland river commerce of Bengal in rice, wheat, hemp, oil seeds, and other local produce is probably brisker than it was when the province had not a mile of railway, nor a road that could bear wheeled carriages except during the dry months of the year. Several of the tributaries send down a volume of water which in the cold season nearly equals that of the Ganges. Here is a précis of Mr. Hunter's account of the Tista. It rises—for this is doubtful—either in Independent Sikkim or in Tibet, or in both countries. Its upper reaches display rocky pools, huge boulders, wooded banks, and picturesque scenery. When it descends to the plains these peculiarities are exchanged for a fine channel often eight hundred yards wide, which, even where the volume is least, will float vessels of three and four tons burden. The history of the freaks of this stream is very suggestive. In the survey of Major Bannell, made some hundred and ten years ago, the Tista flowed due south, joined another river in Dinapore, and finally emptied itself into the main stream of the Ganges. In 1787 the Tista was choked by excess of silt and burst its banks, when the accumulated waters forced their way into a small branch, which, after flooding the country and causing immense damage, they gradually so enlarged as to form a junction with the Brahmaputra which still exists. It is a dispute amongst philologists whether the Tista is derived from one Sanskrit word which signifies "thirst," or from another, "the three streams." Similar eccentricities are recorded of the Jamuna or Jamuna, a river of Northern Bengal, with just this difference, that in Kennell's time it joined the Brahmaputra, whereas it now joins the main stream of the Ganges near the railway-station of Goalundo. On the Jamuna is situated the well-known, populous, and important mart of Sirajgunge, perhaps the richest of all the centres of trade in the interior of Bengal. Thirty-four years ago this capital of the trade in jute stood on the banks of the river. In 1848 the floods carried the town clean away, whereupon the traders formed a new bazaar on the new bank, five miles from the original spot. When the stream, in another sudden caprice, went back to its old bed, the traders, warned by experience, preferred remaining where they were. Huge boats are now moored in the mid-stream miles from the bank, and business is done, not in the bazaar but by merchants and brokers who move about in small boats, or traverse what, in the hot season, is a blinding waste of sand some miles in extent. Hence the real Sirajgunge has been happily described as a town

without houses. But it has a population of 18,000, and an aggregate trade, imports and exports, of 3½ millions. It is notable that Calcutta, to which the jute is exported, can be reached from Sirajgunge by rail in two days, by steamer in eight or nine, and by country boats in thirty. But the difference in the freight of the latter as compared with the two former modes of conveyance, is as sixpence to tenpence-halfpenny for the *maund*, and this goes far in the eyes of a clever, calculating Hindu.

Graphic as are the descriptions by Mr. Hunter and his colleagues of the metamorphoses in the rivers of Bengal, they must be seen and even heard to be properly appreciated. Diluvium and erosion do not proceed on those plains by cold gradation and well-balanced form, as in temperate climates. In the dry season huge masses of earth can be seen falling every minute under the action of an undermining current. Boats have been swamped by avalanches of sand and silt coming down suddenly on their decks; the noise of these falling bodies can be heard, the splash can be seen, several hundreds of yards off; and the injuries to landed—or what in India is misnamed immovable—property caused by such vagaries are the despair of surveyors and the harvests of men who live by promoting lawsuits. But the action of the current, though it can be watched and registered from November to May inclusive, defies observation and prediction when the volume of water, already increased by the Himalayan snows, is swelled by ordinary or abnormal rains. For two or three months all channels are united in one huge expanse of water, miles in breadth. The surrounding country is an inland sea, in which the green rice-stalks hold their own against the flood, and over which communication is maintained in skiffs and canoes between one village and another. By the month of October the waters subside and a revelation takes place. The main channel of the dry season which last year flowed under the mart of Rajgunge to the east, now passes close under the village of Bamunhat to the west. One landholder cannot find several hundreds of his acres of choice alluvial formation, as they have gone to swell the properties of half a dozen riparian proprietors a little further down the stream. Another landholder is so far more favoured that while the river has cut a new bed right through the best part of his *zemindari*, it has left unharmed certain well-known landmarks by which he can identify, follow, and reclaim his property. The old factory of Nilabad, which, built with a solidity and on a scale peculiar to the last century, had withstood floods and cyclones, the failure of great Calcutta houses, and the refusal of ryots to fulfil their contracts during the indigo disturbances, is threatened by a dark and turbid current, which is running within a few yards of the kitchen-gardens and the unconsecrated burial-ground where lie with almost illegible inscriptions the pioneers of British civilization, hardy and adventurous Scotchmen from the North. The Cutcherry of the Joint Magistrate at the new Subdivision has been carried away bodily; and that of the Judge of the Court of Small Causes is inevitably doomed unless the next rainy season shall again work fresh miracles and send the main stream miles away back to its original bed. This is, in sober truth, a sketch the main features of which will be attested by any one who, as district officer, silk merchant, or indigo planter, has resided for a few seasons on the banks of the Ganges, the Jamuna, the Gorai, or the Kumar.

The Mahanuddi or Great River, in the Province of Outtack, rises like the Tista in a mountainous and wooded region, and, after a tortuous course between ridges of hills and over ledges of rocks, divides into two or more main channels, and has often threatened to sweep away the town of Outtack. But here the volume of waters has been confined, mastered, and utilized by engineering skill. A series of canals has been commenced and nearly finished, which, at a considerable and as yet an unremunerative outlay, will probably guarantee the province against a recurrence of the terrible famine of 1866.

In comparison with the rivers of Bengal and Orissa those in Upper India work fewer changes in a different soil of undulations, rocks, and red clay. The Ravi in the Punjab is the Hydrates of Arrian, which looks as if the Greeks had endeavoured to coin some term expressing "water" out of a fancied resemblance to the real original name, the Sanskrit *Iravati*. This stream has been utilized to supply the Baree Doab Canal, one of the great re-productive works designed by the Board of Administration, under the guidance of Lord Dalhousie, soon after the annexation of the Punjab. In March and April its depth on the borders of the district of Amritsar is not more than a foot. Between June and September it rises to eighteen or twenty feet. The main bed alters but little, and the greatest volume of water only floods a mere fringe on either bank. It plays consequently none of the fantastic tricks which in Bengal cause anxious administrators and traders to weep; but we are reminded that in 1870 it carried away a Sikh shrine of notable sanctity near Dera Nanuk; and that it still threatens more damage. In like manner the Jumna at Agra once sent a sensation throughout all India by menacing the Taj Mahal; but for many years this latter stream has been bridged by a line of boats, and amongst the modern sights of Upper India are the splendid railway bridges which span it at Delhi, Agra, and Allahabad. Bridges of boats have also been constructed over the Jumna at a dozen other places. In the district of Jalaun some of the smaller streams have got into a kind of trick of draining the uplands by a series of ravines, and are said to impoverish the soil instead of watering it. Probably the finest irrigation works in India, always excepting the Great Ganges Canal, are connected with the Sonu river, said to be the only great tributary of the Ganges that is not fed by the



snows. It has for some time past been conclusively established that the river is the *Erano-bos* of Ptolemy, for such to Grecian ears doubtless sounded its ancient name of *Himnyabahu*. With all respect to Mr. Hunter, this is the correct spelling, and it means "gold-bearing." *Hiranyabahu*, in the *Gazetteer*, the "golden-armed," may be a title of Siva but it is not the ancient name of Sone. In former days, during the dry season, the bed of this river had neither water enough for a ferry-boat nor solidity enough for a road. An ordinary traveller took, at the least, three hours to cross the waste of sand over which his light travelling carriage was slowly dragged by six bullocks. To a convoy of traders with their carts, or to a regiment with its tents marching to a new station, the Sone represented a whole day's work. The passage is now accomplished by trains on the East Indian line in a few minutes, over a lattice girder bridge not very much short of one mile in length. The irrigation works, like those on the Godavary in Madras, depend principally on a magnificent Anicut or dam, 12,500 feet long by 120 broad. Nearly three millions sterling have been spent on the Behar Canals, which have already irrigated about 300,000 acres and can command a far larger area. But whatever be the character of Indian rivers, whether icily cold from the snowy range, or clear and cool like those in Central India, or turbid, sluggish, and deep, like many in Bengal, or violent, impulsive, and ungovernable, it may safely be laid down as an axiom that no damage done by the largest floods of the heaviest rainy season ever equals the destructiveness of a long protracted drought. Even the tidal wave which swept over Sandip in 1876, and Saugor island in 1833 and again in 1864, filling the tanks with brackish water and sweeping away human beings and cattle, with houses and chattels, in the space of three or four minutes, never produced such intense suffering or left such traces as the famines of Orissa, of the North-West Provinces, and of the Madras Presidency. The worst legacy of the wave of a cyclone is that the soil is encrusted with salt, and that the want of pure water exposes survivors or new-comers to dysentery and intermittent fevers. But no such consequences follow on the inundations caused by heavy rains and melted snows anywhere above the tidal limits. Tanks are refilled; ditches are well scoured; cholera and small-pox are checked; and deposits of fertilizing silt, measured by inches and occasionally by feet, convert wastes into rice lands and rice lands into gardens and orchards. Moreover, the area affected by an inundation, though large according to European notions, is really insignificant compared with that ruined by an endless hot season. It may be added, too, that owing to the annual overflow of its network of rivers, the level of the plains of Lower Bengal is gradually rising, while every now and then the whole aspect of nature is suddenly and beneficently altered. Some thirty years ago a plain covered with *bona grass*, "the haunt of coot and heron," and also the preserve of wild hogs, was suddenly ruined in the eyes of sportsmen by a tributary of the Ganges which brought down in one rainy month a deposit of dark silt several feet in depth and many acres in extent. The khyots on the cessation of the rains had only to turn out and scratch the rich mud with the lightest of rustic ploughs, to gather two crops in the next year.

Irrigation from deep wells seems to have found more favour in the eyes of natives than from tanks. In some parts of Western Bengal, and in several of the Madras districts, reservoirs have been constructed before and during the British period without Government aid, by the agricultural community for their own purposes. In Mooltan a large extent of country had been irrigated by canals and watercourses connected with the Sutlej, under the Sikh Administration. Indeed it would be absurd to suppose that Hindus would not in some shape or other store up or guard an element which is a necessary of existence and the object of their constant prayers. But unless some powerful Raja or Nawab chooses to carry out a system of water-works on a grand scale, over-riding every obstacle and digging the trench or cutting the tank just where he likes, native communities, with a few notable exceptions, are too much isolated and divided by castes and feuds to combine long for these beneficial objects. Now and then we come on relics such as inspired Burke with his glowing picture of the graspings of an insatiable benevolence. One scheme in the Central Provinces, as described by Sir Richard Temple in his picturesque style, has so captivated Mr. Hunter that he quotes the passage twice, once at p. 68 and again at p. 353 of Vol. II. Sir Richard, when Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, in a passage too long to quote, glowingly expatiated on what he termed the Lake district of Bhandara. It is watered by the Waingunga, and noted for no less than 3,648 tanks made by native engineers, who availed themselves of the dips and hollows of an undulating country and constructed dams where the ground sloped. But, owing to misgovernment and Mahratta raids, the banks of these lakes are now overgrown with jungle, and a scanty population lives in terror of wild beasts.

A community depending mainly on agriculture must have the liveliest interest in all material works that store the excess of one season to supply the shortcomings of another. There are naturally some things which we cannot expect from the ordinary Talukdar, tenant proprietor, or village community. Neither associations nor individuals can be asked to supply capital for joint-stock Companies to make long canals or reservoirs acres in extent. But they are often aided to dig wells, and they might be taught to replant trees on soil fitted for no other product. The continuous denudation of extensive tracts in such fine districts as Midnapore, Bankura, Birbhoom, and Burdwan, without any corresponding

development of agriculture, is said to have perceptibly decreased the rainfall and the power of the soil to store water. Some fifteen years ago this fact was formally brought to the notice of the Government of Bengal. But the rights of large Zemindars under the Perpetual Settlement are invariably pleaded against interference by the State in almost anything tangible, and in favour of utter neglect of their duties by landholders. We hope that by the spread of both railways and canals in the next ten years, the famine, when it does recur, may be coerced into smaller limits, and Mr. Hunter's nine volumes are valuable guides to show how "the resources of civilization" can be made available for the primary duty of keeping British subjects alive.

#### HER MAJESTY'S PRISONS.\*

IT is likely that in the eyes of Common Law barristers, stipendiary magistrates, governors of prisons, turnkeys, warders, and police constables, all the world deserves to be locked up for various periods; and from this point of view it would seem a matter of personal importance, apart from philanthropic considerations, to know exactly what goes on in the places called by the author "*Her Majesty's Prisons*." To know beforehand what one may expect in case of being found out should make one very careful not to be found out; such knowledge may even make some few change their line of conduct; indignation at the possibility of the treatment endured by this anonymous sufferer may lead to terror, and terror to repentance, and repentance to a general elevation of the moral standard. Wherefore let the unconvicted make a note of this book.

The author of *Her Majesty's Prisons* describes himself as "one who has tried them." He "qualified" by an act, or series of acts, which he very modestly passes over in silence. Let us be content with the knowledge that he "did something," probably connected with somebody's money; that somebody found him out; that there was a preliminary appearance before a magistrate followed by detention in prison, bail being refused, until the time of trial; and that there was a period of twelve months—"hard"—to be worked out. The man who did the something and worked out the twelve months is so obviously a man of weak knees and groggy moral principle that we are not in the least inclined to sympathize with him. Whatever he was accused of doing, there is an apparent likelihood that he did it; he lacks the impudence with which some guilty men proclaim their snow-white purity; he contents himself with a fling at his solicitor who got up his case so badly, and his counsel who, so instructed, gave up the case from the beginning. We make little doubt—though we are far from considering his case as exceptional, or otherwise than a little unlucky—that he got off easily with a year's hard labour. When men of his position, which was evidently a respectable one, do get into difficulties of this kind, it is almost always over trust money, or other people's money, or a mixing up of accounts; and there is no doubt that when the blow falls and the constable appears with the warrant, the first feeling is one of un-mixed disgust, with surprise that a criminal proceeding should follow a line of conduct practised, though in a less overt manner, by so many of one's friends in the same place. The offender knows—everybody knows—that all sorts of strange things are constantly being done, especially by low class attorneys, house agents, money lenders, furniture dealers, and so forth; in country towns one hears the most astonishing stories about people who walk the streets brandishing a silk umbrella instead of a handcuff. Even in London, where one is supposed to know nothing of one's neighbour, shopkeepers whisper about respected citizens things dreadful, things *tacenda*; and they will sometimes tell you, in taverns, wonderful stories about some silent, harmless old frequenter. There was, for instance, a place, not more than ten years ago or so, where the waiters would whisper to you that at the next table sat "the murderer," with the definite article. He came every evening, unrepentant, and was a beautiful old man with creamy white hair, a benevolent eye, and a sweet smile. They said he had murdered his ward for the sake of money. Considering the many cases which we all know of people who have "done" something and have escaped, we are not astonished that the writer of *Her Majesty's Prisons* should have been surprised when justice overtook him.

As the charge against the author of this book was apparently one of an aggravated kind, which did not admit of bail, he had to remain in confinement while awaiting his trial. He makes out a very strong case against the justice of the country as regards the treatment of men in this position. They are locked up in separate cells, a thing which would seem desirable to all but the habitual criminal. They are not allowed more than a certain small quantity of beer or wine. Their names are written up on cards placed on their doors. They have to go to bed at eight and to get up at six. They are only allowed a quarter of an hour or so every day for exercise. They have got to attend chapel at the same time as the convicts, though they do not sit among them. They can only use tobacco if the doctor orders it; and, unless they can pay for their own food, they are put upon a dietary which is in itself a cruel punishment for a healthy man. For instance, the Sunday allowance, facetiously called dinner, consists of four ounces of bread, six ounces of potatoes, and six ounces of suet pudding. On

\* *Her Majesty's Prisons; their Effects and Defects. By One who has Tried Them.* London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

Monday the scale offers a choice; a man may have six ounces of bread, eight ounces of potatoes, and three ounces of cooked beef, or the same quantity of bread and potatoes with three-fourths of an ounce of fat bacon and seven ounces of beans. One wonders whether the people who complacently draw up these dietaries ever try to realize what it means to give a man for dinner nothing but two ordinary-sized potatoes, with a handful of beans and a piece of bacon as big as his thumb. And this, not for convicted men, but for prisoners only sent up for trial, and therefore presumably innocent in the eyes of the law. The treatment of such cases is, one is well aware, of peculiar difficulty. In most of them there is little room for any doubt on the subject at all; the man is either an habitual criminal, or the evidence is clear and the guilt of the defendant abundantly established. So that one may consider this condition a kind of purgatory through which the criminal passes on his way to a worse place still. It is part of the punishment which he has drawn upon himself. But there are other cases in which the man is absolutely innocent; for his sake all such cases should be treated alike; the dietary should be simple but liberal; the means of exercise should be freely granted; the use of tobacco should be allowed; and the irritating restrictions as to half a pint of wine or a single pint of beer should be removed.

When we come to the treatment of actual convicts, our sympathies are naturally less easily aroused; and, in fact, the man "who has tried the prisons," and is desirous of "exposing the ill-treatment and petty tyranny existing" in them has a very weak case indeed to show against the present system. The regulations relating to the treatment of convicted criminal prisoners appear framed with becoming attention to protection as well as to punishment. They have got to keep their cells clean, to behave quietly, and to do what they are told. If they destroy the prison property, or assault an officer, or mutiny, they must be flogged. Our author makes a great crying-out about the "crushing of better feelings" in the men flogged; but surely no prisoner whose feelings need to be consulted, with the knowledge before him of the punishment which inevitably follows, will desire to assault officers or to rebel. As regards labour, the prisoners have to work ten hours a day, those in the "first stage" being exercised for six to eight hours a day on the crank. Ten hours a day seems to be a long spell, but there is no cruelty in it; a very large proportion of mankind work for a longer time every day; probably, too, the ingenuity of men accustomed to convictions enables them to get through the day's work without too much fatigue. By working steadily and by good conduct the prisoner can get out of the first stage in a month, when he goes on to what is mysteriously called "hard labour of the second class." This kind of labour, however, is nowhere defined. The first month must, indeed, be a time of considerable discomfort. The patient, so to speak, has to work in strict seclusion; he sleeps on a plank; he earns no gratuity; he has no books and no instruction; he gets no exercise on Sunday. Great use is made of the plank bed; and it is not until the prisoner arrives at the fourth stage, when the hardness of the bed may be supposed to have thoroughly revived and refreshed the moral sense, that he is allowed to sleep on a mattress every night. As regards the diet, prisoners sentenced for a single week get nothing but bread for breakfast and supper, and stirabout for dinner, so that they go out hungry, if not penitent; those on longer sentences get meat twice a week—namely, three ounces of cooked meat, which is equal to about one small slice, with bread, gruel, potatoes, and suet pudding on other days. The publication of this dietary, which cannot be too widely known, ought to act as a most wholesome deterrent from crime. The convict uniform, the cutting of the hair, the early bed, and the loneliness of the cell are things in themselves excessively painful to consider; but these are trifles light as air compared with the mockery of the dinner and the ghosts of breakfast and supper. The chaplain does not appear to have given much satisfaction to the writer; but then, as regards chaplains, the opinions of prisoners may differ; and it certainly does not appear to be in the best taste to draw what is clearly a portrait of the good man. We are, however, quite agreed with the writer on the uselessness and absurdity of the crank. Surely it would be possible to invent a method by which the labour of prisoners could be utilized so as to produce something, and to put an end to the folly of setting thousands of men daily to turn a stupid handle which does nothing.

The sad monotony of prison life leaves little to be said when the rules and occupation of the day have once been told. The writer was transferred from one prison to another, which seems to have been an agreeable break in the monotony of his "time." Else there is nothing more to tell, and the second volume is padded out with complaints of favouritism, brutality, neglect, and so forth, on the part of the prison officers. But, so far as the author was concerned, he seems to have experienced nothing but uniform kindness and consideration. No doubt these were extended to him partly in recognition of obedience and orderly behaviour. The "cases" he quotes do not, somehow, read with the right ring; one would like to hear the evidence on the other side; some of them seem to explain themselves. Thus, a prisoner is taken ill in the night; there is no machinery for giving him a cup of tea; one of the warders has to do it at his own expense, and grumbles. Another warder has favourites, and keeps some of the men on the crank longer than others. Another swears and bullies the prisoners while at exercise, and so forth. It is really impossible by any Government regulations, or by rules of any kind, to enforce equitable, kindly, and

compassionate treatment of prisoners; nor can any rules ensure a desire on the part of the prisoners to fall in with the discipline of the prison, especially as regards silence and zeal while on the crank. Therefore we make no doubt that there are many cases in every prison where a man is unfairly treated by the warders, and the only remedy we can suggest is that Governor and Visiting Justices should be so constantly patrolling a prison as to minimize the chances of petty tyranny. One or two weak points are, however, pointed out by the author of these pages. The first is that already indicated—the irrational use of a perfectly useless machine; the second is the miserable scale of food, which can only be excused on the presumption that the men do so little work and take so little exercise that, like the lions at the Zoological Gardens, they must be kept low; and the third, which is really a most disgusting and abominable grievance, is the use of the bath. The regulations provide that all the prisoners should take a bath once in fifteen days, at least. At the prison where our author "worked out" the greater part of his sentence, this rule was systematically broken, and the prisoners only got a bath once in five weeks. Probably to most of the men in confinement the infringement of the rule was a welcome let-off, because the habitual criminal loves not water for any purpose except to mingle with gin. When it did take place, the bathing was held in a slate bath seven feet long, two deep, and three broad. In this bath, containing forty-two cubic feet of water, sixty men had to bathe in two hours and a half. This allowed, for each man, two minutes and a half for undressing, bathing, and dressing again. The water was changed only once during the whole time, each man having to soap and wash himself. Now, without being sentimental, we may fairly assert that no man can possibly have been so wicked as to deserve the sentence of bathing last—thirtieth—or even last but one—twenty-ninth—in such a bath.

BY THE TIDER.\*

THIS book is the story of a grievance. It is a novel with no hero, and with a heroine who has no lover and no friends. The first book of the author which we had met with—*Signor Monaldini's Niece*—was certainly much above the average of novels, especially of that class of them, now so frequent, which treat of Italian life. That story, in spite of some extravagances, showed freshness and power; and it also showed, what stories of Italian life seldom do, some first-hand knowledge of the world described in it. The novel before us gives, however, no fulfilment of the promise displayed in its predecessor. It is an illustration of a saying of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that any clever man or woman can write one novel, but that the second attempt is the crucial one. This second attempt is a melancholy failure, all the more because of the evidences of real talent with which the book abounds. The story is unpleasant and improbable; the characters, with hardly a single exception, not even that of the heroine, are weak or foolish or vicious; and the tone of the whole is that of a writer who is not in any way bent on giving a picture of things as they are or as they might be, but of one who has suffered some wrong, real or imaginary, and wishes to hold up the real or imaginary wrongdoers to the indignation of the public. It has of late become the fashion to write novels the aim of which is to show in an odious light the persons who have not treated the writers as they wish to be treated; but though such stories may cause vexation to those at whom they are aimed, and may cause a certain amount of cynical amusement to those who happen to know the circumstances and the people described, they are in every way to be reprehended, and not least from the literary point of view. An absorbing antipathy, though it may give a sting to a lampoon or a philippic, does not help a writer in developing a plot naturally or in describing characters truthfully. Everybody likes a good story; and a novel is not the place for people to air their private piques and grievances, for the simple reason that the story is apt to be thereby spoiled. It is scarcely possible to read this book attentively without conjecturing that it is written to disparage some person or persons not unknown on the banks of the Tiber.

The tale begins with an account of the origin of the man who would probably be considered the hero, if there were one. He is the illegitimate son of a peasant girl of the Campagna and of a Roman noble. Vittorio, like his stepfather Marco (who, though a rejected lover of the betrayed girl, marries her afterwards), is an ardent democrat, zealous for the overthrow of all existing institutions. The writer is evidently unfamiliar with this class of persons in Italy, and also with that part of the Italian press which represents them, for we get no account of their ideas, sayings, or doings beyond a few mysterious utterances as to some great wrong which the poor suffer at the hands of the rich, and some great impending retribution which is to redress it. Vittorio, like the typical Italian of the circulating library, combines the extreme of manly vigour with an ineffable grace, sweetness, beauty, and charm. Plebeian by profession—for he was a gardener—and plebeian by birth on his mother's side, there is yet in him that indescribable something which betrays purer blood. He applies for the place of gardener to an Italian prince, and forthwith falls in love with the Donna Adelaide, daughter of the house, and she with him. They see one another first in the garden, at close of day, and "even in the dark she had not mistaken the son of a clod for the son of a

\* By the Tider. By the Author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece." London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1881.

gentleman." She soon afterwards makes a marriage of convenience with a man whom she despises, keeping the handsome gardener as her lover. It may be that such things happen in Italy and in other countries, but there is something unpardonably indelicate and repulsive in making an intrigue of this sort a leading feature in a book presumably intended for general circulation. She meets Vittorio in the garden the evening before she is married, and on her return from the honeymoon she and the gardener assure one another of their common hatred for Count Belvedere, the deceived husband.

After this wholesome preface we are introduced to the real heroine of the book, Valeria Ellsworth. She is an American woman, unmarried, and with no home ties, aged thirty-five, a Roman Catholic and of literary tastes, who, like most non-Italian Catholics, looks on a journey to Rome and an audience with the Pope in a very serious spirit. She crosses the Atlantic in the devoutest frame of mind and takes up her abode for a time at a Roman boarding-house. Looking at the mysteries of the Catholic faith in so reverent a spirit, she is accepted and treated with all consideration by the more serious minds of the clerical circles in Rome; but she has the misfortune to have forced upon her the acquaintance of a Miss Oromo, an elderly Catholic maiden lady living there, who is everybody's and nobody's friend, who minds everybody's business and her own best of all, and who has a finger in everybody's pie, spoiling all but her own. Valeria is dragged reluctantly into an intimacy with her which she afterwards finds reason bitterly to repent. She is not worldly enough to suit Miss Oromo's taste; she resents her importunities; she gives her to understand that she sees through her; and she ends by making an enemy of her. The rest of the book is an account of the troubles which Valeria gets into through her unfortunate habit of not getting on with people, ending in her being shut up on a false charge of insanity in a Roman asylum, where she dies at last. There is apparently no sufficient motive for anybody to push retaliation to this extreme. Valeria hires apartments overlooking the gardens of the wicked Countess, and learns more or less of the relations of this lady with the handsome gardener. But the Countess's character is represented to be notorious all over Rome, and the fact that one person the more, and that a foreigner, knows of her misdeeds does not account for her also having a hand in thus persecuting Valeria. Indeed one cannot very clearly see who is at the bottom of the plot, or why. A great number of people are all described as doing each of them something to get Valeria shut up; and yet she, being made out to be a truly admirable person and as sane as anybody else, cannot make friends who will stand by her and save her from the persecution and conspiracy under which she at last succumbs. The whole plot is absurd and preposterous. It may easily be that an innocent person should have enemies who want to get him or her out of the way; but that an American lady in Rome, where her own country people swarm, where there are a Consul and a Minister to appeal to, and English-speaking doctors to certify to her sanity, could be shut up and detained in a lunatic asylum maliciously and without cause is perfectly incredible.

But the way in which things happen without any reason in this book is altogether astonishing. While Valeria is thus making herself unpopular, the Countess is getting tired of Vittorio, and he, in his turn, is jealous of those who have superseded him in her vagrant affections. His jealousy is finally quieted through his being murdered one night in the garden by a sort of half spy, half bravo, in the service of the Countess. Meanwhile, Valeria is not only at war with many Americans and English in Rome, but is watched and dogged by the minions of the wicked Countess. And when she falls ill, as she soon does, of Roman fever, advantage is taken of her temporary delirium to make out that she is insane, whereupon she is entrapped into a madhouse. The description of the asylum and its inmates is excellent, and gives to the book whatever value it possesses. Valeria expostulates much, but does little for her release. She is soon allowed to go out, and can call on whom she pleases; but she does not use her comparative freedom to take any effectual steps to get discharged from the asylum, or to punish those who shut her up without cause. She acts all through—and here the absurdity of the book lies—as if she rather liked being thought mad and put under restraint. She is treated with the utmost kindness, and has every reasonable liberty allowed to her; liberty more than amply sufficient to have enabled her to obtain her release at any moment had she cared to do so. It is at any rate gratifying to think that the "Manicomio" on the Lungara is so well managed, and differs from certain other lunatic asylums in Italy, which have anything but an enviable reputation. By way of convincing one of the Sisters of Mercy who wait on the invalids that she is sound of mind, Valeria tells her one day that she weighs just three pounds. At last repeated attacks of fever break her constitution, and she dies friendless in the prison into which she has been inveigled.

The story is, on the whole, a very foolish and unpleasant one, but there are some good points in it. While Valeria is in the asylum, a lady comes to visit it, and takes Valeria to be also a visitor. After asking several questions, she wants to know if one of the patients, known as "the Duchess," who sits talking to a sane visitor, is out of her mind. Valeria represents the mad woman as sane and the sane woman as mad:—

The lady watched the two eagerly. "Yes, one sees that she is queer," she said, her eyes fixed on the unlucky visitor. "There is a certain wild light in the eyes of an insane person which can never be mistaken. And how oddly she pulls at her dress! Such a dress too! Does she ever change?"

"I cannot say, but I have no doubt that she does," Valeria replied, gravely. "But the other lady has a very pleasant manner, don't you think so?"

"She is exceedingly graceful and affable," the lady said, glancing at the Duchess.

"You perceive the difference in their eyes at once."

"Oh dear, yes."

It is to be regretted that a writer of ability and promise should have produced so disappointing a book. It may be added that there also occur in it the strangest blunders—some of which are made so often that the blame cannot charitably be thrown on the printer. "Forastieri" for "forestieri," "Eduardo" for "Edoardo," "Tironian" for (we suppose) "Tyrrhenian," "sala," in the sense of "salotto," are instances of the author's mastery of the Italian language and geography. We read, again, "the motto of Christianity should be in *estremo ratio*," and we are also told that "a Catholic never looks upon a religious as a stranger." But, on the whole, to do the book justice, the English is passable, though the Italian is not such as is spoken by natives of the country.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

THE author of *John Halifax* has published (Macmillan and Co.) a volume of *Children's Poetry*, which has many very high qualities. The author can tell a story in verse with great spirit, and often with a pathos which is only too keen. If we had a fault to find with these poems, it would be that they too frequently touch the deepest emotions, and may make a very tender-hearted child unhappy in the reading. However, the sentimental as well as the personal sorrows of children are soon over; and, if a little boy or girl weeps over "The Pass of Brander," he or she may recover a happier tone in reading of "Dick Whittington," or "Monsieur et Mademoiselle," or "The Shaking of the Pear-Tree." To our mind "The Story of the Birkenhead" is the best poem in the volume; and, often as that noble tale of English courage and devotion has been told in verse, we doubt if it has ever been told so well. "Waterloo Day," again, manages to combine the true spirit of patriotism with due respect and liking for our "fair enemy, France." As a rule, the best poetry for children is that which is also best for grown-up people—the simple and more stirring pieces of the great masters. But the author of the volume before us has contributed several original poems which we would willingly see included in any collection of selected verse for children, and which would not seem out of place among ballads by Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth. "The Young Governess," however, is a piece which might not unprofitably have been omitted from a book for children.

*The Prince and the Pauper* (Chatto and Windus) is a singular production of Mr. Mark Twain's. He has written a boy's book before, *Tom Sawyer*, but not an historical romance for boys, with a moral purpose. Mr. Twain has read himself back, as far as possible, into the old English life of the sixteenth century, and he makes his characters talk in what is popularly supposed to be the style of that period. A little prince and a little street boy of intelligence and education change clothes and position; the prince sees a great deal of the rough side of the life of the people, and the poor boy introduces his natural mercifulness of character into the cruelties of old English criminal law. For example, he decides on the case of two people who have sold themselves to the devil, a crime which was surely not very commonly alleged in the time of Edward VI. Mr. Twain quotes Dr. Trumbull's *Blue Laws, True and False*, as an authority for the statement that a woman and her daughter, nine years old, were hanged in Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings. He does not give the date, and the incident would have occurred more naturally at a later time, under the Scottish Solomon. The book is copiously and cleverly illustrated.

Mr. Sidney Lanier has edited the *Boy's Mabinogion* (Sampson Low and Co.) He says, with great truth, that the *Mabinogion* often seem more strange and foreign to us than "even Chinese or other antipodal tales," and that they have "a glamour and sleep-walking mystery" in them which we find in no other literature. This is probably the effect of the singular allusions to extraordinary circumstances, to us unknown, which are introduced as if they were perfectly familiar. For example, much of the story of "Twrch Trwyth" is common to Greeks and Finns; but where do we find such strange beasts in all fairyland as the stag of Redynvre and the owl of Owyn Oawlywyd? Some of the magical charm of the *Mabinogion* may escape the literary sense of boys; but the stories, the origin of so much poetry, must interest all who have a soul above cricket scores. Probably clever children who have not yet gone to school and learned to put away all but schoolboyish things will like the book better than their big brothers.

*The Knight and the Dwarf* (Chatto and Windus) is a modern fairy tale by Mr. Charles Mills. We cannot but say, in the matter of fairy tales, "the old are better"; but doubtless children will find something to amuse them in the fancies of Mr. Mills. Some of the illustrations deserve praise for firm execution and humorous invention.

Cassell's *Book of Sports* is an exhaustive encyclopædia. We have seen many bad pictures of cricket, but never aught like the coloured illustrations in the frontispiece. "The drive" represents a man in the act of depositing an easy catch in the hands of mid-off. The wicket-keeper looks as if he were performing some ritual ceremony. "The cut" is so hard to draw that we refrain from

criticizing the artist's attempt. The article on fencing is sensible. Cricket, too, is very well done; and the writer does well to impress young bowlers with the truth that "who breaks, pays." But bowlers, like poets, are born, not made by art and education. Indoor games and "recreative science" are also included in this deserving compilation.

*Fun and Fancies* (Shaw and Co.) seems a graceful and fanciful collection of modern fairy tales by Miss Grace Stebbing. The little girl with the eagles is drawn with spirit.

*Poetry for the Young* (Griffith and Farran) is meant for use in elementary schools. We see with some regret that many of the selected poems are from the books of third or fourth-rate songsters. The notes seem clear and just what children need.

Mr. Wallis Mackay shows a good deal of humour and grace in the illustrations to a little book of children's tales of the ordinary type, by L. Blennerhassett Poirez (Remington and Co.)

The Christmas Number of the *Monthly Packet* (Walter Smith).—The proverb on which these stories are written is the old one of "manners maketh men"; but we are bound to say some of the writers appear to us to have shot rather wide of the mark. Miss Younge has surpassed herself this year, in a "Review of Nieces," in the number and perplexingness of a family. Conscious of this, she has added a much-needed genealogical table; but, in spite of the table and a certain native aptitude for genealogy, we constantly find ourselves hopelessly confused. The *motif* of her story is a simple one. A gentleman and his sister wish to take out with them to a colony, where the former has obtained a command, a niece to act as young lady of the house. The question in consideration is, Who, and why? A combination of circumstances, which many people would regard as most unfortunate, leads four branches of the Fulford family to take up their residence at the same seaside place during one summer; and this affords a grand opportunity of inquiring into the characters of the girls. It is needless to say that hardly any one is called by her baptismal name. Of the two Margarets, one is spoken of as "Pica," and the other by the extraordinarily hideous transformation of Metelill. What is the use of giving a person a name only to call her systematically by another?

*The Ladies' Treasury* (edited by Mrs. Warren Beurow).—The most interesting papers in *The Ladies' Treasury* are those devoted to fashion. It is charming to know that "the newest caprice in bodice bouquets is a small white dove holding in its bill a bunch of violets," or that "cats have now succeeded pigs in fancy jewellery." The letterpress retelling the "On dits and facts of the month" is not always strictly accurate, as, for instance, where it speaks of "the Hon. W. O. Stanley, brother of the late Dean Stanley," or spells "Glyn" with two "n's." Then there are numerous stories and poems, among them some exhilarating verses by one Miss Annie James, called "Flirting on the Ice." Altogether the largest families may find something to please each member.

*From Crecy to Assaye* (H. R. Clinton, M.A. Warne).—Mr. Clinton has spared no pains to make his book interesting to boys, and in order that as far as possible they shall understand what they are reading, he has added maps and plans of the battle-fields. He has succeeded well in his task, and gathers besides boys may be grateful to him. We cannot, however, quite go with him when he describes William of Orange as "stouthearted but luckless." We should have thought that the King's good fortune was rather beyond his deserts. He likewise speaks of Cromwell's "misdirected energy." Now people may think that, socially and religiously, Cromwell was mistaken; but it is seldom that his military wisdom, to which Mr. Clinton refers, is disputed. Nor can we congratulate him on the group of portraits which form his frontispiece. Marlborough no longer looks the handsomest man of his day, but a very commonplace person indeed. Wellington is absolutely unrecognizable; while, if the Black Prince's reputation for beauty rests on no stronger basis than this picture, the fourteenth-century chroniclers must have been easily satisfied.

*Without a Reference* (Brenda, author of "Froggy's Little Brother." Hatchards).—Brenda always knows how to be pathetic without being either sentimental or moralizing, and consequently her stories are invariably pleasing and wholesome. *Without a Reference* is an episode in the life of a gentleman who is turned out of the army for drinking, and, after many years of misfortune, turns up as a starving musician in search of engagements to play at parties. At his first and only appearance he meets some friends of his youth, who recognize him and set him on his feet again. We like the book so much that we think it is a pity Brenda should kill off a young man, p. 11, only to revive him in p. 21; that she should spell Mr. Marzial's name with an "s" instead of a "z," and that she should condescend to use such a word as "reliability."

*Beyond the Himalayas* (John Geddies, Nelson).—The corner of the world explored by Mr. Bob Brown and his friends can hardly be described with strictness either as "beyond the Himalayas" or as "the Wilds of Tibet," for it apparently included the frontiers of Burma, Tibet, and China. The travellers start from Assam, cross the Patkoi Mountains, leaving the Himalayas behind them at right angles, and make for the river Mokong, which rises somewhere in Tibet, and falls into the China Sea. The descriptions are most interesting.

*Under the Shield* (M. E. Winchester. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—Miss Winchester's book cannot be said to be an improvement upon her former ones. It is very lengthy, very minute, and very dull. It contains many pious observations; but the spectacle of a whole family quarrelling over one little boy is not desirable for a child to dwell upon. A reform in the morbid spirit of modern children's books is much needed.

We have more than the usual number of paper books for children, of which *A Day in a Child's Life* (music by Myles Foster. Illustrated by Miss Greenaway. Routledge) is the prettiest. But why are the people so pink? First we have a fair one with golden locks, in bed (furniture by Messrs. Morris and Co.); then come songs, daffodils, sunflowers, jolly children running to school, stiff old gardens, tiger lilies, tulips, and similar creatures of Miss Greenaway's fairy fancy.

K. G. also signs a page in *Little Tiny's Book of the Country* (Routledge).

*At Home* is very nicely decorated by Mr. Sowerby and Mr. T. Crane (Marcus Ward). The perspective and atmosphere of some drawings of interiors are admirable. Master Tom, as "a seal at the Zoo," is very humorous. Altogether, this is a capital gift-book.

The pictures in *May Blossom* (Miss Wingrave. Warne and Co.) are by H. H. Emmerson, and are very clever, though rather too rich in colour.

*Cat's Crawl* (Rhymes by E. Willett. Illustrated by C. Kendrick. Strahan and Co.) is in much the same style, but less original.

The *Diaries* of Messrs. Letts and Co. are all that the most strenuous diarist can require. Papy would have revelled in them.

#### FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

**M** JULES VERNE'S *La Jangada* (Hetzel), with its spirited illustrations by Benett, is naturally one of the most attractive of this year's French gift-books. There is plenty of adventure and plenty of description in it, and there is a special interest running through the book due to a device which proves that M. Verne's inventive powers are as fresh as ever. The book opens with four lines of a most hopeless-looking cipher, the immense importance of which is developed as the chapters follow each other. The reader follows with an almost painful interest the attempts towards the end to decipher the document according to every known and unknown rule, and the final discovery of the clue is admirably worked up to. The sub-title of the book, "Huit cents lieues sur l'Amazono," holds out a promise which is amply fulfilled of the kind of description in which M. Verne excels; but it is perhaps to be feared or hoped that the instructive parts of the work may be skipped by M. Verne's youthful readers in their desire to get on with the story. What the *Jangada* itself is, of what precise nature are its adventures, and why the deciphering of the mysterious document is so important, we had better leave M. Verne's numerous public to find out for itself.

M. Lucien Biart, from whom we have learnt to expect a book of adventure at this season as regularly as we expect one from M. Verne, has in *Le secret de José* (Hetzel) taken up afresh the threads of the capital story which he wrote two years ago, and which contained the surprising adventures of the unhappy M. Pinson, who, meaning to say good-bye to his friend Boisjoli at Liverpool, got carried out into mid-ocean, and, after various mishaps, landed far away alike from Boisjoli and from his beloved Boulevards. In the present volume we find him on the banks of the "Papaloapam, le plus considérable des cours d'eau qui baignent la côte ouest de la province de Vera-Cruz." He is still accompanied by Viñ-Argent, the vagabond little boy whom he picked up in London; and he is on his way to the estate, called La Héronnière, of Don Ambrosio Lerdo, for whom he has undertaken to do certain important engineering work. At La Héronnière we find the beautiful Amalia, daughter of Don Ambrosio, and her cousin Pablo, who is engaged to her; and on a neighbouring estate we are introduced to Don Luis Avila, an impoverished gentleman, who used in more youthful days to be on the best terms with the Héronnière people, and especially with Amalia. The reader soon learns to be suspicious of Pablo and to trust in Luis, and his impression is confirmed by the opinion of the mysterious José, a former steward of Don Ambrosio's, who is regarded as a magician by the natives, and who spends much of his time in doing rude but efficient justice in various cases by means of a secret source of wealth which he has at command. This is, in fact, the "secret de José"—a secret which is well kept up to the end, and revealed at last in an appropriately dramatic fashion. We have, of course, before the end is arrived at, all kinds of exciting adventures, in which M. Pinson finds opportunities of proving that, although he has not learned to ride and shoot like the people amongst whom he is thrown, he is yet a tall man of his hands; and we have also an interesting love story disturbed by fitting complications and terrors. On the whole, *Le secret de José* may be confidently recommended.

The two volumes of the *Journal de la jeunesse* (Hachette) for 1881 contain as usual much well-assorted and various matter, including some capital articles on games by M. Frédéric Dillaye, and some serial stories which it may be more convenient to notice in their republished forms.

M. André Laurie, in his book *La vie de collège en Angleterre* (Hetzel)—which seems to be one of a series that is to include school life in all countries—has shown, on the whole, a curiously accurate knowledge. We are not personally acquainted with any school where quite so much liberty is allowed in—to take an instance—the matter of sitting up at night as was allowed at Mr. Newton's school; but this, and other similar things—which seem to be the result of a curious confusion between public schools, private schools, and private tutors' establishments—are of comparatively small importance. M. Laurie's book, which is throughout



lively, and in which the characters are by no means ill drawn, shows clearly, but not obtrusively, his strong disapproval of the Lycée system, and his strong desire to see it more than tempered with many excellent things to be found in the English school system. Amongst the English school institutions which he does not find excellent is that of fagging, and he represents an impossible enough conflict being waged by Laurent against all the traditions of the school, and resulting in an end being put for ever to fagging at Mr. Newton's by Laurent's dogged resistance. Perhaps the funniest mixture of ignorance and knowledge in the book is to be found in the account of the fight between Laurent and the appropriately named Bully, a fight which Laurent wins, without remonstrance, by adopting the nigger dodge, taught him carefully by a French sailor, of running his head into his opponent's stomach. Mistakes of this kind, however, do not make the book less amusing or interesting. The illustrations, by M. P. Philippoteaux, are particularly good.

M. J. Girardin's *Maman* (Hachette) is one of the books just referred to as having run through the *Journal de la jeunesse*. The story is pretty and wholesome, and is, it need hardly be said, made the more attractive by the style. M. Tofani's illustrations are in complete sympathy with the author's pleasant matter and manner.

In the *Voyages au Théâtre* (D'Ennery et Jules Verne. Hetzel), we have collected, with spirited illustrations by MM. Benett and Meyer, those stirring dramas *Le tour du monde en 80 jours*, *Les enfants du capitaine Grant*, and *Michel Strogoff*. The idea of so collecting them was a good one, and has been excellently carried out.

Mme. de Witt (née Guizot), in *Lutin et démon* (Hachette), gives us a third series of "Pictures from History," which are well told, and well illustrated by MM. Zier, Pranshnikoff, and Sandow. We must, however, protest against so tragic a story as the first one being included in the book.

M. Lorédan Larchey has prepared with much pains an edition "rapproché du Français moderne" of the *Histoire du gentil seigneur de Bayard, composée par le loyal serviteur* (Hachette), which appears in the shape of a fat volume excellently printed and beautifully and profusely illustrated. M. Larchey, as we learn from his introduction, was fully conscious of the difficulties of a task which he did not undertake without hesitation:—"L'embarras est double: si vous ne francisez point, vous risquez d'être peu intelligible; si vous francisez trop, vous enlevez tout caractère à votre œuvre. Ou vous êtes trop complet, ou vous ne l'êtes pas assez. Il faut simer notre ancienne langue pour comprendre les délicatesses d'une telle épuratoin, qui a nécessité de douloureux sacrifices." M. Larchey has, however, manfully overcome all difficulties, and it would not be easy to find a more suitable gift-book than his edition of "Le loyal serviteur."

Another handsome and eminently readable book, of which the printing and illustration alike deserve the highest praise, is *Le Maroc* (Hachette), translated by M. Henri Belle, with the original author's special permission, from the Italian of Signor de Amicis, of whose lively style we have had occasion to speak with reference to former works of his.

In *Les exploits des jeunes Boërs, les chasseurs de girafes* (par Mayno Reid; adaptation par S. Blandy. Hetzel) we gladly meet an old friend in a new dress. Von Bloom and his sons and their adventures are as interesting as ever in their adapted form; and M. Riou has supplied the book with illustrations which are full of dash and spirit.

In *Nous deux*, a handsome little quarto, with letterpress (J. Girardin. Illustrations de J. G. Sowerby et H. H. Emerson. Hachette), French children have an opportunity of enjoying the style of illustration to which Mr. Caldecott and Miss Greenwood have accustomed their English contemporaries.

Of two volumes of the *Bibliothèque Rose* which we may now notice, *Le manoir d'Ydun* (Mlle de Martignat. Hachette), which is intended for older children than *Chez grand-mère* (Mlle Julie Gouraud. Hachette), is perhaps the better. Not much can be said for the illustrations of either, their chief object being apparently to exhibit little girls in all the finery of the fashion books. A minute philosopher might draw some useful morals from the comparison of the small French girl as represented physically in these woodcuts and the adult Frenchwoman as represented morally in French novels *pas-sim*.

*Histoire d'un ruisseau* (Elisée Reclus. Dessins par L. Benett).—M. Elisée Reclus has this year given us the history of a stream, as he has previously given us the history of a mountain. We begin with *La source* and end with *Le cycle des eaux*; and it is not too much to say that there is hardly a dull line in the two hundred and odd pages which make up the book, for which M. Benett has supplied good and fitting illustrations. We may cite as a good instance of the book's attractiveness the chapter devoted to *La Pêche*.

*Bibliothèque des merveilles—Les métamorphoses des insectes* (Maurice Girard. 5<sup>me</sup> édition, revue et augmentée par l'auteur. Hachette).—M. Girard, who was formerly President of the Entomological Society of France, has prepared a fifth edition of his "Metamorphoses of Insects" for the *Bibliothèque des merveilles*. Cheapness is of the essence of this library, and therefore M. Girard has confined himself for the most part to retouching the fourth edition. Two important additions, however, have been necessary, "L'un est la *Doryphore des pommes de terre*, actuellement en Europe, et qui est une menace incessante pour notre pays; l'autre, de trop ruineuse actualité, est le *Phylloxera de la vigne*,

dont l'étude était encore très-incomplète en 1874 lors de la quatrième édition de ce livre."

*Bibliothèque des merveilles—Le sel* (Eugène Lefebvre. Hachette). To the same library belongs M. Lefebvre's *Le sel*, a book which accomplishes the difficult task of conveying instruction in a pleasant way.

# NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,365, DECEMBER 24, 1881:

Egypt.	The Ledger Franchise.
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NEWTON HALL, Fleur-de-lis Court, FETTER LANE, E.C. POSTIVIST SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL ADDRESS will be given on Sunday, January 1, at Four P.M. precisely, by Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. SUNDAY LECTURES will be continued until further notice. On Sundays, January 8, 15, 22, 29, Professor HENSLY, at Eight P.M. A CLASS is being formed in the Elements and History of GEOMETRY, on Wednesdays, at Eight P.M. Apply to the SECRETARY. All Lectures and Classes free.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The following are the Dates at which the several EXAMINATIONS in the UNIVERSITY of LONDON for the Year 1882 will commence:

Matriculation	Monday, January 9, and Monday, June 19.
Bachelor of Arts	Intermediate, Monday, July 17.
B.A. Monday, October 25.	
Master of Arts	Branch I, Monday, June 5; Branch II, Monday, June 12; Branch III, Monday, June 19.
Doctor of Literature	Intermediate, Monday, June 5.
D.Lit., Tuesday, December 6.	
Scriptural Examinations	Tuesday, November 24.
Bachelor of Science	Intermediate, Monday, July 17.
B.Sc., Monday, October 16.	
Doctor of Science	Within the first Twenty-one days of June.
Bachelor of Laws	Intermediate, Monday, January 2.
B.Lit.,	
Doctor of Laws	Thursday, January 12.
Bachelor of Medicine	Preliminary, November, Monday, July 17.
Intermediate, Monday, July 17.	
B.M., Monday, November 6.	
Bachelor of Surgery	Tuesday, December 5.
Master of Surgery	Monday, December 5.
Doctor of Medicine	Monday, December 5.
Subjects available to Public	Monday, December 11.
Health	
Bachelor of Music	Intermediate, Monday, December 11.
B.Mus., Monday, December 18.	
Doctor of Music	Intermediate, Monday, December 11.
D.Mus., Monday, December 18.	

The Regulations relating to the above Examinations and Degrees may be obtained on application to "The Registrar of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W."

December 16, 1881. ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A., Registrar. BATH COLLEGE, BATH.—The NEXT TERM will commence on Wednesday January 25, 1882. Head-Master: T. W. DUNN, Esq., M.A., late Fellow and Assistant Tutor, St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and for ten years a Master of Clifton College.

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His whole time must be at the disposal of the University. He must be prepared to enter upon his duties on May 1 next.

Further information may be obtained by application to the REGISTRAR.

Candidates are desired to send in their names to the REGISTRAR, with a statement of their age (which must not be less than Twenty-five nor more than Forty-five years), previous career and qualifications, together with such testimonials as they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, January 31. It is particularly requested by the Senate that no personal application be made to its members individually.

By order of the Senate,

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### SPECTACLES versus BLINDNESS.

ONE-FOURTH of those suffering from blindness can trace their

calamity to the use of common spectacles or lenses imperfectly adapted to the sight. Mr. HENRY LAURANCE, F.R.S., Oculist Optician, PERSONALLY adapts his Improved Spectacles at his residence, 3 Kingsleigh Gardens, Euston Square, London, daily (Saturdays excepted) ten to four. BEN JULLIEN BENEDICT writes: "I have tried the principal oculists in London without success, but your spectacles suit me admirably. The clearest of your glasses, as compared with others, is really surprising." DR. BIRD, Chairman of the Surgeon-Major, W.E.M., writes: "I could not have believed it possible that my sight could have been so much improved and relieved at my age, 52. I can now read the smallest print, although suffering from cataracts; the right eye, which was blind for months, is now clear. Consulting Physician, Westminster Hospital; Ven. Archdeacon Palmer, Oculist, East-Gate, Macclesfield; Brentwood, the Rev. Mother Abbe, St. Mary's Abbey, London, and hundreds of others. Mr. Laurence's Pamphlet, 'Spectacles, their Use and Abuse,' post free.

himself professedly bases his calculations) that more than a thousand persons attended the additional Church services already referred to, while not more than 233 attended extra services in Nonconformist chapels; and that, in yet further addition, a service attended by five or six hundred persons was held by Canon WILBERFORCE in an unconsecrated building. These figures may or may not be important in themselves, but they are decisive as to the trustworthiness of Mr. MIALLE's method of calculation.

There is, however, no need to pitch the pipe so low as this. Mr. MIALLE has unconsciously given the right note in saying that "he himself is a Churchman in the eye of the law"—he might have added in the eye of the Church, too, politically speaking—and the Bishop of WINCHESTER has enforced it, if not so strongly as he might have done, in a letter to the *Times*. The Church of England does not rest her claim on an accidental and constantly varying numeration of heads. There is little doubt—the incontestable fact of the detestation in which the political Dissenters hold the idea of a religious Census proves it—that this numeration would be in her favour, but the madness of majorities has not yet infected her. As Mr. MIALLE says very excellently, he himself and everybody else is a Churchman in the eye of the law, whether it pleases him or not to disregard a law which has no penal sanction. All the advantages of the Church are open to him and to any one when he chooses to avail himself of them; and it is in the fact that they are so open that the nationality of the Church consists. The Anglican communion knows nothing, in the strict sense, of the sectarian conditions of what is called "Church membership." Even the Rubrics content themselves with enjoining—again without penal means of enforcement—attendance thrice a year at a particular service. The fierce competition for ticketed and numbered "Church members" has been noted by a tolerably dispassionate observer, M. RENAN, as especially characteristic of the Dissenting sects of England and America. It is not shared by the Church. It is open, of course, to any one to contend that, from the strictly religious, and still more from the strictly ecclesiastical, point of view, the Church of England has pushed this lofty conception of universality and catholicity too far; but that is not now a matter of concern. The fact is that, legally, politically, and historically, the conception is there. The spiritual consolations of the Church are open to all, the material aid which her ministers dispense is open to all likewise; and, as everybody acquainted with parochial work knows, this latter, at least, is most impartially accepted by all. In political theory the Church knows nothing of sects; and the very ministers of the recalcitrant denominations are in her eyes Churchmen—whether good or bad Churchmen is another matter. No process of numbering and ticketing could, therefore, be entered upon by her without forfeiting the claim which, politically speaking, is her strongest and most unassailable. It is scarcely a paradox to say that, if a compact body of Churchmen—not, as at present, merging indefinitely into another body which is composed of individuals sometimes conforming and sometimes nonconforming, but ruled off and circumscribed—could be proved to be a numerical majority, the political position of the Church would be weaker than it is now. A step would have been made in the process of degradation from an institution coextensive with the State—though containing, like the State, bad subjects, more or less in number—to a voluntary association, powerful or feeble as the case might be, but separate and possibly hostile. To put the matter briefly—it is the business of the Church to make as many Englishmen as possible Churchmen in fact as well as in theory, but it is no business of hers to encourage the notion that she rests her claims on the number of her ostensible adherents.

#### INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AND THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT must wish by this time that he had put off writing to Mrs. SURRE until he had received the report of the Public Prosecutor. Had he done so his letter would probably have been a good deal shorter and a good deal less gushing. The case against the majority and in favour of the minority of the London School Board will appear to many people to be greatly weakened by the Public Prosecutor's decision. If a tenth part of the harrowing stories told by the boys at the St.

Paul's Industrial School had been true, there would have been abundant reason for a criminal prosecution. That the evidence has proved, on examination by experts, not to supply *prima facie* ground for taking proceedings which is all that the Public Prosecutor looks for, shows that Mrs. SURRE must have been taken in. It is easy to imagine the way in which she was misled. The report of the Home Office Inspector and Mr. SCRUTTON's own admissions show that the school was not properly managed. Mrs. SURRE was perhaps a little carried away by her natural kindness, and by the reflection that this discovery was likely to bring discredit on a party in the School Board to whose policy she was honestly opposed. In this temper she was not likely to scrutinize too closely the narratives submitted to her, and unfortunately these narratives were of a kind which eminently required a close scrutiny. The testimony of boys against a master is never very trustworthy, and a great deal of the evidence actually laid before Mrs. SURRE related to cruelties alleged to have been committed to boys who were dead or had left the school. But, though it was not good enough for the Public Prosecutor, it was good enough for Mrs. SURRE. She was shocked at what she saw, more shocked at what she heard, and most of all shocked at what she inferred. In cases like this the road to conviction is not a long one when once the start has been made. The incredulity with which she was met by the majority of the School Board naturally disposed her to welcome any additional evidence that things had been as she thought.

If the School Board had been wise, no harm would have resulted from Mrs. SURRE's error. The Board would have done at once what it was compelled to do in the end, and have insisted on an immediate inquiry being held, either by itself or by the HOME SECRETARY. Unfortunately the majority of the Board seemed more anxious to show that the condition of the school was no business of theirs than to ascertain what the condition of the school really was. They wasted a great deal of breath in proving that the duty of inspecting industrial schools belongs to the HOME SECRETARY, and not to the School Board; and, having done this, they thought they had made good their case. They forgot that, though they were not bound to make inquiries into the character of an industrial school before sending children to be brought up in it, they were bound, when specific charges were brought against a school at which they were maintaining children, to ascertain, by themselves or by some one else, whether these charges were true or false. This obligation springs naturally out of the fact that the children in question are maintained at the cost of the ratepayers; and it is quite certain that the ratepayers of London would not wish their money to go to the support of an industrial school such as St. Paul's was affirmed to be. It has been contended, indeed, by some of the members that the School Board owes no more to the children whom it has had sent to an industrial school than a private person who sets the law in motion for the same object. Even in the latter case, an obligation to make inquiry into the truth of charges so serious as those brought against the St. Paul's School would arise if the means for making it or getting it made were within reach; and where the persons who have had the children sent to the industrial school are a public body administering public money, the duty is very much more obvious. If the majority of the London School Board had remembered that, though they were in no way responsible for the state of the school, they were responsible for any children being in the school, they would have seen that, much as they might disapprove of Mrs. SURRE's general policy on educational matters or of her demeanour towards the Industrial Schools Committee, she was in this instance completely within her right. Here were specific charges of cruelty and mismanagement brought against a school at which children were maintained by the London ratepayers, and it was consequently the duty of the School Board, as the representative of the ratepayers in educational matters, to ascertain, either by itself or by some better-qualified authority, whether there was any foundation for these charges. Had it done so, it would now have occupied a very much better place in public opinion. It is a piece of great good fortune for the Board that the charges have not furnished the Public Prosecutor with the material necessary for instituting proceedings. The indisposition of the majority to have the circumstances thoroughly gone

into would have looked very much worse, though it would not really have been worse, if the Public Prosecutor had been prepared with a long and serious indictment against the Superintendent of the School.

The announcement that the whole question is to be referred to a Royal Commission is satisfactory. It is plain that the present system of inspection is quite inadequate as a means of preventing abuses, while in an industrial school abuses are exceedingly apt to arise. These schools require a very much stricter discipline than is needed in ordinary schools, and at the same time the safeguards against any abuse of discipline which exist in ordinary schools are wanting in industrial schools. The children are for the most part of less tractable dispositions than ordinary children, and, in order to deal with them, it is necessary at times to have recourse to sharper punishments. But, as the children do not go home at night, they have no opportunity of complaining to their parents, and consequently no means of defending themselves against any inclination to tyranny that there may be in the teachers. Once inside the school, a child is virtually at the mercy of those who have the control of it. Nor would things be any better if the means of communication between children and parents were increased. The disposition to falsehood, which is natural to children who think that their liberty depends on the framing of a clever lie, would be nourished by more frequent intercourse with those whom they might fairly hope to enlist on their side; and in trying not to discourage just complaints, we should simply be encouraging fictitious complaints. The only safeguards in which any confidence can be placed are good management and strict inspection. The faulty condition of the St. Paul's Industrial School could hardly have escaped the notice of an efficient board of managers meeting at frequent intervals. As it was, it had only to escape the notice of a single manager, and there is always very much more chance that abuses will be passed over by one man, whose measure may have been accurately taken by the superintendent of the school, than by a body of men. Still it is quite possible to deceive even a body of men; and for this reason it is essential that the managers should have their conclusions gone over and tested by careful inspection. The staff at present maintained by the Home Office is altogether inadequate for this duty. An Inspector and an Assistant-Inspector cannot pay that attention to each school which is needed if the managers are to be kept up to their work. Whether this inspection should be entrusted to the central or to the local authorities, and, if to the central authorities, whether to the Home Office or to the Education Department, are among the points which the promised Royal Commission will be called upon to decide.

#### THE YEAR.

THE year which has now almost passed away has been marked by many striking events, and for the most part by striking events of a painful kind. The murder of an Emperor was followed by the murder of a President. British troops were three times defeated, and France used and wasted her strength in the gigantic blunder of the Tunis Expedition. But throughout the year one subject, and one only, has dominated the thoughts of Englishmen—the unhappy condition of unhappy Ireland. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Parnell was awaiting the issue of a trial destined to show the inadequacy of legal remedies, and at the end of the year Mr. Parnell is in prison under a Coercion Act, and there has not been a day in which Mr. Parnell and his subordinates have not been the cause of anxiety to the Government, distress and shame to England, terror and misery to Ireland. For a whole year England has been trying to solve one of the most difficult of problems, that of coping with a smothered revolution under a system of Parliamentary government. The extreme publicity, the unsparing criticism of the Executive, the jealousy of the military, the anxiety to be fair, the wish to give all a hearing, which characterise the working of this system when seen, as in England, at its best, make its action singularly slow and ineffective when it has to deal, not with open resistance, but with cunning disaffection, a paralysis of law, and a demoralized populace. But if the Parliamentary system has among its many virtues that of teaching patience, England certainly has shown that it has learnt this lesson to the full, if not to an extreme. Whatever may be the sins or follies of which in the past it may have been guilty towards Ireland, it can honestly say that this year it has striven to act towards Ireland in a spirit of perhaps exaggerated kindness and leniency. It endured Irish obstruction until this obstruction became a scandal too great to bear; it tried coercion, but the coercion it tried assumed forms

of extreme mildness; it passed a healing measure, on the simple assurance that it was healing, which violated every principle on which Englishmen regulate their own affairs; it would not suppress the Land League until suppression was far too late to undo the mischief which the League had done; it endures on the last day of the year as it endured on the first the spectacle of baffled law, triumphant crime, and insolent cupidity. It has tried to keep in mind that many Irishmen are very poor, that most are terribly ignorant, and that some have been unjustly treated. It has even risen to the height of bestowing its keenest sympathy on those who most hate it. What the Government has done England has done, whether wisely or unwisely, and it may be safely said that there never was a year in which a strong nation has dealt more gently with a weak one.

The dealings of England with Ireland have been partly in Parliament and partly out of Parliament. For eight long months Parliament sat day after day and night after night, thinking of nothing, talking of nothing, and working for nothing, but Ireland. First came the great struggle with Irish obstruction. The Government was pledged to propose measures of coercion and a measure of land reform, and the small band of Irish obstructionists, dreading coercion more than they loved land reform, hoped by the judicious use of Parliamentary forms to make the enactment of coercion impossible. In this they achieved a great and striking amount of success. They literally kept the English Parliament at bay for week after week. They managed to waste a fortnight in the debate on the Address. They imposed on the House a sitting of twenty-two hours before it was allowed to give precedence over other Bills to the Coercion Bills. A little later they fought their great battle, and all one night, all the next day, and all the next night they went on saying the same things, defying the majority, and killing Parliament with the arrows it itself provided for them. The House of Commons was powerless and beaten, when suddenly its chief had the boldness to assume the powers of a dictator. The Speaker appeared and desired the obstructionist who happened to be speaking to sit down, and summarily put to the vote the question of the first reading of the Coercion Bill. During the day which the Speaker had thus happily begun, Davitt, a convict with a ticket of leave, was arrested; and in their excitement at the blow which had fallen on a dearly and justly valued friend the obstructionists lost their heads and forgot the proper use of their art. One of them was declared out of order by the Speaker; the rest, scarcely understanding what was happening, refused to obey the Speaker's directions, and were suspended and ordered to leave the House. During their absence a resolution was passed that when, on the proposal of a Minister of the Crown, a Bill was declared urgent by a majority of three to one in a House of three hundred members, the regulation of all business should rest with the Speaker; and he subsequently decided that, on a proposal made in the same way and supported by a similar majority, a final vote might be taken at a fixed hour. This finished obstruction of the more scandalous kind, and the Coercion and Arms Bills were rapidly passed, the Opposition giving an honourable and effective support to measures which it thought had come too late, but which were obviously indispensable.

The Land Bill took four whole months to pass, and it cannot be said that this was an unreasonably long time for two Houses of Parliament to spend in the discussion of a Bill which was altogether new in principle, singularly complex in details, so drafted as often to be inexplicable, altering the bases of property, and dealing on the grandest scale with the money of the nation. Mr. Gladstone had pledged himself to bring in a big Bill, and he kept his promise. It was a very big Bill, a marvel of legislation, delegating political economy to the regions of Saturn and Jupiter, but advocated and accepted as a political necessity. The Duke of Argyll left the Ministry rather than admit that political necessity could warrant the abandonment of elementary principles; but the other mode of regarding the Bill, that of looking on it as embodying the proposals of a Government which could not be overturned, and which declared it could not and would not govern Ireland without it, imposed itself on the practical common sense of Parliament. In the Commons the Opposition contented itself with supporting Lord Elcho in a general protest against the measure, and thenceforward limited itself to a temperate and reasonable criticism. Some amendments made by Liberals, forming a body small in numbers but of considerable position in the country and in the House, were only rejected by inconsiderable minorities. The Irish section led by Mr. Parnell refused to support the Bill, but afterwards endeavoured with some temporary success to enlarge its provisions in favour of the tenants. But in the main the Bill left the Commons much in the shape in which it had been introduced, and its successful passage through the House was almost entirely due to the extraordinary energy, perseverance, and subtlety of Mr. Gladstone. When the Bill reached the Lords it was exposed to the scathing criticism of Conservative, and perhaps even more of Liberal, peers. But there was a general concurrence in bowing to a political necessity, the responsibility for which was thrown entirely on the Government. The Lords remedied some glaring defects in the wording of the Bill, introduced some amendments which were obviously beneficial, and proposed others which the Government might fairly contend were inconsistent with its main provisions. At first the Commons slaughtered the amendments of the Lords in a very wholesale manner. The Lords with unexpected courage refused to give way, and a collision was only averted by Mr.



Gladstone keeping his temper, and directing his majority to accept every amendment which he could not pronounce to be fatal to the Bill. The Lords responded in a spirit of wise conciliation, and the Bill received the Royal Assent in a shape which left untouched the full responsibility of the Government for its provisions. Now that the measure has become law, the controversies that preceded its enactment may be forgotten, and it is chiefly important to keep in mind what it was that was enacted. A Court composed of three Commissioners was established which, with the aid of an indefinite number of Sub-Commissions, was empowered to fix for a period of fifteen years, on the application of either party, what it considered to be a fair rent for the tenant to pay to the landlord; and, with some slight limitations, the tenant was to hold in perpetuity, and to be able to dispose of his holding. Provisions were made for compensating the tenant for improvements, for enabling him to purchase his holding, for the abrogation of leases unfairly obtained, and for aiding emigration and reclamation; but experience has already shown that every other provision of the Bill is entirely subordinate to that which permits a fair rent to be fixed. The history of a few weeks has sufficed to prove that the Court can only do a fraction of the work imposed on it, and can only do what it does in a most imperfect and hap-hazard manner. Out of more than 50,000 applications about 500 have been disposed of, subject to appeal, and no one pretends to understand the principles on which the decisions have been made. Some of the Sub-Commissioners have been very indiscreet in their language, and have exposed themselves to ridicule by fixing important interests after merely hopping about boggy fields for an hour or two in a misty morning. But the real difficulty of carrying out the Act lies in the Act itself. For something like half-a-million of holdings a fair rent is to be fixed at a moment when future agricultural profits are clouded with a general uncertainty, and by the elaborate process of taking into account all the uncompensated improvements of the tenant, all the interests of the landlord and the tenant, and all the special circumstances of the case, the holding, and the district. Even if things had otherwise gone smoothly, the Court must have been blocked, and must have worked at random. But things have gone very far from smoothly. Mr. Parnell and some of his principal colleagues have been thrown into prison, and the Land League has been compelled to cease its open operations. But its leaders managed to issue from their prison an order to tenants to pay no rent at all; and this order has been widely obeyed, partly because the tenants thought it convenient to obey it, and partly because enough of those who disobeyed it have been murdered or maltreated to terrorize the well-disposed. Some favourable symptoms may be noticed. Juries have recently shown unwonted courage in convicting for agrarian crimes. Mr. Shaw has withdrawn from the Home Rule Association, of which he now recognizes the treasonable purposes; and a movement excellent in intention, but somewhat mismanaged at its outset, has been set on foot in England for the defence of Irish property. Still, crime walks unpunished; the Fenians seem once more on the stir; and it appears at the close of the year almost as doubtful as it was at the beginning whether the Government of the Queen or the government of the Land League is the real government of Ireland.

Disaffection in Ireland has been supported and stimulated by the publications, the money, and the ruffianism of the Irish in America. A section of these Irish, which it may be hoped is a comparatively small one, has set itself to bring England on her knees and give freedom to Ireland by the free use of dynamite and gunpowder. An attempt was made to blow up the Mansion House, and another to blow up the Town Hall of Liverpool, and it was discovered that explosives had been consigned to Liverpool from the United States, concealed in barrels of cement, and embarked on English vessels. Attempts were made in several towns to seize on the arms of the Volunteers, and although many of the plans of the conspirators remained abortive, the Home Secretary stated in Parliament that the dangers apprehended were very real, and that the Government had to preserve an unwearied vigilance, which had to be extended so far that he could not forego his legal privilege of opening letters in their passage through the Post Office. The revolutionary disorder of the Irish Americans coincided with an outburst of the revolutionary disorder of Europe which produced and followed the death of the Czar, and the Government found itself obliged to prosecute to conviction a German refugee who had violated the laws of the country which sheltered him by publishing a general incitement to the assassination of sovereigns. In a smaller way, much trouble was given to the Government by Mr. Bradlaugh, who, after his claim to affirm had been rejected by a Court of Appeal, resigned his seat, and was re-elected by a small majority. On his re-election he proposed to take the oath, but was prevented by a decision of the House forbidding him to take it during the Session; and he was subsequently ordered by the House not to intrude within its precincts. The Government, which had been defeated in its contention that a new member must be admitted to be sworn without reference to his antecedent objection to an oath, brought in a Bill to make affirmation admissible in all cases, but could make no progress with it; and towards the end of the Session Mr. Bradlaugh attempted to try his rights in a new form and to enter the House, from which he was expelled after an ignoble scuffle. Except for these minor incidents, and apart from the Land Bill, the Session would have offered little else to notice had it not been marked by

the death of Lord Beaconsfield, which terminated a long and wonderful career, deprived Parliament of one of its most commanding figures, and left a perceptible blank in the political life of the nation. He was replaced in the leadership of the Peers by Lord Salisbury, and the party has given in the latter months of the year many signs of awakening energies and revived hopes. The numerical advance of the nation was shown by the Census, which disclosed an increase of four millions in Great Britain, with a small diminution in Ireland; while the Indian Census revealed that two hundred and fifty millions, or, at the lowest, a sixth part of the human race, are under the dominion of the Queen. Mr. Childers was allowed to finish to his desire the reconstruction of the army. Mr. Trevelyan gave a lucid and satisfactory account of the strength of the navy; and a meeting of fifty thousand Volunteers at Windsor testified to the numbers and efficiency of this great auxiliary force. Trade has slowly, but steadily, revived; and there is at last reason to hope that a satisfactory treaty of commerce with France may be made, in spite of the long delays caused by the procrastination and timidity of the French Government. The disappointment produced by a wet autumn after a beautiful summer, their really serious losses, and the misleading precedent of the Irish Land Bill stirred up some of the farmers to shape impossible demands in the crudest of Bills. But the freshening winds of free criticism have already done much to disperse the clouds of this ill-considered movement, as they have also done to disperse those of a still more futile movement in favour of Protection in the disguise of Fair-trade, which attained some notoriety by attracting the lightning of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence at Leeds, and by puzzling Sir Stafford Northcote as to whether he would gain most by speaking honestly as a statesman or by patronizing the pious opinions of influential followers. The alleged cruelties inflicted on the children in St. Paul's Industrial School, after provoking a war of Amazons in the School Board, led to the intervention of the Home Secretary, who shut up the school and ordered a general inquiry into the state of all schools of the kind. More recently Sir William Harcourt has found himself obliged to disappoint the hopes of those who urged the remission of the punishment assigned to persons guilty of bribery at elections—a punishment which ought to have been shared by hundreds of others, which fell with great severity on most respectable people, but which the judges who gave it declared to be the smallest they could conscientiously inflict. How far the degradation of the constituencies is to be carried by the culpable carelessness of Parliament in its legislation on the lodger franchise is still uncertain, even after a Court of Appeal has substituted the determination of a set of small, but insoluble, problems for the gigantic extension of the suffrage declared to be law by the Court below. Whatever may be the constitution of future Parliaments, the majority of the present House of Commons appears to be unshaken in its devoted allegiance to Mr. Gladstone; and the Government might now be thought to be turning, with a fair prospect of success, to its large measures for the United Kingdom, had it not considered itself compelled to reform previously Parliamentary procedure—an undertaking so thorny and so delicate that, as Lord Hartington has recently declared, nothing but the pressure of the Liberal constituencies can bring it to a happy issue.

At the beginning of the year intelligence was received that a party of Boers had treacherously attacked a detachment of the 94th Regiment which was escorting a convoy to Pretoria, that only two minutes had been given it to surrender, that thirty men had been killed, that the garrison of Pretoria had withdrawn into the fort, and that Sir George Colley had asked for reinforcements. This intelligence was followed by the news that two officers of the 94th who had been taken prisoners had been sent, unarmed, to the Orange State, and that one of them, Captain Elliot, had been murdered by the Boers escorting him while he was crossing the Vaal River. Sir George Colley, after issuing a proclamation pointing out that thoughts of wild revenge must be abandoned, but that the stain on the arms of England must be effaced, was rendered so impatient by the tidings of the perilous position of the garrison of Pretoria that, without waiting for reinforcements, he started with only twelve hundred men to the relief of the beleaguered fortress. He found 3,000 Boers strongly posted at Lang's Nek, attacked them with a force one-third of their strength, and was defeated with a loss of 200 men. A few days afterwards he made a reconnaissance across the Lugogo River, retired in face of an overwhelming force of Boers, and lost 150 men in the terrible confusion which attended the re-crossing of the river by night. On the 26th of February he made his last fatal attempt to overcome the resistance of the enemy. With 700 men he gained, unperceived, the commanding position of the Majuba Hill; there he remained for some hours undisturbed until a small party of Boers, creeping up among brushwood, created a sudden panic, killed Sir George Colley and some of his more gallant comrades where they stood, rolled the British force down the hill, and killed more than 200 fugitives. Meantime the Government had not been inactive. It had announced in the Queen's Speech that it accepted as an imperative duty the task of putting down armed resistance to the Queen's authority. It had sent large reinforcements to the aid of Sir George Colley and his successor Sir Evelyn Wood, and it finally entrusted the command of an overwhelming force to the most distinguished officer at its disposal, Sir Frederick Roberts. It was supposed that the disgrace of Majuba Hill would be speedily and effectually retrieved; when it was suddenly announced that the struggle was at an end, that

the triumphant Boers were to be left unharmed, and that, with the retention of a shadowy suzerainty and some provisions for the security of the native population, the independence of the Transvaal was to be conceded. It was agreed that British troops should not enter the Transvaal; but when it was found that Colonel Winalow had been induced to surrender Potchefstroom after the conclusion of the armistice, of which the Boers were aware while he was not, the Boers were made to restore what they had gained by treachery; and the murderers of Captain Elliot were brought to a mock trial in which they were at once acquitted by a friendly jury. A Convention embodying the terms of the armistice was concluded between Sir Evelyn Wood and the Commissioners of the Boers, with the assistance of the President of the Orange State, and was ultimately ratified by the Boers in their Assembly, the ratification being accompanied by a significant intimation that it was expected the Convention would be modified if not found to work satisfactorily. Very recently the Transvaal has been evacuated, and the Boers have been left tranquilly to themselves. The conduct of the Government was necessarily exposed to strong and severe criticism, and the case against it was stated with peculiar force and energy by Lord Cairns in the House of Lords. There was no wish in England to retain the Boers in subjection against their will; there was no desire to incur the reproach of what Mr. Gladstone termed "bloodguiltiness"; but it was generally felt that an earlier intimation of the change in the views of the Government might have spared fatal disasters; and that, without the shedding of blood, an overpowering force might have been so used that the Boers would have had to treat, not as conquerors, but as conquered. A somewhat similar controversy arose as to the evacuation of Candahar and what Lord Beaconsfield termed "the scuttling out of Afghanistan." All that can be said is that the Government was pledged to retire from Afghanistan, and that it has retired—whether wisely or not time alone can show; but, for the moment, accident has befriended the Government. There are few who watch the stealthy and incessant progress of Russia towards India, while all can understand that Afghanistan—including, not only Candahar, but Herat—has been at least nominally united under the sovereignty of the temporary ally of England. Candahar was taken by Ayoub, through the desertion of the troops of Abdur-Rahman, and was retaken by Abdur-Rahman by the desertion of the troops of Ayoub, who found himself shut out from Herat, and is now an exile in Persia. In the minor matters of South Africa, apart from the Transvaal, the Government has scarcely been equally fortunate. A difference arose between Lord Kimberley and the Cape Ministry as to the terms imposed on the natives at the conclusion of the Basuto war; Lord Kimberley was forced to find a better man at a higher price than the able but obscure official whom he had selected for the Government of Natal; and the combinations of local intrigues induced the Parliament of Portugal to reject the Lorenzo-Marquez Treaty, by which England had been granted a valuable access to the sea at Delagoa Bay.

It is in the sphere of purely foreign politics that the Government has had its greatest success. It settled on equitable terms the Greek question, which seemed at one moment likely to disturb the peace of Europe; it has shown wisdom and patience in dealing with the difficulties of Egypt, and it has borne itself with courtesy and firmness through the irritating trial of the Tunis expedition. It was chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Goschen that the Greek question was settled. The cause of the Greeks had been abandoned by France with an indecent and cynical haste; but Mr. Goschen passing through Berlin secured the all-powerful aid of Prince Bismarck, and after arbitration had been in vain proposed, and Turkey had hinted that a cession of Crete might be substituted for cessions in Europe, a compromise was effected by which almost all Thessaly was handed over to Greece, while Janina was retained by Turkey. Greece, bowing to the commands of Europe signified in an identical note, accepted what was offered, gained without an effort what it could never have won by arms, and was astonished at finding that Turkey executed its agreement with unexampled punctuality. The troubles of Egypt have chiefly arisen from military insubordination. Three officers having been arrested in February, their regiments released them, marched to the palace of the Khedive, and demanded and obtained the dismissal of the Minister of War. In June the ring-leaders of the revolt ordered a decree to be issued permitting every regiment to appoint and dismiss every officer below the rank of Colonel. In September Araby Bey proclaimed himself the head of a national party, and, leading his followers to the palace of the Khedive, directed the trembling Prince to dismiss the Ministry of Riaz Pasha, and summon an Egyptian Parliament. For a moment it seemed as if the Khedive would show something of the courage which Sir Auckland Colvin was trying to infuse into him; but the opportunity was lost, the Khedive submitted, Riaz was dismissed, and Oherif Pasha was appointed in his stead. Soft words and money combined to induce the Colonels to condescend to remove their regiments to a distance from Cairo, and there was enough of sincerity in their national aspirations to make them regard the intervention of Turkey as the worst of all possible evils. The Sultan would have been delighted to send troops which, under the pretext of suppressing anarchy, would have imposed his authority as Caliph on a rival centre of Mahomedanism. This the Western Powers forbade, and he had to content himself with sending a Commission, which was coldly and politely received, and might be said to have effected nothing, had it not apparently convinced the Khedive that his

hope of future safety must lie in his allying himself with his suzerain against his soldiers and his subjects. This was a state of things which at every stage needed to be treated by the English Government with the greatest caution and care, more especially as the troubles in Egypt were undoubtedly due in part to the commotion produced throughout the Mahomedan world by the violence and pretensions of the French in Tunis. Revealing his policy as occasion arose, Lord Granville laid down the salutary doctrine that it was not the business of England to make or unmake Egyptian Ministries; that she would work cordially with France so long as France would work loyally with her; that the existing rights of the Sultan must be maintained, but could not be extended; and that England would only intervene by force if anarchy in Egypt made intervention a painful but necessary duty.

Early in April it was announced that France was going to send a force of no less than twenty-five thousand men to punish the Kroumirs, a plundering border tribe on the Algerian confines of Tunis. When the force began its operations, these marauders vanished into space; but, as the French were the allies of the Bey, and must do something to help him, they successively occupied his fort of Tabarca, his town of Kef, and his grand harbour of Biserta. M. St.-Hilaire published a beautiful circular, in which he explained and justified the objects of the expedition. France was coming as a beneficent angel to make Tunis rich and happy. There was no end to the fine things which French money and enterprise were to accomplish in Tunis, and even ancient Roman watering-places were to be restored to rival Vichy and Plombières. In pursuance of these kind intentions, a French general at the head of his troops arrived at the Bey's palace of Bardo, pulled out of his pocket the draft of a treaty with which he had been provided by the French Foreign Office, and gave the Bey two hours in which to sign a convention which handed over himself and his State to the dominion of France. The agreement enforced by these gentle arts of persuasion stipulated that at home the Bey should do everything that the French desired, and that abroad he should be represented by France and by France exclusively. Once more M. St.-Hilaire explained the inexplicable, and proved in his pleasant way that France had no dreams of annexation or conquest, but was merely asserting in an innocent and polite manner the claims to a friendly influence in Tunis which were justified by its position in Algeria. The French Parliament ratified the treaty almost without discussion, and was quite ready to grant a sum of money sufficient to finish off what had been so happily begun, and to bring the troops home to France in triumph. The Porte, receiving no support from the Powers in its claims to establish or revive a supremacy over Tunis, had to content itself with strengthening its army in Tripoli. Italy was very vexed and very indignant; but could find no other way of expressing its mortification than by exchanging one Minister who was prepared to do nothing for another who was prepared to do as little. Lord Granville, who had previously sent an iron-clad to prevent the use of force in favour of a French Company and against an English subject in the Enfidra case, accepted the treaty, but hinted in the politest language his opinion as to M. St.-Hilaire's circulars, insisted that all the treaty obligations of Tunis to England must be rigidly maintained, and intimated that England would not see with indifference the extension by France of her forcible benevolence to Tripoli, where she would be getting inconveniently near to Egypt. At first things went smoothly, and the great M. Roustau, who had got up the expedition in concert with the Foreign Office and an Italian adventuress, was appointed at once Consul-General of France and Resident Minister of the Bey. But it soon appeared that the bright hopes of M. St.-Hilaire were destined to disappointment. The Arab population, which did not appreciate the blissful intentions of France, was indifferent to the revival of Roman watering-places, and failed to understand how its Bey with a pistol at his head could by a stroke of the pen hand over all his subjects to the foreigner, broke into an insurrection which was triumphant for months, and is even now only partially suppressed. The inactivity of the French, who did little besides bombarding, occupying, and pillaging Sfax, is partly to be explained by the difficulties of the climate in summer, and partly by the reluctance of the French Ministry to let the country into the secret of its disasters before the elections were over. When autumn and the result of the elections left the Ministry free to act, the French troops put down the resistance of the Bey's troops, with whom they were co-operating, took the holy city of Kairwan, and pursued the retreating Arabs to the south and the borders of Tripoli. Meanwhile, the insurrection had extended to Algeria; a colony of Spaniards had been murdered, and France had a new difficulty on its hands in the shape of an indemnity demanded by Spain. When, in November, the history of the expedition came under the review of Parliament, the French Chamber, treating the discussion merely as the occasion of M. Ferry's fall, expressed neither approval nor disapproval, and contented itself with declaring that the Bardo Treaty must be upheld. Subsequently the secret origin of the expedition was suggested or disclosed during an action for libel brought against M. Rochefort by M. Roustau. The jury, supplying the deficiencies of evidence by the impulses of popular indignation, acquitted M. Rochefort; but M. Roustau was warmly defended by the Foreign Office, and is now, it is said, to return in honour to the scene of his former exploits. In the internal politics of France the great event of the year has been the long-talked of and the long-delayed advent of M. Gambetta to power. In the summer M. Gambetta, in opposition to the

notorious opinions of M. Grévy, had done his utmost to secure the adoption of election by *Scrutin de liste*, which was accepted by a very small majority in the Chamber, but rejected by the Senate. Whatever may be the faults of the existing system of election, M. Gambetta could not complain that it checked the Republican triumph, for the elections which were held in August resulted in the crushing defeat of the feeble monarchical parties. When the new Chamber assembled, it became evident that M. Gambetta, who, after the rejection of the *Scrutin de liste*, had occupied himself with projects for the revision of the Senate, who had been received with Royal honours at Ochers, and with every mark of devoted admiration at Neuchâtel and Houdouin, but who had found his influence undermined at Belleville, was the only possible Minister that France would endure. At last the grand Minister was in office; but the Ministry he formed was anything but grand. It was composed of men almost entirely unknown, and included in its list the name of M. Paul Bert, who, as the most bitter enemy in France of clerical influence and clerical teaching, was appointed to the joint Ministries of Public Instruction and Religious Worship. Since he was installed in office M. Gambetta has adopted the wise policy of saying little and doing nothing. He has the strength so seldom found in French Ministers—the strength to wait; and France, although it rejoices that at the end of the year the man of its choice is in power, knows almost as little of his policy and aims as it did at the beginning.

Prince Bismarck has fully maintained his control over the foreign policy of Europe. Austria is as much attached to him as ever; and the new Czar came to meet him and his master at Dantzig, and returned full of his unexpected moderation. He has thought proper recently to snub Italy, and to warn Europe against her Republican tendencies; and he has become the object of the prostrate devotion of the Porte, which, obedient to his nod, settles its finances, blows hot and cold about Armenia, and looks with patience on the application of the Austrian conscription to the Sultan's subjects in Bosnia and Herzegovina. But at home he has had a troubled time. He retains his boundless command over the aged Emperor, but he has quarrelled with every one else. He has been at daggers drawn with two successive German Parliaments. He had to remonstrate with the Upper House of the Prussian Parliament when that ordinarily submissive body seemed half inclined to thwart him in his readjustment of taxation; he has had to scold the Chambers of Commerce, which revealed with ignorant honesty the consequences of his beloved protectionist tariff; he cannot heal his old quarrel with the Church; the Socialists trouble him as much as ever; and at the recent elections he found himself in antagonism to the most educated, independent, and active classes of the community. At the beginning of the year he thought proper to summon a little extra Parliament or Council of his own, which was to hear and adopt his views, give him information, and anticipate the conclusions of the more regular body; but both the last and the present Parliament have resolutely refused to repay the expenses of the amateurs who were destined to supersede them. He in vain laid before the last Parliament some curious schemes of State Socialism, including a project for State insurance in favour of workmen, a project for the relief of the infirm, and a project for the revival of mediæval guilds. When the new Parliament met he got the Emperor to say that all these projects were especially dear to his aged bosom, and that he could not die happy until he saw them carried out; but the only effect produced was the creation of a general impression that the intrusion of the Emperor's alleged personal feelings was irrelevant and inappropriate. At present he seems to be occupied with making overtures to the Pope, and with uttering threats that he has done without Parliaments before this and may think fit to do without them again. Both Germany and Austria have been gratified with the spectacles of popular and suitable Royal marriages, Prince Frederick William, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, having married in March the Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Rudolph, the eldest son of the Emperor of Austria, having married in May the Princess Stephanie of Belgium. Baron Haymerle died in the autumn, and was replaced by Count Kalnoky; but the change indicated no alteration in the foreign policy of Austria, which at present seems to lie in the direction of combining with Russia, under the supervision of Germany, for the adjustment of such matters as interest them alike in Eastern Europe. The sensitiveness of Austria was recently somewhat ruffled by a speech of the new King of Roumania on the opening of his Parliament, in which he stated, in language less prudent than plain, that Austria was trying to bully Roumania with regard to the navigation of the Danube, and that Roumania would not stand it. But, as King Charles got no encouragement from Berlin, he directed his Minister to make a profuse apology; and this small diplomatic quarrel will soon apparently be ended. At home the Hungarian elections went in favour of the Ministry, and in Austria Proper Count Taaffe never seems to lose or gain ground in his ingenious attempt to govern by disappointing one party after another. Towards the end of the year the King of Italy paid a solemn visit to Vienna, the avowed object of which was to cement an alliance with Austria as a protection to Italy against France, from whom Italy had been alienated by the Tunis expedition. The prosperous state of Italian finance has enabled Italy to contract a great gold loan, which will permit her to enjoy the credit and comfort of a metallic currency; and the question of electoral reform, the bugbear of one Ministry after another, has been disposed of by the adoption of a scheme giving the franchise to all who can read and write. On the other

hand, the relations of Italy with the Pope are more strained than ever, partly owing to the unseemly riots which disgraced Rome, and which the police could not repress, on the occasion of the transport of the remains of the late Pope to their final resting-place.

Russia and the world were horrified early in the spring by the announcement that the Emperor Alexander had been brutally and foully murdered. As he passed in his carriage a bomb was thrown from the crowd by which a Cossack was wounded; the Czar stopped down to see the wounded man, a second bomb was thrown, and the Czar was so terribly injured that at the end of a few hours he died. At first it seemed as if his successor was inclined to seek popular support by making concessions, and Count Melikoff was directed to publish a liberal decree which had been prepared during the reign of the Emperor Alexander. But a change soon came over the spirit of the young Emperor, who was alarmed at the extent to which disaffection had spread, and found that it had penetrated even the higher ranks of the army and navy. Count Melikoff was replaced by General Ignatieff; the Czar shut himself up, a close prisoner, in the palace of Gatchina; and a final ukase has been issued, declaring that the Czar will fight out to the bitter end his quarrel with Nihilism. Some distraction to popular discontent has been provided by the riotous amusement of Jew-baiting, in which the Russians have improved on their German example, and have plundered and maltreated every one known or supposed to be a Jew, including, it was said, a person no less illustrious than Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt. In the regions of its Asiatic possession Russia has won new triumphs. Gheok Tepe, the stronghold of the Tekke Turcomans, was taken by General Skobelev, after an obstinate resistance; a position was ultimately secured which commands not only Merv, but Herat; and Russia now finds herself entitled to ask for what she terms a rectification of the northern frontiers of Persia. It was probably the countenance of Russia, and it was certainly the co-operation of a Russian general, that prompted and enabled Prince Alexander of Bulgaria to effect a *coup d'état* in his tiny principality, by which he got rid of the Constitution that was obnoxious to him, imprisoned or exiled his chief opponents, and induced the peasants to give heed to the presence of his troops, and declare him the elect of the people and the dictator of Bulgaria for seven years to come. In Turkey a scandal that had long been sleeping was revived by the determination of the Sultan to bring to a public trial the supposed murderers of Abdul Aziz, among whom was Midhat Pasha, who sought refuge in the French Consulate at Smyrna, but was surrendered and sent to meet his fate at Constantinople. The trial ended in the accused being sentenced to death; but it had been conducted in a manner so very peculiar, even for Turkey, that, although the Ambassadors did not openly interfere, they conveyed the opinion of Europe to the Sultan, and the sentence was commuted into exile to Arabia. Harassed as he has been by the claims of Greece, distracted by a rebellion in Albania, worried by the persistent demands of England for reform in Armenia, and occupied with weaving constant dreams of triumphant Pan-Islamism in North Africa, the Sultan has still found time to make a financial arrangement with his creditors; and Mr. Bourko has secured a fortune for the bankers, a trifle to begin with for the bondholders, and shadowy hopes of something more to come in a distant future. Nor is this the only notable financial settlement of the year. At the other end of Europe, Spain, too, has made one more arrangement with her creditors. The elections had confirmed the power of the Liberal Ministry; the popularity of the King was established; the revenue was increasing, and might, by judicious arrangements, be still more increased; and Señor Camacho, when he produced his Budget, was enabled to show that Spain could consolidate its Privileged Debt at a comparatively low rate of interest, and could give the bondholders the happiness of seeing where in future the money allotted to them might probably come from.

Scarcely four months after the murder of the Czar the startling intelligence was received that an attempt had been made to murder the President of the United States. For weeks President Garfield lingered on, until in September death put an end to his sufferings. The unstained integrity of his past, his simple and manly character, and his patient fortitude attracted the eager sympathy, not only of his own people, but of the whole civilized world. Pity and indignation were alike increased when it was found that there was scarcely a shadow of a motive for the murder, and that it was the work of an empty-headed, disappointed office-seeker, who, having inflicted on his country the stain of a wanton murder, has since inflicted on it the stain of a trial conducted with revolting indecorum. Day by day, as the President lingered on, the hopes, the fears, and the interest of millions were expressed in language that came from the heart, and were expressed by no one more warmly and pathetically than by the Queen of England. The sufferings and death of President Garfield united the two great branches of the English race in a common sorrow, and the responsive gratitude of the American people found utterance in a salute being paid to the English flag when the centenary of Yorktown was celebrated. The time during which President Garfield had been in office had been too short to be signalized by anything more prominent than his quarrel with Senator Conkling over the appointment of Mr. Robinson. His successor, President Arthur, has also been too short a time in office to gain reputation or disclose a policy; but he has inherited from the Cabinet of his predecessor two strange annotations or exaggerations of the Monroe doctrine. The Chilians, after defeating the Peruvians in two pitched battles outside Lima,

gained possession of the city, forced President Pierola to fly, and set up a new President in his stead. But they failed to make an arrangement by which the heavy terms they sought to impose, including a cession of territory, a large indemnity, and the prohibition of a Peruvian navy, could be accepted, and they continued, and still continue, to occupy the capital of the enemy. After their occupation had lasted some months, Mr. Blaine thought proper to intervene by a despatch which misled the American representative in Peru into declaring that he had been instructed to say that the United States would direct the combatants to accept the terms of peace that the Washington Government might think proper, and which, if this was a misconception, certainly intimated that no other Power would be permitted to use its endeavours to put an end to the war. M. de Lesseps, again, has been actively pushing on the construction of the Panama Canal, and the Government of the United States, seeing at last the importance of the enterprise, now seeks to obtain exclusive control over it, and asks England to tear up the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty on the plea that the Canal is mainly to be regarded as a channel for the constant trade of the States. It can only be hoped that, by the exercise of courtesy, patience, and firmness, Lord Granville will surmount these new diplomatic troubles.

No deaths during the year have been so startling as those of President Garfield and the Czar, and no one has passed away who had attained anything like the same eminence in politics and literature as Lord Beaconsfield; but the death-roll is long of those who were distinguished in literature, in politics, in law, in science, and in art. The melancholy, the bitterness, the vivid historical power, the philosophy so pregnant in its hint, so vague in its aims, of Mr. Carlyle, were buried in the grave which he had long looked on as the only haven he desired; an end that seemed premature came to the bright sympathy, the large tolerance, and the genius for the picturesque, of Dean Stanley; while France lost in M. Littré one of those few students of a language who have the real passion for study, and England lost in Mr. Spedding one of those fine scholars and rare biographers who toil through years of conscientious labour in order to do justice, or more than justice, to the object of their admiration. In the political world there passed away, besides Baron Haymerle, M. Dufaure, the last relic of the old-fashioned, stern, upright, and perhaps narrow, French Parliamentary school; Count Arnu, the erring, but high-minded, victim of Prince Bismarck's animosity; Mr. Adam, one of the best, most adroit, and most beloved of Parliamentary officials; Sir William Heathcote, who had long dignified the House of Commons as a perfect specimen of a University member; Mr. Miall, the most ardent and uncompromising of Nonconformists; Archbishop McClure, long known as the Lion of the Tribe of Judah and the friend of O'Connell; and one less known, but who for years served England well in the difficult position of our Envoy at Cabul, Ghulam Hussein Khan. The legal world has had to deplore the loss of the gentle wisdom of Lord Hatherley; of the vigorous and well-informed common sense of Lord Justice James; of the acumen and inexhaustible learning of Lord Justice Lush; of the intelligence, once so bright and sparkling, of Sir John Karslake; and of the vast erudition and varied knowledge of M. Bluntschli. The gay world of birds will no more be depicted with loving accuracy by Mr. Gould, and the scanty rays of Oxford science have been dimmed by the departure of the lamented Professor Rolleston. Thousands who have been moved by his Garrick and convulsed by his Dandrey mourned the death of Mr. Sothorn; but, above all, the lovers of English architecture have been stricken, for they have had to deplore at brief intervals the loss of Mr. Burgess, who was unsurpassed in his knowledge of the early French style; of Mr. Decimus Burton, the last lingering representative of the old Italian school; and of Mr. Street, who had lived to be the chief exponent of English Gothic, and who has left behind him the best of memorials in the new Courts of Law, which are now rapidly approaching completion. And, if the year has been marked by many deaths, it has also been marked by a strange series of physical convulsions and sad catastrophes. On the 18th of January England was almost buried in a fall of snow so wild and violent that London was nearly cut off from the country. On the 14th of October a sudden blast of wind laid prostrate in a few minutes hundreds of the finest trees in the parks of the metropolis. An earthquake at Scio buried five thousand persons in the ruins of the shattered buildings, and left forty thousand others homeless and exposed to the supervening pestilence. Cholera has raged among the unfortunate pilgrims of Mecca; the burning of the Opera House at Nice was followed by the exactly similar, but much more fatal, calamity of the burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna; and more recently the Wigan colliery explosion, the Canonbury railway accident, the fatal panic in a Warsaw church, and Mr. Powell's lost balloon, have given warnings how near death may stand to all in fearful and unexpected shapes. Private persons who have been blessed with tranquillity during its passage may look back on the closing year as a happy one; but to the public it has been a year of much pain, little satisfaction, and many losses; and a hope that the new year may be a brighter one may this time be expressed with more than ordinary fervour and sincerity.

#### THE CONCORDAT OF 1801 AND THE ORGANIC ARTICLES.

OUR readers may have noticed a fresh announcement in the Paris telegrams of the *Times* of Wednesday last that the new Minister of Public Worship intends to enforce a strict and literal observance of the Concordat, including, we presume, the Organic Articles, which, though never recognized at Rome, form in the estimation of the French Government an integral part of the agreement. It appears indeed that, as a preliminary step, the prefects have already been directed to furnish him with written information regarding the character and antecedents of the different bishops, "their subordinations." We took occasion not long ago to say something of the history and general bearings and effects of the Concordat of 1801, which grew out of the revolutionary catadysm of the old Gallican Church, but was in its main features a reproduction of the Concordat of Bologna, adapted to the exigencies of the Napoleonic régime. But those who are not familiar with the subject may like, in view of its revived importance under M. Paul Bert's Ministry, to have a somewhat more precise account of its leading peculiarities, though we cannot of course here undertake to exhibit in detail the 17 Articles of the Concordat, and still less the 77 supplementary Articles which Napoleon with characteristic inaccuracy tacked on to it, under the title of *Articles Organiques de la Convention du 26 Messidor an IX. entre le Pape et le Gouvernement Français*, but which the Pope had never even seen or heard of before their publication, and protested against as soon as he did hear of them. We may first repeat, what we said before, that the general aim and tendency of both Concordat and Organic Articles, but especially of the latter, was to form not an independent national Church, but a Church absolutely dependent on the sovereign power in the State. With this view, however, while the ancient rights of the native episcopate and ecclesiastical corporations were systematically superseded or ignored, the arbitrary powers of the Pope, as well as of the Sovereign, were increased, with the intention that the latter should rule the Church through the instrumentality of its nominal head. Napoleon's leading idea was to make the clergy into a moral police, with the bishops for prefects, whose chief duty would be to preach the obligation of devoted loyalty to the Empire, while, if he could have had his way, the Pope himself must have merged his ecumenical position in a kind of French patriarchate, residing at Paris with an ample revenue, and acting—to use a phrase he actually employed in one of his letters—as head Chaplain to the Emperor. Such a functionary, he consistently argued, could not be too absolute, as long as he remained the mere mouthpiece and instrument of the spiritual absolutism of the civil Sovereign.

It was impossible of course that Napoleon's scheme of Church policy should be carried out in its entirety. But the broad result, as might have been expected, and as it may pretty safely be predicted would under similar circumstances occur again, was to promote first a tone of slavish and vicious Erastianism, and then, by an inevitable and speedy process of reaction, to give an unprecedented impetus to that spirit of fervent Ultramontanism which for the last half-century has dominated the French Church. Under Napoleon I. the clergy for the most part assumed the character of servile Imperialists; under the restored Bourbons they fell back at once on their more natural and traditional principles, and seemed almost to exalt the divine right of kings into an article of faith, to their own grievous hurt and discredit, when the Revolution of 1830 again changed the political condition of the country. Louis XVIII. had indeed attempted in 1817 to introduce a new Concordat, restoring as far as possible the endowments and status of the Church as it existed before the Revolution, but this the Parliament refused to accept. He did actually revive thirty of the suppressed sees, thus raising the whole number to ninety, not, as he had desired, to its original complement of 131 dioceses. At the second fall of the Bourbons the clergy, who had so warmly supported their cause, became doubly unpopular, and—partly on that account, partly because they perceived that it was in fact solely through its union with Rome that the French Church had been kept together at all through a revolutionary crisis which had shattered all purely national institutions—became also fervently Ultramontane. And in their recoil from a royalist Erastianism which had suddenly collapsed, and under the oppression of a monarchy which was Erastian without being royalist, in the sense of having any pretence to hereditary divine right, their Ultramontanism was moulded by leaders like Lamennais and Montalembert into the novel form of a sort of political liberalism singularly out of harmony with Gallican precedents and more than unfriendly to the Government of Louis Philippe. And such, with the episode of a more or less sincere revival of Napoleonic enthusiasm under the Second Empire—sternly discouraged, to do them justice, by their leading men of an earlier generation both clerical and lay—has been their prevailing attitude from that time to this. It will certainly not be modified, in the direction of a closer and more cordial alliance with the civil Government, by seeking to enforce with a severity hitherto unknown, or long since virtually abandoned, the observance of the strict letter of the Concordat as it is understood by M. Paul Bert.

We have before explained that one very important point in the Concordat, and one which incidentally at least recognized or created an almost unlimited Papal absolutism, was the new circumscription of French dioceses, which were reduced by a stroke of the pen from 131 to 60, all the surviving bishops—of whom there were 81—being required to resign within ten days. Forty-



five consented; the remaining thirty-six—including fourteen resident in England—refused, as did most of the "Constitutional" bishops, and all these were summarily deprived. The vacancies thus created were to be filled up by the First Consul, who could select at his pleasure from the ranks of the ancient hierarchy or of the "Constitutionals," and he was also to have the right of nominating to all vacant sees in the future, his nominees receiving canonical institution from the Pope, who thus retained a veto on the appointment. All bishops and ecclesiastics of the second order (priests) were to take an oath of allegiance to "the Government established by the constitution of the French Republic" before entering on their duties, which is now, according to current reports, to be again rigidly exacted. There is nothing offensive in the form of oath itself, though perhaps it may be thought invidious to require of one particular class specific pledges for the discharge of duties incumbent on every good citizen. The bishops thus appointed and pledged are directed in the Concordat to make a new division of parishes which must receive the approval of Government; they have also the right of nomination to all the cures in their respective dioceses; but here again Government approval is required for their nominees. All claim to the confiscated property of the Church was to be definitely relinquished, and the Government guaranteed in lieu of it *un traitement convenable* to the bishop and curés appointed under the new system, and also promised facilities for securing such new endowments as French Catholics might choose to bestow. These are the principal articles of the Concordat with the exception of the first, which guarantees the free and public exercise of the "Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion"—expressly declared to be that of "the great majority of French citizens"—and the last, which, if strictly applied under existing circumstances—as will certainly not be the case—might rather seriously embarrass the action, not of the Church, but of the Government in France. It runs thus:—"It is agreed between the contracting parties that, in case any successor of the present First Consul should not be a Catholic, the rights and prerogatives above mentioned, and the nominations to bishoprics, shall be regulated in accordance with these provisions by a new Convention." M. Paul Bert is not indeed First Consul, for that office no longer exists, but he stands in the place of the First Consul as the official representative of the State in its dealings with the Church, and he is so far from being a Catholic that he has ostentatiously and somewhat contemptuously repudiated, not only all Christian, but all theistic belief. Yet, instead of his being held thereby disqualified for the exercise of ecclesiastical functions, M. Gambetta, as we know, has gone out of his way to remodel the existing arrangement of Cabinet offices for the express purpose of thrusting the Ministry of Public Worship upon him. The Concordat therefore, if it is to be strictly enforced on one side, is clearly not intended, so to speak, to be enforced all round.

But that is not all. The Concordat was presented to the Corps Législatif in a plausible and conciliatory speech by M. Portalis, Minister of Public Worship, on April 5, 1802. Three days later, on April 8, "Bonaparte, First Consul," proclaimed, in the name of the French people, 77 "Organic Articles," of which no whisper had previously been suffered to escape, as part and parcel of "the aforesaid Convention between His Holiness and the French Government." In a Secret Consistory held on May 24 following Pius VII. solemnly protested against these "other articles of which he had not known," and insisted on the necessity of their being altered, as contravening the principle of "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." No such alteration was made, and the Organic Articles continued to be treated by the Government as an integral part of the Concordat, but in practice they have never been rigidly enforced in all their details. We can but summarize here the leading provisions of this supplementary code. No official document of the Court of Rome is to be introduced into France, nor any emissary from Rome to exercise his functions there, without express permission of the Government. No synod of any kind, diocesan, metropolitan, or national, may be held in the country without similar permission, nor may the decrees of any foreign Council, Provincial or General, be received until after being examined and approved by the civil power. An appeal *dans tous les cas d'abus*—a category defined in very comprehensive terms—lies from the ecclesiastical tribunals to the Council of State. Archbishops and bishops are to use no title but that of *citoyen* or *monsieur*; hence M. Bert has already dropped the customary designation of *Monsieur*. Another Article, which he has recently threatened to enforce, forbids any bishop to leave his diocese without the permission of the First Consul. All regulations made for ecclesiastical seminaries, as well as the names of all students under training there, are to be submitted to him, as also a list of those who are from time to time to receive holy orders. Only one liturgy is to be used throughout France—a provision first brought into force by Pius IX., who suppressed all the old diocesan uses—and no festivals besides Sunday can be established without Government permission. No religious ceremony can take place outside the walls of the church in towns where there is any temple dedicated to a different form of worship, nor can bells be rung for any purpose except to summon the faithful to church—neither the only nor the principal use of bells in Roman Catholic countries—without the sanction of the police. The nuptial benediction can only be given to those who produce a certificate of previous civil marriage. Several minute and somewhat vexatious regulations are also laid down about preachers, which might easily be so enforced as to "tune" or gag the pulpits at the discretion of the civil ruler. There are various petty and technical rules on other points of no great

importance in themselves, which might fairly enough entitle Napoleon I. to the sobriquet bestowed by the King of Prussia on Joseph II. of Austria, "my brother, the Sacristan." It is almost needless to observe that, while common sense rather than compulsion has secured the observance of many of these regulations, others have been suffered to lie dormant, and that the attempt to enforce them all in the letter would practically constitute just that sort of petty and stupid persecution which, if not seriously prejudicial to its victims, is intensely provoking, and is sure to rouse their bitter antipathy, not to say antagonism, against the Government responsible for it, without any compensating advantage. They regard it, if Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, may be taken for their spokesman, as an attempt "to force back the Church a century, and reimpose the restrictions which fettered it on the morrow of the proscriptions of the Directory and the crimes of the Reign of Terror." However we are not concerned here to discuss M. Gambetta's motives for a course of policy which to men of all shades of opinion out of France, and to at least a very large minority of French citizens, appears equally arbitrary and unwise. There are many provisions in the Concordat, as interpreted by the Organic Articles, which a skilful pontiff, who knew how to play his cards and was able to maintain amicable relations with the Government, might utilize for the promotion of Papal and episcopal absolutism; and it is studiously framed throughout to facilitate the exercise of civil despotism over the ecclesiastical order. What it cannot subserve, and can hardly fail more or less gravely to prejudice—it would indeed be a slur on the astute penetration of its author were it otherwise—is the formation of a healthy and independent religious life in the clergy and hierarchy of the national Church.

#### FIRES IN THEATRES.

THE attention called in this country to the existing and possible dangers from fire, or alarm of fire, in theatres and places of public assembly by the horrible occurrence at the Ring Theatre in Vienna, has in various ways been kept alive. It has too often happened that a disaster of this kind has done nothing more, after the first shock, than stimulate a temporary activity among people directly concerned in doing or wishing to do all they can in taking preventive measures. After the late disaster, however, a movement which, it may be hoped, will not be without result, was set on foot by a body of persons whose profession involves a close and continual acquaintance with the arrangements of the audience part of all important London theatres, and since that time various disasters, as perhaps was to be expected, have occurred in theatres and other places of amusement or assembly. Fortunately, these disasters have been comparatively on a small scale, and, but for the general horror excited by the Ring Theatre catastrophe, some of them might have been less heard of. But it is satisfactory to note that public attention seems now to be seriously directed to these matters, and it is perhaps even more satisfactory that in more than one case the result of a sudden scare has at the same time served to keep people's minds alive to dangerous possibilities, and to prove that, with proper arrangements, even an unreasoning panic need not have fatal results.

The movement to which we have referred was started last week at a meeting of the dramatic critics of the principal London papers, and at this meeting certain resolutions were passed. Before we go into this question, it may be convenient to say something of recent alarms and disasters, by far the most serious of which since the case of the Ring Theatre has been caused by the alarm of fire raised in a church at Warsaw. Of this, according to the latest reports, the result has been twenty-nine deaths, and over a hundred more or less serious injuries. In London on Tuesday night last a similar alarm was raised at the Grecian Theatre. As might have been expected, many of the audience made a rush for the exits without waiting to make sure whether the alarm was true or false, and, as might not have been expected, no one, according to a report, "appears to have been hurt in the slightest degree, although some eight hundred persons rushed out of the place in a headlong, frantic manner." A considerable part of the credit for this is no doubt due, not only to the provision of ample exits, but also to the presence of mind preserved by "the manager and others on the stage," who set themselves to the task of allaying the panic. Had the same presence of mind been retained in the face of a too well-grounded alarm by those on the stage of the Ring Theatre, much, if not all, of the horrors which then ensued might have been avoided. There are still many people who remember the coolness with which Charles Dickens, standing on the stage in front of a blazing piece of scenery, reassured his audience, and prevented a panic in a place where its results could not but have been of the most serious kind. The action of one master-mind in this way has, of course, its effect both on those in front of and those behind the lights. It persuades the audience to sit still, or, at least, to take measures for escape in an orderly fashion, and it encourages the firemen, or the temporary firemen, to go about their work methodically and swiftly. Another panic occurred at Leeds on the same night as that at the Grecian, and with more reason, since some decorations were actually set on fire. Here the fact that there were no very serious results was perhaps more remarkable than in the case of the Grecian, since the building in which the scare took place had one of the most dan-

gerous faults which such a building can have in the fact that the doors all opened inwards—the general safety being due to the prompt action of the police in breaking them open from the outside. The terrible occurrence in a Brighton music-hall belongs strictly to another category, but bears only too plainly on the general question of supervision of theatres and music-halls. There was another alarm on the night before that at the Grecian, at a music-hall in Berlin. There the alarm was false, and was not apparently followed by serious results. It is, as we have said, satisfactory to note some of these cases, as regards the danger of panic; but the amount of this satisfaction is in no way a measure of the importance of reconsidering entirely the existing state of our own—to say nothing of other peoples'—theatres, music-halls, and places of assembly. Nor will cynical announcements as to the immunity for a long time of the public, and the deaths of a manager and a dresser, do anything to prevent the question being seriously thought of. In one important way some other people—and especially the Viennese—are far better off than we are in this matter. Their safety is now being looked after by a benevolent autocracy, and it is precisely autocracy in this respect that we want, and that we are practically without.

"This want cannot, perhaps, be more conveniently shown than by quoting the resolutions of the dramatic critics above referred to. They run thus:—"1. That the condition of many of the London theatres, both in regard to the stage and the auditory, in case of fire and panic, is extremely unsatisfactory and unsafe. 2. That the time has come for amending the laws that apply to theatres and places of amusement generally in the United Kingdom; and that it is highly necessary to appoint a Government official, to be held publicly responsible for the safety of theatres and places of amusement, and to be assisted by qualified inspectors." It might be desirable to include places of assembly with places of amusement, since, to take one instance, Exeter Hall might not, perhaps, be exactly defined as a place of amusement. Otherwise it is likely that the resolutions will commend themselves as being thoroughly to the point. The third and fourth resolutions are to the effect that, pending any new legislation, the control, as regards fire and alarm of fire, of theatres and public places, should be placed in the hands of the Chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and that "the Lord Chamberlain be invited to assist, as far as lies in his power, in the prevention of fire, or alarm of fire, in theatres." It seems to us as desirable a thing as can be that the resolution relating to Captain Shaw, who is of course the one person most fitted to deal with such matters, should, if there is no insuperable difficulty, be carried into effect as quickly as may be. But on this point it is to be observed that the Chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is not a Government servant, but the representative of the Metropolitan Board of Works, or, in other words, of a large vestry. The resolution inviting the Lord Chamberlain's aid "as far as lies in his power" is, in a sense, unhappily significant. What lies in the Lord Chamberlain's power is to make the granting or renewal of a licence to most of the London theatres conditional on certain alterations or precautions which he thinks necessary being made or taken. He has not the power to inflict any penalty short of revoking or refusing a licence, and, in the case of a large theatre, revoking a licence means widespread ruin. Also this power can, practically, be exercised only once in every year. The Lord Chamberlain's Office attends minutely, and has for years past so attended, to the inspection of theatres without being in any way legally expected to do so; and some three years ago an Act of Parliament was passed, empowering the Board of Works to compel, for the purposes of public safety, any alterations of which the Lord Chamberlain might approve, in existing theatres and music-halls. The same Act provided that new theatres and music-halls should not be built without the combined sanction of the Lord Chamberlain and the Board of Works, no licence to be given without a certificate of safety from the Board of Works. Many people will be of opinion that the powers thus entrusted to the Board of Works and the Lord Chamberlain have not, at least as regards necessary alterations, been exercised with nearly enough stringency in two or three cases.

It is always more easy to point out faults or shortcomings in existing arrangements than to suggest an effectual remedy; but it seems to us tolerably obvious that what, amongst other things, is urgently wanted is the vesting in competent hands of a summary jurisdiction for inflicting penalties, substantial but not excessive, for every act of disregard or neglect of recommendations issuing from the Office of the Lord Chamberlain or of the Board of Works. It is, as we have said, a very serious step in most cases to refuse a licence; and it is not unnatural that managers, having undertaken to carry out certain recommendations, should sometimes delay, if not forget, them. Every such delay, however, involves a certain danger; and every such delay or neglect should be punishable according to its gravity. Another matter equally urgent, and perhaps more easy of immediate arrangement, is that fire-drill should be established in all theatres, and that the men told off to fire-duty should be from time to time exercised by unexpected calls to their several quarters and duties. This recommendation was, indeed, made by the Lord Chamberlain's Office in 1876; but, in considering it, it seems necessary to remember what was said by Captain Shaw in his very interesting pamphlet published in the same year, on "Fires in Theatres" (London: E. and F. N. Spon):—"By the term fireman here used it is to be understood a man trained and instructed in the business of extinguishing fires, and

not, as too commonly is found, a mere labourer, scene-shifter, or other subordinate assistant, clothed in a costume resembling a fireman's uniform." One other passage from the same pamphlet it seems at this moment especially desirable to call attention to:—"All doors for the entrance and exit of visitors should be made to open both ways, and should be of such light material that in any great emergency they could be forced open, even if closed and bolted." This possibility of instantaneous forcing should, we may add, be applied especially to all the doors which are inscribed with the words "Extra Exit." Too often it is found that these doors can only be unlocked by an attendant who is likely to be out of the way just when he is wanted, and too often, as we have on former occasions pointed out, the doors are not so much "Extra Exits" as extra openings on to a main corridor where a stream of people coming through them would strike on another stream coming from another direction. This particular matter seems to us the one of which the importance is least recognized by certain managers who have made, and continue to make, most commendable endeavours to minimize danger from fire or panic. Unluckily there will always be, while human nature remains what it is, managers of another sort, and it is to meet their cases particularly that further legislation is urgently needed.

Meanwhile it is an agreeable task to record the success of an experiment which has many advantages, among them the great one of reducing the risk from fire. We refer to the arrangements for lighting the stage of the Savoy Theatre by the incandescent electric light. The lamps used are those invented and manufactured by Mr. Swan, and the arrangements have been designed and carried out by Messrs. Siemens. The whole system seemed, when we saw it on Tuesday last, to be perfectly successful. About twelve hundred Swan's lamps are used for the whole house, and these are supplied with the current from a number of Siemens alternating-current machines, driven by two of Fowler's ploughing engines, of sixteen horsepower (nominal). The engineers in charge stated that they were developing about 120 horse-power; but our own observations give a result more favourable to the light, for at the time at which we examined the engines they were not developing more than 100 horse-power between them. Every possible form of stage light has been provided for, and the details of connecting and disconnecting the lights are beautifully managed—the process of putting up a light and connecting it to the main leads being far simpler and more expeditious than the equivalent process in the case of gas-lights. There is a well-designed system for throwing resistance into the different circuits, so as to vary the brilliancy of the lights, which has wisely been arranged to work from handles and dials almost the exact counterpart of those used for the same purpose for the ordinary gas service of a theatre. It is impossible to overstate the advantage of the new plan to all employed behind the scenes. Instead of an atmosphere of very high temperature, smelling strongly of gas, there is, under the system of electric lighting, hardly any rise of temperature, and no smell. The danger from fire is enormously reduced, as the lamps have not heat enough to set fire to anything; and there is also an absence of the source of danger from carrying about flexible tubes still containing gas. The dynamos used are, as we have said, of the alternating-current type; but, as their electro-motive force is only about thirty volts, we may safely say that neither danger to life nor risk of fire can be occasioned by their use.

#### THE ANARCHY IN IRELAND.

THERE is a tradition to the effect that nothing of importance happens at Christmas; but this tradition cannot be said to have been confirmed at the present time in reference to Ireland. The end of last week and the beginning of the present saw the adoption—late, indeed, but it is to be hoped not too late—of almost the first really businesslike plan for the suppression of disorder that the Government has undertaken since the proclamation of the Land League. The division of the most disturbed districts into five separate regions, each under the control of what may be called a resident magistrate with a roving commission, is an excellent idea, and it has been followed up by alterations in procedure which greatly facilitate the serving of writs, and by fresh proclamation of districts which will make the seizure of arms easier. Of three of the persons appointed to the new office little is known in England; but Mr. Blake and Mr. Cliford Lloyd have the highest possible reputation, and the latter at least has shown energy and ability which could hardly be surpassed. This arrangement, it need scarcely be said, affords a new and admirable opportunity for that combined attack on the no-renters which has been so long and so vainly recommended, and which now has the support of a characteristic and valuable, if not altogether encouraging, article by Mr. Mahaffy in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*. Every artifice of unscrupulous party zeal has been used in England by a certain section of the Liberal, or rather the Radical, party to prevent the collection of the funds necessary for this object; and these artifices have so far succeeded that the contributions to the Lord Mayor's Fund have as yet been few, and the amount, considering the large individual subscriptions of which it is made up, scanty. Mr. Gladstone's letter of Christmas Eve to the Lord Mayor ought, however, to defeat the plan of his too faithful followers. As to those followers, the most respectable of their

motives may perhaps best be put by a slight alteration of a sentence of their own. "It seems better to the rasher spirits of the Tory party that Ireland should be disturbed than that a Liberal Government should have the credit of its pacification." So, also, we suppose, it seems better to the rasher spirits of the Radical party that Ireland should be disturbed than that any doubt should be cast on the ability of a Liberal Government to pacify it. However, these recriminations—or, as Mr. Gladstone calls them, with rather unusual felicity, these "undiscriminating retaliations"—are not profitable; and the recent action of the Irish Executive has made a partnership between the Government and private enterprise perfectly possible. The most obvious way of carrying out this partnership would be the appointment by the Property Defence Association and the Lord Mayor's Committee of an agent to work with each of the new superiors of districts. That there is no time to be lost the ever-increasing reports of anarchy make but too clear. There is no exaggeration in the use of the word ever-increasing. If any one (even if he is what the Governor of the Bank of England calls a strong party man) will read the account of the outrage at Kilmallock, and of the deer-slaying near Clonmel, he will see that parts at least of Ireland are in a state to parallel which it is necessary to go back to the famous burning of châteaux and devastation of preserves in the early days of the French Revolution. Misrule of this kind never remains stationary in amount and degree. It is put a stop to sternly and promptly, or it grows. When, in connexion with these things, there is taken the wild Rights-of-Man doctrine about the soil, which is now being placarded all over Ireland with the name of a Roman Catholic Bishop at its foot, the urgent necessity of immediate action to show that there are such things as law and property must be evident.

The correspondence which has been published between Mr. Chamberlain and a country Dissenting minister is naturally of considerable interest in connexion both with the general question and with that of the tardy action of the Government. Even bitter partisans, much more contemplative lookers-on, must feel a certain commiseration for Mr. Chamberlain. His undoubted ability, and the great influence which, as the representative of the chief force which gained them office, he deservedly exercises with his colleagues, have not saved him from cutting but a scrry figure in this Irish matter. In its earlier stages Mr. Chamberlain pledged himself deeply against the notion of repressing the Irish movement; yet the Government has begun to repress, and Mr. Chamberlain is still one of its ornaments. Not long ago he attempted a defence of this position of his, which amounted, in the estimation of most critics, to a statement that he and the Government had been in favour of the movement so long as it played their game, and had turned against it when it became inconvenient. Mr. Chamberlain indeed, in this very letter to Mr. Page Hoops, speaks of this summary of his defence as a result of "the accustomed habit of misrepresentation of the Tories." He is to be complimented on using Mr. Bright's favourite formula periphrastically, and not in its original bluntness. But unfortunately the explanation which he himself proceeds to give simply repents, in language more comforting to his own self-esteem, the version of the misrepresenting Tories. This, however, is a question of bygones, necessarily more interesting to Mr. Chamberlain than to anybody else. It is satisfactory to find that the President of the Board of Trade has advanced even from his Liverpool position. The No-Rent Manifesto is "disgraceful." The privileges given to the Irish tenants are "more generous than those of any other country enjoy." "Acts of violence have multiplied," and "the time for the Government to act boldly and firmly has come." "It is the duty, and will be the object, of the Government to give all the protection from violence which the resources of the State can supply." "Nothing can be more fatal to democratic progress than an opinion, justified by facts, that Liberalism is powerless to protect the majority against anarchy and disorder, fostered by an irreconcilable minority." We might, if we were more anxious to criticize Mr. Chamberlain than to welcome an important and unexpected recruit to the banners of order, take exception to some of these phrases. There is, perhaps, a somewhat unlucky confession in that word "generous" applied to the benefits conferred on the Irish tenant. Parliament, we might have thought, should have been just before it was generous, and should not have been generous at all with other people's money, which Mr. Chamberlain implicitly confesses that it has been. The substitution of the fetish of democratic progress for good government, just laws, liberty, order, or something of that sort, is amusing, and so is the suggestion that, though Liberalism is quite willing to protect a majority from the violence of a minority, it would not consider it necessary to protect a minority from the violence of a majority. But all these things may pass. We shall be content with Mr. Chamberlain's admissions and disregard his reservations, or consider them only as enhancing the value of his submission to the principles of order. It is no light thing that the most extreme Radical in the Cabinet; the typical demagogue (uncomplimentary connotations apart) of the day; the man who has climbed highest in the shortest time by the aid of the principle that there is no political god but democratic progress, and that he himself is its favourite prophet; the representative of the party whose watchword is, "the devil take all order," should now, if only for a time, hold that the restoration and preservation of order is the chief duty and object of the Government of which he is a member. Two inferences, one

not very comforting, the other somewhat more so, may be drawn from this letter. The one is that the state of Ireland must be extraordinarily bad when even Mr. Chamberlain feels that he can no more afford, in Pym's language, to "encourage friends." The other is that the Government has at last awoke in earnest to the knowledge of the fact.

As usual, the Land Commission and its working supply not the least black spot in a sufficiently black prospect. Christmas has naturally served as an opportunity for retrospects of the action of the Commission hitherto, and the retrospect is sufficiently unsatisfactory. In the action of the superior Court there has indeed been little to find fault with, except the extraordinary imprudence of the legal Commissioner's opening promises. A difference of opinion, however, almost amounting to a dispute, which took place on the last day of sitting before Christmas, gave an unpleasant glimpse below the surface. It is difficult to conceive a more impudent application on the face of it than that which was made to the Court. A tenant who owed nearly five years' rent, against whom an ejectment decree had been taken out nearly two years ago, and to whom a whole year's further grace had then been given by his landlord before any attempt was made to put that decree in force, applied for extension of time to sell. One at least of the Commissioners was in favour of granting this request on the payment of two years' rent only. That, as Mr. Commissioner Vernon pointed out, such an application was merely making the Court an engine for deferring the payment of rent, is obvious enough. As a rule, however, the head Commission appears to have been guided by tolerably wise principles. It is to be wished that as much could be said for its impulsive subordinates. The so-called principles on which the Sub-Commissioners are said to have acted, after conference with their chiefs and Mr. Forster, are, it is to be hoped, apocryphal, and should certainly be inquired into as soon as Parliament meets. One of these principles, to fall back on Griffith's valuation in default of any distinct index of value, whether the rent had been raised or not, may be pronounced to be simply a gross breach of faith with the Houses of Parliament. It is tolerably certain that, if such a principle had been announced in the House of Commons, the Bill would have been shipwrecked; and it is perfectly certain that, had it got through, the majority would have been so small that the House of Lords would have been not only entitled, but bound, to reject it. Assuming the existence of a secret code of principles such as this, it is idle to talk of the Sub-Commissioners having been "pains-taking and impartial" in its application. Similar pains-taking certainly, and similar impartiality, in so far as that word is applicable at all, may be found in the annals of the Inquisition or the Star Chamber. It is not difficult to be impartial in applying a code which has been arranged beforehand so as to favour one side only. It is to be hoped that more credence may be given to a contradiction of the statement, incredible in itself, that the Superior Court would not re-examine questions of fact. The appointment of competent surveyors to enable it to do so is the only thing that will give Englishmen confidence in the working of the Commission. It is true that there remains the practical difficulty of the time required to get through the cases, but this is a matter on which it is somewhat needless to comment. The country has deliberately undertaken the task of revising the rental-book of Ireland, and the country must provide the means of doing it. Considering the amount of English money which is already lavished on Ireland, the expense of some scores of Land Commissioners is no such great matter. The methods and principles upon which these Commissioners could proceed supply a far different question. It may be confidently asserted that, if those methods and principles are such as they are stated to be, and such as appears from the actual conduct of the sub-Courts, the business is not, and cannot come to, good. If it was intended that Parliament should pass a measure giving the actual tenant-farmers of Ireland their lands at what Griffith's valuation demonstrably is, a rent from fifteen to thirty per cent. under the fair letting value, the proposal should have been honestly and openly made to it.

#### DANCING MEN.

THERE is a time at which even lions are out of season. When country balls are at their height, and people are driving many miles in the dark at the period of the year which is of all others the most unsuited for going out at night, a London lion is as unseasonable in a country house as a Tay salmon. During the London season and the autumn visits at country houses celebrities are eagerly sought after; but when the ball season begins, mind has to give way to matter, intellect is at a discount, and legs are at a premium; authors, politicians, and generalissimos are nobodies in comparison with dancing undergraduates, under-secretaries, and subalterns; while the only use of music is for waltzes and gallops. Dancing men may almost be said to come into season with oysters, and so long as they are seasonable, they have no rivals in point of marketable value. The causes of the demand for this special commodity are by no means obscure. During the winter months everything in the country has to give way to balls. From May to July people are supposed to be in London; during August and September they profess to be in Scotland; and from Ash Wednesday to Easter they are understood to be better employed; so the only period left free for local English balls is from Michaelmas

to the beginning of Lent, and at that season every week is overcrowded with these entertainments. Now, even if we were to allow that in English families there are as many boys as girls, it would be obvious that there must be a deficiency of dancing men. In most large families one or two boys are abroad, either with their regiments or in houses of business; and those that are employed in their own country cannot all get their holidays at once. The daughters, on the contrary, remain at home, and the local balls are their great annual festivals. But we may go further and say that, even if there were to be an equal number of young men and young women at home in English country houses, there would still be a great deficiency of dancing men; for while a stigma is attached to a girl if she is not asked to dance almost every dance during a ball, there is no kind of discredit to the lazy youth who stands with a crowd of other drones blocking up the doorway, or sits in the supper-room gossiping with his fellow-men. It cannot, therefore, be a matter for surprise that during the winter months men who can and will dance should be at a fabulous premium, nor may it be altogether superfluous to add that they are fully aware of their value. Whatever may be the tastes of the occupiers of country houses, if they have daughters, or if they wish to act up to the conventional standard of rural hospitality, they are obliged to allow, and even to court, the presence of a horde of young fellows with whom, in nine cases out of ten, they have scarcely an idea in common.

To the difficulty of procuring dancing men at the height of the local ball season dwellers in country seats can amply testify. Necessary as they are at their own special season, dancing men do not occupy one's thoughts at other times, and it would be hard indeed to be required to toady every tolerable youth that one met with because he might be useful at one or other of the balls that take place in the short country ball season on either side of Christmas. Yet the host who neglects to cultivate the acquaintance of young fellows between eighteen and thirty has to lament his indiscretion and idleness during December and January. Readers of *Punch* have often laughed at the exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns to secure celebrities as their guests, but their labours are as child's play compared with those of ordinary country hosts and hostesses to secure dancing men. After all, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns flies at high game, whereas the country gentleman is obliged to content himself with any passable small fry that can dance *trois temps*. The announcement that a neighbouring ball is appointed for a certain night is enough to make the heart of the bravest of hosts to quail. He knows from bitter experience the troubles that await him. Dancing men are so fully aware of their own value at this time of year that they are in no hurry to answer invitations. They wait until they have plenty to choose from, and then select the most tempting offers, telling falsehoods to the donors of the others. Even if dancing youths did not deliberately wait their own time before answering their invitations, there would inevitably be some delay in their replies; for, when men are moving about from house to house, staying two nights here and one night there, their letters follow them about in a vague and uncertain manner. The facility with which men make excuses, when their invitations are not exactly to their liking, is amazing. They say that they have promised to go elsewhere, when they are as free as the winds; that they don't think they will be able to get leave, when they know that their long leave will be scarcely half exhausted; and that they have uncles or aunts seriously ill, when those respectable relations are in the enjoyment of rude health. Even after they have accepted invitations, they will slip out of them if something better turns up. It was so stupid of them, but when they accepted our kind invitation, they quite forgot that they had already engaged themselves to the Duke of Cambrin; or they had fancied that the 22nd was a Thursday instead of a Wednesday, and, as they had promised a month ago to go to Lady Fibster's on the Thursday of that particular week, it would be quite impossible to come to Shortrent Castle on that day, although they had promised to go there on the 22nd, imagining that day to be the Wednesday.

When a sufficient number of dancing men have been with difficulty engaged, the troubles of the host are by no means ended. The chances are, that when the day of their advent arrives, half of them will arrange to come by trains enabling them to reach the house to which they are destined about three o'clock, while the other half can by no possibility appear before eight. The first division will sit speechless in arm-chairs throughout the afternoon, refusing to be comforted, evidently cursing their bitter fate. The train conveying the second division is pretty certain to be late, and it is likely enough that a mistake will have been made about a fly that has been ordered to meet them. When the party at last sits down to a spoiled dinner, an hour after its appointed time, one half of the guests will be mentally grumbling at having been kept waiting in the most unjustifiable manner, while the rest will consider that they have been very cruelly hustled and hurried in their toilet, to say nothing of the hardships of their journey. Even if all preliminaries have gone smoothly, dancing men are not, generally speaking, the most entertaining of guests. They are deeply conscious of the obligation under which they are putting their host, and they act accordingly. They will sometimes—though not always—allow themselves to be amused; but they will on no consideration amuse themselves to amuse others. That is the exclusive business of the "funny man," and if the host has not engaged the "funny man," so much the worse for the host. They

have only come to dance, and they are as averse to doing anything for which they were not hired as the most cantankerous of modern servants. They will take good shooting as a perquisite; but nothing will induce them to shoot if they have any suspicion that their doing so may be useful. Their manner of passing the day is much as follows. Just as the ordinary mortals of the party are leaving the breakfast-room, the first of the dancing men appears, to be followed at intervals of a quarter of an hour by others. When they have finished their breakfasts, they light cigarettes in the hall, making the house reek of tobacco. They then go out to make a few meteorological observations, leaving the front door wide open behind them. Having torn up some envelopes and thrown them on the gravel in front of the house, they come into the hall with muddy boots, and assemble round the fire, to spend the morning in silently pulling to pieces the journals and the illustrated newspapers, and scattering them in all directions. Generally speaking, they take no apparent interest in the young ladies until the evening. They are capital hands at luncheon; and, as soon as that meal is over, they begin to smoke again. One or two of them may perhaps take a stroll, but most of them will probably spend their afternoon alternately sleeping and smoking in arm-chairs or on sofas in the smoking-room and study. From tea-time till the dressing-gong is sounded they will sit moodily in the library, snoozing or gazing dreamily at the ladies; they will be late for dinner, and after that meal they will expect to be allowed to smoke cigarettes in the dining-room.

When you have safely marshalled your troop of dancing men into a ball-room, you may justly indulge in some feelings of pride. You are not as other men are, with half a dozen daughters crowding round one hobbledchoy. You have not only as many dancing men as girls, but more also who may be spared for those who are in want; so you look upon yourself in the light of a public benefactor. In a few minutes all the young ladies of your party, and all the married ones under, if not over, fifty, are whirling happily round the room in the arms of your dancing men. Even some of your neighbours' superfluous damsels are waltzing away in perfect contentment, thanks to your provision of dancers, and you proudly reflect that you have your reward. In an hour or so you are surprised to observe that some of the young ladies of your own party are not dancing, and you immediately look around for the dancing men. A couple of them are standing in a doorway, and when asked why they are not dancing, they answer that they have already danced; if introductions are offered, they reply that they will ask for them later on. Three of the troop are "sitting out"—a popular process, which is conventionally understood to be sacred from disturbance. The best dancer of the lot has foregathered with a beautiful married woman, with whom he pirouettes or sits out for the rest of the ball, and several have busily deserted you and yours and attached themselves to the parties of those that are "greater than thou." At supper-time things get worse still. It is true that when the doors of the supper-room are first opened, the dancers take the opportunity of the comparative emptiness of the ball-room to get a good waltz; but as soon as the greater number of the ladies have been duly fed, the dancing men go down in a body and make little groups in the supper-room. There they deliberately sit, gossiping and chaffing, utterly oblivious of the rows of forlorn maidens that are being piped unto without being able to dance, in the ball-room upstairs. The host will probably find that one or two of his dancing men will be the first people to make inquiries about the return home, and to say that they are quite ready when he is. Several will apparently have struck work altogether, and all will profess readiness to depart. Their weary host will then order his carriages with a light heart; but just when they are drawn up at the door, the ball-room will be no longer crowded, and the dancing men, observing that there is now plenty of room to dance, will set to work with all their energies. Sailing up and down the room with nothing to impede their progress, those who really care for dancing are now able thoroughly to enjoy themselves; and as to keeping the carriages waiting, if Iroquois and Foxhall themselves were standing at the door in double-harness, the dancers would not leave the ball a moment sooner than they liked. The happy host, who congratulated himself so much on entering the room with his phalanx of dancing men, may now make up his mind to kick his heels in the doorway for another hour and a half, while his closely-singed horses shiver in the rain or snow between three or four o'clock on a December or January morning. When at last the tired host has succeeded in taking his dancing youths home, and half an hour has been spent on a final supper in his own dining-room, he will be expected to lead them to the smoking-room and entertain them for an hour or so. They are now more inclined to be talkative and agreeable than they have been since they entered his house. As his principal guests left the ball early and intend breakfasting in good time, and leaving his house at about half-past nine, he will have to be up sometimes himself to entertain them at breakfast and bid them farewell, so the smoking-room arrangement leaves him about an hour and a half for sleep. All hospitable people are supposed to heave a sigh when their guests depart, but to some men perhaps the most distressing moment of the year is not that at which the last of a party of dancing men drives away from their doors.



## THE STATE OF THE ARMY.

AMONG the numerous stock-takings, to use a convenient piece of commercial slang which the end of the year naturally suggests, not the least important is a consideration of the actual state of the army. There are, perhaps, few subjects in which the interest of the few and the interest of the many are and have always been so disproportionate in England. Army reform has been a hobby, a craze, a study; but it has never yet been a subject of general attention, and it has, doubtless most unfortunately, been usually decided if not debated on altogether irrelevant grounds. Nothing on the face of it ought to stand more aloof from politics or personal matters than the question of the efficiency of the national defences; not many things have in practice been more dependent on political and personal considerations. It has, indeed, seemed almost impossible that any question affecting the army should be discussed without importing into it considerations of this sort. Long service and short service, brigade depôts and territorial regiments, undertrained soldiers and under-educated officers, are things and persons the discussion of which or of whom ought to be, it would seem, left to experts on one side and persons of common sense on the other. As a matter of fact, they have been mixed up with a crowd of other matters, in which there is no such thing as *expertise*, and in which party and personal bitterness, and not common sense, is the chief motive of action. There may be many opinions about the character and conduct of the various persons whose conduct and character have been so freely criticized of late in the squabble about the appointment of Adjutant-General. There can, among impartial judges, be hardly more than one opinion as to the spirit which has been displayed by the partisans of the successful candidate.

In a very different spirit from this it is possible and desirable to review the actual state of the English army. The edifice of the army reformers has been very nearly, if not actually, crowned, not merely by the appointment of their favourite champion to the post of greatest practical authority in the whole military establishment, but by the apparently final adoption of short service, very slightly tempered by long, and of an elaborate system of many-battalioned regiments, arranged so that the battalions at home feed the battalions abroad. The childish freaks which have been played with the nomenclature of the army have been perhaps too much insisted on; for they cannot be considered an integral part of the system, but rather an example of the same curious folly which has made army administrators at one time pin their faith on pigeons, and at another sacrifice everything to the horsing of a cavalry regiment with steeds of the same colour. As an additional cause of disgust to a service not too contented with its treatment already, the thing may be regretted; but it is not too late, and will not be too late, to change it whenever some one less fond of playing with counters than Mr. Childers, or less anxious to make his mark on the army in outward things than Sir Garnet Wolseley, makes his appearance. The real changes are those which have been mentioned, and they are in reality only a fresh shuffling of the cards with which we have been playing for ten years. Territorial regiments succeed linked battalions; short service with a permissive alleviation succeeds short service which, owing to the fact that previous arrangements had not expired, still provided a certain number of seasoned and experienced soldiers. But the new developments are only varieties of the old, and as such may be said to fix them as permanent features of our military system. Discouragement of long service, large regiments separated into active and feeding battalions, and a greater insistence on professional and non-professional education in officers, may be said to be the characteristics of the English army in 1881 as distinguished from the English army twenty years ago. Perhaps we should add the reserve system; but as this exists chiefly on paper, and as the results of applying it under the late Government were only partially encouraging, it may not be wise to dwell too much on it.

The returns which have been published, as usual nearly a year after date, but *à propos* for all that, of the state of the army in 1880, and the actual history of the last twelve months or so, supply the tests of this system which, as has been pointed out, has been altered recently rather in form than in fact. But to consider these facts with any profit it is necessary to have tolerably clearly before us some idea of what an army ought to be. It ought to be sufficiently numerous; it ought to be thoroughly equipped; it ought to be organized so as to be able with the least possible friction in delay and expense to be placed where it is wanted; it ought to be capably officered; it ought to be well disciplined; it ought to know how to use its fighting tools and its working ones; it ought to be composed of men individually fit for any work likely to be imposed on them. Now, in regard to equipment and, in the main, to discipline, it is pretty generally acknowledged that there is no great fault to be found with the army. If its discipline has on occasions left something to desire, that is closely connected with another and a very different failing. As to mere numbers, again, it may be a question whether the army is sufficient for the immense work it has to do; but that, to speak paradoxically in appearance, is not a question of army efficiency. What our military system has to do is simply to provide the number of men which our political rulers think fit to ask from it, and if it does this there is no more to be said. It has done this for some years now, and it did not do it for some years before the establishment of short ser-

vice, which is perhaps the only unquestionable feather in the cap of that much-debated institution. That there have been wars and rumours of wars of late, which always bring recruits, and a bad labour market, which also naturally encourages recruiting, must of course be taken into consideration, but still the fact remains. As for the acquaintance of the army with its tools, the answer must, it is to be feared, be an unfavourable one. It appears that army reformers do not busy themselves much with that point. The capability of the holder of a commission under present circumstances, as compared with the old purchase officer, is one of the problems which it is almost impossible to settle. Whether as much has been lost in *moral* as has been gained in mere book-learning is one of those propositions which not ten men in a nation are qualified to decide by knowledge, while probably eight out of the possible nine are disqualified by a fixed opinion one way or the other beforehand. That the devices necessary under the new system to prevent an utter stagnation of promotion have acted injuriously on the army and expensively to the nation, by removing forcibly many excellent and willing officers, seems indisputable. But what may for shortness be called the new system concentrates itself for the most part on the provision of men, and the main question is whether it effects this provision. It may be admitted that after a fashion it does effect it—at the expense of the individual fitness of the persons supplied, and by a clumsy, expensive, and injurious organization. As for the first point, it has been settled—as far as short service pure and simple is concerned—in the minds of all but partisans by the famous City speech of Sir Frederick Roberts. When the only living English general who has recently and successfully conducted extensive and difficult operations in the field under the conditions of ordinary war, and not under those of a costly promenade lavishly supplied and organized at leisure from home, declares that his long-service regiments, and those alone, were really fit for work in the field, there is no more to be said; at least, subsequent words are but the vain breath of theorists unwilling to abandon their theory.

It is true that some concession has since been made to Sir Frederick Roberts's views, and that in a kind of grudging and underhand way old soldiers who wish to serve their country in the places where none but old soldiers can effectually serve it are permitted to do so. But the problem of the double debt which the home army has to pay—the debt of supplying the ordinary needs of the army abroad either by drafts or by relief, and the debt of being ready to act independently on any sudden emergency—remains altogether unsolved. We are told with triumph that there are eight strong battalions ready to go anywhere and do anything. But it is admitted immediately afterwards, with something very different from triumph, that this happy state of things has been accomplished only by the transfer of men from other regiments—a practice which, from the point of view of a critic of army administration, is really not much more innocent than paying dividends out of capital in the view of a bankruptcy judge. Such a proceeding, too, is especially ludicrous as well as especially blameworthy in the midst of the actual potholes about territorial regiments. If tradition, *esprit de corps*, everything, is to be sacrificed to the making of the regiment into a perfect, self-sufficient, living unit, what is the sense of making certain unlucky regiments mere store cattle for the provision of the materials of an enlarged Talmection operation? A cry is made for the increase of home establishments—a cry against which there is nothing to say in itself. But it simply means an increase of the army, and it would be more honest to state it in these terms. We certainly cannot afford to diminish the army we have abroad. India has not a man it can safely spare in the opinion of the best judges. The restoration of the garrisons of Malta and Gibraltar to something more than skeleton condition is one of the things on which army reformers most pride themselves; and certainly their full nominal establishment cannot be said to include a man too many. But putting the Indian and Mediterranean establishments aside, there is nothing left but a few meagre garrisons, which could by no possibility be reduced in number or in strength without danger. We have no longer, as we once had, regiments vegetating about the colonies which might as well or better be at home. An increase of the home establishment therefore means a substantive increase of the army from 190,000 men, as it is in round numbers—and considering the enormous difficulty we have to get ten or fifteen thousand together, it may astonish some people to hear that we have so many—to 200,000 or 210,000, or whatever may be needful. The demand therefore amounts to a simple confession on the part of warm advocates of short service that that famous panacea is not a panacea after all; that the most elaborate process of shuffling and of nomenclature will not make one boy of nineteen do the work of two men of thirty, and that we must recognize the fact. This of itself is a gain, not as an argument against short service, which none but fanatics regard as either good or bad in itself, but as an approach to rational treatment of the subject. On the day when a savage throws away his amulets or a highly civilized person puts his patent medicine bottles in the dustbin, each has at any rate made the first step towards getting himself thoroughly cured of his disease, if it be curable. "More men for England and more officers for India" would make as good a cry—to say the least of it—as another in the matter of army reform.

## STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

THE writer of a very interesting article in the *Times* has been discussing some Egyptian discoveries not less curious than that of the mummy of Ramses II. That "find" was singular enough in itself. For some time the Arab dealers in antiquities have been unusually well supplied, and it was known beyond conjecture that they had lighted on some hidden treasure. One dealer is said to have offered an English traveller half the loot if the traveller would give him the other half and 1,000*l.*, and see that the whole mass was safely conveyed out of the country. It was a great opportunity for a man who had no conscience; but our traveller had a conscience, and had not the other conditions necessary for success. In the end the Arab was arrested, was probably bastinadoed, and revealed the secret cleft in the rock where the treasures, manuscripts, and mummies of the Pharaohs had been concealed for more than three thousand years. But all this has little enough to do with the recent discoveries of M. Revillout, the Egyptologist—discoveries not so fresh but that they are referred to in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* under the head of "Family." They were made, not in caverns of the hills, but in the Demotic papyri of the French and other national collections. The Demotic writing, as most people know, is an abbreviated form of the Hieratic, which, again, is a cursive form of the hieroglyphic. The Demotic hand is thus much the most modern form of old Egyptian. Documents in those texts often belong to the time of the Ptolemies, when holy Egypt had long been invaded by all manner of Western and Asiatic peoples and ideas. The texts deciphered by M. Revillout are just like those which would be found in the cabinet of any French notary. Old-established firms in France still preserve marriage contracts and similar documents of very considerable age; they are the happy hunting-grounds of French biographers; and from dusty garrets M. Soulié, for example, rescued the precious inventories that minutely describe the domestic interior of Molière. M. Revillout's discoveries in the same way enable him to reconstruct the domestic life of the Egyptians of late dynasties. We propose now to glance at the holy state of matrimony as it was in late Egypt, and to elucidate, if possible, a very singular feature in Egyptian law which appears to have puzzled the exponent of Egyptian ideas in the *Times*. We refer to the predominance of the wife in the family—a predominance insured by the most stringent of marriage settlements. Thus, in the thirty-third year of Ptolemy Philadelphus, we find that the Ptolemy of Amen Api, son of Ptolemy, whose mother is Tahret, saith unto the woman Tarrateus, daughter of Relon, whose mother is Tarrateus, "I have accepted thee for my wife." Note here, first, the naming of the mothers of both contracting parties—a fact which in itself demonstrates the importance of the woman in the family, and is a survival of a time when (as among so many savage races, among the Lycians, and the prehistoric Athenians) family names were derived, not from the father, but from the mother. First the man says, "I have accepted thee," and, later, adds, "I will establish thee as my wife." The preliminary "acceptance" was a marriage for a year of probation, like the "hand-fasting" for a year, with power at the end of the year to break the contract, which used to prevail among the Highlanders in Scotland. Certain German usages, and some other customs of the same dubious sort, are perhaps relics of the same old practice. After accepting and establishing the woman as his wife, the man makes her a nuptial gift, a promise of an annual allowance for dress, a declaration that the eldest son of both shall inherit all his property, a promise to pay certain damages if he takes another wife, and, last, a guarantee in the form of a mortgage upon all his property. Another example is quoted in which one Petonpu assigns to his wife, Neshorpehrat, "not only his house and all his landed property, present and future, but likewise his silver and copper money, his furniture, and all the title-deeds and documents concerning his property. . . . He leaves himself absolutely nothing"; and the only clause in his favour is that his wife shall provide for him while he lives, and pay for his funeral liturgies, and for embalming his body when he dies. And this is not a singular instance. Still more remarkable, the Egyptian bridegroom took his wife's name, and Egyptian sons, "instead of being called after their fathers, were designated by the names of their mothers."

This state of things seems absolutely incomprehensible to the writer in the *Times*. "We shall probably never know," he says, "how customs so strange and perverse came to be established among a people famed throughout antiquity for their wisdom and learning." Here we must remind the reader that the Egyptians were also famed for another very extraordinary custom—their worship of animals. We propose to show that the two customs—the predominance of women and the worship of animals—are, in all probability, connected, and help to account for each other. The conjecture of the writer in the *Times* is that the laws may have arisen from the old unequal marriages between the daughters of the Pharaohs and simple country gentlemen. But surely this is an inadequate explanation of an "old law" of universal application, and of customs which, as we shall see, have, in varying degrees, been found in every wide distribution. To return to our own theory—the worship of Egypt has generally been explained by students of history as symbolical. There is a passion at present for the idea that all polytheisms are monotheism in disguise, and this idea is favoured by the tendency of the learned

and mystic Egyptian priesthood to explain away their own religious peculiarities as mere allegories and emblems. Thus people argue that the Egyptians worshipped goats, sheep, bulls, frogs, and what not, merely as types of one or other attribute of the Deity. But the facts are inconsistent with this hypothesis. Every Egyptian did not worship every animal. The animals were local gods. Memphis had her bull, Iscot her wolf, Edfo her hawk, Mendes her goat, and so on. The neighbours of each city were so far from adoring the animal sacred in that town that they often persecuted it. Again, the people of no city would destroy the animal it worshipped, except, in some cases, once a year, when the people of Thebes, for example, would sacrifice a ram, an animal sacred through all the rest of the year. Here we have a precise parallel to the manners of the Acagchemens of California, who adore the buzzard, but sacrifice him on one day of the year, with tokens of grief and public lamentation. The people of Lycopolis in Egypt permitted themselves to eat sheep, because they were the wolf's people, and the wolf does eat sheep. The Theban kings derived their origin from their own Ram-god, and were consequently sheep, or of the stock of the sheep. All these peculiarities, like the extraordinary marriage ceremonies, were a mystery and a laughing-stock to Greece and Rome. Every one remembers how Juvenal mocks the gods that grow in gardens. Plutarch observes that it is all very well to give the gods sacred beasts for companions—the Greeks did as much; but that it is an extraordinary caprice which makes the Egyptians actually worship beasts.

All this seems very remote from any explanation of the Egyptian marriage customs. But we bring the religious and the legal phenomena together thus; there is scarcely a quarter of the globe where the tribes of contemporary savages are not divided into stocks, each of which, like the Egyptians, reveres a separate animal or plant, from which, like the Egyptian towns, it is named, and (as the Egyptian worshippers also did) it refuses to eat that plant or animal. Further—and this is the essential point of our explanation—among the tribes which act thus the mother is the permanent element in the family, and the children (as the Egyptians did) derive their names, not from the father, but from the mother's family. It is true that the woman does not hold the same command over what property there may be as she did in Egypt. But we think that the facts we have mentioned are enough to suggest that the Egyptians retained, long after Greek civilization had reached them, two absolutely savage practices—the worship of plants and animals by separate human stocks, and the derivation of family names from the mother. It is impossible here, and it is perhaps superfluous, to give long lists of the races which practise customs akin to those of the Egyptians. It may be enough to say that the whole of the tribes of the North American continent do so, with local variations; that the Australians are in the same condition, as are the Basutos, Damaras, and other African races. In these cases it is to be observed that the various stocks which worship the various animals are scattered through all the local tribes. But in China the worshippers of each animal, or at least the people who derive their name from him, are gathered together, as in Egypt, into local aggregates. In one district will be found, perhaps, three villages, each containing two or three thousand people, one of the Horse, another of the Sheep, another of the Ox family name. Persons of the same family name may not intermarry. Those extremely Aryan people, the Brahmans of India, may not intermarry within the *ghatra*, and, at least in some cases, the name of the *ghatra* is that of an animal. The latest survival of this rule is found among the Greeks, where a man might marry his sister by the father's side, but not by the mother's, which seems as if he and his mother had once been reckoned of the same kin, while, apparently, his father had been of another kin.

If we are right in our inference, the Egyptian marriage customs and the Egyptian animal-worship are both relics of savagery, preserved into the midst of civilization by the extraordinary tenacity of Egyptian conservatism. The marriage custom, therefore, requires no singular explanation, like that which derives it from the marriages of the daughters of the Pharaohs. It is only the form which the important position of the mother—a position originally secured when the wisest child knew not who his father was—assumed as society became wealthier and more polished. Similar examples are the fact reported by Strabo, that among the Iberians women were heads of families, the commanding position held by women in the Finnish Kalevala, and the ancient *coutume* of Basège, by which Basque women inherited property to the exclusion of males as late as the eighteenth century. The Etruscans, like the Egyptians, took their name from the mother's side. In Campania there were local customs by which descent was reckoned through the mother. Thus, on the whole, the Egyptian practices are remarkable, not for their singularity so much as for their late persistence, which only yielded very slowly to the influence of Greece. Probably the peculiarities of Egyptian religion will be better understood when writers recognize that these, too, are but elaborate survivals of a savage past far behind the most ancient dynasties. This survival makes it less surprising that far fainter traces of savagery remain in the language and religion of Greece, even though the Aryan ancestors of the Greeks were, as the philologists tell us, essentially civilized before an Aryan word was spoken in Hellas.

## YACHTING AND YACHTING RULES.

THE yacht-racing season of the expiring year opened in a decidedly unpleasant fashion. Distracted for long by various sets of rules and systems of measurement, the yacht-owners at last united, with but few exceptions, and determined that they would not allow their vessels to sail in any match which was not conducted under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association, and it was, of course, implied in this resolution that the Association's system of measurement would alone be recognized. We pointed out at the time that, in taking this course, the yacht-owners were fully justified, and indeed they would have shown great weakness if they had allowed the confusion which prevailed before last season to continue any longer. It is, no doubt, painful to see the most delightful of sports disturbed by controversy, and to hear the hideous word "boycotted" used in connexion with yacht-racing; but even in matters of sport it is sometimes necessary to show firmness, and the yacht-owners had perhaps carried patience and forbearance too far before they at last determined on common action. In the hope that the Clubs would institute some joint reform, they were content for long to submit to various codes, some of them containing extremely vexatious rules, and to sail under at least four different systems of measurement. When it became clear that no reform was to be expected from the Clubs, the owners united in self-defence, and certainly this measure was not taken a whit too soon. When taken, however, it was firmly carried out, and very shortly the results of common action were apparent. As need hardly be said the yacht-racing season opens with the regattas of the Royal Thames, the New Thames, and the Royal London Yacht Clubs. The last-named, which is the most enterprising and liberal of the Metropolitan Clubs, has from the first adopted the Y.R.A. rules, and therefore no question arose between it and the owners. With the others the case was different. No effort was made to meet a perfectly reasonable demand, and the consequence was soon made manifest in the list of entries for the New Thames and Royal Thames matches. This disagreeable state of things was seemingly borne with equanimity by the Committee of the younger Club, but occasioned considerable annoyance to that of the older and more famous institution. Anxious that real racers should contend in the great match from the Nore to Dover, the Committee entered into negotiations with one of the yacht-owners, and finally an official letter was written by the secretary on behalf of the Committee, in which, after explaining that no change in the rules could be made without the consent of the members at a general meeting, and that the annual general meeting had already been held, he went on to say that "the principal object of the Royal Thames Yacht Club being the encouragement and promotion of yacht-sailing, keeping in view the wishes and convenience of yacht-owners, the Committee undertakes to consider favourably before next season the views of owners, and to accede to their wishes unless there should be some cogent reason for their not doing so." On the strength of this promise vessels were entered for the Nore to Dover race, which, as those who took part in or witnessed it are likely long to remember, was one of the finest ever sailed even over that course.

The time is now approaching when the engagement which the Committee entered into will have to be carried out or repudiated; and, in order, we presume, not to keep the yachting world too long in suspense, the Committee has given an intimation of the manner in which its promise is to be kept. At least we suppose that the remarkable circular which has been published was really written by the Secretary and sanctioned by the Committee of the R.T.Y.C., as it has been commented on in two papers and has not been repudiated. Such being the case, it certainly demands attention. It need hardly be pointed out that this is not a private question, and that it is quite different from an ordinary club dispute. The undertaking given by the Committee and the circular have both been published. The Royal Thames is often spoken of as the premier yacht club, and may be considered as a public body so far as regards yacht-racing. Whether a justly admired national sport is to be embittered, and even discredited, by the continuance of a painful dispute, or whether this is to be terminated by wise concession, depends now to a great extent on the course taken by that Club. No apology is therefore needed for considering the question and for examining the circular which defines seemingly the position taken by the Committee in this matter. The document begins with a statement that the Committee "still bear in mind the assurance that they gave in May last to racing owners, to the effect that they would favourably entertain any proposals for amendments in the laws which would further the convenience and interest of yacht-owners"; and the recipients of the circular are invited to offer any suggestions they may think fit. Now this is very obliging of the Committee, and it is also very obliging of them actually to remember a promise which they gave seven months ago; but unluckily this effort of memory seems to have exhausted them, and though they are so thoughtful as to recollect having made a promise, they are not so careful as to remember rightly what that promise was. As has been shown, they said, through their secretary, not merely that they would "consider favourably" the views of the yacht-owners, but also that they would "accede to their wishes, unless there should be some cogent reason for their not doing so;" but, by some extraordinary mischance, these latter words appear to have escaped their memory. After the preamble, which is thus unfortunately a little misleading, the Committee go on to state their views, and we think it best to

give them *verbatim*, as otherwise it may scarcely be possible to avoid the suspicion of misrepresentation. They say:—"Various influences have been used from time to time to induce the Committee to advise the adoption, in their entirety, of the rules of the Yacht Racing Association, but it appears to the Committee that several of those rules are ill adapted for river-sailing matches; and, moreover, the Association are constantly altering their rules. The sailing laws of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, following, as they have, the progress of yacht building and sailing, are the product of the successful experience of more than half a century; and the Committee, as an executive body annually appointed, would not themselves be justified in recommending that such laws should be sacrificed to a set of rules not five years old, and which can hardly be deemed satisfactory, judging from the various alterations in them which the Association are constantly making, such, for instance, as the rule of measurement." "However, if, in response to this circular, it appears to be the wish of the majority of the Club that the rules of the Yacht Racing Association should be adopted, either partially or in their entirety, the Committee will be prepared, at the annual general meeting, to submit a resolution to that effect, and to take the sense of the meeting on the question."

It would not be an easy task to determine which of these strange assertions is the least worthy of attention. The most ardent student of yachting rules who pores over those of the R.T.Y.C. and of the Y.R.A. will be, we venture to say, at his wit's end to discover why the code of the latter is unsuited for river-sailing. The statement with regard to the respective ages of the two codes is much like saying that the old rules of the road at sea were better than the present ones because the former embodied the experience of many years, while the latter are only some two years old. Every one who is at all conversant with yachting matters knows that the Y.R.A. rules were drawn up by men of very large experience, and were based partly on that experience and partly on the most valuable parts of the Club codes. The assertion that the Association is constantly altering its rules seems exaggerated, but it is certainly true that some important changes have been made of late years. Had it been otherwise, the Y.R.A. would not have deserved or obtained the confidence of yachtsmen. They did not fondly consider that their work was absolutely unimpeachable. The united wisdom of the country can rarely succeed in framing a statute which is not found to work badly in some respects, and it was hardly to be expected that the Association would be able to devise a perfect set of rules. When one of their ordinances was shown to be insufficient, they were willing to amend it, or, in other words, they adapted their legislation to the needs of the time. From the statement in the Committee's letter it might be gathered that they take a Chinese view of their own regulations, and regard them as perfect and not to be improved; but, as a matter of fact, they are not so prejudiced as they appear from their letter to be, and are perfectly well aware that rules require alteration from time to time. As has been pointed out in one paper, the letter itself shows that the Club code is about to undergo its "usual revision," and it has been altered within a comparatively recent period. The changes in the rule of measurement were made by the Y.R.A. because they were clearly shown to be absolutely necessary, and it is not a little astonishing that the Committee should feebly gibe at them; but, as they seem to have forgotten their own undertaking, they may not now remember the facts which led to the adoption of these alterations.

When the memory of these facts returns to the Committee, we trust they will see that their circular has been a great mistake, and that the best thing they can do is to follow the example of the best and most able commanders, and promptly to abandon an utterly untenable position. The Y.R.A. is not an inflexible body, and its rules are, no doubt, open to criticism, but hardly to such criticism as that of the Committee, which appears to us to be frivolous, not to say childish. In the letter from which we have quoted the Committee promised to do what was desired unless there were "cogent reasons" against doing so. They must have known that the yacht-owners wished for the Y.R.A. rules, and it can hardly be maintained that any "cogent reasons" against accepting those rules now exist which did not exist at the time when that letter was penned. It will hardly be said that the Committee, while allowing the letter to be written, were convinced that there were conclusive reasons against accepting the code of the Association. This would have been a mental reservation of a very peculiar kind; but, if there was not some such reservation—and it is quite impossible to suppose that there was—the Committee ought now to redeem their word; and they can hardly be said to do so by a conditional promise to submit the code for acceptance after showing as clearly as they can that, in their opinion, it ought not to be accepted by the Club. It can hardly be doubted that, on consideration, the impropriety of such a course will be obvious, and that the body which is presided over by the Prince of Wales—who, be it observed, is also the President of the Y.R.A.—will consign the unfortunate circular to that waste paper basket which is so useful a receptacle in the rooms of Club Committees, Government officials, and even of statesmen of high degree. It would be lamentable indeed, if there were a lasting schism between the executive of this great yacht Club and the whole body of racing yacht-owners; but a permanent schism there must be if the circular is held to, for it is alleged, seemingly on good authority, that almost all the owners of racing yachts have agreed not to enter or sail their vessels except under Y.R.A. rules. Last spring the Committee showed much good sense in

tact in dealing with a difficult question. Now they seem to have made a step backward, and hardly to be keeping the promise they gave; but, happily, the proceeding is not irrevocable, and there will not be much difficulty in obliterating a mistake which every one will wish to forget. If, however, the Committee disregards its own undertaking, and adheres to the course indicated by the circular, the dispute will of necessity continue, the prestige of the famous Club will suffer, and its matches will present about as much interest as would be afforded by a flat-race of cab-horses.

#### TRADE PROSPECTS.

**T**HERE is a general expectation that the coming year will witness a great outburst of trade activity. A similar expectation was entertained at the end of each of the two past years and was disappointed. Is the present hope also to prove vain? The American purchases of iron, which in the autumn of 1879 dispelled the depression that had weighed so heavily on British industry, after a few months came to an end, and the check thus given to the revival of trade was intensified by the dissolution of Parliament and the general election which followed. In the summer of 1880, however, there came a fresh improvement, which continued to gain strength to the end of December; but the extremely bad weather of the first quarter of the current year—bad weather not confined to this country but extending to the Continent and even to America—gave a new check, and it was not until the summer that a recovery once more set in. During the past six months, however, that recovery has gone on at a rapid rate, and, as we have said, it is now expected that the improvement will become much more marked in the coming year. Yet it is to be borne in mind that the cause which has made the revival in trade so slow is still in operation. We refer, of course, to the agricultural distress. Agriculture is still the greatest single British industry, and distress prevailing in such an industry naturally prevents any improvement in trade from gaining the momentum that it otherwise would. The farmers are unable to spend in the towns at the rate which they formerly did. They are unable even to employ labour to the same extent; and they are unable also to pay their rents in full. The country towns thus suffer both from the poverty of the agricultural labourers and from the poverty of the farmers. All the great trades which are ancillary to agriculture, such as implement-making and the import of artificial manures and the like, suffer in the same manner. And trades which are dependent upon the landlords moreover suffer, because the latter are obliged to make large abatements in their rents. As long as this depression of the landed interest continues it is not probable that we shall witness a great outburst of trade activity. The distress, it is true, has not prevented a steady though slow improvement since the autumn of 1879; but it has slackened the rate of improvement, and has hindered it up to the present time from becoming marked prosperity. At the same time it is certain that improvement setting in in any great industry tends to transmit itself from industry to industry, and finally to pervade all departments of business. The present revival, as we have already said, began with the iron trade, to which activity was given by the large American purchases. It is now extended pretty generally throughout the trading classes, and if it continues, there will be an increased demand for agricultural produce of every kind which will tend to compensate the farmers for some of their losses in the past. If at the same time the harvest of the coming year should prove to be a good one, we may hope that at last the agricultural classes also will share in the revival. But until there is a really good harvest we can hardly expect to see any great outburst of prosperity such as is talked of.

The main ground on which the expectation of an outburst of trade activity is based is that the revival which set in in the autumn of 1879, though checked, as we have said, by various accidents, has overcome these opposing influences, and has gone on gaining strength steadily, though slowly, up to the present time. In the foreign trade, for example, the exports of British and Irish produce and manufacture for the first eleven months of the year exceeded in value the exports of the corresponding period of last year by 4½ per cent., just as the exports of 1880 themselves exceeded those of 1879. And the improvement has been much greater in the second half of the current year than in the first half. For, as we have already observed, the trade of the first half of the year was checked by the extremely bad weather of January, February, and March. The railway traffic returns, again—which are perhaps the best index to the condition of the country—have shown steady improvement throughout the past six months. Thus on seventeen selected railways of the United Kingdom the receipts from July 1 to December 17 exceeded those for the corresponding period of last year by 934,000*l.*, of which as much as 640,000*l.* was from goods, showing that the movement of goods about the country—in other words, the trade of the country—was considerably larger in the current half-year than in the second half of last year, although that again showed a large increase over the second half of 1879. The Revenue Returns also give proof of an improved condition of the people, showing that at last the activity of trade is beginning to tell upon the masses of the population. And all the market reports and trade circulars speak of increased activity, of sanguine expectations, and of good profits. As we have observed above, all experience teaches that improvement in any great department of trade transmits itself to

other departments, and finally pervades the whole country. It has now, as we have just seen, embraced almost every branch of trade and manufactures; and the opinion seems to be justified that it will continue to gain momentum for some time to come. It will be aided, too, by the fact that both prices and wages remain very low. Notwithstanding the continuance of the revival for nearly two and a half years, wages have risen but little in some trades, and have not risen at all in the greater number of trades, while prices are actually lower in some cases than they were two years ago. This cheapness of commodities and lowness of wages encourage consumption, and also enable producers to work at a very cheap rate. One of the peculiarities of the present time, to which we have called attention more than once in these columns, is that, owing to the extraordinary lowness of prices and wages, manufacturers are able to work with their own capital to a much greater extent than they formerly did; and trade, therefore, is sounder than it used to be, and also is more independent of bankers. As long as this peculiarity is maintained, it is greatly in favour of continued improvement in trade.

Another favourable condition is the goodness of credit. The great depression which reached its lowest point in the summer of 1879 was, to a large extent, the result of discredit. Now that credit is good, manufacturers find no difficulty in obtaining any accommodation they require, and they are thus able to lay in stock, and to increase their business in all directions. The most striking proof of the goodness of credit is afforded by the speculation that has prevailed for the past two years upon the Stock Exchange. But that speculation has now almost reached its climax. Prices are so high, and the charges made by bankers for enabling speculators to continue their operations are so onerous, that a further rise is not probable, at least to any considerable extent. Traders, therefore, who had put their surplus capital into Stock Exchange securities in the hope of increasing their principal have now no longer an inducement to do so. Their inducement rather is to sell out and to employ their capital in their own business and in extending their operations. Moreover, the very fact that speculation upon the Stock Exchange has nearly reached its limit is favourable to speculation in commodities. Since the American purchases of iron ceased, speculation has avoided commodities and thrown itself almost exclusively into Stock Exchange securities. The probability is that it will now turn from the Stock Exchange to commodities, and that we may witness a considerable rise of prices in these. That this will be so is certainly the opinion of the promoters of Companies, as is evident from the large number of new Companies and of loans that have been brought out during the current year. It is the business of these gentlemen to feel the pulse of the public and to provide it with new investments for its money as rapidly as the public is prepared to take them, and in the current year the number of new Companies issued is larger than it ever was before. In the first half of the year the issues of all kinds, including foreign and colonial loans, loans to corporations at home, to railway Companies and the like, as well as new Companies proper, exceeded three hundred, and in the second half they were about half as much again. It is impossible to say, of course, how many of these were fully subscribed. It is certain, indeed, that many of them were failures; but a considerable number were launched. It is impossible also to give the amount subscribed for the reason stated, and also because several of them—such as the French and Italian loans—were brought out abroad as well as in this country; but the amount, no doubt, was very large. There has been a considerable falling-off in the issues since the summer holidays began; but it is understood that the promoters are only waiting a little while to allow the public to digest what it has already taken, and that in the coming year even a greater number will be presented than in the year that is just ending. The fact is evidence of the extraordinary speculative spirit that is abroad. It also testifies that Stock Exchange securities have reached nearly the highest point to which they are likely to go. But it is, above all, evidence that the public are inclined to go into industrial enterprises of every kind, for mining ventures and railways constitute a very large proportion of the issues already made, while amongst those that are expected railway enterprises are exceptionally numerous.

A peculiarity in the present trade revival is the small amount of American purchases of British goods. Except in the last few months of 1879 and the first two or three months of 1880, when the American purchases of iron were very large, the imports of British and Irish produce and manufactures into the United States have been exceedingly small considering the unprecedented prosperity of that country. It would seem, however, that a change is now taking place. During the past three or four months the exports from the United States have considerably fallen off, owing partly to the badness of the harvest in America and partly to the great speculation in grain and pork in Chicago and Cincinnati. At the same time the imports from Europe have increased. With money as dear as it is in the United States, and with the great prosperity that prevails, it is natural to expect that both prices and wages will rise, and as wages and prices are low here at home it would seem probable that the exports from this country to the United States must continue increasing. If this should happen it will give a powerful impetus to the trade improvement. It would seem probable also that the purchases of iron by the Americans must increase, for the mileage of railways now under construction is unprecedentedly large, and although the American iron-



masters have hitherto been able to supply all that was needed by the Companies, it will be surprising if they can continue the supply all through the year. The extension of railways also in Mexico, in South America, in India and elsewhere, is likely to give an impetus to the iron trade which will be felt by all the allied industries, and ultimately throughout the whole business community. As yet the consumption of pig iron has not overtaken the supply. Even the restriction of the output which was recently agreed to, though it has raised prices, has not yet reduced the supply to the level of the demand; but the opinion prevails that the consumption is steadily increasing, and that a very little additional foreign demand would overtake the whole supply.

## REVIEWS.

### THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY.\*

THE idea of a Dictionary combining with the etymology and explanation of words somewhat of the ampler treatment of subjects which is usually held proper to an encyclopedia is a good one; and the spirit in which it has been undertaken entitles the publication to general support. The first volume of *The Encyclopædic Dictionary*, lately issued, gives a very fair notion of the scope and execution of the work; and, from the sample now before us, we are led to think highly of what the whole, when completed, will be as a compilation of varied knowledge, fairly accurate in substance, ample in detail, and handy for reference. It aims at giving all English and Scottish words now in use, with their several significations, reinvestigated, reclassified, arranged afresh, illustrated by examples of their use, and fortified by quotations, the derivations and definitions being in a large measure the result of original research and independent study. In addition to these, the Dictionary is made to include a large number of obsolete words, likely to afford much assistance in the perusal of old English authors. Obsolete spellings and earlier uses of existing words have also been given, the latter chronologically arranged, on the plan adopted in Littré's incomparable work, so as to show, where possible, the process by which the present meaning has come about. Words which have altogether dropped out of use are marked by an asterisk (\*); those which, though not wholly dead, are rarely used, with an obelus (†). Besides archaic and provincial words, special attention has been promised to scientific and technical terms, many of which, we are told, are included in no other English dictionary. The etymology of each word, the pronunciation being made clear to the eye by diacritical marks, is the first point brought under notice, the derivation being carried back from its immediate source, direct affinity, or analogous usage in modern speech to the furthest traceable root in bygone or primary forms. The two main springs are of course the Old English, Early German, or occasionally Gothic for words of a native stem, and Latin for those from a Romance original. In the adoption of pictorial illustrations the work before us has the precedent of Webster's admirable Dictionary, which it also closely resembles in the mode of exhibiting the etymology of words, whilst greatly exceeding it in bulk by virtue of the encyclopædic treatment which it superadds to the character of a dictionary. Under this aspect it follows more closely the type of the German *Realwörterbuch*. It finds also, to some extent, a parallel in the greatly expanded edition of Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, now being issued by Messrs. Blackie of Edinburgh. We shall feel an interest in seeing these two deserving publications run side by side in honourable rivalry for the palm of literary excellence and public favour. The woodcuts in both are clearly and artistically executed. Those in the English dictionary, by no means so numerous in proportion as those of its Scottish rival, or those given by Webster, seem well selected for the elucidation of the text. This may especially be said of the flowers, birds, fishes, and other natural objects. What verbal definition or description, for instance, could convey to the unlearned reader anything like the idea of a *Sen-anemone* which is given by a glance at the delicately-drawn group of three or four typical specimens? The *Adonis*, or pheasant's eye, might be looked for in vain through many a meadow or cornfield with no further clue to its identity than that of its coming under the order of Crowfoots, or Ranunculaceæ, "with five sepals and five to ten petals, without a nectary, stamens and styles many, fruit consisting of numerous awnless achenes grouped in a short spike or head." The sketch of the graceful plant, with its flower and fruit showing a head of achenes, with a single achene magnified, scarcely needs the bright scarlet glow of the original to stamp upon the mind of the novice in field botany the image of this ornament of nature. The picture of the Argonaut makes clear the natural attitude as well as the structure of this elegant cephalopod, correcting the poetic fable, to which Aristotle first gave sanction, that the animal floats with the concave side up, holding out its arms after the manner of sails to catch the breeze. Naturalists teach that when the Argonaut floats the sail-shaped arms are drawn closely to the sides of the shell, and when the animal crawls, as here depicted,

at the bottom of the sea, the so-called boat is reversed like the shell of a snail. Another curiosity of natural history, the *Argyroneta*, or silvery spider (from *ἀργυρος*, silver, and *νῆρος*, spun, from *νέω*, to spin, or, less probably, heaped up, from *νέω*, to heap), is well illustrated by the *A. aquatica*, or diving species, which weaves for itself a singular bell-shaped dwelling at the bottom of the water, to which it carries down its prey to devour it, holding entangled in its hairy covering air enough, which it sets free in bubble after bubble, to support respiration, as it is provided with lungs, not, like fishes, with gills. The general aspect of *Algacem*, or flowerless seaweeds, is clearly to be made out from the group which brings before the eye some half-dozen varieties of these graceful feathery forms; and the structure which gives its name to the class of Acotyledonous plants, so difficult for the ordinary reader to grasp from the lengthy and complex Greek designation, is to be made out beyond the utmost power of verbal definition from the sketch which shows together *Agaricus campestris*, *Tuber melanosporum*, and *Polytrichum commune*.

In the course of recent ritualistic controversy and litigation, how often must readers have been puzzled to realize what was meant by a baldachin. It is something to have the meaning and history of the word briefly yet amply set out:—

**bāl' dā-chin, bāl dā-chī' nō, bāl' dō-kyn, s.** [In Dan. *baldakin*; Ger. *baldachin*; Fr. *baldapain*; Sp. *baldagui*; Ital. *baldachino*=canopy; Low. Lat. *baldachinus, baldachinus*=(1) rich silk, (2) baldachin; from Ital. *Baldacca, Baldach*=Bagdad, the well-known city near the eastern limit of Turkey in Asia, whence the rich silk used for covering baldachins came.]

1. *Properly*: A rich silk cloth erected as a canopy over a king, a saint, or other person of distinction, to increase his dignity.

2. *Eccles. Arch*: A canopy, generally supported by pillars, but sometimes suspended from above, placed over an altar in a Roman Catholic Church, not so much to protect it as to impart to it additional grace and dignity.

But no amount of description could give an idea of the thing itself at all comparable to a glance at the woodcut of the great baldachino of St. Peter's at Rome. A similar model in miniature, we may add, is to be seen—the gift of the late Pope Pius IX.—in the Italian Church, Hatton Wall. It may be thought strange that the derivation of "bread" should exercise and divide the minds of our linguists and etymologists; but there seems to be no help for it. No one, at least, ventures to dogmatize upon the origin of the familiar word. Many have rested content with tracing it, after Horne Tooke, to the verb "to bray"—i.e. to break small, pound, or grind; in German *brechen*, cognate with our "break"; A.S. *brecan*; in French *broyer*; Old French, *briser, brechier*. This root, with its manifold forms, may doubtless be set down as onomatopæic in origin, imitating the sound of breaking. Mr. Bosworth's authority has of late turned the favour of etymologists towards A.S. *breowan*, to brew or ferment, it being the impression that fermentation, not grinding, was the distinctive idea under which the word got established. In the ample treatment of the word, with its collateral forms, in *The Encyclopædic Dictionary*, whilst both lines of derivation are indicated, we are glad to see the preference given to the older of the two:—

**brād** (1), \***breed**, \***bred**, \***brede** (*Eng.*), **broad**, **broid**, **brede**, **brede** (*Scotch*), s. & a. [A.S. *brād, breud*=a bit, a fragment, bread; O.S. *brād*; Icel. *brauð*; Sw. & Dan. *brød*; Dut. *brood*; Ger. *brød, brot*. From A.S. *breowan*=to brew (*Bosworth*). From that verb or better from A.S. *breutan*; nmp. *breat* (*Mahn*).]

*The Imperial Dictionary* has no more to say of its origin than "root doubtful," nor has Latham's last edition of Johnson. We may hope ere long to hear the latest word of our most advanced and approved experts, now that the great Dictionary of the Philological Society is said to be within a measurable distance of coming to the light. Besides the origin of the word, much information touching the history and making of bread is compressed into the three columns given to the article in the Dictionary before us, with a good deal of practical advice as to the processes of mixing, kneading, and fermenting bread. The methods of adulteration largely employed in the trade are exposed, and the test of genuine, well-made, and wholesome bread pointed out. Whole-meal bread, made from unsifted ground wheat, is properly described as the only true brown bread, being richer in nutrients than white bread—the amount of nitrogenous matter in white bread varying from five to eight per cent., whilst in whole-meal bread it rises to fourteen per cent. Not less important is the retention in unbolted wheat flour of the phosphates and silex, so essential to the formation and nutrition of the bones and teeth. There is here simply a reversion to the good old bread of our forefathers—the modern taste for soft, spongy white bread seeking rather to please the eye than to nourish the body, the fashion being specially fostered by the bakers of Paris and Vienna. Finding leaven, to our surprise, defined as "a mixture of flour and potatoes and water, kept in a warm place till it begins to ferment," we can but ask what and where was leaven through the long ages from the dawn of history till the discovery of Virginia? If it was not to be made without potatoes Moses might have spared himself many a restriction upon the indulgence in leavened bread.

It may be thought safe to derive "breeze" from the French *brise*, although some doubt may be suggested by *brisa* Sp. and *brisa* Port.=the north-east wind, and *brezza* Ital.=a cold wind. *Brise* may well express the gentle air that ruffles or breaks the water. At the same time it is to be observed that the word is not of old usage in French. It was not introduced, says Littré, into the Academy's Dictionary till the year 1762. He describes

\* *The Encyclopædic Dictionary: a New and Original Work of Reference to all the Words in the English Language, with a Full Account of their Origin, Meaning, Pronunciation, and Use.* By Robert Hunter, M.A., F.G.S., Mem. Bibl. Archæol. Soc., &c., assisted in special departments by various Eminent Authorities. With numerous Illustrations. Vol. I. A to CA. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

the word as *d'origine inconnu*, and suggests for it a connexion with the Gaelic *bris*, allied to "bruise," which in turn opens up not a few suggestive connexions. There is, in truth, no limiting the lines of relationship which are to be drawn out when words are traced back to their earliest assignable source. Nearly allied to the family just noticed we have yet another group, of which the simple sound expressed by the word "break" is the common parent:—

*bréach*, \* *bréache*, \* *breche* (Eng.), \* *brache* (Scotch), & c. a. [A.S. *brice*, *bryce*, *brece*, *gabrice* = a breaking; Sw. *bräck* = a breach; Dan. *bræk*; Dut. *breuk*; Ger. *bruch* = a breaking, a rupture; Fr. *bris* = a breaking; *brèche* (see A., I., 3 d); Sp. & Port. *brecha*; Ital. *breccia*. BREAK.]

Another variant from the same root is "brake," German, *brache*; L. German, *brake*; Dutch, *brank*, an instrument in the first place for making flax or hemp, afterwards for training horses, for torturing—as in Beaumont and Fletcher—for harrowing the ground, and later on for chocking the "reed of machinery. Of archaic words, which form a conspicuous feature of the work, we may note a quaint example in *Bread-lin-gis*, an adverb for which *Bannatyne's Journal* is quoted—"and straik one of them *breadlingis* with his sword"—where the word, we need scarcely say, has no connexion with the staff of life, but comes from the old Scotch "bread" = broad, with suffix *-lingis* = ling, like. Hardly anybody, it may be, needs to be told what a belfry is. But many a one will be surprised to be told that in point of etymology it has nothing to do with bells, the word coming to us from the French *beffroi*, O.F. *belefroi*, *belfroi*, *beffroit*, &c., Low Latin *belfredus*, *verfredus*, a watch-tower, from the German *bercurit*, *berwrit*, and this from *bergan*, to protect, and *fridu* = a tower, connected with *fride* (peace). It is only by samples, and those limited in number, that we can pretend to give any notion of the scope and value of such a work as a dictionary. But neither is it needful to get through a whole cheese in order to give a report of its flavour.

#### THE VISIONS OF ENGLAND.\*

MR. PALGRAVE is so admirable and practised a judge of poetry that a critic cannot approach his poetic works without diffidence. If any one knows what is right, it is Mr. Palgrave, and if his verses do not always seem to us to present the qualities which he would commend in those of another, we cannot but be conscious that our own judgment may be in fault. The task Mr. Palgrave has set himself is one in which it is no discredit not always to have been successful, for it almost exceeds the scope of human powers. He has attempted to write an epic of England, if we can call that an epic which is judiciously cast in the form of a series of lyrics. His endeavour, as he says, has been

to revert to the earlier and more natural conditions of poetry, and to offer—not a continuous narrative, not poems on every critical moment or conspicuous name in our long annals—but single lyrical pictures of such leading or typical characters and scenes in English history, and only such, as have seemed to me amenable to a strictly poetical treatment. Poetry, not history, has hence been my first and last aim, or, perhaps, I might define it, history for poetry's sake. At the same time, I have striven to keep throughout as closely to absolute historical truth in the design and colouring of the pieces as the exigencies of poetry permit.

To Mr. Palgrave's conscientious and careful endeavour to say nothing that is not true, or, at least, that is not founded on the best possible evidence, too much praise cannot be given. Yet we cannot but hold that, if he had been more of a partisan, he would have been more successful as a poet. What moves us in poetry is a certain energy of passion, and even a certain blindness to modifying conditions; both of them qualities which Mr. Palgrave has occasionally found it necessary to discard. The poetic loss, not compensated for by historic gain, is particularly manifest in his poems on various events and characters in that debatable land—the seventeenth century. Looking back at other poems which deal with the Rebellion, with Charles and Cromwell, and Strafford and Pym, which do we find to be those that move us as poetry ought to move us? Surely the partisan poems—verses in which the writer sees nothing but good on his own side, nothing but evil on the other—are the successful lays. Our own political opinions are set aside when we read Marvell's Ode on Cromwell, which, with all its comparative justice and balance, finds in its hero a hero indeed. Without change of political mood, we are thoroughly fired by Mr. Browning's Kentish Sir Byng, who "stood for his king" like a gallant gentleman; or by Macaulay's description of the Roundhead charge on "the ranks of the accurat." Mr. Palgrave looks at things much more closely, with, we fear, the inevitable result that his verse loses as poetry what it gains as criticism. "After Chalgrove Fight," or "In an Oxford Churchyard," we do not want to hear that Cromwell was "Philistia's child and chief." This historical judgment, expressed in the slang of the day, may or may not be true; but it is certainly out of place beside the grave of Falkland. Again, the poem on Cromwell ("The Return of Law") is most subtly designed, and the hostile judgment tempered, for "mortal failure has tears." Yet we can scarcely endure to have it said in poetry of Cromwell,

Catlike he bristles, and purrs about God; but within are the claws;

and more in this satirical strain, which matches ill with such fine lines as:—

For he leant o'er his own deep soul, oracular; over the pit  
As the Pythia thronged her of old, where the rock in Delphi was split;  
And the vapour and echo within he mis-held for divine; and the land  
Heard and obey'd, unwillingly willing, the voice of command.

It is a curious thing that while genuine ringing partisan poems on either side do affect a reader, of whatever party he may be, merely as poetry should do, Mr. Palgrave's balanced and measured praise and dispraise somehow stir our partisan feelings, and we feel inclined to argue rather than to appreciate. Perhaps we may infer that the poetry of history should be treated in a spirit less carefully historical. It is not that the "Return of Law," "After Chalgrove Fight," and "In an Oxfordshire Churchyard" are not interesting, and well worthy to be read and pondered over. But in song we prefer, we admit, the frank partisanship of Homer, always determined, as Johnson would have said, that "the dogs of Trojans shall never have the best of it." From lays thus critical, and opinions thus balanced, one turns with pleasure to the perfect simplicity and spontaneity of another "vision" of the seventeenth century, "The Captive Child," Elizabeth, second child of Charles I. and Henrietta-Maria. Mr. Millais's picture of the Princess in her captivity will probably be remembered by many of Mr. Palgrave's readers:—

As in her infant hour she took  
In her hand the pictured book  
Where Christ beneath the scourger bow'd,  
Crying "O poor man!" aloud,  
And in baby tender pain  
Kiss'd the page, and kiss'd again,  
While the happy father smiled  
On his sweet warm-hearted child;  
—So now to him, in Carnbrook lone,  
All her tenderness has flown.

—Statue-still and statue-fair  
Now the low wind may lift her hair,  
Motionless in lip and limb;  
E'en the fearful moon may skim  
O'er the window-sill, nor stir  
From the crumb at sight of her;  
Through the lattice unheard float  
Sadder blackbird's evening note;—  
E'en the sullen foe would bless  
That pale utter gentleness.

—Eyes of heaven, that pass and peep,  
Do not question if she sleep!  
She has no abiding here,  
She is past the starry sphere;  
Kneeling with the children sweet  
At the palm-wreathed altar's feet;  
—Innocents who died like thee,  
Heaven-ward through man's cruelty,  
To the love-smiles of their Lord  
Borne through pain and fire and sword.

We have said that, in our opinion, Mr. Palgrave's historical conscientiousness has not always befriended his poetical success. But he has had to contend with another difficulty, too strong, we fear, for any poet. Many of his pieces are necessarily concerned with the most stirring events, especially with great battles. They are, in fact, war-poems. Now we almost doubt whether, with exceptions easily numbered, poems of this kind can be written well, except in the very glow of victory, or in the very bitterness of defeat. And even then, perfect examples of such poetry are excessively rare. A collection of successful English poems of battle would make but a slim volume. How few they are a glance at the *Golden Treasury* will reveal. Several of them, perhaps the majority, like "The Burial of Sir John Moore," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," were written when the events were yet hot in the hearts of men. We all know in what mood Rouget de Lisle composed "The Marseillaise," and Alfred de Musset wrote his lyric on the Rhine. Good and stirring poems of this class have also, no doubt, been written long after the event, like Mr. Tennyson's ballad of "The Revenge," Mr. Browning's "Hervé Riel," and Drayton's "Agincourt," or, from the defeated side, the song of "The Flowers of the Forest." But, on the whole, the heat of actual excitement seems almost necessary, if a poet who sings of Inker-mann, or Senlac, or Zutphen, is really to be inspired. Mr. Palgrave has necessarily had but little to inspire him in the recent history of England. Hamilton's charge on the Afghan guns, when he alone attacked the murderers of Cavagnari, might have given Mr. Palgrave a subject; or Forbes's rush against three thousand Ghazis, when the Etonian and one sergeant ran fifty yards ahead of their regiment into a dense mass of swordsmen, might have suggested a theme. But Mr. Palgrave touches on no battles later than Inker-mann, and therefore necessarily lacks what we venture to consider an almost indispensable source of vivid poetry, the inspiration of the excitement of the moment. Among a number of battle-pieces, we think "Sidney at Zutphen" decidedly the most successful, and that, no doubt, because the memory of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava is still sufficiently near us to inspire the poet of a similar feat of war:—

Red walls of Zutphen behind; before them, Spain in her might:—  
O! 'tis not war, but a game of heroic boyish delight!  
For on, like a bolt-head of steel, go the fifty, dividing their way,  
Through the brown mail-shirts, and over,—Farnese's choicest array;  
Over and through, and the curtel-axe flashes, the plumes in their pride  
Sink like the larch to the hewer, a death-mown avenue wide:  
While the foe in his stubbornness flanks them and bars them, with  
merciless aim  
Shooting from musket and saker a scornful death-tongue of flame.

\* *The Visions of England*. By Francis T. Palgrave, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

As in an autumn afar, the Six Hundred in Chersonese hew'd  
Their road through host, for their England and honour's sake wasting  
their blood,  
Foolishness wiser than wisdom!—So these, since Azincourt morn,  
First showing the world the calm open-eyed rashness of Englishmen  
born!

Mr. Palgrave's poems touch on such an immense variety of topics—giving the most careless reader a novel and powerful impression of the richness of the story of England—that we cannot attempt to criticize them all in detail. He is most successful, we think, when his scenes are peaceful and his measures simple and not unfamiliar. The number and variety of his measures are, indeed, more than almost any poet could hope to manage with unvarying success, for every writer—except such masters of language as Victor Hugo and Mr. Swinburne—has but a few rhythms and metres of which he is perfectly master. Among Mr. Palgrave's successes we reckon "A Danish Barrow," of which we can only afford space for two detached stanzas:—

Lie still, old Dane, below thy heap!  
—A sturdy-back and sturdy-limb,  
Whoe'er he was, I warrant him  
Upon whose mound the single sheep  
Browsers and tinkles in the sun,  
Within the narrow vale alone.  
And thou,—thy very name is lost!  
The peasant only knows that here  
Bold Alfred scoop'd thy flinty Bier,  
And pray'd a foeman's prayer, and lost  
His auburn head, and said "One more  
Of England's foes guards England's shore."

Another piece, full of quiet charm, is "At Bemerton," a monody on the memory of Herbert, "His memory is Peace, and peace is here." It is hardly possible but that "Simplicity" (Reynolds to his little model Theophila) should be a general favourite; and many people will learn for the first time from "The Childless Mother" the pathos hidden by the commonplace figure of Queen Anne:—

O the little footsteps  
On the nursery floor!  
Lispings light and laughter  
I shall hear no more!  
Eyes that gleam'd at waking  
Through their silken bars;  
Starlike eyes of children,  
Now beyond the stars!  
Where the murder'd Mary  
Waits the rising sign,  
They are laid in darkness,  
Little lambs of mine.  
Only this can comfort:  
Safe from earthly harms  
Christ the Saviour holds them  
In his loving arms.

The *Visions of England* is, or ought to be, a book for the large public, for all Englishmen who love poetry and their country. This being so, we must express our regret that Mr. Palgrave has too frequently introduced allusions scarcely intelligible except to scholars. It is easy, and perhaps not unnatural, to object to such expressions as "Mund's Eru-elloquent eyes," and the address to Mary Stuart as

O too-too woman, untimely born."

"Too-too woman" are indeed the children of our own age, and would have been sadly out of place in the days of Mary and Elizabeth. But we prefer to turn from verbal fault-finding to such passages as that which describes how Richard of the Lion-Heart, for all his conquests,

Yet never saw the vast Imperial dome,  
Nor the thrice Holy Tomb:—  
—As that great vision of the hidden Grail  
By bravest knights of old  
Unseen:—save only of pure Parcivale.

Patriotism is not now so common or popular a virtue as to make Mr. Palgrave's book a needless reminder of all that England has been and is, and of all that her children owe to such a mother.

#### YOUNG JAPAN.\*

IT will not be the fault of book-makers if the present generation of Englishmen does not know as much about the revolution in Japan as about the Reform Bill of 1832. First of all, we had Mr. Adams's bulky volume on the subject; then followed, among others, Sir R. Alcock's *Capital of the Tycoon*, Griffiths's *Empire of the Mikado*, Mouncey's *Satsuma Rebellion*, Sir E. Reed's *Japan*, Miss Bird's *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, and now we are called upon to face Mr. Black's imposing-looking work. No doubt the subject is a tempting one. There is so much that is new, strange, and attractive about the people and country, with just enough spice of danger to add a piquancy to life in their midst, that the desire of those who may have made Japan their home to pour the tales of their novel experiences into our ears should not be a matter for surprise. Unfortunately for Mr. Black, and for any who may be tempted to follow him, the subject has been so thoroughly threshed

out that there is now not a grain of anything new left in it. Like everything else in Japan, the whole course of recent events has been performed in public. There was never any attempt made to conceal who were the real wire-pullers or what were the objects they desired to bring about. The *cacoethes scribendi*, common to all Japanese, which induced the Mikado and Shogun, with their official supporters, to put on record every move in the game effectually dissipated any approach to mystery. Later historians have therefore little or nothing to add to the accounts of their predecessors; and, in fact, in Mr. Adams's and Mr. Mouncey's works will be found all the main points which have been amplified and re-told so often since.

Mr. Black takes pains to assure us that his book makes no pretension to the dignity of history, to which he seems to have an aversion. He evidently considers it necessary that history should be written in an unreadable style; and he claims for his volumes the advantage that the introduction of personal reminiscences has given them "a sweetness and light" which otherwise they would have been without. This is a question of taste, and possibly "some old resident of Yokohama of the early days" may consider the introduction of the following passage a subject for congratulation; but we do not. After dwelling at very full length on the deplorable murder of Mr. Richardson, a "personal reminiscence" suddenly occurs to the author; and, without any kind of explanation, he takes us into his confidence in these words:—

The autumn race meeting took place on the 1st and 2nd August. Mr. Morrison had but one pony entered, and he was unsuccessful. It was now that the game little pony *Botanna*, that held its own against all comers for so many meetings, first showed the mettle that was in him. He won easily everything he went for.

Such interpolations may possibly be of interest to the few frequenters of the Yokohama Honges in bygone days; but to most of those who take up Mr. Black's volumes they are utterly meaningless, and considerably reduce the interest which may reasonably be taken in a record of the history of Japan during the last twenty years. For, though the story has been repeatedly told, there are always some people to whom it is a revelation; and these would undoubtedly prefer to have it undiluted by Mr. Black's personal reminiscences.

To the student of history the wondrous change which has come over the political and social system of Japan during the last two decades must always be a hard nut to crack. Great constitutional changes in a country are generally, and, if it were not for the case of Japan, we should have said invariably, brought about by slow processes, and in obedience to the tacit or declared will of the majority of the population. But in Japan the dicta of a handful of officials were sufficient, within the space of a few months, to convert a semi-deified sovereign, who was too sacred to be gazed upon and too god-like to take a personally active part in the affairs of this world, into a dapper, inquisitive monarch, equally ready to review fleets, marshal armies, or receive foreign diplomatists; to sweep away his *Maire du Palais* and the whole array of feudal princes who divided the empire between them; and to disestablish the only form of religion which had any hold whatever on the mind of the people. When it is added that all this was effected in direct opposition to the private interests of the feudatories and people concerned, and avowedly in imitation of European institutions, which the entire population, from the Mikado downwards, had always affected to despise, we have a picture before us which finds no parallel in the history of the world. It may be perfectly true, as Mr. Adams, in his *History of Japan*, says, that, "when the foreigner appeared on the scene, everything was already ripe for a revolution"; but no one outside Jupiter and Saturn world, in their wildest dreams, have imagined the extent of the changes that were about to be effected, or the direction which they were destined to take. The feudal system, with all its accompaniments of privileged classes and large and independent local forces, was as deeply rooted in the national mind as anything could be in that shallow soil. And when we remember that the people, be their faults what they may, are brave, impetuous, and warlike, and that the country was overrun by the armed retainers of the various daimios, whose interests as individuals and as a class were all on the side of the old order of things, we can only be surprised that the resistance to the new constitution was so feeble, and that the assaults on foreigners, the political assassinations, and the local outbreaks were not a hundredfold more numerous than they were.

In everyday life we meet people who have a profound distrust of themselves—their tastes, their opinions, and their knowledge—and who desire always to take others stronger than themselves as models for imitation. This appears to be the case with the Japanese as a nation. The constitution which they threw over with so light a heart had served them for many centuries, the people were contented under its sway, and the country was fairly prosperous; but the instant it was brought into contrast with foreign institutions, its supporters and those whom it had benefited and protected became heartily ashamed of it. Without waiting to see whether it might be modified or reformed, they jumped to the conclusion that it must be thrown overboard, and a false shame even prompted the desire to exclude foreigners from the country until all traces of the old order of things should be swept away. A despatch addressed to the Tycoon by the Mikado, dated 1863, in which an order is given for the expulsion of foreigners, ends with these words:—"You may let them (*i.e.* the foreigners) entertain a slight hope that Kanagawa will be re-

\* *Young Japan, Yokohama, and Yedo: a Narrative of the Settlement and the City from the Signing of the Treaties in 1858 to the Close of the Year 1879. With a Glance at the Progress of Japan during a period of Twenty-one Years.* By John R. Black. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

opened at some future period; for the Daimios say that Japan will be able to receive foreigners without blushing in six or seven years."

The same false shame may very probably be the cause of the restrictions which even now hamper the right of foreigners to travel into the interior of the country. Miss Bird has shown us that there are still parts of Japan where the presence of the new civilization is made known only by the increased financial burdens entailed by its adoption; where the people are poor, degraded, and untought; and where the conditions of existence are as unlike those prevailing in Yedo as life in an obscure Turkish village is unlike that to be enjoyed in Paris or London. The same lady tells us that, on one occasion, when she was an unwilling spectator of a scene of wretched degradation, her Japanese servant hid his face in his hands and burst into tears at the idea of a foreigner witnessing his countryman's disgrace. This feeling would be highly commendable were the sense of shame aroused by the misconduct of his countrymen, and not by the fear of being laughed at by the foreigner. But the conduct of this man is typical of that of the officials throughout the late reforms. Old manners and customs, dress and habits, which, judged by the native standards, were perfectly unobjectionable, became in their eyes ridiculous and indecent directly they proved to be so considered by the foreigner. The natives of India do not deem it necessary to wear pantaloons and frock-coats because it is the custom of Englishmen to do so, neither do Chinamen cast aside their baggy trousers or cut off their queues at the sight of the closer fitting clothes and short-cut hair of the "outer barbarian." Nor was there any reason why the Japanese should be ashamed of their political and social institutions. But there is a spirit of unrest among the people, with a want of discrimination in their zeal for reform, which is rapidly robbing the country of many of its attractions and artistic delights. We would rather that the Jimrikucha men had continued to work in the undress of Indian coolies than that the artists should have exchanged their magnificent colours for indifferent European paints; and we could almost have borne with other questionable customs of the country rather than that the workers in ivory and enamel should have exchanged their old exquisite style of work for the manufacture of cheap gewgaws for the European market. But the tendency of the Japanese mind is to imitate a chosen model in everything, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent. For the time being all that is European is right, and therefore all that is Japanese is wrong. At the present moment the position of the country presents strange contradictions. While every young man of the smallest pretensions to education has at his fingers' ends Whenton's *International Law* and the works of Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer, foreigners are not allowed to travel beyond certain prescribed limits, many of the commonest laws of political economy are systematically violated, and except in the "show" parts of the Empire the people are left in their former ignorance and in more than their former poverty. If it were not that experience has taught us that any move on the political chessboard is possible, the Imperial edict which has within the last few weeks been issued, commanding that the introduction of representative institutions should be postponed until the year 1890 would be a matter of surprise. There is about the mandate a flavour of the old régime, and a dragging of public opinion, which is out of harmony with the very advanced professions of the Government.

These are probably some of the considerations which will occur to the minds of the readers of Mr. Black's volumes. Another will possibly be, that the matter contained in them might with advantage have been reduced by one-half. The author has allowed his taste for newspaper cuttings to run riot, with the result that he has introduced much that is utterly uninteresting, and has given a disjointed and jerky tone to his pages.

#### THE DUTCH COUSIN.\*

A *DUTCH COUSIN* resembles a Dutch picture inasmuch as great care and thought have evidently been bestowed on it. In fact the plot is only too intricate; and though the author has grasped the threads and succeeds ultimately in disentangling them, the various incidents are so involved as to task, and almost overtask, the reader's attention. Three kinsmen of nearly the same age, and all bearing the distinguished patronymic of Gordon, exercise a baleful influence on the fortunes of the heroine. Two of them die or disappear; there is a mystery hanging over her birth and parentage; and when she is claimed for a time by the third as his child, it turns out, after all, that she has been the victim of a deception. We know, of course, that all will come right in the end, but for long the beautiful Mara Gordon seems destined to be the sport of capricious fate. She is an heiress and no heiress. She inherits a couple of handsome fortunes which a sensitive conscience prevents her spending. She doubts—and doubts rightly, as it appears—whether the properties bequeathed really belong to her; and so she has to support the odious imputation of being miserly and selfish, although she is naturally generous and the soul of disinterestedness. She would have felt the misconception more, had she not been worried by her love-troubles, for the secrets that are the key to her apparently eccentric behaviour

separate her from the man who is the master of her heart. The novel is a story of character as well as of incident, and Mara's character, as it comes out in her trials, has been worked out with considerable skill. She has courage as well as tenderness, and has ample opportunities of showing both. Yet the author, although she delineates a bewitching heroine, does not fall into the fault of making her perfection. Mara makes friends wherever she goes, so that she has no want of sympathy or help in her sorrows; and there are a couple of highly eligible lovers who would gladly lend their shoulders to bear her burdens. But although the girl is all that is good and sweet, she shows the natural shortcomings of her years and temperament. She is selfish, not from calculation or instinct, as her maligners supposed, but from heedlessness. She wins a nobly disinterested love and rejects it, partly because she does not care for the gentleman, but chiefly on the ground of disparity of age. That inequality of age was in itself an excellent reason, as no one is more ready to recognize than the modest suitor whose hopes are disappointed. But while he appears, by a sustained effort of self-control, to forget what passed between them, she forgets in reality, or scarcely feels; and the unfortunate Rolf Graham is set to fetch and carry, without having the reward of his generous abnegation in the shape even of due appreciation. That girlish thoughtlessness of Mara's is a clever touch of art, for it makes the engaging heroine all the more lifelike, while it brings into bolder and brighter relief the masculine beauties of Mr. Graham's character. And the novel is full of movement. We may say, indeed, that the scenes are panoramic, so quickly do they succeed each other, and so often are they shifted. They are chiefly distributed between Scotland and Holland; but in the rapid and sensational course of the story we pay visits to many other parts of the Continent, and are transported to South Africa and the Australian colonies as well. For Mara's many friends belong mainly to the wealthy and travelling classes, and they hire villas on the Swiss lakes and palaces in Rome, while necessarily sojourning between times at innumerable fashionable hotels. Not that we complain of this, for the author is evidently familiar with the Continent, and she can dash in from memory an effective background to the groups of figures she is setting in motion. And, what is more seldom the case with English novelists, we presume she knows something of Continental life as well; for we remember reviewing favourably on a former occasion the lively volume she wrote on *Life in a German Village*.

The story opens in the old Dutch mansion near Utrecht, from which Mara has drawn her parentage on the mother's side. The old Red House, with its massive brick architecture, its tiled courts surrounded by spacious outbuildings, and its trim gardens blazing with colour, might have seemed to associate itself rather with prosaic respectability than romance. But one of the heads of the wealthy mercantile firm of the Von Meynhorsts had shown himself eccentric in more ways than one. Having devoted himself to abstract learning in place of money-getting, and having left science for the counting-house under a sense of duty, he landed in a melancholy love-match under singular circumstances. Mastered by an overpowering passion, he married a beautiful Spanish girl, in spite of a discouraging consultation with her family physician. Amara was doomed to an early grave by an incurable malady, and he knew that their wedded happiness must be measured by years at the utmost. The inevitable shock he expected killed his bride rather sooner than later, and she bequeathed her disease to their only daughter. That child, when grown to womanhood, eloped, under rather discreditable and suspicious circumstances, to become the mother of Mrs. Chetwynd's heroine, who was christened Mara, after her mother and grandmother, by a sentimental but suitable abbreviation. The mystery attaching to Mara's parentage is the influence that rules her emotional girlhood, impelling her on a settled line of conduct that is often foolish and sometimes seems unfeeling. She knows that her unhappy mother has long been dead, but her desire is to be reunited to her surviving parent. She feels it incumbent upon her to carry out this fixed determination when her old maternal grandfather dies suddenly at Utrecht. Had she known when she was well off, or been more careful of her comforts, she would have stayed quietly where she was. The old gentleman has left her ample means, while attaching conditions to the disposition of his property. Although his partner, who is left her guardian, had spoken to her as a lover, she knows nevertheless that Rolf Graham is the most delicate-minded of men; and there is the housekeeper Gretchen—a charming old Dutch lady, by the way—who might have continued to tend her in a mother-like capacity. But Mara has a communication from the gentleman who calls himself her father, and is only eager to be gone. She takes leave of her Dutch friends with scant ceremony, to rue her disregard of their feelings in sad disappointment. To be sure, the change from the Dutch flats to the Highland hills is refreshing; she is exhilarated by the air, and she revels in the scenery. She makes fast friends among the humbler specimens of the old-fashioned Highland women, and she finds a lover who subsequently deserts her. But it turns out that the gentleman who received her as a daughter was in reality not her father at all; and though he leaves her a second fortune in his extensive Highland property, she has the gravest doubts whether she has a moral right to it. For, having sought like Saul after familiar spirits, or at least solemnly consulted a notorious witch, she is brought to entertain a hope almost amounting to conviction that her veritable father is living still; and she devotes herself to the task of tracing him out as a doubly sacred duty when she hears of the stains that rest on his reputation.

\* *The Dutch Cousin*. By the Hon. Mrs. H. W. Chetwynd. Author of "Life in a German Village," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1881.



The stains are indeed ugly enough, for he is charged with wholesale forgery and a murder to boot. So that, always assuming him to be still unchanged, he has obvious motives for close concealment. The heiress sets about her pious work with the shrewdness and energy of the most indefatigable of detectives. She is assisted by devoted friends, and luck serves her besides, so we are saved from any very agitating suspense by the assurance that her efforts will be crowned by success. To start her fairly on the quest the author has recourse to the novelist's time-honoured machinery, which, being kept in constant use, works as satisfactorily as ever. A chest of family papers is brought to light in a secret room of the old Highland mansion, with an ancient will regularly executed. Besides this, a journal of the missing man falls into the hands of his daughter, which proves the advantage of keeping an exhaustive diary when conscience has nothing to conceal. That silent but eloquent witness clears his character morally, while legal proof of his innocence is subsequently supplied by the evidence of foreigners who had been personally acquainted with him. Finally the missing gentleman is run to earth in a remote corner of South Africa, where he had become the beneficent Providence of the neighbouring natives; and Mara's temporarily faithless lover has the merit of the discovery. Considering that he must be supposed to have had some regard for his own good name, and that he must be credited with some amount of paternal affection, old Mr. Gordon has to explain how it came about that he never attempted either to vindicate his character or to reclaim his child. On the first count he can answer plausibly enough that he cared little for the good opinion of a world that had treated him with cruel injustice; while as to the second, the explanation is still more plausible. It was all the fault of those lying newspapers; and if they will print false intelligence, no one is bound to verify it. And when Mr. Gordon does reappear in his native land, he is a father any girl may well be proud of; nor do his manners appear to have deteriorated from long association with the Kafirs. It is true that mere roughness of manner need not stand in the way of a man with a highly sensational story becoming a lion in the best society in London. But Mr. Gordon vindicates the nobility of his nature by the extreme generosity of his financial arrangements for the benefit of those who had befriended Mara.

Mrs. Chetwynd differs from most lady novelists in treating her love-making suggestively rather than in elaborate detail. There are few tender scenes, although, in the case of Mara, there is a great deal of impassioned feeling; while sundry marriages which we hardly had reason to expect are hurriedly made up towards the close of the story. The episode which explains Mr. Herbert Pierrepont's temporary aberration from his beloved Mara is original, if somewhat fantastical. But the author succeeds in acquitting him of anything more serious than chivalrously yielding to his amiable impulses; so that, when he has redeemed his fault by good works as well as penitence, he is not unworthy of being restored to Mara's favour. It is true that he has engaged himself in the interim to a great heiress; but he has not been tempted by the heiress's money. Olive Hume, having fallen in love with him, has subsided into his arms in a fainting fit; and, when his aunt surprises them in that compromising attitude, he thinks to spare the girl's feelings by proposing on the spot. As it happens, Olive is "queer" beyond the verge of insanity, and in a mystical and very mysterious frame of mind has mistaken Pierrepont for another gentleman who had captivated her fancy before. When the sitting cloud lifts from her entangled brain, she is only too glad to restore to him his freedom. They separate, much to their mutual relief, and Olive finds a more suitable husband in a clever young mad-doctor, who charges himself with the responsibility of her happiness and cure. It was merely by a very remarkable coincidence that he and Mr. Pierrepont must have resembled each other as closely as the famous Corsican brothers. But although not a few of the incidents, as we have demonstrated, are either commonplace or far-fetched, we can conscientiously praise Mrs. Chetwynd's story as abounding in interest and in ingenious character-sketches.

#### HOUSES AND HAUNTS OF THE ITALIAN POETS.\*

THIS collection of sketches does not pretend to give any complete account of the works and literary lives of the poets whose names are included in it, neither does it profess to be a selection of names taken entirely according to their claims to rank as poets of Italy. It must be accepted rather as a series of pleasant and readable essays, which do not assume to have much critical importance, and which to a considerable extent take the form of tracing the life of the particular poet to whom each article is dedicated, under the conditions of the whereabouts of his birth, death, usual residence, and peregrinations. A distinguished and witty peer, who has served his country in divers high posts, and is now representing Great Britain at the Sublime Porte, once cut short a discussion on the accuracy of the positions of places as described in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, by an amusing assertion. He said:—"Surely a poet who was himself born in so many different places as Homer was, ought to know a good deal about geography." Nevertheless, the geographical method of treating a poet's life does not seem to be the most appropriate one, considering that no other poet is known to have possessed such claims to be remarkable in

this way as Homer enjoyed; but it affords as good a thread, perhaps, as another upon which to string together loose beads of biographical fact and anecdote, and the result in the present case is an agreeable one. The title, too, is avowedly borrowed from the well-known work of William and Mary Howitt, to the survivor of whom due acknowledgment for the loan is made by the authors of the present volumes.

In the case of Dante, the question most interesting to Englishmen about his wanderings must always be, whether he was ever in England or not, and especially whether he was ever "up" at Oxford. There is no antecedent improbability that he should have fulfilled the natural wish of a scholar of the period to see and share the studies of a famous University; there is a time of his life more or less unaccounted for, during which the visit might have taken place; and Dante is known to have been at least as near to England as Paris. To this discussion a most valuable contribution has recently been made by Dr. Plumptre, the newly appointed Dean of Wells (*Contemporary Review* for December). The supposed proofs are indeed slight enough; but at any rate there is no positive proof that Dante never was in England. Except a vague allusion, metaphorical probably, made in a letter in Latin verse from Boccaccio, the evidence collected by the Dean in support of the English visit is nearly all to be found in passages from the *Divina Commedia*. And it is true that the references in the *Commedia* to places where Dante is known to have been are as faint as those relied upon as evidence of his having been in England and at Oxford. The probability of a residence at Oxford is made chiefly to depend upon Dante's intimate acquaintance with the physical works of Roger Bacon, who was teaching at Oxford at the time when Dante's visit was most likely to have taken place, if it ever occurred at all. The comparison of several passages in the *Commedia* with extracts from Roger Bacon's *Opus Tertium* goes some way to show that Dante must at least have been well acquainted with that work; but it hardly seems to follow that, because the poet was well read in the writings of the great physical philosopher of the middle ages, he must have been his pupil at Oxford. Roger Bacon was well known in Paris, in which place it is certain that Dante spent some time. One result of this was that he gave an immortality to Sigier, his teacher there—by the mention made of him in the *Paradiso*—a personage who would have been otherwise unknown to fame. The Dean's reasons given to account for a similar honour not being conferred upon Roger Bacon, if Dante had also ever sat at his feet at Oxford, are not satisfactory. But the whole argument is one to which every Englishman must wish success; and it is gratifying to learn from the article referred to that the Dean is himself engaged upon a translation of the *Commedia*.

The notice of Petrarch, as well as that of Vittoria Colonna of Tasso, Alfieri, and Giuseppe Belli, are due to the pen of Mr. Trollope. Many of them contain very beautiful descriptions of towns and natural scenery, among which those of Orvieto in autumn and Sorrento may be especially noted; and all are written in a spirit of devotion to her subject which sometimes, perhaps, leads to a rather excessively florid and fervent style. It is scarcely allowable in English prose to write "what time" instead of "when," even in writing about a poet. Nor is it quite right to speak of "corrupt mediæval Latin," considering that the language which was the usual vehicle of intercourse among the educated classes, if not absolutely Ciceronian, was by no means devoid of merit, even in literary style. The name of Fracastoro, too, is mis-spelled the famous physician and poet, who wrote a certain Latin poem upon a subject only suited to a medical nurse.

The notice of Petrarch, together with those of Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, ought to have some effect in reviving in England the taste for the good and pure examples of Italian poetry. The cultivation of Dante in England, Germany, and America wants no stimulation at the present moment. Editions and translations of the *Commedia* are almost perpetually appearing. In England the late Lord Vernon expended large sums upon printing the text, as well as upon publishing illustrations and commentaries; and quite recently there has been a generous rivalry between England and a Dante Society in one of the most famous Universities in the United States for the honour of printing in its integrity and in the Latin original the important commentary of Benvenuto da Imola. But the rest of Italian poetry is now sadly neglected—for sufficient reasons, unfortunately, as to much of it. Yet, in addition to the older poets already mentioned, there are many more recent ones, whose names need not be mentioned, and whose works are altogether fit for the drawing-room and the boudoir. Metastasio, once a favourite, is now unduly despised; and it is to be regretted that a place was not found for Leopardi in the present collection.

To Berni scanty justice is done. There is too much said upon the faults of his private life, and upon the undesirable character of many or most of his lesser performances. But the fame of Berni rests upon the *Orlando Innamorato*, as reconstructed from the previous poem by Boiardo of the same name; and the place always awarded to this poem in Italian literature by the most competent judges, as well as by general favour, can leave no doubt of Berni's right to take a high rank among the poets of his country. Nor does Mr. Trollope sufficiently describe the extraordinary and perhaps unique phenomenon of such a reproduction of the poem of another writer. Indeed he almost seems to doubt the propriety of including Berni in his collection, and even ventures to say that the sole value of his writings now consists in the contribution they

\* *Houses and Haunts of the Italian Poets.* By Frances Eleanor Trollope and T. Adolphus Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall. 1881.

afford to a picture of the manners and morals of the time and country in which he lived. He quotes, however, as a specimen of his fine humour the well-known lines on the government of Clement VII. :—

Un papato composto di rispetti,  
Di considerazioni e di discorsi,  
Di più, di poi, di ma, di sì, di forsi,  
Di pur, di assai parole senza effetti.

The subject of Parini's chief poem, "Il Giorno," which is a satire upon the various occupations and supposed duties of a fashionable day of the period, gives a fair occasion for enlarging upon the follies and frivolities of the latter end of the eighteenth century. The *Cicisbeo* then flourished in the plenitude of his foolish, tedious, and objectionable existence. The absurdities of dress were at their height; massive brocades were sustained upon expanded hoops, the use of powder for the hair was universal, and the patch was still worn. The materials were ample for an attack upon the ways of society in Milan, and Parini made such good use of them as to secure for his poem a considerable amount of popularity, and to entitle him to take his post on the lower slopes, at least, of the Italian Parnæus; but the place is a mediocre one, and such fame as Parini enjoys can only be explained by the local and temporary circumstances which gave a transient vogue to the "Giorno." It is now very tiresome and uninteresting reading.

It was Giusti who brought back to Florence the honour of holding the greatest living poet of the age. He was a poet of politics, and he was no unworthy successor to the great Florentine who centuries before had also struggled for a revision of the political conditions of Italy. He had the same earnestness and the same deep convictions, although in a different sense, as had belonged to Dante; but he lived to witness at least the partial triumph of the principles for which he contended; and he died and was buried with honour in the church of San Miniato, in the city from which his great master in poetry had been expelled. The writings of Giusti deserve greater attention than they have yet received; although his name is known and held in high esteem by all who have taken any pains to become acquainted with recent Italian literature.

The essay devoted to Boccaccio is by Mr. Trollope, as also are those on Danto, Ariosto, Michael Angelo, Berni, Guarini, and Parini; and this is on the whole the best and perhaps most needed of all those in the volumes before us. It will be of use in correcting the erroneous popular impression, founded upon insufficient knowledge, of the character of Boccaccio's writings—and especially of that of his principal and best-known work. Mr. Trollope remarks that an English reader may be well struck by the exaggeration both of praise and blame awarded to the *Decameron* in Italy. Its stories are deficient in many of the points which would now be necessary to give interest to fiction—a want which they share in common with other similar productions, until the modern novel came to assert itself in all its present importance some centuries later. The tales in the *Decameron*, however, are too short to run the risk of being tedious, and are nearly all founded upon existing materials. The love of scenery did not exist in Boccaccio's first readers, and could not be appended to even by a writer who possessed it himself; and the prevailing want of human sympathies, common to the age, is seen in the hard and cruel tone of so many of the stories. Mr. Trollope refutes the vulgar notion that the *Decameron* is a mere mass of licentiousness, and points the difference between indelicacy and viciousness, from the latter of which the writings of Boccaccio are far more free than many modern productions of the French press which are duly entered in the catalogues of our circulating libraries, and may be seen lying upon many a drawing-room table.

The "Vittoria Colonna," too, of Mrs. Trollope furnishes much interesting matter about a lady of whom it is well that ordinary readers should have the opportunity of knowing more than is generally the case; and altogether these volumes, as jointly produced by two persons who know Italy, its literature, its scenery, and its cities thoroughly well, and who are familiar with Italian life and manners, deserve to be generally read.

#### RECORDS OF THE PAST.\*

THE close of the first series of the English translations from Egyptian monuments, published under the sanction of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, affords an opportunity of noticing the result. Whether the members of the Society will see their way to the publication of a fresh series, or content themselves with the transactions at their meetings, will naturally depend on the support the first series has received. On this head we have no precise information, but we may assume it as more than likely that the undertaking so far carried out will not readily be allowed to drop. We are, therefore, perhaps the more inclined to criticism. A new series should be an improvement on the old one; and that the old one has faults—some of them by no means of a venial character—it will be our duty to point out. In the first place, however, it may be well to give some account of the contents of the six volumes which contain the Egyptian records, passing over, at least for the present, those which relate to Assyria. In the preface "it is hoped that sufficient interest will be aroused to the value of this work to cause the whole, or at all

events all the most important texts of this ancient literature to appear in their translated form." In this somewhat oddly worded and punctuated sentence we have a summary of the objects of the series. The first Egyptian volume, then, contains one translation from the period of Pyramid Builders, or, to use the French name, the Ancient Empire; one of the middle period, or Twelfth Dynasty, and some dozen or more of later origin. The second Egyptian volume (vol. iv.), contains no early records, but is taken up for the most part with the history of Thothmes III., of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and some other pieces of later date. The third volume (vol. vi.) contains, besides the translation of one of the Beni Hassan grotto texts, fifty pages devoted to the great Harris papyrus relating to the annals of Ramesses III. The fourth volume completes the Harris manuscript. The fifth has a very varied table of contents, ranging from a stale of the Eleventh Dynasty to a Ptolemaic marriage contract. The last volume, concluding the series, has nothing earlier than some translations from Beni Hassan, and is not arranged chronologically. This chronological arrangement is evidently a difficulty all through the six volumes, and little or no assistance is afforded to the student who would try to distinguish between various periods and styles, while the early inscriptions are wholly omitted in spite of their transcendent interest. There is one inscription of the very end of the pyramid-building period, and no more. In fact, an unprejudiced reader, especially one unacquainted with the earliest Egyptian literature, would suppose that instead of being very abundant it was very rare—the more so because, on turning to Dr. Birch's volume of texts as exercises, he will only find this period represented by a passage from the celebrated Sphinx tablet, certainly a forgery or imitation of a comparatively later time.

If we examine the several pieces we find the same fault very apparent. There is a total failure to distinguish the periods. The Ptolemaic marriage contract referred to above has, except for its being written in the half-hieroglyphic style known as Demotic, a Greek rather than an Egyptian interest, and throws no light whatever on the usages of the "Ancient Egyptians," of any period, in respect of the celebration of nuptials. It is preceded in the volume by a translation from a tablet of the time of Alexander Ægus, and succeeded by a passage from the sarcophagus of Seti I. in the Sæne Museum. A mixture like this is very difficult of digestion, and the difficulty is greatly enhanced by the different and even contradictory systems of transliteration employed. The principal duty of an editor, it might have been thought, would be to obtain and preserve some kind of uniformity in this respect; yet we find in some of his own translations the same name spelled in various ways. The very curious system of French transliteration invented, and for some time used, by M. Chabas, if we are not mistaken, and not yet unfortunately quite abandoned, appears in volume ii., where M. Pierret translates a passage from the tablet of Nefertotep, whose name, consistently with the old system we have mentioned, he gives as Nefert-hotep. This change of *f* into *x* is the more gratuitous as the Egyptian *f* is one of the few invariable letters, there being but one form of it, and that identical with our modern letter, and probably the Greek *φ*. M. Pierret is the remarkable Egyptologist who calls Shoshoon *Khouwon*. The want of critical notes by a competent editor is very apparent all through the series. Thus, in the sixth volume we have Mr. Goodwin's translations of four hymns, and the notes are of the most meagre kind. Three of them are addressed, it is asserted, to Amen. This fact alone, if it is a fact, should have been mentioned or confirmed in a note. A tolerably extensive acquaintance with Egyptian religious inscriptions will probably fail to find another example. In the second of these hymns, moreover, there is evidence that Amen-Ra is addressed, and in the third Amen-Toom or Amen-Hor. If we assume, therefore, that the first of the three is also addressed to Amen-Ra, or possibly to Amen-Noom, we shall be almost certainly right. There is a futile sort of note at the end about "Amen, Horus, and Tum," and their identity with the sun, which betrays a strange state of mind on Egyptian mythology; not that there is anything actually wrong in it, but a naïveté which may be that of ignorance. The result of this kind of editing on the value of the whole series is most disastrous. We are everywhere in doubt. It would be impossible to assert anything as a fact on the authority of *Records of the Past* alone. This is a great pity; so much time and trouble have been spent on the work that one is tempted to think the little more required to make it valuable should not have been wanting. It is much to be hoped, therefore, that if a second series is started it will contain the original text of each piece in hieroglyphs, a proper apparatus of critical notes, a complete index to each volume, and something in the way of chronological approximation for each article a little more precise than in any of the prefaces before us. There is plenty of work still to be done, though competent translators are few. The first series should not have been brought to a close without an example of the sepulchral inscriptions of the early Pyramid period. The book of the maxims of Ptah-hotep, "the most ancient book in the world," as M. Chabas calls it, has not been adequately translated into English. The new discoveries of inscribed pyramid chambers at Sakkarah offer an almost inexhaustible store of the early texts, while Herr Brugsch's now famous find at Thebes might provide material for a number of series like this.

We have perhaps been inclined to judge *Records of the Past* a little more harshly because it is so near being a considerable success. If it had turned out altogether worthless we should not have needed to bestow so much time on it. A certain amount of

\* *Records of the Past*. Vols. II., IV., VI., VIII., X., XII. First Series. London: Bagster.

interest evidently exists in Egyptian literature. Some day even the English Universities may think it worth while to study the most ancient classics. These *Records* will not mislead any one, but they will lead him only a short way. A much more solid publication is required for the instruction of the public. We cannot expect books like this to be popular. They are not, in fact, intended for general, or, so to speak, family, reading. The ordinary reader wants less than is here given, the student wants more. If Dr. Birch and his coadjutors merely aimed at amusing, a much less pretentious book would have sufficed. Paraphrases rather than translations, and a careful avoidance of critical notes, would have been needful. But if the work is to be useful to people who are not content with mere amusement, it will be necessary very considerably to increase its scientific character, and to give the reader some means of judging for himself, in disputed passages at least, if not in all.

We have, so far, said little as to the contents of these volumes. Yet they are, for the most part, of the highest interest. The first volume opens with the account of a voyage made by one Una, who was sent by King Pepy, of the Sixth Dynasty, to fetch him a granite coffin from Assoonn. The coffin was found a few months ago in the pyramid named Men-Nefer, or "the fair abiding place." Una's monument is in the Boolak Museum. The second paper is even more curious. It is a translation by M. Maspero of the instructions left by King Amenemhat I., of the Twelfth Dynasty, for the use of his son and successor, King Usertesen. Out of six copies of the document on papyrus in different collections only one is complete, and that is most incorrectly written. At the most moderate computation, the early kings of this dynasty must have flourished 2,000 B.C. Amenemhat's teaching would do honour to any monarch. "Let concord," he says, "be between thy subjects and thyself"; let not the landed lords and noblemen be thy brothers to the neglect of people whose friendship has not been long tried; no one was hungry owing to any deed of mine, no one was thirsty; the orders I gave increased the love of my people. Such are his maxims, interspersed with anecdotes of his personal adventures and conquests, and of the magnificence of his palace, or possibly of his tomb. Among the romances we find a version of the celebrated "Tale of Two Brothers," which in many particulars resembles the history of Joseph. It is taken from a roll which once belonged to Seti II., the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, and may therefore really embody some legend of the patriarch, with additions of native growth. The story of the prince doomed to die by a crocodile, a serpent, or a dog, is more purely fictional in character, but the manuscript, which is inscribed on the reverse of a papyrus in the British Museum, is unfortunately imperfect. The most interesting paper in the next volume is an account of an embassy from the King of "Bakhten," perhaps Assyria, to Ramesses XII., one of the last kings of the Twentieth Dynasty—here called, by the way, the Twenty-first. The Asiatic king had a daughter subject to some illness ascribed to demoniacal possession, and the object of the embassy was to borrow an image of Shonsou, or Khons, the god to whom the kings of that time were particularly devoted. The princess was younger sister to the Queen of Ramesses. It seems to us improbable that even at that late period the Egyptians worshipped an image, and it is more likely, even from the English version, that not an image but the sacred animal—a hawk, perhaps, which was at the time regarded as the incarnation of Shonsou—was sent. Here a few lines of the original text would obviously be invaluable to the student. The princess was cured; and after three years, four months, and five days, the god, "like a golden hawk," went back to Egypt, the Asiatic king having dreamed that he came out of his shrine and flew away. In the next volume is a translation of the history of Aahmes, the son of Abana, from his tomb at El Kab. Aahmes lived under the last kings of the obscure dynasty which preceded the Eighteenth, and is variously reckoned as the Thirteenth and Seventeenth. Another interesting document of this time is unfortunately imperfect. It appears to describe the commencement of the struggle for independence between King Apophis or Apapi, a Hyksos of Lower Egypt, and a representative of the old royal race, a prince of Thebes, whose name very well illustrates the difference between the English and French systems of transliteration, for Dr. Lushington, the translator of the fragment in *Records of the Past*, calls him Sekenen Ra, and M. Maspero Soknounri. His body is among those recently discovered at Thebes. We may add, in conclusion, that a so-called index, appended to the last volume, is utterly useless.

#### BETWEEN THE AMAZON AND THE ANDES.\*

A MAN who, of the ten years that he had lived in another continent, had spent no small part in wandering through it; who in one tour alone had travelled nearly six thousand miles; who had seen strange lands and strange rivers; had run great risks of many kinds; and who, on his return home, had taken only 238 pages of large type to tell his story, would deserve the thanks of all readers. A woman of whom the same can be said is almost worthy of being held up as a model to her sex for all time. Mrs. Mulhall modestly says in her preface that her sketches

of travels and adventures possess no literary merit. They have, at all events, one merit—and that a literary one, too—of which few books of modern travel can boast. They contain very little that ought to have been left out. They are singularly free from impertinences of all kinds. We do not deny that there are here and there passages which are over-minute, and which are therefore somewhat dull. These are chiefly to be found in the latter part of the book, where she is describing her voyage up the Parana. She was on a steamer, and so could keep a diary. Hence her descriptions are sometimes a little too long. Nevertheless, her book, as a whole, is very readable and very instructive. The title certainly is most misleading. At no point in any one of her journeys could she fairly be described as being between the Amazon and the Andes. She once reached the watershed of a stream that flowed southwards into the Paraguay, and of another stream that flowed northwards into an affluent of the lower Amazon. That this affluent, by the way, could have been, as she maintains, the river Arinos we greatly doubt. She reached, she says, the dividing ridge after a one day's excursion on the back of a cow from the town of Cuyabá, and she returned the same evening. According to Keith Johnston's map (of the year 1877) she must have travelled not much less than four hundred miles thus mounted in less than twenty-four hours. She saw, we imagine, a feeder of the Xingu, which flows into the Amazon not far from its mouth. Be that as it may, with the Amazon her book has really nothing to do, and not much indeed with the Andes. As a more accurate title, we would suggest "Between the South and the North Pole," or—to be a little more confined in our range—"Between Cape Horn and the Isthmus of Darien." While we are noticing inaccuracies we must point out a strange exaggeration into which the author falls when she says that the Nile is only a stream compared with the Parana. Not many lines lower down we learn that, though this river was about a mile wide, nevertheless it was very shallow. When she has ascended it to the tropical regions, she mentions that there was no cold drink to be had. "Everything was lukewarm. The river water was almost hot enough to boil an egg." From lukewarm to a point not much short of egg-boiling is indeed a great stride. She quotes a story about a talking parrot that had belonged to Prince Maurice of Nassau, and gives Sir William Temple as her authority. Had she turned to the Memoirs of that acute and somewhat sceptical writer, she would have seen that he placed no trust in the tale. He does not doubt Maurice's wish to be truthful. "I dare say," he writes, "this prince at least believed himself all he told me, for he ever passed for a very honest and pious man." But then, as he found out by questioning him, the parrot had only been able to speak Brazilian, while the Prince only spoke Dutch. The conversation, therefore, had been carried on through an interpreter. "I leave it," adds Temple, "to naturalists to reason, and to other men to believe, as they please upon it." Our author falls into another strange blunder when she says that an old colonel whom she met in Paraguay had made his first campaign in 1826, and then "had fought for Poland until the death of Kosciuszko." Has she forgotten how Campbell, in his *Pleasures of Hope*, before the close of last century, celebrated the fall, though not the death, of the great Polish patriot? Kosciuszko had been dead thirteen or fourteen years before the war broke out in which Mrs. Mulhall's colonel took part.

The book opens with a very striking sketch of Buenos Ayres, not as it is now, but as it used to be. "It has lost its charm of originality," she writes, "since the inroads of commerce and civilization have assimilated it to the commercial cities of Europe and the United States." Some of these charms were of a very doubtful kind, while even now the inroad of civilization has not been so overwhelming as to leave no remains of ancient savagery. "There are seasons," we read, "when crime assumes an epidemic form, just like an inroad of fever. Every morning you will hear of two or three horrible affairs. . . . The period before an election for Governor or President is always one of trouble and bloodshed." It is but ten years since the plague swept over Buenos Ayres, and carried off twenty-six thousand persons. This was caused, no doubt, altogether by the shocking neglect of the commonest decencies of life. A committee was appointed to inquire into its origin, but nine years have passed and it has not yet published its report. Mrs. Mulhall's history of this plague is as interesting as it is painful. She and her husband were living in the town when it broke out, and were some of the last to flee. The Municipal Council at first tried to hush up the rapid rise in the death-rate. The Carnival was kept up with great pomp:—

Sunday was the first day of Carnival, and the crowds of masqueraders went about throwing sweets, flowers, and costly presents at the ladies in the balconies. The Corso, comprising three of the principal streets, was four miles in length, hung with banners, and having a triumphal arch at each point where streets crossed. Between the hour of noon and that of the Ave Maria (half-an-hour after sunset) more than 1,000 carriages and 10,000 horsemen dressed in splendid costumes passed along. There were crusaders, warriors of the epoch of Cortes and Pizarro, Indian caciques, and every fantastic style of mounted cavaliers. The same pageant took place on the second and third days, and when Carnival concluded, everybody was pleased that it had passed off so well, especially the fireworks of the Municipality.

During these days of rioting the newspapers had not appeared. But on Ash Wednesday they were published once more, and then it was learnt that the deaths from the plague had risen to forty daily. A panic seized the city; people flocked out of town; all the members of the Municipal Council fled, and the price of a wagon and team of horses was paid for a single day's hire of them.

\* *Between the Amazon and the Andes; or, Ten Years of a Lady's Travels in the Pampas, Gran Chaco, Paraguay, and Matto Grosso.* By Mrs. M. G. Mulhall. With Maps and Illustrations. London: E. Stanford. 1881.

Along the great highways gipsy encampments were formed wherever a clump of trees or a ruined house gave any shelter. Even the waiters in the coffee-houses turned carpenters and made coffins, while some of the lawyers bought up every cargo of timber. The rudest coffin before long cost ten pounds, and a terror which seized on the people at the thought of being buried without one increased the danger of the disorder. On Easter Monday the number of those buried was one thousand and eighty. The dead were day after day carried off in the dust-carts. On some of the railways the trains no longer ran, as the engine-drivers had been all swept away by the plague. The market people were afraid to enter the town, and a scarcity of food set in. In the street in which Mrs. Mulhall lived there was no sickness till the beginning of March. "One morning," she writes, "about sunrise I heard the toll of the acolyte accompanying the priest to visit the dying. That evening three coffins were taken from a house in front of ours, and an hour afterwards the police proceeded to burn the furniture. . . . Every morning the disinfectors came round to sprinkle the house with a mixture of coal-tar, saying at the same time 'May God keep you from the plague.'" Some cold days in March checked it a little. "I never saw more lovely autumn weather; such a contrast to the awful tragedy that was being enacted on all sides." But the hot days returned, and the death-rate rapidly rose. The banks were all closed, and the Mulhalls could get no money. An English grocer who had not fled trusted them, and sent them a supply of tinned food. Matters grew still worse. "The town clock in the Plaza had stopped. Grass grew in the streets. Dogs roamed without owners. A dead silence reigned, unless when the rumble of the dust-cart was heard, with the cry of the half-drunk cartmen, 'Bring out the corpses!'" Most of the physicians had died, while many of the apothecaries had fled, for a rumour had spread that they were selling poison, and some of them had been shot at. "In Holy Week a Government decree was issued, closing the post-office, telegraph offices, and other public departments, and ordering all shops to be shut for thirty days in order to compel the remaining inhabitants to leave the city." In the middle of April the Mulhalls themselves took flight, but they soon doubted whether they should not have done better to stay. The best shelter they could find was in a mud-hut, where the frogs and toads were hopping over the floor, and where the rain came in so fast that they had to keep their umbrellas open over their beds. To make the matter worse, they were told that the husband of the woman whom they had hired as a servant was "indebted for six deaths," which meant in English that he had murdered six persons. He was, however, "always most respectful" to his wife's new master and mistress. By the middle of May they could endure their misery no longer; the death-rate, they heard, had fallen to below one hundred, and they returned to Buenos Ayres. On entering the town they saw some fifty men cutting open mattresses which had been sent to be burnt as being infected. Often, it was said, large sums of money were found concealed in them. In one street they saw a man selling coffins, "the best omen that the plague was abating, as the supply was equal to the demand." Mr. Mulhall was stopped by the police as he was carrying a bundle of cloaks and rugs. They were on the look-out for robbers, they said, who were plundering the empty houses. Our author thus concludes this chapter of her work. "Before many weeks the plague was as utterly forgotten as if it had occurred in the previous century; and the foundations for a new opera-house were laid on the site of a sawmill used for making coffins during the epidemic."

Mr. and Mrs. Mulhall made Buenos Ayres their headquarters, whence from time to time they started on their tours, first in one direction, then in another. Few parts of the narrative are more interesting than the account the author gives of the German settlements in the south-eastern districts of Brazil. In one province there are 60,000 Germans, who "preserve the warmest recollections of the Fatherland; and, in language, sentiment, and traditions, are as true to their native country as if only travellers in a strange land." She heard the "Wacht am Rhein" sung as her steamboat drew near the shore. She thus describes one of these colonies, which are, she writes, forty-four in number:—

Imagine a country nearly as large as Belgium or Holland, cut out of these Brazilian forests, where the inhabitants are exclusively German, and speak no other language; where chapels and schools meet you at every opening in the wood; where the mountain-sides have been in many cases cleared to make room for cornfields; where women travel alone through the forest in perfect security; where agricultural and manufacturing industry flourish undisturbed; where crime is unknown, and public instruction almost on a level with that of Germany; in a word, where individual happiness and the welfare of the commonwealth go hand in hand, surrounded by the rich tropical vegetation of Brazil, and favoured by the great advantages of a healthy climate, and the blessings of peace, order, and good government. The main street of some of these villages is lined with orange-trees. The houses are models of neatness. The better kind are of bricks, with a wooden half-story under the sloping roof. Many, however, are of mud and cane, or made in a species of framework, with the large cross beams conspicuous, as in most of the hamlets of Germany. Beneath the cottage, however humble, is a basement, used for implements, which keeps the houses very dry. No bars or bolts are visible, and the windows are often without glass.

She met in her wanderings settlers from many countries. She dined with a Welshman—Mr. Jones by name—who could speak Welsh, but had never learnt English, and with whom she had to talk in Portuguese, to the great amusement of a Brazilian gentleman. In a Don Tomas Fernandez, who gave her a welcome to his comfortable home, she discovered a Mr. Flanagan from Mallow. He could still speak English, though only imperfectly. In this he

was better than a Scotch Governor, who had utterly forgotten his native tongue. "The number of Scotchmen, or men of Scotch descent, holding high places in these countries, is surprising to a stranger." A Swiss colony, though on a much smaller scale than the German settlements, was no less thriving. Prosperous though some districts were, yet in most of the vast countries through which our author travelled the insecurity of life is still so great that for years to come the settlers will have a hard time of it. She was invited to be present at the opening of a new line of railway. There was, indeed, a venerable bishop to bless the engine—which, by the way, some wild Indians had once tried to lasso—but some miscreants the night before had sawn the beams that supported a bridge, and so the train could not run. In another district a Frenchman laid out the money which he had made in the country in building a fine stone bridge of three arches where no bridge had ever been before. He was murdered by a "gaucho" who refused to pay the toll. Murders, in fact, seem to have been almost looked upon as one of the everyday incidents of life. A murderer's punishment was commonly temporary confinement in a prison, where he spent his time in playing cards with his fellows. One wretch whom our author saw thus engaged had, she was told, killed fifteen people, some of them merely for the sake of the silver buttons on their belt.

Had we more space at our command we should invite our readers to accompany us as we followed Mrs. Mulhall in her wanderings to the Andes and to the upper waters of the Paraguay. They must read her book for themselves. They must not be deterred by a certain baldness of style; for they will find by way of compensation that, if it has no literary charm to give it a grace, it has that great merit which belongs to a narrative that is plain and straightforward, and free from all affectation of fine writing and of word-painting.

#### LOIS LEGGATT.\*

IT is a pious opinion among writers of the school to which Mr. Francis Carr belongs that wills are written and executed on parchment. With Mr. Carr himself this belief has passed beyond the region of opinion, and is to be received as *de fide*, the central truth on which the story of *Lois Leggatt* depends. For the logical working out of its catastrophe or conclusion another proposition is evidently required, and the syllogism—in *Celestine*, if we remember our Aldrich—is complete. This proposition has been formally stated in poetry to which some seventy years of time have now given classical authority; and in view of the warning to "critics" contained in the author's introductory chapter, we will venture to supply the omission of the customary poetical motto on the title-page by the quotation:—

Al! bootless aim! the critic fiend  
Is judged in his turn;  
Parchment won't burn!

Sentence of judgment upon "the critic fiend" who shall presume to review *Lois Leggatt* is passed by the author through the means of an ordinary literary artifice. Miss "Elizabeth Kentfield," in her double capacity of autobiographer and editor of her sister's papers, knows exactly what "the pens of critics" will write concerning the work, "I shall not hear comments on it—but I shall see the reviews." She penetrates beneath the "scornful analysis" of their written words, and exposes in all its naked hideousness what "the critics may even feel." For ourselves, we honestly declare that we neither "say," "know," "profess," nor "feel" any single thing or thought which the author attributes to us; and in respect of the major premises of her or his argument—that is to say, that "parchment will not burn"—we are in entire agreement with Miss Elizabeth Kentfield and Mr. Francis Carr, or with either of them severally. The bearing of this physical law upon the fortunes of the characters and the succession to landed property is not quite so clear.

Through three-fourths of the volume the author's purpose appears to be merely one of instruction in the form of dialogue or soliloquy, preserved by means of journals or personal recollections. At last, about one hundred pages from the end, indications are discoverable of something in the nature of a plot, which may be briefly stated in outline. Some six years before the time at which the story opens, old Mr. Charlecote of Crawford lived in possession of a landed estate, a son, a nephew, an armchair with a drawer under its seat, a family nurse, a family lawyer who was also a family friend, and two wills, which he kept in the drawer under the seat of the armchair. "The very night he died" he called to the nurse and told her to bring him both wills; which she did. Then he told her to put the later will on the fire, which she did not. She put the earlier will on the fire; but "the flame was low," and the "master was taken with fainting fits," "and the parchment was hard to burn," so she "took it off the fire and hid it." It is said that a burnt feather is a sovereign specific for "fainting fits," and the odour of "blackened and scorched" parchment, certainly more objectionable, might reasonably have been expected to prove quite as efficacious; but the old man died, and Mr. Charlecote Charlecote, the nephew, succeeded under the later will, his cousin, the disinherited son, disappearing in a cloud of bad language, and transferring his disreputable person and life to an

\* *Lois Leggatt: a Memoir.* By Francis Carr, Author of "Tried by Fire," &c. London: Griffith & Farran.



Australian colony. The family nurse, as it happened, had been at odd times in her life engaged in the same capacity in all the families to which Mr. Carr introduces his readers; and in the earliest of these situations, when she was a "giddy girl of sixteen," had fallen down with the baby in her arms. Whether or not for the misdeed of her later life regarding the will "she ought to have been hung," as some one suggests, we could have wished that any penalty short of the extreme sentence of the law might have been assigned to her earlier carelessness, which resulted in inflicting upon the readers of "Lois's Story" an endless recurrence of disagreeable meditations on some undefined deformity concerning which the writer was perpetually tormenting herself and as perpetually talking to every one who was so unfortunate as to give her a chance of pouring the weary repetition into their ears. The author seems to entertain singular ideas of the habits in thought and speech of a refined and cultivated woman; for as such, even including the episode of a temporary lift, to say the least of it eccentric, in "the slums," he has certainly intended to represent his heroine. But then his hero is not of the ordinary masculine type. Mr. Charlecote Charlecote, during the six years of his enjoyment of the Crawford estate, and as he appears in the story, is the idol of London, whom all the women worship, and with whom half the girls are in love. He never does anything, it is true. He never visits his estate, and we learn incidentally that he eschews and despises all things athletic, since, when we first make his acquaintance, he is evidently and hopelessly out of condition. He is "both flushed and exhausted" by the labour of drawing a Bath chair with a lady in it up a hill, though another lady was helping him by pushing behind. "Heat beads stood on his brow" after the unwonted effort; "the muscles of his arms were not under steady control." His whole life and energies were, in fact, as we go on to learn, devoted to making love to a married woman. This passion was absorbing, vehement, irresistible, and perfectly pure, although this last characteristic was commonly overlooked by social observers, who "talked," as was not unlikely. The object of this consuming adoration was one of the "queens of society," with an elderly husband who was something in the City—"in the silk line"—extremely well dressed, and, as far as the reader can discover, without an idea in her head. In some interval of reason it occurs to Mr. Charlecote that he might as well spend his time in another way, and he flies from London to an out-of-the-way place on the south coast, where the only lodgings to be had were in a pair of semi-detached houses, one of which was at the time tenanted by Miss Lois Leggatt, in charge of her half-sister, Miss Elizabeth Kentfield, the former lady being the writer of the "journal," the latter of the "story," which together make up this volume. Here Mr. Charlecote is discovered and joined by his friend Bob Anson, an artist, who is in search of, and who finds in Elizabeth, a sitter for a companion picture to one which he has already in preparation for the Royal Academy. A year later this work in its double embodiment of feminine loveliness attracts all eyes in the Exhibition, under the appropriate titles of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." "Il Penseroso" is Elizabeth, at the time in a sort of widow's mourning, with sentiments to correspond, for one lover, but perfectly ready to supply his place with another, whether declared or hypothetical. The hero of the Bath chair has opportunely appeared, and the discovery that he is the new lodger next door is made "soon after eight o'clock" on an evening which is described by Lois as follows:—

The night was fair and divinely still; the star-studded sky looked cloudless, a crescent moon had just risen over the hills of Barrowtown, and hung trembling, as it seemed, between earth and heaven. Lights were twinkling in the distance, but where I walked the only illumination was that of the soft April night, of young moon, and of stars.

It is useless to expect a novelist to let the moon alone, though if by the help of his own eyes and the light of nature he cannot keep clear of such nonsense as this, he might at least take the trouble to consult an almanack. But a restless demon of blundering hovers round the path of Mr. Francis Carr, and at times even attracts admiration for ingenuity in leading him astray, as when he introduces a Bishop with a title taken from a county—"the Bishop of Eastshire"—a dignitary of a class hitherto unknown, we think, even to fiction.

It may be convenient to anticipate events in order to get the love business of the story at once out of the way. Mr. Charlecote does not offer his hand and heart to "Il Penseroso," as what he supposes to be the latter is already devoted to "L'Allegro," her first cousin. Elizabeth becomes tired of waiting at last, and writes a letter offering hers to him. This is nearly at the end of the volume, when he happens to be engaged to marry Lois; but he throws her over, and she vanishes first and then dies. Elizabeth carries off "her hero" in triumph, and passes from sight as she is on the point of "sailing away to a new life on a foreign shore" where "I shall see the reviews," and where also she intends to indulge in the pleasures of hope, because "Harold Charlecote's intemperate habits are rapidly undermining his health, and Charlie is his heir-at-law." As the bride expectant's "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of" law from those of love, we may try to follow her as best we can.

Old Mr. Charlecote had died as already related, and his nephew had inherited under his latest will. According to the usual course in the case of wills not executed on parchment, the instrument must have been proved, probate issued, and succession duty paid at the rate of three per cent. by Mr. Charlecote Charlecote, two

thirds of which we may safely assume that the Exchequer did not see its way afterwards to refund. The probate so issued, to which some innocent sheep had now really contributed its skin, was "the hero's" evidence of title to the possession of the Crawford estate. Six years later, Mrs. Hammond the nurse, having first relieved her conscience by the confession to Lois that she had dropped her as a baby, goes on to make an entirely clean breast of it by the revelation as to the earlier will in favour of the son, and by the production of its "scorched and blackened" form. This confession she repeats to Mr. Charlecote, who at once, after a stormy interview with Mrs. Lushington (L'Allegro), "disappears, leaving no trace behind him," having "given up everything he possessed unconditionally, and placed the whole affair without reservation in the hands of the family lawyer." His subsequent fortunes may be followed by any one who cares to know them; we are concerned only with his "disappearance" and its attendant circumstances, the whole of which were compressed into a space of about nine hours. "He paid Mrs. Hammond what he owed her"—she was his house-keeper—"in gold and silver, saying that it was no longer in his power to draw a cheque." As it is possible to extract some sense out of this statement by assuming Mr. Charlecote's banking account to have been already overdrawn, we will make the author a present of the hypothesis, which, we are satisfied, never occurred to him. "He"—Mr. Charlecote, not the author—"said that he was dead to all the world now," and "vanished into the night." Not very long afterwards Mrs. Hammond died; but in the meantime Harold Charlecote had entered into possession of the estate.

By what process known to the law this transfer had been effected the author does not think it necessary to explain. That the Probate Court would without any evidence—for not even Mrs. Hammond had given any—revoke the original grant upon the unquestionably last will of the testator in favour of the earlier will, is confessedly out of the question, and the rapidity and details of the hero's "disappearance" equally exclude the hypothesis of a deed of gift or voluntary surrender. If the author does not really suppose that a valid title to English landed property can be given by the production of an old will, which is known to be only so much waste paper—or parchment—"placed in the hands of the family lawyer," he has been at considerable pains to persuade his readers that he does so. One feeble ray of light may certainly strike across the general obscurity. The destitute hero, during the period of his engagement to Lois, proposed to emigrate to Australia, and "had no fear as to receiving the funds he required from the family lawyer, who had also been the family friend of the Charlecotes for so long." Family lawyers, as a rule, are not given to advance "funds" except on sufficient security; but if Mr. Hudson was all the while merely humouring the fancy of a client whom he knew to be a fool, and administering the estate on his behalf, with Harold as sham owner, the money "required" might have been forthcoming. On this supposition some rational termination might have been made to the story, if it had ever presented itself to the author. As it is, Mr. Charlecote is made by Mr. Carr to "restitute" all that he can from the income of his six years' "unlawful possession." We do not say that "restitute" is a bad word. On the contrary, it would by analogy be a very tolerable word, as words go, if only it happened to exist. But before Mr. Francis Carr takes upon himself the responsibility of adding new words to the English language, we should recommend him to learn to make a better use than he has done in *Lois Leggatt* of the words which its vocabulary already contains.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF CURIOUS CHARACTERS AND PLEASANT PLACES.\*

IT is not unpleasant to be sometimes reminded by the appearance of a book of travel written with greater fidelity and wider knowledge than is usually found, how little we know of the world, and how large it really is. This is especially the case with the great continent of North America. It is a country which, from the enormous number of books written about it, from our own personal experience, and from hearsay, we seem to know so thoroughly, but in reality know so superficially. When we cross the Atlantic it is to hurry from one great city to another, from New York to Chicago, from Chicago to St. Louis; to stand agape before big hotels; to wonder at the growth of big cities. When we sit down to write our travels we hurl these cities with their thousands and millions of facts, bricks, and people at the heads of our readers. American cities do not, however, make up the whole, nor even a large part, of American life. Life in America is, as everywhere else, many-sided. There is one side of it—the country life—where the fatal dollar has little authority, and the people remain as quiet and as contented as the men of Laish. It is a side which travellers seldom see, and which the world never associates with the American character. We know something of it from the pages of Hawthorne, Holmes, and Longfellow; we may guess at something of it from American novels. Among these people, dwellers in the older States, quiet farmers, residents in the little towns, the descendants of the first settlers, there lingers yet the Puritanic spirit; they are, we gather from the best authorities, inordinately proud of their independence; they are also, we

\* *Recollections of Curious Characters and Pleasant Places.* By Charles Lannan, Author of "A Summer in the Wilderness," &c. &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1881.

suspect, firmly persuaded that all things noble, all things great, all things splendid grow naturally and produce their finest flowers on American soil. The book before us is chiefly interesting from the glimpses it affords of these quiet places. For instance, who among us knows anything about Block Island? It lies at the junction of Long Island Sound and Naragansett Bay, among a whole group of islands and peninsulas, and opposite to a picturesquely broken coast which no English travellers have visited; it was here that Dana laid the scene of his story, "The Buccaneer."

The island lies nine leagues away,  
Along the solitary shore  
Of raggy rock and sandy bay,  
No sound but ocean's roar,  
Save where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home,  
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

It is nine leagues from Newport, and is nine miles long; it is inhabited by a thousand people who farm and fish and are "wreckers"; that is, they do not encourage and stimulate the wrecking of ships, like former professors of wrecking, but they assist ships that are wrecked; they are a clannish race, they are fond of religious exercises, and entertain a healthy contempt for politics. They are excellent boatmen, and build their own boats, which are said to be the safest in the world for rough weather. They are described as being "sharp at both ends, deep, from fifteen to thirty feet long, and carry much ballast, have one or two sails, but never a jib, and always open, very stout, range from two to ten tons burden, run nearer the wind than any other, and seldom or never cast an anchor." The island has quite a long and picturesque history of its own connected with Indians, French wars, and the War of Independence, and it boasts a veritable ghost, perfectly unique of its kind. Some of us may have read the ghastly story of the ill-fated *Palatine*. It has been narrated, with variations, in verse by Whittier as well as Dana; but, as the works of these poets are not in every English library, it will be new to many to learn that regularly every year, on the day of the *Palatine's* destruction, a spectral ship in flames appears off the shore. The ghost of a burning vessel is a form of apparition the like of which we never remember to have seen. Vanderdecken is no longer the sole possessor of a spectre in timber. Every one, again, who has steamed up or down the St. Lawrence must remember the low-lying shores of that great unknown land, Anticosti, where, once in a way, an Englishman or American spends a summer in fishing and shooting, but which otherwise is left altogether alone and neglected. It is a hundred and twenty miles long and thirty wide; its soil is fertile; it has great rivers swarming with salmon and trout; it has wide forests; there is bear-hunting and there are foxes and martens; its climate is severe, but not apparently worse than that of the province of Quebec, where a good many *habitués* manage to get along. The whole population of this great island is stated by Mr. Lanman to be a hundred; another authority makes it forty; and its resources are entirely undeveloped. The island has, however, a hero, about whose name stories are gathering, quite according to the scientific development of legend; they would already, says Mr. Lanman, fill a volume. The name of this demigod was Louis Gamache; he was born in 1790, and spent twenty years of his life as a sailor; then he tried business of some kind at the little Canadian watering-place of Rimouski on the Gaspé shore. Failing in this pursuit, he became misanthropic, and went across the water to Anticosti, where he lived for the rest of his life. He married there; his first wife was quickly killed by the cold and solitude; his second was frozen to death with his two children. Then he cared not for any further intercourse with men, but lived alone with a half-bred Frenchman for his only companion. It is difficult from the selection of the stories made by Mr. Lanman to understand how he achieved his reputation of ogre, pirate, hermit, and wizard. But then Mr. Lanman is better when he talks about places than when he tells stories. The interesting fact remains that Anticosti is provided for all time with its hero of legend.

There is also a chapter in the book on "Forest Recollections," which makes one realize in some measure how North America is still, after all these years of clearings and settlements, covered from North to South by thick forests, which vary in character with every State and every degree of latitude. Thus there are the live-oak forests of Florida:—

The trees grow to a great size, are peculiar for the number of their limbs and for being free from astringent acids; and having congregated into a colony, other trees of various kinds seem to have gathered around them for protection; and as they all stand with branches interlocked, the oaks wave their magnificent grey mosses against the sky, while jessamines and other vines in wonderful profusion spread themselves into fantastic festoons and fill the surrounding air with a grateful fragrance. The birds are also very numerous, and, vying with each other in their sweet singing, inspire the heart of the listener with delight; and as he passes out into the barren woods, now more barren than before, he feels that he has had a glimpse, at least, of a scene allied to Paradise.

Again, there are the cypress forests of the Southern States:—

The American cypress is a different species from that which has acquired a mournful celebrity in Europe. It is more stupendous in size, growing out of a submerged soil, rearing its cone-shaped form to the height of two hundred feet, at the top of which it spreads great masses of horizontal branches, dense and fragrant. It delights to wrap itself in the heavy and hoary robes of flowing moss, which seems to vie with the cypress in growth, the one stretching aspiringly up, and the other mournfully down, as if finding solace in the companionship of the giant trees.

Then there are the "pine barrens" of North Carolina; there are the maple woods which grow all over America, colouring all its hill-sides in autumn with crimson and golden hues; there are the countless oaks covered with pines in the North; there are the cotton-wood

forests of the Lower Mississippi; there are the "oak openings" of Michigan; the red-wood forests of California; and, to mention no more, that remarkable district of Ohio called the Black Swamp, where the trees grow to a height of one hundred and seventy feet, all close together, so as to exclude the light, with their roots in a thick black soil partly submerged in water; this is, alone of all the forests mentioned by our author, not attractive. One feels as if even the Great Dismal Swamp itself, where there is at least light and air, with the pleasant smell of the pines, would be preferable.

Mr. Lanman takes us to other strange places; to the port where ships monopolize the trade in sea-elephant oil; they go for their cargoes to "Desolation," a name which applies to the islands south of Kerguelen, and which appear to be about as cheerless a spot to winter in as even Mark Tapley would desire. We are also taken to the salmon fishing on the Jacques Cartier River, near Quebec, which ought to be better known to English sportsmen; to the Potomac; to Montauk Point, which certainly seems to be what the author describes it—"the pleasantest place in the world"; to Gardiner's Island, near Block Island; to the quiet old town of Stratford-on-Housatonic, with its little literary history; and a dozen other places of which none of us know anything. Again, there are, even in the States, men who have failed. America is not for every one a country paved with gold. Probably success is as difficult, and requires as much ability, courage, and quick sight, in the States as at home. Naturally, we hear little of the men who have not succeeded. Like the bent pins and the broken needles, they vanish and are no more seen. But we learn from Mr. Lanman what becomes of some of them. They enter the Civil Service at Washington, where the clerks form the largest part of the population. The service is regarded as a refuge for the destitute; among those employed in the various departments are men who have lost their fortunes, and men who have made their one bid for success and failed; men who would have been great scholars, poets, painters, novelists, and what not, but have not succeeded in impressing their greatness on the world; women who have "come down"; women who are widowed and orphaned; young men who use the service as a stepping-stone to a more ambitious pursuit. They are hard-worked, and have long hours; they enjoy no social position; their pay is small; their stay in the service is no longer than they find unavoidable. Certainly, had one the choice, Somerset House is better than Washington. Some of the bitterness in Mr. Lanman's sketch looks like the result of personal experience.

The book is written in a quiet, faithful style. Mr. Lanman never tries to be funny, or brilliant, or epigrammatic, or fine; but he conscientiously notes down all that he has seen and what he knows. We were not, we confess, previously acquainted with his name; but an anonymous writer in a preface tells us all about him. He has been, it appears, successively journalist, editor, librarian, and "Examiner of Depositories"; he has always been an angler, an artist, and an enthusiastic tramp; he is now American Secretary of the Japanese Legation at Washington. He has written a quantity of books, some of them reminiscences of journeys, some of the biographical, official, directory kind; and is evidently a man of great industry, patience, and activity, with an eye for scenery, colour, sunshine, and form. If he had been born in England, he would have become a leading member of a local Archaeological Society, and would have been great on county history. We are much obliged to him for a pleasant and instructive volume.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VI.

*ROUND the Yule Log* is a collection of Norwegian folk and fairy tales, collected by Asbjørnsen and translated by Mr. H. L. Brækstad (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. E. W. Gosse contributes a brief preface, with an interesting biographical account of Peter Christen Asbjørnsen. He was born in 1812, and before he was twenty years old he and his friend Moe, now Bishop of Christianssand, began to collect and write down the tales which Norwegian peasants tell round the fire in the winter evenings. In 1838 Asbjørnsen published a few of his gleanings. *Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales* saw the light in 1842; a new selection, written by Asbjørnsen, appeared in 1871; and there have been two other volumes about the "nymphs or sirens which haunt the high sparse woods and mountain dairies." A siren seems rather out of her element so far from the sea, but the Norse *Huldre* probably answer better to our fairies and the *Nereids* of modern Greece. The stories in *Round the Yule Log* are translated by Mr. Brækstad from four of these Norwegian collections. Sir G. W. Dasent has already made English nurseries and English students of the comparative mythology of European peasants familiar with many Scandinavian fairy tales. Sir George Dasent's first volume, *Tales from the Norse*, translated or paraphrased from Asbjørnsen and Moe, was almost the best fairy-tale book extant in English; and the preface is not even now superannuated, after all the collections that have since been made in Russia, Italy, Greece, Zululand, Spain, and all the theories of *märchen* that have been published. The *Tales from the Norse* are now, we believe, and have for some time been, out of print. Meanwhile the tales rendered into English by Mr. Brækstad may be most heartily recommended both to children and to amateurs of story-comparing. The devil among the Norwegian peasants has fallen heir to many of the qualities of trolls and of the lesser imps

in German tales. Thus he is induced by a boy to get into a hollow nut, and, like the spirit beguiled by Virgilus the enchanter, he cannot get out again. "The Man who was Going to Mind the House" is one of the comic, not a sample of the supernatural tales, common to all the peasants of Europe, perhaps of Asia. "The Giant who had no Heart" is a fine variant of a fairy-tale so old that it was traditional in the Egypt of Ramses II. In this tale comes Askeladen, "the youngest son, a sort of male Cinderella." The conjecture may be hazarded that Askeladen represented the youngest child to whom, by the custom of "Junior-right," the family hearth comes as heritage on the death of the father. The youngest son is the successful son in a Scythian *märchen* preserved by Herodotus. In this same story comes an incident familiar in the lore of the African Namaquas, where an elephant plays the part of the Giant; and here, too, is an expression which *Æschylus* puts into the mouth of his Eumenides. The same story has its Scotch parallel in *Nicht, Nought, Nothing*, in the Celtic *Battle of the Birds*, and in the Russian *Tear Morskoï*. So story-comparers ought to be happy enough in the company of "The Giant who had no Heart," or, at least, no heart in his body. Children will find his legend most exciting, and this is only an example, chosen at random, of what Mr. Brækstad has to offer them. In short, this book, with its very varied contents, may be recommended as likely to prove an acceptable present in most houses.

*The Great Historic Galleries of England* (edited by Lord Ronald Gower. Sampson Low and Co.) is a splendid and desirable gift-book. Photography has reproduced an exquisite group of miniatures for the frontispiece with surprising success. Here is the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, thrice repeated; and there are some beautiful ladies of the house of Howard in her company. There are not less interesting, but far older, miniatures of Elizabeth's time, by Isaac Oliver; and many others of the age of Louis XIV., remarkable for breadth combined with extraordinary minuteness. Miniatures by Holbein too, portraits of Henry VIII., Catherine Howard, and others, have great historical as well as artistic interest. We also admire a beautiful reproduction of Reynolds's "George Howard, Lord Morpeth," in spite of the surface cracks and blisters. Grouse, Mantegna, Romney, and Gainsborough are all represented by well-chosen examples; but the Stuart, Tudor, and other miniatures make the chief value and distinction of the book.

Messrs. Paul, Trench, and Co. publish an illustrated edition of Lord Lytton's *Lucie*, a poem dear to Miss Braddon's heroines. The drawings are designed and engraved by American artists. The designer of the woodcut on p. 179 has clearly never seen a roulette-table, nor has he succeeded in reproducing one from his inner consciousness. He has drawn a very narrow table, unmarked, and covered with a table-cloth. The company are behaving as they never do in real life. Some of the landscapes are graceful, and all are quite worthy of the art of the poem.

*The Etcher* (Sampson Low and Co.) contains thirty-six examples of the original etched work of modern artists. M. Lhermitte's "La Boucherie" is a vigorous and legitimate success. Mr. Slcombe's haymaking girl is what the poet calls a "too-too woman," rather too prettily drooping. Mr. Ball's "Benfleet Marsh" is a beautiful pensive English scene, and Mr. Watson has an agreeable reminiscence of Meryon. Mr. Strang is clearly a pupil of M. Le Gros's, and a very clever pupil, too. In short, this is a pleasant collection of clever works in black and white.

*Men of Mark* (same publishers) contains many lifelike effigies of distinguished people, priests, politicians, judges, soldiers, artists, but no authors, except Mr. Gladstone and the Dean of St. Paul's, who are authors in their hours of leisure, and Serjeant Ballantine, who is about to sacrifice to the literary Muse of memoirs.

*In Times of Peril: a Tale of India* (G. A. Henty. Griffith and Farran).—The "times of peril" referred to were those of the Mutiny. Mr. Henty has described the horrors with spirit, and can interest us anew even in the details of Lucknow and Cawnpore, which we all know so well. Warfare is, it would seem however, no barrier to love-making. The two young ladies of the party become engaged just at the outbreak of the Mutiny; their two brothers fall in love with two sisters during the siege of Lucknow; and on the return of the two families to England the heads of both become united in matrimony. The story would have been quite as good had some of these rather promiscuous weddings been left out. The characters get sunk in the adventures, and who can be interested in persons who are invariably bracketed as "Captains Dunlop and Manners"?

*How Willy became a Hero* (Author of "Clarey's Confirmation," &c. S.P.O.K.).—This small book has a good deal of merit in many ways, but it is spoilt by the preternatural virtue of its hero. Not only does he behave like an angel, after a very short struggle, to a boy who has been extremely disagreeable to him, but a few years later he gives up a chance of getting a scholarship at a public school for the sake of giving his little sister the air and exercise necessary to her health. Nor is this all; for when he is grown up and has absolutely gained a scholarship at Cambridge, he is a second time forced to put his desires aside and accept a clerkship, as his father has most inopportunistically injured his hand and cannot work himself. Surely no boy was ever so unfortun-

ate. Smith).—The story at the beginning of this book is evidently intended for very small children, for whom it is very suitable; but the two other tales are more complicated and theological, and do not harmonize well with "Cheap Jack." This is the greater pity, as simple stories which little children can read to themselves are much needed.

*Young Marmaduke: a Story of the Reign of Terror* (W. H. Davenport Adams. Marcus Ward).—It is hardly possible that any incidents of the French Revolution should be dull, and they have certainly not become so in the hands of Mr. Davenport Adams. He has drawn a vivid picture of the perils of a young Englishman in Paris in '94, and of the scenes he saw and took part in. Of course, in the end his hero escapes and returns to England.

*Notsam and Jetsam* (H. Wothem. Griffith and Farran).—It seems hardly worth while to bring a little boy all the way from India merely to lose him at Paddington Station for about twenty years. This, however, was the fate of Jack Armstrong, who, aided by his virtues, fell upon his feet, and made as good a thing of his life as if he had been delivered straight into the hands of his uncle at Berwick. Better, indeed; for his younger brother, who arrived safely at his destination, took to bad ways and was looked coldly upon by his family.

*Dorothy: or, Getting One's Own Way* (Ger. Mowbray and Co.).—Dorothy was a young person who, after conducting herself properly and pleasantly for many years, suddenly took a naughty fit, refused to learn her lessons, told fibs, and was cross to her nurse and governess. It needed many months of lying down to restore her to her original pinnacle of virtue.

*Holiday-Time at Forest-House* (Illustrated by T. Pym. Marcus Ward).—The illustrations to this small book are superior to the ordinary run, and perhaps the same may be said of the letter-press. The excitement of the holiday-time was made up of the small trifles that seem so important to children, and in which their grown-up belongings are forced to take an interest. The language is simple and natural.

*Aunt Kexia's Will* (S. M. Sitwell. S.P.O.K.).—The "will" was not, as might be supposed, Aunt Kexia's testamentary disposition of her property, but her resolute frame of mind, only softened by the charms of her little blind niece. The story is prettily told and well adapted for reading to the poor.

We have to acknowledge *Old Nursery Songs* (Warne and Co.), and the *Children's Kettle Drum* (Dean and Son), both copiously, rather than cleverly, illustrated.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE centenary celebration of American independence has produced a multitude of publications more or less valuable in their way, and the harvest, it seems, is not yet completely gleaned. We have received this month two books dealing at no little length with separate portions of the War of Independence. It is curious and somewhat characteristic that by very far the smaller and less pretentious of these is that which relates the critical events of the final campaign, the struggle which, terminating in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, practically compelled Great Britain forthwith to abandon her endeavour to reclaim her American possessions. The story is not ill told, and possesses a permanent historical interest. No historian, certainly no school of historians, not even the whitewashers of our own day, has falsified facts and misrepresented the course of events so systematically as have the annalists of the United States. In truth, till the Civil War, they had so little in the way of military glory to boast of, that not only did they make the very most of every trifling success obtained, and minimize the assistance received from allies or from fortune, but they naturally saw all American wars through such spectacles as those of the Spanish *hidalgo* who desired to magnify cherries to the size of plums. Even in dealing with the Civil War Northern writers, almost without exception, studiously keep out of view the great fact which renders the Northern victory somewhat inglorious in European eyes. Except where vast distances prevent its bringing its force really to bear, no European nation would dream of boasting very loudly of a conquest, no matter how complete, effected by a Power outnumbering its opponents by three or four to one, and possessing resources even more disproportionate than its numbers. But in the War of Independence the colonists were engaged with one of the first Powers of the world, and were long prone to boast that "The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British." That they were no more opposed in 1780 than in 1812 to the whole force of Great Britain few American schoolboys know, and only the best-educated of American citizens remember. That it was not by her colonies, but by France and Spain united with them, that Great Britain was at last overcome, is a fact which no historian of the Yorktown campaign can well ignore, and which in one of the volumes before us (1) is so clearly brought out that even American readers can hardly fail to recognize it. Washington's previous successes were, no doubt, highly valuable to him; though those who have studied the original documents of the time are often inclined to think that one-half the

For particulars apply to the Lady Principal, Miss DANIELS, Fulham Road, W. 11, or to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, 176 around New

glory of the Commander-in-chief is derived from the disgrace or discredit of his countrymen, and much of the rest from the imbecility of too many of the British commanders. Wellington's despatches are full of complaints of his Spanish allies and of the deficient support received from the Government at home. Washington bears testimony, equally emphatic, to the wavering loyalty of his troops, to the frequent meanness of the States, and to the incapacity of Congress. His chief ally, no doubt, was the three thousand miles of sea that intervened between the British forces and their real base. Only while that vast ocean, then practically six times as wide as now, was commanded by British fleets was the maintenance of war at such a distance really practicable. From the moment when Great Britain was opposed at sea to the combined fleets of France and Spain, greatly outnumbering her own, as well as to the combined forces of France and America on land, did the struggle visibly become hopeless. It was rather by Rochambeau than by Washington that Cornwallis was forced to surrender. And there is one other impression which a careful perusal of the story told from an American standpoint in the volume before us must leave, we think, upon every impartial mind. Had Lord Cornwallis commanded from the first the British armies beyond the Atlantic, it is not improbable that the fortune of the struggle might have been very different and its event reversed. The other volume before us (2) records with extreme and almost absurd minuteness a single third-rate engagement between local forces on the borders of the Carolinas. It throws incidentally a striking light upon a fact too generally minimized, if not forgotten, by American historians, and thoroughly overlooked by those Englishmen who take sometimes a chivalrous, sometimes a simply unpatriotic, pleasure in exalting the victories gained by the Americans in the cause of freedom and nationality. That fact is that the term we have employed was at the time wholly inapplicable to our antagonist. We had to deal, not with the American people, but with rebels. Our Transatlantic enemies were rebels, not merely because they bore arms against their legitimate sovereign, but because they were a faction, though a majority, and not a people. There were in the colonies, and especially in the South, Loyalists by the thousand, whom England never knew how to utilize and whom she requited with signal ingratitude. Their story is the story of the Transvaal loyalists written in yet more striking characters and on a far larger scale. The true heroes of King's Mountain were not the superior force of rebels who assailed the gallant little band of loyalists, but those who stood up against overwhelming numbers for the King and for the law, and whom the present historian of the conflict overwhelms with abuse. Even his bitter prejudice cannot conceal the truth that, whereas any decent soldiers or militia would have done all that was done by the conquerors, the party at last overwhelmed by numbers displayed signal courage and conduct. That the so-called Tories were guilty of many cruel and lawless acts, no rational man will deny. But it is equally undeniable that for one crime committed by them fifty were perpetrated upon them, and that the treatment of the loyalists leaves a stain upon the character of the American nation, upon more than one of its favourite generals, and upon its Congress. It must be remembered that those who fight for the law, for their Sovereign, and for the flag under which they were born, are always individually in the right. It is always a question whether rebellion be or be not justifiable, but it can never be a question whether men have a right to do their utmost to hold by the sword the privileges and the nationality to which they are entitled by law and by birth; and in treating loyal subjects of King George as traitors to Congress, the American revolutionists violated every principle of civilized war. It is only for the light it throws upon this aspect of the struggle that the volume upon the combat of King's Mountain deserves the slightest attention. The incident in itself was trivial, little more than a local skirmish, having no bearing whatever upon the general fortunes of the war; and the expansion of its story into a heavy octavo volume is one of the most monstrous of those exaggerations which characterize American history.

We have to notice two small volumes evidently intended as parts of a somewhat lengthy series of Campaigns of the Civil War. Mr. Nicolay deals with *The Outbreak of the Rebellion* (3) in the language of a man who has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, repeating all the nonsense about treason and conspiracy which at the outset of the conflict was in vogue among fanatic Federalists, but which certainly neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Lincoln—hardly any man of intelligence in the party—freely as they used it, believed for a moment. All the discussions that preceded secession were carried on with as much publicity as if there had been no more doubt of the practical power than of the technical right of Sovereign States to dissolve the Union. Mr. Nicolay has not the excuse of those who first gave currency to these expressions of sectional and party animosity. The unanimous adhesion of the Southern people to the vote of the majority in each State not merely refuted such charges, but rendered them ridiculous. Never was a nation more unanimous; and a conspiracy of six millions of people, of four hundred thousand

volunteer soldiers, is something more than a contradiction in terms. What may be expected from a writer capable of repeating such petulant absurdities after twenty years of reflection no one can well doubt. But Mr. Nicolay's language is not his worst offence. His misrepresentations of fact are as monstrous as his misuse of words. Throughout he strives to represent a great national movement as the fruit of the selfish intrigues of a few exasperated politicians; and the result is that those who have read nothing whatever about the matter will know more than those who take their views on trust from a work like this. It is a public misfortune that from such party pamphlets the rising generation of Americans should derive their conception of the greatest event in their history, and their estimate of a section of their countrymen of whom any country might well be proud. General Force's story of the Western Campaign, from the capture of Fort Henry to the battle of Corinth (4), has at least the merit of brevity, and gives perhaps as good an idea of the general outlines of that most important portion of the conflict as could be afforded in so small a space. No part of the Civil War was, from a military point of view, more interesting or more momentous. The campaigns in Virginia were not only dishonourable, but disastrous to the North. Not a single victory, save that of Gettysburg, was won by the Army of the Potomac from Manassas to Five Forks; and the capture of Richmond would, save on political grounds, have been at an earlier period, before the army of Northern Virginia was shut up within the lines and cut off from retreat to the southward, a matter of secondary moment. The fate of the war really turned on the power of the Confederates to hold the line of the Mississippi. That they could not do this, that the cutting of the Confederacy in twain was a mere matter of time, was demonstrated when the Southern army was driven back step by step from Southern Kentucky to Northern Alabama.

The charge of undue brevity cannot be made against the enormous volume of eleven hundred pages in which Dr. Brackett has described in minute detail the glories of *Our Western Empire* (5). The subject is as big as the volume, and the treatment almost as heavy. In truth, the gigantic size of their domain presses strangely on the American imagination. Scarcely any Transatlantic philosopher's mind is strong enough, scarcely any poet's spirit is sufficiently original and independent, to clear itself of this oppressive sense of mere size. From Mr. Lowell down to the dullest stump orator of his native State, every American seems to have prairie on the brain. After all, no small part of this gigantic area is almost as worthless as the Sahara. American pride in the Alkali Desert is scarcely less ridiculous than would be a negro's vaunting of that vast African sea of sand. But on every side of that salt waste lie great regions in whose praise a poet may well be eloquent. The varied beauty and grandeur of the scenery, the wide range of climate, the multifarious character and inexhaustible mass of resources of every kind, the natural wealth of the Pacific coast, cannot be fully set forth even in so monstrous a volume as the one before us; and the western half of the valley of the Mississippi, though far tamer and more monotonous in character, is in its way a scarcely less magnificent subject of contemplation. But the author has done his best to dwarf his subject and weary his readers. He has gone into every petty detail at tedious length, and the accumulation of facts which in themselves are useful and even interesting becomes insufferably wearisome before the reader has got through half a dozen of the fifty chapters. All that can be said of every form of agriculture actually practised or capable of being introduced, of every form of mine, of ranches with their thousands of cattle, of prairies wholly occupied by the vast wheat-fields of a single owner, of mountain, lake, and river, rock and desert, giant falls and boiling sulphur-springs, giant trees, and precipices two thousand feet in sheer descent, the author is careful to say, and leave nothing unsaid. The result is that the book reads like a catalogue or inventory, magnified on a truly American scale, and becomes too ponderous for perusal and too clumsy for reference.

It was certainly right and useful to print a journal of the debates which passed in the first Senate of the United States (6). The existence of such a document sufficiently justifies its preservation, and renders its publication a service to posterity. But with the work itself we are, we confess, somewhat disappointed. It is at best merely a fragment of those materials for history in which the last two centuries so abound that the historian's difficulty can never be to find, but rather to sift, from among the enormous mass what he has leisure to peruse and cannot afford to omit. Nine-tenths of the matter which Senator Maclay so carefully preserved has already lost all interest or value even for the historian. Here and there, perhaps, a dozen consecutive pages are worth reading, though even these are wearisome. But, despite the entertaining scenes it records, and the view it gives us of the first development of constitutional politics in the States, it is a book that in these days no man has time to read or would care to remember. The subjects of discussion were for the

(4) *From Fort Henry to Corinth*. By M. F. Force, late Brigadier-General U.S.V. New York: S. Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(5) *Our Western Empire; or, the New West beyond the Mississippi*. By L. P. Smalley, A.M., M.D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Bradley, Gardner, & Co. 1882.

(1) *King's Mountain and its Heroes: History of the Battle of King's Mountain, October 7, 1780, and the events which led to it*. By L. C. Draper, LL.D. New York: Scribner's Sons. 1881.

(3) *The Outbreak of the Rebellion*. By Mr. Nicolay. New York: Trübner & Co. 1881.



most part trivial; and the debates to which they gave rise are recorded at excessive and disproportionate length. One of the most exciting and readable of these arose on the question whether the President should be called "His Highness" or "His Excellency," or should bear no distinctive title whatever; and the Republican Benthamist nonsense talked on the one side is hardly more contemptible than the arguments employed to vindicate the maintenance of official rank and dignity on the other.

*From Canal Boy to President* (7) is the kind of sensational title that appeals to the popular taste of American readers, and fairly indicates the author's treatment of General Garfield's career. There can be little doubt that, whatever the disadvantages against which a poor and ambitious man has to struggle in the United States, as elsewhere, during the earlier stages of his upward progress, an ex-rail-splitter or ex-ploughboy has in the latter portion of his life great and almost countervailing advantages. It was no trivial weight in the Republican scale that General Hancock was by birth and education a gentleman, and that his opponent was a self-educated man. Nevertheless, the career of General Garfield reflected no little honour on one who, like so many of the leading spirits of America in every department of life, rose literally from the ranks, and, unlike too many of his contemporaries, rose by means as creditable as the end. The book will be doubtless interesting to ambitious and clever English youths; and, if not politically instructive nor biographically valuable, it is readable, and likely to leave an impression on the memory of readers young enough to be impressed by works of such a character.

Of those Shakespearian commentaries wherein American literature is as prolific as that of England or Germany we have two—a *Shakespeare Phrase-Book* (8), and a treatise on that interminable question *The Mystery of Hamlet* (9).

Of scientific and educational works, perhaps the most interesting on our list this month is that of Mr. McCurdy on the relations of the Aryan and Semitic languages (10); an elaborate endeavour to prove a common origin for the two great families of speech that took their origin in that *Officina Gentium*—the lands west of the Euphrates. Unfortunately all the words of Arabic, Hebrew, and other less familiar languages are printed only in their native character, and are unreadable therefore to all but professed students of Oriental tongues. This is likely, we fear, to hinder very much the circulation of a work that would otherwise have had interest for many who have studied but at second-hand the topic of the origin of human speech.

Dr. Hardy's *Elements of Quaternions* (11) and Dr. Byerly's *Integral Calculus* (12) are works of high mathematical pretension. *The Dictionary of Education* (13) is something between a handbook and an encyclopædia for the use of teachers.

Mr. Monteith's *Popular Science Reader* (14) touches hastily on all sorts of subjects interesting to schoolboys, from the habits of the salmon to the construction of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*.

*The Brief History of Ancient Peoples* (15), published by Messrs. Barnes and Co., and Mr. Bigelow's *Handbook of Punctuation* (16) hardly belong to literature. The same may perhaps be said, from another point of view, of *Mr. Macdonald's* amazingly elaborate description of *Florida* (17), certified by official authority and evidently intended to attract settlers or visitors to one of the least developed and least known of the Southern States, one whose climate, soil, and productions bear a very exceptional character and have attractions which, whether equal or not to those of her rivals, are altogether peculiar to herself.

Mr. Glass's *World* (18) is something between a handbook and a book of travel. Mrs. Dahlgren's *South Sea Sketches* (19) are singularly miscalled, dealing almost exclusively with Chili and Peru.

(7) *From Canal Boy to President; or, the Boyhood and Manhood of James A. Garfield*. By H. Alger, jun., Author of "Ragged Dick," &c. Illustrated. New York: Anderson & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(8) *The Shakespeare Phrase-Book*. By John Bartlett. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

(9) *The Mystery of Hamlet: an Attempt to Solve an Old Problem*. By Edward P. Vining. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: B. Quaritch. 1881.

(10) *Aryo-Semite Speech: a Study in Linguistic Archaeology*. By J. F. McCurdy. Andover: W. F. Draper. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(11) *Elements of Quaternions*. By A. S. Hardy, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co. 1881.

(12) *Elements of the Integral Calculus; with a Key to the Solution of Differential Equations*. By W. E. Byerly, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co. 1881.

(13) *The Dictionary of Education and Instruction*. By H. Kiddle and A. J. Schenck. New York: Stricker & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(14) *Popular Science Reader*. By J. Monteith. New York: Barnes & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(15) *A Brief History of Ancient Peoples; with an Account of their Monuments, Literature, and Manners*. New York: Barnes & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(16) *Punctuation, and other Typographical Matters, for the Use of Printers, Authors, Teachers, and Scholars*. By M. T. Bigelow. Boston: Leo & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(17) *Florida: for Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers*. By G. M. Barbour. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(18) *The World: Round it and Over it*. By Chester Glass. Illustrated. Toronto: Rose Belford Publishing Co. 1881.

(19) *South Sea Sketches: a Narrative*. By Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

Two volumes are devoted to Spain. The first is a history by Professor Harrison (20), apparently intended for the elder classes of schools and the students of American colleges, and perhaps as full as is desirable in such a work, considering the variety and number of subjects that form the curriculum of Transatlantic education. *Spain and the Spaniards* (21) is a lively but somewhat too lengthy description of the actual present attractions, amusements, and life of the Peninsula.

Of American novels *Homoselle* (22), *My First Holiday* (23), and *The Land of Gold* (24), a tale of the earliest Californian settlers, are, on the whole, favourable examples.

(20) *Spain*. By J. A. Harrison. Illustrated. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(21) *Spain and the Spaniards*. By W. W. Cade. From the Italian of E. de Amici. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

(22) *Round Robin Series:—Homoselle*. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(23) *My First Holiday; or, Letters Home from Colorado, Utah, and California*. By Caroline H. Dall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

(24) *The Land of Gold: a Tale of 49*. By G. G. Spurr. Illustrated. Boston: Wiliams & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

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